

# THE RALEIGH TIMES.

RALEIGH, FRIDAY, APRIL 2, 1852. *Mrs Dallas Haywood*

NEW SERIES.  
VOL. V. NO. 12

R. I. WYNNE, Publisher.

C. C. RABOTEAU, Editor.

**TERMS.**  
The Times is issued every Thursday, and mailed to subscribers at Two Dollars per annum, in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if not paid in six months; and Three Dollars if payment be delayed to the end of the subscription year.

To Clubs, we will send Six Copies for Ten Dollars, and Twelve copies for Eighteen Dollars, when the money accompanies the order.

**ADVERTISEMENTS.**  
Not exceeding sixteen lines, will be published one time for One Dollar, and Twenty-five Cents for each subsequent insertion. Court orders and Judicial Advertisements will be charged 25 per cent. higher. A reasonable deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

Letters to the Editor must be post paid. Money for the Office must be sent by mail, or in person, at the risk of the subscribers. Advertisements, job, &c.  
P. O. OFFICE: RABOTEAU, EDITOR. ONE HOUR BEFORE POST OFFICE.

## WHIG PARTY AND REFORM.

The last 'Newbernian' throws out some suggestions in relation to the above subject, which are deserving of attention—the more especially as they proceed from an earnest wish to bring about agreement upon the course of policy to be pursued by the Whigs in the coming State canvass. We pledge our hearty co-operation to this good end, declaring that our object all along has only been to ascertain, that we may adopt, the best means by which our people may be brought to such a general rally, as to overthrow the present Locofoco rule in North Carolina; secure to the people their just rights; and take from the hands of an unscrupulous party the power of trading, for their own purposes, upon the organic law. The Newbernian says:—

"We presume it will hardly be denied by any intelligent Whig, that the importance of success in the approaching canvass, to the party with which we act, as well as to the best interests of the State, can scarcely be overrated. Independently of the immediate consequences of defeat then, it will dampen our ardor, and cause the Presidential election in November, will possibly keep the Whig party down in the State for years—it will entail upon us for an untold length of time, the evils of Locofoco quackery repeated upon the constitution—placing amendment after amendment to that sacred instrument in their hands, as an electioneering hobby, on which to ride year after year, and exposing it for an untold length of time to be dragged into and through the filth of electioneering campaign after campaign,—until it will become a hissing and a by-word of derision."

"To ensure success some palpable, distinct and practical issue, on this question with our opponents, is very important, if not essential. To suggest a platform upon this question under all the circumstances, that will amount to this, and that will be composed of popular elements, and at the same time rally the whole party in its support, is as we before remarked not a little difficult. We shall venture however to suggest one, and the only one so far as considerable reflection has enabled us to see, that offers any rational prospect of success. Whether or not it will be deemed practicable to adopt it, we leave to the judgment of those better qualified to decide than we are.

The best grounds then on the whole, that present themselves to us are these:—1st, a bold, decided stand against amending the constitution by means of Legislative enactment. 2d, An equally bold and open stand in favor of Free Suffrage, election of Judges and Justices of the Peace, and some State officers by the people. 3d, The submission of the question of Convention or not Convention to the people, and in favor of calling only if the people sanction it—or what would in our estimation be better, as more definite and direct, an open stand for the call of a Convention—in either case to be called on the same basis as that of 1835—and to be free to make any changes in the Constitution, except that of changing the basis of representation.

We are aware that in the first place, it may be said, that the Legislature has no power to restrict a Convention. We are of a different opinion, and have never yet seen any good reason advanced why it cannot now be done, as well as heretofore. Again, it may be said that in the West, the proposition to restrict the Convention as in changing the basis, will meet with opposition—granted, but our Western brethren cannot ask us to yield every thing. This platform is suggested in view of all the facts in the case—

one of these is, that the Whigs in the Eastern counties, are satisfied with the constitution as it is, and desire no changes, nor any convention; a compromise is then all that can be expected and all they ought to demand. Again it will perhaps be said, that the Eastern Whigs would be unwilling to risk any tampering with the basis, and would object to any convention. In answer to this we remark, that if the Whig party by mutual consent, and a majority of the Whig Convention, take a stand against any change in the basis, that it puts the party, as a party, in opposition to any change, and carries the canvass forward, on this ground. This is all that can be reasonably required, and at the close of the canvass, it leaves the basis in as safe a condition in any event, as it is now.

