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TERMS.

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THE UGLY DUCK.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSON.

A highly respectable and matronly duck introduces into the poultry yard a brood which she had just hatched. She has had a deal of trouble with one egg much larger than the rest, and which, after all, produced a very 'ugly duck,' who gives the name, and is the hero of the story.

'So we are to have this tribe, too,' said the other ducks, 'as if there were not enough already! And only look how ugly one is; we won't suffer that one here.' And immediately a duck flew at it and bit it on the neck.

'Let it alone,' said the mother, 'it does no one any harm.'

'Yes, but it is so large and strange looking, and therefore it must be teased.'

'These are fine children that the mother has! and an old duck who belonged to the nobles, and wore a red rag around its leg. "All handsome except one; it has not turned out well. I wish she could change it." "That can't be done, your grace," said the mother; "besides, if it is not exactly pretty, it is a sweet child, and swims as well as the others, even a little better. I think in growing it will improve. It was long in the egg, and that's the reason it is a little awkward."

'The others are nice little things,' said the old duck, 'now make yourself quite at home here.'

And so, he did. But the poor young duck that had come last out of the shell, and looked so ugly, was bitten, and pecked, and teased by ducks and fowls. 'It's so large!' said they all; and the turkey cock that had spurs on when he came into the world, and therefore fancied himself an emperor, strutted about like a ship under full sail, went straight up to it, gobbled, and got quite red. The poor little duck hardly knew where to go, or where to stand, it was so sorrowful because it was so ugly and the ridicule of the whole poultry yard.

Thus passed the first day, and afterwards it grew worse and worse. The poor duck was haunted above every one; its brothers and sisters were cross to it, and always said, 'I wish the cat would get you, your frightful creature!' and even the mother said, 'Would you were far from here!' And the girl that fed the poultry kicked it with her foot. So it ran and flew over the hedge.

On it ran. At last it came to a great moor where wild ducks lived; here it lay the whole night, and was so tired and melancholy. In the morning up flew the wild ducks, and saw their new comrade, who turned on every side, and bowed as well as it could. 'But you are tremendously ugly!' said the wild ducks. 'However, that is of no consequence to us; if you don't marry into our family.' The poor thing! It certainly never thought of marrying; it only wanted permission to lie among the reeds, and to drink the water of the marsh.

'Bang! bang!' was heard at this moment and several wild ducks lay dead among the reeds, and the water was red as blood. There was a great shooting excursion. The sportsmen lay all around the moor; and the blue smoke floated like a cloud through the dark trees, and sunk down to the very water, and the dogs splattered about in the marsh—splash! splash! and rushes were waving on all side, it was a terrible fright for the poor ducks.

At last all was quiet, but the poor little thing did not dare to lift up its head, it waited many hours before it looked around, and then hastened away from the moor as quickly as possible. It ran over the fields and meadows, and there was such a wind that he could hardly get along.

Towards evening the duck reached a little hut. Here dwelt an old woman, with her tom cat and hen, and the cat could put up its back and purr, and the hen could lay eggs, and the old woman loved them both, as her very children. For certain reasons of her own, she let the duck live with them.

Now the tom cat was master in the house, and the hen was mistress; and they always said, 'We and the world.' That the duck should have any opinion of his own, they never would allow.

'Can you lay eggs?' asked the hen.

'No.'

'Can you put up your back and purr?' said the tom cat.

'No.'

'Well, then, you ought to have no opinion of your own, where sensible people are speaking.'

And the duck sat in the corner, and was very sad; when suddenly it took it into its head to think of the fresh air and the sunshine; and it had such an insatiable longing to swim in the water, that it could not help telling the hen of it.

'What next, I wonder!' said the hen. 'You have nothing to do, and so you sit brooding over such fancies. Lay eggs, or purr, and you'll forget them.'

'But it is so delightful to swim on the water!' said the duck, 'so delightful when it dashes over one's head, and one dives down to the very bottom.'

'Well, that must be fine pleasure!' said the hen.

'You are crazy, I think. Ask the cat, who is the cleverest man I know if he would like to swim on the water, or perhaps to dive, to say nothing of himself. Ask your mistress, the old lady, and

there is no one in the world cleverer than she is; do you think that she would like to swim on the water, and for the water to dash over her head?'

'You don't understand me,' said the duck.

'Understand indeed! If we don't understand you, who should? I suppose you won't pretend to be cleverer than the tom cat, or our mistress, to say nothing of myself? Don't behave in that way, child; but be thankful for all the kindness that has been shown you. Have you not got into a warm room, and have you not got the society of persons from whom something is to be learned?'

