

THE STAR,

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A Journeyman Printer,

Who can work at Case and Press, wanted immediately at this Office. None need apply but such as are perfectly acquainted with their business.

BELL & LAWRENCE, Raleigh, May 12, 1826.

Notice.

As I have it in view to leave the State the approaching fall, and not wishing to part with my wife, or to disturb the peace and happiness which bind parents and children together, I will sell on good time, for cash, a few young and likely NEGROES.

J. H. COOKE, Raleigh, June 29, 1826.

Runaways.

Committed to the jail of Halifax county, a negro man named DICK, who was raised about this place, and formerly belonged to the estate of Harwood Jones, dec'd, and was sold by Mr. Esom to a speculator—says he has been run away upwards of 18 months, that he now belongs to Col. James White, of Washington county, Virginia, near Abington, who owns a Salt and a Lead Mine. Dick is well known here by the name of Dick Easy, is a yellow complexion, about 23 years of age, is a cunning, crafty fellow, down look, and is about five feet five or six inches high.

Also, a negro man by the name of CLABORN, who says he belongs to Maj Barnes, of Granville county, N. C. He is about 19 years old, of a dark complexion, and about 5 feet six or seven inches high. The owners of the above negroes are requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges, and take them away, or they will be dealt with as the law directs. DIXIE C. FENNER, Jailor, Halifax, June 22, 1826.

Notice.

The subscriber having qualified as Administrator on the rights and credits of Joseph Brasfield, dec'd, call on all persons having claims against said estate to present them in the time prescribed by law, otherwise this notice will be plead in bar against their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate are called on to make payment, as no indulgence will be given. JOHN HAYES, admr. June 15, 1826.

POETRY.

Every American is acquainted with the story of Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan, an Indian chief of Virginia. In 1607, soon after that colony was planted by the English, when the savages had captured Captain Smith, and were in the act of putting him to death, she threw herself on him, and protecting him from the blow of the executioner, persuaded her father to spare his life. In the following lines, which we copy from the April number of the London New Monthly Magazine, this story is finely told by Mrs. Hemans. The piece is one of a series entitled "Records of Women."—N. Y. Observer.

THE AMERICAN FOREST GIRL.

Wildly and mournfully the Indian drum On the deep hush of moonlight forests broke:— "Sing us a death-song, for thine hour is come." So the red-warriors to their Captive spoke, Still, and amidst those dusky forms alone, A youth, a fair-haired youth, of England stood; Like a King's son; though from his cheek had flown The mantling crimson of the island-blood. And his press'd lips look'd marble. Fiercely bright, And high around him blaz'd the fires of night, Rocking beneath the cedars to and fro As the wind pass'd, and with a fitful glow Lighting the victim's face:—but who could tell Of what within his secret heart befel, Known but to Heaven that hour? Perchance a thought Of his far home, then so intensely wrought That its full image, pictured to his eye On the dark ground of mortal agony, Those clear as day!—And he might see the band Of his young sisters wandering hand in hand, Where the laburnums droop'd; or happy binding The jasmine, up the door's low pillar windings; Or, as day faded on their gentle mirth, Gathering, with braided hair, around the hearth Where sat their mother;—and that mother's face Its grave sweet smile yet wearing in the place Where so it ever smil'd! Perchance the prayer Earn'd at her knee came back on his despair, The blessing from her voice, the very tone Of her "Good-night" might breathe from his boyhood gone!— He started and look'd up:—thick cypress boughs, Full of strange sound, wav'd o'er him, darkly red In the broad stormy firelight; savage brows, With tall plumes crested and wild hues o'erspread, Girt him like feverish phantoms; and pale stars Look'd through the branches as through dungeon-bars Shedding no hope!—he knew, he felt his doom!— Oh! what a tale to shadow with its gloom That happy hall in England!—Idle fear! Would the winds tell it!—who might dream or hear

The secrets of the forests? To the stake They bound him; and that proud young soldier strove His father's spirit in his breast to wake, Trusting to die in silence!—He, the love Of many hearts!—the fondly-rear'd—the fair, Gladdening all eyes to see!—And fetter'd there He stood beside his death-pyre, and the brand Flamed up to light it, in the chief's hand!— He thought upon his God. Hush! hark!— a cry Breaks on the stern and dread solemnity! A step hath pierc'd thering! Who dares intrude On the dark flinters in their vengeful mood? A Girl—a young slight Girl—a fawn-like child Of green savannas and the leafy wild Springing unmark'd till then, as some lone flower, Happy because the sun-shine is its dower, Yet one that knows how early tears are shed, For her's had mourn'd a playmate brother dead.

