

MISCELLANEOUS

ON THE BANKS OF THE TAR.

From the North Carolina University Magazine. MESSRS. EDITORS: As a matter of course, every one has spent a very pleasant vacation, including a "merry Christmas" and "happy new year."

It has often interested us as well as amused me when my friends at the beginning of the session... brought my too diligent ear...

My western friend will tell me of scenery grander than any Switzerland can boast of. He will have his adventures among the mountain crags...

Then a friend from one of the larger towns of the State has interesting narratives of balls, parties and the flirtations attendant thereon.

Then again an eastern friend will tell—but read and I will relate an incident or two which happened during my last vacation spent "On the Banks of the Tar."

I will not be so palpably guilty of tautology as to say that I spent a pleasant six weeks. No wonder I am able in any reasonable space to tell many pleasant adventures and enjoyments...

On or about the 20th of December, my friend, with whom I was spending the vacation, proposed that, for the day, we should suspend our usual sport, viz: hunting (my friend, who is leaning over my shoulder, wishes me to say that it is hunting game not wrens)—and let me add only by way of a double parenthesis, that he is a very modest young man...

This being settled, another difficulty sprung up, caused by the man giving way, which is generally the case. There was no minister near, and as for a magistrate, they had a natural fear for the name.

The day, on which the wedding was to take place, was rather a quiet one, being the only day, since the beginning of the week, that there was a cessation of dancing.

When the appointed hour drew near I donned my best suit of black, with white cravat and hair touched up, presenting, on the whole, an appearance that a young theologian might have envied, and started, with my friend, to the house of joy.

As the hour drew near, we collected into a room in which was seated the "medium." The crowd by this time were on the qui vive for the mysterious knockings and grave voice of the "spirit."

Then commenced a series of questions by the "spirit," which seemed to be below, and answers by the girl, concerning the old man's worldly friends and possessions, which would be interesting to the reader.

Every thing being in readiness, I arose with becoming dignity and went through the ceremony with an accent and modulation, "suing the action to the words and the words to the action," that would have done credit (how vain) to the Bishop himself.

This means, playing upon the credulity of the crowd. The "medium" was sitting near the foot of a bed, and could only be approached by getting under it, which would serve as a screen. Under the bed my friend crawls, (rather an undignified position for a senator) and drew near the girl.

In a few minutes every person was on their way home in a great hurry, and wild confusion, except my friend and myself. We explained the whole affair and only waited to see the girl decently whipped, concluding that the "spirit" would not shortly revisit those scenes.

If the reader has got patiently through the first incident and is willing to follow me through another, I will give an account of a marriage during the Christmas holidays, among the "colored population."

On Christmas day, the negroes had collected in their different homes during the past year, preparatory to a grand gala week, proceeding "hiring day."

It appears that during the week before, Bob had asked Nancy, (the names are changed, not because I am afraid the parties may read, this sketch and become offended, but merely to imitate the example of writers of "true tales," to become his "better—or worse.")

The only difference between the happy pair was respecting the manner by which the knot was to be tied. Do not misunderstand me. I do not mean that one wished to be married by the ceremony of a particular church, and the other by another.

"Well, sir," impatiently interrupted the other. "I have heard that you have a run on your bank, sir."

"Well, sir, I must decline replying to your very extraordinary query. If, however, you have any money in the bank, you had better at once draw it out, and so satisfy yourself; our cashier will instantly pay you; and the banker rose, as a hint for the stranger to withdraw.

"Then may I ask you what is your business here?" "I wish to know if a small sum would aid you at this moment?"

"Why do you ask that question?" "Because, if it would, I should gladly pay in a small deposit."

"You seem surprised; you don't know my person—or my motive. I'll at once explain.—Do you recollect some twenty years ago, when you resided in Essex?"

"Perfectly." "Well, then, sir, perhaps you have not forgotten the turnpike gate through which you passed daily? My father kept that gate, and was very often honored with a few minutes' chat with you.

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of an undrilled company of artillery, than any thing that I can now think of. It is needless to say that the salute was not confined to the bride and groom.

When order was restored the dancing began, which my sacred office delarred me from witnessing, but I was invited by the bride to take a peep at the supper, which was indeed a fine repast.

Before we retired for the night, one of the bride's maids presented, in the name of the bride, to my friend and myself, some very nice cake, accompanied with the hope that we would have pleasant dreams of our—

"Yes," was the reply of Mr. Sicles, I see you are a light, and I thought here was a gentleman."

YOU WILL BE WANTED. Take courage, my lad. What if you are but a humble, obscure apprentice—a poor, neglected orphan—a scuff and a by-word to the thoughtless and gaff, who despise virtue in rags, because of its fathers.

THE TURNPIKE-BOY AND THE BANKER. It was during a panic, some years since, that a gentleman, whom we shall now call Mr. Thompson, was seated, with something of a melancholy look in his dreary back room, watching his clerks paying away thousands of pounds hourly.

