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

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THE TIMES.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

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POETRY.

A LAY OF LOVE.

BY G. D. PRENTICE.

Yet once again I've seen thee,
And my every thought is thine,
Ay, I feel to the worship
As to an idol shrine.
In my spirit's silence chambers,
Where hope may never be,
One lonely light is burning—
'Tis a holy love of thee.

I see thee—oh, I see thee
In the shadows on the river,
I see thee in the moon's sweet beams
That on the bright lake glimmer;
I see thee in the mist that moves
Like scepters o'er the streams,
And at midnight deep I see thee
In the shadowy world of dreams.

I see thee—oh, I see thee
In the gentle flowers of spring,
And in the tint the rainbow wears
Upon its fleeting wing;
I see thee in the sunset hues
That gush along the west,
And I see thee in the dew-drop
That gems the rose's breast.

I hear thee—oh, I hear thee
In the murmuring of the waves
And in the soft and twilight gush
Of fountains from their caves;
I hear thy voice's music
In each song that wanders by—
In the cadence of the night bird,
And the wind's mysterious sigh.

I hear thee—oh, I hear thee
In the chime of evening bells,
And in the tone that o'er the deep
At solemn twilight swells;
I hear thee in the forest trees
Swept by the breath of even,
And in the low, deep spirit-voice
That tells the soul of Heaven.

I love thee—oh, I love thee—
Thou art in the darkest hour
To my soul a star, a fount, a bird,
A music tone, a flower!
I love thee, and thy dear thought thrills
Each fibre of my frame,
Like Heaven's own lightning, and my heart
In each throb calls my name.

I love thee—oh, I love thee,
And I would these words were born
To thee on every holy breeze
Of even-tide and morn;
I love thee, and I would these words
Were written on the sky,
And on each star and flower and leaf
That greet thy gentle eye.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PICTURE GALLERY.

FROM THE N. Y. JOURNAL OF COMMERCE.

Near the veritable portrait of the peevish gentleman last noticed, hangs a funny sketch, which is none the less true to nature. It was painted by a promising young artist, who gathered the materials during a late excursion into the country, and it has but recently been admitted to occupy its present position. It is called "The Strike," and illustrates a scene which in these days is more striking than novel; and which, despite the gay humor in which the painter has portrayed it, is pregnant with instruction. The story is a brief one. A man of some genius, whose want of sound principles and correct judgment had neutralized the influence which he might otherwise have exerted, had become thoroughly disgusted with the order of things which kept him at the foot of the hill he was so ambitious of climbing, and had assumed the vocation of a reformer. He became fully impressed with the belief that nothing would save the world but turning it upside down, and he therefore applied himself vigorously to sap the foundations of social order. His first aim was to make one discontented with his present lot, and in this—such is human nature—he was eminently successful, particularly among the poorer classes. The next step was to induce all the restless and discontented to join him in the task of upheaving every thing friendly to stability and order. In this labor, too, he had many partisans and adherents. A few of these auxiliaries really believed in the possibility of universal, physical, and social equality; the rest knew better, but joined in the disorganizing scheme with the determination that when the overturn was accomplished,

they would secure a place at the top, where they might look down upon those whom they now both envied and hated for their elevation.

Unwilling to hide his light under a bushel, our reformer travelled from place to place, sowing broadcast as he went the seeds of discontent, whose germination led to much sorrow, travail and bitter fruit. In the course of his peregrinations he came to a country village inhabited chiefly by an agricultural people—a field which promised at first sight but little success to his labors. But human nature is the same everywhere, and the preacher of discontent will always find an audience. It is so flattering to our pride, or so grateful to our mortified feelings, to be assured that all our disappointments, or failures in life are owing, not to our indolence or imbecility, but to the tyranny of the social system, which keeps us out of our proper position.

The principal employes in the place were milk-maids, or dairy-women, who were in the service of the larger farmers, engaged in making butter and cheese, for which the village had quite a favorable reputation. Having stirred up the minds of these damsels to the proper pitch, he called a public meeting for a redress of their grievances.

The village school house was the place of assembling; and the tallow dips, suspended from the tin reflectors about the room, threw a flickering, ghostly light over the faces of the audience. Mingled with the group of females, were a few of the sturdier sex, and quite a number of ragged urchins and overgrown boys. The reformer, who was surprised at the number in attendance, felt an unusual inspiration of genius, and made one of his happiest addresses.

