THE NORTH-CAROLINA STAR.

THOMAS J. LENAY, Editor

NORTH CAROLINA—"Powerful in intellectual, moral and physical resources, the land of our sires and home of our affections."

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AGRICULTURAL.

☞ The following is an extract from a letter from Chas. H. Pond, addressed to Hon. Thos Ewbank, bearing date Milford, Con., December, 1851. We copy from the Patent Office Report.

Hogs are not raised in large droves in this vicinity, but almost every family raise their own pork, which is esteemed better for their use than any that can be bought. Our pork is of the first quality, and as good as the very best. By a State law, swine are not "free commoners;" but towns can make laws to allow them to go at large. Many always keep their swine in pens; but others allow them to graze and feed upon their own lands till they are ready to be fatted, and then they are penned and corn-fed till they are ready to butcher. When about a year old, the hogs will weigh from 300 to 500 pounds; and spring pigs, killed in December, often weigh 300 pounds. A mixture of "old fashion hogs" with Berkshires, and with the China breed, generally does very well. But more depends upon the feed than upon the breed; but in this last there is a choice; yet almost any breed makes good pork when fully fed.—Whole corn is generally fed out; but when the hogs have become fat and lazy, they prefer ground feed. Hogs are better fatted with old corn than with new, especially if fed with ears, as the ears of new corn make their teeth sore. Raw corn is generally fed out; but just before killing time, the hogs like cooked food, and those who have cooking conveniences and plenty of fuel, pursue this method. Pork is worth from $5 to $7 the hundred pounds.

CUTTING TIMBER.

If oak, hickory or chestnut timber is felled in the eighth month (August) in the second running of the sap, and barked, quite a large tree will season perfectly, and even the twigs will remain sound for years; whereas, that cut in winter, and remaining until next fall (as thick as one's wrist,) will completely saprotten, and will be almost useless for any purpose. The body of the oak split into rails will not last more than ten or twelve years.—Chestnut will last longer, but no comparison to that cut in the eighth month. Hickory cut in the eighth is not subject to be worm-eaten, and will last a long time for fencing.

When I commenced farming in 1802, it was the practice to cut post-fencing in the winter. White oak posts and black oak rails, cut at that time, I found not to last more than 10 or 12 years. In the year 1808, I commenced cutting fence timber in the eighth month. Most of the oak rails cut that year are sound yet, as well as most of those formed of chestnut. [illegible] taken off this month, lasted [illegible] off as if the second or third [illegible] the sap perfectly sound. The posts of the trees are also more durable [illegible] winter or spring.

[illegible] experiments [illegible] trees will [illegible] experiments.

THE FAIRS FOR 1853.

We [illegible] forward with anxiety to the season of Fairs, and with the hope of finding an increased interest among the farmers attending them. Did any farmer ever attend a Fair without receiving some benefit from his visit?

An examination of the Agricultural implements exhibited at the State Fairs has always enabled us to improve some of our farming tools, so as to perform with less expense or greater efficiency. The Cattle Exhibition has increased our knowledge in that department, and from the owners generally in attendance, we have obtained many practical hints worth the whole expense of our jaunt. Farm products are now here else to be seen of similar qualities. A State Fair calls forth the best results from all parts of the State, and a farmer must be perfect indeed if he cannot find results superior to his own, and accompanied with facilities to enable him to duplicate these results.

But above all, he gets rid of local prejudices, by seeing superior results of some kind produced in other districts than his own, and often from soils which he thought incapable of being made to furnish good results at a profit. The ice once broken he is open to conviction, and he returns home ready and willing to read and improve. Addresses are delivered, and these often awaken a new spirit of enterprise. May we advise our readers to prepare themselves for visiting the Fairs.—[Ed.

Working Farmer.

WEEDS AND WEEDING.

