THE TIMES.

CHARLES C. RABOTEAU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

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POETRY.

CONSOLATION.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

When the streamlet is dried up.
Then fly to the fountain!
When the valley is flooded,
Then haste to the mountain!
When the arm thou hast lent on,
Is laid in the dust,
On the arm of thy God
Lean, with faith's cheerful trust.

Earth's gourds! oh how tempting
Their flower and their fruit!
How we love their sweet shadow!
But worm's at the root!
When they wound, that once sheltered,
Is withered away,
Be the shadow of Jesus
Thy shelter and stay!

How oft have Hope's visions
Deceived the fond-hearted!
Like the rainbow they shone:
Like the rainbow departed!
When their light once sparkled
Is darkened and gone.
See! the rainbow that fades not—
It arches God's throne.

How oft have earth's pleasures,
For which our hearts panted,
Like the bright poison berry,
Proved deadly, when granted!
When the soul has been sickened
With earth's poisoned joy;
Look up for pure pleasures—
Their fountain's on high!

As the dove, when of old
From the ark it went forth,
Some green spot to rest on,
To seek through the earth,
When it found that the deluge—
So deep and so dark,
Left no green spot uncovered,
Returned to the ark:

So when floods of affliction,
Have deluged around,
And no green spot of gladness—
No hope-branch is found;
Then flee to the Saviour—
The true ark of rest!
Oh! there's no place of shelter
Like his pitying breast!

When there, thou art sheltered,
Though storms wrap the skies,
And higher and higher
The deep floods arise;
Above the ark waters—
The ark's lifted high,
And bears its blessed inmates,
To God's mount—the sky!

By the scorn and scoffing,
For thy sake He bore—
By the sharp crown of thorns,
For thy sake He wore—
By the sweat in the garden—
The death on the tree—
To Him, who redeemed thee—
Thou wearied one, flee.

From Him, thine own Saviour,
Whatever may betide thee,
No distance can sever.
No sorrow divide thee?
Earth's friends may forsake—
But He'll forsake—never.;
Earth's loved ones must die—
But he lives—forever.

In love He afflicts thee;
In mercy He chastens:
To wound He is slow—
To bind up—He hastens,
When thy sins call for chastenings—
I will comfort impart—
Though a frown's on His brow,
Yet, there's love in His heart!

Each dear earthly cistern
By His hand may be broken!
But the stroke, though severe—
Of His love is a token,
He breaks them, that we,
By their loss, may be led
To drink of true pleasures,
From joy's fountain head.

To Him who so loved thee,
Let grief draw thee nearer:
Each dear precious promise
Let sorrow make dearer—
Then welcome the trial,
By which there is given,
To thy soul more of God!
To thy heart more of heaven!

SELECTED TALE.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

THE TEA ROSE.

BY MRS. H. E. BEECHER.

Part I.

There it stood in its little green vase, on a light ebony stand, in the window of the drawing-room. The rich satin curtains with their costly fringes, swept down on either side of it, and around it glittered every rare and fanciful trifle which wealth can offer to luxury, and yet that simple rose was the fairest of them all. So pure it looked—its white leaves just touched with that delicious creamy tint, peculiar to its kind, its cup so full, so perfect, its head bending as if it were sinking and melting away in its own richness—oh, when did man ever make anything like the living perfect flower!

But the sunlight that streamed through the window revealed something fairer than the rose. Reclined on an ottoman, in a deep recess, and intently engaged with a book, lay what seemed the living counterpart of that so lovely flower. The cheek [illegible] the face so full of high thought, the fair forehead, the long downcast lashes, and the expression of the beautiful mouth so sorrowful, yet so subdued and sweet—it seemed like the picture of a dream.

"Florence!—Florence!" echoed a merry and musical voice, in a sweet impatient tone. Turn your head, reader, and you will see a dark and sparkling maiden, the very model of some little wilful elf, born of mischief and motion, with a dancing eye, a foot that scarcely seemed to touch the carpet, and a smile so multiplied by dimples, that it seemed like a thousand smiles at once.

"Come Florence, I say," said the little fairy, "put down that wise, good, excellent volume, and talk with a poor little mortal—come, descend from your cloud, my dear."

