

# THE RALEIGH TIMES.

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## MISCELLANY.

### PETER FINN'S LUCK.

In that beautiful, quiet city of parallel streets, sweet butter and sweet women—Philadelphia—there once did live a certain native of the Emerald Isle, called Peter Finn. His vocation was that of the most honorable, because of its usefulness to the commercial world—driving a gray. Peter owned a very ancient and nowise spry horse, and an especially unsuitable gray, by means whereof he earned, and by dint of great physical exertion, succeeded, in obtaining for his large and growing family a comfortable living.

Stephen Girard lived and carried on his immense mercantile transactions at the time of which I write, and was a principal performer in my little story. The one-eyed little Frenchman, the great get of dame Fortune, was not a man of very wonderful development of heart and soul, or sympathy in his misfortunes, crosses or losses of his fellow beings; but now and then he was known, through eccentricity than aught else, to perform some very creditable and really magnificent acts of kindness and generosity towards those falling in his way. One day said he to Peter Finn, whom he had off, for a long employed upon bargains, in hauling goods from his large ship to his warehouses.

"Peter, I believe you have worked fairly hard."

"Yes, sir, and by my soul, I have," responded Peter.

"Very long time; you no save anything?" said the banker, the merchant prince, the millionaire.

"By my conscience, Mistor Girard, it's not a half-penny I save at all; the devil himself might dance his humpies in my pockets of a Monday morning, without disturbing the toe-nail of his fat against the floor that's there."

"Two, three, five, seven of de children home with you?"

"Faix, and its yerself that's gussed it exactly, Mistor Girard; I have seven as brave legs and gals as ever ye clipped an eye upon, sir."

"Ah, you, I see, I see; vary well, Peter, you shall have you chance presently, by and by, direct, to win something better than drive de old horse and day."

"Faix, Mistor Girard, it's myself that's a saying it should not be saying it, p'haps, but it's few months longer no longer, for the meat, bread, flour and hay that we ate, than myself and Barney, and the old horse there; and by my conscience, it would be a god-send that would put us both, and the poor old horse, over all our financial miseries," said the drayman.

"Ah, ah! vary well, Peter, you come into my counting-house by-and-by, and the little old Frenchman with his hands locked behind him, stalked off to his counting-house, leaving the poor drayman considerably mystified as to what the result of this conference was to be.

"The day," says Peter to himself, "may be it's the old fellow's whim to set me up in a shop! Or he may be to buy me a new day and horse. O, by my conscience, there's no telling what the old gentleman will do when he takes the turn," and thus philosophizing, after a respectful delay, Peter presented himself at the door of the millionaire's counting-room, and doffing his hat, in he walked.

"Peter, said the merchant prince, "so big Canton packer ship Mowat, lay down at my wharf?"

"The day," said Peter.

"Tomorrow, Peter, ze whole cargo be put water de hurricane, to be sold to ze highest bidder."

"Yes, Peter replies, still deeper in mystery as to what or how, that could interest or concern him.

"Vary well, Peter," continued the banker; "no-morrow morning when ze sale begins, be you day; ze tea be put up two or three lots, one of ze merchants begin to bid, den you bid de next."

"No, O be gone, save your princine, Mistor Girard, would it be for the likes of Peter Finn to be among the merchants, and bidding for a cargo of tea. It's mad entirely they'd say I was."

"Nevair mind; you bid on ze tea—when ze tea be sold den you be ze whole, zen come to me. Take care—two morning, Peter." And standing in a dazed state with astonishment, Peter got out of the rest of the day he went about musing over the mysterious strange and bewildering questions which he had to enact on the morrow, at the goods to be sold.

Next day the merchants of the Quaker city assembled on one of Girard's quays, where the huge cargo of chests of tea were ready for the auctioneer's hammer and the bids of the merchants. It was a consequence of a sale—each was to be sold in short lots, and the whole cargo was put up in three separate lots, half each, and the balance at four o'clock, with approved endorsements.

