

# THE RALEIGH TIMES.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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## FORGET-ME-NOT.

The very name is Love's own Poetry,  
Born of the heart and of the eye begot,  
Nursed amid sighs and smiles by Constancy,  
And ever breathing, 'Love, Forget me not.'

Love and flowers caused the wise king of Israel to break forth into song, and the lays he chanted to the dark-haired daughter of Egypt, are among the richest notes that ever hung upon the golden chords of the lyre. That the divinity he adored was the fair daughter of Eve, whose beautiful form often glided through the fretted chambers of the princely palace of Jerusalem, even our most learned and grave commentators have been compelled to acknowledge: showing that the language in which we express our admiration of the matchless loveliness of woman, approaches so near our imperfect utterance of the adoration of heaven, that its Love which first learns us to lip the holier language that is wafted upward, and on the wings of prayer borne to the abode of the angels. In what a sea of bliss must the heart of the monarch have floated when, looking out of his casement over the green gardens of Jerusalem, he saw the whole landscape steeped in sunshine, as if thrown back and reflected from a mirror of gold; and gently awaking his beautiful and dark-eyed Egyptian bride, he breathed into her ear a sweet lay of love,—told her that the flowers had again appeared on the earth, that the singing birds had returned from distant climes, and the voice of the turtle was heard in the land,—that the grapes threw out a sweet smell, and the young roes were feeding among the lilies. He bade her come forth and show her beauty, like an apple tree in full blossom, amid the greenery of the surrounding woods. While he murmured in her ear, a placid smile left hand under her head, and she looked back upon him with half-averted eyes—the banner that waved over him was Love. He led her forth by the hand, and as her sable tresses blew back in the morning breeze, her queenly scarf streamed in an arch, like a rainbow, "backward borne," and she came down into the garden with a dancing step, skipping along in the very fullness of her love, like a young roe upon the mountains. Her lips were like a thread of scarlet, her neck like a stately tower, her hair like the floating silk of Cashmere; her teeth white and beautiful as a flock of lambs returning from the washing; her eyes, now and then hidden by the raven ringlets which blew across her queenly brow, were softer than the eyes of the dove when it bends over and coos to its young. As she walked along, a smell of spikenard, and cinnamon, and myrrh, perfumed the air; and as she gathered flowers, and placed them in her hand, he called her his garden—his delight; the sweetest blossom that ever hung over and was reflected in the Nile, or opened beneath the earliest sunbeam that ever gilded the summits of her father's pyramids. They rambled onward through the garden of nuts—through the valley covered with myrtles, that overgreen emblem of Love, where the tendrils of the vine swayed idly in the morning air, and the pomegranates put forth their buds; they went far away among the pleasant fields; and, throwing aside their regal dignity, rested themselves among the homely villagers. He told her how Love is stronger than Death—that the wide waters which overflow Egypt would be unable to quench it; and that while he slept, his heart was still awake, and that his dreams were ever of Love.

Although the Myrtle is consecrated to Venus, and formed the garland with which the Goddess of Love and Beauty was crowned, growing also around the temples which were dedicated to her worship, still its antiquity dates not so far back as the Forget-me-not, which is as old as memory, and coeval with the creation of man. It was among the first flowers that sprang up from the saturated earth, after the overwhelming waters of the great deluge had subsided. Its history is founded in the earliest records of the world, and woven with those legends which were current among the builders of Babel, who, in their ambition, attempted to rear a tower, the summit of which was to reach the stars. Thousands of the traditions, that were rich in the lore of the antediluvian world, have been lost for ages, and it is only in those countries which were first peopled by the sons and daughters of Noah, that we are able to trace the faint outline of their origin, and in one of these forgotten poetry, we find the legend of the Forget-me-not.

