THE RALEIGH TIMES.

R. I. WYNNE, Publisher.
C. C. RABOTEAU, Editor.

"GIVE ME THE LIBERTY TO KNOW, TO UTTER, AND TO ARGUE FREELY, ACCORDING TO CONSCIENCE, ABOVE ALL OTHER LIBERTIES."—MILTON.

RALEIGH, FRIDAY, APRIL 23, 1852. Wm Dallas Haywood

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TERMS.

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WHIG PRINCIPLES.

The Hon. Humphrey Marshall, in closing his late speech in the House of Representatives very gallantly vindicated the Whig party of the South, and showed their true position upon the Compromise measures. We give the closing paragraphs, as deserving the attention of our readers, because we are certain that the truth is here set forth :—

The passage of the Compromise measures was not the close of the contest.—Having passed Congress, the issue of the statesmen was yet to pass in review before the American people. The President staked his political fame and the hope of his Administration upon that issue. After Congress adjourned, and the people were called upon to pass their judgment on the compromise of 1850, what action did each of the Southern parties take upon the question? We hear of the Union party and the States Rights party. This was but a change of name, sir. The mass of the Whigs were for sustaining the compromises; the mass of the Democrats were opposed to them. Governor McDonald was sustained by the great bulk of the Democracy proper; the Whigs voted for Governor Cobb, the Representatives from Mississippi admit that Quitman was sustained by the mass of the old Democracy, while the mass of the Whig party sustained the Union candidates. They, too, claim the Compromise measures as Democratic measures! I imagine, had they been left to the tender mercies of the Democrats of Mississippi, other tenants would occupy their places upon this floor. The southern people know full well that the Whigs, with singular unanimity, sustained the Compromise measures, and everywhere endorsed the action of Congress in passing them. When they heard complaint of the settlement, or saw a man who threatened to resist it, or who talked of secession, or about disunion, or who branded those who sustained the compromise as submissionists, or who carped at and cavilled with the terms of the Adjustment, and tried to foment discontent with the provisions of those laws, the chances were as a thousand to one such a person was not a Southern Whig.

I have never attempted to make party capital for electioneering purposes out of the history of the measures referred to. I have not desired to appropriate to party uses a great and noble effort of patriotism, which by a joint exertion and influence of representatives of all parties and of all sections, snatched the Union from the very jaws of destruction, and gave renewed hope of the stability and permanence of that Government under which we have been blessed with so much of progress and prosperity. But when gentlemen on this floor and out of doors undertake to claim for the Democratic party the merit of having either devised the Compromise of 1850, or of having passed them by any peculiar influence of their own, and commend modesty and silence to the Southern Whigs upon the subject, then I say, that the party of the South, which was the most united, the firmest, and the most steadfast in support of the measures, was the *Southern Whig party*. They court no comparisons; but they shrink from no scrutiny. Their political history will well compare with the history of any party known in the annals of the Republic. Their ranks exhibit bright and shining examples of devoted patriotism, of exalted talents, of wise statesmanship, and of characters which through ages will form models for future imitation. Their political principles will successfully pass the examination of history, whose province it is to scan the philosophy of action, and to decide upon the good or evil in its tendency.

To add proper and fair facilities to commerce; to improve the condition of our own country; to promote the development of its natural resources by a wise and beneficent system of legislation; to ameliorate the condition by increasing the comforts of the American people; to nerve the arm of labor; to encourage arts; to protect the inventions of genius; to sustain the dignity of our own country at home, by securing to every man his personal and political rights; to perform scrupulously every national obligation, and to vindicate promptly every right of our own country abroad; to stand upon our own, and not on foreign ground; to cherish and protect the integrity of the Union, and to frown upon the very dawning of any spirit which would lead to its destruction: These, sir, constitute the principles, the philosophy, and, permit me to say, the pride of the Southern Whig.

There was a man who was so anxious to 'make a noise in the world,' that he left orders when he died, to have his skin tanned and made into a *drum*.

"OLD FOGIES."

The way the Democratic Review puts it to these "time honored" champions of Democracy is amusing enough. Our readers must keep up with the excitement, and we therefore give a sketch or two from the March number :—

How the old Fogies sat to be painted.

