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## A PRAYER FOR STRENGTH.

Give me thy strength, my Father; I am frail,  
And weak and helpless, unto thee I pray  
For strong upholding power, lest by the way  
My footsteps falter, and my courage fail.

I need thy strong assistance—many foes  
Are waging warfare with a fearful strife,  
While I, devoid of strength—almost of life—  
May not attempt such numbers to oppose.

Give me thy guidance, Father, round my way  
So many dangers lie and hidden snares,  
That I am fearful oft, lest unwares  
My feet into some secret pitfall stray.

The wrong so oft in guise of right appears,  
The evil often hidden from my view,  
That I am doubtful sometimes what to do;  
My brain bewildered and confused by tears.

How oft thy path-way clouds like night  
Spread darkness shadows, and no single ray  
Appears to show the safe and better way,  
Father, 'tis thou alone that can guide aright.

Give me thy grace, my Father, day by day,  
As new trials come, and earthly cares  
Increase the burden which my spirit bears;  
Thy grace to lighten care and cheer the way.

Give me thy grace when hope's glad ray appears,  
Gilding the future with its golden light,  
While I, enchanted by the glorious sight,  
Knew nought of sorrow or foreboding fears.

Oh! then I need thy grace to guide aright,  
Lest quite bewildered by the brilliant ray,  
I tread unheeding the flow'ry way,  
Till duty's safer path be lost to sight.

Give me thy guidance ever on my way  
Throughout the strangely varied path of life—  
Thy strength to conquer in the hour of strife,  
And all sufficient grace for every day.

## The Nervous Gentleman's Story.

In the fall of 1846, I was travelling eastward in a stage coach from Pittsburgh over the mountains. My fellow passengers were two gentlemen and a lady. The elder gentleman's appearance interested me exceedingly. In years he seemed about thirty; in air and manner he was calm, dignified and polished; and the contour of his features was singularly intellectual. He conversed freely on general topics, until the road became more abrupt and precipitous; but on my directing his attention to the great attitude of a precipice, on the verge of which our coach wheels were leisurely rolling, there came a marked change over his countenance. His eyes, so lately filled with the light of intelligent, beamed wild, restless and anxious; the mouth twisted spasmodically, and the forehead was beaded with a cold perspiration. With a sharp, convulsive shudder, he turned his gaze from the giddy height, and clutching my arm tightly with both hands, he clung to me like a drowning man.

"Use this cognac," said the lady, handing me a bottle, with the instinctive goodness of her sex. I sprinkled a little on his face, and he soon became somewhat more composed; but it was not until we had entirely traversed the mountains and descended to the country beneath, that his fine features relaxed from their perturbed look, and assumed the placid, quiet dignity I had first noticed.

"I owe an apology to the lady," said he with a bland smile and gentle inclination of head, to our fair companion, "as some explanation to my fellow travellers also; and perhaps I cannot better acquit myself of the double debt than by recounting the cause of my recent agitation."

"It may pain your feelings," delicately urged the lady.

"On the contrary, it will relieve them," was the respectful reply.

Having signified our several desires to hear more, the traveller thus proceeded:

"At the age of eighteen, I was light of heart, and light of foot, and, I fear, (here he smiled,) light of head. A fine picture on the right bank of the Ohio acknowledged me as sole owner. I was hastening home to enjoy it, and delighted to get free from a college life. The month was October, the air bracing, and the mode of conveyance a stage coach like this, only more cumbersome. The other passengers were few—but three in all—an old grey-headed planter of Louisiana, his daughter, a joyous bewitching creature about 17, and his son about ten years of age. They were just returning from France, of which country the young lady discoursed in terms so eloquent as to absorb my entire attention.

"The father was teetotal, but the daughter was vivacious by nature; and we soon became so mutually pleased with each other—she as a listener—that it was not until a sudden flash of lightning and a heavy dash of rain against the coach windows elicited an exclamation from my charming companion, that I noticed how night passed us. Presently there was a low rumbling sound, and then several tremendous peals of thunder, accompanied by successive flashes of lightning. The rain descended in torrents, and an angry wind began to howl and moon by turns through the forest trees. I looked from the window of our vehicle. The night was dark as ebony, but the lightning revealed the danger of our road. We were on the edge of a frightful precipice. I could see at intervals, huge jutting rocks far away down its side, and the sight made me solicitous for the safety of my fair companion. I thought of the mere hair breadths that were between us and eternity; a single little rock in the track of our coach-wheels—a tiny billet of wood—a stray root of a tempest-tree—was a resistive force, or a careless driver—any of these might hurl us from our sublimity existence with the speed of thought."

"'Tis a perfect tempest," observed the lady, as I withdrew my head from the window. "How I love a sudden storm! There is something so grand about the winds when fairly loose among the hills. I never encounter a night like this, but Byron's magnificent description of a thunder storm in the *Jura* recurs to my mind. But we are on the mountains yet?"

"Yes, we have begun the ascent."

"It is not said to be dangerous?"

"By no means," I replied, in a easy tone as I could assume.

"I only wish it were daylight, that we might enjoy the mountain scenery. But Jesu Marie! what's that?" and she covered her eyes from the glare of a sheet of lightning that illuminated the rugged mountain with brilliant intensity. A peal after peal of crashing thunder instantly succeeded; there was a very volume of rain coming down at each thunder-burst; and with the deep moaning of an animal as if in dreadful agony breaking upon my ears, I found that the coach had come to a dead halt.

"Louise, my beautiful fellow traveller, became as pale as ashes. She fixed her searching eyes on mine with a look of anxious dread, and turning to her father, hurriedly remarked—

"We are on the mountains?"

"I reckon so," was the unconcerned reply.

"With instant activity I put my head through the windows and called to the driver, but the only answer was the heavy moaning of an agonized animal borne past me by the soft wings of the tempest. I seized the handle of the door and strained at it vainly; it would not yield a jot. At that instant I felt a cold hand on mine, and heard Louise's voice faintly articulating in my ear the appalling words—

"The coach is being moved backwards!"

"God in Heaven! Never shall I forget the fierce agony with which I tugged at that coach door and called on the driver in tones that rivalled the force of the blast, whilst the dreadful conviction was burning in my brain that the coach was being moved slowly backwards!"

"What followed was of such swift occurrence that it seems to me like a frightful dream."

"I rushed against the door with all my force, but it mocked my utmost efforts. One side of our vehicle was sensibly going down, down, down. The moaning of the agonized animal became deeper and deeper, and I knew from the desperate plunges against its traces that it was one of our horses. Crash upon crash of hoarse thunder rolled over the mountain, and vivid sheets of lightning played around our devoted carriage as if in glee at our misery. By its light I could see for a moment—only for a moment—the old planter, standing erect, with his hands on his son and daughter, his eyes raised to heaven, and his lips moving like those of one in prayer. I could see Louise turn her ashy cheeks and superb eyes towards me as if imploring my protection, and I could see the bold glance of the young boy flashing indignantly defiance at the descending carriage, the war of elements, and the awful danger that awaited him. There was a roll—a desperate plunge, as if of an animal in the last throes of dissolution—a harsh, grating jar—a sharp, piercing scream of mortal terror, and I had but time to clasp Louise firmly with one hand around the waist, and seized the leather fastenings attached to the coach roof with the other, when we were precipitated over the precipice."

"I can distinctly recollect preserving consciousness for a few seconds of time, how rapidly my breath was being exhausted; but of that tremendous descent I soon lost all further individual knowledge by a concussion so violent that I was instantly deprived of sense and motion."

"The traveller paused. His features worked for a minute or two as they did while we were on the mountain; he pressed his hand across his forehead as if in pain, and then resumed his interesting story:

"On a low couch, in an humble room of a small country house, I next opened my eyes in this world of light and shade, and joy and sorrow, of mirth and madness. Gentle hands smoothed my pillow, gentle feet glided across my chamber, and a gentle voice hushed for a time all my questionings. I was kindly tended by a fair young girl about fifteen, who refused for several days to hold any discourse with me. At length, one morning, finding myself sufficiently recovered to sit up, I insisted on learning the result of the accident."

"You were discovered," said she, "sitting on the edge of a rock, amidst the branches of a shattered tree, clinging to a part of the roof of your broken coach with one hand, and to the insensible form of a lady with the other."

"And the lady?" I gasped, scanning the girl's face with an earnestness that caused her to draw back and blush.

"She was saved, sir, by the same means that saved you—the friendly tree."

"And her father and brother?" I impatiently demanded.

"Were both found crushed to pieces at the bottom of the precipice, a great way below the place where my father and uncle Joe got you and the lady. We buried their bodies in one grave, close by the clover patch down in our meadow ground."

"Poor Louise! poor orphan! God pity you!" I muttered, in broken tones, utterly unconscious that I had a listener.

"God pity her indeed, sir," said the young girl, with a gush of heartfelt sympathy. "Would you like to see her?" she added.

"Take me to her," I replied.

"I found the orphan bathed in tears, by the grave of her buried kindred. She received me with sorrowful sweetness of manner. I will not detain your attention by detailing the efforts I made to win her from her grief; but briefly acquaint you that I at last succeeded in inducing her to leave her father home in the sunny south; and that twelve months after the dreadful occurrence which I have related, we stood at the altar together as man and wife. She still lives to bless my love with her smiles, and my children with her good precepts; but on the anniversary of that terrible night, she secludes herself in her room, and devotes the hours of darkness to solitary prayer. As for me," added the traveller, with a faint flush tinged his noble brow at the recollection of a physical coward at the sight of a mountain precipice."

"But the driver," urged our lady passenger, who had attended to the recital of the story with much attention—"what became of the driver? or did you ever learn the reason of his deserting his post?"

"His body was found on the road, within a few steps of the spot where the coach went over. He had been struck dead by the same flash of lightning that blinded the resistive horse."

"The traveller here fell into a musing attitude, as if all further allusion to the subject would be unpleasing to him. Shortly after this we reached the railroad station, where I parted from the nervous gentleman with feelings of profound esteem."

## Judge Jeffreys—Trial of Baxter.

He (Jeffreys) was a man of quick and vigorous parts, but constitutionally prone to insolence and the angry passions. When just emerging from boyhood, he had risen into practice at the Old Bailey bar—a bar where advocates have always used a license of tongue unknown in Westminster Hall. Here during many years, his chief business was to examine and cross examine the most hardened miscreants of the great capital. Daily conflicts with prostitutes and thieves called out and exercised his powers so effectually that he became the most consummate bully ever known in his profession. All tenderness for the feelings of others, all self-respect, all sense of the becoming were obliterated from his mind. He acquired a boundless command of the terms in which the vulgar express hatred and contempt. The profusion of maledictions and vituperative epithets which composed his vocabulary could hardly have been rivalled in the fish market or bear garden. His countenance and his voice must have been unamiable. But these natural advantages (for such he seems to have thought them) he improved to such a degree, that there were few who, in his paroxysms of rage, could see or hear him without emotion. Impudence and ferocity sat upon his brow. The glare of his eyes had a fascination for the unhappy victim on whom they were fixed. Yet his brow and his eye were said to be less terrible than the savage lines of his mouth. His yell of fury (as was said by one who had often heard it) sounded like the thunder of the judgment day. These qualifications he carried, while still a young man, from the bar to the bench. He early became Common Sergeant, and then Recorder of London. As a judge at the city sessions, he exhibited the same propensities which afterwards in a higher post, gained for him an unenviable immortality. Already might be remarked in him the most odious vice which is incident to human nature, a delight in misery, merely as misery. There was a fiendish exultation in the way in which he pronounced sentence on offenders. Their weeping and imploring seemed to titillate him voluptuously, and he loved to search them into fits by dilating with luxuriant amplification on all the details of what they had to suffer.

