

THE STAR

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POETRY.



SOLDIER OF FAME.

A national song—By Capt. R. T. Spence, of the Navy.

[Written for the occasion of General La Fayette's visit to Baltimore.]

The God of creation hath called forth the hero, Asquiduously bright by His sovereign decree, All nature rejoices—the night that is gone Seemed impatient to usher the day we now see.

A day most sublime; for the light never broke To illumine a scene more transcendently grand; It gives us the Chief, who, from Britain's stern yoke, With herons departed, enfranchised our land.

Full of honors and years, he is spared by his God, To visit the home of the happy once more; The path of his glory triumphantly trod, With victory perch'd on the standard he bore, Invited, he comes, 'mid the shouts of the world,

The shouts of Ten Millions who gladden our clime— The "Star Spangled Banner" so proudly unfurled— The page of his glory immortal as Time.

Come forth, gallant freemen! come forth in your glory; Rush forward, rush forward, to greet our loved guest, Whose name and whose deeds are resplendent in story,

Of all being heroes, the purest, the best! Come forth, lovely Woman! come forth in your beauty, To the scene of enchantment, embellishment lead—

Oh, you who are foremost in virtue and duty, Urge forward to welcome a father and friend.

To the land of the free, a Hero is come, Whose glory will triumph o'er ages unborn, Till all that is mortal shall sink to the tomb, Till time shall be lost in eternity's dawn; Brave warrior of France, brave soldier of fame! The millions of freemen who welcome thee here.

With fond devotion will hallow thy name While virtue is valued, and Freedom is dear.

Ye worthies who slumber in glory's bright grave, Who for honor, for country, for liberty bled, Your sons from the chains of a Despot to save, Before whom Oppression and Tyranny fled: Look down, sainted spirits! look down and approve

The homage we render to Gallia's brave son, Who soon will be summoned to join ye above, To receive the reward which his virtues have won.

Ye sons of brave chiefs, to whose valor we owe The blessings which make us the pride of the earth, Remember the warrior who vanquish'd your foe,

Who conquer'd to rescue the land of your birth— Remember this friend, for immense is your debt— Your freedom he won you, with treasure and toil— Can the brave be ungrateful, or ever forget The kind benefactor who visits their soil?

From the Register.

NORTH-CAROLINA—TRAVELIN COUNTY. October Term, 1854.

The Grand Jurors for the county aforesaid, viewing themselves as bound by their oaths, to take notice of all things tending to public injury, feel themselves bound to present, as a general and public nuisance and serious grievance, the custom, now too generally prevalent, especially in their county, of the meeting together of slaves on sabbaths and at other times, and places, called stands, under pretence of holding public worship. Evidence, irrefragable and conclusive, has convinced the Grand Jurors, that while pure motives have influenced some few of our slaves to attend these meetings, by far the greater part meet for purposes demoralizing to themselves, injurious to their owners and detrimental to the public. That at these places our negroes get drunk, indulge in gambling, make a mart of articles stolen, and in the course of this scene, stealing, gambling and drinking, resorts is frequently made to fighting where butcher knives, bludgeons and other unlawful weapons are so dextrously used, that thereby many receive seri-

ous injury. We, therefore, consider these stands as a public nuisance; nor can we refrain from an expression of disapprobation towards those who permit these stands and public conventions of blacks on their lands. We would not be understood, in the least possible degree, as opposing vital religion among our slaves, convinced as we are, that where true religion is, whether in the bond or free, there, there is a better man. But we do note, that where these stands are erected we rarely find persons of color at the neighboring places of divine worship, while at these stands negroes attend from twenty and thirty miles. From these views of the subject, we unhesitatingly say, that if a sense of public duty be not sufficient to restrain individuals from permitting these stands, and public resorts of our slaves on their lands, Legislative interference ought to suppress them.

Ordered that the foregoing be published in the Raleigh Register.

JEREMIAH PERRY, Foreman. Wm. P. Williams, Basil Strickland, William Harrison, Daniel Edwards, C. A. Hill, Richard Morris, Guilford Lewis, Kinchen Alford, Nathan Perry, John Cook, Josiah Bridges, James Cook, Joseph Young, Herbert Harris, John Ingers, Wm. Dunn.

NATURAL HISTORY.