In short, we believe that could such a platform be adopted by the Whig Convention, and a candidate placed on it of personal popularity, and who would stand up to it in all its parts, that our success would be certain, both in the gubernatorial election and Legislature. The only question is, as to its adoption by the convention. But at all events, will our Whig friends, and especially our brethren of the press, give the proposition their serious attention, and in any event, ask themselves the question, if something like this is not adopted, is there any better, or indeed any way to manage the question with any rational prospect of success?"

**THE LETTER OF MR. CLAY,** avowing his preferences for Mr. Fillmore for President and giving his reasons for those preferences, bears date "Washington, March 6th 1852," and the permission to publish it, if need be, was dated March 13th.

The letter of Mr. Clay, we observe, is published far and wide, and is everywhere producing its effect. The Washington correspondent of the Tribune, (the paper which gave the most eulogy to the callumny which originated in Louisiana, that Mr. Clay had avowed a preference for Gen. Cass,) and the Rochester Democrat affect to sneer at Mr. Clay's letter. "The same writer having recently expressed the opinion that Mr. Seward's speeches in Congress were far superior to those of Mr. Webster and Mr. Clay, the authority against Mr. Clay, no doubt, deserves great consideration. There is another class of persons exceedingly troubled by Mr. Clay's letter. They are his old political enemies, who derive all their prospects of future success from the hoped for divisions in the Whig Party. Mr. Clay's letter is calculated to influence Mr. Clay's friends, and these are legion in all sections of the country. They respect him so much, and have that confidence in his wise judgment and purity of purpose, that any opinion expressed by him is unquestionably destined to have great weight in the community. Hence the reflections of both the Boston and New York Post. They dream unpleasant dreams, and see disordered visions in every opinion expressed by Mr. Clay which has a political bearing.

A more recent letter from Mr. Clay, written on Friday last, in reference to the lost medal, is also in his best vein and humor; but we are sorry to see that while his spirit is as hopeful and unflinching as ever, his intellect unimpaired, and his affections unabated by disease or age, the infirmities of the body seem to grow upon him. His prospects of life rise and fall like the mercury of a barometer. Alternate hopes and fears excite the friends around him. This physical weakness is painful, and Mr. Clay is accustomed to speak of himself now as "an old hulk." Let him remember the hard service which that "old hulk" has seen,—the voyages it has made in both the Old World and the New: at home as the star of hope in the way of a bright example to the aspiring of humble birth; abroad as the Minister of Peace, negotiating with a powerful and hostile nation,—there, too, at Gottenburgh and Ghent, and as well known in Greece, in South America, and in Africa, for the welfare of whose people his voice was ever raised and his pen ever ready, as in his own Kentucky, his seat in the Senate Chamber, or among or presiding over the Representatives of the people. For forty years this "old hulk" has been borne upon the ocean, sometimes amid tempest and storm, as in a circle, with icebergs or rocks all around, and sometimes in contrast rapidly carried along under genial breezes, with all sails spread, wind and tide favoring, to a goodly haven. The "old hulk" for more than two score and a half of years has never been out of service. While its course has been as free as the winds of heaven, it has been guided both by chart and compass. It has made for each of its circumnavigation in constant pursuit of peace, honor and truth, and all for the public good. Freightened with those precious blessings, the Pilot who has weathered so many storms at last feels the boards crack under him, and the enfeebled ship seems to be falling to pieces. In his vision he seems to see, one by one, masts and spars, rope and sails, yield and break around him. But the "old hulk" remains safely moored and fast anchored. While there is existence, the wreck of life will be remembered for its uses in the days of its strength and power; and when, like a wrecked or burning ship at sea, it goes down to the grave of waters, the remembrance of long services and prosperous voyages will never be forgotten by the countrymen of HENRY CLAY.