It would be as afflicting to the reader to detail the facial contortions of the venerable fogies, as each came before their obligingly universal artist, as the struggle to put the best face on their effrontery was painful to the venerable sufferers. Some old gentlemen sat for hours contorting and pursing their lips, so as to look *implacably stern, and awfully Democratic, and powerfully Jacksonian*. Others stiffened up and threw back some few hairs, so as to appear of a statesmanlike character, on the outside of their baldness resembling, even *longo intervallo*, the noble CALHOUN Another distinguished Democrat, more sagacious, and withal adventurous, discovering a steel plate copied from the English one of the late Sir Robert PEEL, of which the body had been finished, but the face merely touched in outline; and, conceiving that the attitude given by the artist to the great British Tory would be exceedingly dignified for an American Democrat, and would be, withal, becoming to *himself, actually purchased the plate, preserved the body, had poor Sir Robert's head cut off, and his own countenance inserted in its place*; and the American Democracy—not the club at Washington, but the people, the only Democratic party we will stoop to recognise—have for years been worshipping this senseless mask, located on the shoulders of a British body, as "a great American Democratic statesman;" *and the same may at any time be seen in our office.*

The old Fogies run under water.

We stand on the course as Democratic caretaker; but we will take very good care, *should spavined nags or lame ponies like our beaten old fogy hacks, or ricketty cobs, present themselves for admission, to tell them at once that they are humbugs*; that they are calculated to injure the credit of the course, and our own individual credit, as one of the keepers of the same; that they had better get home and lie up; that what looks like strong legs in them are merely wind-bags of chronic puffing; that they are "no go;" that they cannot come it, &c. &c.; and finally, that, without knocking us down, *they cannot get in.*

We have room for only one more extract, which is complimentary to Governor MARCY, and holds out the hand of fellowship to John Van BUREN and the Barnburners. Whose case the *Review* will next take up we are not informed; but we do not remember that it has yet disposed of Commodore STOCKTON, who belongs, we suppose, at least to middle-aged America, and may form the compromise candidate between Young America and Old Fogyism. If our young friends do not make way with the Commodore in their next number, they may find him more troublesome than they anticipate. But to return to our muttons :

Gov. Marcy and Young America.

We actually met poor Governor MARCY spavined, wind-blown, strained, ring-boned, and with a huge gray spot still sore on his flank, just at the very gate as we came in, and, merely out of respect for his family and his friends, we advised him to go home to rural pasture, to preserve his equine attributes a little longer, and not make an ass of himself; and he very good humoredly did so for a season, but only to deceive us. Just fancy Governor Marcy presuming to thrust himself forward as a National Democratic candidate! Governor Marcy, whose antecedents are so pure, and so unquestionable, and so straightforward! Governor Marcy, who having accepted the office of Mexican commissioner under the Tyler administration, admitted the most questionable and ridiculous claims; and subsequently, under the last commission, expended the year 1851 at Washington, acting as chief adviser, attorney, and wire-puller in the prosecution of these very claims against our Government! Governor Marcy, who forced himself by intrigue into the Polk Cabinet, for the pre-determined purpose of driving Silas Wright and his friends so far north as to break them down nationally, and thereby secure the Presidential nomination in 1848 to General Cass; and who, after absolutely killing the great man of General Cass, goes over to the Barnburners, and attempts to form a coalition with them for his own personal aggrandizement aiming also at the demolition of his rivals, Dickinson and Dix. There is not a democrat in the State so stupid as not to be conscious that the intrigues of Marcy for the last two years have prevented a cordial reunion of the party. But for him, the party might now act as a unit, and, as long as he is in the way, the party will not unite. Having cheated both wings, it is madness to suppose that either will again trust him. We heard, but the other day, a determined Hunker, a delegate to the Baltimore Convention, declare that he would greatly prefer John Van Buren, and so say we. A few old fogy Barnburners are now hard at work at the pullies, hoisting his governorship, but with a devilish look—meaning that they will get him just high enough to be certain of breaking his neck in the fall. Governor Marcy, with such numerous undarned rents in his political character, and but one everlasting and horridly enduring patch upon his person, (paid for not even out of the proceeds of the Mexican claims he admitted and prosecuted, but still by the country,) fancy, we say, this Governor Marcy intruding himself and these agreeable antecedents on the country and on the Baltimore Convention! We prevented, indeed, his admission by this Review, and nicked him just at the right time.