It was on the site of one of those old homes of the early world—one that had stood beside the banks, where as beautiful a river flowed as had ever flashed back the golden lines of sunlight from the moving mirror of its waters—that a first angel sat down, sad and sorrowful; his face buried in the palms of his hands, his long ringlets, which the celestial air of heaven had many a time fanned, dropped negligently over his rounded shoulders; and his broad white wings, which fell folded upon his back, looked as if they had borne the brunt of many a storm, and shaken from their white plumes the blind rain of a descending shower. He was one of those who had lost heaven through the love of women, and had floated long days through the solitary air, his own image the only moving thing shadowed in the silent waters that covered the earth, while all below, saving the ark, was buried beneath the deep deluge. But the waters had now subsided, the green hills had bared their tall summits, and the outstretched plains at their feet were once more visible. But the top of many a mountain had been washed away, and fields which before waved with a thousand flowers were now deeply covered beneath a new soil—the grave of all that was lovely and beautiful among women. And she, whose loss the angel mourned, whose image had so often floated between him and heaven; rising before him when he stood with bowed head amid the ranged ranks of the winged cherubim, while the remembered echoes of her

voice still seemed to sound upon his ears, and made the holy anthem which pealed through the vaulted gold, grate like harsh music,—she, too, was buried deep below: the loveliest flower which the deluge had destroyed, amid all its wrecks of bright and beautiful blossoms.

He raised the dim starlight of his eyes and gazed around, but not a vestige remained behind to tell of what had been. The trellised bower, over which, even at noonday, a green kind of shadowy twilight seemed to hang, was swept away, and not a trace left to mark out the spot where it had once stood. Groaning, he threw himself upon his side, and his great immortal heart beat, as if it would have burst, while the snowy whiteness of his plumes was dabbled over with the dark soil, which had settled down and blotted out the light of her beauty whom he loved. "Never more," exclaimed he, in the utterance of his deep agony, "shall I lean upon thy warm shoulder in the evening sunset, listening to those silvery accents, which to me were sweeter music than that which floated through the envious heaven I have lost. Never more will those milk-white arms embrace me, nor shall I again taste the bubbling honey which steeped the rounded roses of thy matchless lips, far sweeter than the dews which swell the pouting blossoms that blow in the immortal gardens above: those golden ringlets, which hung upon the downy whiteness of my wings, like the last deep rays of sunset shed over a bed of lilies, have now blended their golden clusters with the clod of the valley: those eyes, which but to look on made the stars, that pave the azure floor of that heaven which I shall never again tread, look dull, and dead and rayless; and that heart, which was a fitting sanctuary for the Holy One himself to dwell in, is now cold, and hushed, and motionless, and dark as the chaos I flew over at His bidding, long before the first morning upon the void."

With one hand shadowing his face, he arose from the earth, mute and sorrowful; and tears, the first that had ever yet dimmed immortal eyes, oozed out from between the unstained whiteness of his fingers, and fell like a shower upon the ground. He looked upon the earth, and stood ankle-deep in the blue flowers of the Forget-me-not—they had sprung from the angel's tears; and high in the air he heard a floating, unembodied voice, sweeter than that music which had cheered his lonely watch, when he kept guard beside the battlements of heaven, while the helmeted cherubim flew forth to wage war against the fallen angels. It was the voice of her for whose love he had sacrificed heaven: and kneeling amid the blue flowers, with clasped hands, motionless as a statue, the low, aerial music shaped itself into words, as it fell upon his ears; and he held his breath with awe, for he knew that it was with a new immortal voice which said—

By the wild and by the wildwood,  
By lonely moor and water'd lea,  
Haunts of age, and sportive childhood,  
I am doomed to follow thee:  
By the torrent it was uttered,  
"Mid the flowers that round it blow,  
And upon the breeze was muttered  
That sad sentence of our woe—  
And each bud and bell that's hollow,  
Bade thee lead where I must follow;

And where the forest brook runs brawling,—  
Here in sunshine, there in shade,—  
Lovers shall be oft heard calling,  
While they traverse glen and glade:  
As they search each woodland spot,  
Hazel dell and briary brake,  
For the blue Forget-me-not,  
Which they'll cherish for our sake—  
And up to heaven's high arching hollow,  
Mary's sigh our loves shall follow.