"New conditions," said the auctioneer, opening his book, "ze tea be put up in three lots of chests of tea. Do you see what I bid for this Hyson tea?"

"much do I hear? Start it gentlemen—we shall not dwell long on this tea. Forty cents a pound I bid, only forty cents a pound—forty, forty, forty, forty cents a pound only is bid; two and a half did I bid?"

"Yes, for two and a half I bid," said Peter Finn, in a tone of voice that fairly startled some of the merchants. The auctioneer paused.

"You bid, sir?"

"Yes, it's me; go ahead."

"We are not selling a pound or a box, but 800 chests!"

"Be dad, and sure I know that, sir; go on with it."

The merchants snickered, and the auctioneer grinned, no more bids were made, and down came the tea, 800 chests.

"The name, sir?"

"Peter Finn."

"Where is your house, Finn?"

"Me house?"

"Yes, your place of business."

"Me house? and faith I have no house, its two rooms and a cellar I have in Wether street, and the place of business is round here on the wharf."

"Your employer's name if you, please?"

"Stephen Girard, sir?"

This dubious declaration produced another stretch of the phizzes of the merchants, and the auctioneer in great doubt, put up another lot of five hundred chests. Down it went to Peter Finn!

And so likewise went the third. When the sale was concluded, the merchants gilded off, believing the auctioneer was certainly a "sold" man. But on presenting the bills and notes of Peter Finn at the desk of Stephen Girard, the old fellow cashed them on sight. The sale came to nearly 100,000; the tea was much wanted in the market, and Peter got rare bargains, and before noon next day, received \$15,000 bonus for his bid on the cargo of tea. The cargo was soon transferred, Girard indemnified, and the poor drayman found himself with a snug little fortune in his job.

A few days ago a negro fellow was arraigned before his Honor, the Mayor of Camden, charged with stealing a few pieces of Bacon from the premises of a resident. The only witness in the case was a negro wench, who after receiving a considerable drubbing from her owner, was induced to make a confession. The owner of the fellow refused to have him chastised on her "say so," only at the end of the law,—hence the necessity of coming into Court. The woman swore that the fellow induced her to become his accomplice; that she took the meat and delivered it to him to be concealed, and finally disposed of it to their mutual advantage, &c. Having heard the witness through, his Honor gravely decided that both, the witness as well as the prisoner, should receive thirty-nine lashes.

It has been contended by some that such a proceeding was "without law or precedent." As to the legality of the decision, we will not undertake to speak, but the "precedent," we are told, was long since established somewhere in North Carolina. Robison H., esq., while acting as Magistrate in said State, had a huge lazy young fellow brought before him, charged with stealing a widow woman's poultry. The witness in the case was another indolent young fellow, who was well known to behave not a whit better than he ought to. After hearing the testimony, the Squire decided that the prisoner was guilty, and the penalty was also declared to be "thirty-nine lashes on the bare back."

The Constable, of course, took the culprit out at the back door and proceeded to execute the sentence of the Court. In the meantime the Squire sat intently turning over the pages of the law until the Constable got about half through, when he suddenly sprang from his seat, and exclaimed—

"Stop! stop! Mr. Constable, my book says 'the informer shall have half,'" so take that d—d scoundrel," (pointing to the witness) and give him the lashes.

As the worthy Mayor of Camden is from the old Tar River State, it is but reasonable to suppose that the "precedent" has had its weight with him. *Ala. Argus.*

### CHERRY BRANDY: ITS HUMOROUS EFFECTS.

The Lord of Bonnoom was good fond of his bottle. On one occasion he was asked to dine with Lord R., a neighbor of his; and his Lordship being well acquainted with the Laird's dislike to small drinks, ordered a bottle of cherry brandy to be set before him after dinner, instead of port, which he always drank in preference to Claret, when nothing better was to be got. The Laird, though this fine heartsome stuff, and on he went, filling his glass like the rest, and telling his jokes and ever the more he praised his Lordship's Port.