She had sat gazing on the victim long, Until the pity of her soul grew strong; And by its passion's deepening fervor sway'd, Ev'n to the stake she rush'd and gently laid His bright head on her bosom, and around His form her slender arms to shield it wound. Like close Lianes; then raised her glittering eye, And clear-toned voice that said—"He shall not die!"—"He shall not die!"—the gloomy forest thrill'd To that sweet sound. A sudden wonder fell On the fierce throng; and heart and hand were still'd. Struck down, as by the whisper of a spell They gazed—their dark souls bow'd before the maid, She of the dancing step in wood and glade! And as her cheek flush'd through its olive hue, As her black tresses to the night-wind flew, Something o'er-master'd them from that young mien; Something of Heaven, in silence felt and seen; And seeming to their child-like faith, a token That the Great Spirit by her voice had spoken. They loosed the bonds that held their captive's breath; From his pale lips they took the cup of death, They quenched the brand beneath the sypress tree— "Away" they cried, "young Stranger! thou art free."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Niagara Frontier.—A friend now at the west, has communicated to us the following interesting account of the Niagara frontier:

The situation of this beautiful country connected with the Niagara river, so famous for historical events and natural curiosities, on the Canadian side, is more pleasant and interesting than any other place in the Canadas. The river affords an excellent harbour for vessels of any burthen, at its junction with Lake Ontario, which is of vast importance, as it is the only one for upwards of a hundred miles along either shore excepting that of York. The little town of Niagara is situated upon an extensive plain, upon a point of land formed by the lake and river. Fort Niagara is opposite the town, upon the United States' side, situated upon a point commanding the mouth of the river. It is the most pleasant garrison on the northern frontiers. This fort was evacuated on the 17th of this month, for the first time for two hundred years; and it is rather a singular coincidence, that the garrison on the Canadian side (Fort George,) was evacuated on the following day—thus leaving the inhabitants destitute of the wanted sounds of guns, bugles, drums, and trumpets, which for nearly half a century have associated with their organs of hearing. Steam is finding its way every where—six boats are expected to come into this harbour on identified days every week this season.

About seven miles from this place up the river are Queenston Heights, upon the summit of which is a monument erected to the memory of the brave Gen. Brock, who fell on the 13th of October, 1813, in the memorable battle of this place, and whose remains are deposited within the base. This monument is of a clumsy structure, unfinished; one hundred and two feet high, void of taste in architecture; but a monument is a monument. From this summit you look upon the beautiful country below as upon a map; the little village of Queenston is directly under the mountain, and although an eligible place for much business, being at the head of navigation for vessels, yet whatever may be the reason, it presents no flattering hopes of greatness at present. After rising this elevation the country is as level, as below, and the appearance of the river to the falls, meandering its course through an immense chasm, is romantic and grand beyond description. About three miles above Queenston is what is called the whirlpool; it is formed by the river taking a turn, making a square angle; above this angle, this vast current of water rushes furiously against the outer bank of the angle, and forms an eddy, that runs with a wondrous velocity and roars as loud or louder than the falls. Four miles above this

is the great falls, which has often been described by masters of the undertaking. When the traveller has arrived here, he is at the emporium of nature's masterpiece as to curiosities, and personal comfort. In justice let me remark that there are two houses fitted for the accommodation of travellers, equal, if not superior to any in America. Mr. John Brown has erected a house upon the scite where his former one was lately burned; if not the most beautiful, it is supposed to be the largest and most commodious house in the Canadas; and from his long tried assiduity, industry and attention to business will no doubt deserve a most liberal patronage. May 9th, 1826.—Post coaches are now running between the Falls and Niagara constantly, and the fashionable tourists, and visitors, already begin to give life and pleasure to this beautifully romantic place.—New-York Com. Adv.

"THE FIELD OF BRADDOCK."

From the Recollections of Washington. Dr. James Craik, the early companion in arms, and bosom friend of Washington, was a native of Scotland. The father of the celebrated Paul Jones was gardener to the father of Dr. Craik, at whose residence the first years of the chevalier were passed—his real name John Paul. Educated for an army surgeon, Dr. Craik, soon after his arrival in Virginia, was attached to the troops destined under the command of Col. Washington to repel the encroachments of the French and Indians, and was present at the affair of Fort Mifflin in 1755. The following year he joined the army of Braddock, partook the dangers of that disastrous campaign, and dressed the wounds of his ill-fated commander on the field of battle.