The remedies proposed for doing away with weeds, are only exceeded in number by the number of weeds themselves—but among the many methods some may be adopted with propriety. Some weeds of the smaller kinds are destroyed by burning a slight coating of litter on the surface of the soil in early spring and market gardeners so prepare soil for raising cabbage plants. Many kinds of the smaller weeds are destroyed by a coating of six bushels of common salt per acre after plowing, and a few days before planting. Some weeds, embracing quite a large class, may be done away with by two plowings at a few weeks apart, and when the field is intended for late crops, this may readily be done.

Where a neglected corner is so full of weeds that they cannot be got rid of by ordinary means, then salt the soil so heavily as to destroy all growth, and by losing the use of it for one year, and adding lime with a full plowing, such salted soil will be found clear of weeds the following season and of improved fertility. The ultimate constituents of salt *(chlorine and soda,)* are not unfriendly to vegetation, and they soon separate in the soil by chemical influences, and thus cease to be salt.

Root and other hoed crops enable us to get rid of many weeds, when the crops receive proper attention—thus a carrot crop, if properly attended, will secure the removal of weed. The use of properly constructed cultivators among root crops, if used sufficiently often, will save much labor in the removal of weeds, for they turn out every weed between the rows, leaving those only in the rows to be removed by hand or by the hand hoe. The use of the *push* or *scuffle* hoe in skillfull hands, will do much to save the soil from weeds; if applied to a proper depth in a well disintegrated soil, it cuts off the weeds, and in the back action draws them above the surface, to decay without replanting the roots. Horse-hoes are also constructed so as to cut weeds deeply, and so leave the entire weed, root and all, on the surface to decay.

Never leave weeds a few days longer, because they are not going to seed. Large weeds seldom come forth with so much of their roots as smaller ones, and then their increased size robs other plants of their proper food, nor will their decay on the surface restore all they have robbed again to the soil, for a large part of the nitrogenous portion of their constituents will be lost in the atmosphere. Salt and lime mixture used in composts, destroys the accidental weed seed from the stable, by assisting in their more perfect decompose with such violence as to destroy many, and when the divisor used is decomposed muck or charcoal braze, the ammonia is not lost even by so violent a decomposition.—[Ed.

Working Farmer.

WAGON GREASE.

What a curious calculation it would be, to ascertain the different amount of force required to drag a loaded wagon with the boxes supplied with each of the different preparations in turn now used for greasing them! Every farmer knows that a well greased wagon runs much easier than one imperfectly greased, and that different lubricating materials have more or less beneficial effect, but no one seems to know the precise mixture that should be used. A very slight difference in this material would save a larger amount in the cost of the power used to transport agricultural and other products, than has ever been appropriated by the General Government for the benefit of agriculture. Stearine, one of the constituents of fatty substance, is now made in Ohio and elsewhere in large quantities, and is as hard as spermaceti, withstanding the sun's heat in summer, and presenting at all times a lubricating surface when heated and attaching itself firmly to surfaces. Might not this material be mixed with grease, varying the proportion according to the season of the year, so as at all times to secure the presence of a lubricating material more lasting than the ordinary mixtures, and at an eventual cost scarcely greater, while its increased efficiency might render its use profitable?—*Ed. Working Farmer.*

CAULO RAPA.

We would again remind our readers of this admirable vegetable. It is valuable for the table and for cattle. There are several kinds of Caulo Rapas, and of quite distinct quality and flavor. The Vienna White, the Glass Caulo Rapa, and some others of the early kinds, are superior in flavor to any turnip, while all the kinds are prefered by cattle to turnips. The crop is quite as large as that of Ruta Bagas, and is never attacked by the turnip fly. Two crops may be raised, if required, in the same season, by commencing with the early sorts; and, indeed, they may be transplanted out in place from the seed beds, any time from early spring to September 1st—those put out at the later date often growing to a very large size before severe weather. They keep well during winter, by merely covering them in mounds with earth, out doors. For particulars as to mode of culture, see our directions in the series "Vegetable Garden" in former volumes—[Ed.

Working Farmer.

FRUIT TREES.