"It was a fine, full-bodied wine, and lay well on the stomach, not like that poisonous stuff Claret, that made a body feel as if he had swallowed a nest of puddocks." The Laird had finished one bottle of cherry brandy, or as his Lordship called it, his "particular port," and had just tossed off a glass of the second bottle, which he declared to be even better than the first, when his old confidential servant, Watty, came staving into the room, and making his best bow, announced that the Laird's horse was at the door.

"Get out of that, ye fane loon," cried the Laird, pulling off his hat and flinging it at Watty's head. "Do as ye see, ye blethering brute, that I'm just beginning my second bottle!"

"But, maister," says Watty, scratching his head, "it's almost twal o'clock."

"Well, what though it be? said the Laird, turning up his glass with drunken gravity, while the rest of the company were like to split their side laughing at him and Watty. "It canna be only later, my man, so just touch me my wig and let the maid bid a wee."

It was a cold, frosty night, and Watty, soon tired of kicking his heels at the door—so, in a little while, back he comes, and, says he, "Maister, maister, it's almost one o'clock!"

"Well, Watty," says the Laird, with a hiccup—for he was far gone by this time—it will never be any earlier, Watty, my man, that's a comfort; so you may just rest yourself a wee while longer, till I finish my bottle. A full belly makes a stiff back, you know, Watty."

Watty was by this time dancing mad; so after waiting another half-hour, back he comes, and says he,

"Laird, Laird, as true as death, the sun's rising."

"Weel, Watty," says the Laird, looking awful wise, and trying with both hands to fill his glass, "let him rise, he has further to gang the day than you or me, Watty."

"This answer fairly dumfounded poor Watty, and he gave it up in despair. But at last the bottle was finished; the Laird was lifted into saddle, and off he rode in high glee, thinking all the time the moon was the sun, and that he had fine day-light for his journey home.

"Heh, Watty, my man," said the Laird, patting his stomach and speaking a full thick, "we were nane the worse for that second bottle, this frosty mornin'."

"Faix," says Watty, blowing his fingers and as blue as a bilberry, "your honor is' may be, nane the worse for it, but I'm nane the better: I wish I was!"

Well, on they rode, the Laird gripping hard at the horse's mane and rolling about like a sack of meal; for the cold air was beginning to make the spirits tell on him. At last they came to a bit of a brook that crossed the road, and the Laird's horse being pretty well used to have his own way, stopped short and put down his head to take a drink. This had the effect to make the poor Laird lose his balance, and away he went, over the horse's ears, into the middle of the brook. The Laird, honest man, had just sense enough to hear the splash and to know that something was wrong; but he was that drunk that he did not in the least suspect that it was himself.

"Watty," says he, "there is surely something tumbled into the brook, Watty."

"Faix, you may say that," replied Watty, ready to roll off his horse with laughing, "for it's just yourself, Laird!"

"Hout fie, no Watty," cried the Laird, "it surely canna be me, Watty—for I'm here!"

"Surely, maister, it is yourself."

"It canna be me, Watty—for I'm here!"

**MORE ANNEXATION—A CHANCE FOR "BUNKUM" OFF IN THE PACIFIC.**—Our friends in California, not waiting for the slow going Congress at Washington to admit them into the Federal Union, are at work, we are amused to see, "annexing" to the United States as fast as possible, what other lands adjacent to California they can find without an owner. Another evidence of that wonderful enterprise and spirit of colonization, which is a marked trait in the genus Yankee. Thus we read in a late number of the Pacific News, that an expedition a few weeks since set out to the "Farallones," a small cluster of islands, about twenty-five miles from the harbor of San Francisco, said to have been formed by volcanic upheaval from the bed of the ocean. The largest one contains about twenty acres. It was once occupied by the Russians, whose remnants are yet there in an almost perfect state. The visitors found the place occupied by miriads of sea fowls of every known kind, and some with which they were unacquainted; among other strange birds, they describe the web-footed parrot, which has the out lines of a parrot with the feet of a water-fowl. The expedition formally took possession of these islands and their inhabitants in the name of the sovereign people of the United States. Now, if ever the "Farallones" should ask for admission into the Union, there will be no more Wilnots, or Giddingses or Hales to oppose the "application" of the "Mission line," at once, north of which such inhabitants as were found there can never go. We trust at any rate that the Wilnot Proviso will not be "mored," for we have some curiosity to see how the "peculiar institution" would flourish among such cattle as are found in the aforesaid "Farallones," according to the official report of the expedition, which is given in the Pacific News:

