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TERMS:

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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE IRISH WIFE.

A lean, pale, haggard looking man, so striking a contrast to the Kerry farmers, as to be absolutely startling, advanced to the table, at which sat the patient and good tempered secretary of the society, and asked if his reverence would be in shortly? A pretty delicate looking young woman, very scantily clad, perfectly clean, was looking over his shoulder as he asked the question.

"I think I have seen you before, my good man," said the secretary, and it is not many weeks ago."

"It was more his brother than he—it was in deed," answered the haggard man's wife, courtesying and advancing a little before her husband. He interrupted her.

"Don't try to screen me, Nelly, I don't deserve it from you! See the way I beat my old acquaintance, on both sides like a brute as I was."

"It was not, you dear," said the young woman, drawing her thin shawl more closely around her bruised arms; "it was the strength of spirits did it, and not himself—he's as quiet a man as there is in the city of Cork when he's sober; and as fine a workman as when he would not hurt a hair of my head, barrin' he was in liquor."

The poor creature's affectionate appeal on behalf of her erring husband was interrupted by the secretary again demanding if he had not taken the pledge before? "I did it sir—stood back, Nelly, don't try to screen me. I came here and took it from Father Mackleed—and God forgive me, I broke it too. I broke it last night or rather all day yesterday, and never heed any more about it, James, dear," said the wife eagerly, "never heed any more about it. A man may be overtaken once, and yet make a fine Christian after all. You would not be sending him from the priest's knee because he broke it once.—When, as I said before, it was his brother was in it, and not he, only for company."

"I had no heart to come this morning, only for her," said the husband, she remembered his reverence preaching about there being more joy in heaven over one man like me, than ninety and nine good men. Oh! if she would let me tell the wickedness of my past life, and the sin and shame that have followed me."

"It was the drink, James," reiterated the wife earnestly. "Do not be distressing yourself for it was nothing but the drink. Sure, when sober, there isn't a more loving husband, or tenderer father on Ireland's grounds—and now you'll be true to the pledge, and his happy wife'll be, and prosperous—for the master told me this blessed morning, that if he could depend on you for sobriety, you'd earn twenty-five shillings a week, and have the credit of a money man, and you will James—you will—for my sake and for the sake of the children at home."

"Ay," he interrupted, and for the sake of the broken hearted mother that bore me—and for the sake of little Mary whom I crippled in the drink—O! when the sweet look of that baby is on me—her sweet patient look—I think the gates of heaven can never open to such a sinner!"

While he made this confession, his arms hung powerless by his side; and his pallid face lightened into an expression of helplessness, hopeless, irreclaimable misery. The wife turned and burst into tears. Several evinced the quick sympathies of Irish nature; for they shuddered and murmured. "The Lord be betwixt us and harm, and look down upon them both!" the woman was the first to recover consciousness; impelled by a sudden burst of feeling, she threw her bruised arms around her husband's neck, recalling him to himself by all the tender phrases of Irish affection.

"We can never forget the agonized earnestness with which the unhappy man took the pledge, the beautiful picture of his gentle and endearing wife, as she stood beside him; or the solemn response that followed from a score of voices, 'O then, God strengthen thee to keep it!'"

A MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.

An Irish soldier once waited upon his commanding officer, with what he termed a very serious complaint. "Another man he said, upbraided him that he was not married to his own wife, whom he accused of being no better than she should be, and called her many names besides, which he would be ashamed to mention to his honor.—'Well my goodfellow,' answered the officer, 'have you any proof that you are married?' 'Faith your honor I have the best proof in the world,' Here the soldier took off his hat, exhibited a cut skull, saying, 'Does your honor think I'd be after taking the same abuses from any body but a wife.'"

[From the Massachusetts Spy.]

AN ANT FIGHT.

Mr. Editor: Whilst rambling in the fields a few days since, I witnessed a scene of particular interest, one which I think goes far to demonstrate that some insects possess reasoning faculties. The incident referred to, was a pitched battle between two near republics of ants, the bone of contention being evidently the possession of a grass-hopper which lay crushed midway between the two hills, which were some twenty feet apart.

