

# THE RALEIGH TIMES.

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C. C. RABOTEAU, Editor.

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

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## TERMS.

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For the Office, FAYETTEVILLE ST., ONE DOOR BELOW POST OFFICE.

## A TOUCHING STORY.

### THE DEAD HEART.

BY CAROLINE CORSEBRO.

On her twenty-ninth birthday Evelyn Clause bent over the body of her lifeless son, and saw him, the eldest, the most beautiful, the last surviving of her four bright boys, placed in the coffin for burial. She watched and even assisted in this duty, with a calmness that was almost frightful to behold; and the hearts of those who witnessed the strange composure of the bereaved mother trembled and fluttered into quiet even while their hands were busied with arranging the robes of the dead; the tears which had gathered in their eyes fell not; voices which had faltered as they strove to utter consolation or sympathy grew calm and strong suddenly; even the grief of the nurse who had watched over Frederick from his infancy was hushed, and became voiceless in the presence of the mother, who stood so calm and silent beside her lifeless child.

When Clarence, the baby, died, it was far otherwise with her. Never was infant mourned with such wild, such exceeding sorrow as he. Night and day through his illness, and after his death, the young mother clung to him, until at last they were compelled by force to remove her from the corpse when the funeral hour was come. It seemed then as though she would weep her very life away; and the mourning in which her form was enrobed was not comparable in gloom with that natural mourning which enveloped her lovely face. Though three children still remained to her, it was of him who was lost that she held most constant remembrance; it was of him, the affectionate little one, who had never learned to express his love in words, who had never even learned her name, that her stricken heart held continual thought; and she who had lived all of life—real life that had been given her to live in her children—trembled now, and looked with constant fear on the future, in them she had fixed all her hope and love, and behold, one already was taken!

Evelyn Clause was married in her youth, to a "merchant prince," who had already been twice married. They stood together at the altar a strangely matched pair; she a very child in experience and in beauty, and he worn in the world's service—his hair already tinged with gray.

There were some witnessing this bridal who envied the new-made wife of Jesse Clause; for he was a man respected and looked up to in the world; but he was also one to whom it would seem the fancies or the hearts of the youthful would not naturally incline. But he had money, and to the young creature who in the morning of her life joyously consented to wed him, this was his sole recommendation—the only reason why she for a moment thought seriously of his offer. For Evelyn was the daughter of a poor family, (a large family moreover,) and it had been sheer madness in her, and profound selfishness also, (so her own generous heart assured her,) to decline so precious an opportunity of aiding her beloved ones at home. With the sincere earnestness and heartiness of youth, Evelyn strove to feel for her great benefactor more than gratitude, more than respect; she tried to love him. Poor child must she also learn that bitter lesson, which they who thus bind Poverty and Wealth together so often, so invariably, so fully learn?

As Evelyn learned her husband, to know his nature as his departed companions had a wild suspicion would anon torture her; that love which she had vowed to maintain for him was not that which she must strive for; to preserve that reverence which she had for him, that respect, that friendliness, that gratitude, she must struggle. Ah, reader, no task like that can be given the bewildered young soul! God save thee from the necessity of learning it! It was then that Evelyn hushed, with an effort that one must have himself made in order to fully appreciate, the indignant voice which Nature prompted her to raise against many a word he uttered,

many a deed he wrought. She tried how devoutly, with the charity that thinketh no evil, to forget the evidence he daily forced upon her of his ungentle and unworthy spirit; and had this been a possibility, she had certainly succeeded in an effort so continuously and so faithfully made.

It was only after years had passed, that the truth, which slowly but surely gathered its force, burst full upon her, and the wife knew that the doom of solitariness in the midst of splendor was upon her. Urged then by the "strong necessity of loving," she folded in a more idolatrous passion her young children to her heart, and she made gods of them.

It was said by some who inquisitively watched the fading of her face, and the sadness that revealed itself in her eyes and in her voice, that Evelyn Clause was but reaping in bitter disappointment the fruit which she well deserved, for wedding where her heart could not by possibility have chosen its home. But no word from her lip ever added to the testimony of her face; and it was not the truth which they spoke, who looking on the apparent wreck of her happiness, told of the just reward of the covetous. If it had been a self-immolating sense of duty to her parents which led the girl in her youth to wed with Jesse Clause, it was likewise a sense of justice, lofty and holy and stern, that prompted and constrained her to be to the husband all he should have been to her. The consciousness of his utter uncongeniality was with her constantly, yet she continued unweariedly faithful and devoted to him; still how often, how very often, her heart faltered and failed within her, need I tell? Let the mortal who has looked for love and found only wealth—who has received a stone where it craved for the bread of life—answer.