Now, all this is amiable and interesting, and demonstrates that old fogydom must pray pretty hard at the Baltimore Convention to procure even Christian burial at the hands of Young America. As the Standard is persuaded that the Democratic party is the only party that can be trusted to carry out the compromise, we hope that it will enable its readers at an early day to understand what the leading gentlemen of this Democratic party say and think of each other.

THE TARIFF OF 1846.—Mr. Brooks, in his recent speech in the House of Representatives, alleges and shows that the Tariff of 1846 has not been and is not, the tariff under which the revenue has been collected since that time. Life was breathed into it, he argues, in the Civil and Diplomatic bill, August 10, 1846; but a sufficient revenue was collected by it under a series of illegal Treasury Circulars, issued by Mr. Secretary Walker, and followed up on the precedents he established, which Circulars, in January, 1851, the Supreme Court of the United States declared to be void and of no effect. After this, with a view of collecting revenue, and without which revenue enough to carry on the Government could not be collected Congress, under the prompting of the Finance Committee of the Senate, and the Ways and Means Committee of the House, re-enacted the Treasury Circulars, and further invigorating them by the act of March 3d, 1851.

Mr. Brooks then shows that the Treasury, under suits from the Courts (of which fifty are now pending in New York alone) is refunding these duties illegally collected, with drawbacks refused, &c. &c., to a very large amount, which amount now goes to swell the apparent expenditures of the Government.

The facts which Mr. Brooks arrays satisfactorily explain why what is called the Tariff of 1846 has yielded so much more revenue than the Whigs of that day expected, and why the expenditures of the Government have been seemingly increased in the re-payment of duties illegally collected from illegal Treasury Circulars.

Nat. Intel.

MR. FILLMORE.—"Observer," the Democratic Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, says of the President:

"Mr. Fillmore's term of office has been marked by singular success; and it may be said of him, what perhaps cannot be said of any other President, that he has not an enemy, and scarcely an opponent, in either party. Millard Fillmore is an honest man; and that reputation, which is placed above all contingencies, is the richest legacy he can leave to his children."

This tribute, from a political opponent, is eminently true. The honesty and sincere patriotism of his character shed a lustre upon his name brighter than any which his high office can confer. He exemplifies that spotless, unselfish integrity, so seldom found among public men, that it is scarcely looked for, and generally doubted when discovered. Of how few, comparatively, in high station, can it be said as of Millard Fillmore—"He is an honest man."

Albany (N. Y.) Register.

SOMETHING LIKE THE THING.

A correspondent of the Greensboro' Patriot, whose sentiments are indorsed by the Editor, writes as follows:

I have noticed the propositions made by the editor of the Newbernian, and also by a correspondent of the Wilmington Commercial, to compromise the difficulties now existing in the Whig Party. I respect the motives and honor the men who are trying to bring our party together again; but candor compels me to say, that I believe the compromises they have proposed can never effect the object they have so much at heart. If the Convention wishes to see the Whig party aroused and rallied upon one platform, and crowned with a brilliant and glorious victory on the evening of the first Thursday in August next, all they have to do will be to pass a resolution to the following effect:

Resolved, That we are in favor of amending the Constitution of the State by an unrestricted Convention in preference to any other mode; provided, the Convention be called upon a fair, and equitable basis, so as to do no violence, or injustice to any interest or section of the State, but justice to all.

What fair minded man, east or west, can reasonably object to taking a stand for an open Convention under this view of the case?

The above proposition is somewhat like the thing desired, if it will but meet the approbation of the sections now at variance. We do not hesitate to express an opinion that the West cannot be expected to insist upon less than the doctrines here embodied, and that the East ought to agree to it without hesitation. The ultras, who insist upon having exactly their own way in every thing, ought to be taught that there is an immense number who are desirous of harmonizing the party, in both sections, and in the mean time of doing justice to all parties in the State, in the vindication of democratic republican principles. Those who are deadly opposed to an open Convention, are hostile to the Sovereignty of the People, and the establishment of equal rights—and if the few who prefer amendments of the Constitution by legislative enactments—the *republican* in preference to the *democratic* course—and will work with the *democrats* to accomplish their *anti-democratic* schemes and electioneering humbugs—it will be very disagreeable, to be sure, but not very shocking, after all. The Whig party will survive this, and overcome the difficulties now in the way by a determination to be "*just and fear not.*" The above proposition from the West opens the way for an honorable compromise, and we hope the Convention, when it meets at Raleigh, will adopt, it or something like it.