When first seen, the combatants were clustered around the object of contest, grappling each other with their mandibles spouting venom, a hundred other manoeuvres incident to a hand fight. Suddenly, a cessation of hostilities was agreed upon, and the combatants left the field, each party returning to its respective hill, leaving nine of their number outside the works, who immediately each mounted a tall blade of grass, seeming to act as sentries, which in fact, was their office, for upon one of the hills suddenly poured forth millions of tiny warriors. They descended from the look outs and marched into the citadel, which, in its turn, sent forth a martial throng.

One body emerged from its sally ports without any regard for order till a space of some three or four feet had been passed over when they deployed to the right and left, till they formed an extended front of six feet, their right resting on the bank of a small pool and the left on a rock about twenty inches high. The opposite party in coming forth exhibited a more finished disposition. From three outlets, they advanced in couples and trios, alternately, each trio moving in a direct line for the centre of their opponent's line and halting when within three feet, the couplets proceeding on an angle drawn from their hill to the extreme right and left of their foes. The right couplets took up a position on a small knoll about five feet from the enemies' rank, two in rear of the trios, while the left continued its march till the point of a ball. An immediate retrograde movement took place, and the body posted itself in line, extending from the right of the trios, (and forming a triangle with it) to the bank of the pool. Both parties remained stationary a few moments, then striking their heads violently on the ground, and raising themselves erect, the trios rushed to the fight, the couplets remaining stationary.

The movement of the trios was met by an immediate advance of the right and left of the line, the centre gallantly maintaining its ground, as if attempting to gain the trios' rear. This attempt however, was foiled by the couplets opposing them, and the fight became general. As either party gained the ascendancy, there would be a running, or rather tumbling fight all over the field of battle, which embraced an area of twenty feet square. Occasionally as the tide of battle left one portion of the ground, thousands might be seen writhing in agony from the loss of a limb or antennae. After a hard fight of sixty-five minutes, the trios and couplets were victorious, pursuing the vanquished into their fortress where rapine seemed to be the order of the day. The nests of their antagonists were torn to pieces, and their eggs and young borne off triumphantly to the conqueror's forces.

The battle ground now exhibited a picture, an exact counterpart in miniature of other fields of glory. But what interested me most, was the operation of the surgeons and their assistants, (now don't smile, incredulous), there was in that insect army a regular staff of officers in their own peculiar uniforms, and surgeons and their attendants. On the leaves of a large thistle, which was spread on the ground, a body of ants with greenish forebodies, and red antennae, were gathered together and evidently conversing, for they would occasionally touch each other on various parts of their bodies with their antennae, and when so touched the individual would start off to the field of battle, and running among the stragglers and wounded for a few moments, return; and in turn, touch some other one who started off on the same errand.

A few inches from this body on a neighboring leaf, was a body of grim, black looking fellows, to whom hundreds of the common soldiers were dragging the wounded and dying; wherever a limb had been severed from the body, or a wound inflicted, the black surgeons would deposit a drop of fluid from its mouth, and then the patient was dragged into the citadel. Night had now nearly set in, and with reluctance, I was obliged to quit the scene.

We can well say with Huber, "we can comprehend the instinct which shall at all times, cause an animal to build its habitation after a distinct fashion," but a spontaneous combination of faculties seems to take place in these wars. I shall pay a visit to the interior of these republics soon, where I have no doubt I shall find ample food for wonder, which will give me pleasure to communicate, as entomology has become my study.

Yours, &c. H. M. PAINE.

BUSTLES—LIFE PRESERVERS.

Much has been said derogatory to the character of the bustle, but when it is found that this wonderful piece of mechanism can be of great use, it will probably receive as much praise as it has already of abuse.

A lady and gentleman were just leaving a steamboat, in one of our cities, but in stepping to the wharf, a plank upon which they carelessly stepped gave way and both were precipitated into the salt water. The lady of course screamed a little, but she soon discovered that there was no cause of alarm, for her bustle so buoyed her up there was no danger. Her gallant beau immediately from laying hold of the life preserver, and thus they both remained until a boat was pushed out to their assistance.