The fair apparition thus adjured, obeyed, and, looking up, revealed just the eyes you expected to see beneath such lids; eyes deep, pathetic and rich, as a strain of sad music.

"I say, cousin," said the 'darke ladye,' "I've been thinking what you are to do with your pet rose when you go to New York—as to our great consternation you are going to do—you know it would be a sad pity to leave it with such a scatter-brain as I am. I do love flowers that's a fact; that is, I like a regular boquet, cut off and tied up to carry to a party; but as to all this tending fussing that is necessary to keep them growing, I've no gifts in that line."

"Make yourself quite easy as to that Kate," said Florence, with a smile, "I've no intention of calling upon your talents; I have an asylum for my favorite."

"Oh, then you know just what I was going to say; Mrs. Marshall, I presume has been speaking to you; she was here yesterday, and I was very pathetic upon the subject, telling her the loss your favorite would sustain, and so forth, and she said how delighted she should be to have it in her green house, it is in such a fine state now, so full of buds. I told her I knew you would like it, of all things, to give it to her; you were always so fond of Mrs. Marshall, you know."

"Nay, Kate, I'm sorry, but I have otherwise engaged it."

"Who can it be to? You have so few intimates here."

"Oh, only one of my odd fancies."

"But do tell me, Florence."

"Well cousin, you know the little pale girl to whom we give sewing."

"What little Mary Stephens? How absurd! This is just of a piece, Florence, with your other motherly, old-maidish ways—dressing dolls for poor children, making caps, and knitting socks for all the dirty little babies in the region round about. I do believe that you have made more calls in those two vile, ill smelling alleys back of our house, than ever you have in Chesnut street, though you know every body has been half dying to see you; and now, to crown all, you must give this choice little bijou to a semptress girl, when one of your most intimate friends, in your own class, would value it so highly. What in the world can people in their circumstances want with flowers?"

"Just the same that I do," replied Florence, calmly. "Have you ever noticed that the little girl never comes here without looking wistfully at the opening buds? and don't you remember the morning when she asked me so prettily if I would let her mother come and see it, she was so fond of flowers?"

"But Florence, only think of this rare flower standing on a table with ham, eggs, cheese and flour, and stifled in the close little room where Mrs. Stephens and her daughter manage to wash, iron, cook, and nobody knows what besides."

"Well Kate, and if I were obliged to live in one coarse room, and wash, iron, and cook as you say—if I had to spend every moment of my time in hard toil, with no prospect from my window but a brick sidewalk, or a dirty lane, such a flower as this would be untold happiness to me."

"Pshaw, Florence—all sentiment; poor people have no time to be sentimental: besides, I don't think it will grow with them—it is a green-house flower, and used to delicate living."

"Oh, as to that, a flower never inquires whether its owner be rich or poor; and Mrs. Stephens, whatever else she has not, has sunshine of as good a quality as that that streams through our window. The beautiful things that God makes are the gift of all alike. You will see that my little rose will be as well and merry in Mrs. Stephens's room as in ours."

"Well, after all, how odd! When one gives to poor people one wants to give them something useful—a bushel of potatoes or a ham for example."

"Why certainly, potatoes and ham must be had; but, having ministered to the first and most craving wants, why not add any little pleasures or gratifications that we may have it in our power to give. I know there are many of the poor who have fine feeling and a keen sense of the beautiful, which rusts out and dies because they are too hard pressed to procure it one gratification. Poor Mrs. Stephens, for example; I know she would enjoy birds, and flowers, and music as much as I do.—I have seen her eye kindle as she has looked on these things in our drawing-room; and yet not one beautiful thing can she command. From necessity, her room, her clothing, all that she has must be coarse and plain. You should have seen the utmost rapture that she and Mary felt when I offered them my rose."

"Dear me, all this may be true, but I never thought of it before. I never thought that these hard-working people had any idea of *taste!*"

"Then why do you see so often the geranium or rose carefully nursed in an old cracked teapot in the poorest room, or the morning glories planted in a box, and made to twine around the window. Do not all these show how every human heart yearns after the beautiful? You remember how Mary our washerwoman sat up a whole night after a hard day's work, that she might make her baby a pretty little dress to be baptized in."

"Yes, I remember, and how I laughed at you for making such a tasty little cap for it."