African Lions.—The first number of the South African Journal, published at the Cape of Good Hope, contains some very interesting details respecting the lions of that country. The writer says, that beyond the limits of the colony, they are accounted peculiarly fierce and dangerous, and he thinks Mr. Barrow's representations, that they are cowardly and treacherous, is a conclusion drawn from limited experience of inaccurate information. "The prodigious strength of this animal (he observes) does not appear to have been overrated. It is certain that he can drag the heaviest ox, with ease, a considerable way; and a horse, heifer, hartbeest, or lesser prey, he finds no difficulty in throwing over his shoulder and carrying off to any distance he may find convenient. I have myself witnessed an instance of a very young lion conveying a horse about a mile from the spot where he had killed it; and a more extraordinary case has been mentioned to me on good authority, where a lion, having carried off a heifer of two years old, was followed on the track for five hours, above 50 English miles, by a party on horseback; and, throughout the whole distance, the carcass of the heifer was only once or twice discovered to have touched the ground. The Bechnano Chief, old Peshow, (now in Cape Town,) conversing with me a few days ago, said, that the lion very seldom attacks man, if unprovoked; but he will frequently approach within a few paces, and survey him steadily; and sometimes he will attempt to get behind him, as if he could not stand his look, but was yet desirous of springing upon him unawares. If a person in such circumstances attempts either to fight or fly, he incurs the most imminent peril; but if he has sufficient presence of mind coolly to confront him, without appearance of either terror or aggression the animal will, in almost every instance, after a little space, retire. The overmastering effect of the of the human eye upon the lion has been frequently mentioned, though much doubted, by travellers; but, from my own inquiries among lion hunters, I am perfectly satisfied of the fact; and an anecdote related to me a few days ago, by Major McIntosh, proves that this fascinating effect is not restricted to the lion. An officer in India, well known to my informant, having chanced to ramble into a jungle, suddenly encountered a Royal Tiger. The rencontre appeared equally unexpected on both sides, and both parties made a dead halt, earnestly gazing on each other. The gentleman had no fire arms, and was aware that a sword would be no effective defence in a struggle for life with such an antagonist. But he had heard that even the Bengal tiger might be sometimes checked by looking him firmly in the face. He did so. In a few minutes, the tiger, which appeared prepared to make his final spring, grew disturbed, slunk aside, and attempted to creep round upon him behind. The officer turned constantly upon the tiger, which still continued to shrink from his glance; but, darting into the thicket, and again issuing forth in a different quarter, it persevered for above half an hour in this attempt to catch him by surprise; till, at last, it fairly yielded the contest, and left the gentleman to pursue his way unimpeded. The direction he now took, as may be easily believed, was straight to the tent, at a double quick time." After relating several other terrific stories of encounters with lions, the writer concludes his article with one not quite so fearful, related by Lucas Van Lichten, to Van Door-

his neighbor, at the Havana's river. "Lucas was riding across the open plains about day break, and observing a lion at a distance, he endeavored to avoid him by making a circuit. Lucas soon perceived that he was not disposed to let him pass without further parance, and that he was rapidly approaching to the encounter, and being without his rifle (rifle) and otherwise little inclined to any closer acquaintance, he turned off at right angles—laid the sambok freely to his horse's flank, and galloped for life. The horse was laggard, and bore a heavy man on his back; the lion was fresh and furious with hunger, and came down upon him like a thunderbolt. In a few seconds he overtook Lucas, and springing up behind him, brought horse and man in an instant to the ground. Luckily the horse was unhurt, and the lion was too eager in worrying the horse to pay any immediate attention to the rider.

"Hardly knowing himself how he escaped, he contrived to scramble out of the fray, and made a clean pair of heels of it till he reached the next house. Lucas, who gave me the details of this adventure himself, made no observations on it as being any way remarkable, except in the circumstance of the lion's audacity in pursuing a "Christian man" without provocation in open day! But what chiefly vexed him in the affair was the loss of the saddle. He returned next day with a party of friends to take vengeance on his feline foe; but both the lion and saddle had disappeared, and nothing could be found but the horse's clean-pick'd bones. Lucas said, he could have excused the schelm for killing the horse, as he had allowed himself to get away, but the felonious abstraction of the saddle (for which, as Lucas gravely observed, he could have no possible use, raised his spleen mightily, and called down a shower of curses whenever he told the story of this hair-breadth escape."

A Scene upon the Frontier.—In the following extract of a letter from an officer of the United States, while ascending the Arkansas in December last, on his way to a remote agency, addressed to a friend in the City of Washington, Mr. Cooper, may find a subject for another chapter in his Pioneers; and our readers will doubtless be amused with the sketch of a character who, without much effort of the imagination, might be metamorphosed into the Rob Roy of the Western Wilds.—Nat. Int.