The trial of Baxter, the celebrated Non-conformist, supplies an admirable specimen of the fashion in which a criminal case was conducted under these respectable auspices in the year 1685—

When the trial came on, a crowd of those who loved and honored Baxter, filled the court. • • • Two Whig barristers of great note, Pollexfen and Wollop, appeared for the defendant. Pollexfen had scarce begun his address to the jury, when the Chief Justice broke forth: "Pollexfen, I know you well, I will set a mark upon you. You are a patron of the faction. This is an old rogue, a schematical knave, a hypocritical villain. He hates the Liturgy. He would have nothing but long-winded cant without book; and then his lordship turned up his eyes, clasped his hands, and began to sing through his nose, in imitation of what he supposed to be Baxter's style of praying, "Lord, we are thy people, thy peculiar people, thy dear people." Pollexfen gently reminded the court that his late Majesty had thought Baxter deserving of a bishopric. "And what ailed the old blockhead, then," cried Jeffreys, "that he did not take it?" His fury now rose to madness. He called Baxter a dog, and swore that it would be no more than justice to whip such a villain through the whole city. • • • Baxter himself attempted to put in a word; but the Chief Justice drowned all expostulation in a torrent of rudeness and invective, mingled with scraps of Hudibras. "My lord," said the old man, "I have been much blamed by dissenters for speaking respectfully of bishops." "Baxter for bishops," cried the judge; "that's a merry conceit, indeed. I know what you mean by bishops; rascals like yourself, Kidderminster bishops, grasping Presbyterians." Again Baxter essayed to speak, and again Jeffreys bellowed, "Richard, Richard, dost thou think we will let thee poison the court? Richard, thou art an old knave. Thou hast written books enough to load a cart, and every book as full of sedition as an egg is full of meat. By the grace of God, I'll look after thee. I see a great many of your brotherhood waiting to know what will befall their mighty Don. But by the grace of God Almighty, I will crush you all."

"The noise of weeping was heard from some of those who surrounded Baxter: 'snivelling calves!' said the judge. —*Macculey's History of England.*

## History of the Sabbath.

The Creator has given us a natural restorative—sleep; and a moral restorative—Sabbath-keeping; and it is ruin to dispense with either. Under the pressure of high excitement, individuals have passed weeks together with little sleep or none; but when the process is long continued, the over driven powers rebel, and fever, delirium and death come on; nor can the natural mode be systematically curtailed without corresponding mischief. The Sabbath does not arrive like sleep. The day of rest does not entrance us almost whether we will or not; but addressing us as intelligent beings, our Creator assures us that we need it, and bids us to its return, and court its renovation. And if, going in the face of the Creator's kindness, we force ourselves to work all days alike, it is not long till we pay the forfeit. The mental worker—the man of business, or the man of letters—finds his ideas coming turbid and slow; the equipage of his faculties is upset; grows moody, fitful and capricious; with his mental elasticity broken, should any disaster occur, he subsides into habitual melancholy, or in self destruction speeds his guilty exit from a gloomy world. And the manual worker, the artisan, the engineer, toiling on from day to day, and week to week, the bright intuition of his eye gets blunted, and forgetful of his cunning, his fingers no longer perform their feats of twinkling agility, nor by a plastic and tuneful touch, mould dead matter, or wield mechanic power, but, mingling his life's blood in his daily drudgery, his looks are prematurely gray, his genial humor sours, and slaving it till he has become a morose or reckless man, for any extra effort or any blink of balmy feeling, he must stand indebted to opium or alcohol.—*North British Review.*

## A Profitable Trade in Riddles.

[From the German.]

Nine persons sailed from Basle down the Rhine. A Jew, who wished to go to Schalampi, was allowed to come on board, and journey with them, upon condition that he would conduct himself with propriety, and give the captain eighteen kreutzers for his passage.

Now, it is true something jingled in the Jew's pocket when he struck his hand against it; but the only money therein was a twelve kreutzer piece, for the other was a brass button. Notwithstanding this, he accepted the offer with gratitude; for he thought to himself—"something may be earned, even upon the water."—There is many a man who has grown rich upon the Rhine.

During the first part of the voyage the passengers were very talkative and merry, and the Jew, with his wallet under his arm, for he did not lay it aside, was the object of mirth and mockery, as, alas, is often the case with those of his nation. But as the vessel sailed onward, and passed Thuringen and Saint Veit, the passengers one after another grew silent, and gaped, and gazed listlessly down the river, until one cried—

"Come, Jew; do you know any pastime that will amuse us? Your fathers must have contrived many a one during their journey in the wilderness."

"Now is the time," thought the Jew, "to shear my sheep!" and he proposed that they should sit around in a circle, and propound various curious questions to each other, and he, with their permission would be permitted to sit with them.—Those who could not answer the question should pay the one who propounded them a twelve kreutzer piece.

This proposal pleased the company; and hoping to divert themselves with the Jew's wit or stupidity, each one asked, at random, whatever chanced to enter his head.

Thus, for example, the first asked—How many soil boiled eggs could the giant Goliath eat upon an empty stomach?"

All said it was impossible to answer that question, and each paid his twelve kreutzers.

But the Jew said—One; for he who has eaten one egg, cannot eat another upon an empty stomach; and the others paid him twelve kreutzers.

The second thought—Wait Jew! I will try you out of the New Testament, and I think I shall win my piece.—Why did the Apostle Paul write the second epistle to the Corinthians?"

"The Jew said—because he was not in Corinth—otherwise he would have spoken to them." So he won another twelve kreutzer piece.

When the third said that the Jew was so well versed in the Bible, he tried him in a different way—Who prolongs his work to as great a length as possible, and still completes it in time?"

"The ropemaker, if he is industrious," said the Jew.

In the meantime they drew near to a village, and one said to the other—That is Bambach."

"Then the fourth asked—In what month do the people of Bambach eat the least?"

"The Jew said—In February; for it has only twenty-eight days."

"The fifth said—There are two natural brothers, and still, only one of them is my uncle."

"The Jew said—The uncle is your father's brother, and your father is not your uncle."

A fish now leaped out of the water, and the sixth asked—What fish have their eyes nearest together?"

"The Jew said, the smallest."

The seventh asked—How can a man ride from Basle to Bern, in the shade in the summer time, when the sun shines?"

"The Jew said—When he comes to a place where there is no shade he must dismount and go on foot."

The eighth asked—When a man rides in the winter-time from Bern to Basle, and has forgotten his gloves, how must he manage so that his hands shall not freeze?"

"The Jew said—He must make fists out of them."

The ninth was the last. This one asked—How can five persons divide five eggs, so that each man shall receive one, and still one remain in the dish?"

"The Jew said—The last man takes the dish with the egg, and he can let it lie there as long as he pleases."

But now it came to his turn, and he determined to make a good sweep. After many preliminary compliments, he asked with an air of mischievous friendliness—How can a man try two trout in three pans so that a trout may lie in each pan?"

No one could answer this, and one after the other gave him a twelve kreutzer piece.

But when the ninth desired that he should solve the riddle, he rocked to and fro, shrugged his shoulders, and rolled his eyes. "I am a poor Jew," he said at last.

The rest cried—What has that to do with it? Give us the answer!"

"You must not take it amiss, for I am a poor Jew." At last, after much persuasion, and many promises that they would do him no harm, he thrust his hand into his pocket, took out one of the twelve kreutzer pieces that he had won, laid it upon the table, and said—I do not know the answer any more than you. Here are my twelve kreutzers."

When the others heard these words, they opened their eyes, and said that this was scarcely according to agreement. But as they could not control their laughter, and were wealthy and good natured men, and as the Jew had helped them to while away the time from Saint Veit to Schalampi, they let it pass, and the Jew took with him from the vessel—let a good arithmetician reckon up for me how much the Jew carried home with him. He had a twelve kreutzer piece, and a brass button when he came on board. He won nine twelve kreutzer pieces by his answers, nine with his own riddle, one he paid back, and eighteen kreutzers he gave to the captain.

According to a statement in the St. Louis Union, since the 1st of January, 1849, there have been smogged, suns, burnt, and damaged on the Western waters 38 steamboats. A rough estimate brings the total loss not far from \$1,000,000.

## Mistakes of the Rich.

The Egyptian King, who, swollen with grandeur, ordered a colossal staircase built to his new palace, discovered to his chagrin, when it was completed, that he required a ladder to get from one step to the other. He had forgotten that a King's legs, after all, were as short as a beggar's. Aggrandize as we may, the limits of our senses check us miserably at every moment. You call yourself proprietor! Houses and pictures outlive you, and after taking your will of them for a short time, you are carried out of your own door, feet foremost, never again to enter it. "Proprietors" you were, perhaps, of fairs and castles, estates and mountains—but now you own nothing but a hole in the ground, 6 feet by 2!

The artist who visits your gallery while you live and own it, enjoys it more than you. You are rich enough to die twenty-four times a day, but you must eat sparingly to enjoy dining even once. Your cellar is full of exquisite wines, but you can only drink one bottle yourself, and to help you use your store, you are obliged to call around you friends, relatives, parasites—a little world who live upon your substance, and who, instead of gratitude: are likelier to make you a return in envy. You have thirty horses in your stable; you cannot mount but once—ride after but two to four.

To be truly rich, one should have stomachs in proportion to the number of dinners he could afford, senses excluding according to stock in bank, supple vigor and sensibility to concentrate; and return all the love he could propitiate with gifts. At the close of his life the richest man has hardly spent more upon his own enjoyment than the poor man. He has eaten twice a day, slept in a bed alone or with one wife, and the poor man can do as much and the proprietor scarcely more.

Rothschild is forced to content himself with the same sky as the poor newspaper writer, and the great banker cannot order a private sunset nor add one ray to the magnificence of the night. The same air swells all lungs. The same kind of blood fills all veins. Each one possesses, really, only his own thoughts and his own senses. Soul and body—these are all the property which a man completely owns.

All that is valuable in this world is to be had for nothing. Genius, beauty and love, are not bought and sold. You may buy a rich bracelet, but not a well turned arm on which to wear it; a pearl necklace, but not a pearly throat with which it shall vie. The richest banker on earth would vainly offer his fortune 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 is not much. Man is a handful of clay which turns rapidly back again to dust, and which is compelled nightly to relapse into the nothingness of sleep, to get strength to commence life again on the morrow.

In this life, so paraken by annihilation, what is there that is real? Is it our sleeping or our waking—our dreaming or our thought? Do we arise (to the more valuable life) when we go to bed, or go to bed when we arise? Man is no proprietor! Or he owns but the breath as it traverses his lips, and the idea as it flits across his mind. And even the idea often belongs to another.—*Home Journal.*

## SONG.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

There is dew for the flow'ret,  
And honey for the bee;  
And bowers for the wild bird,  
And love for you and me!

There are tears for the many,  
And pleasures for the few;  
But let the world pass on, dear,  
There's love for me and you!

There is care that will not leave us,  
And pain that will not flee;  
But on our hearts unaltered  
Sits love, 'twixt you and me!

Our love it ne'er was reckoned,  
Yet good it is and true;  
It's half the world to me, dear,  
It's all the world to you!

For the Wives and Daughters.