Yet the reader has seen that entire bankruptcy was not forced upon the wife. In the children given her, the craving spirit of life within her found consolation; in their unfolding natures her resigned heart aroused to act; the floods which had been fast settling into a Dead Sea were arrested, were stirred again; the clouds which were growing dark and threatening assumed a sunbrightness once more.

Frederick, the first born, was a lovely boy. In him the soul of his mother seemed personified; and well might she look with pride on him, who was the first in all the world to love her as she prayed one human being might. She was satisfied when his eyes fixed upon her, when his voice called her, when he followed in her footsteps, like an attendant angel. She asked no more of earth's good things when his merry laugh rang in her ear, when his smiling happy face was before her. With the other children born unto these parents, there was a mother's love born—a twin with each, a protector to each. It sprang with them into such exultant life, that none who looked upon Evelyn then could say, "She is unhappy." She became more beautiful then than she had been in her girlhood, and the peacefulness, the continual harmony of her existence in those days, proved that she was satisfied. In those young beings her own dead youth was beautifully revived; in the sunshine that enveloped them she revelled; and the "light-joy" of perfect innocence and contentment, which was over them, reflected itself in and through her.

How terrible then was the awakening from this security of happiness to an unimagined, unthought-of sorrow! The immutability of her idols had seemed a thing unquestioned; she had never borne to think they might be shattered, she had never thought it. And, therefore, when Death came and stood before her, and clasped her infant in his arms, she was frantic in her grief.

In her bereavement the wife was indeed most lonely. During the several months in which one by one the three younger boys successively sickened and died, it was in Frederick's presence, in his voice alone that she found any comfort. Her husband's tears did indeed fall with hers over the lifeless children, and with a heavy heart he followed them to the burial-place, but it seemed the loss of hers that he most mourned. The children had never been to him what they were to her. It was in the passionate grief of the last surviving son that she could best sympathize; and with him clasping her hand when the third of her offspring was laid in the grave, Evelyn felt that there was yet left on earth a comfort and an exceeding joy. How infinitely precious he became in her sight, whose hand bound up all their hope in this life, and all their deep affection in one human being, fully comprehending. He was her future. The rainbow of promise circled his glorious forehead, the sunlight

of beauty was on his hair, and in his eyes and in his graceful figure. When he was merry she was a very child in her gladness; but, alas! she was of all about her the most miserable; not because sick at heart—her heart was dead—but in that affliction had driven her from him who "wounds us for His mercy's sake."

The life which she lived—what was it to her? Yet as the wife of Jesse Clause it was the only life which she imagined she could live; and when Evelyn saw that in this career she had reached the standard which was perfection in her husband's eyes, she abated not one jot. She suffered him to find his pride in her because for herself she knew there was nothing, nothing but an automaton existence, which by reason its of nature, could not find in the world anything to charm, or to interest, or to rejoice it. To many there was something too cold in the supreme indifference, the perfect calmness of the lady; but the most about her saw only the perfection of style in her manner and her manner, and they labored hard to imitate that which, alas! in Evelyn was but the natural expression of one whose heart is dead; over whom the burial service most solemn has been read; for whom in this world there is no possible resurrection.

So long as her husband lived, this was the wife's mode of life; but the old man died at last, and left his fortune without a single reservation to Evelyn. Then there was an instant change, that might have betokened much to the wondering world in her. Among her husband's relatives and her own, in charities wide and almost numberless, that immense property was dispersed, and penniless the widow went away from the world where she had suffered uncounted agonies, and shone a brilliant star to silence and obscurity in a convent.

There may be some glancing over this record who have not yet forgotten thus much of her history, and my words may now have awakened freshly in their remembrance the beautiful woman whose sudden departure from among them was an event so far beyond their comprehension. O, then, reader, could I unsalutary to you those years of convent life which passed over her head; could I tell you of the prayers that went up from the hearts of the holy sisterhood for her, day after day, through all those many years, a fountain of tears would open in your heart, that might never be sealed again; and bearing her in mind, how humble henceforth—may how thankfully—wouldst thou receive at thy Father's hand the cup of grief, knowing that these light afflictions, bitter though they seem, are but for a moment.