And in the flower they shall be blended,  
The golden star that emblems thee,  
Rimmed with the blue thy wings descended,  
The heaven, that's lost through love of me:  
Without repining or complaining,  
Must thy weary task be done,  
If thou hast hopes of ever reigning  
These lost realms beyond the sun—  
For the voice said, low and hollow,  
"Where he goeth thou shalt follow."

## A LUMP OF GOLD.

The wife of Mr. Solomon Geer, residing a few miles from this place, found a lump of gold on the day of the big rain, or the day after, which weighed sixty pennyweights! It was lying in the edge of the spruce branch when she discovered it, the rain having washed the dirt off it, and left its tempting beauty bare.

This lump, said to be the largest ever found in this country, was picked up on the land of Mr. Samuel Hampton. We learn that several large lumps, weighing from 8 to 16 pennyweights, have been found near the same place. Who knows how near California is to us?

Mountain Banner.

VANDALISM.—The Washington Republic announces an act of vandalism that has excited to a high degree the indignation of the people of that city. On Sunday last the beautifully sculptured stone presented by the State of South Carolina for the Washington Monument, was wantonly defaced by some miscreant. The stone is adorned by the coat of arms of that State. The heads are broken off the male and female figures, and the trump of fame, held by an angel above these figures, is also broken. Orders were on Monday given for the restoration of this work, by deepening the engraving, and the stone will be soon elevated to the place it is designed to occupy.

## TEMPORARY SECESSION.

This is the latest improvement in the plan of disunion. Mr. Rhett, who glories in the name of traitor, as he understands it, recommends "temporary secession," as the proper thing just now.

It is quite evident that there is method in the madness of these heroic persons, and a faculty of calculation in respect to other things than the value of the Union.—Temporary secession is to come in as an experiment; it may be well to try how it feels—after the manner of the amateur who was curious to know the sensation of a man under process of being hanged. In the latter case, however, it unfortunately happened that the experiment went too far, and the world to this day is without any report or authentic record of the experience of a suspended individual haltered and strangled.

Temporary secession, we may presume, is intended as a sort of trance, a species of paralyzed animation, a state of somnambulism, in which the patient goes far enough towards the confines of this mortal life to get a peep into the regions beyond. Mr. Rhett and his associate practitioners have been administering chloroform in a political way very assiduously for some time past with a view to prepare the State of South Carolina for a successful trial of her capabilities in the way of seeing visions and dreaming dreams.

We must regard this idea of temporary secession as a most happy conception. It plays around the precincts of treason, and possesses all the fascinations of danger without any of its risk. Some reckless votaries who know not the secret may indeed go too far, and undertake to convert a pleasant game into an earnest business. Such stupidity of course could not claim any sympathy at the hands of the contrivers of the diversion, who would be the first to leave the luckless dupes to their fate in the purgatory of fools.

South Carolina in a state of temporary secession! Disgusted with the world she climbs a tree. *Vanitas Vanitatum!* So the grizzly tenant of the polar zone, when the season of blubber is past, goes grimly into torpidity and with surly independence sucks his own paw.

Temporary secession! It is a phrase of such exceeding good command that it claims place at once in the vocabulary of sedition, and bids fair to supplant "nullification" itself. Instead of the overt act with its ugly consequences, the irrevocable plunge into the boiling ocean of civil strife, "temporary secession" is a dignified isolation, and would mean not that South Carolina had absolutely cut her acquaintances, but simply that she was not at home to visitors. Her nerves being unsteady, she takes chloroform and does not wish to be intruded upon. Or like the burgomaster in the play, she has a great deal of thinking to do, and takes her time for it. Or, possibly, remembering the advice of Hamlet in allusion to Polonius, she may be of the opinion that when one is bent upon performing a certain character he should shut the door, and play it nowhere but in his own house.