MECHANICS' WIVES.—Speaking of the middle ranks of life a good writer observes—"There we behold women in her glory; not a doll to carry silk and jewels; not a puppet to be flattered by profane adoration—reverenced to-day, discarded to-morrow; always jostled out of the place which nature and society would assign her, by sensuality or by contempt; admired, but not respected; desired but not esteemed; ruled by passion not affection; imparting her weakness not her constancy, to the sex she could exalt; the source and mirror of vanity—we see her a wife, partaking the care and cheering the anxiety of a husband, dividing his toils by her domestic diligence, spreading cheerfulness around her; for his sake sharing the decent refinements of the world, without being vain of them, placing all her joys and happiness in the man she loves. As a mother we find her the affectionate and ardent instructor of the children whom she has tended from their infancy, training them to thought and benevolence; addressing them as rational beings; preparing them to become men and women in their turn. Mechanics' daughters make the best wives in the world."

THE MOTHER.—A writer beautifully remarks that a man's mother is the representative of his maker. Misfortune, and even crime, set no barriers between her and her son. While his mother lives he will have one friend on earth who will not listen when he is slandered, who will not desert him when he suffers, who will soothe him in his sorrows, and speaks to him of hope when he is ready to despair. Her affections know no ebbing tide. It flows on from a pure fountain, and speaks happiness through this vale of tears, and ceases only at the ocean of eternity.

CENSORIOUSNESS.—He who blames others the most is usually the most to be blamed. A quick eye to detect the faults of another, has usually a blind side to its own. A sharp tongue moved by an unquiet spirit wanteth not words and complaints. To rebuke, reprove, exhort, with all long-suffering and patience, and prayer, is one thing. To reprove sharply, and with a censorious spirit, is another: "Thou hypocrite, first cast the beam out of thine own eye, then thou shalt see clearly to cast the mote out of thy brother's eye."

TEMPTATION.—That temptation which at first is but a little cloud, as big as a man's hand, may quickly overspread the whole heaven. Our engaging in sin is the motion of a stone down hill—"it strengthens itself by going," and the longer it runs, the more violently. Beware of the smallest beginnings of temptations. No wise man will neglect or slight the smallest spark of fire, especially if he sees it among barrels of gunpowder. You carry gunpowder about you—O, take heed of sparks.

The gates of Canton were to be thrown open to foreigners on the 6th of April, and trouble was anticipated with the natives. This is in accordance with the English treaty.

## Choice Paragraphs.

SOCIAL LOVE.—How sweet is social affection! When the world is dark without, we have light within. When cares disturb the breast, when sorrow broods about the heart, what joy gathery in the circle we love! We forget the world, with all its animosities, while blessed with social kindness. That man cannot be unhappy who has hearts that vibrate in sympathy with his own; who is cheered by the smiles of affection, and the voice of tenderness. Let the world be dark and cold, let the hate and animosity of bad men gather about him in the place of business—but when he enters the ark of love, his own cherished circle, he forgets all these and the cloud passes from his brow and the sorrow from his heart. The warm sympathies of his wife and children dispel every shadow, and he feels a thrill of joy in his bosom, which words are not adequate to express.

"CHRISTOPHER NORTH."—Wilson is by nature a lion, and will be to the end of the chapter. His stalwart figure, unbent by age, passes along our streets the image of Triton amongst the minnows. The long flowing hair, slightly grizzled by the enemy, escapes from beneath the broad eaves of his beaver, and descends like the smoke-wreathed locks of an antique Jupiter, over the snowy petals of shirt collar that flank the breadth of his ambrosial visage—giving altogether a peculiar and picturesque aspect to the head and its arrangements. This massive capital, elevated on Atlantean shoulders, and the almost gigantic bulk, borne along with speed and firmness of step, bespeaking dauntlessness and decision of character, sufficiently mark the man.—*Tait's Magazine.*

CHIEF JUSTICE MANSFIELD.—This great lawyer, probably with a view to prolong his own days, was always anxious when old witnesses were in court, to know their customary habits of life. It so happened that two very old men by the name of Elm were one day the objects of his inquiry. "You are a very old man," said his lordship to the elder brother, "I suppose you have lived a very temperate life?" "Never drank anything but water, my lord," said Elm. "Nor you neither, I suppose?" said the judge, addressing himself to the younger brother. "When I could get nothing else, my lord," was the reply. "I always took my glass with my friend." "Well then," replied his lordship, "all we can say is, an elm will flourish, wet or dry."

SCARCITY OF YOUNG CELEBRITIES.—It is rather curious at first, to one unfamiliar with the artistic world, to see how little youth is to be met with amongst the celebrities. Our young poets are middle-aged men; our rising authors are bald; our distinguished painters are passing into the "sore and yellow leaf;" our very young Englishers are getting gray and puffy. The truth is, life is short, and art is long; and although a privileged man does sometimes, in the ardor of youth, reach the summit of reputation by a bound, either from the prodigal richness of his genius, or from having hit the favor of the moment, yet, as a general rule, celebrity is slowly gained, and not without many years of toilsome effort.—*Leves.*

FRIENDSHIP.—Smooth, cheerful of aspect are the familiarities of daily life, but who can mistake their roving glances for the steadfast, fearful, unfathomable eyes of friendship. There was an everlasting truth in the words of that woman, who, when asked why her love and interest clung so closely, so obstinately, so unceasingly around one whom the world neglected, and who perchance deserved its neglect, said, for all answer, "I have wept with him." And who questions the eternity of a tie thus cemented? We are joined together as by nails, which pierce while they unite, but which cannot be extracted without shivering the wood they have penetrated.

HOW TO EDUCATE.—Education is not the putting a sharp weapon into a man's hand, but training him to employ for good purposes whatever weapon may come in his way. Let the school-master, when he is abroad, step into the menagerie, and borrow thence the leading principles of his art. We know better how to educate a lion than a man. Education is to train a child out of bad habits into good, and reading or writing are useful or hurtful just as they aid, or hinder, the accomplishment of this end.—*Rev. W. Arnold.*

THE MOTHER.—A writer beautifully remarks that a man's mother is the representative of his maker. Misfortune, and even crime, set no barriers between her and her son. While his mother lives he will have one friend on earth who will not listen when he is slandered, who will not desert him when he suffers, who will soothe him in his sorrows, and speaks to him of hope when he is ready to despair. Her affections know no ebbing tide. It flows on from a pure fountain, and speaks happiness through this vale of tears, and ceases only at the ocean of eternity.

CENSORIOUSNESS.—He who blames others the most is usually the most to be blamed. A quick eye to detect the faults of another, has usually a blind side to its own. A sharp tongue moved by an unquiet spirit wanteth not words and complaints. To rebuke, reprove, exhort, with all long-suffering and patience, and prayer, is one thing. To reprove sharply, and with a censorious spirit, is another: "Thou hypocrite, first cast the beam out of thine own eye, then thou shalt see clearly to cast the mote out of thy brother's eye."

TEMPTATION.—That temptation which at first is but a little cloud, as big as a man's hand, may quickly overspread the whole heaven. Our engaging in sin is the motion of a stone down hill—"it strengthens itself by going," and the longer it runs, the more violently. Beware of the smallest beginnings of temptations. No wise man will neglect or slight the smallest spark of fire, especially if he sees it among barrels of gunpowder. You carry gunpowder about you—O, take heed of sparks.

# THE PATRIOT.

## From California.

The last arrivals from California (which by the way, are now some two or three weeks old), bring the proceedings of several meetings of citizens to consider of the necessity of forming a provisional government. The convention for that purpose was to have been held the 5th of March, but has been changed to the 1st of May.

Among the letters received is a long one from Capt. Polson, of the army, to Gen. Jessup, which has been published in the *Intelligencer* and *Union*. The following paragraphs from it are of interest:

"The fact is brought freely home to the apprehension of every intelligent man that there is no government and no law in California. A general feeling of insecurity depresses the whole population, and operates most injuriously upon all classes of society. Crowds of men are flocking from all quarters of the country, and among them are persons of bad character and desperate fortunes; and every thing about them affords a reasonable assurance that every kind of villainy may be practiced with impunity throughout the territory.

"The only tribunals which have attempted any jurisdiction in cases of murder, &c., some months past, are those formed for the occasion, as it arises, and offenders generally escape, or, if they are taken, it is amidst the phrensy of popular excitement, where the guilty and innocent may be victims together. Several executions have taken place in pursuance of this kind of law, and it is supposed that several will be announced by the next mail from the South. In the mean time outrages are occurring in all quarters of the country, and the public astonishment has scarcely subsided after one murder has transpired before another is committed more horrible than the first. Housebreaking, thefts, and robberies are of almost hourly occurrence. This state of things must continue until we have the firm and steady rein of government extended over the territory by Congress.

"The trade of the country is rapidly increasing, in consequence of the mines and the great influx of population. For several months past the average amount of duties collected at this port, exclusive of the expenses of the custom house, has been rising \$30,000, and it is thought it will exceed \$60,000 the present month. It will be safe, I think, to put the revenue of California, for the current year, at \$1,000,000, and four-fifths of this will be collected at this port. The amount paid is becoming a subject of comment, and the fact that a population paying such a tax has no government and no representation is exciting very general dissatisfaction. Should Congress again adjourn without any action in relation to this territory, it will create still more violent comment, and might lead to some measures on the part of the people of the country which would bring lasting disgrace upon our flag."

## Emigration of Slaves to the Southwestern States.

The Hon. S. Heydenfeldt some time since addressed a communication to the Governor of Alabama, on the subject of preventing any further immigration of slaves into that State, on any account whatever. He strongly insists upon the policy of such prohibition, thus compelling the more Northern of the slave-holding States to keep their surplus slave population among themselves. His letter is to be regarded as another indication of the growing disposition of the people of the Southwest in favor of this policy. In the event of a consummation thereof, and the consequent increase, to an incalculable extent, of a profitless and burdensome surplus of negro population among us, what is to be the upshot of the matter? The question is a grave one, and growing in importance. For the purpose of keeping our readers advised of the growth of opinion on this subject, we subjoin an extract from Judge Heydenfeldt's letter:

"The measure here contemplated is more extensive in its operation. It is to prevent the future immigration of slaves for any purpose whatsoever, and to be so framed as to vindicate itself by the forfeiture of the slave introduced contrary to its provisions, and the still further punishment of the law-breaker as a felon.

This, and this only, is deemed sufficient severity to insure to the State that self-protection which her situation demands—the reasons for which I will now proceed to give.

It is evident to any one who is not a careless observer that a restless and uneasy state of public feeling exists in the slave States north of us upon the subject of slavery. Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Missouri are pervaded with a feeling of hostility to the institution, which is only suspended from open exhibition and action by the dread of pecuniary loss, and the hope of finally shifting their slave population for value received upon the Southwestern States. This last alternative will doubtless be accelerated by the enactment of prospective emancipation laws; which means simply what it has ever meant by the States which have already abolished slavery—that is that their citizens may have time enough to sell us their slaves, and, having pocketed the price, to unite against us in the unjust and bitter crusades of the Northern Abolitionists.

It will then be easy to foresee that the Gulf States must become the St. Domingo of the continent, or rush into a war of extermination, for their capital.

The States above mentioned comprise more than half the political strength of the slave States. It is therefore wise to endeavor to preserve our strength by keeping them on our side and united with us in the same interest. This must be the result of the measure here advocated, not merely from the money value which these States affix to their slave population, but from the necessity of keeping in the only proper mode of subjection a class which otherwise will become a fearful nuisance. Or, if they be sincere in their ideas of abolition, if they are actuated by a kindly sympathy for the condition of the slave, then at least we force them to turn their slaves loose upon their respective domains, and thus keep their own consciences and submit to their own loss. But it may be safely said that this latter alternative need not be apprehended. They dare not turn them loose.