Wil. Com.

READ THE DOCUMENTS.

Certificate for the Cure of Broken Down Merchants.—We have often tried in our feeble way, to make the people of this city understand the benefits to be derived from giving publicity to their business, through the medium of the press.—It will cure more broken-down, weak, sickly business men—save more lives than were ever saved by all the medicines ever sold—taking the certificates of doctors and druggists for true; but read the documents :

HEAR THE TESTIMONY.

In the year 1840 I started business in the city of Boston with a capital of $5,000, and a good fair credit. I hired me a good store at a moderate rent, and applied myself industriously to my business. In 1842 I took an account of stock and found that I was $3,000 worse off than when I began—more than half of my capital had been sunk in expenses and bad debts.—This rather discouraged me, but as it was the first year of my business and I was but little known, I thought I would try it another year. My creditors and friends recommended that I join a church or an engine, Co. both of which I did; and in 1843 I again took an account of my affairs, and found that if I could stop all my expenses, and sell my stock out at market prices, I should lack just $1500 of having money enough to pay all my debts. I had a note against one of the brothers in the church of $200, which some said was good—this would reduce my indebtedness that amount—but he never paid it.

To make a long story short, I failed—burst up—went to smash—and all pronounced me a ruined man, and to make it sure they turned me out of the church. In 1845 I contrived to get a little money, with which I bought a few goods. I got some small bills and cards printed, and sent them to every body I could think of—the consequence was, they began to come in and trade with me a little. I continued to push the cards and bills, and also to advertise in the newspapers, and customers came in from all parts of the country. I soon had to enlarge my store, and I now do a bigger business than any one on the street—I keep up my advertising, and my business keeps increasing.

I have got $15,000 invested in good stocks, I own the house I live in, and it is worth $7,500; my goods are all paid for, as I buy for cash and sell for cash, and I have paid all my old debts of 1843. This I attribute to your valuable remedy for an unhealthy business, of letting the public know what you are doing and what you want to do, through the press. If this certificate will be means of saving one poor man situated as I was seven years ago, my object is accomplished.—*Bos. Paper.*

C. SHARP, JR.

SECESSION DEAD.—Mr. Woodard, Representative in Congress from South Carolina, has written a letter on the subject of Secession generally, and with reference particularly to the pending Southern Rights Convention. Confessing his mortification at what has taken place in the premises in the Palmetto State, he looks the exigencies of his friends fairly in the face, and pronounces Secession dead? It died, he says, in May last, when "immediate secession" was disavowed. "The proposition of future speculative secession" he regards as "fit only to produce a disunion," and he is therefore opposed to any proceeding that can have a tendency to lead the people to regard it as a reality. Mr. Woodard combats the proposition that the Convention, on the part of the State, shall recall its Senators and Representatives. After secession, he considers "there would be an obvious propriety and decorum in the act;" but before secession, and with no prospect of secession, it would be a farce—"most pernicious" in its results, and "in point of constitutionality" utterly indefensible."—*Alex. Gazette.*

A native of the Emerald isle lately went to consult the printer of a newspaper in a neighboring county, respecting his runaway apprentice. The printer proposed to advertise him in the usual form, with a suitable reward: this did not meet Patrick's idea; "he did not wish to advertise him, only jist to give him a hint." After various attempts at framing a suitable notice, the following was suggested by himself as all sufficient, namely: "Patrick Flaherty would inform his apprentice, Timothy Dougherty, that he does not wish to expose him, but give him the hint to return to his master and serve out his indenture like a good boy, *or he will be advertised in the newspapers.*

A Spanish lady writing from Washington under date of 5th inst., says of Henry Clay, Scott, Cass, and others :

"General Cass I have seen twice, and I greatly admire. I have also had the high privilege of an introduction to Mr. Clay, though he receives no strangers. To-day at one P. M. according to appointment I called with Mr. W., and was so much affected at the sight of the earthly ruins of this stupendous genius, that I could not utter a word, but carried the hand he extended to my lips in fearful silence. He seemed much gratified, and spoke of the honor I did him in very kind terms, and with consummate tact he immediately chose such subjects as he thought would be most interesting to me, and for half an hour questioned me of my own dear land, of its institutions, manners, of the late attempt on the Queen's life, &c., and so gratified me by the interest he manifested in the answers, that my heart warmed and my brain kindled and I felt I was replying as well as though I had studied to do so. You know that diffidence was never one of my afflictions but at the same time I hold genius in such esteem, that my veneration amounts to worship for it.