"Well, Katy, I think that the look of perfect delight and satisfaction with which the poor girl regarded her baby in its new dress and cap, was something quite worth creating; I do not believe she could not have thanked me more, if I had sent her a barrel of flour."

"Well, I never before thought of giving to the poor anything but what they really needed, and I have always been willing to do that when I could without going far out of my way."

"Well, cousin, if our Heavenly Father gave to us as we often give, we should have only coarse shapeless piles of provision, lying about the world, instead of all the beautiful variety of trees, fruits and flowers which now delight us."

"Well, well, cousin, I suppose you are right, but pray have mercy on my poor head; it is too small to hold so many new ideas at once; even go on your own way:" and the little lady began practising a waltzing step before the glass with great satisfaction.

Part II.

It was a very small room, and lighted by only one window. There was no carpet on the floor; there was a clean but coarsely covered bed in one corner; a cupboard with a few plates and dishes in the other; a chest of drawers; and before the window stood a small cherry stand, quite new, and indeed the only article in the room that seemed so. A pale, sickly-looking woman of about forty, was leaning back in her rocking chair, her eyes closed, and her lips compressed as if in pain. She rocked backward and forward a few moments, pressed her hand hard upon her eyes, and than languidly resumed the fine stitching on which she had been busy since morning. The door opened, and a slender little girl of about twelve years of age entered, her large blue eyes dilated, and absolutely radiant with delight, as she held up the small vase with the rose tree in it.

"Oh, see! mother, see! there's one in full bloom, and two more half out, beautiful buds!"

The poor woman's face brightened, as she looked first on the rose, and then on her sickly girl, on whose face she had not seen so bright a color for months.

"God bless her!" said she, involuntarily.

"Miss Florence! I know you would feel so, mother; don't it make your headache better to see this flower? Now you won't look so wishful at the gardeners' stands in the market, will you? We have a rose handsomer than any of theirs. Why it seems to me, that it is worth as much to us as our whole little garden used to be. See how many more buds there are on it, just count, and only smell the flower!—Where shall we put it?" and Mary skipped about the room, placing her treasure first in one position, and then in another, and walking off to see the effect, till her mother gently reminded her that the rose-tree could not preserve its beauty without sunlight.

"Oh yes, truly!" said Mary; "well then, it must stand here on this new stand. How glad I am that we have such a handsome new stand for it, it will look so much better." And Mrs. Stephens laid down her work and folded a piece of newspaper on which the treasure was duly deposited.

"There," said Mary, watching the arrangements eagerly, "that will do; no, though it does not show both the buds—turn it farther round—a little more—there, it's right; and Mary walked round the room to view the rose in various positions, after which she insisted that her mother should go round with her to the outside to see how it looked there. "How kind it was in Miss Florence to think of giving this to us;" said Mary; "though she has done so much for us, and giving us so many things, yet this present seems the best of all, because it seemed as if she thought of us, and knew just how we felt, and so few do that."

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Stephens sighing.

What a brilliant afternoon that small gift made in that little room. How much faster Mary's tongue and fingers flew the livelong day, and Mrs. Stephens, in the happiness of her child, almost forgot that she had a headache, and thought as she sipped her evening cup of tea, that she felt stronger than she had done for some time.

That rose; its sweet influence died not with the first day. Through all the long cold winter that followed, the watching, tending, and cherishing of that flower, awakened a thousand pleasant trains of thought that beguiled the sameness and weariness of their life. Every day the fair growing thing put forth some fresh beauty; a bud—a leaf—or a new shoot constantly excited fresh delight in its possessors.

As it stood in the window, the passer by would sometimes stop and gaze, attracted by its beauty, and then how proud and happy was Mary, nor did even the serious and care-worn widow, notice with indifference when she saw the eye of a chance visitor rest admiringly on their favorite.

But little did Florence know when she gave that gift, that there was an invisible thread that reached far and brightly into the web of her destiny.

One cold afternoon in the early spring, a tall, graceful young man called at the lowly room to receive and pay for some linen which the widow had been making up. He was a way-farer and stranger in the place, recommended through the charity of some of Mrs. Stephens's patrons.—His eye, as he was going out, rested admiringly upon the rose; he stopped and looked earnestly at it.