But a stronger reason for immediate action upon this question lies nearer at home, and may be a startling assertion to those who have never investigated the subject. We have in our midst the germ of an anti-slavery party—not in the

sense of the term—not men who sympathize with the slave, and would therefore turn them loose upon society; but composed of those who are weary of the struggle of unproductive labor; those who deem of slavery that it has produced pecuniary woe but barrenness, and politically ought but bitterness; those who desire more populous white communities for the purposes of trade and education; and of those who regard the slave as their rival in production. This combination of opinion against slavery has prodigiously increased within a few years, and is now increasing among us at a rapid pace. Numbers are every day added to those who long for the exodus of the slave; and unless we adopt, as a conservative measure, the plan here proposed, the time will come when we will see our capital in this species of property prostrated at a blow, and when, unprepared for such a change by any of the steps which a prudent foresight always adopts in mitigation, we will be in the same condition of poverty and embarrassment, without hope, which the misrule of Great Britain upon this same question has inflicted upon her west India dependencies. Upon this subject we cannot take the past as any indication for the security of the future. We cannot, for the first time, see, within a short travel of us, the practical as well as political limitation of slave territory, whilst the business of slave-breeding has extended in almost the same ratio as the productiveness of slave labor has diminished.

Some may think this an imprudent exposition under the present aspect of the relations existing between the North and South. I humbly conceive that those relations create a still stronger reason why the eyes of the South should be opened to the truth upon the question of extending slavery into the new territories. If there is anything which can unite the South in a firm and determined attitude to resist any deprivation of her rights of emigration and occupation, it is the fact that she is already over-supplied with a laboring population not sufficiently productive to remunerate her, and about the future fate of which she is compelled to entertain just and reasonable apprehensions.

Thus far the argument has been exclusively on the ground of self-defence. I propose now to consider it in its other aspects, and to answer some of the objections I have met with.

I insist that the unproductiveness of slave labor, and its gradual but certain impoverishment of our State, is a sufficient reason for limiting its further propagation among us. Cotton and sugar are the only staples to which slave labor is reasonably fitted, and as but a small proportion of the slaves in the Union would soon fill up the lands profitably suited for the sugar culture, we are driven to assume that the cultivation of cotton is the only thing which can afford regular employment to the great mass of this population. In our State, upon an average calculation, cotton at its present price will hardly pay the expense of producing it, and it is only in the fertile valleys of the Southwestern rivers that it can be profitably raised; and there, even, at low prices.

To these valleys the slave emigration of the non-cotton producing States is rapidly tending, and we are beset with the fear of over-production as well from that source as from the natural propagation of those now among us. The number of cotton laborers is constantly and rapidly increasing here and in the best producing portion of the South, no one will contest, whilst, on the other hand, we have no safe data upon which we can calculate for the increase of consumption beyond the natural increase of the populations of those countries which consume it, to which may be added a small increased consumption usually attendant upon the lowness of price; of all which, we may safely assert, cannot keep pace with the present increasing production. This alone must finally depreciate the value of slaves among us until their transfer will become a mere nominal consideration.

One of the effects which the measure I propose would have upon our State would be at once felt not only in curtailing the increasing supply of cotton, but, in what is a natural corollary, the employment of capital in other pursuits which never have been less profitable than cotton planting, and which, at the present prices of cotton, are so infinitely superior as to require no detailed examination.

It may be asked whether the views here presented are not sufficient to impel our planters into the various other enterprises which are alluded to, by the considerations of their own interest, without the adoption of a measure which at first blush may revolt our feelings by its exclusiveness? I answer no! The habit of a pursuit is as strong as any other kind of habit. Our people are accustomed to what they conceive an old and safe investment. If they make but little money directly by the production of labor, or merely pay expenses, they nevertheless suppose that they make a reasonable profit by the natural increase of their slaves, and do not reflect that, in a rational point of view, if the workers are unproductive, so must be their issue.

Again, they know nothing about other pursuits, and as long as, with their surplus cash, they can purchase slaves, this habit, amounting to a constitutional indolence, will prevent their entering upon any investigation of other employments. To that investigation, and consequent expectant fruits, they can only be driven by an unbending necessity. Our immense water power—our coal, iron, lead, marble, granite, lumber, turpentine—our capacity to produce wool and silk and hemp—to build railways, and to carry on commerce, may all in turn, be presented to their minds in liveliest colors, and will produce but a barren assent. The State of Alabama is now poorer than she was fifteen years ago—notwithstanding that, within that period of time, there has been expended within her limits nearly ten millions of foreign capital, and for which a heavy State debt is now hanging over her people, at the same time that her resources for taxation are every day diminishing; and while a question of fearful domestic import is agitated for her destruction, her political strength is yielding to the rottenness of a system which must finally reduce it to a cypher. The statistics of population exhibit that, as slaves increase, the white population decreases. This seems to be a law of population. With us, in the aggregate, it is undeniable, that slaves continue to increase, and if this is permitted to progress, with the consequent diminution of white population, the far future of the South presents a picture, which, although now but "seen through a glass darkly," is of sufficient gloom to arouse into action her best energies, and prevent her from quiescently transmitting to posterity a problem, the solution of which seems a dreary task."

**Population of Canada.**—The official estimates make the present population of the two Canadas very nearly a million and a half of people—in actual figures, 1,491,421; of whom 768,334 reside in Lower, and 723,087 in Upper Canada. Each of these colonies sends forty-two members to the provincial parliament.

## Depopulation.

The following paragraph from the *Greensborough* (Ala.) Beacon, notices a process of emigration too well known for the older States of the South:

"An unusually large number of movers have passed through this village within the past two or three weeks. One day of last week, upwards of thirty wagons and other vehicles belonging to emigrants, mostly from Georgia and South Carolina, passed through on their way, most of them bound to Texas and Arkansas."

This tide of emigration does not emanate from an overflowing population. Very far from it.—Rather it marks an abandonment of a soil which, exhausted by injudicious culture, will no longer repay the labor of tillage. The emigrant turning his back upon the home of his childhood, leaves a desolate region, it may be, and finds that he can indulge in his feelings of local attachment only at the risk of starvation.

How are the older States of the South to keep their population? We say nothing of an increase—but how are they to hold their own?—It is useless to talk about strict construction, State Rights or Wilmot Provisos. Of what avail can such things be to a sterile desert upon which people cannot subsist?

The South must adopt other sorts of industry besides that which is employed in the production of cotton. It must encourage a variety of pursuits adapted to the manifold facilities and capabilities of an intelligent community. In a word, manufacturing and mechanical industry must get a foothold at the South, if she would find profitable employment for her people, develop her own resources, and maintain a position among prosperous communities.

There is no help otherwise. Out of no theory of political construction can the South derive the elements of a substantial growth and strength—if that varied industry be wanting which blends the intellect of man with the materials which nature furnishes for articles of use. Whether our Government be Federal or national; whether the Constitution forms merely a league of independent sovereignties, or is the cementing principle of one United Republic; whether the States are the constituents of the General Government, or whether the latter is an emanation from the great mass of the people—these are questions which, important as they may be in their place, will never restore fertility to an impoverished cotton plantation in South Carolina, let them be discussed from one year's end to another.

The next census will be likely to announce some important facts—facts for which reasons will be demanded. Where there are results, there must be causes. Where tendencies exist and continue to operate steadily and uniformly there must be principles at work which take particular forms of manifestation by reason of inevitable laws. Neither progress on the one hand nor decay on the other, characterizing the history of States, can be deemed accidental—unless upon the assumption that all distinctions between wisdom and folly are imaginary and null. The next census, we repeat, will contain a vast volume of instruction. It will speak not in the language of passion or excitement, but in the dialect of facts stamped with their unmistakable aspect of inflexible reality.—*Balt. American*.

## The Late Administration.

The *Cincinnati Atlas* sharply reviews the course of the late Executive of the United States, in an article containing a great deal more of truth than flattery. Take the following extracts for a sample of its general truthfulness:

"Two principles of foreign policy have been acted upon by the late Administration which are utterly alien to the American character, and should at once be rejected by the new Administration. The first is the idea of meddling with the affairs of foreign nations. Take even the acts of Congress in this particular, and what have we got by them? Our resolutions about the Pope and Germany, if read now, sound infinitely absurd. We congratulated the Pope upon his liberal principles, and he is now struggling to resist absolutism upon the Republic of Rome! We congratulated Germany upon her liberties, and posterity will vainly ask, whom it was that we congratulated? But we need pursue this chapter no further. We fancy that Congress and the Executive have got pretty well tired of meddling with other people's affairs.

"The first principle acted upon by the late President was to make a foreign diplomat office the mere reward of the most menial partizan services. Any nation will be disgraced which acts upon that principle. There is no office which requires more tact, worth, and dignity than that of an ambassador; but what do we find? Men who have performed the meanest political services shoved off into foreign courts because they were not fit for anything at home! Just look at some of them!

"To put in men of this description Mr. Polk enforced one of the most remarkable proscriptions and overtures which has ever occurred in the annals of any Government. Of thirty-two ambassadors, charges d'affaires, commissioners, and secretaries of legation, he left only one remaining! He turned out the entire corps of foreign agents and replaced them with the most desperate and reckless partisans. The core of the piece of the degradation of our political character abroad, and petty broils with foreign nations about matters with which we never should have interfered.

"We notice these things because they are seldom noticed by the press, and because the late Administration vaunted itself about the acquisition of California, while its foreign diplomacy has really disgraced the nation. It has bequeathed the Protocol—the most contemptible of all diplomatic subterfuges—as a legacy to the present Administration."

**Debts of the different States.**—The following table may prove interesting to most of our readers:

	Debt.	Pop.	P. head.
Maryland	\$12,000,000	405,000	\$30
Pennsylvania	41,000,000	2,125,000	20
Louisiana	9,500,000	270,000	20
Alabama	9,000,000	690,000	13
Ohio	19,000,000	1,850,000	10 1/2
New York	24,000,000	2,750,000	9
Massachusetts	6,200,000	850,000	7 1/2
Virginia	7,300,000	1,200,000	6
Kentucky	4,200,000	850,000	5
Tennessee	3,200,000	950,000	3 1/2
Illinois	21,000,000	750,000	29

NON-PAYING STATES.			
Michigan	7,500,000	370,000	20
Mississippi	10,500,000	640,000	17
Indiana	9,500,000	690,000	51

Father Mathew is expected to arrive in New York about the 21st.

## Internal Improvement.

The public mind in a large portion of our State has, within a few months past, been very much engaged with the consideration of some schemes of internal improvement, which bid fair, should they be attempted, to have an important bearing upon the interests and wealth of the State. This interest has been excited more particularly by the passage, by the Legislature, of a bill to charter the great Central Road. It is, in fact, a cheering omen of better things to come, to see the intelligent and enlightened of all sections, of all parties, and of all "cliques," throwing aside all causes of difference, uniting boldly and manfully in advocating a plan by which North Carolina will be speedily disenthralled from the galling fetters of commercial restrictions, freed from the cast of fancied natural barriers to trade and traffic with other countries, and exalted to that rank amongst her sisters of this great Confederacy, to which by the blessings of a kind Providence and real honest merit and unpretending worth, she is pre-eminently entitled.

It is a matter of no small degree of importance to the interests of every citizen of the State, that efficient, active and timely steps be taken to commence, carry on and give success to this scheme, suggested and urged by the necessities of our situation, demanded by the pressing calls of large sections of the State for something to enable them to apply their capital and labor effectively and profitably, and advocated and pushed through the Legislature by the public spirit, energy and patriotism of leading men in both political parties. That it can be shown to be of direct practical bearing upon every citizen of the State, and that it will be highly beneficial in its results, we presume will not be denied by any candid man, who has given the subject serious consideration. We are aware that self-interest is a leading motive to action in communities as well as individuals; and any particular section will not be easily convinced that there will be any practical utility in a scheme which does not immediately and visibly affect them advantageously; and they are too apt to indemnify their notions of advantage to the State with advantage to an isolated community. We think that it can be conclusively shown that the benefits of the proposed plan will be extended to every portion of this State, and to every citizen in it, and we propose to enter into a short description of its course, &c., to show that its practical effect will be to advance the interests of every section of the State.