How much greater, then, must have been my emotion when the hand of death was plainly visible on the mighty of the land! when the ray, brilliant as it radiated on all around, was but the light burning in a sepulchre, and already quivering beneath the breath of the merciless destroyer! I am not able to give you an adequate idea of his state. His eye alone shows him not dead! His fingers are a skeleton's,—the countenance cadaverous, yet withal, his mental faculties are unimpaired and vivid as ever.

At a large party last Tuesday I again met General Scott, who introduced the famous Soule, the great radical member from Louisiana. Mr. Soule the idol of the Washington ladies, and no wonder for he is exceedingly fascinating in his conversation. He has that dangerous compound of the French wit and Creole suavity, of acute perception and brilliant imagination, which with his elegant manners could not but make him a favorite. He is thought handsome, but is not, but his appearance is remarkably and distingue.

THE ALBATROSS, are easily taken in moderate weather by trailing a hook and line, the latter end of which is kept near the surface of the water by any kind of a float, the hook being baited with a fat piece of pork. A shingle answers very well for a boat. They not only extend far North into the Pacific, but are found on the Southern borders of the Indian Ocean, and occasionally pretty far to the Eastward. Notwithstanding the immense size of the bird, there is little flesh on the carcass, and the bones are very light and thin. Sailors are not so scrupulous but that they will make a fresh meal of them for want of something better. Having captured and examined a good many of them I was always struck with the large quantity of remarkable fine and soft down upon their bodies, nearly an inch in thickness. The prepared skins would be very valuable, and in connection with a sealing voyage, might, perhaps, be well worthy of attention. There are at least two varieties, if not more, one of which is white, and the other light brown, or brown and white intermixed, and forming a beautiful combination of colors. As to the disposition of their nests in conjunction with Penguins, the account appears somewhat poetical, especially that part relating to patrol duty. Being web-footed and of large size, the Albatross is not naturally fitted for walking, no more than wild ducks and teal. Ocean birds when brought on a ship's deck become instantly sea-sick.—They remain in a sitting posture, scarcely attempting to move, and this remark applies particularly to the Albatross and the Cape pigeon.

The Water Melon Question Settled.—In a debating society in Texas, not long since, the following question was selected for their next meeting:

"If A plant a watermelon seed in his own ground, on one side of a fence, and the vine runs over the fence into B's property, and produces only one melon, and none anywhere else, and B eats that melon, what ought A to do to B—considering both as Christians and men with families?'

A whole week was given for preparation. The eventful evening came which was to decide B's fate. All the fashionables in the village were present, as were also the unfashionables. Many profound, brilliant displays of eloquence were made. Still no one could settle B's case. If neither he nor A had been Christians, and men with families, there would have been no difficulty. Any orator could have made A "cowhollop" B, and the melon would have been paid for, but this conclusion was utterly out of the case. Finally, when the minds of the speakers and listeners were so puzzled that they would willingly have taken a vow never to say 'melon' again a tall, ungainly looking youth, who had hitherto remained silent and unobserved, rose from a corner and was delivered of the following able argument, most earnestly urged.

'Mr. President,' said the lank youth, 'I rise to settle that ar question. I rise for to say, Mr. President, that if I was for to plant a watermillion seed on this here side of that ar fence'—here the orator began laying out a plan on the table with pens, paper and wafers—'and that watermillion seed was for to produce a vine, and that ar vine traveled over that ar fence and crawled down on this here side of that ar fence, and that ar watermillion vine thar produced, and no where else, a single watermillion, and you, Mr. President, was that ar feller B, and you was for to eat that ar watermillion, and I, Mr. President, was that ar feller A, and we were both Christians, and both men with families—do you know, Mr. President, what I would do?" The society and the audience here listened intently.—"*Why, Mr. President I would think you was dod derned ongenerus!*"

N. O. Pic.

WONDERFUL TOY.