"It was given to us," said the little Mary, quickly, "by a young lady as sweet and beautiful as that is."

"Ah!" said the stranger, turning and fixing upon her a pair of very bright eyes, pleased and struck with the simplicity of the communication, "and how came she to give it to you, my little girl?

"Oh, because we are poor, and mother is sick, and we never can have anything pretty. We used to have a garden once, and we loved flowers so much, and Miss Florence found all this out, and so she give us this.

"Florence!" echoed the stranger.

"Yes, Miss Florence l'Estrange, a beautiful young lady,—they say she was from foreign parts, though she speeks English just like any other lady, only sweeter."

"Is she here now? is she in this city?" said the gentleman eagerly.

"No, she left some months ago," said the widow: but noticing the sudden shade of disappointment on his face, she added, "but you can find all about her by inquiring at her aunt, Mrs. Carlisle's, No. 10 ——street."

As the result of this, Florence received from the office in the next mail, a letter, in a hand-writing that made her tremble. During the many early years of her life spent in France, she had well learned that writing; had loved as a woman like her loves, only one; but there had been obstacles of parents and friends, separation, and long suspense, till at length, for many bitter years, she had believed that the relentless sea had closed for ever over that hand and heart; and it was this belief that had touched, with such sweet calm sorrow, every line in her lovely face. But this letter told her that he was living, that he had traced her, even as a hidden streamlet may be traced, by the freshness, the greenness of heart, which her deeds of kindness had left wherever she had passed.

And thus much said, do our fair readers need any help in finishing this story for themselves? Of course not.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A MINE UNDER THE SEA.

The following description of a visit to Botallack Copper Mine, in England, is from a work recently published, entitled "Rambles beyond Railroads." In complete mining equipment, with candles stuck by lamps of clay to their felt hats, the travellers have painfully descended by perpendicular ladders and along dripping wet rock passages, fathoms down into pitchy darkness; the miner who guides them calls a *halt*, and their exact position with reference to the surface of the terraqueous globe, is thus described:

We are now four hundred yards out, *under the bottom of the sea!* and twenty fathoms, or a hundred and twenty feet below the sea level. Coast trade vessels are sailing over our heads. Two hundred and forty feet beneath us men are at work, and there are galleries deeper yet, even below that! The extraordinary position down the face of the cliff, of the engines and other works on the surface, at Bottallack, is now explained. The mine is not excavated like other mines under the land, but under the sea!

Having communicated these particulars, the miner next tells us to keep a strict silence and listen. We obey him, sitting speechless and motionless. If the reader could only have beheld us now, dressed in our copper colored garments, huddled close together in a mere cleft of subterranean rock, with a flame burning on our heads and darkness enveloping our limbs—he must certainly have imagined, without any violent stretch of fancy, that he was looking down upon a conclave of gnomes.

After listening for a few moments, a distant, unearthly noise becomes faintly audible—a long, low, mysterious moaning, that never changes—that is *felt* on the ear as well as *heard* by it—a sound that might proceed from some incalculable distance—from some far invisible height—a sound unlike anything that is heard on the upper ground, in the free air of Heaven—a sound so sublimely mournful and still, so ghostly and impressive, when listened to in the subterranean recesses of the earth, that we continue instinctively to hold our peace, as if enchained by it, and think not of communicating to each other the strange feeling and astonishment which it has inspired in us both from the first.

At last the miner speaks again, and tells us that what we hear is the sound of the surf lashing the rocks a hundred and twenty feet above us, and of the waves that are breaking on the beach beyond. The tide is now at the flow, and the sea is in no extraordinary state of agitation; so the sound is low and distant just at this period. But, when storms are at their height, when the ocean hurls mountain after mountain of water on the cliffs, then the noise is terrific; the roaring heard down here in the mine is so inexpressibly fierce and awful, that the boldest men at work are afraid to continue their labor—all ascend to the surface to breathe the upper air and stand on the firm earth; dreading, though no catastrophe has ever happened yet, that the sea will break in on them if they remain in the cavern below.