From the commencement of the road at Goldsboro, there is easy and direct water navigation, at all seasons of the year to Newbern, and thence to the ocean. The waters of the Tar and Roanoke rivers are readily approached through the present Wilmington and Raleigh road; they both being in a few hours travel of Goldsboro'. Passing above the capital of the State, the proposed road will cross the Deep river at some point not far from the place to which it is contemplated to make it navigable, and if above it, not too far to render the advantages of both works available. When it arrives at Salisbury, it then has two other important works to increase its prospect of being useful to the whole State, viz: the plank road to Fayetteville and the Western turnpike; and in addition to this, the waters of the Yadkin will be rendered navigable—thus opening a direct channel of communication between the extreme West and North-West and the Eastern section of the State. This would bring the State further west in a few days travel of the Capital of the State, and join together in interest and community of feeling, sections hitherto having no tie in common except that of State sovereignty.

This plan carried out, in connexion with others which will necessarily result from its completion, will give the citizens of the State a choice of markets, and free them from the commercial vassalage under which they have been groaning for many years. Instead of depending upon other States for a mart to which to send the produce of our farms, our manufactures and our mines, we could create interests which would soon erect places of extensive trade and valuable traffic in our own borders. We may be called visionary, but it does seem to us that we could as easily make Wilmington, Beaufort, Newbern, Washington and other towns in our borders, as prominent in the world of trade as many cities in the Northern and Western States which cannot boast of half their natural advantages. See what one road running directly across the State, has done for Wilmington. Since its completion, she has more than doubled in population, in value of real estate, and in commerce. What might we not expect, if instead of building our public works so as to tend to, and terminate in the seaports of other States, we were to make them all centre in some one of our own towns, as Massachusetts has done in Boston? It certainly cannot be asserted that we have not as good, nay, much better natural advantages than Massachusetts; and yet we have it in our undoubted authority that the single city of Boston is worth more than the whole State of North Carolina! How is this? She has built seven roads, all more or less coming into competition with each other, and all centring in the city of Boston; and yet they are all flourishing, and the State prospers greatly. But it may be said North Carolina is too poor to undertake such wild schemes. Yes, and she will be too poor until the day of judgement, if she does not commence some improvement in a short time. Massachusetts would never have been one-tenth the importance she now is, had not the liberality and public spirit of her citizens contributed to break those fetters of commerce and agriculture which nature had thrown around her.

Look at the example of Virginia even. With a heavy public debt of eight or ten millions of dollars, she, every session of the Legislature, is appropriating hundreds of thousands of dollars to works of internal improvement, which an inhabitant of this State would consider perfectly chimerical; and yet she prospers under it. But it will be said that it will burden us with a debt, and consequently tax us like the Virginians are. Our reply would be, far better to incur double the debt and taxation than to remain in this state of destructive and debasing inactivity. What matters it with a people, if you double their taxes provided you give them thrice the ability to pay? Would not all be willing for the State to increase the debt in proportion as she increases our ability to pay—to carry out some work that will aid us to rise from the lethargy we are in? Who would not be proud to see North Carolina rank foremost amongst her neighbors in commerce and trade, even if she were five or ten millions of dollars in debt? And yet she can never expect to gain any eminence in the commercial world, in her present situation—as well might you expect a sandy waste to bloom like a garden. We could speculate on this subject any length, but we forbear. We will, at some subsequent time, endeavor more particularly to point out the practical bearings of this plan, upon

the varied interests of the State, and to show what probability there may be of sustaining the work after it shall have been completed. Let every North Carolinian take these things into serious consideration, and our word for it, they will soon see that we must awake from the lethargy and stupor which have bound us down to the old beaten track of our ancestors, and learn "to go to mill" by some other path.

DALETH.

## Removals and Appointments.

**Proscription—Public Offices.**—Those most active in the cry against the new Administration of being proscriptive and intolerant, boldly assert that the number of Whigs in office bears a due proportion to the number of Locofocos. This assertion is made, either in utter ignorance of the truth, or in direct disregard of it. Every one knows this who knows what is the case in his own neighborhood where officers of the government are employed. Take as an example, Washington City, the Seat of Government!—What is true there, will be found equally so throughout the country. About five Locofocos to one Whig! Will any honest man say this division fairly represents the relative strength of the two great parties? Suppose it be assumed that the public offices ought to be equally enjoyed, by honest, faithful and capable men of all parties. In that case the Whigs have much to receive, before they are placed on a footing of equality for the future, and more still, if reclamation be insisted upon for the past. The inequality which exists at Washington, we say, will be found about the average throughout the country. Those who groan loudest, and are boldest in denunciation, are the very men who have participated in the monopoly the longest, and most fear that if simple justice is done, they will be among the first discharged! Many of these are also conscious that on the score of honesty, capacity, and a faithful discharge of official duty, they have no just claim to be retained in the public service. Reform has been called for by the people, and reform is expected, whether the unjust cry of proscription be kept up, or suffered to subside.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

**Proscription.**—It is amusing, and sometimes disgusting, to hear the Democracy complaining of proscription by the present Administration.—For more than twenty years they have enjoyed every office worth having under the Government, and they now have brought themselves to believe they have a fee simple right to all the offices, and are disposed to treat as a trespasser any Whig who may get an office. It is high time that these gentry who patriotically desire a life long term in the service of their country should be taught that the doctrine of "rotation in office" is not altogether theory; and if we are not mistaken, they will learn the lesson before six months have gone by. We urge no promiscuous or ruthless proscription, nor do we believe that any such will be practised by General Taylor's Administration. But we have a right to believe that with a Whig Administration we shall not witness the spectacle of a Democrat in the possession of every office worth \$100 a year. We claim for our party a share of that which the Democracy have heretofore monopolized. There are enough Democrats in office who have acted unworthily to make room for a reasonable number of competent and honest Whigs, and we have reason to believe that in due time such room will be made. Then brawling politicians—men who even denied to Gen. Taylor military capacity—may begin to pack up, for they will certainly TRAVEL.  
*Petersburg Intelligencer*.

## N. C. MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

A COMPANY with the above title having been chartered at the last session of the Legislature of this State, and the provision required in said charter, (viz: application for insurance for \$50,000) having been fully met, the Company has been organized by the appointment of the following Officers, and is issuing Policies, viz:

Dr. Chas. E. Johnson, President,  
William H. Johnson, Vice President  
James F. Jordan, Secretary,  
William H. Jones, Treasurer  
Henry W. Miller, Attorney,  
Dr. Chas. E. Johnson, Medical Board of  
Dr. Wm. H. McKee, Consultation.  
Dr. Rich'd B. Haywood, J. Horsman, General Agent.

This Company has received the most liberal charter that has ever been granted to any Company of a similar character in any State in the Union. The 5th Section of the Act of incorporation provides "that the Husband may insure his own Life, for the sole use and benefit of his Wife or Children, and in case of the death of the husband, the amount thus insured shall be paid over to the Wife or Children, or their Guardian, if under age, for her or their own use, free from all the claims of the representatives of the Husband or any of his creditors." This provision needs no comment.

The Board have also determined to insure the lives of Slaves; and this being almost half the wealth of the people of this State, a large business is anticipated.

Any information respecting the principles of the Company will be furnished by the Secretary or any of the officers. JAS. F. JORDAN, Sec'y.  
Raleigh, April 9, 1849. 52:3t

## PEOPLE OF NORTH CAROLINA. Patronize your own Mechanics.

I WOULD respectfully inform my friends and the public generally, that I am now manufacturing

### ALL KINDS OF HATS

from a superior cream Otter to a Rabbit for children of all shape and sizes, suitable for the season. My varieties consist of Drab or Cream Otter, superior Beaver and Mole skin, Nutria, Muskrat, Silk, Equis, Rascoon, and Rabbit; smooth hats made with wide brims.

The above Hats are all got up with especial care and cannot fail to give entire satisfaction, as my stand- ing rules are well known to make up any deficiency and keep them in proper order free of charge. They may not have been emblazoned in their tips the name of Beebe & Costar, 156, Broadway, New York; yet they shall have the simple name of Henry T. Wilbar, who challenges the State of North Carolina to produce hats equal in taste, durability and style.

Persons calling on me may depend on a real substantial Hat, worth the money charged, and at a much lower price than can be afforded by the merchants, and as I am determined to decide whether a person can live in this community or not by a faithful attention to business and selling for very low prices for cash, I earnestly invite all who wish to support and cherish the manufactures of the "Good Old North State," to call on Henry T. Wilbar, Hopkins' corner and get good, cheap, and fashionable hats. Panama and Leghorn hats bleached and pressed in superior style.  
HENRY T. WILBAR.  
Greensboro', N. C., April, 1849.

**FURNITURE.**—A lot of second hand Furniture can be had low on application to the subscriber. Also one Cook-Stove and Two Room Stoves.  
Dec W J McCONNEL.

**FOUR 2-Horse Wagons, one 1-Horse carriage and one 2-Horse cartage, for sale on accommodating terms.**  
JAMES McIVER.  
Feb. 9 1849

## Signs of a Poor Farmer.

He grazes his mowing land late in the spring. Some of his cows are much past their prime! He neglects to keep the dung and ground from the stalls of his building.

He sows and plants his land till it is exhausted, before he thinks of manuring. He keeps too much stock and many of them are unruly.

He has a place for nothing and nothing in its place. If he wants a chisel or a hammer, he cannot find it.

He seldom does anything in stormy weather or in an evening. You will often, perhaps, hear of his being in the bar-room, talking of hard times.

Although he has been on a piece of land twenty years, ask him for grafted apples, and he will tell you he could not raise them, for he never had any luck.

His indolence and carelessness subject him to many accidents.

He loses cider for want of a hoop. His plow breaks in his hurry to get in his seed in season, because it was not housed; and in harvest, when he is at work on a distant part of the farm, the hogs break into his garden for want of a small repair in his fence.

He always feels in a hurry, yet in his busiest day he will stop and talk till he has wearied your patience.

He is seldom neat in his person, and generally late at public worship.

His children are late at school, and their books torn and dirty.

He has no enterprise and is sure to have no money; or if he must have it, makes great sacrifices to get it; and as he is slack in his payments and buys altogether on credit, he purchases everything at a dear rate.

You will see the smoke out of his chimney long after daylight in winter.

His horse stable is not daily cleaned, nor his horse curried.

Boards, shingles and clapboards are to be seen off his buildings month after month, without being replaced, and his windows are full of rags.

He feeds his hogs and horses with whole grain. If the lambs die or the wool comes off his sheep, he does not think it is for want of care or food.

He is a great borrower, and seldom returns the thing borrowed.

He is a poor husband, a poor father, a poor neighbor, a poor citizen, and a poor christianian.

## PROPOSALS.

THE undersigned Commissioners to the town of Greensboro', will receive proposals until the 1st day of May next, for building a STONE BRIDGE on West Street, of the following dimensions, to wit: two stone walls, each 28 feet long, two feet thick, and eight feet high, twenty feet distant from each other from outside to outside, with an aperture in each 4 feet wide and 4 feet high for the passage of the water; and two stone walls, not less than two feet thick in any one place, extending from one side wall to the other, with four feet space between, which are to be covered with stone by allowing each layer or course after raising the walls three feet high, to extend over more or less, until they meet and form an arch, the whole to be covered with earth two feet thick, leaving each end of the trunk or flue to contain at least 14 square feet.