But to return. The wealthy citizen sat gloomily, watching the outpouring of his gold, and with a grim smile listening to the clamorous demands on his cashier; for, although he felt perfectly easy and secure as to the ultimate strength of his resources, yet he could not suppress a feeling of bitterness as he saw constituent after constituent rush in, and those whom he always fondly imagined to be his dearest friends, eagerly assisting in the run upon his strong box.

Presently the door was opened, a stranger was ushered in, who, after gazing for a moment at the bewildered banker, coolly drew a chair, and abruptly addressed him.

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"Perfectly." "Well, then, sir, perhaps you have not forgotten the turnpike gate through which you passed daily? My father kept that gate, and was very often honored with a few minutes' chat with you.

"No, sir, few such men remember their kind deeds, but those benefited by them seldom forget them. I am perhaps prolix; listen however, for a few moments, and I have done."

"Well, sir, as I said before, I threw open the gate for you, and as I considered myself in duty bound, I wished you a happy Christmas. Thank you, my lad," replied you; "thank you, and the same to you; here is a trifle to make it so; and you threw me a seven shilling piece. It was the first money I ever possessed, and I never shall forget my joy on receiving it, or your kind smile when bestowing it. I long treasured it, and as I grew up added a little to it, till it was able to rent a toll myself. You soon after left that part of the country, and I lost sight of you. Yearly however, I have been gaining on; your present brought a good fortune with it; I am now comparatively rich and to you I consider I owe all. So this morning, hearing accidentally that three was a run on your bank, I collected all my capital, and have brought it to lodge with you in case it can be of any use; here it is, sir—here it is;" and he handed a bundle of bank notes to the agitated Thompson.

Thompson opened the roll; it contained £20,000! The stern-hearted banker—for all bankers must be stern—burst into tears. The firm did not require this prop; but the motive was so noble, that even a millionaire sobbed—he could not help it. The firm is still one of the first in the city of London.

CHARACTERISTIC.—The London correspondent of the Boston Post has the following real good one:

Whatever may be said of other of our foreign embassies—and I know of nothing disparaging to their position—it is certain that we were never better (in every best sense of the word) represented in the chief, secretary and attaché, at the court of St. James, than the present time.

Yesterday the sky cleared, and frost succeeded to the thaw, the sluz became ice upon the by-ways of the city. Fortunately the pavements had been cleaned off the day before. But the streets—alas! in what language shall I describe them! They were intolerable—and I might almost say they are still so.

THE UMBRELLA-BIRD.—The next morning my hunter arrived, and immediately went out in his canoe among the islands, where the umbrella birds are found. In the evening after dark he returned, bringing one fine specimen. This singular bird is about the size of a raven, and is of a similar color, but its feathers have a more scaly appearance, from being margined with a different shade of glossy blue.

THE NEW OPERA HOUSE, upon Fourteenth Street, has been carried up with great dispatch, and bids fair to be an architectural ornament to that beautiful street.

Metropolitan Correspondence. LETTER XXXV. NEW YORK, Feb. 18, 1854.

The Weather—New York in a fog—The Metropolitan Street-Sweeper buried in Effigy—A Fox Hunt—Poultry and Puppies—Shanghai and Seas—Crowing and Quackery—A Chronological Notability—A New Grand Musical Hall—The Opera House—Music in the Metropolitan—The Opera at Church—Musical Purveyors—The Illustrated Record of the Crystal Palace—Chaucer's Prophecy Realized—The Gale-Ship again.

My Dear Post.—It is quite impossible to avoid beginning this letter with an allusion to the weather of the week just ended—it has been so notably bad! Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday rain and mist and snow above, and mud and slush below.

To-day I have seen the last instalment of the Illustrated Record of the New York Crystal Palace, and I should do injustice to the liberal spirit of the publishers of this magnificent work if I failed to bestow upon it at least the lowest mark of favor recognized by the Crystal Palace jurists—that is an "honorable mention!"

While I am discoursing—not music—but about music—I will take the opportunity of counselling any of your readers who may have used of musical purveyors in this city to entrust their business to Messrs. William Hall & Son.

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and whose labors in his behalf have been almost universally commended and encouraged. No that a generous rivalry seems about to spring up between the two political parties of the State, each endeavoring to excel in earnest zeal for the advancement of the system.

Moderation. It was a remark of Jean Paul, "that the easiest thing in the world to do more than right; the most difficult thing to do right and no more."

Common Schools. The resolution adopted by the Whig State Convention, recently held in this city in favor of Common Schools, must excite in every part of the State new interest for that important cause.

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Southern Weekly Post. RALEIGH, MARCH 4, 1854.

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MS. H. P. DODDIE is our authorized agent for the State of ALABAMA, MISSISSIPPI and TENNESSEE.

OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.

The resolution adopted by the Whig State Convention, recently held in this city in favor of Common Schools, must excite in every part of the State new interest for that important cause.

The present is an appropriate occasion for presenting the claims of this cause to the most earnest devotion of our public men.

LOOK TO YOUR GARDENS. If we are not seriously mistaken, it is a common fault of Southern farmers that they undervalue the value of their gardens, and consider the labor bestowed upon them as almost lost.

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