We would recommend to those steamboat owners, who have not provided their boats with india rubber life preservers, to present to each lady upon her entrance into the boat, a bustle of the largest size and most durable materials. The ladies will be sure to wear them, and thus the lives of thousands may be saved—won't speak with certainty however.—Ex. paper.

From the New Mirror.

IRISH IN AMERICA, AND SO ON.

One morning I was busily engaged writing in the counting-house, when in came a little boy, carrying a basket on his arm, filled with sixpenny almanacs, penny tapes, papers of pins, and all such valuable merchandise in a small way, forming the stock in trade of this youthful itinerant pedler. Being very much occupied, I merely shook my head and said, "Don't want any;" still the boy remained, and when I looked at him again he very modestly said, with a true Alsatian brogue, "Havent' you a vessel bound to Derry, sir?"

"Yes, my little fellow, do you want to send a letter by her?"

"Why yes, sir; only if you please to tell me what is the passage of a small girl from Derry?"

"Twenty dollars," said I; "but why do you ask?"

"Because myself was thinking of sending for a sister, of mine, if your honor pleases?"

"You send for her!" exclaimed I. "Your father sends you, men?"

"I have no father, sir."

"Your mother, then," said I.

"Me poor mother's dead and gone, too, sir."

"Pray, how old are you?" asked I, getting deep into my shoes.

"Just past my year, sir."

"And how old is your sister?"

"Nine years said a month, sir."

"But, my little man she's too young to bring out from Ireland, and you are too young to take care of her."

"Oh, sir, don't distrust me by saying so; shure her old grandfather is almost blind and deaf, and can't live long and aint able to bring her up, for he's poor hisself; and when he dies what will give her a bit and a sup, and soon she'll be able to go to service."

"But where will you get the money?" said I, more surprised than ever.

"Why, your honor sees me little basket, and the neighbors filled it first for me, and I begun to sell them trifles; and all the Sligo people and Donegal people that knows me people at home gave me a help; and with the blessing of God, sure I've saved over twenty dollars, thinking of the poor sister at home all the time; and when she comes, there's more than one will give her a bit and a sup, and soon she'll be able to go to service."

Whilst this conversation was going on, one of my Sligo acquaintances came in, and, after listening for awhile, he said,

"You may believe all the boy tells you, sir—I know him well. It's all true, and the money he has is honestly come by; he made it himself out of his little trade; and don't you fear him in regard to the sister, for she's a good girl, and I'll see to it myself, for he's the smartest boy that ever left the county Sligo."

I gave the order for his sister's passage without any further hesitation. She arrived safely. Her affectionate brother received her with open arms. The neighbors took a general oversight over them both and they went on prosperously. If either or both of them should ever read and recognize this true narrative, they may feel assured that one of their countrymen still feels proud of their pure and unadulterated youthful devotion to each other. He was shrewd beyond his years, and in making a bargain might almost be trusted with a native of New England of his own age. In riper years, of course, he must yield the palm to the "Universal Yankee."

Soon after I had finished my business for my Sligo lad, a tall strapping bod carrier, fresh from the mortar, entered my office, and making a bow inquired, rather bashfully,

"Might I make bold to ax if your honor is busily engaged just now?"

"Why, pretty much so," said I; "but why do you inquire?"

"Why, your honor sees I have a letter to send by ship, and it isn't written by myself for a reason I have—not knowing how—but a friend of mine, who is a great scholar, wrote it for me, and I shupose it's all right. Maybe you would just look over it, and tell me if there's no mistakes."

The latter had such a tempting appearance about it, I agreed to oblige him, and commenced reading it. "Why," said I, "your friend has made one mistake, I see, already."

"What's that, sir?" asked he.

"He has dated it the twenty-sixth of January, whilst this is only the eighteenth."

"O, that's all right, your honor, I bid him do so."

"For what pray?" said I.

"Why, your honor knows the ship is to sail on the twenty-sixth, and I wanted to give 'em the latest news, for they're mighty proud of the latest dates in Ireland always."