As I have already said, when Frederick was arrayed for the grave, and placed in his coffin, there was a wondrous calmness a strange composure in the face, the voice, the manner of the mother. Yes, for in her also had their been a death and a burial, and she had wept the last tears, had passed the last agony. All indeed of life was over to her; and whatsoever of misfortune or of suffering might yet befall her would be without a name, and without reality to hear. Of old a bright, bewildering light had danced in her large eyes, gloriously brilliant whenever heart was glad, mournfully sweet in the days of sorrow; that light was now entirely vanished, and it was chilling for the heart when she fixed her gaze on the things of the earth, which were now but as chaos, as void to her. Once in her youth, and after her marriage, indeed, her voice vibrated, like a rich stringed instrument, with every emotion, but a cold, even metallic ring, was now in the cadence of her words.

Jesse Clause knew that there was a change in his wife, but he could not understand it. When after two years of mourning she laid aside the dreary garments, and went with him into the world, to become like the mass with whom they mingled, only more brilliant, more courteous, more enchanting than the syrens there to be found, he was vastly proud of her—prouder than he had been when he wedded the timid, lovely girl. Freely he laid before her the wealth which made their dwelling-place to rival all others in splendor, and their magnificence became their fame. The life which Evelyn Clause now led was the same as is vouchsafed to many, and is lived in completeness by them; only her career as a fashionable woman was not marked or marred by littleness in any shape; she had no faults that any could discover; she was generous and just, not only to the beggar at her gate, to the people in her employ, but also to her daily companions, and to her husband. Her tongue spoke no evil or malice; her counsel was never denied when it was sought. But Evelyn was without God, without hope in the world. To him who had taken away the treasures that he gave, she never bowed her knee or soul. Into the house that is made with hands, the earthly courts of the Almighty, she never entered from the day of that last

funeral, which had gone forth from her home. There were a multitude who admired her, a multitude who envied her; but, alas! she was of all about her the most miserable; not because sick at heart—her heart was dead—but in that affliction had driven her from him who "wounds us for His mercy's sake."

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Mr. Pierce's soundness on the Compromise; but are nevertheless curious to know how it happens that editors who scanned with delight the replies of actual candidates, have not deigned to enlighten their readers in relation to the reply of the nominee—the man to whose response the accidents of the convention have attached a special importance.

There is propriety in reminding our contemporaries of the omission, because by a singular coincidence—or fatality—Mr. P. in his letter of acceptance does not notice the point mooted by Mr. Scott; and the omission is turned to account by Fessell prints as evidence of their own consistency in supporting Mr. Pierce's pretensions.

Let us have the epistle without further delay. Let us have tangible proof that the Democratic organs spoke truly when they said that before his nomination Mr. Pierce put his signature to a promise to veto any bill repealing or weakening the Fugitive law. The publication is essential, not less to vindicate their own character, than to place their candidate in a proper light before the country.—*Republic.*

## Confession of Jane Williams.

From the Richmond dispatch of yesterday, we learn that this negro has made a full confession of the murder of Mr. Winston and family. She confesses to her husband from all participation in the homicide.

From the same source, we learn that Mr. Winston is rapidly recovering, and there is every probability he will now get entirely well. His mind, although occasionally clouded, is almost restored. In reply to inquiries for his wife and child, he has been informed that they are sick at the house of a friend—in regard to his wounds, he has been told that he received them in a fall while walking in his sleep.

Full particulars of the confession will be found below.

On Saturday evening, about 7 o'clock, the Rev. Mr. Ryland, pastor of the African Baptist Church, of which Jane Williams is a member, visited her, and exhorted her to make her peace with God, as she would undoubtedly be hung. Jane replied that she intended doing so, and that there was something on her mind which she stated that she alone murdered Mrs. Winston, and her daughter, and inflicted the wounds upon Mr. Winston's head. She exhorted her husband entirely, stating that he was asleep at the time she committed the bloody deed and knew nothing of his perpetration. She did not go into the particulars of the transaction then.

Yesterday, by request, Mr. Starke, her jailor, questioned her concerning the matter, and she also made full and prompt confession to him of committing the murder. She said that a little before day-break, and in advance of her usual hour of rising, she rose without disturbing her husband, procured the broadsword which she kept in the kitchen, and entered the house, proceeded to Mr. Winston's room, and commenced her husband by knocking Mr. Winston senseless. He scarcely struggled. On leaving him she stepped around the bed, and commenced cutting into the head of Mrs. Winston.

Mrs. W.'s struggles were so great, that Jane says she inflicted stronger and more frequent blows upon her head than she did on Mr.'s in order to silence her quickly. She then killed the child, washed off the blood, and laid it in the cradle. She then reached the blood off of the hatchet, hid it and then gave the alarm. Jane further stated, that she considered she had been ill-treated by Mr. and Mrs. Winston, and had been brooding over her bloody revenge for some time.