He commenced: "Fellow citizens and gentle friends, I come among you for your good, [then] to assist you in eradicating or ameliorating an evil under which you have long suffered, until forbearance ceases to be a virtue. Monopoly of all kinds is odious, but never appears more so than when it drives those who have been born with all the privileges of freedom to serve taskmasters and oppressors. It is true the law of man may sanction your submission; but the laws of nature cry out against it. Where is the law of nature which requires of you, my fair countrywomen, that you should milk another person's cows?"

What, except the tyranny of statutes of human invention, prevents each of you from having a cow of your own, and drinking your milk under your own vine and fig tree? From my heart I pity your wasting toil; [here the speaker drew forth his bandanna] compelled as you are to rise early, to labor beneath the mid-day sun, to eat the bread of carelessness—and all for what? Why, that your cruel taskmasters may riot in butter, and accumulate cheeses upon his groaning shelves! [Faint sobs and cheers.] Who has a right to the soil which here surrounds you? [Voice from the crowd: "those who have earned the money and bought it?"] No! my friend, a thousand times, no! Money has no right to buy and own the soil. Labor alone is entitled to it. He, before whose swinging axe the forest disappears has a right to the land he has cleared. He, who sows the seed, is alone entitled to reap the harvest. And she who milks the cow"—Is entitled both to the cow and the butter, I spose!"—said an old farmer who sat near the speaker.

This interruption caused some little disturbance, but the old gentleman having immediately started for home, the speaker went on.

"My friends, you see the temper of these tyrants, whom you have served, alas! too faithfully; but the day of your deliverance draws near. You have the power in your own hands; combine together for mutual support, and dictate your own terms. Taking the question in the abstract, you are entitled to the ownership of all the property upon which you labor; and have a natural right to seize, each of you, a cow, and set up a dairy on your own account. But you cannot, perhaps, secure the whole of your rights at once.—Tyrant customs have rendered the race so servile that we must wait a few days for the good time coming, before the millennium of social equality will be fully established. But one thing you can do at once; determine that you will work for these hours only on such terms that all the profit of your employment shall accrue to yourselves. Demand greater privileges; raise the standard of wages."

[Here a speaking voice, supposed to be from a female on one of the rear benches, called out, "What if they won't give them?"]

"They cannot help but give it! Can their cows go long without milking? or the cream without churning? Let the pans remain unfilled, or the milk curdle unskimmed; then shall your employers learn that they alone are in the position of dependants; and that labor, when it rises in its strength, is mighty as truth, and must prevail!"

The speaker sat down covered with glory. The audience were carried away by his eloquence, and the milk maids scarcely felt the wrongs which he had so vividly pictured, in their joy at the prospect of such speedy deliverance. The younger ones already began to picture their triumphs when adorned with the new ribbons to be purchased with their increased wages; and to enjoy in prospect the long intervals of leisure, now to be secured to them. They would no longer be obliged to steal a few minutes at twilight, for a sly meeting with a faithful swain, but would be able to choose their own hours for this sweet pastime.

Determined to strike while the iron was hot, the reformer moved that a bill of rights be immediately agreed upon, to which the employers should be compelled to give their assent. The motion prevailing, he drew from his pocket a paper which to save time, he had previously prepared, and which read as follows:

"Whereas it is the inalienable right of every woman engaged in a laborious occupation to have all the comforts which she requires; and whereas, the better to secure these comforts, and to add to them such luxuries as shall best fit the station she ought to occupy, it is necessary that there should be union of effort among all engaged in the same description of toil:

Resolved, That the following rules and regulations shall be insisted on and firmly maintained, until the good time coming shall do away entirely with such a thing as service, and render obsolete the very name of employer.

1. Every milk-maid, who shall labor within the limits of time set forth below, shall be entitled to receive an addition of ten per cent. to the sum now paid for such service; and shall have a lien upon the butter and cheese produced, as long as her wages remain unpaid.

2. The hours of service shall extend from a suitable time after sunrise, to such time as before sunset as the operative may select, with a proper intermission for recreation and intellectual improvement.

3. No milk-maid shall be required to go more than ten rods from the most accessible door of the house to reach the seat of her labors; and when the dew is on the ground such shall be furnished with over-shoes at the expense of the employer.

4. No employer shall keep more than three cows for each person employed, or make other than equal proportions of butter and cheese.

5. Every milk-maid shall have the liberty of receiving such suitors as shall present themselves for her acceptance, and the pudor shall be given up for her sole use as soon as it appears probable that her lover will propose.

6. All persons are forbid working for any employer who will not adopt these rules, and any one who attempts it shall be persecuted as long as she lives."