We make the following extract from an article in the *Florist and Horticultural Journal*, published in Philadelphia. This is a work we have never before seen until the last month, and with which we shall be very happy to continue an exchange. We recommend it cheerfully to our readers who are pursuing Horticulture and Floriculture.—[Ed.

Mr. Editor—If you will permit me to lay a plain approval of a few select fruits, before your readers, perhaps some of them may be benefited thereby. The writer has to his great loss, planted many sorts of Pears, which he has now to graft over again after they come into bearing. The very complimentary manner which nurserymen and book-makers have in setting off their descriptions, makes greenhorns pay double, or plant twice. I am sensible that Pears that are very fine to some, only so so to others—all depends upon the qualifications of the judges. Ten years ago, the Bloodgood Pear might be highly esteemed by some, and the summer Bonchretien admired by others: whilst the Bartlett was looked upon as unsurpassable. Now-a-days the two first are not worth culture, and the last is classed amongst the best. Unfortunately for us our fine native kinds have been set aside or neglected, because they are natives, and Napoleon, Flemish Beauty, Beurre Capiaumont and some other foreign sorts sought for, that after trial prove worthless. Fruit growers are much indebted to your fellow-citizen, Dr. Brinckle, who has brought into just repute many of our esteemed native fruits. I write this almost under the shade of a native Lodge Pear, whose towering head is at least thirty feet high, and its fruit is sold in Philadelphia market at 50 cents a half peck, and I heard a neighbor farmer say, that it brought that price twenty years ago. That tree is worth an acre of wheat, and does not cost one-tenth of the labor. I have said more than I intended, but now for my list. Some other of you many correct it and do better, which I will be happy to see. The following 17 sorts are named as they ripen, and will be in eating from July to February—they can be had of any good nurserymen:

Summer Butter, medium size, pear shape,
Tyson, under medium size,
Rostiezer, do do do
Stienmetz's Catharine, beautiful long fruit, nearly medium size,
Ott, very similar to the Seckle,
Bartlett, large long fruit, yellow when ripe, sells in Philadelphia market at six cents each,
Washington, medium size, long shape,
Seckel, under medium size,
Louise Bonne de Jersey, long large fruit, color of the Seckel,
Fondante d' Automne, large round fruit,
Van Mons Leon Le Clerc, large long fruit,
Lodge, brownish yellow, medium size,
Kingessing, half round or nearly round, above medium size,
Duchesse d' Angouleme, very large, frequently weighs eighteen ounces, very good for either kitchen or table—October,
Vicar of Winkfield, November, large long fruit, great bearer.
Beurre d' Aremberg, very large, yellow when ripe in December and January,
Jaminette, round, greenish yellow when ripe in January and February, medium size.

Another very important item to purchasers, is to procure good roots with their trees, the size of the trees in my estimation is of minor importance compared with the durancy of the article. The Pear flourishes best on a rich loam, with a dry bottom. Spent ashes, bone dust and charcoal in equal proportions, giving each tree half a peck of the mixture, will greatly promote their growth. The soil 8 feet in diameter and 18 inches deep should be well prepared, by digging, or through subsoil plowing, giving a very liberal supply of decayed barn-yard or street manure; these articles can be used at once, though we deem it advisable to work the ground one year previous to planting, and have it in perfect order—the trees will repay the labor in 5 years; obtain them if possible on the Angers Quince Stock, and they will produce fruit the second year after planting. After the tree is securely planted, cover the soil with litter of any kind. G. T.

Chester, January, 1853.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

SARAH D——.

OR.

The Immortality of the Affections.

The moon is shining upon my paper, and upon my pen, and upon my forehead bright; but its light also gilds thy grave, thou fairest of my childhood's friends. * *

I have worshipped blue eyes, and there is no radiance so heavenly as that which beams from them. But black are more bewildering—and when a shadow of melancholy falls over the forehead, it softens their beauty, while it does not dim them.