There is an abundance of suitable rock convenient, that can be used by blasting or quarrying, as the contractor may deem most advisable.

Further specifications can be had on application to any one of the Commissioners. Payment to be made on completion of the work, which must be done by the 30th of June next.

W. A. GILMER,  
C. A. GILLASPIE,  
C. P. MENDENHALL,  
GEO. ALBRIGHT,  
W. A. CALDWELL.

April 12th, 1849

## NOTICE.

THE copartnership heretofore existing between the subscribers in the town of Greensboro', N. C., under the style and firm of Weir & Porter is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

All claims against the concern will be presented to D. P. Weir; and all debts due by bond or otherwise will be paid over to D. P. Weir, who alone is authorized to settle the business. D. P. WEIR.  
A. S. PORTER.

April 9, 1849

THE subscriber having purchased of Dr. A. S. Porter his entire interest, in the Drug Store, he respectfully informs his friends that he expects to continue the business at the old stand of Weir & Porter, where he will be pleased to see all who are desirous of buying Drugs and Medicines at low prices.  
D. P. WEIR.

## DAN RIVER LANDS FOR SALE.

WILL be sold to the highest bidder on Tuesday, the 26th of June next, on the premises, that

Very Valuable Tract of Land

known by the name of ALLEN'S DELIGHT, situated on the north bank of Dan River, lying in the counties of Rockingham and Stokes, N. C., about 80 miles above Danville, Virginia, containing 747 acres, about 200 of which is low ground and is scarcely equalled for fertility in this part of the country. The upland is level and most of it rich tobacco land, and abounds in excellent Pine timber; it is well watered and has two mill races on a creek running through it. This tract could be divided so as to give to each about an equal portion of low grounds and timbered land, and would make two excellent farms, and will be sold together or separately to suit purchasers.—On the same day will be sold a quantity of grain.

And on the next day will be sold the tract of land on which the subscriber lives, lying on the south bank of Dan River one mile above the town of Madison, in Rockingham county, containing about 1,000 acres, of which

## 100 is Low Grounds.

The upland lies well—and a good deal of it is well adapted to the raising of Tobacco. A large portion of the tract is timbered land, and is well watered with springs, &c. The Dwelling House is 45 feet by 26, two stories high, with an end room of 16 feet; one story only—with other necessary out houses.

A further description is deemed unnecessary

**The Homestead Law.**  
One great mistake of civilized society is, that it has legislated for the rights of property, or rather in favor of the property interest, to the disadvantage of the superior rights and interests of humanity. The laws for the collection of debts have been and in some degree now are, a disgrace to the State. Their operation has been—that some grating Shylock may have his paltry claim of a few dollars—to turn the wife and children out of doors, and deprive them at once of a home and every comfort of civilized life. Every now and then the law bearing upon these matters is somewhat amended for the better, but straightway every note-shaving property worshipper cries out that the rights of property are violated, and the hue and cry is kept up until all the good which a spasmodic effort of the friends of humanity had introduced is legislated away again.  
To make any successful issue with the great property interest of the country—which seems to be concentrated in the hands of the few, as in Europe,—an effort should be made more radical than has heretofore been seriously thought of.—The principle of the contemplated Homestead Exemption Act is right, but that does not carry the matter far enough. The paltry sum of five hundred dollars, in a house and farm, does not go a great way. The cheapest kind of house is worth that, and in a farming country, with nothing but a house, the chance for a woman and family of children to get a comfortable living is very small. To meet this practical objection, nothing will do but to take a larger sum. Make a law that shall exempt the house, and with it tillage land sufficient to enable a family to live comfortably, by industriously cultivating the soil. The same principle might be applied to cities, with proper discriminating provisions. Any practical business man could easily arrange the details of such a law, so that but little fault could reasonably be found in its working.  
But the Homestead Law is but one step towards a better state of things. To prevent the accumulation of the property of the country in a few hands, is a work of more consequence than any thing else appertaining to legislation. All the great troubles of Europe spring from this cause mainly, and the attentive observer of events will at once see that this concentration of property in a few hands is now causing the beggar and starving masses to upheave against the tyranny of wealth and its aristocratic tendencies.  
The first blow struck against this aristocratic principle, in this country, was the abolition of the law of entail and primogeniture. It was an admirable move, and should be followed by the Homestead Exemption Law, and then by a Land Restriction Law. The quantity of land which individuals or companies are allowed to hold should be limited, to prevent a monopoly of the soil. Such a law, in connection with one to exempt the homestead from attachment, sale, or sequestration, and another to make the public lands, in small parcels, free to actual settlers, would produce a most happy effect. It would multiply the small farmers of the country, who form an independent class, over whom capitalists cannot dominate as they do over poor farmers and houseless laborers. The broad and beautiful valleys of the great West would teem with these little democracies, all independent of the law-harpies and pettifogging vermin that now live upon the misfortunes and distress of poor men and women. When each man and family has a proprietary interest in the country, which nothing but anarchy can take away, they all have a stake in keeping the laws and public peace intact.  
Every objection against the making of such laws can be answered in a very few words.—No man should starve because he is unfortunate, and no man's family should wander homeless, because of his folly or vice. All legislation should be for the happiness of the many; the greatest aggregate of human happiness should be the aim of every statesman and law-maker. Better, it would be, that thousands of dollars should be lost to the rich men, than that one poor child should wander homeless or feel one pang of gnawing hunger. There are many points of view to be considered in this matter—its influence upon the morals of the people, upon the credit system, and a variety of other matters—but we believe the argument is all in favor of the new movement, and that, in the course of events, it must triumph.  
*Boston Path Finder.*  
**SINGULAR PROBLEM.**—There was a singular problem among the Stoics, which ran to this purpose: "When a man says, 'I lie,' does he lie, or does he not? If he lies, he speaks the truth; if he speaks the truth, he lies." Many were the books written upon this wonderful problem.—Chrysippus favored the world with no less than six; and Philo studied himself to death in his vain endeavors to solve it.  
"I never go to church," said a country tradesman to his clergyman. "I always spend Sundays in settling accounts." The minister immediately replied, "You will find the day of judgment will be spent in the same manner."  
Lord Brougham once, in the House of Peers, "thanked God" that the English people were "under recognizances of £800,000,000 to keep the peace under any circumstances."

**THE PATRIOT**  
**GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.**  
**SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1849.**  
**ELEVENTH VOLUME.**  
We this week commence the Eleventh Volume of the Patriot. No better time to settle up for the past and pay in advance for a year or so. New subscribers would not come amiss.  
**THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.**  
The following rules have been extensively published as an embodiment of the "Law of Newspapers." They are such as have been everywhere adjudicated by custom, and we have no doubt of their being sustained by the legal tribunals:  
1. Subscriber's who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.  
2. If the subscribers order the discontinuation of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them till all cash charges are paid.  
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the offices to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their bill and order paper discontinued.  
4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.  
5. The Courts have decided that refusing to take a paper or periodical from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is "prima facie" evidence of intentional fraud.  
6. Post-masters are requested to keep a copy of the above rules, and show it to persons who may decline taking their papers out of the respective offices, without having paid up all the arrears for the same.  
**FROST AND SNOW.**  
"Winter lingers in the lap of Spring," albeit a very poetical expression, will not suit the present occasion—falling short, as it does, of conveying a correct impression of the state of fact. The Frosty has rudely usurped the throne of the Flowery Season, infringing upon her appointed time, withered her budding glories, and bit her green thineers. That's the way to tell it—and there is abundance of truth as well as poetry—facts as well as high-fluting in the story.  
Last Sunday, being the fifteenth day of the fourth month, April, there was a smart sprinkle of snow; and we are informed that in the regions a day-or-two's journey east and south, snow continued to fall incessantly from about ten o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon. A rare show among green leaves and peach blossoms! On Sunday night there was a swinging frost, and few vegetables except those of the hardiest kinds escaped death by the visitation. Since then the weather history of the week has been high winds and continued cold. But little rain has fallen for a long time; the earth is baked hard and dry; and clouds of dust are driven to and fro along the streets and roads. The fruit is doubtless all killed.  
Since writing the above, we learn that in Fayetteville, on the 15th, snow fell thickly from 9 o'clock in the morning until 5 in the evening, accumulating to the depth of upwards of four inches on a level. In Wilmington it snowed all day, and fell to the depth of six inches—early corn, garden vegetables, fruits and flowers were all swept away. An acquaintance from the south informs us that it snowed to the depth of five inches at Cheraw, S. C.—the falling snow presenting a most singular contrast to the nearly full grown foliage of the forest. Tuesday's Fayetteville Observer says: "A telegraphic despatch informs us that the snow extended to Camden and Columbia, S. C., and that in Georgia and Alabama a severe frost on Sunday night has killed all the young Cotton! It will be necessary to replant the whole crop. This is a great calamity. In this State we presume but little Cotton was up. At Raleigh the snow was slight, and there was none at Petersburg, though very cold and cloudy."  
**NEW YORK CHARTER ELECTIONS.**  
In the city of New York the Whigs have elected their candidate for Mayor, (Caleb S. Woodhull,) by a majority of about 4,000 votes, three Judges of the Superior and two of the Marine court, and probably 26 out of 36 members of the Common Council.  
In Brooklyn, Edward Copeland, Whig, is elected Mayor by a very decided majority, and a majority of Whigs chosen for Aldermen. In Albany, also, the Whig ticket has been successful.  
The influence of political Free-soilery seems not to have the same influence in New York that it has exerted in Connecticut.  
Ex-PRESIDENT Polk arrived at Nashville on the 3d inst., where he was received with suitable public demonstrations of respect. The Nashville Banner remarks:  
"Mr. Polk looks broken to a wonderful degree since his elevation to the Presidency, his hair having become quite white, and to look at his worn face, marked by the lines of care, is enough to convince any one that the honors of office are but a poor compensation for the anxieties and toils incident to public station."  
**FROM PANAMA.**—An arrival at New York on the 10th, from Chagres, confirms a statement that there are some two thousand five hundred persons from the United States at Panama, vainly awaiting opportunity to sail for the "diggings." Some had been waiting two months, and many had exhausted their entire means, and were becoming desperate.  
MARSHAL.—George Little, of Raleigh, has been appointed U. S. Marshal for the district of North Carolina, in place of Wesley Jones.