These resolutions were passed *nem. con.*, although many of the sensible (and therefore the more bashful) girls present at the meeting saw that they were impracticable, and, if adhered to, would lead to nothing but mischief. Still no one liked to be pointed at as on the side of oppression, and so no voice was raised in opposition.

"The next day all the milk-maids of the place were on a "strike," and the whole town was in a ferment. The scene at the picture which I am noticing occurred at a large farm house, where all the assembled girls were demanding of the owner his consent to their "bills of rights."

"I'll tell you what girls," said the old farmer, "I've lived, here, boy and man, for nigh fifty years, and have always made my own bargains, and never had a word of difficulty with my help—unless some body else interfered. Some women-folks are worth more than others, and them as earns good wages at any rate. I've had five or six girls married from here, and they've all turned out well. Sometimes one had got uneasy and left, but such kind never did well any where. Many of you are not fit to be paid for a new dress, or think you ain't paid enough, why, come to me in a quiet way, and I'll do what's reasonable. But as to conforming to your regulations, and allowing you to manage all your own way, I ain't for neither of us, and I won't do it! Now get off your Sunday frocks, and go

to work, or pack up your duds and try some other place. I shan't go down on my knees to have you stay! The old woman and I, with the boys, can keep the churns a-going, and we ain't so closely cornered as you think!"

All of the choicest hands stayed; a few others left, and soon applied to come back, but their places were filled by new comers. The old farmer's steady employment, kind treatment, and ready pay, were too well known not to call out those who appreciate the advantages of such a situation. Over the history of some who left let charity draw a veil; they had fallen under evil influences, and were led on to their ruin.

I would that all who have a zeal for the kind of reformation here alluded to would pause ere they begin their work, and ask themselves seriously what they hope to accomplish. But experience shows us that few will heed any kind of warning—it is so much easier to provoke a community to discontent and recklessness, than to incite them to a patient continuance in well doing.

INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

There would seem after all to be a deal of amusement in being hung if we can believe in the result of an experiment recently tried in France. The Châtillonais, a paper published, we believe, at Dijon, has the following account:

"A short time since three young men of Moullet, Department of the Coted'Or, were chatting together; one of them remarked he had heard that hanging produced most agreeable sensations, and that he should like to try it. A rope was accordingly put round his neck, and he was hauled up to the beam in a barn and left hanging for a few moments. When let down he felt heavily to the ground as if dead. The two young men, although dreadfully alarmed, employed friction, and at last restored him to life. Instead of being reproached, as they had expected, they were surprised to hear the man complain that they aroused him from a slumber in which he had had the most delicious dreams. He wished to recommence the operation, but they prudently declined being a party to it a second time."

BOYS.

The Olive Branch gives the following excellent exposition of that queer and inexplicable creation—a Boy:

A boy is the spirit of mischief embodied; a perfect teetotum, spinning round like a jenny or tumbling heels over head. He must invariably go through the process of leaping over every chair in his reach, makes drumheads of the doors, turns the tin pans into cymbals, takes the best knives to dig worms for bait and looses them, hunts up the molasses cask and leaves the molasses running, is hoon companion to the sugar barrel, searches up all the pie and preserves left after supper and eats them, goes to the apples every ten minutes, hides his old cap in order to wear his best one, cuts his boots accidentally if he wants a new pair, tears his clothes for fun, jumps into the puddles for fun, and for ditto tracks your carpets and cuts your furniture. He is romping, shouting, blustering, and in all but his best estate a terrible torment, especially to his sisters. He don't pretend to much until he is twelve, then he rages for frock coats and high dickies commences. At fourteen he is too big to split wood or go after water, and at these interesting offices ought to be performed, contrives to be invisible, whether concealed in the garret with some old worn-out novel for his companion, ensconced in the woodshed trying to learn legerdemain tricks, or bound off to some expedition that turns out to be in most cases more deplorable than exploratory, to coin a word; at fifteen he has tolerable experience of the world—but from fifteen to twenty, may be clear from the track when he is in sight; he knows more than Washington and Benjamin Franklin together, in a word he knows more than he ever will know again.

Just half one of these young specimens "boy," at sixteen, and how wretchedly he gets! If he does not answer you precisely as the little archie did who angrily exclaimed, "don't call me boy, I've smoked these two years," he will give you a withering look that is meant to annihilate you, turn on his heel, and with a curl on his lip mutter disdainfully, "who do you call boy?" and O! the emphasis.

But, jesting aside—an honest, blunt, merry, mischievous boy is something to be proud of, whether as brother or son; for in all his scrapes his good heart gets the better of him, and leads him soon to repentance, and he sure he will remember his fault, at least five minutes.