The cat is fond of fish, but dreads to wet his feet. More happily endowed than the cat, a commonwealth hankering after treason yet shrinking from its penalties, strikes upon the felicitous compromise of "temporary secession," and pars dry-footed over her fish without perceiving that it is stale and already putrescent.

After an experiment of "temporary secession," it would be interesting to see the returning prodigal come back into the family circle, pale from a diet of husks, and haggard like a half-hanged man. The wayward straggler would have a strange story to tell, and words perhaps would not be adequate to portray the state of stupid semi-consciousness, the night-mare terrors, the hideous dreams, of that sort of life in death which was the lot of the wanderer in the desert regions where "temporary secession" abides. Cadaverous as from a resurrection, the poor victim, once more restored to life and happiness, would ever after shudder at the mention of the charnel house which is the dwelling place of "temporary secession."—*Balt. Amer.*

## A NEW CAR.

Messrs. W. C. Randolph and George Vogler, of this place, have put up a new kind of Car or Truck, or something of the sort, which has excited considerable interest in our town, for a few days past. They intend taking out a patent right for it. It is capable of transporting, they think, by the power of one horse, more than two teams of six horses with the common road wagon. However this may be, it is very evident on looking at the model, which they have made, that a working Car built after the plan, could sustain all the weight that could be placed upon it. There are no axles to break, or wheels to crush; and we doubt not on a very smooth hard road one horse could draw almost a mountain of lead. We are afraid, however, that on common roads it may not be found to answer. But as an offset to our fears we must mention the confidence of success of Messrs. Randolph and Vogler, either of them being far more competent than we to decide the question. We sincerely trust we are mistaken, and shall watch the result of a fair experiment with no little interest. If it should so turn out, why then here is a great thing, which, for many purposes, is destined to lay road wagons completely in the shade.—*(Salisbury Watch.)*

## A PUBLISHING ESTABLISHMENT.

The New York Methodist Book Concern printed in 1845, seventy-nine millions seven hundred and sixteen thousand pages of Sunday School Books; in 1847, forty-seven millions seven hundred and eighty-eight thousand pages; and, in 1848, forty-six millions nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand; making the astounding aggregate of one hundred and seventy-four millions five hundred and three thousand pages of Sunday School Books in three years. To this must be added the annual circulation of about eighty-five thousand copies of the *Sunday School Advocate*.

AN ELECTIVE JUDICIARY.—We are pleased to find that our neighbors in Virginia bid fair to set us a good example in judicial reform, in the important measure of electing the Judges by the people. That Virginia should take precedence of us in the adoption of this constitutional provision we have no objection; but it will be to our discredit and mortification hereafter, if we should fail to follow promptly in this significant feature of reform. It is desirable, as the time draws nigh for the choice of representatives in the convention, that the people of this State should consider the importance of the opportunity committed to their hands, establish their purposes and adapt the machinery to the end in view. It is very satisfactory to observe a prevailing disposition to select men of experience, judgment and practical character for the duties of the convention; men upon whose deliberate qualities public confidence will repose, and from whose labors we may anticipate the best results.—But choose whom we may, they are but men, and will naturally look to their fellow-citizens for counsel and encouragement in their responsible office.

The subject of an elective judiciary has been presented heretofore, and discussed pretty generally before the people; but while there did not seem much probability of accomplishing the proposed reform we suppose the subject has not commanded that particular attention to which it is entitled. It is, in our estimation, quite a prominent item in the general purpose of effective reform, and should constitute a theme for serious consideration. We cannot anticipate the amount of opposition it may encounter; but opposition will do no harm, for it is a measure with respect to which the people should have all the light that can be brought to bear upon it, from experience and matured opinion. The subject is inducing an expression of sentiment in Virginia, and from sources unaffected, apparently, by extraneous influences. We make the following extract from a letter to John Letcher, Esq. written by Judge Bayly, who, with Judge Duncan, served several years in the judicial office, enjoying the confidence and respect of the people. Both now advocate the election of judges by the people, and Judge Bayly says:

"For a long time I have been decidedly in favor of electing all of the Judges by the people directly and for a limited period. This would secure a real responsibility, (which in the Judiciary, as in every other department in a Republic, I should be the last to dispense with,) without impairing a proper independence which I would be the first to prefer to see as full an extent as possible, compatible with such a responsibility. And my experience convinces me they are not incompatible.