**CASS, BUCHANAN, DOUGLAS.**  
The "harmonious" Democracy in the House of Representatives, very spicily dissect the rival aspirants for the nomination. As they know all about these things, among themselves, we suppose what they say of each other and their respective favorites must be about right. The following colloquy appears to us particularly rich.—Mr. Smith of Alabama is leading off:—

"He repudiates as cruel and ungenerous the term Old Fogy, as applied to those who have rendered efficient service in the field and in politics. Having vigorously sustained Mr. Cass, in 1848, he now wanted to raise a new banner with a new candidate. When an old man has been defeated, he ought to give way for a new name and young blood. He took it for granted that the great body of the Democracy are not bringing Mr. Cass out. But it is due to Mr. Cass's own dignity that he should retire. To nurse an old man four years is long enough. It is the duty of Mr. Cass's friends to advise him to retire. (Laughter.) He should not be deceived by appearances. He is evidently in the decline of life, not intellectually, but glory, like all other things, pass away, and he should therefore quit."

Mr. Smith said he would ask the young men of the country whether they are still willing to hold the milk bottle to the lips of second childhood. [Excessive laughter.] Is it the duty of the young men of this age to nurse the old ones. For himself, he was

willing to quit. [Cries, good, good.] He did not wish to be understood as making a "Douglas speech." Kentucky has more great men than Gen. Butler. Georgia has a distinguished young man, Mr. Cobb. And he (Mr. Smith) declared here in his place that he had not made up his mind as to whom he would support. And wound up with an exhortation to young America to assert their rights.

Mr. Nabers would ask the gentleman from Alabama exactly what he means by Young America. It either means nothing at all, or something bad. He wished to know the difference between Messrs. Buchanan, Cass or Butler, with regard to progress, and the opinion of Young America as to progress.

Mr. Smith—I reply with pleasure. I think I have made myself perfectly understood by the House, and don't wish to be dragged into a quarrel as to men.

Mr. Nabers—Be short as to men.

Mr. Smith, resuming, I have nothing to say of Mr. Buchanan as a man, but I do not wish to include him in Young America.

Mr. Nabers—I wish to know whether Young America includes in its principles a change of the long established policy of the government.

Mr. Smith—I say, yes but not in a manner of promotion. I want the young men to come in and share equally with the old ones. That may be bad.

Mr. Nabers—The steady reflecting and sober man of the country, look at the matter properly, and wish to nip the mischief in the bud, which in the end may involve our country in very serious difficulties. It strikes me that the speech of the gentleman would cover all of Kossuth's affairs non-intervention and all. It strikes me that a wonderful change has come over the gentleman within the last few months. Does Young America propose a universal Republic? I think Young America means, that, or nothing else. If young America comes to the conclusion that the world is now prepared for freedom, that is enough to put me against young America, although the gentleman included me in young America. I say now it would be with extreme reluctance that I would support for President, any man endorsed by young America."

**THE CONVENTION QUESTION.**  
We publish in another column a communication from a prominent Whig in an Eastern county, urging the Whig party, East as well as West, to consent to a Convention for the amendment of the State Constitution. In the meantime the season for the marshalling of the clans is hastening on. The two Conventions will soon be held, and the action of these will indicate the direction of the popular will. Every true son of so worthy a mother, should use all honorable means to put down in their inception, the formation of sectional parties in North Carolina. When the West shall be arrayed against the East, or the East against the West, the fellowship so necessary for the advancement and happiness of both sections will be made to yield to the unhappy feelings of estrangement and perhaps of hostility. These can only exist to the injury of the best interests of the State. For all this confusion present and prospective, the people of North Carolina have to thank David S. Reid. He is the Marplot of the whole business. He fanned a flame and it may turn out a conflagration."

**DELEGATES AND ELECTORS.**  
The decision in Congress that the next Presidential election is to be governed by the Census of 1850, presents serious difficulties in this and other States in which the number of Electors of President and Vice President is thereby changed. Some action will be required, and that speedily; for the State is now divided into eleven Electoral Districts, from each of which an Elector is to be chosen, according to the present law of the State, whereas, the State is entitled to but ten Electors. We do not see how an Extra Session of the Legislature can be avoided. The law is, express, that one Elector shall be an actual resident of each of the eleven Districts.