The latest notable effort of mechanical puppet manufacture is exhibited at Boulogne at the present time. It is that of a jeweller, who has devoted eight years of his life to the perfection of a clock-work conjuror; which he has made a thorough master of the thimble-rig. Dressed in an Eastern costume, this necromancer stands behind a table, covered, as the tables of professors of legerdemain usually are, with little boxes and cabinets, from which he takes the objects usually employed in his exhibitions. He produces his goblet, and shows the balls under them; which vanish and re-appear in the most approved style: now two or three are conjured into a spot a moment before vacant, presently these disappear again, and are perpetually divided and reunited. At every exclamation of the spectators, the little conjuror turns his eyes from side to side, as if looking round the house; smiles, casts his eyes modestly down, bows, and resumes his slight of hand.

He not only takes up the goblet from a stand, and places them over the balls, but leaves them there for a minute, and holds his hands up, to show the audience that he conceals nothing in his palm or sleeve.—He then seizes the goblets again and goes on. This trick over, he puts his cups away and shuts the cabinet. He then knocks on the table, and up starts an egg, to which he points to secure attention; he touches the egg, (which opens lengthwise) and a little bird starts into life; sings a roundelay; claps its enamelled wings—which are the real humming-bird's feathers, beyond any metallic art in lustre—and then falls back into its egg. The little conjuror nods, smiles, rolls his eyes right and left, bows as before, and the egg disappears into the table; he bows again, and then sits down, to intimate that the performance is over. The height of this little gentleman is about three inches; his table and everything else being in due proportion. He stands on a high square pedestal, apparently of marble. It is however of tin painted white, and within it are all the wheels and works containing the mystery.

SAVING TIME.—A clergyman, who had considerable of a farm, as was generally the case in our forefather's days, went out to see one of his laborers, who was ploughing in the field, and he found him sitting upon the plough, resting his team.

"John," said he, "would it not be a good plan for you to have a stub scythe here, and be hubbing a few bushes while the oxen are resting?"

John with a countenance which might well have become the clergyman himself, instantly replied—

"Would it not be well, sir, for you to have a swingling board in the pulpit, and when they are singing, to swingle a little flax?"

The reverend gentleman turned on his heel laughed heartily, and said no more about hubbing bushes.

HOW JOHN KNOX GOT A WIFE.—Knox used to visit Lord Ochiltree's family, preaching the gospel privately to those who were willing to receive it. The lady and some of the family were converts. Her ladyship had a chamber, table, stool, and candlestick for the prophet, and one night at supper says to him: "Mr. Knox, I think you are at great loss by want of a wife," (he was then a widower,) to which he said; "Madam, I think nobody will take such a wanderer as I;' to which she replied: "Sir, if that be your objection, I'll make inquiry to find an answer 'gainst our next meeting."

The lady accordingly addressed herself to her eldest daughter, telling her she might be happy if she could marry Mr. Knox, who would be a great reformer and a credit to the church; but she despised the proposal, hoping her ladyship wished her better than to marry a *poor wanderer.*—The lady addressed herself to her second daughter who answered as the eldest.

Then the lady spoke to her third daughter about nineteen years of age, who frankly said: "Madam, I'll be very willing to marry him, but I fear he'll not take me"—to which the lady replied: "If that be all your objection, I'll soon get you an answer."

Next night, at supper, the lady said to Mr. Knox: "Sir, I have been considering upon a wife for you, and find one very willing," to which Knox said: "who is she, madam?"

She answered: "My youngest daughter sitting by you at the table."

Then addressing himself to the young lady, he said: "My bird are you willing to marry me?"

She answered: "Yes, sir, only I fear you'll not be willing to take me."

He said: "My bird, if you be willing to take me, you take your venture of God's providence as I do. I go through the country sometimes on foot, with a wallet on my arm, a shirt, a clean band and a Bible in it; you may put some things in it for yourself; and if I bid you take the wallet, you must do it, and go where I go, and lodge where I lodge."

"Sir," said she, "I'll do all this."

"Will you be as good as your word?"

"Yes, I will."

Upon which the marriage was concluded, and she lived happily with him and had several children. While residing with him in Geneva, as she was ascending a hill, (there are many in that place,) she got up to the top of it before him, and took the wallet on her arm, and, sitting down, said: "Now, good man, am I not as good as my word?"

She afterwards lived with him when he was minister at Edinburgh.

A BORROWED COUNTENANCE.—A Gascon officer demanding his salary from the Minister of War, maintained that he was in danger of dying of hunger. The minister, who saw that his visage was full and ruddy, told him his face gave the lie to his statement. "Ah! sir," said the Gascon, "don't trust to that. This face is not mine—it belongs to my landlord, who has given me credit for a long time past."