"There is no class of public servants for the selection of whom the people are better qualified than the Judges. There is none the selection of whom they would make more intelligently or impartially. The selection must be from the bar.—And there is no class of men of whose qualifications the people are better judges than of lawyers, as there is none whose success depends so little upon mere personal popularity.

"No man in any circuit can tell how his dearest rights may be brought before the court; and in electing a judge the same considerations will control him that do in selecting his counsel. He would vote for the lawyer best fitted by his temper, industry and talents, for the station. Of course there would be exceptions to this; but they would be too inconsiderable to affect the truth of the general statement.

"These opinions are fortified by experience of others. I have conversed freely with the lawyers I have met with in Congress from those States in which the judges are elected by the people directly, and for a limited term; and they all agree, particularly those from the slave States, that the system works well, and that it has more than met the most sanguine expectations of its friends."

Mr. Snowden, spoken of as a whig candidate from Alexandria, in a letter to a friend, in which he touches upon a variety of reform topics in a truly liberal and republican spirit, thus speaks of the point under notice:—

"I am in favor of an elective judiciary—the Judges to be chosen by the people, but so arranged and detailed as to their continuance, re-eligibility, &c., as to secure for them the greatest possible independence. And I use the word independence in its proper and legitimate sense—freedom from fear of popular displeasure, in the administration of justice, and freedom from the desire of mere popular applause."

Thus Virginia begins to designate her purpose with reference to this issue; and we anticipate at her hands action upon other matters of reform which may properly engage our attention, as we progress in the work before us.—*(Balt. Sun.)*

Governor Quitman of Mississippi, in a late letter, announces his determination, in case of a collision with Texas, to convene the Legislature, and recommend immediate hostility against the United States. If the indictment of a grand jury be any evidence, the Governor was probably foiled by the United States, in his intentions upon Cuba. He seems to be fully resolved to have a fight with some body.

We have repeatedly expressed the opinion that there is not a single disunionist in Maryland, and we firmly believe it; for we have not seen or heard of one man who favors a dissolution of the Union, under any condition of things. We are satisfied that such is the attachment of the people of this State to the Union, that it would be unsafe for any man to address to a public assemblage such a speech as that recently delivered to the people of Charleston by Mr. Rhett. He would be hissed from the stand as a traitor, and the finger of scorn would be pointed at him as an enemy to his country.—*(Balt. Clipper.)*

## WILMINGTON.

A friend who recently visited Wilmington on business, has given us a glowing account of the enterprise and hospitality of its citizens, and we believe that it is a fact that there is more enterprise in the town of Wilmington than in any other portion of the State; and as to liberality and hospitality, their forefathers were famous for these qualities, and the sons, nobly emulous, have ever preserved this character for Wilmington.—We hail with joy the prospect of a connection by Rail Road with that whole-souled community—a connection which we doubt not will be mutually profitable, and as pleasant as it is profitable. We published some time since an article showing the amount of produce consumed in Wilmington annually, and the prices paid for it to the citizens of the State, all of which could have been supplied by the county of Orange, and Wilmington in turn might have supplied us with our Groceries, which she will do for the most part, we opine, when the Road is in operation. Thus thousands of dollars would have been saved to Orange by the sale of articles which are now of but little profit, and a brisk trade would have been opened for Wilmington by which she would have benefited.—The citizens of other States have heretofore been reaping the advantages from a ready communication with the most important town in our State, while we have been entirely cut off. But a brighter prospect now opens before us, and we hope soon fully to realize the anticipated benefits.