This reason was so perfectly satisfactory I did not disturb the figures, but laughed at the cute idea. The letter like all such Irish letters, gave a vast deal of information about the rates of wages, prices of provisions, besides the health and situation of every man, woman and child from his own barony. In the course of this detail came the following passage:

"I am very sorry to inform you that our old friend, Pat Mahony, was last Sunday morning removed into a blessed immortality—but he had a grate berrin, which will please his people!"

Now, be it known to the precise English reader, that the writer did not mean to express a regret that poor Pat Mahony had gone to heaven, but only at his departure from earth. It is a way we have of expressing sorrow, and paying a posthumous compliment in the same sentence; saying words and time at the expense of lumber.

Some years ago, a county Tipperary man brought me a very particular letter of recommendation, which spoke highly of his character and industry. He was a laboring farmer, and soon after his arrival I gave him a special letter to a gentleman living on the North River, who took him at once in his employment. Some fortnight afterwards this gentleman was in town, and said to me—

"I like your man Kennedy so well you may send me another of the same description, if you have any such on hand."

I did send him another man, who also pleased him.

About a week after this, one morning as I went down Pine-street, in passing the new Custom-House, which was then being built, I thought I recognized Kennedy's Irish phiz, somewhat disfigured with lime. He seemed anxious to avoid me, but feeling certain of his identity, I called out "Come here Kennedy; what on earth brought you here?"

He approached very sheepishly, but on my repeating the question, said,

"If your honor please, shure I heard of this job from a boy, a friend of my own; and the wages is three shillings a day; and I thought I might as well take it."

"But," said I, "why did you leave Mr. H.'s? I hope you did not quarrel with him?"

"Oh, God forbid, sir! I never had a quarrel or cross word with him at all."

"Then why did you leave him? It was only a few days ago he told me how very much pleased he was with you."

"Why, then, it's proud I am to hear that the gentleman is so pleased with him; my blessings on his honor for that!"

"Pleased with him!" exclaimed I, in astonishment. "What do you mean? Surely, you went up the river the day I gave you the letter, and dollar to pay your passage? Come, tell me the whole truth."

"Kennedy, seeing there was no escape, after some hints and haws, made his confession. 'Well, then, I hope your honor will be after pardoning me for the grate offence; only shure I didn't name it for the grate offence; only shure I gave me the letter, I heard of this job from a boy, and says I to myself, it's a pity to lose it; and then, you see, there was a neighbour's son from Cashel brought up by meself; a decent honest lad that I'd answer with my life—Tom Cassidy; and the poor fellow had nothing to do and couldn't get it, having given him the letter and the dollar, and told him where to go and how to behave, and I took the work here, which they wouldn't give to him.'"

"This explanation," said I, "does not satisfy me; I am very angry with you for giving to another fellow to do a job which was yours. I don't know how you intended solely for yourself. How do I know anything about Cassidy? I never saw him or heard of him before?"

"But shure, sir," said I, "I didn't see the gentleman say he was very much pleased with him, and so that's all one as if meself was there!"

"This piece of shrewdness saved Kennedy from my displeasure, more particularly as I continued to go good accounts of Cassidy. A week afterwards Kennedy came to me and said—

"I know I committed a great sin in regard to that letter, but your honor was good enough to forgive me; and if you would only take this thrifty of money to keep for me, I'll be always praying for your honor. It's afraid I may keep it at my lodgings, where I don't know the people, and may be it's staying it may be some night."

"I took the money, thirty-five dollars, and the next week he added five more. Matters remained thus till the month of August, when one sultry day, in came Kennedy, looking pale and care-worn."

"If your honor please," said he, "there's a ship going to Liverpool to-day at twelve o'clock, and the passage money is ten dollars!"

"I don't know what that is; I don't want to know anything about it."

"But you see, sir, that, with the blessing of God and your honor's grace, I'd be agreeable to go home in her."

"In the name of common sense!" exclaimed I, utterly confounded at the fellow's folly. "What on earth sends you back to poverty and misery in Tipperary, whilst in this country you are laying up money every week. Are you going to New York?"