But you are a blockhead, and it is tiresome to have to do with you. You may believe what I say; I am well disposed towards you; I tell you what is disagreeable, and it is only by that one recognizes one's true friends.'

'I think I shall go into the wide world, said the duck.'

'Well then, go!' answered the hen.

And the duck went. It swam on the water, it dived down; but was disregarded by every other animal on account of its ugliness.

One evening—the sun was setting most magnificently—there came a whole flock of large beautiful birds out of the bushes; never had the duck seen anything so beautiful. They were of a brilliant white, with long slender necks; they were swans. They uttered a strange note, spread their superb wings, and flew away from the cold countries (for the winter was setting in) to warmer lands and unfrozen lakes. They mounted so high. The little ugly duck felt indescribably—it turned round in the water like a mill wheel, and uttered a cry so loud and strong that it was afraid even of itself. Oh, the beautiful birds! the happy birds! it could not forget them; and when it could see them no longer, it dived down to the bottom of the water; and when it came up again it was quite beside itself.

And now it became so cold. But it would be too sad to relate all the sufferings and misery which the duckling had to endure throughout the hard winter. It lay on moor in the rushes. But when the sun began again to shine more warmly, when the larks sang, and the lovely spring was come, then, all at once, it spread its wings in the air. They made a rushing noise, louder than formerly, and bore it on more vigorously; and before it was well aware of it, it found itself in a garden where the syringas sent forth their fragrance, and their long green branches hung down in the clear streams. Just then three beautiful white swans came out of the thicket. They rustled their feathers and swam on the water so very lightly! oh! so very lightly! The duckling saw the super creatures, and was seized with a strange feeling of sadness.

'To them will I fly!' said it to the royal birds.—'Though they kill me I must fly to them!' And it flew into the water, and swam to the magnificent birds, that looked at it, and the rustling plumes, sailed towards it.

'Kill me!' said the poor creature, and it bowed down its head to the water and awaited death.—'But what did it see in the water? It saw beneath its own likeness; but no longer that of an awkward greyish bird, ugly and displeasing; it was the figure of a swan.'

It is of no consequence being born in a barn yard, if only it is a swan's egg.

The large swans swam beside it and stroked it with their bills. There were little children running about in the garden; they threw bread into the water, and the young ones cried out, 'There is a new one!' And the other children shouted too, 'Yes a new one is come!' and they clapped their hands and danced, and ran to tell their fathers and mothers. And they threw bread and cake into the water, and every one said, 'The new one is best! so young and so beautiful!'

Then the young one felt quite ashamed and hid its head under its wings. It knew not what to do. It was too happy, but yet not proud, for a good heart is never proud. It remembered how it had been persecuted and derided, and now it had heard how it was the most beautiful of birds. And the swans bent down their branches to it in the water, and thus swam so lovingly and so warmly. Then it shook its plume, the slender neck was lifted up, and from its very heart it cried, rejoicingly, 'Never dreamed I of such happiness when I was the little ugly duck.'

CELEBRATED TAILORS.

The late Governor Scott, of Mississippi, worked for several years as a journeyman tailor in that State, and when nominated for Governor, was carrying on a small tailoring business. He filled the duties and dignities of the office of Governor with such unexampled satisfaction, that the State of Mississippi raised a monument to his memory.

Tennessee has furnished two Senators from our illustrious fraternity. One of them, Hopkins L. Turney, was distinguished by his colleagues for the possession of a higher order of talent, while Mr. Jarnagan will long be remembered as one of the brightest ornaments of that dignified body. But, in estimating true greatness, it will, in a more eminent degree, be found embodied in the talents and characteristics of such men as Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, member of the House of Representatives. Of him it was said, by one of the Presidents, that, 'in point of talent, he is a head and shoulders above any other man in Tennessee.'

The Hon. Andrew Johnson is also an excellent tailor, having carried on business successfully for many years.

As our greatest men have either been farmers or mechanics, and even arose from moderate circumstances and positions, a book containing their biographies could not fail of being interesting and useful. Who will commence writing it? Don't all speak at once!

TAKING A NEWSPAPER.

A PRACTICAL STORY, PLEASANTLY TOLD.

'Pleasant day this, neighbor Gaskill,' said one farmer to another, coming into the barn of the latter, who was engaged in separating the chaff from the wheat crop, by the means of a fan.