Hearing this, we get up to look at the rock above us. We are able to stand upright in the position we now occupy; and flaring our candles hither and thither in the darkness, can see the bright, pure copper streaking the gallery direction. Lumps of ooze, of the most lustrous green color, traversed by a natural network of thin red veins of iron, appear here and there in large, irregular patches, over which water is dripping slowly and incessantly in certain places. This is the salt water percolating through invisible crannies in the rock. On stormy days it spirts out furiously in thin, continuous streams. Just over our heads we observe a wooden plug of the thickness of a man's leg; there is a hole here, and the plug is all that we have to keep out the sea!

Immense wealth of metal is contained in the roof of this gallery, throughout its whole length; but it remains, and always will remain, untouched; the miners dare not take it, for it is part, and a great part of the rock which forms their only protection against the sea, and which has been so far worked away here, that its thickness is limited to an average of three feet only between the water and the gallery in which we now stand. No one knows what might be the consequence of another day's labor with the pick-axe on any part of it."

BRING YOUR HEART INTO YOUR FAMILY CIRCLE.

We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is a weakness. They will return from a journey, and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg, surrounded by its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth, than one of those families without a heart. A father had better extinguish a boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery, than be robbed of the hidden treasure of his heart! Cherish, then, your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial, parental, and fraternal love. Think it not a weakness. God is love. Love God, everybody, and everything that is lovely.—Teach your children to love; to love the rose, the robin; to love their parents; to love their God. Let it be the studied object of their domestic culture to give them warm hearts, ardent affections. Bind your whole family together by these stong cords. You cannot make them too strong. Religion is love; love to God, love to man.

MINDING ONE'S OWN BUSINESS.

Some years ago somebody offered a reward for an individual who always minded his own business. Whether the reward was ever claimed or not is a matter of little consequence at present, the offer itself was a very good hit at a very general propensity on the part of a large portion of mankind to meddle with that which does not concern them, or as is generally expressed—minding every body's business but their own.—There is no practice so annoying, nor one which is more insulting, whether the meddlesomeness is in the form of gratuitous services of any kind in his business from any but his most intimate friends, and rarely from those. In the next place, when we desire advice or assistance of others, he always know where to apply to get the proper kind of aid or counsel he may need.—Every man is presumed to be the best judge of his own business, and he certainly has the strongest motives for making himself thoroughly acquainted with it. Interest is on one side to prompt his intelligence, and pecuniary undertakings, on the other, to make him circumspect and cautious, and to arouse his judgment. To officiously interfere with his business is therefore an impudent assumption of better knowledge, which is seldom warranted by the facts, and generally prompted by inordinate self conceit and assurance.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

SILVER MINE IN VIRGINIA.

A valuable silver mine, it is supposed, has been discovered on the farm or Messrs James and Dennis McSherry, of Jefferson county, Va., situated on the east bank of the Shenandoah River, and at the base of the Blue Ridge mountain. The Spirit of Jefferson says:

The mine was discovered some month since, and a small specimen obtained and forwarded to the Philadelphia Mint to be assayed. The Superintendent of the mint has returned the same, made into a ten cent piece, and pronounces the ore as exceedingly rich. The ledge of rocks in which the ore is impregnated, is of immense size, and if the ore yet to be taken out should prove as rich as that already tested, it will rank as among the most productive silver mines of the country. Every three pounds of rock, it is estimated, will yield one dollar in silver. Arrangements have been made for at once mining, and but a very short time will demonstrate the advantages of the discovery.

INDUSTRY REWARDED.

An Intelligent gentleman of fortune visited a country village in Maine, not very far from Bangor, and was hospitably entertained and lodged by a gentleman having three daughters—two of whom in rich dresses, entertained the distinguished stranger in the parlor, while one kept herself in the kitchen, assisting her mother in preparing the food and setting the table for tea, and after supper in doing the work till it was fully completed; when she also joined her sisters in the parlor for the remainder of the evening. The next morning the same daughter was again early in the kitchen, while the other two were in the parlor.—The gentleman, like Franklin, possessed a discriminating mind—was a close observer of the habits of the young ladies—watched an opportunity and whispered something in the ear of the industrious one, and then left for a time; but revisited the same family, and in about one year the young lady of the kitchen was conveyed to Boston, the wife of the gentlemanly visiter, where she now presides at an elegant mansion. The gentleman, whose fortune she shares, she won by a judicious deportment and well directed industry. So much for an industrious young lady.—*Bangor Whig.*

THINK BEFORE YOU SHOOT.