RECIPE FOR MAKING BEER.—To make the best beer in the world, take one pint of corn and boil it until it is a little soft, add to it one pint of molasses and one gallon of water; shake them well together, and set it by the fire, and in twenty-four hours, the beer will be excellent. When all the beer in the jug is used, just add more molasses and water. The same corn will answer for six months, and the beer will be fit for use in twelve hours, by keeping the jug which contains it warm. In the absence of molasses, sugar or honey will answer in its place. In this way, the whole ingredients used in making a gallon of beer, will not cost exceeding four cents, and it is better, and more wholesome than cider. [Pausing (Miss.) Clarion.]

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.
LONDON, APRIL 24, 1851.

Another week of good spring weather and of great calmness and quietness in political and social affairs has passed over. Life is quiet; private life is left to the enjoyment of its private joys, or to the enduring of its private griefs, untroubled upon by anything of an external nature. The Great Exhibition is the subject of general conversation and anticipation; our streets daily assume an increasing mixture of foreigners of every hue and costume; and the company which we daily meet in our coffee-house speak an increasing jargon of languages and dialects. Our country bedgeways are lively with the verdure of spring and the melody of birds; and our city streets are clean, and shop fronts bright with plate-glass windows and choice and costly wares. Painters and renovators of every description have been busy causing the houses to assume a holiday appearance, and the great city and her far-reaching suburbs seem fully prepared to receive and welcome the mighty streams of visitors which are expected to flow into them during the next four or five months. The French papers state that 240,000 passports have been issued in France for citizens of that country to visit London at the Exhibition, and principally to persons of small independent incomes. Paris does not furnish a fair proportion of this number, but it is supposed that that city will eventually furnish no fewer than 100,000 visitors.

Contrary to the understanding of last week, and very much to the satisfaction of the public, her Majesty has signified her desire that such arrangements connected with the opening of the Great Exhibition should be made as will permit as large a portion of the public as possible to be present at the opening ceremony. At present it is understood that the holders of season tickets and all the exhibitors will be admitted; the whole of the visitors to be introduced and arranged on seats, previous to the entrance of her Majesty and suite, thus enabling the latter to move freely along without interruption or pressure. The Sovereign will thus inaugurate the World's Fair in the presence of the most fitting delegates from the nations of the world, as well as of a gratified number of her own subjects. We believe that the idea of generally limiting the number present at the opening, and thus giving it the character of a private visit of royalty, did not originate with either the Queen or the Prince; but from the ill-founded fears of those on whom rest the responsibility of preventing confusion and inconvenience. English public authorities are accustomed to marshal or manage large crowds, and large crowds of Englishmen are habituated to act as their own police, which however efficient, is at times of a rather rough character. Besides, JONAS BULL is apt to think that he cannot see an object unless he is near it, or to understand it unless he touches it; and hence arises the impulse to crowd upon a procession or a public personage, so as to interrupt the one or personally inconvenience the other. We hope we shall not be charged with libelling our fair countrywomen when we say that they are quite as much actuated by this impulse, perhaps a little more so, than the other sex. At all events, the habit is so generally acknowledged, that one of our morning journals jokingly proposed that every impulsive Englishman admitted to the inauguration should be placed between two civilized foreigners. However, the audience being seated before the royal procession enters, and a sufficient police being in attendance to cause them to remain seated, will prevent all inconvenience and interruption; and thus ends this great affair, which had really, from the public disappointment, began to assume an appearance of impotence, and to cast a cloud over the commencement of this Industrial Festival. Whilst upon the subject, we may add that the building and the internal arrangements of the goods begin to assume an appearance of completeness which is highly satisfactory. The American department is progressing very rapidly, under the direction of the commissioner and his numerous assistants; and, though the United States will not in the articles exhibited complete with the splendor of many of the European departments, they will abundantly show that all the departments of ingenuity and industry by which the great interests of human progress and happiness are promoted, and in the possession of the raw materials upon which human ingenuity and industry can be most profitably exerted, they are second to no people on earth. We have seen a list of the American goods to be exhibited, and do not perceive that Boston or Massachusetts in general furnishes the fair quota of articles. How is this? That productive and capable portion of the Union cannot be indifferent to the occasion. Is it possible that the contribution from that section has not yet arrived. For the United States to exhibit her capabilities and skill without the aid of Boston, would be nearly as bad as playing Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark being personated—a thing we have heard of, but never paid the penalty of witnessing. The goods received up to Saturday last from foreign countries a-