"Dec. 22d, 5 o'clock, P. M.—Since anchoring, I have taken a walk, and called at the house situated on the farm, beside which our vessel lies, the owner of which, (a Mr. Walker,) I found a very intelligent and interesting young man. He is old enough however, to be termed a bachelor, and his mode of living entitles him to that designation. Imagine the costume of a wild-man, or of a complete woodsman, and you will have an idea of his. On my left, as I entered the door, sat an old and respectable looking lady, sewing the seams of a shirt, cut out of the coarsest linen I ever saw wrought into such a garment. On my right was quite a genteel and neatly dressed young lady, knitting; and at the upper end of the room, directly before a large log fire, carelessly reclining in an old chair, sat the person named. He rose, and with great ease and dignity, offered me a seat. His dress was a buckskin hunting-shirt, hanging about half way between his hip and knee, with a standing collar made of the same material, but dressed with the hair on it; it was tied around his middle with a leathern string; he had no waistcoat, he had on buckskin pantaloons, coarse yarn stockings, heavy shoes, and on his head a Hessian cap. This hunter-dress, however, could not conceal the fact, which his manner and expressive countenance indicated. I soon found he was not what he seemed to be. He is tall and slender, thin visaged, with a brilliant black eye, an aquiline nose, and black whiskers, extending from the lower part of his ear, nearly under his throat, and a luxuriant suit of jet-black hair, three or four inches long, all over his head, from which, before I left the house, he carefully drew his cap. His complexion is dark, his skin somewhat sun burnt, but handsomely tinged, near the cheek bone, with the roseate hue. He is taciturn, almost to repugnance, only speaking when asked a question, and then as if he contemned social intercourse. He has been seventeen years a resident of the solitary spot where I found him. He came here from Kentucky, when quite a lad, and has lived for many years with no other companions than an old black woman and his dog. The old and young lady I have mentioned as being in the house, I ascertained to be his mother and sister, whom he told me he had not seen for seven years and yesterday. As soon as I have eaten my dinner, if it does not rain too heavily, I intend taking a lantern and going back to the house.

Monday morning, 22d Dec.—The wind and rain continued all night, with considerable violence. I rose before day, as I felt a little uneasy, and could not sleep. The first object I saw, on opening my cabin door, was my late evening's companion, Mr. Walker, entering the cabin of a large boat above me, with his rifle in his hand. He soon came out again, and passed rapidly down the bank of the river. He looked at me, and was near enough to have spoken, but did not. It is probably the last I shall see of him, as the wind has sufficiently started to warrant me in moving. He is a mysterious being. I never heard the sound of a sweeter voice than he possessed. It is deep, copious, and manly; but so happily softened that the tone is perfectly musical.

LA FAYETTE.

Leading incidents of his eventful life—compiled from various newspaper accounts.

LA FAYETTE was born at Amvergne in France, in 1757—consequently, he is now 97 years old. At the early age of 19, he left wife, relatives and princely fortune, and came over to this country in a ship fitted out at his own expense, landing at Charleston, S. C. in January, 1777. He immediately entered the army, and served as a volunteer until the 31st of July following, when he was commissioned by Congress a Major General.—He distinguished himself on various occasions, and particularly at the battle of Brandywine, where he was wounded but refused to quit the field.

In 1779, he returned to France on a visit, and while there he was presented by congress with a sword. He took this opportunity to make interest with the French government for assistance to these then colonies, in which he partially succeeded. He returned again in 1780, and landed at Boston, with large reinforcements. In 1781 he was entrusted with a separate command in Virginia, for the purpose of driving Arnold out of the state—but did not succeed. He was afterwards opposed to that able General Cornwallis; whom he frequently baffled.—When the army was in great want of clothing he supplied 10,000 dollars from his own private purse.

At the siege of Yorktown, he acted a conspicuous part, and in fine, without dwelling upon particulars, he continued throughout our struggle, to render the most efficient and disinterested services. In 1784 he returned to France, where he was received with enthusiasm. At the breaking out of the French revolution, he took sides in the cause of Freedom, always however opposing violent, lawless and sanguinary measures. He was elected a member of the State General, in 1789 he was made President of that Assembly, and commandant of the National Guards—but in 1791 the tide began to turn against him—he was too moderate for those furious Guees—the National Assembly suspected him—his soldiers became disaffected towards him—and his life was attempted by a ruffian. He resigned his command at the adoption of the French Constitution. In 1792 he was called again into service, but on the memorable 10th of August of that year when the Royal Family fled to the National Assembly for safety, he opposed the fury of the mob, was deprived of command and obliged to fly his country for safety. A price was set upon his head. He was arrested in Germany by the Duke of Saxe Teiccen; and was about to be hanged, when the King of Prussia interfered, and changed the sentence to confinement in the dungeon of Magdeburg, where he languished a year. At the end of that time the Emperor of Austria claimed and took him, and threw him into the prison of Oltmuz, in chains. His wife and two daughters (Virginia and Carolina) went to prison with him. His estate was confiscated. General Washington endeavored to procure his liberation, and supplied him with every thing necessary. After being two years in the prison of Oltmuz, a Dr. Bollman, a Hanoverian, and a young American by the name of Francis K. Huger, formed the plan of liberating him. He was liberated, but had not travelled more than ten miles, before he was suspected; and finally retaken and reconducted to prison. Huger was also taken and imprisoned, and Bollman voluntarily surrendered himself to share the fate of his companion.