"The most wonderful occupants there are the kings of beasts—the sea lions. These animals have congregated to the number of thousands. They are of the largest class of four-footed beasts, weighing between two and three thousand pounds! They have the resemblance of a lion in conformation, including the mane, and roay in a similar manner, but much looser. When the party landed, these animals seemed to be curious to observe the intruders, and were rather more familiar than their appearance would seem to desire. On being approached most of them took to the water, several of them, however, turned and appeared ready to wait for combat. This seems to be a spot where they congregate to rear their young, as over two hundred helpless cubs, (if they can be so called) were there left to the tender mercies of the invaders. This was the apparent reason of their roaring and other actions of expressing great solicitude. Three or four of the old ones were shot, a severe difficulty, for their large bodies could only be penetrated by the largest sized balls."

"This news, it is to be hoped, will not impede the passage of the "Omniibus" through the Senate, as the Washington letter writer says, the news from Santa Fe, did the other day. "Non-intervention" would seem to be the most prudent policy so far as the Farallones are concerned,—for what Barbapoor or puffler would dare "Bunkum" with such horrid monsters as these animals—so succinctly described by the editor of the Pacific News,—as "beasts of the largest class, four footed, and weighing between two and three thousand pounds! They are outliers of the largest class,—these Farallones. How happily again the editor of the

News describes the maternal anxiety of the mammoth for their cubs! "They roared" because "over two hundred helpless cubs were left to the tender mercies of the invaders." (!) And the idea of a huge monster of that species, "expressing great solicitude" is vouchsafed an expression, in terms equally feeling and pathetic!

## CONGRESSIONAL.

### THE LATE PRESIDENT TAYLOR.

From among the Eulogies delivered in the Senate, when the death of President Taylor was announced, we select those of Messrs. Webster and Cass—designing, next week, to publish two of those delivered in the House of Representatives:

Mr. WEBSTER said: Mr. Secretary, at a time when the great mass of our fellow-citizens enjoy remarkable health and happiness throughout the whole country, it has pleased Divine Providence to visit the two Houses of Congress, and especially this House, with repeated occasions for mourning and lamentation. Since the commencement of the session, we have followed two of our own members to their last home; and we are now called upon, in conjunction with the other branch of the legislature, and in full sympathy with that deep tone of affliction which I am sure is felt throughout all the country, to take part in the last and due solemnities of the funeral of the late President of the United States.

Truly, sir, was it said in the communication read to us, that "a great man has fallen among us." The late President of the United States, originally a soldier by profession, having gone through a long and splendid career of military service, had, at the close of the late war with Mexico, become so much endeared to the people of the United States, and had inspired them with so high a degree of regard and confidence, that without solicitation or application, without pursuing any devious paths of policy, or turning a hair's breadth to the right or the left from the path of duty, a great and powerful, and generous people saw fit, by popular vote and voice, to confer upon him the highest civil authority in the nation. We cannot forget that, as in other instances so in this, the public feeling was won and carried away, in some degree, by the éclat of military renown. So it has been always; and so it always will be, because high respect for noble feats in arms has been, and always will be, outpoured from the hearts of a popular Government. But it will be a great mistake to suppose that the late President of the United States owed his advancement to high civil trust, or his great acceptability with the people, to military talent or ability alone. I believe, sir, that associated with the highest admiration for those qualities possessed by him, there was spread throughout the community a high degree of confidence and faith in his integrity and honor and uprightness as a man. I believe he was especially regarded as both a firm and a mild man in the exercise of authority. And I have observed more than once in this and in other popular Governments, that the prevalent motive with the masses of mankind for conferring high power on individuals, is a confidence in their mildness, their paternal, protecting, secure, and safe character.—The people naturally feel safe where they feel themselves to be under the control and protection of sober counsel, of impartial minds, and a general paternal interdependence.