mounted to 8,938 packages, and 1,144 from the colonies. The United States furnished 878 of the former; Belgium 1,039; France 1,913; Austria 631; Prussia 1,053; the remainder of Germany 653; Italy 215; Holland 225; Portugal 195; Russia 250; Spain 228; Switzerland 152; Egypt 41; and Tunis 202. Only two packages have yet arrived from Turkey, and one from Persia. The delay in the arrival of the steamer from Constantinople for China sends 231 packages, and Hong Kong 18; India 436; Australia and the neighboring colonies 481; Africa and the Cape of Good Hope 45; and Malta 49. Perhaps your readers will think we are intruding too much upon their time and your columns with these details; but such is the happy death of great public events, and such is the interest excited here by this approaching festival, that there is little else to furnish materials for our weekly converse with our American friends and fellow-citizens. Parliament will soon re-assemble after the holy-days, and no doubt its proceedings will supply the "glorious lack" of news which we feel at present.

Our theatrical and literary news of the week will be, in a great measure, blended in one announcement; that of the establishment of the "Guild of Literature and Art," under the patronage of Sir E. Bulwer-Lytton and Mr. CHARLES DICKENS. The inauguration of this institution will take place on the 16th of May, by the performance, at Devonshire House, of a new comedy by Sir E. B. Lytton, called "Not so bad as you seem, or many sides to a character." The performers will be Messrs. Dickens, Jerrold, Limon, Forster, Marston, Charles Knight, Frank Stone, Peter Cunningham, and other authors of the day. Her Majesty and Prince Albert will form part of the audience, and the price of admission is to be five guineas. Other performances, at a smaller charge, will follow; and the money raised is to be expended in the establishment of "a new Endowment in connection with an Insurance Company for the benefit of Artists and Men of Letters." The endowments are to consist of a wardenship, with a house and a salary of \$200 per annum; of members with a house and \$170 a year; and of associates with £100 a year. For these officers all who insure in the society are qualified as candidates. The members will be required to give three lectures every year, and the warden one.—Sir E. B. Lytton has given the ground for the necessary buildings, the dramatic representations are expected to furnish adequate funds for their erection, and annual subscriptions will, it is hoped, support the endowment. The prospectus issued gives all the details of the project, and great confidence is expressed that its benevolent suggestors will be enabled to realize their wishes. In the words of this prospectus, we venture to express the hope, "that the day at least has come when civilization shall no longer forget the evilizers; and when some earnest attempt shall be made to free our age and nation from the charge of callous and ungrateful indifference through life to those who, after death are revered as the luminaries of time, and ranked among the loftiest nobility of a land."—*Not. Int.*

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY IN AFRICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE COURIER DU HARVE.

A Hungarian savant, M. Gaysa, who is now travelling in the interior of Western Africa, has sent a communication to the Imperial Society of Vienna containing information of great interest. He has found among the Kommenis, a small tribe tributary to the kingdom of Ouli, in Senegambia, traces of Jacques Compagnon, a French traveller, charged by M. de Choiseul toward the middle of the last century with a voyage of exploration into the interior of Africa, who disappeared in 1760, and was afterwards heard from.

Wishing to complete the discoveries made by his brother, some years before, Jacques Compagnon left Senegal toward the end of the year 1758, and after visiting all the tribes to the northward and eastward of Senegambia, he penetrated as far as the desert of Simbini, a very curious point of geographic science. Nothing was heard of him after March, 1760, and all the researches of the Government of the French post of St. Louis proved utterly fruitless.

The Kommenis are a partially civilized people. They have notions of religion which resemble Christianity, and are not entirely ignorant of the arts and sciences. They have a language, an alphabet, and the art of writing. M. Gaysa has discovered in one of their principal villages a small stone monument of conic shape, covered with numerous inscriptions in letters resembling hieroglyphic characters.

After having studied this curious construction, and after interrogating the oldest inhabitants of the country and learning the popular tradition, he became convinced that this monument is erected over the grave of Jacques Compagnon, who, being made captive by the Kommenis, instructed them in the principles of all the useful arts, and died about the year 1776, leaving among them the reformed religion of a sage and a good genius. But the conviction of M. Gaysa was turned into certainty when the chief of the tribe showed him various articles of European manufacture, which have been handed down from father to son, and which they are unwilling to part with at any price. Among these he saw a quadrant, on which was engraved the name of Jacques Compagnon.

M. Gaysa, who is a great traveller, designs to continue his exploration in Africa for many years.—*N. Y. Com. Ad.*