Hillsboro' Democrat.

## IS SUICIDE A CRIME?

The Montgomery Atlas seems likely to become as famous for its moral paradoxes, as it already is for its political heresies. It has lately broached the doctrine that in certain cases (that of Professor Webster, for instance) Suicide is not only permissible, but actually commendable; and it supports its theory with arguments so plausible that we have laid them aside for future reference, in case we should ever feel an inclination to put its suggestions in practice.

Editors and printers are especially interested in having this new theory of the Atlas brought to general notice, as there is no class in the community whose starving occupation more frequently inclines them to "shuffle their mortal coil." No matter how heavy their load of life may be, Death never troubles himself to come to their relief. To them may be applied the feeling observation which the venerable Samuel Weller makes about post-boys. "Who ever know'd a grave-yard where there was a post-boy's tombstone, or who ever see'd a dead post-boy?" So it is of editors and printers—no one ever saw a tablet chiseled out "in memory of" a defunct Typo, or ever read an inscription over the grave of a "lamented Editor." The fact is they never die. After undergoing a process of desiccation—a kind of drying up—dragging out, from year to year, and from place to place, a weary and miserable existence, they at last vanish, nobody knows where, and nobody cares! Some one else takes up the composing stick, another fills the editorial chair, the work of printing goes steadily on, and that is all the world asks or cares for.

Now if it were allowable to lay down the heavy burden of such a life—if a printer or an editor could, justifiably,

"His quietus make  
With a bare bodkin,"—  
how many a poor "devil" would quickly end "The heart-aches and the thousand ills  
That flesh is heir to!"

Viewing the matter in this light, we cannot help thinking that the Editor of the *Atlas* has entitled himself to the lasting gratitude of all his brothers of the type and quill, by his plausible and opportune defence of suicide. We were, therefore, no little surprised to see him severely rebuked for his "indefinite notions of morality," in a late number of the "South Western Baptist," a paper published at Marion, and conducted with much ability. The Editor of that paper is, we presume, one of those few happy mortals whose life-path has been ever strewn with roses—whose existence has been unobscured by misfortune—whose health and purse, have alike escaped Falstaff's in, curable malady, consumption—who are never troubled either with duns or doctors, and especially are never annoyed by,

"That climax of all earth ills,  
The inflammation of their weekly bills."  
For them, as for the happy dwellers in the vale of Cashmere, all things in this cold, but smiling world, are tinged with "the purple light of love," they would fain dwell in it forever, and they have therefore little sympathy with one, who, tired of buffeting with misfortunes, opens with his own hand, an entrance to,

"That undiscovered country, from whose bourne  
No traveler returns."

Happy editor of the South Western Baptist! how few must be your delinquent subscribers! how liberal your advertising patronage! how flush your treasury! *Bis et terque heatus!* how gladly would we change places with you!

Tuskaloosa Monitor.

NEW YORK, Sept. 5.

Fire in New York.  
Boebe & Co's hat store, in Broadway, was partially destroyed by fire this morning. It broke out in the rear of the store, and entirely destroyed the four-story building in the rear, used by the firm as a hat factory. The steam engine is rendered worthless. The loss is estimated at from \$15,000 to \$30,000.

"Horse, what's the matter?  
"Mine Cot, the sorrel waggon has run away mid de green horse, and proin the axletree de brick way, what stand by de corner lamp post across de way from de apple trees—run Yaupay and stop de telegraph. Mine Cot, what beebies!

Albany, Dutchman.