I suppose, sir, that no case ever happened in the very best days of the Roman republic, when every man found himself clothed with the highest authority in the State, under circumstances more repelling all suspicion of personal application, all suspicion of pursuing any crooked path in politics, or all suspicion of having been actuated by sinister views and purposes, than in the case of the worthy, and eminent, and distinguished, and good man whose death we now deplore.

He has left to the people of his country a legacy in this: He has left them a bright example, which addresses itself with peculiar force to the young and rising generation; for it tells them that there is a path to the highest degree of renown—straight onward, steady, without change or deviation.

Mr. Secretary, my friend from Louisiana (Mr. Downs) has detailed briefly the events in the military career of Gen. TAYLOR. His services through life were mostly on the frontier, and always a hard service—often in combat with the tribes of Indians all along the frontier for so many thousands of miles. It has been justly remarked by one of the most eloquent men whose voice was ever heard in these houses, that it is not in Indian wars that heroes are celebrated, but it is there that they are formed. The hard service, the stern discipline, devolving upon all those who have a great extent of frontier to defend, and often with irregular troops of their own, being called on suddenly to enter into contests with savages, to study the habits of savage life and savage war, in order to foresee and overcome their stratagems—all these things tend to make hardy military character.

For a very short time, sir, I had a contention with the Executive government of this country; and at that time very perilous, embarrassing circumstances existed between the United States and the Indians on the borders, and war was actually raging between the United States and the Florida tribes; and I very well remember that those who took counsel together on that occasion officially, and who were desirous of placing the military command in the safest hands, came to the conclusion that there was no man in the service more fully entitled to the qualities of military ability and great personal prudence than ZACHARY TAYLOR; and he was, of course, appointed to the command.

Unfortunately his career at the head of this Government was short. For my part, in all that I have seen of him, I have found much to respect and nothing to condemn. The circumstances under which he conducted the Government for the few months he was at the head of it, have been such as perhaps

not to give him a very favorable, certainly not a long opportunity of developing his principles and his policy, and to carry them out; but I believe he has left on the minds of the country a strong impression, first, of his absolute honesty and integrity of character; next, of his sound practical good sense; and, lastly, of the mildness, kindness, and friendliness of his temper towards all his countrymen.

But he is gone. He is ours no more, except in the force of his example. Sir, I heard with infinite delight the sentiments expressed by my honorable friend from Louisiana, (Mr. Downs,) who has just resumed his seat, when he earnestly prayed that this event might be used to soften the animosities, to allay party discriminations and recriminations, and to restore fellowship and good feeling among the various sections of the Union. Mr. Secretary, great as is our loss to-day, if these inestimable and inappreciable blessings shall have been secured to us, even by the death of ZACHARY TAYLOR, they have not been purchased at too high a price; and if his spirit, from the regions to which he has ascended, could see these results flowing from his unexpected and untimely end—if he could see that he had entwined a soldier's laurel around a martyr's crown, he would say exultingly, "Happy am I, that by my death I have done more for that country which I loved and served, than I did or could do by all the devotion and all the efforts that I could make in her behalf during the short span of my earthly existence."