"If you please to listen, sir, I'll tell you—Shure in the street where I lodge they have got the cholera, and it's a dread of it I am all the while; and what's the use of dying here with all the dollars; and they tell me it's a dreadful disease, and destroy the fatture, and cramps you up of a sudden; and shure poor my ancestors is better in Tipperary than in New York and cholera in New York."

"But, you fool," said I, "how do you know you'd die with cholera; you may escape; all in that street will not die, and you may be drowned going to Liverpool."

"I don't know," he replied he. "I'd be better pleased to be drowned or killed by the fever, than to have that terrible head/ach disease any now; and so, with the blessing of God, don't keep me, but let me go in pace!"

And go he did. Not all my persuasion or reasoning could change him. In two hours he had procured his provisions, a draft for his money, and was on his way to Tipperary, where, I presume, he still remains, unless he has died of the fever, or been killed in a scrimmage about rents or titles!"

ON DOMESTIC REFORM.

FROM NOAH'S WEEKLY MESSENGER, JULY 30.

BETTER TIMES.—"Shall I hold your horse, sir?" said a nice-looking, well-spoken boy at the upper end of a street, and after a walk around the stone parapet, prepared to return home. "My little fellow, would you like to learn a trade if you would, you shall have a place in a printing office." "Thank your honor," said a portly Irishman, "me and me four children live in that house there, and make a decent living; I should not like to part with the boy at all. That house," referred to, was a wretched mud hovel—a shanty with a single room, and yet the mother contrived to bring up four children in it with so much contentment, that she was unwilling to part with one, although it might evidently have bettered his lot. "How strangely is society divided," said my friend, who took his seat in the buggy as we were about returning to the city. "I also have four children, and yet my house with thirteen rooms in it, and for which I pay \$1,000 per annum, is not big enough to contain them."

"E, rime in men hath some small difference made, One flaps in rags—'nd flutters in brocade." The cobbler apostrophized, and the bishop growled. The fair hooded, and the monarch crownd."

I believe we are beginning to find out the folly of making sacrifices to keep up appearances. The credit of a man of business is now strengthened if he resides in a house plainly furnished, is frugal in his living, manages to save a penny, makes a decent appearance without the aid of fashionable extravagance, does nothing for effect, and makes no costly entertainments. How different it was in 1836. It was a furious contest for some of the noblest and richest of our country, who had hired a large house, furnished it splendidly, kept a pair of spanking bays and a barouche, another caught the infection and also hired a larger house, furnished it more splendidly, and sported a more elegant barouche or vis-a-vis than his neighbor; and thus competition, rivalry, and fashionable opposition involved great outlays; failure followed failure, and in a short time these aspiring bloods crowded close upon each other in the list of bankrupts. It is incredible how evil examples are closely imitated. If my neighbor, who betters himself, gives an extravagant party, my company, gives good dinners, has a box at the opera, and keeps a fast trotter, I am in a measure restless and discontented till I am in the same; the contagion spreads—we are all in the infected district, all have a touch of the disease, all take the same medicine, and all are equally prestrated. Now if we were more disposed to imitate what was worthy of imitation, economy, propriety, comfort without ostentation, simplicity in living, plainness of manners, and absence of all pride and self-sufficiency, how much better we would all be off in the world."

When shall the reform commence? We answer now, from this very moment. Better times prevail: say what we will, we have better times. The surface begins to be smooth, the billows and upheavings are less agitated; confidence is beginning to be gradually restored; what business is done, is done with less profit it is true, but with more security; it is difficult to earn the silver dollar, yet, with ordinary management, it will go further and provide much more than it did in 1836. We have seen the worst; let us improve the present by introducing every where a right economy, and saving a penny whenever we can do so. Let us begin by discarding every thing looking like show and ostentation; let us study comfort and give up luxuries altogether.