Difficulties will also occur, in the selection of Delegates to the National Convention. But for these, provision can be made by the respective State Conventions, perhaps by allowing each of the present Congressional Districts to select a Delegate, and the Conventions to appoint only one, instead of two, for the State at large.

**WE KNEW HE WOULD COME.**  
The man who refused to take the paper was at the last circus. He brought his whole family in a two horse wagon. He still believes that Gen. Taylor is president, and wanted to know if the "Kansashkians" had taken Cuba, and if, where they had taken it. He had sold his corn for 25-cs.—the price being thirty one—but on going to deposit the money, they told him it was mostly counterfeit. The only hard money he had was some three cent pieces, and these some sharper had "run on him" for half dimes; his old lady smoked a cob pipe, and would not believe that anything else could be used. One of the boys went to a blacksmith shop to be measured for a pair of shoes, and the other mistook the marketplace for a church. After hanging his hat on a meat hook, he piously took a seat in a butcher's stall and listened to an auctioneer, whom he took to be a preacher. He left before "meetin" was out, and had a good opinion of the 'sarmin.' One of the girls took a lot of 'seed onions' to the post office to trade for a letter. She had a baby, which she carried in a 'sugar trough,' stopping at times to rock it on an old stocking, and sang 'Bar-

ny Allen.' The oldest boy had sold two 'coon skins,' and was on a bust.—When last seen he had called for a glass of 'soda water,' and stood soaking gingerbread and making wry faces. The shopkeeper, mistaking his meaning, had given him a mixture of sal soda water, and it tasted strongly of soap. But he'd heard tell of soda and water, and was bound to give it a fair trial. Some 'town fellows' came in and called for a lemonade, with a 'fly in it,' whereupon our soaped friend turned his back and quietly wiped several into his drink. We approached the old gentleman and tried to get him to "subscribe," but he would not listen to it. He was opposed to internal improvements, and thought 'farmin' was a wicked invention, and culterwaten nothin' but wanity and vexation. None of his family ever learned to read but one boy, and he 'tached school awhile, and then went to study virginity.'—Western paper.

## FREE SUFFRAGE.

The Wilmington Herald discusses the politics of the day in a free and easy manner that always delights us, although we don't both see out of the same spectacles. Our readers will find in this extract from one of its articles, matter worthy of their consideration:—

"This Free Suffrage business proves in the strongest manner, the power of a popular hobby. Here was the firmest Whig State in the country, made to turn a complete political summerger through the chopping of a cunning politician, (without any of those essential elements of statesmanship which dignify office,) upon a popular note. It was a mere hobby to gull the people and ride into power, and it was entirely successful. But the evil did not end there. The discussions growing out of it had attracted the attention, and awakened the desire of the people of the West for larger and more comprehensive reforms in the written charter of our rights. They insisted that if the Constitution was amended at all, that the mode proposed by Governor Reid was not the proper one; that the people should demand an open Convention, and make such alterations as that collected body should deem expedient. This proposition, however, received but little favor among the Whigs of the Eastern section of the State, because they were apprehensive that the tide of a so called Reform would sweep down all the barriers and guarantees of the past, and that in the zeal for progress, certain measures would be carried, in which it would be a sacrifice of policy wrought, but also justice to this section. They contended that no change in the Constitution was desirable—that for years it had proved itself fit for all the purposes of government. That it was good enough for the people as it was, without a single or wholesale alteration. And this is the posture of affairs at the present time. On the one hand are the Democrats with Reid at their head urging on Free Suffrage, and trusting entirely to its popularity for success. On the other are the Whigs of the West demanding strenuously an unrestricted Convention for the amendment of the Constitution, and the Whigs of the East, generally opposing both propositions, and insisting that the Constitution shall not be touched. In the meantime the season for the marshalling of the clans is hastening on. The two Conventions will soon be held, and the action of these will indicate the direction of the popular will. Every true son of so worthy a mother, should use all honorable means to put down in their inception, the formation of sectional parties in North Carolina. When the West shall be arrayed against the East, or the East against the West, the fellowship so necessary for the advancement and happiness of both sections will be made to yield to the unhappy feelings of estrangement and perhaps of hostility. These can only exist to the injury of the best interests of the State. For all this confusion present and prospective, the people of North Carolina have to thank David S. Reid. He is the Marplot of the whole business. He fanned a flame and it may turn out a conflagration."