Mr. A. kept his hens shut up. He was not going to have his garden destroyed by his own or his neighbor's hens. One morning he saw a couple digging in his early pea bed, and went with murder in his heart, but the hens flew over into his neighbor B's garden, whereupon A. called over to him very angrily that he would shoot the next hen he saw on his side of the fence, if he did not shut them up, which B. declared he would not do, "and if A. was a fool to shoot them, he might do it, for all he cared,"—A. was as good as his word, and day after day B. was saluted with the smell of gun powder, and a message thrown over the fence with every fat pullet. "There's another chicken for your dinner;" until at length, not finding the usual supply, B. called over one morning to neighbor A. to know the reason. This awakened inquiry, when it was discovered that A. had been shooting his own hens as they occasionally escaped through a hole in the coop, and in his anger at his neighbor for the trespass, had furnished them with sundry good dinners. No doubt he was a little mad at first, and thought any cunning trick after that better than shooting his neighbor's hens.—*Wil. Commercial.*

SELF-ENERGY.

Self-energy is the true life of a man.—To think by other men's is no true living; to believe by other men's belief, is no true living faith. The mind must, by its own independent exertions, seek, and, so far as its native powers will enable it, arrive at the modes and causes of the truth of those propositions it receives as truths, or substantially, it will think and believe nothing.—Neither will the propositions exist for it; nor for them. They will be nonentities, and it will only dream of understanding them.—*Exchange Paper.*

THE USEFUL MORE ENDURING THAN THE BEAUTIFUL.

The tomb of Moses is unknown; but the traveller slakes his thirst at the well of Jacob. The gorgeous palace of the wisest and wealthiest of monarchs, with the cedar and gold, and ivory, even the great temple of Jerusalem, hallowed by the visible glory of the Deity himself, are gone; but Solomon's reservoirs are as perfect as ever. Of the ancient architecture of the Holy City, not one stone is left upon another; but the pool of Bethseda commands the pilgrim's reverence at the present day. The columns of Persepolis are mouldering into dust; but its cisterns and aqueducts remain to challenge our admiration. The golden house of Nero is a mass of ruins; but the Aqua Claudia still pours into Rome its liquid stream. The Temple of Tadmor, in the wilderness, has fallen; but its fountain sparkles as freshly in his rays as when thousands of worshippers thronged its lofty colonnades. It may be that London will share the fate of Babylon, and nothing be left to mark its site save mounds of crumbling brick-work.

The Thames will continue to flow as it does now; and if any work of art should still rise over the deep ocean of time, we may well believe that it will be neither a palace or a temple, but some vast acqueduct or resivoir; and if any name should still flash throuh the midst of antiquity, it will probably be that of the man who in his day sought the happiness of his fellow-men rather than their glory, and linked his memory to some great work of national utility and benevolence. This is the true glory which outlives all others, and shines with undying lustre from generation to generation, imparting to works something of its own immortality, and in some degree rescuing them from the ruin which overtakes the ordinary monuments of historical tradition of mere magnificence.

[*Edinburgh Review.*

BARNUM OUTDONE.—The Madison Courier relates the following piece of financiering. McElevey, the taylor who bought the prize ticket to Jenny Lind's first concert in Cincinnati, is one of the few men in the world who are as sharp as Barnum. The way he worked things was this; for some days before the concert he went around among his friends, betting ten dollars with this one, twenty dollars with that one, and so on, until he had a thousand dollars bet that he would buy the prize ticket. The ticket was knocked down to him at $575, thus leaving him $425 in pocket.

THE RALEIGH TIMES.

A WHIG JOURNAL: DEVOTED TO POLITICS, GENERAL NEWS, AND TO CONSTITUTIONAL REFORM AND THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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☞ Letters to the Editor must be post paid. Money for the Office may be sent by mail, at our risk, in payment for subscriptions, advertisements, jobs, &c.

From the New York Express.