A few months ago I was led by curiosity to attend a sale of splendid furniture in a spacious house in one of our fashionable squares. Every thing was on the most costly scale, and paid for out of the money procured from the unguarded credit system. Looking-glasses of \$500 each; window curtains \$300 each; satin-covered rose-wood chairs, too frail and delicate to sit upon;

the whole outlay for furniture was somewhat over \$10,000, and brought scarcely one half that sum. I knew the lady and her two daughters well; they were thin and pale from want of a healthy laborious exercise; they looked discontented and unsettled, out of sorts with every thing; they were about to enter, upon compulsion, a new course of life; to pursue a rigid economy, to live upon their actual earnings, and it made them uneasy and fretful.

A short time after the sale, passing a small neat two-story house, of \$300 rent, one of the young ladies tapped at the window, threw it up, and asked me to come in and see every thing. They were all fresh and rosy, were dressed with great neatness, and the mother appeared quite happy and contented. Every thing was plain; a Kidderminster carpet on the floor, chairs cheap and substantial, on the mantel piece were vases filled with fresh flowers, instead of the \$500 clock and Ormolu candelabras. "We take great exercise now," said the mother, "having no carriage we dust the things, and go to market; we have nothing superfluous; we purchase for our family just one-half we did in—Place; we keep but one girl, and when breakfast and dinner are ready, you cannot imagine how hungry we are, and how we enjoy our meal; every thing tastes sweet, for we prepare it ourselves, and we sleep like tops; every thing has changed for the better." And so it had; they had discovered the folly of competition, of striving to live as extravagant as their neighbors, and had sobored down to the comforts and economy of life, and were realizing substantial benefits from the change; they had the moral courage to rise above the sneers of the proud and the fictitious sympathy of professing friends. They are now contented, and contentment is happiness.

IRISH HUMOR.

The New York Mirror gives a pleasant sketch of a shrewd Irishman named Dennis H. Doyle, who was many years ago a grocer and politician in New York. Dennis and his Irish friend were then opposed to the Tammany men, because the Tammany men, were opposed to Clinton and the Canal. The following anecdote illustrates Dennis's capacity to fend off and give as good as was sent, when assailed in a tender point:

Dennis was invited to attend the celebration of the opening of the railroad at Schenectady, and at the dinner table he sat opposite the member of Assembly from Albany county. In the course of conversation, this gentleman said to him, "I believe, Mr. Doyle, you have been for two or three years past a leading member of the nominating committee at Tammany Hall?"

"I have, sure enough," replied Dennis, "and what of that?"

"How comes it then," asked he, "that for the last two years, you have sent us such a fool as Mr. —?" The fellow has no brains—he never opens his lips, and scarcely knows how to vote!"

"Why," said Dennis, "we send him on true republican principles."

"How so?" inquired his friend.

"Shure you know," replied Dennis, "the Constitution says, all classes are to be fairly represented; and, faith I think, if we only send one fool out of thirteen members, to represent all the people in New York, we hardly do them justice?"

The answer was perfectly satisfactory; and some of the noblest are still of the opinion that the same constitutional requirement, has been adhered to by both parties even to this day!

At the last election in the city at which Dennis voted, previous to his retirement to the country, one of the Challengers at the poll, who happened to be an American born, challenged his vote, on the ground that he was a foreigner.

"A foreigner?" exclaimed Dennis indignantly; "hav'n't I been here for forty years, and faith, I'm a better American than you after all!"

"I'd better American than you after all?" retorted the other, "how can you make that out?"

"Oh, aisy en-ough," coolly replied Dennis; "didn't I come into this country with a good coat, waistcoat and leather breeches on me; but by my soul, you came into it without even a shirt to your back!"

A HORRIBLE MURDER.

The Washington (Geo.) News publishes the following extract of a letter, and vouches for the respectability of the writer. The letter is dated

COLUMBUS, (Ga.) July 12, 1843.

I believe I have got room to give you the particulars of one of the most shocking murders I have ever heard of, committed in Barber county, Alabama, a few days ago. A Mrs. Gachet (pronounced Gasha) and her two daughters were visited on the day of the murder by a Mr. Brown and his wife. They took dinner and remained until late in the evening with the old lady and her two daughters. When they were about leaving, they insisted that the old lady should go home with them and spend the night.