A Housewife of California writes home to her northern friends that she has made \$18,000 worth of pies—about one third of this has been clear profit. One year she dragged her own wood off the mountain and cut it, and never had so much as a child to take a step for her in the country. \$11,000 worth of the pies she says, I baked in one little iron skillet, a considerable portion by a camp fire, without the shelter of a tree from the broiling sun. But now I have a good cooking stove, in which I bake four pies at a time, a comfortable cabin, carpeted, and a good many "Robinson Crusoe" comforts about me, which, altho' they have cost nothing, yet they make my place look habitable. I also hire my wood hauled and chopped. I bake on an average about twelve hundred pies per month, and clear \$200. This, in California, is not thought much, and yet, in reality, few in comparison are doing as well. I have been informed that there are some women in our town, clearing \$60 per week at washing, and I cannot doubt it. There is no labor so well paid as women's labor in California.

The Mount Holly N. J. "Mirror" thus notes the changes in the good fortune of Prince Murat:—

"There are very many in our country who remember Prince Lucien Murat, the sporting good-natured soul, who formerly dwelt at one corner of the late Joseph Bonaparte's estate, at Bordentown—living no one knew hardly how—wild and reckless, to-day flush with money, to-morrow not a shot in the locker.

Well, this same jovial Prince has given a practical illustration of the truthfulness of Shakespeare's saying, that "there's a tide in the affairs of men, which if taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." The election of Louis Napoleon was the flood-tide with him—for he and his family are now at the head of the heap in France, rich, courted, living in grand, royal, superb style.

He has risen from his obscurity at Bordentown—where he so often enjoyed his punch and wine with boon companions, or startled the wood-cock along the low banks of the Delaware—and been summoned to the height of whatever fame the French President has to lend him. He wears the velvet uniform of a Senator—his finances are said to flourish—and his offspring are greeted with every promise of having a position and making a noise in the world, as the following notice taken from a Parisian paper will show.

"The baptism of the infant of Prince and Princess Murat took place at the chryse. The infant was held at the baptismal font by the Prince-President and the Princess Ma-hilde."

Success to our friend the Prince. May he live long to enjoy his new born wealth and honors.

**HISTORICAL NOVELS.**  
Who is to be the Sir Walter Scott of the next generation? Most sadly he is wanted, for fiction is falling into a maudlin condition generally, and before long, if some great historical novelist does not arise, things will be bad as when Mrs. Radcliffe ruled the hour, or the author of "The Children of the Abbey" coined a small fortune by her sentimental trash. Novelists of real life, as they are called, are plenty enough, and to spare; from Dickens and Bulwer down, we have authors in crowds delving in the field. But a good historical novel is a thing the public has not been favored with since the "Last of the Barons" appeared. A change, and not a beneficial one, has come over literature in this line. Instead of having novels, written with fidelity of history, we now have histories indited in the spirit of the novel. To our notions, the old practice was the best, and in every particular. When Sir Walter Scott wrote a novel, the reader knew that though the facts might often be different from what the writer told, the pictures of the age, and even of the historical characters, were accurate. But when Macaulay writes history, his delineations of men are frequently as ideal as the hero of a novel, and the reader is puzzled to tell what is truth and what is not, till, in despair, he throws the book aside as a tissue of fables. In Ivanhoe, though a novel, we find the best portraits of Richard Coeur de Lion extant. In Macaulay, Penn and Claverhouse are drawn like villains in a low novel.