'Very fine day, friend Alton—any news?' returned the individual addressed.

'Nothing of importance; I have called over to see if you wouldn't join Carpenter and myself in taking the paper this year. The price is only two dollars.'

'Nothing cheap that you don't want,' returned Gaskill, in a positive tone; 'I don't believe in newspapers; I never heard of one doing any good; and nothing can be got out of them until it's read through. They would not be good for a cent if a paper came every week; and, besides, dollars ain't picked up in every corn hill.'

'But think, neighbor Gaskill, how much information your gals would get if they had a fresh newspaper every week, filled with all the latest intelligence. The time they would spend in reading, would be nothing to what they would gain.'

'And what would they gain, I wonder? get their heads filled with nonsensical stories. Look at Sally Black; isn't she a fine specimen of your newspaper reading gals? Not worth to her father three punkin seeds. I remember well enough when she was one of the most promising bodies about here. But her father was fool enough to take a newspaper. Any one could see a change in Sally! She began to spruce up and look smart. First came a bow on her Sunday bonnet, and then gloves to go to meeting. After that, she most be sent to school again, and that at the very time when she began to be worth something about home. And now she has got a forty piano, and a fellow comes every week to teach her music.'

'Then you won't join us, neighbor?' Mr. Alton said, avoiding a needless reply to Gaskill.

'Oh no! that I will not. Money thrown away on newspapers is worse than wasted. I never heard of their doing any good. The time spent in reading a newspaper every week would be enough to raise a hundred bushels of potatoes. Your newspaper, in my opinion, is a dear bargain at any price.'

Mr. Alton changed the subject, and soon left neighbor Gaskill to his fancies.

About three months afterwards, however, they again met, as they had frequently done during the intermediate time.

'Have you sold your wheat yet?' asked Mr. Alton.

'Yes, I sold it day before yesterday.'

'How much did you get for it?'

'Eighty-five cents.'

'No more? Why I thought every one knew that the price had advanced to ninety-five cents.—To whom did you sell?'

'To Wakeful, the storekeeper in R—. He met me day before yesterday, and asked me if I had sold my crop yet. I said I had not. He then offered to take it at eighty-five cents, the market price; and I said he might as well have it, as there was doubtless little chance of its rising. Yesterday he sent over his waggon and took it away.'

'This was hardly fair in Wakeful. He came to me also, and offered to buy my crop at eighty-five. But I had just received my newspaper, in which I saw that in consequence of accounts from Europe of a short crop, grain had gone up. I asked him ninety-five, which, after some haggling, he consented to give.'

'Did he pay you ninety-five?' exclaimed Gaskill, in surprise and chagrin.

'He certainly did.'

'Too bad! too bad! No better than downright cheating, to take such a shameful advantage of a man's ignorance.'

'Certainly, Wakeful cannot be justified in his conduct,' replied Mr. Alton. 'It is not right for one man to take advantage of another man's ignorance, and get his goods for less than they are worth. But does not any man deserve to suffer who remains wilfully ignorant, in a world where he knows there are always enough ready to avail themselves of his ignorance? Had you been willing to expend two dollars for the use of a newspaper for a whole year, you would have saved in the single item of your wheat crop alone, fourteen dollars! just think of that. Mr. Wakeful takes the newspaper, and, by watching them closely is always prepared to make good bargains with some half dozen others around here, who have not wit enough to provide themselves with the only sure agency of information on all subjects—the newspapers.'

'Have you sold your potatoes?' asked Gaskill, with some concern in his voice.

'No, no, not yet. Wakeful has been making me offers for the last ten days. But from the prices they are bringing in Philadelphia, I am well satisfied they are about 30 cents there.'

'About thirty? Why, I sold to Wakeful for about twenty-six cents.'

'A great dunce you were, if I must speak so plainly; he offered me 29 cents for 400 bushels. But I declined—and I was right. They are worth 30 to-day, and at that price I am going to sell.'

'Isn't it too bad?' ejaculated the mortified farmer, walking backwards and forwards, impatiently.—'There are \$35 literally sunk in the sea. That Wakeful has cheated me most outrageously.'

'And all because you were too close to take a newspaper. I should call that saving at the expense, and letting out at the banghole, neighbor Gaskill.'

'I should think it was indeed. This very day I'll send off money for a newspaper; and if any one gets ahead of me again he'll have to be wide awake, I can tell him.'

'Have you heard of Sally Black?' asked Mr. Alton, after a brief silence.