The readers of the Express were not a little amused upon reading the report of the indignation uttered by our Irish brethren over the accusation made by Sir Henry Bulwer, that the Celts once went without pantaloons: being semi-barbarous, semi-clad, &c. Sir Henry, hearing of this rising indignation of his countrymen, wrote a note to Mr Bell, the President of the friendly Sons of St. Patrick, apologising; and Bell wrote a note to the Chairman of the Shakspeare meeting, setting forth that Sir Henry himself is descended from a Welsh Celt, and his wife is the daughter of an Irishman. Nevertheless, the meeting gave Sir Henry's letter three groans, and it was read amid the cries that "he wants to get off through his wife being an Irishwoman." Mr. Michael Doheny, who came over here soon after the last Irish burst-up, and who has not been here more than a year or two *did* put it into sir Henry Bulwer in the most approved Dublin style. He had a right. They are common countrymen, and this is a free country to abuse any body in. But what Mr. Doheny should have waited for Mike Walsh to do, and get what he did not wait for, he (Mr. Doheny) introduced a memorial, praying for the President of the United States to ask that the British Minister be recalled, or in case of his not being recalled, that he give him his walking ticket. Now Mike being an American undoubted and to the manor born, might petition Mr. Fillmore with a good grace for any sort of decently saucy thing; but we have some doubt whether the President or his Secretary of State will pay as much attention now to the memorial as if it had been put forward by Mike, or his adjutant at the meeting, Mr. Camp.

A DUELLING ANECDOTE.

Two Spanish officers recently met to fight a duel outside the gates at Bilboa, after the seconds had failed to reconcile the belligerents. 'We wish to fight—to fight to death,' they replied to the representations of their companions. At this moment a poor fellow looking like the ghost of Romeo's apothecary, approached the seconds, and in a lamentable voice, said, 'Gentlemen, I am a poor artisan, with a large family, and if you would—' 'My good man, don't trouble us now,' said one of the officers, 'dont you see my friends are going to split each other? We are not in a charitable humor.' 'It is not alms I ask for,' said the man; 'I am a poor carpenter, with eight children, and my wife is sick; and having heard that those gentleman were about to kill each other; I thought of asking you to let me make the coffins.' At these words the individuals about to commence the combat burst into a loud fit of laughter, and simultaneously throwing down their swords, shook hands with each other, and walked away.

Northern Mirror

GOOD JOKE ON A WIDOWER.

A correspondent at Holly Springs, Mississippi, tells the following and vouches for its truth. It is the best joke we have heard of lately. It appears that a widower in that town, of a somewhat gallant disposition, had been accustomed to visit the residence of the widow M——, whether to see the amiable widow herself, or her lovely daughters, our informant did not know.—One evening he found the family party hard at work on some garments of cloth. The girls were sewing, and the widow was pressing the seams. The widower "hung up his hat," as usual, and took his seat by the fire; just at that the widow had done with the pressing iron (vulgo, or tailor's goose.) She set it down on the hearth, and called to her negro man in a loud voice—"Jake! Jake! *come and take out this goose!*"

The widower started up with astonishment, not knowing what to make of this abrupt order.

"Jake! do you hear me?" again exclaimed the widow.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. M.," said the widower with visible agitation, "but pray don't call Jake—if you wish me to leave your house, I will go at once, and without the interference of servants;"

The ladies roared with the laughing, and it took some moments to explain to the chagrined widower his mistake. He has not been known to visit the widow M. since that memorable evening.

IRISH WIT.

In a jolly company each one was to ask a question; if it was answered, he paid a forfeit; or if he could not answer it himself, he paid a forfeit. Pat's question was, "How the little ground squirrel digs his hole without showing any dirt about the entrance?" When they all gave it up, Pat said, "Sure do you see, he begins at the other end of the hole." One of the rest exclaimed, "but how does he get there?" "Ah," said Pat, "that's the question—can you answer it yourself?"

INTERESTING FROM HAYTI. BOSTON, May 1st—10½ o'clock, P. M. The schooner October, from Port au Prince, with advices to April 13th, arrived here to-day.—It was currently reported at St. Domingo that the Chambers had refused to comply with the demands of the American Commissioner, or to make peace. Emperor Soulouque was preparing to march on Cape Haytien to punish the black Prince Babo, who refused to comply with the imperial mandates. At the last accounts Babo was shut out from Cape Haytien, and had but few men with him [illegible]