**THE HILLSBORO' DEMOCRAT.**  
This paper has recently devoted two articles of considerable length to the Patriot—whether for our special benefit, or to gratify a hankering it has after controversy, we cannot divine. But we will indulge the most charitable construction, desiring to make suitable acknowledgment and return for the favor intended.  
The Democrat of the 18th charges that we evaded the point of its first attack upon us, which evasion was on this wise, to wit: That we had attempted to identify the late Southern caucus movement with South Carolina and Mr. Calhoun, in order to bring odium upon said movement as originating with Nullifiers—that we had tried to create the impression that the agitation was confined to South Carolina, for the purpose of quashing agitation in our own State, where Nullification and its kindred doctrines are odious—and that we had not at the same time given due information of the extent of the agitation in other States.  
Now we do not wish to evade any point which the Democrat may see proper courteously to present for our consideration, (albeit we do not recognize its right to make the Patriot the sole object of its attacks and catechetical lectures.) We will therefore now say, explicitly, that we believe Mr. Calhoun is the master spirit of this movement—that South Carolina is the leading State in this agitation—and that threats against the integrity of our Union from that quarter have been made too often, and upon too slight pretexts, to entitle them to popular respect in our own honest and faithful State.  
At the same time we freely admit and aver, that the agitation in question is not confined to the magnanimous State of South Carolina alone, as those who have heard *Abram Venable*, or have read the *Hillsboro' Democrat*, of North Carolina, can bear witness. Other States, we doubt not, have a similar amount of patriotism and public virtue with that embodied in these two individuals, arrayed in the same cause—no State, out of South Carolina, can boast more, as far as our information goes; and we must confess that no State has less.  
These considerations we think have justified all we have heretofore said in the premises, and all we may say hereafter.  
Now, we hope the Democrat will no longer evade our inquiry as to its endorsement of the non-intercourse proposition. It still leaves the public in suspense in this vital particular. Whether the Democrat is endeavoring to wriggle itself into treason or out of it, is a matter completely in doubt. Our turn to answer the interrogatory at the close of its second epistle will not come until we are satisfied upon this point.  
Trusting we have furnished our young Hillsboro' brother with matter with which to frame his threatened third article at us, we beg, in conclusion, to recommend to his consideration the following paragraph from the Raleigh Register:  
"By the way, it is not remarkably strange, that the Democratic Papers are so unscrupulous in their denunciations of *Whigs* who refused to sign this sectional appeal, while they have not raised a single murmur against Messrs. McKay, McDowell, Cobb, Lumpkin and others, for doing the self-same thing? Is any better evidence wanted, to satisfy any intelligent man, that the whole object of such inconsistency is to make political capital out of this grave question? Is it a mark of more wisdom and patriotism to be found in company with Abram Venable, than with such men as those whose names we have mentioned? If so, then verily have we fallen upon strange times."  
**THE PLANK ROAD COMPANY.**  
We learn from the Fayetteville papers that out of 988 shares subscribed absolutely, 940 were represented in person or by proxy at the meeting on the 11th inst. Several gentlemen were present representing conditional subscribers in Randolph and Moore, who were invited to seats in the meeting.  
The meeting was organized by calling Judge Strange to the chair and appointing Maj. D. G. McKee secretary, and continued its session three days, discussing and voting on various propositions incident to the commencement of a new and important enterprise.  
The most important decision made was on the location of the route of the Road, expressed in the following resolution, which, with others in the same connexion, passed almost unanimously:  
**Resolved**, That in the opinion of the stockholders, in General Meeting assembled, the most eligible route for the contemplated Plank Road, is what is called the *Upper Route*,—crossing Little River at or near Murchison's Factory; thence to Deep River at or near Watson's Bridge or by Carthage; and through the counties of Randolph and Davidson to its terminus.  
Another resolution authorizes an examination by an engineer with a view to the precise route; and still another expresses a determination at the earliest opportunity to throw out a branch to the Pee Dee country.  
The following officers were elected:  
**President**—Edward Lee Winslow, of Fayetteville.  
**Directors**—Charles T. Haigh, Alfred A. McKethan, Henry L. Myrover, John H. Cook, George McNeill, Thomas S. Lutterloh, David A. Ray, Edmund J. Lilly, John D. Starr.  
The salary of the President was fixed at only \$500 and necessary traveling expenses. The salary of the Treasurer is left discretionary with the board of directors.  
**GEN. TAYLOR'S INAUGURAL** is highly complimented by the English journals, particularly for the decided manner in which he has pronounced for maintaining pacific relations with all foreign states.  
**THE BREVETS.**—The numerous (almost innumerable) military brevet appointments, lately conferred by the Senate, were made by President Polk before the expiration of his term.

**"THE COINS OF THE WORLD."**  
A copy of this publication has been received from the author, Matthew T. Miller, the industrious Editor of "Bicknell's Reporter," 20 south Third street, Philadelphia. It is a pamphlet of 74 printed pages, illustrated by twelve colored plates representing 189 various coins. The work contains, besides a brief review of the origin of coins, and of the causes which led to their invention; a history of the mint of the United States and its operations; description of the plates; a full table of the coins of the world, with their weight, value, &c. The work will be found truly valuable to business men, and interesting to all others.  
**OUR "BEAU IDEAL."**  
Our paragraph last week on the "*beau ideal*" of a Newspaper, failed to convey our meaning, as we infer from a notice by father Heart, of the Hillsboro' Recorder.  
To express ourselves in different language—our idea is, that a newspaper ought to be so far the representative of the public mind, where it is situated, as to convey, constantly, proper information of the state of opinion and feeling, no matter whether that state be agreeable to the Editor or not. Unless such be among its ends and objects, we think it lacks a legitimate essential of a newspaper.  
But this purpose is not to interfere at all with the Editor's privilege and duty to combat error of opinion, and to use such means as his better judgment may dictate to correct the same.  
**FREE SOIL.**—A pamphlet has lately been issued at St. Louis, signed by thirty-eight Democrats, and addressed to the Democracy of Missouri, arguing against the introduction of slavery into the new territories. They take a firm stand for Col. Benton.  
An address of the Free Soil Association of the District of Columbia is ascribed to the able pen of Mr. Blair.  
**"DALETH."**—The Star says that the communication under this signature, (copied into the Patriot,) is from one of North Carolina's most gifted sons, and cannot fail to interest, instruct and impress the public. A series of articles is promised from his pen.  
**POSTMASTERS.**—A list of some fifty or sixty late appointments of postmasters, in various parts of the United States, is published. We are glad to see that Mr. J. P. Mabry has been re-instated in the office at Lexington, in this State.  
**Railroad Items.**—The South Carolina Railroad is doing a most prosperous business. The Charleston Mercury states that during the month of March the revenue from its operations amounted to upwards of one thousand dollars.  
The Georgia Railroad is equally prosperous. The Augusta Chronicle says: "The financial year has just closed and we are informed the net profits the past year will amount to at least \$320,000, after paying interest on the debt and all the expenses of the Road.—This is over 14 per cent. on four million dollars."  
We call the attention of capitalists to the fact that the proposed North Carolina Central Rail Road will become a part of this great line of rail road, and will be the connecting link between the North and South; and it will undoubtedly be equally as profitable at least as the South Carolina or Georgia road. It certainly offers strong inducements to capitalists.—*Raleigh Star.*  
**Medical Convention.**—On Monday last, in pursuance of previous notice, a number of Physicians assembled in this City; and on Monday evening, at seven o'clock, they proceeded to organize. Dr. Frederick J. Hill, of Brunswick County, was chosen President of the Convention; and Dr. William H. McKee, of Wake, was appointed Secretary.  
After some debate and due consultation, a Committee was appointed to prepare a Constitution and By-Laws for a State Medical Society, and was directed to report to the Convention yesterday at ten o'clock, A. M.  
In our next we shall lay before our readers a detailed account of the Proceedings of this intelligent and highly respectable body.—*Raleigh Standard.*  
**Filling Vacancies.**—One of the Washington correspondents of the Baltimore Clipper, says "Mr. President Polk intended to have filled every vacancy in the diplomatic corps before he retired, and sent in a list of names for consuls, commercial agents, &c., but a few days previous to the 4th of March, the committee to whom they were referred reported against them all, upon the ground that the administration was about to go out, and that those appointments ought to be left to the incoming President."  
**Mr. Venable and the Missouri Compromise.**—In our too hurried notice, last week, of the discussion, between Messrs. Kerr and Venable, at Yanceyville, we omitted to state that Mr. Venable expressed decided opposition to the principle of the Missouri Compromise.—*Milton Chronicle.*  
**Strong Temperance Vote.**—The number of votes cast in Vermont on the License question was 34,471—of which for license 11,110; against 23,361. So Vermont is to be without taverns for a year.  
**J. R. & J. SLOAN.** Have received their SPRING PURCHASE of Goods, to which they invite the attention of the public. April 20, 1849.  
**ENGINE HOUSE.**  
PROPOSALS will be received until the 1st of May next, for the building a One Story Brick House 18 by 28 feet, with one fireplace, two windows fifteen lights 10 by 12, and one door 7 by 9 feet with folding brass shutters to each, the floor to be brick and elevated some ten inches above the sidewalk, and the walls 1 foot thick, 11 feet high from floor to ceiling. The ceiling, as also all the wood work, except the roof, to be well painted. Estimates may be made of the cost both of a Tin and good pine Shingle roof. The rafters are to extend two feet over the walls and be ceiled. One of the gable ends will be built up square.  
The work to be completed and payment made on or before the 2d of July, 1849.  
W. S. GILMER,  
C. A. GILLASPIE,  
C. P. MENDESHALL,  
GEO. ALBRIGHT,  
W. A. CALDWELL.

**Gatherings.**  
Mr. Judson, editor of a weekly paper published in New York, called "Ned Bunclue's Own," was cowed on Wednesday by a dashing dressed female named Kate Hastings, a boarding house keeper, who considered herself insulted by some remarks in the paper, of the previous week.  
Dr. Valentine Mott, of New York, performed a surgical operation last week on a patient while under the influence of chloroform. He cut off his leg without the patient feeling the least pain, or even knowing, until it was off, that the operation had been commenced.  
The whole number of immigrants have arrived at the port of New York, during the first three months of the present year, is 26,716, being an increase of 11,389 over the arrivals during the same period last year.  
The Washington Union says that Congress in its haste to provide a Secretary and Assistant Secretary, &c., for the Department of the Interior, forgot to make any appropriation for the payment of their salaries.  
It is not a little remarkable, as indicating the progress of our country in population, that the Senate at present consists of the same number as the House of Representatives in the first Congress.  
The Post Master General has now, it is said, on file 7000 applications for post offices—380 for situations in the Department at Washington, and 78 for Riding Agents; six being the number employed all of his pre-cursors except Mr. Cumming, who refused to accept his freedom on such terms—preferring rather to be a prisoner than to be free and inactive in that cause which he had so much at heart. The next day he made his escape, and was on his way to join the American army, when he was taken sick, which prevented him from being at Yorktown, the closing scene of the Revolutionary drama.  
It would be impossible for me, in this short and hasty sketch, to recount the many interesting events of the Revolution in which Mr. Cumming bore an active part. It is only to say that he was in active service from the time he entered the army till the close of the war, except when a prisoner or prostrated with sickness. His courage as well as his patriotism has never been questioned. In the war of 1812 he sent three of his sons to defend his country's rights and her honor; and till the time of his death, his country's history was his constant study, and her honor and her welfare were the objects which twined closest around his heart.  
He came to this place to live with his youngest son, thirteen years ago, during which time he enjoyed remarkable health, until the 1st of January, when he was taken sick and never more left his house.  
Peace to the remains of the old soldier, and shame be upon posterity should they forget the debt of gratitude they owe him, or neglect the spot where his sacred dust is laid.—*Com.*  
In this county, on the 8th inst., JANE SMITH, consort of Eli Smith.  
The Examination of the Alameda Academy will take place on the 5th May.  
**I. O. O. F.** Buena Vista Lodge, No. 21, of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, will have a celebration on the 8th of May next. Members of all neighboring Lodges are invited to attend. By order of the Lodge. EDWIN WATKINS, Sec'y.  
**FRIENDSHIP SECTION NO. 1.** *Odette of Temperance*, will celebrate their anniversary on the evening of the 2d of May next, when an Address will be delivered by the Rev. Samuel M. Frost in the Methodist Church, at 7 o'clock. P. M.—when all are respectfully requested to attend.  
By order of the Section. JOHN F. HOWLETT, ROBT W. SHELTON, JOHN B. ANDREWS, Com.  
April 17th, 1849.  
**GREENSBORO' FEMALE COLLEGE.**  
The Annual Examination of the students of Greensboro' Female College will commence on Tuesday the 5th of June next, and close on Thursday the 7th. The Patrons and friends of the Institution are respectfully invited to attend.  
The regular Meeting of the Board of Trustees will take place on Thursday the 7th of June.  
GEORGE C. MENDENHALL, Pres. Board of Trustees.  
**Attention Guards!**  
Parade in front of the Court House on Saturday, 25th inst, at 10 o'clock precisely, armed and equipped for drill parade.  
By order of the Captain, H. T. WILSON, O. S.  
**30,000** lbs. Kings Mountain IRON 50 Kegs Nails  
For sale by J. R. & J. SLOAN  
April 20, 1849  
**GREENSBOROUGH AND NEW BOSTON**  
**TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT.**—The proprietors of this establishment are happy to inform their customers and the public generally, that all their *Fashionable Styles* for the Spring and Summer have come to hand, and exhibit a good deal of taste and elegance. They have a number of first rate workmen in their employ, both Northern and Southern; consequently the fashionable public may reasonably expect that all work done at their establishment will not be excelled by any similar establishment in the United States, either as to *Cost* or *Workmanship*.  
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The subscribers take great pleasure in returning their unfeigned thanks to their patrons generally—at the same time their best wishes for their prosperity. Your most humble and ob'd servants, WESTBROOKS & DILWORTH. 1st  
April 18, 1849  
**STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,** Stokes County.  
John P. Smith } Justices' Judgment  
D. D. F. Larremore: } Levied on Land.  
It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that the defendant in this case is not an inhabitant of this State: It is therefore ordered that publication be made for six weeks in the Greensboro' Patriot, printed at Greensboro', for said defendant to be and appear before the Justices of our next court of pleas and quarter sessions, to be held for the county of Stokes, at the court house in Germantown on the second Monday of June next, then and there to answer or reply, otherwise judgment by default *pro* will be entered against him, and the property levied on sold to satisfy the plaintiff's demand.  
Witness, John H. H. Clerk of our said Court, at office the 2d day of March, 1849. JNO. HILL, c. c. (Pr adv. \$5) 1.0