Never open the door to a little vice, lest a greater one should enter also.

may be sometimes wrong in detail, but it is true as a whole. The last is false as a whole, though the details may be true. But the history, to the popular mind, passes for accuracy itself, because it is called a history; and when once read, not only is it accepted as correct in every particular, but further inquiry is considered useless. The historical novel, on the contrary, whets the mental appetite, nor are its statements believed in till it has been verified by research. It is a natural consequence to the sincere inquirer, to study Thiery's "Norman Conquest" after having read Scott's "Ivanhoe," to examine De Comines and Monstrelet after perusing Bulwer's character of the King Maker. Hence good historical novels reality do a benefit, while the new style of history, if we can call it history, does only harm. Nor is this all. We question whether the public will not always take its notions of history from novels, rather than from histories themselves. Ten men derive their ideas of Mary Stuart from the "Abbot,"—where one man obtains his opinion of her from studying her biographers: and this is not only true of the present, but will, we suspect, be true of the future, for it has its origin in a characteristic common to all humanity. Give us, therefore, historical novels, rather than novel-like histories! Since novel-readers there will be, let us have something better than sentimental nonsense.—Oh! for a second Sir Walter Scott!

A COCKNEY ASTONISHED.—It is to be hoped that the English have gained some additions to their knowledge of American rivers since the Reverend Dr. Breckenridge made his visit to Europe several years ago, and met the following incident, which is recorded in the memoranda of his travels. A gentleman-like and well informed Englishman, who was in the stage-coach with me, and who found out that I was an American, after dilating on the greatness, the beauties, the majesty, in short, of this noblest of British rivers, (the Thames), concluded thus:—

"Sir, it may seem almost incredible to you, but it is nevertheless true, that this prodigious stream is from its mouth to its source, not much, if at all, shorter of one hundred and fifty miles long!"

I looked steadfastly in his face to see if he jested; but the gravity of deep conviction was upon it. Indeed, John Bull never jests. After composing myself a moment, I slowly responded:—

"Perhaps, sir, you never heard of the Ohio river?"

"I thank I have."  
"Perhaps of the Missouri?"  
"I think so, though not sure."  
"Certainly of the Mississippi?"  
"Oh, yes, yes!"  
"Well, sir, a man will descend the Ohio in a steambot of the largest class, a thousand miles."  
"Of what size?—how many, sir?"  
"A thousand miles; and there he will meet another steambot of the same class which has come in an opposite direction twelve hundred miles down the Missouri, and then, after going fifteen hundred miles more down the Mississippi, he may see that flood of waters disemboague by fifty channels into the sea."

I had made up my mind to be considered a cheat, so I went calmly and emphatically through the statement. As I progressed, my companion seemed somewhat disposed to take my story as a personal affront; but at its close, he let down his visage into a contemptuous pout, and regularly cut my acquaintance.

The Poets of our age,—an illustrious brotherhood,—how rapidly have they been following each other down the dark valley! Keats, the youngest of them, was the first to die, and Rogers, the oldest who began to publish, ten years before Keats was born, is still living thirty years after the death of his youthful contemporary. After Keats, then Shelley, prematurely drowned; then Byron, in the prime of his manhood. A few years later Walter Scott, after making and losing a princely fortune, just when the autumnal touches showed the ripeness of age, from prodigious overworking of his powers, with his mind a melancholy blank. Shortly afterwards, Coleridge, "the rapt one with the godlike forehead," with the intellect of a superior being, and scarcely the moral purpose of a child, after years of languishing, produced by the tyranny of opium, found rest.—Then Southey, with his powers exhausted like Sir Walter Scott's, died with his mind insane; then Campbell, scarcely passed the time when a man is in the vigor of his faculties, became fatuous, and expired almost an imbecile; and now Tom Moore, the bard of his native Erin, with all the brilliant faculties dimmed by premature decay, dying as it were like an old man asleep, in a childish dream. Keats in his manhood, Shelley on the threshold, Byron at its prime, and Scott, Southey, Campbell, and passing as it were, at one stride, from day to darkness—from the pride of power to the humiliation of second childhood. The great exception is Wordsworth; he died full of years, full of glory, and full of intellect; his sank like the sun through a cloudless sky in the ocean, showing his subdued splendors along the deep further and further till he sets.

Never open the door to a little vice, lest a greater one should enter also.