The devil, she stated, had such possession of her last Monday morning, that she believed she could have went further than she did, if necessary. She denies stealing the watch and clothing, as our reporter misstated. She will probably reiterate her confession in full on Tuesday next, when brought up for trial.

[Petersburg Express.]

## For the Raleigh Times.

MR. EDITOR: The candidates for Governor addressed the voters of Henderson County, on Friday the 23d, and of Buncombe, on Saturday, the 24th, at each of which appointments they had large and attentive audiences. The voters of each county turned out to see and hear for themselves; and the result of the two meetings proved highly advantageous to our talented Whig candidate for Governor. Mr. Kerr's positions had been differently represented to the people of this district, and they had generally suspended their opinions until they had an opportunity of hearing him; and I take pleasure in announcing to your readers that he has fully satisfied every Whig, and that he so far convinced a number of Democrats of the correctness of his position, as to silence any open opposition to him.

Under the influence of party drill they vote for Gov. Reid, it will be without that warmth and enthusiasm that usually characterizes their support of their candidates. In the Whig ranks we had a genuine revival, such as will tell with effect upon the elections in August and November; and whenever you hear it said the West has cooled down, that there is less enthusiasm, less attachment to Whig principles, and less zeal for the cause than formerly, you may write it down a slander upon the Whigs of the Western Reserve. Mr. Kerr, both at Hendersonville and this place, marched boldly up to the issues, and fully satisfied every unprejudiced hearer, that an untried Convention is the only republican

mode of amending the Constitution, and that he was a thorough Convention man—he triumphantly refuted the charge attempted to be circulated to his injury that he had one set of opinions for the East and one for the West, by calling upon Gov. Reid who had been with him both in the East and West, to state if his positions here were different from what they were in other portions of the State. The Governor would not dare assert that he was dodging any question.

The facts taken together, that Mr. Kerr's opinions are more acceptable to this section than Gov. Reid's; that he is really a better free suffrage man than the Governor, proposing to secure free suffrage to the people in the only republican mode it can be obtained, will not fail to secure to him the entire Whig vote with a portion of the liberal minded Democrats of this division of the State.

I have said nothing of Mr. Kerr's ability on the stump, for the reason that his eloquence is known and appreciated all over the State; and where is there a North Carolinian that can hear John Kerr, and not feel proud of him as a native North Carolinian?

Having been in Burke and McDowell since the candidates for Governor were there, and having heard through a reliable source from Rutherford, the same favorable state of feeling was produced. My information from Rutherford is, that she will her usual Whig majority at the August election. No odds what reports you may hear to the contrary, the whole West may be set down as thoroughly Whig now, as heretofore; and John Kerr may be classed as one of the favorites of the West. These statements will be fully verified the 5th of August.

BUNCOMBE.

Asheville, July 26, 1852.

## THE FISHERY QUESTION.

The treaty of 1818 was negotiated by R. Rush, and it is under the British construction of the British Convention of that year, the British Ministry have issued their recent orders in regard to the Fisheries. Mr. Rush says, in regard to this convention, that he found it difficult to introduce that word 'forever' in opposition to the doctrine of the British government, that was should be considered as abrogating these rights. The British government for thirty-four years, acquiesced in the American construction.—The right of fishing is made absolute to certain defined coasts, bays, harbors and creeks, and there is a limitation of the right, as to all other coasts, bays, harbors and creeks, so far only as to prevent fishing within three marine miles thereof. The idea that this line of exclusion was to be drawn from headland to headland, instead of along the shores of bays, &c., originated with the legislature of Nova Scotia in '41, and was carried out only by an interpolation of the word "headland," which is not found in the convention.

A difficulty arose prior to 1845, between our fishermen and the British Colonial authorities, as to the construction of the terms of that convention, in an important particular. The British insisted then that the privilege given to the United States was to fish within three marine miles of the headlands. Mr. Stevenson, our Minister in England, urged upon the British government a proper regard to our construction of the convention of 1818. Lord Stanley requested Lord Falkland to suffer the question to lie till it could be further examined, and it appears, that he was in favor of the American construction, though the decision of the British government was, ultimately, adverse to the American construction.

Lord Aberdeen, it is known came to the determination to concede to America, fishermen their right of pursuing the occupation within the Bay of Fundy. Our fishermen had also the right to land and dry fish on certain unsettled and uninhabited shores. They may have abused this privilege. But the authorities of Prince Edward Island were desirous that the Americans should be allowed to land there; as by this means alone could they derive any profit from the fishers. They petitioned the British government to allow the Americans to land and cure their fish, and trade, &c.