'No. What of her?'

'She leaves home to-morrow, and goes to R—.'

'Indeed! What for?'

'Her father takes the newspaper, you know.'

'Yes.'

'And has given her a good education.'

'So they say; but I could never see that it has done any good for her, except to make her good for nothing.'

'Not quite so bad as that, friend Gaskill. But to proceed; two weeks ago, Mr. Black saw an advertisement in the paper for a young lady to teach music and some other branches in the seminary at R—. He showed it to Sally, and she asked him to ride over and see about it. He did so, and then returned for Sally, and went back again. The trustees of the seminary liked her very much, and engaged her at the salary of \$400 a year. To-morrow she goes to take charge of her respective classes.'

'You cannot, surely, be in earnest?' farmer Gaskill said, with a look of profound astonishment.

'It's every word true,' replied Mr. Alton.—'And now you will hardly say that a newspaper is dear at any price, or that the reading of them has spoiled Sally Black.'

Gaskill looked upon the ground for many minutes. Then raising his head, he half ejaculated with a sigh:

'If I haven't been a confounded fool, I came plagues near it! But I will be a fool no longer. I'll subscribe for a newspaper to-morrow—see if I don't!'

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

Stand, O man! upon the hill-top in the stillness of the evening hour—and gaze, not with joyous but with contented eyes, upon the beautiful world around thee! See where the mists soft and dim, rise over the green meadows, through which the rivulet steals its way! See where broadest and stillest, the wave expands to the full size of the setting sun—and the willow that trembles on the breeze—and the oak that stands firm in the storm, are reflected back, peaceful both, from the clear glass of the tides. See where, begirt by the harvest and backed by the pomp of a thousand groves—the roofs of the town, hark, noiseless in the calm glow of the sky.—Now a sound from those abodes floats in discord to thine ear—only from the church tower, soaring high above the rest, perhaps faintly heard through the note of the holy bell. Along the meadow skirts the swallow—on the wave, the silver circle, breaking into spray, shows the sport of the fish. See the earth, how serene, though all eloquent of activity and life! See the heavens how benign, though dark clouds, by yon mountain, blend the purple with the gold! Gaze contented for good is around thee—not joyous, for evil is the shadow of good! Let thy soul pierce through the veil of the senses and thy sight plunge deeper than the surface which gives delight to thine. Below the glass of that river, the pike darts to his prey, the circle in the wave, the soft jangling among the reeds, are but the signs of destroyer and victim. In the ivy round the oak by the margin, the owl hangs for the night, which shall give its beak and talons food for its young, and the spray of the willow trembles with the wing of redbreast, whose bright eyes see the worms on the sod. Canst thou count, too, O man! all the cares—all the anxieties—those noiseless roof-tops conceal? With every curl of that smoke to the sky a human hope melts as briefly. And the bell from the church tower that to thy ear gives but muffled music, perhaps knells for the dead. The swallow but chases the moth and the cloud that deepens the glory of the heavens, and the sweet shadows on the earth, nurse but the thunder that shall rend the grave, and the storm that shall devastate the harvests. Not with fear, not with doubt recognize, O mortal, the presence of evil in the world.—Hush thy heart in the humbleness of awe, that its mirror may reflect as serenely the shadows as the light. Vainly, for its moral, dost thou gaze on the landscape, if thy soul put not thee on the dull delight of the senses. Two wings only raise thee to the summit of the truth—where the cherub shall comfort the sorrow, where the seraph shall enlighten the joy. Dark as ebony spreads the one wing, white as snow gleams the other—mourning as thy reason when it descends into the deep—exulting as thy faith when it springs to the day-star.—BULWER.

These PANTALOONS. In a number of our papers, some week or two ago, we published an extract, wherein a Miss Webber argues that all marriageable ladies should dress just like men. To this a friend—a married man—objects. He says his companion has had on the pantaloons for thirty years, and he thinks to drag them off now would near about kill her. Our friends think, and with some justice, too, that most ladies would prefer wearing the pantaloons after, instead of before, marriage, as that seems to be the custom now. On this head we say nothing, not wishing to take either side of the argument. We will say, however, that if, as Miss Webber seems to intimate, the real reason why the ladies above alluded to should dress like the men is, that those in need of husbands could be easily distinguished from 'the rest of mankind,' this object could be equally well accomplished by the lady wishing to be married carrying a nest ticket on some part of her dress, somewhat after the manner of a ship wishing freight. It might read thus—'Up for the Port of Matrimony—A Mate Wanted—Apply soon.' This would answer the same purpose as the breeches, and could be laid aside at any time, without loss to the owner.