Mr. Secretary, great as this calamity is, we mourn, but not as those without hope. We have seen one eminent man, and another eminent man, and at last a man in the most eminent station, fall away from the midst of us. But I doubt not that a power above us exercising over us that parental care that has marked our progress for so many years. I have confidence still that the place of the departed will be supplied; that the kind, beneficent favor of Almighty God will still be with us, and that we shall be borne along, and borne upward and upward, on the wings of His sustaining Providence. May God grant that in the time that is before us, there may not be wanting to us as wise men, as good men for our counsellors, as he was whose funeral obsequies we now propose to celebrate!

Mr. CASS said: Again and again, during the present session, has a warning voice come from the tomb, saying to all of us, Be ye also ready.—Two of our colleagues have fallen in the midst of their labors, and we have followed them to the narrow house where all must be. In life we are in death; and this lesson, which accompanies us from the cradle to the grave, is among those merciful dispensations of Providence which teach us how transitory are the things around us, and how soon they must be abandoned for an existence, with no hope but that which is held out by the gospel of our Saviour. And now another solemn warning is heard, and this time it will carry mourning to the hearts of twenty millions of people. Impressively has it been said and repeated, that a great man has fallen in our Israel. In the Providence of God, the Chief Magistrate of the republic, to whom his fellow-citizens had confided the high Executive duties of the country, has been suddenly taken from us, ripe indeed in years and in honors, and but the other day in the full possession of health, and with the promise of years of faithful and patriotic service before him. The statesman, occupying as proud a position as this world offers to human hopes, has been struck down, in a crisis which demanded all his firmness and wisdom.—The conqueror upon many a battle-field has fought his last fight and been vanquished. The soldier, who had passed unharmed through many a bloody fray, has fallen before the shaft of the great destroyer. How truly are we told, that there is one event unto all! The mighty and the lowly descend to the tomb together, and together are covered with the cold clod of the valley. And thus pass away honors and the cares of life.

The moment is too solemn and impressive for laborious addresses. Thoughts, not words, are the tribute it demands. History will do justice to the deceased patriot. He will live in the memory of his countrymen, as he lived in their hearts and their affections. His active life was spent in their service, and in those scenes of peril, exertion and of exposure, which it is the lot of the American soldier to encounter, and which he meets without a murmur, faithful to his duty, lead him where it may, in life or in death. His splendid military exploits have placed him among the great captains of the age, and will be an imperishable monument of his own fame and of the glory of his country.

In the disparity of force, they carry us back from similar examples of desperate struggle to the early ages of the world—to the combats which history has recorded, and where inequality of numbers yielded to the exertions of skill and valor. But I need not recur to them. Are they not written in burning characters upon the hearts of every American?

Strong in the confidence of his countrymen, he was called to the Chief Magistracy at a period, of great difficulty, more portentous indeed than any we have ever experienced; and now he has been called by Providence from his high functions, with his mission unfulfilled, leaving us to mourn his loss and to honor his memory. His own last words, spoken with equal truth and sincerity, constitute his highest eulogy. "I am not afraid to die," said the dying patriot, "I have done my duty."

The integrity of his motives was never assailed or available. He had passed through life, and a long and active one, neither wanting nor meeting reproach. And in his last hour, this conviction of the honest discharge of his duty was present to console him, even when the things of this life were fast falling away.

Let us humbly hope that this afflictive dispensation of Providence may not be without its salutary influence upon the American people, and upon their representatives.

It comes in the midst of a stormy agitation, threatening the most disastrous consequences to our country, and to the great cause of self-government through the world. It is a solemn appeal, and should be solemnly heard and heeded. His death, whose loss we mourn, will not be in vain, if it tends to subdue the feelings that have been excited, and to prepare the various sections of our country for a mutual spirit of forbearance which shall ensure the safety of all by the zealous co-operation of all.

We could offer no more appropriate nor durable tribute to departed worth, than such a sacrifice of conflicting views upon the altar of our common country. In life and in death, he would equally have devoted himself to her service and safety.