These two were tried, but by good management, came off with only a week's imprisonment. La Fayette, however, was kept confined until the close of 1797, when he was released at the request of Bonaparte. His health was impaired and his hair all came out. The health of his wife and daughter was almost destroyed. Declining the offer of Bonaparte's protection, he retired to Hamburg, where he remained until after the overthrow of the French Directory. He then returned to France, and lived upon his estate. Upon Bonaparte's first abdication, he was elected a Deputy, in which situation he continued until the final restoration of the Bourbons, when he once more retired to private life. He was however again elected to the Chamber of Deputies in opposition to the influence of the Ministry; but at the last election, his enemies succeeded in defeating him, and he is now a private untitled citizen, at liberty to indulge his inclination in revisiting this land of freedom, endeared to him by so many sacrifices and associations, and whose sons are so ready to receive their early friend and protector, and to pour forth their overflowing hearts of gratitude and welcome.

Williamsport, Pa. Nov. 3.—White Bear.—On Monday, the 11th ultimo, a White Bear was killed on the West Branch of the river Susquehanna, four miles below Youngstown, by Mr. John Graham. The fur is thick and appears to be softer than that of the black bear, and its ears much larger; it was in company with a black bear at the time it was killed, and Mr. Graham is of the opinion that if he had had assistance he could have taken it alive. This is the first quadruped of this species that has been seen or taken in this part of the world by any of the oldest inhabitants. Query, perhaps it is a harbinger of a hard winter, as they are found plenty in cold countries.

Washington, November 3. Choctaw Deputation.—A deputation of Choctaws, nine in number, arrived in this city a few days past, on business with the Government.

On their way, and when at Mayersville, in Kentucky, Puck-sher-moos, a principal Chief, and aged about 60 years, stopped from a precipice, in a fog which hid the chasm from his view, and fractured his skull, which killed him.

It is gratifying to witness, in these deputations of latter times, young men of education and virtue, with talents to conduct the business of their nation, and manners suited, in all respects, to the polished improvements of their white brethren. There are two of this description attached to this deputation. Col. Folsom, well known as the friend of the school system among his people, and for the distinguished excellence of his character, and James L. McDonald, who was educated in this District, chiefly by the Rev. Mr. Caruban, now President of Princeton College, at his classical school in Georgetown; and subsequently read law in Ohio, with the present Postmaster General, where he was admitted to its practice. Mr. McDonald being on a visit to his mother, after many years separation, was included by the Council of the nation, in the deputation.

We cannot but wish these people well. They have many claims upon our justice and humanity; and now that we see them emerging from the ignorance of barbarism, and even adventuring upon our learned professions, every encouragement ought to be held out, and every inducement offered, to animate and prosper their efforts.

The school system under the special patronage of the government is producing the happiest results, and if it be well supported, and its energies kept in vigour by such guards as experience may demonstrate to be essential, a generation may not pass away before our nation may be honored in having rescued from the cheerless condition of the savage, hundreds of thousands of fellow beings whose claims even upon the humanity of so many ages have been resisted, and themselves made the victims of every outrage which the coarsest avarice has the ingenuity to invent.

Our national character is deeply interested in the issue of the present efforts to civilize and christianize these people; but when to this is superadded the claims which arise out of their abject condition, as a people, the duty becomes imperative, and the call becomes loud upon us to persevere.

Nat. Journal.

A writer in the Louisiana Advertiser of the 32th ult. complains of the negligent manner in which the interments in the Protestant Burial Ground in that city, are made. He asserts, "after the late heavy falls of rain, there were from eighteen to twenty inches of water on the surface of the ground, on which a great number of coffins were seen floating, and being agitated by the wind, were driven in different directions, knocking against each other, and forming a deadly representation of a shipwreck. The dry weather and the hot sun which we have experienced since, has in some measure caused the water to evaporate, and with it, of course, the miasma to be drawn into the atmosphere, and no doubt the pernicious effect of it has much contributed to the continuance of the epidemic which has caused so much desolation."

"The Fever, (says the same paper) still prevails in our city—we are sorry to see various citizens who had braved themselves, as well as strangers, coming thus early among us. The weather for the last few days, has been unfavorable to health, and such visitors are not considered safe."—Charleston Courier.

On the 15th ultimo, the remains of the late Major Gen. Sir Isaac Brock, of the British Army, and those of his Aid-de-Camp, Lieut. McDonald, were deposited under the splendid monument lately erected on Queenstown Heights. The funeral procession was very pompous.