## From the Asheville News.

### IT WILL BE SO!

Col. Reid and the Eastern Democrats are struggling hard to prevent the Western people from insisting for a change in the basis of representation, but we tell them that the people of the West are determined upon that change—it will be made—*it must come!* The Western counties have been imposed upon long enough already, and nothing but a thorough and radical reform of the constitution in this particular will satisfy the people.—Eastern politicians and Editors may raise the cry of abolition, or whatever else may suit their taste, and while we hurl back the epithet as false and unwarranted, we still claim a change—still insist upon our rights. The western people are not abolitionists—those who would make the change know better. In nearly all the Southern States the basis of representation is white population. Are they all Free Soilers? No, not a truth. Some of those who pretend to be most uneasy lest a change of the basis should squint at abolitionism, and thus give aid and comfort to our common enemy, had better look well to their own course on the subject of Southern rights, and see if they have not been nearer committing treason against their own section, than the western people are when they insist upon a change in the basis. No—it is all gammon—nobody believes that a change of the basis would affect in any way the question of slavery. It is only a lame excuse for perpetuating a gross wrong—for continuing upon the western people the degrading manacles which now fetter them. We can tell Col. Reid one thing that he is probably not aware of—the western people don't want they won't have Free Suffrage, without EQUAL SUFFRAGE. Mark the words. When it is tested whether they will not indignantly spurn this shadow of a right—this tinkling brass, unless they get along with it that which is worth something—that which has some substance connected with it—a change of the basis.

The day is coming when this right will be granted—such rank injustice stinks in the nostrils of all good men, and is offensive to Heaven. Time will effect this change—it must do it in the very nature of things. Nothing short of this will satisfy the people. Their will is omnipotent and must prevail.

A SLENDRE DESCRIPTION.—One Paul Denton, a Methodist preacher in Texas, advertised a barbecue, with better liquor than usually furnished.—When the people were assembled, a desperado in the crowd cried out, "Mr. Paul Denton, your reverence has lied. You promised us not only good barbecue but better liquor. Where is the liquor?" "There!" answered the missionary, in tones of thunder, and pointing his motionless finger at the maddened double spring, gushing up in two strong columns, with a sound like a shout of joy from the bosom of the earth. "There!" he repeated with a look as terrible as the lightning, while his enemy actually trembled on his feet; "there is the liquor which God, the Eternal, brews for all his children! Not in the shimmering still, over smoky fires, shocked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and rank corruptions, doth your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water. But in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play, where God brews it, and down, low down in the deepest valleys, where the fountain murmurs and the rills sing; and high upon the tall mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun; where the storm-cloud broods and the thunder storms crash, and away far out on the wide, wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves rear the chorus swelling the march of God—there He brews it, that beverage of life; health-giving water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty; gleaming in the dew drop; shining in the summer rain; shining in the ice-berg, till the trees all seemed turning to living jewels spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract; sleeping in the glacier; dancing in the soft shower; folding its bright snow curtains softly about the winter world; and weaving the many-colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose warp is the rain drop of earth, whose woof, is the sun beam of heaven, all checked over with celestial flowers, the mystic hand of refraction! Still always it is beautiful—that blessed life water! no poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its depths; no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in words of eternal despair? Speak out, my friends, would you exchange it for demon's drink, alcohol?"

A shout like the roar of a tempest answered "No."

SLAVE EMIGRATION TO CALIFORNIA.—The Steamer Commodore Stockton is advertised to sail shortly from Charleston, for California, with a number of Southern gentlemen, accompanied by their slaves. It would seem from this that the scheme for establishing a slave colony in that territory, for the purpose of washing the gold mines, is not altogether a humbug, as has been conjectured.

The New York Globe says: "Some of the Free Soil organs have the impudence to speak with satisfaction of the Democratic triumph of North Carolina." And may they not do so with some show of reason? Did not David S. Reid vote for the Wilmot proviso in the Oregon question, and did not Mr. Callahan denounce him and other Southern members for that vote?—*Sal. Watch.*

IF The Raleigh Standard and Raleigh Times are each to be published semi-weekly and weekly after the first of November, they are both well edited papers, and deserve the support of their friends respectively.—*Asheville News.*