She refused; giving as a reason that her daughters would be left alone; and, farther, that all the money she had was in her house. They, however, continued to urge her, until she consented to accompany them, to remain the night. Shortly after her departure a sick and weary traveller rode up, and begged permission to stay the night. The two ladies said they were alone, and he could not stop. He said he doubted whether he could ride to the next house; and presuming they were afraid of him, he told them if they would consent to let him remain, he would take his room and suffer them to keep the key.

To this position they consented, and the traveller soon went to his room. Some time during the night he was awake by a noise in the other room there being but two in the house. Continuing to hear some one moving about he got up, went softly to the door, and discovered a man at a bureau, examining the drawers. He hailed the individual, who instantly drew a knife and made at the traveller, who, as he approached, shot him dead at his feet. The pistol alarmed the negroes, and when they came up they went into the ladies' room, and found both of them lying in their beds with their throats cut, and dead!

The traveller, on enquiring for their mistress was taken to Brown's house. On meeting the old lady, he told her some one had murdered her two daughters, and that he had shot the villain. Mrs. Brown exclaimed, "you have killed my husband," and so it turned out; the very person who had

spent the day with Mrs Gachet had murdered her daughters! What a providential thing that the man should have been permitted to remain, to punish the assassin!

There was a rumor prevalent some two or three years ago, that the Hon. David L. Swain was engaged in writing a history of North Carolina, since which time we have heard scarcely any thing relating to it. We have indeed some knowledge of the fact that President Swain was at that period interested in collecting materials for a history of the State. It will not perhaps be deemed improper to allude to the subject for the purpose of eliciting information, and of directing public attention towards it. A new history of North Carolina is wanted, and for the task of preparing one, no man has better qualifications than President Swain. Such a work, to be of a satisfactory character, would require extensive research among the old Colonial archives of England. From that vast storehouse the historians of other States have drawn some of their most valuable materials, and a history of this State would be imperfect unless in its composition sides were there sought for. There, for instance, it is probably may be found documents which would dispel doubt from the minds of all respecting the Mecklenburg Declaration—that proudly cherished event in the annals of North Carolina.

Wilmington Chronicle.

America and England.—It is impossible that any other two independent nations can have such a community of interests as England and America. In truth, we know of no material and substantial interests in which they are opposed; nay, in which they are separated; their origin, their laws, and their language are the same; their business, their prosperity, are identified. New York is but a suburb of Liverpool, or, if you will, Liverpool of New York. The failure of the Pennsylvania United States Bank has ruined more fortunes in England than in America; the manufactures of Manchester share more wealth with Carolina than with Middlesex. We are not merely brothers and cousins; the ties of consanguinity we know are not always the bond of friendship; but we are partners, joint tenants as it were, of the commerce of the world; and we have had, as we have just hinted, melancholy experience that distress on either shore of the Atlantic is almost equally felt on the other.

[London Paper.]

A DECISION.

The Supreme Court of New York has recently affirmed the decision of the Superior Court, in the case of Lawrence and others vs. the Mayor &c. of New York, being an action to recover the value of goods destroyed by the blowing up of stores during the great fire of 1835. The defendants' counsel took the ground that the Corporation was liable only for goods destroyed upon which advances had been made; if the owners had an interest in the buildings destroyed, for the buildings. This was the position sustained by the two Courts. The case (the "True Sun says) will now be carried to the Court of Errors. If this opinion is sustained, at least a million of dollars will be saved to the city, as seventy five other cases are depending on the issue of the one above referred to.

Distressing Mortality.—The brig Ohio arrived at this port yesterday in 21 days from Gaudaloupe. She sailed from G. 20th ult. for St Thomas—on the evening of same day, Mr. Atwood, 2d mate, was taken ill and died on the 8th; her commander Captain Berls, was attacked soon after, and died 10th; the chief mate, brother to the Captain also died on the 8th, and after the Captain's death there were but three souls left on board all ignorant of navigation. The eldest seaman, Mr. Watts, took charge of the vessel with the hope of reaching a port in the United States, and providentially on the morning of the 15th, one hundred miles from land