The people of the British provinces do not, it is said, avail themselves, to any great extent, of their fisheries. The people of Newfoundland are not much concerned in the fisheries on their own banks, and they attribute the success of the Yankees, to the encouragement which they receive from the United States Government, in bounties, commercial treaties and securing to them foreign markets for their fish.

It seems to us that the British Government cannot for a moment sustain itself in the position now sought to be maintained by Lord Derby, and our government we are sure will not be driven from a right which we justly claim, and the justice of which so many in Great Britain have hitherto admitted.

Why does the blacksmith seem the most dissatisfied of all mechanics? Because he is continually striking for wages.

## A NARROW ESCAPE.

The men were about to pitch my tent near some suspicious looking holes, but I had it moved to a clear, open space not far distant. In the morning as Achmet was about rolling up my mattress, he suddenly let it drop and rushed out of the tent, exclaiming, "oh, master come out, come out, there is a great Snake in your bed!" I looked and true enough there was an ugly, spotted reptile coiled up in the straw matting. The men heard the alarm, and my servant Ali came running up with a club. As he was afraid to enter the tent he threw it to me, and with one blow I put the snake beyond power of doing harm. It was not more than two feet long, but thick and club-shaped, with a back covered with green, brown and yellow scales, very hard and bright. The Arabs, who by this time had come to the rescue, said it was a most venomous creature, its bite causing instant death. "Allah kereen!" (God is merciful!) I exclaimed, and they heartily responded, "God be praised!" They said that the occurrence denoted long life to me. Although no birds were to be seen at the time, not ten minutes had elapsed before two large crows appeared and alighted near the snake. The walked around it at a distance, occasionally exchanging glances and turning up their heads in a shrewd manner, which plainly said "No you don't old fellow! want to make us believe you are dead, do you?" They bantered to each other to take hold of it first, and at last the boldest seized it suddenly by the tail, jumped two or three feet and then let it fall. He looked at the other, as much as to say, "If he's not dead it's a capital sham!" The other made a similar essay, after which they alternately dragged and shook it, and consulted some time before they agreed that it was actually dead. One of them took it by the tail and sailed off through the air—its scales glittering in the sun as it dangled downward.—[Bayard Taylor's Letters from the Nile.]

## CALIFORNIA NEWS.

The Steamship United States, with ten days later intelligence from California, arrived at New York, on Thursday, at 9 o'clock, A. M. She brings intelligence of the entire destruction of the city of Sonoma by fire—loss \$1,000,000. Lt. Gov. Purdy, of California, and Major Sibley are among the passengers, and had their baggage robbed at Cruces of a large amount of gold, letters and valuable securities. Crime continues to increase throughout the country. The prospects of the miners are encouraging.

Dates from Oregon are to the 23d. In the election the Democrats claim a victory in the Legislature.

CRAWFORD'S STATUE.—The Sculptor writes to Mr. Mills, the architect of the Virginia Monument, as follows:

The statue, as I am now modeling it represents the great man in the act of meditation. He is partly enveloped in a cloak, which gives it a very scholastic effect and my object has been to create a perfect impression of thought. The costume, so far as it is seen, is the same worn by Jefferson. As soon as a cast of the actor is made in plaster, I will send you a photograph of it.

"Pa, how many legs has a ship?—A ship has no legs, my child." "Why, pa, the paper says she draws twenty feet, and that she runs before the wind."

A PASSING THOUGHT.—Rothschild is forced to content himself with the same sky as the poor newspaper-writer, and the great banker cannot order a private sunset, or add one ray to the magnificence of night. The same air swells all lungs. Each one possesses, really, only his own thoughts and his own senses, soul and body—these are the property which a man owns. All that is valuable is to be had for nothing in this world. Genius, beauty, and love are not bought and sold. You may buy a rich bauble, but not a well turned arm to wear it—a pearl necklace, but not a pretty throat with which it shall vie. The richest banker on earth would vainly offer a fortune to be able to write a verse like Byron. One comes into the world naked and goes out naked; the difference in the fineness of a bit of linen for a shroud is not much. Man is a handful of clay, which turns quickly back again into dust.

A walk, presumed to have been there where by a person suspected of passing counterfeit money, was found, as we learn from the *Marshall Eagle*, on the bank of the river near Gatersville, A. S., a few days since. It contained counterfeit bills, to the amount of about \$1058, as follows:

Seven \$100 bills on Merchants Bank of S. C.; one \$100 bill on the Canal Bank of New Orleans; two \$20 bills on the bank of Georgetown, S. C.; seven \$20 bills on the State Bank of N. C.; ten \$10 bills on the bank of Augusta—well executed; two \$3 bills on the Bank of Cape Fear, and one \$2 on the Bank of Kentucky.