lips are now closed—those links now broken, and the rays belong only to history.  
The history of Mr. Cumming's life is of varied and thrilling interest, as he was an active participant in those scenes which are indelibly written on every American heart. Some of the incidents which he was wont to relate are now the theme of the historian;—others, of not less interest were heard only around the domestic fireside and have no place in our annals.  
He was born at Hillsboro', Jan. 19, 1759. At the age of nineteen he entered the service of the Colonies and went with the North Carolina troops to Valley Forge where he endured all the privations and hardships of that winter, which so severely tested the patriotism of the Revolutionary army. Early the next spring he returned to North Carolina with Maj. Tatum, to discharge the duties of an assistant commissary. In this capacity he went to Charleston, where he continued to discharge the duties of his important trust, during the siege of that city, until the capitulation of Gen. Lincoln made him a prisoner of war. He was shortly afterwards exchanged, and again entered the Southern army under Gen. Oates, then on its march to South Carolina. He was in the disastrous battle of Camden, where the hero of Mena lost his fame, the brave De Kalb his life, and America withlign her liberty. From thence he retreated with the remnant of the routed army to Hillsboro'. Here he was engaged for some time in active warfare against the Tories, until he was taken prisoner by some of Tarleton's dragoons. He was a prisoner in the British camp during Green's celebrated retreat before Cornwallis through the Carolinas, and was under guard at New Garden meeting house during the Battle of Guilford, and with firm patriotism, and depending heart, awaited the result of that glorious day—that day where defeat proved victory, which led on to still more glorious triumph at Yorktown. Shortly after the battle Cornwallis paroled all of his prisoners except Mr. Cumming, who refused to accept his freedom on such terms—preferring rather to be a prisoner than to be free and inactive in that cause which he had so much at heart. The next day he made his escape, and was on his way to join the American army, when he was taken sick, which prevented him from being at Yorktown, the closing scene of the Revolutionary drama.  
It would be impossible for me, in this short and hasty sketch, to recount the many interesting events of the Revolution in which Mr. Cumming bore an active part. It is only to say that he was in active service from the time he entered the army till the close of the war, except when a prisoner or prostrated with sickness. His courage as well as his patriotism has never been questioned. In the war of 1812 he sent three of his sons to defend his country's rights and her honor; and till the time of his death, his country's history was his constant study, and her honor and her welfare were the objects which twined closest around his heart.  
He came to this place to live with his youngest son, thirteen years ago, during which time he enjoyed remarkable health, until the 1st of January, when he was taken sick and never more left his house.  
Peace to the remains of the old soldier, and shame be upon posterity should they forget the debt of gratitude they owe him, or neglect the spot where his sacred dust is laid.—*Com.*  
In this county, on the 8th inst., JANE SMITH, consort of Eli Smith.  
The Examination of the Alameda Academy will take place on the 5th May.  
**I. O. O. F.** Buena Vista Lodge, No. 21, of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, will have a celebration on the 8th of May next. Members of all neighboring Lodges are invited to attend. By order of the Lodge. EDWIN WATKINS, Sec'y.  
**FRIENDSHIP SECTION NO. 1.** *Odette of Temperance*, will celebrate their anniversary on the evening of the 2d of May next, when an Address will be delivered by the Rev. Samuel M. Frost in the Methodist Church, at 7 o'clock. P. M.—when all are respectfully requested to attend.  
By order of the Section. JOHN F. HOWLETT, ROBT W. SHELTON, JOHN B. ANDREWS, Com.  
April 17th, 1849.  
**GREENSBORO' FEMALE COLLEGE.**  
The Annual Examination of the students of Greensboro' Female College will commence on Tuesday the 5th of June next, and close on Thursday the 7th. The Patrons and friends of the Institution are respectfully invited to attend.  
The regular Meeting of the Board of Trustees will take place on Thursday the 7th of June.  
GEORGE C. MENDENHALL, Pres. Board of Trustees.  
**Attention Guards!**  
Parade in front of the Court House on Saturday, 25th inst, at 10 o'clock precisely, armed and equipped for drill parade.  
By order of the Captain, H. T. WILSON, O. S.  
**30,000** lbs. Kings Mountain IRON 50 Kegs Nails  
For sale by J. R. & J. SLOAN  
April 20, 1849  
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## VARIETY.

### THE KISS.

"O kiss me and go!" said the maid of my heart. And proffered her lips as my pay to depart. "The moment is approaching, my mother will know; My dearest and kindest, O kiss me and go."

She gave me the blessing in such a sweet way That the thrill of the pleasure enticed me to stay; So we kissed till the morn'g came in with its glow For she said every moment, "O kiss me and go."

### EVENING LECTURE OF HETTIE JONES CONCERNING NEWSPAPERS.

Well, Jones, you are a pretty fellow—here you have come home again as drunk as a biled owl, and you don't know yourself from four dollars and a half. The children are crying for bread, their clothes are worn out, and here I have to slave, slave, slave the whole blessed day, till I have not a whole rag to my back; and, what there is, sticks as tight to me as the skin does to the model artist old Mrs. Smith tells about.

"It must retrench!" Retrench, indeed!—I'd like to see what you'd retrench about this house, except vittles and cloths; and I'm sure we're none to spare in them respects. You wouldn't want your own flesh and blood to go naked and hungry, would you? You're too much of a man, if you are an old brute, Jones, for that. If you'd keep to your work, and mind your own business, be steady, and stop your drinking all day and speeing all night, times would be a heap better for us. You ain't the man, Jones, you was when I give you my virgin affections; you don't come into the house modestly, and lift off your hat, and say good evening, and draw your chair close up to mine, and then take hold of my hand and kind of blush, and then hitch up a little closer, and—

"Don't make a fool of myself!" I aint a going to, Jones; but it sort a does my old heart good to call up these reminiscences, and wish it had always been so. But you are as tenderhearted as a turtle dove, and just as sensible, when you have any sense as when you're downed Jones, and then take hold of my hand and kind of bluish, and then hitch up a little closer, and—

"You've stopped the paper!" You lie, Jones, you know you lie. You'd a stopped your wind first, you'd a stopped the children's bread, you'd a—

"You couldn't afford it!" Aint you got no conscience, Jones, to let on so? The paper costs us four cents a week, and the printer takes all kinds of truck for pay. And here it's Saturday night, and I'd like to know how much money you've thrown away this week. I'll count it up. I'll give you a blessing before I get through. It ain't often I catch you at home, and when I do you'll take it for better or worse, as the saying is. There's a gallon of whiskey on Monday morning, costs 37½ cents; there's a half gallon of beef on Tuesday, costs 18 pence; there's a shilling to treat that old flummix that come along and said he knewed you when you was a boy. The Lord only knows how much you've spent to-day; it must have took a heap of change, for you aint an old sponge, Jones; you don't get drunk on any old money but your own; and I reckon it must a took at least a quarter. Well, now, I'll drink enough to stop his paper. Well, now, I'll go and count it all up: three shillings, and eighteen pence, and one shilling, and a quarter makes just ninety-four cents. In my opinion as good as that very sum thrown into the fire, and better too; and that would a most paid for the "Times" a whole year; and I expect the printer needs the money as bad as most folks. There's a power of economy in such doings. Why, what would a body know if it wasn't for the paper; and now, too, when there's so many parties, and a body wants to know how to vote!

"Wimmin don't vote!" Well, I know it, and it's a great pity they don't. They'd revolutionize the world and have a provisionary government every where, as they call it; and they'd—they wouldn't kill off all the men, not quite, cause they're useful in their places; but they'd make them keep their places, mind, I tell you, Jones. But, as I was saying about the printer, we must have the news; viece varsey, we must have printers, and if they can live without nothing to eat, then they're the critters that's in advance of the age, for the people of this generation make a god of their bellies, according to the best of their knowledge and belief. Another thing: I shouldn't wonder if you stopped the paper and never paid for it; and then you'd get published in the black list, and your poor wife's reputation be ruined, and your children go to the penitentiary. It won't do, Jones; it won't do, and here she broke off, for Jones was asleep!

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When the hour of dinner arrived, Mrs. Chittenden, to the astonishment of her lady guests, went out and blew a tin horn for the workmen, who soon arrived; when, to the still greater surprise of these fair city, the whole company, Governor and his lady, guests, workmen and all, were invited to sit down to the substantial meal which had been provided for the occasion. After the dinner was over, all the ladies left to themselves, out of the

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Beneath the stone erected here,  
The dust of one is lying,  
Who, though he seldom shed a tear,  
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Now left alone in quiet sleep,  
His bones here mouldering lie—  
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Married vs. Buried.—A clergyman who had in the lottery of matrimony drawn a share that proved to him worse than blank, was just experiencing a severe scolding from his Xantippe, when he was called upon to unite a pair in the blessed state of wedlock. The poor parson, actuated by his own feelings and experience, rather than by a sense of his canonical duties, opened the book, and began—

"Men that is born of a woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of trouble," &c., repeating a part of the burial service.

The astonished bridegroom exclaimed—"Sir, sir! you mistake! I came here to be married not buried!"

"Well," replied the clergyman, "if you insist on it, I am obliged to marry you; but believe me my friend, you had better be buried!"

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Through all the varied scenes of life,  
Of sorrow pain and woe,  
The little pigs run through the woods,  
Up to their eyes in snow.

EPITAPH  
On the late Cryer of the Courts.  
Beneath the stone erected here,  
The dust of one is lying,  
Who, though he seldom shed a tear,  
Lived all the while by crying.  
Now left alone in quiet sleep,  
His bones here mouldering lie—  
The Courts of law for him should weep—  
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John, what is a nailer?  
A man who makes nails.  
Very good. What is a tailor?  
One who makes tails.

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