An Irish clergyman's servant, having a strong desire to try his hand at pulpit oratory, managed, during the indisposition of his master, to get possession of the pulpit. The congregation was very large; so large, indeed, that Pat, who was "unaccustomed to public speaking," stood in the pulpit, with his head hung down, and looking as sheepish as possible. Desperation at last inspired him with courage, and he bawled out—"If any of ye has got any consate about preaching, ye had better come up here."

Sealed proposals for the purchase of $60,000 of State Bonds issued by the State of North Carolina interest payable semi-annually, principal at the end of ten years will be received by the State Treasurer, D. W. Courts, Esq., until the 10th of May next.

NEW NOVELS.—Raven's Cliffe, by the author of Time the Avenger, Mordaunt Hall, &c.
The Head of the Family, by the author of Olive and Agitvies.
The Tutor's Ward, by the author of Wayfaring Sketches, Use and Abuses, &c.
Marcus Warland, or the Long Moss Spring, a Tale of the South, by Caroline Lee Hentz, author of Linda Rena, &c.
Count Monte Leone, or the Spy in Society, from the French of H. De St. Georges.
Received and for sale by.
W. L. POMEROY.
Raleigh, April 12, 1852. eo 14

NEW BOOKS.—Bancroft's History of the U. S., vol. IV.
Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1852
Arctic Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin, by Sir John Richardson, C. B., F. R. S. &c
Received and for sale by
W. L. POMEROY.
Raleigh, April 12, 1852. 14

PIANOS!

NOW receiving at the North Carolina Music Store a splendid assortment of Pianos from the celebrated Factory of KNABE & GAEHLE, Baltimore, who received the first premiums three years in succession, in 1848, 1849 and 1850, at the annual Exhibition of the State of Maryland.

GRAND PIANO, in a modern style, handsome wood, $650
" " with carved orna'ts, from $700 to 1000
SQUARE PIANO, splendid carving, ornamented style, No. 2, 450
" " splendid carving Gothic style, No. 3, 400
[Comprising 6¾ Octaves, either as Rosewood or Mahogany, built in an Entire Iron Frame.]
GRAND PIANO, in a modern style, handsome wood, $650
" " with carved ornaments, from $700 to 1000
SQUARE PIANO, splendid carving, ornamented style, [Drawing No. 2.] 450
" " splendid carving, Gothic style, [3.] 400
" " square cor. case, ogee Tablets on a large lash. stand, [4.] 375
" " round cor. case, ornam'd with modern mouldings, [10.] 375
" " round cor. case, plain finish, of superior wood, [10.] 350
" " hollow cornered case, ogee Tablets, on a scroll stand, [5.] 350
" " hollow cornered case, on modern legs [7-8.] 350
" " square cor. case, Gothic pattern Tablet, and octagon legs, [9.] 325
" " hollow cor. case, plain Tablet, and octagon legs, [7-8] 325
" " square cor. case, plain legs, 300
[Comprising 6 Octaves, Entire Iron Frame.]
SQUARE PIANO, fashionable style case, ornamented with mouldings, 300
" " hollow cor. case, and 8 cor. ogee legs, 280
" " square cor. case, Tablets, legs to match, 280
[Comprising 6¼ Octaves, Iron Plate and Bar.]
" " hollow cor. case, on a scroll stand, [Drawing No. 5.] $275
" " hollow cornered case, on turned legs, 250
" " square cornered case, fancy Tablet, legs to match, 250
" " square cor. case, plain Tablet, 225

Drawings of the above numbers can be seen at the Music Store, or when desired any number can be sent to persons wishing to examine

DRAWING AND PAINTING.

Bristol Board, superior quality, Albums, Tinted Board, Fabers Pencils, Tinted drawing paper, Canvass in the piece and on stretchers, various sizes, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Brushes, Paletts, Palett knives, Palett cups, Maul sticks, black and white Crayons, &c., &c., in short every thing necessary for these tasteful and beautiful accomplishments.

Piano Covers, Gutta Percha figured and plain lined with cloth, in order to secure the Piano against the dampness of the atmosphere, a new and splendid article.

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K. W. PETERSILIA.
Raleigh, Jan. 5th, 1852. 1