### THE SUBMISSIONISTS—WHO ARE THEY?

The charges so freely made by the Agitators of all sorts and sizes that these citizens of the south who are friendly to the plan of pacification recommended by the committee of thirteen, are disposed tamely to yield everything to the aggressive spirit of the north is an attempt to degrade and stultify many of the greatest and best men to be found in the southern states. We have said heretofore and we now repeat, that the great majority of the reflecting, judicious, reliable public men of the south are supporters of the adjustment. Our readers will perhaps be surprised to learn that this scheme of adjustment which is denounced by the writer of the Nashville Convention address, as a total abandonment of the south, receives the support of all these distinguished men.—Andrew Stevenson, of Virginia, former Speaker of the House of Representatives, and Minister to England—Waddy Thompson, of South Carolina, late Minister to Mexico—Bedford Brown, and Robert Strange, former Democratic Senators from North Carolina—John C. Crittenden, of Kentucky—Cave Johnson, of Tennessee—Louis McLean of Maryland, member of Gen. Jackson's Cabinet, and late Minister to England—Judge Sharkey of Mississippi, President of the Nashville Convention; John Tyler late President of the United States—Geo. M. Dallas, late Vice President of the United States—E. M. Johnson, also Vice President—besides as we are informed the following among other members of the Senate, most of whom are from the south and all of them friendly to the maintenance of her constitutional rights—Bader and Mangum of N. Carolina—Downs of Louisiana—Houston and Rusk of Texas—Foote of Mississippi—Bell of Tennessee—Clay and Underwood of Kentucky—Atchison of Missouri—Cass of Michigan—Jones and Dodge of Iowa—Sturgeon of Pennsylvania, and Dickinson of New York. Besides these, there is reason to believe that Benton and Dawson of Georgia, and King of this state, will vote for this Compromise. And yet according to the logic of the Nashville Convention all these men are traitors to the south! The names we have given, present an array of talent, character, and influence in favor of this compromise, which should at least have taught the writer of the Nashville Convention address some degree of moderation in his attack upon it. He should have been rather more modest—for, while freely admitting the high talents and excellent characters of many of the members of that body, yet we heard nothing in saying that there was not one member of the Convention who enjoys a reputation at all national, or whom any respectable portion of the south would be willing to follow as a leader in this crisis. A modest and cautious tone therefore is the only one that would have been at all becoming under its circumstances—but instead of this we have the quincentennial of South Carolina arrogance, violence and ultraism. It would be fatal to the interests of the south, and ruinous to the peace of the country, if it should be believed at the north and in Congress, that the violent assault upon the Compromise, contained in the address, was a truthful expression of the public sentiment of the South. We declare most unhesitatingly that it is not!

(Selma Reporter.)

It is said that Capt. Richard Jones is now the leader of the Democracy of Casswell! He is the bell-weather of the anti-internal improvement democrats; among whom we are pleased to learn, Messrs. Hill, Johnson, and Lee, candidates for the Commons, are classed.—Dick seems to have gotten the start of his competitors, and they are following in his footsteps on the subject of internal improvements.

If we give our vote to a Democrat, he must be a Calvin Graves Democrat. No man opposed to the Central Rail Road—opposed to a judicious system of internal improvements—can get our vote; he the man who is a democrat.—We tend to step backwards. We are for elevating the character of the State, home and abroad—so as to place her institutions by the side of those of other States on the score of respectability, and we detest the ignorance and demagoguery that keeps her head bowed down to the dust, the object of scorn at home and reproach and ridicule abroad. The Dick Jones Democracy has done more to crush and degrade the State—more to drive talent and wealth from North Carolina, than all other things combined.—Milton Chronicle.

It is said that Gen. Beane is inclined to "stand step backwards" in order to be elected to the Legislature. Oh Senators! Oh Senators! must it be?

Know his CATHARTIC—A little fellow was questioned by his mother, last Monday, from the cathartics. Among other questions, she said, "What was the name of the first husband?" "What was the name of the second?" "Dr. Parham."