Our friend, however, who objects to single ladies wearing the breeches, and who has been married 30 years, quotes scripture to carry his argument, and says—'If the good lady would take a peep at the 6th verse of the 22nd chapter of Deuteronomy, she could read as follows: "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment: for all that do so are abominations unto the Lord."'

Walesboro' Argus.

Correspondence of Richmond Republican.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 20, 1850.

I send you, as I promised, an analysis of the vote given in the House, yesterday, against suspending the rules, to take from the Speaker's table, the Senate Adjustment Bill, in the order they came down from the Senate, and make them the order of the day for this day.

List of Members voting NAY on the above motion.

Alabama—Bowden, Harris, Hubbard and Ingo.

Arkansas—Johnson.

Florida—Cabel.

Georgia—Haralson, Jackson, Savage, Toombs, Welborn.

Indiana—Jollan.

Kentucky—Caldwell, Johnson, Stanton.

Louisiana—La Sere, Morse.

Maine—Goodenow, Oia.

Maryland—Bowie, Hammond.

Massachusetts—Duncan, Fowler, Mann, Rockwell.

Michigan—Bingham, Sprague.

Mississippi—Brown, Featherston, Thompson.

Missouri—Phelps.

New Jersey—Hay, King.

New York—Clarke, Dier, Gott, Gould, Hallaway, J. A. King, Preston King, Matteson, McKimcock, Nelson, Reynolds, Raley, Rumsey, Schermerhorn, Schoolcraft, Silvester, Spalding, White.

North Carolina—Ashe, Clingman, Daniel, Venable.

Ohio—Campbell, Corwin, Crowell, Evans, Giddings, Hunter, Root, Shenck, Taylor, Vinson.

Pennsylvania—Calvin, Howe, Stevens.

Rhode Island—King.

South Carolina—Bart, Colcock, Homes, Orr, Wallace, McQueen, Woodward.

Tennessee—Ewing, Harris, Thomas.

Vermont—Henry.

Virginia—Avery, Bayly, Beale, Edmundson, Holladay, McDowell, Meade, Morton, Parker, Powell, Seddon.

Wisconsin—Cole, Doty, Durkee. [Total 94.]

It will be seen from an examination of this curious list of opponents to fixing a day, for the consideration of the Senate Adjustment Bill, that Abolitionists and Disunionists voted together, cheek by jowl,—that if they be considered in relation to their ancient party sympathies, they are equally divided, 47 being Whigs and 47 Democrats,—that 47 of them are anti-slavery men and 47 of them pro-slavery men,—that a large number of them would dissolve the Union to prevent slavery from being abolished and to hinder the escape of fugitives from labor, while an equal number would dissolve the Union to bring about the ultimate abolition of slavery in the slave States!

Such is a just view of the feelings and views of these ninety-four members, who banded together, yesterday, in the House, to prevent the House from settling the questions that are now disturbing the country. Nearly all of them are enemies of the Constitution and the Union, some designedly so, and some unwittingly so. I hope that this list will be published in every State and District, from which these recreants to their public duty were sent to Congress by a betrayed and insulted constituency. The Senate have matured and passed several bills, eminently calculated, in the judgment of all honest men, to give peace to the whole country, and to remove from the political arena, every cause of alienation of good feeling, and here are ninety-four of the people's representatives, diametrically opposed to each other in their sympathies and general purposes, uniting together, in a factious spirit, to prevent a day being fixed for even considering these salutary measures! Unless I mistake, the temper of the constituencies of these men, they will hurl these betrayers of their interests, forever from the seats they now occupy, when the next election comes on.

It does not admit of a doubt with us, that if one of the objects of Southern men could be accomplished, they would infallibly bring two free States into the Union, instead of one. Yet for this measure men of the South contend, and men of the North resist—both equally blinded by the conjectures of prejudice. This sort of thing is truly lamentable, in profession of statesmanship, and tends certainly to weaken popular confidence in the men who submit themselves to it.

For our part we confess the suspicion that there are men in Congress, and some out of it lingering in Washington, who are instigated by sinister designs in their hostility and confirmed antagonism to national peace. We know this opinion has been commonly expressed by letter writers and partisan presses. If it is so, this antagonism then, does not originate in a hope of accomplishing the ultra purposes it effects; nor does such pertinacity of opposition betry indifference with respect to the Union, alone. There lurks beneath, but half concealed, the outline of an ulterior design; but which, when once developed to the national gaze, will be shivered into fragments.