NEW MARRIAGE MACHINERY.—Not long since a marriage took place at Skaneateles, N. Y., rather out of the ordinary line, but still, it is said, perfectly legal. The parties were Mr. Samuel Sellers and Miss Sarah Abbot. The ceremony is thus described by an eye-witness. After giving his views in a brief speech, Mr. Sellers took his bride by the hand and said:—

In the presence of all who are present, I take Sarah Abbot to be my wife, making no promises of continued affection, and invoking no aid thereto, but hoping, trusting, believing that our characters are sufficiently well adapted to enable us to be each other faithful and affectionate husband and wife during our lives.

In the presence of all who are present, I take Samuel Sellers to be my husband, making no promises, but hoping, trusting, and believing that our characters are sufficiently well adapted to each other to enable us to be faithful husband and wife while we live.

They then signed a paper with their declaration of being husband and wife, and the company present signed a certificate as witnesses to the ceremony, and thus they became husband and wife.

MASSACHUSETTS.—A large and harmonious convention of the Whigs of Massachusetts was held at Boston on the 10th inst. Upon the Presidential question there was but one expression of opinion and that was the submission of all private and personal preferences to the voice of the National Convention. To this course, says the Boston Journal, "each speaker most heartily gave his consent, and added his earnest pledge to bring to the support of that nomination—whether it be of the Defender of the Constitution, the Hero of Lundy's Lane, or the present excellent and able occupant of the Presidential chair,—all his powers of body and of mind.—"The hearty responses given to this sentiment by the whole body of the convention showed that it struck a chord the vibrations of which will go forth in clarion tones, sounding the note of preparation for the contest and for victory."

Abimelech came home on Sunday a little later than usual to dinner, which recalled to Mr. Slow's mind the fact that he had not seen his boy in the family pew during the reading of the 'lothery,' and both facts together suggested to him the bare possibility that he had not been to church.

"Bimelech," said Mr. Slow, solemnly, as he stood with his back towards the grate; "Bimelech, have you been to meetin'?"

"Yes, sir," said Abimelech, stoutly, "I've been to the Universalist."

"Well, my son, I ant like a good many fathers that don't want their children to go any where but just where they say. No, my son, I ain't one of these. Toleration is my motto—largest liberty and all that, that our forefathers fit and died for. Yes, my son, go where you please to meetin', I don't care, only this I will say, that if I ketch you goin' to that meetin', I'll take your hide off."

This practical lecture, so sound and liberal in its character, wrought so effectually on Abimelech's mind, that he cheerfully abstained from wandering, and never dared to go inside a Universalist church again.

**CONFIRMED.**—Among the list of confirmations by the Senate, of appointments by the President, just published, we discover the name of James H. Norwood, of N. C., Indian Agent at the Upper Missouri Agency, in the place of Peyton P. Moore, declined.

Five States, out of the original Thirteen have so far taken measures to be represented in the Convention to be held in Philadelphia on the fourth of July, with reference to the erection in Union Square in that city, of monuments commemorative of the Old Thirteen States which formed the Federal compact at the time of the declaration of Independence. The States that have chosen delegates thus far are: Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Georgia.—Balt. American.

**GREAT SNOW STORM.**—On Thursday morning snow had fallen two feet deep on the eastern division of the Erie railroad. The storm was furious in many places, particularly on the seaboard. At Boston and New York it was a violent snow-storm accompanied by a gale; at Norfolk, Virginia, it was rain and hail, with lightning, thunder, and wind. It certainly acted a little like the line storm, and it is so regarded in Boston, where the people seem to stand in no particular awe of the scientific savans, who, in grand convention here last summer, decided that there was no such thing as an equinoctial storm—no such institution at all, and never had been!

**ALBANY REGISTER.**—22d.  
We understand the Democratic Review for March, which is not yet issued, has a terrific article on General Scott, stripping every laurel from his brow, and making the late Col. Duncan the hero of the Mexican War! It also has an article on "Old Fogysim" and the "Young Democracy"—in other words, the relative merits of Cass and Douglas.—Mirror.

Do not above your profession, it is the best that any man can follow.

It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.  
That virtue which parleys is near a surrender.