The associations of Craik with Washington were of the most interesting character.—Their first commission signed on the same day.—Young fellow soldiers in the wars of '55, '56—adventurers in exploring the western wilds when the Indian Prophet delivered the oracles of fate in 1773—compatriots in the struggle for liberty—friends in the retirement of private life—in a word for nearly half a century, and in times the most productive of great events they were united by warm and affectionate attachments, from their first meeting at the palace of the Colonial Governor at Williamsburg, in 1754, to their last adieu, at the death-bedside of the father of his country, at Mount Vernon, in 1799. Craik survived his friend and commander not many years, dying at the patriarchal age of eighty-four, and preserving his faculties to the last, in so eminent a degree, as to relate the events of times long passed, with the freshness which belonged to those of yesterday. From his venerable lips have been derived many of the most interesting recollections of this work, of which he might well say— "Quaeque ibe miserrima, vidi et quorum parsui."

On the morning of the 6th of July, Col. Washington assured the Commander-in-Chief that the enemy would fight him on that day—and gave as his reasons, that the French were not sufficiently strong of themselves to await his attack within their works; and that their Indian allies, on whom a principal dependence was to be placed, would never consent, for a moment, to be cooped up within the walls of a fortress. This judicious advice was received by the brave, but pertinacious Braddock, with indifference. He spoke of the number and discipline of his European troops, his own prowess in war and the certainty that his bayonets would glitter above the vanquished walls of Fort du Quesne before sunset, rather regretted that the Rangers could take but little share in the grand escalade, by which he meant to storm the fortress, and end the campaign at a blow.

The Provincial Colonel, finding his salutary counsel so little regarded, retired to his friends, and remarked, "this confidant man will either be greatly mistaken, or I know but little of the Indian character." The ambuscade was so contrived, as to permit the English to get well out of the river before the attack commenced. The regulars fell in their ranks, for a time, but were soon thrown into confusion—their officers mostly killed, and themselves demolished, without ever seeing their enemy; for not an Indian was seen by them, until their shattered remains were recrossing the river; then the savages were perceived dispatching the wounded, whose shrieks could be distinctly heard by their retiring comrades. Sixty-four, out of eighty-five officers and one half the privates were killed or wounded. Col. Washington, debilitated by previous severe illness, from

his great and heroic exertions on this memorable day, became so exhausted, that when Bishop rushed through the fire of the enemy, and brought him another horse, it was only by the exertions of this faithful follower that he was remounted. His hat was shot through in two places, and to use Bishop's own words, the skirts of his coat were cut in ribbands. The Rangers, animated by the presence and example of the Provincial Colonel, made a gallant fight; practising the savage mode of warfare, they held the enemy at bay, and enabled the remains of the Regulars to escape. This fine band of woodsmen suffered so severely, that three to four hundred men who went into action, scarcely a tenth survived.

Braddock, with stern, unyielding aspect, beheld the ruin his rashness had made. Col. Sir Peter Halket came up to him and observed, that the regular troops, after firing upon an invisible enemy, were in great confusion, and suffering a terrible carnage; that most of his officers were killed or wounded, and praying that the General would be pleased to change the order of battle, and permit him to fight the enemy more in their own way. The veteran tactician indignantly growled out, "What, Sir Peter, are you turning coward in your old age?" Halket bowing, replied, "It is rather late in the day, may it please your excellency, for me to turn coward;" then retired to the wreck of his regiment, and was soon after mortally wounded. Looking around him for a spot, where he might lay him down to die, he espied his nurse, (who had followed the regiment from Ireland) under the shade of a tree, engaged in relieving the wounded; to her he crawled, and resting his grey head upon the aged knees which had pillowed his infancy, expired.

From a female skeleton being found under the aforementioned tree, by persons who had been sent from Europe to search for the remains of Sir Peter, it became evident that the nurse did not abandon her foster child, even when his life had fled, and must have been engaged in her solemn and maternal duty when the fatal tomahawk summoned her to worlds unknown. Not long after his interview with Sir Peter, Braddock fell. While Dr. Craik was endeavoring to staunch his wound, he called out, "I'll know how to give it to them next time!" clenching his fist towards the enemy. His critical military ear readily distinguished between the deep sounds of the musquetry and the sharper report of the rangers' rifles; and a Captain Stewart of the staff, coming up at the time, the General observed that the musquetry had ceased, and inquired what firing was that he heard. Stewart replied, "It is Washington, who, with the rangers, still fights the enemy, and will enable many of the regulars to escape." "Ah!" said the now repentant Braddock, as the intervals of relief from the agony of his wound would permit, "go to him—bless him—tell him from me, had I have been governed by his advice, we should have never come to this."