The spirit and tone of public opinion has been adroitly tested, and sufficiently we should think to convince the most ultra mischief-maker of them all, that it will not be trifled with. There is nothing for the Disunionist to expect at the hands of the people, but scorn and infamy, whenever the mask is torn from his face. A traitor to his country, to humanity, to liberty and to God, he will be fit only for the ignominy of his inexorable fate.

[Ball. Sun.]

THE RIGHT COURSE.—Two negroes, supposed to be fugitive slaves from Missouri, were arrested in Bond county, Illinois, a few days since, and committed to prison, until their owners should have an opportunity to appear against them. They had about \$70 in their possession, and said they came from the "Am-Button," in Missouri. This is honest, and in striking contrast with the course pursued in the free States in this latitude in regard to slaves who find their way to Maryland, Virginia, &c. The Illinois people receive a proper idea of their constitutional duty in this matter by such action.

NOVATEUR COURSE.

The editor of the Augusta Constitutionalist, writing to his own journal from Coos, Springs, says:

'We understand from gentlemen, now here from Alabama, that many of the planters in their section of the State, have already notified the merchants they deal with, that they will purchase no more articles of merchandise manufactured, or imported from the north.—Hereafter, it is their determination to give the preference in all cases to all articles of southern or of foreign manufacture.'

The editor inclines to the opinion that if this example were generally followed throughout the slave-holding States, the result would tell powerfully upon northern interests, and through them on northern political opinion and action. The pocket nerve would admonish the people of the north that the north would soon be reduced to the alternative of giving up their anti-slavery propagandism—their well matured schemes for hemming in and finally abolishing slavery, and their insolent intermeddling with the institution as it exists in the States, and with the relation of master and slave—their organized societies for deceiving slaves from their masters and for protecting the runaway, or they must give up the southern trade. There can be no question as to the potency of this peaceful remedy in the hands of a united people; and its main recommendation consists in its being a peaceful remedy.

Richmond Times.

St. Louis, August 20.

Interesting News from Santa Fe and New Mexico.—The Election—Formation of a State Legislature—Queer proceedings—Two United States Senators Elected—Indian Depredations &c.

The Republican has received intelligence from Santa Fe to the 16th ult. The elections, under the State constitution of New Mexico, took place on the 20th of June, and resulted in the choice of Dr. Henry Connelly for Governor, and Emmanuel Alvarez for Lieutenant Governor. Wm. S. Measery was elected Representative to Congress by 500 majority over High N. Smith. Members of the Legislature were also elected, and this body convened at the time appointed by the State constitution, when some curious scenes were enacted.

The parties are divided—one advocating territorial and the other State government. A member of the Senate presented his credentials and was admitted, but, it being afterwards found that he would not vote with the majority, he was excluded from taking his seat, and his opponent admitted. Hereupon a number of the Senators and Representatives withdrew, leaving the House without a quorum. The remaining members took upon themselves the responsibility of filling the vacant seats with men enough to form a quorum, and proceeded with the business. Major R. H. Whiteman and Major F. A. Cunningham, both late paymasters in the United States army, were elected United States Senators.

The Indians were continuing their depredations throughout all parts of New Mexico.

An express which left Santa Fe several days after this party, brought several dispatches and orders for two thousand stand of arms.

The wife of captain Eustis, of U. S. A., died at Santa Fe on the 20th of July.

The crops in New Mexico were very fine and promising.

Major Whiteman is expected to arrive here (St. Louis) in a few days, on his way to Washington.

LOUISVILLE, August 23.

THE MISSOURI ELECTION.

The St. Louis Republican of the 17th inst. says: "In no event can the majority against the election of Thomas H. Benton be less than 35 on joint ballot. The Legislature is now stated to have the following party complexion: In the Senate there are 33 members—7 of them hold over from the previous election; 5 of whom are claimed as Bentonites, and 2 as anti-Bentonites; of the remaining 26, the whigs have elected 13, the Bentonites 6, the anti-Bentonites 6; uncertain 3. The House of Representatives, so far as ascertained by returns received at St. Louis on Saturday, is as follows: The whigs have elected 53 members, Bentonites 25, and 9 counties are to be heard from sending as many members, and each party may elect a portion of them."

Restoring and preserving the Sight.—A friend who had read the following valuable item of information, but who had