These memorable words were the last the dying General uttered on the field of battle. Indeed Washington would have been his protecting genius before as well as during the battle, would he have listened to advice, first given on the landing of the troops at Alexandria, and repeated, though without effect, up to the morning of the fatal 9th of July. It is said that the Colonel advised the leaving, at least, one half of the regulars at the place of debarkation, and enlisting in their stead a like number of woodsmen; but nothing could convince the ill-fated General that European tactics would avail nothing in a warfare of the wilderness. General Braddock died the day succeeding the battle, and was buried in the wagon road, the grave levelled, and the waggons purposely driven over it, that it might be concealed from the Indians, whose trophies of victory would have been greatly enriched by the addition of a General's scalp.

A circumstance of some moment to the medical world, occurred on the retreat of the English forces from the Monongahela.—The hospital stores having been lost, the surgeons dressed the wounded men with applications made from grass, weeds and herbs, bruised, and formed into poultice; and the wounds did remarkably well. May not this hint be useful to those engaged in frontier wars or in expeditions in savage countries? We know that the Indians do cure very bad wounds, and we well know that they have no apothecaries' hall, and that their simples are entirely derived from the vegetable kingdom. The character of Braddock may be summed up in a few words. He was brave, without the better part, discretion, and perished in vainly attempt-

ing to wage the warfare of the European plains in the wilds of the new world.

He was the son of the old General Braddock, a distinguished officer in the early part of the last century. His sister celebrated for her beauty, her wealth, & misfortunes, came to an untimely end.—She possessed a fortune of six thousand a year—was fond of intrigue, though certainly never criminal, and having dissipated her fortune at the gaming table and became reduced to want, she put a period to her existence, by hanging herself in an embroidered girdle. Her youth, her beauty and misfortunes, rendered her the object of universal pity; and the fate of her brother will be the less regretted, when it is known that he was so destitute of humanity, as when he heard of his sister's death, to express himself by a pun, saying, that she had tied herself up from play."

MAL-PRACTICE IN SURGERY.

Meadville, (Pa.) June 15, 1826. The difficult task of deciding in cases of disagreement among doctors, literally devolved on our court and jurors at June term, and the adjourned court which closed its labors last week. No less than three cases of alleged mal-practice in surgery were disposed of. The first was,

Robert M Knight vs. Dr. Woodruff. This was, in the technicality of the profession, an oblique fracture of the talar, and a transverse fracture of the lesser bones of the lower limb of the right leg. Ignorance, mismanagement, and inattention, were alleged by the plaintiff against the defendant, in the management of his fractured limb. The cause was submitted to the jury without argument of counsel—Verdict for plaintiff, \$250. Next came

Some Piff vs. Dr. Reynolds.—The defendant, it appeared from the testimony, officiated rather in the character of a consulting physician, having merely assisted Dr. Woodruff in resetting the fracture eight days after its first reduction. Bob was habitually intemperate—was drunk when he received the injury—and the doctors, too, it was alleged, were drunk when they reduced the fracture the second time. This allegation was strengthened by the fact, as stated by some of the witnesses, that they not only "talked Latin to each other," but replied to, and answered all questions put to them by persons present, touching the case of the patient, in the same language, while performing the operation—Verdict for defendant. Then came

Pike vs. Bemus.—This was a transverse fracture of the thigh bone. Unskillfulness in the reduction, mismanagement in the treatment, and delinquency in the attendance of the defendant, were, so far as our recollection serves, the prominent grounds on which the action rested. The broken leg was found to be full one and a half inches shorter than the other. A number of medical gentlemen were examined. Their opinions were exceedingly diversified in reference to the treatment of the patient, and also, touching the relative advantages of long splints and short splints, and the application of extension and counter-extension, in a case of this kind. The cause was managed by the respective counsel with more than ordinary zeal and ingenuity. It differed essentially in one important point from the two cases which had preceded it—the defendant, it was well known, had something like good plucking about him—was "rolling in his carriage," as alleged by one of the counsel for plaintiff—while another rejoiced, with apparent singleness of heart, that what he could "spare would be abundantly sufficient to render his unfortunate client comfortable through life." Verdict for defendant. Damages to the amount of \$2000, have been recently awarded by referees, against Dr. Johns, of Erie, for mal-practice—Sterrett, pfr. This seems to us a most woful though possibly a very just, application of the principle of "extension." The doctor has appealed from the award.—Messenger.

"Brevity the soul of wit."—The celebrated Dr. Abernethy is a man of uncommon brevity of expression. A lady who was acquainted with this peculiarity of the Doctor, once called upon him with one of her arms badly burnt, for advice, when the following dialogue took place: Mrs. B.—(exposing her arm) "a burn." Doctor—"I see it is, poultice it." [Here he wrote a prescription for a poultice and handed her.] Second visit. Mrs. B.—[exposing her arm as before] "better." Doctor.—"Glad of it, continue the poultice."