If you will go with me now to a glen in the highlands, and a willow shaded nook. I will point out to you the very spot, where years ago, there stood a rude bench, on which many times I have seen the fair girl I now write of, sitting, and by which I once saw her kneeling. The cottage under the hill is occupied by strangers, and its broad hall and large rooms now ring to the laughter of those who knew not her whose gentle spirit haunts their very chambers.

She was beautiful as a dream. Never was holier forehead shaded by raven tresses—never were tresses so glorious as those. If I tell you that I loved Sarah D., you will call me an enthusiast, and ascribe my admiration to my passion. I did love her, but only as a boy worships a being very far above him. I used to lie at her feet in the grass, and gaze in her face, and watch the play of her exquisite features. It was there I learned first how high and pure, and worshipful humanity may be. * * *

She was young and beautiful. What need to add that she was loved? Surely I need not add that she was loved, for such as she live on affection, and die for lack of it. Her father devoted his fortune and his life to her; and she was heiress to a large estate. As might be expected she had numberless suitors of every rank and variety, I cannot now remember all of them, although I then kept the run of them tolerably well. But of all, there were only two that appeared to have any prospect of success; and the village gossips were occupied in discussing their relative chances.

Frank R—— was the gayest, best hearted fellow in the world, and had you seen him on his horse by the side of Sarah D——, you would have said he was made for her, so wild was his laugh and so joyous her response. Yet, had you been behind the closed shutter of the window in the front of the large white house on the hill, as they rode by, and had you watched the compressed lip, the broad, calm forehead, the pale face and the speaking eye of Joseph S——, as he saw them passing by, you would have prayed to God that the fair girl might belong to that noble man, even as I, a boy, then prayed.

God has answered my prayers. When the long way was travelled over, and the rugged and difficult steep surmounted—when her fairy foot was pressed on the rock at the summit of the hill of life, and her eyes gazed into the blue deep sky with longing gaze, there, even there, beyond the blue, his outstretched arms received her, and his embrace was heaven!

Go preach to blocks and stones, ye who believe that love is of the clay! Go preach to the dead, ye who deny the immortality of the affections. Go reason with the trees or hills, or images of wood, or with your own motionless, lifeless, icy souls, ye who believe that, because there is no marrying yonder, there shall be no embracing, or because we may not use the gentle words "my wife," we may not clasp these sanctified forms to our own holy arms! I tell you, man, that immortality would be a glorious cheat, if with our clay died all our affections. I tell you that annihilation would be heaven, if I believed that when my head at length rests on its coffin pillow, and my lips sink to the silence and repose of death, those loving eyes will never look into mine again, this pure clasp never be around my neck, this holy caress never bless me more!

But see how I hasten in advance of my story. And yet, like Canning's knife grinder, I remember that I have no story to tell, or at best a simple history.

She loved Joe. His calm and earnest way of loving her, won her whole soul. He did not say much to her in company, nor of her, but when they were alone, or only some of the children near, his low voice would be musical, and she sat entranced with his eloquence. I have seen them seated on the bench by the side of the stream, and have heard him lead her gentle soul step by step with him from earth to stars, and then from star to star, until she seemed to be in heaven with him, and listening to the praises of the angels.

I am unable to tell you how it happened that Joseph S—— left his profession (which had been law,) and entered the ministry, nor am I able to state, though I might guess at, the causes operating in his own mind. The father of Sarah D—— was not a religious man, and, I am sorry to say, was one of a small class of men, who do not only deny the truths of our most holy creed, but take every opportunity to cast ridicule on its teachers. It was, therefore, with great pain that his daughter observed his coldness and rudeness to Joseph S——, and she was not surprised, however much she was grieved, when an open rupture rendered the suspension of his visits at the house absolutely necessary.

They had never spoken of love. Each knew the secret of the other's affection, and what need then of words to tell it? It would have been but the repetition of hackneyed phrases. And yet there is no music in the world so sweet as those three words, "I love you," from the lips we love to kiss.—But the father of our gentle friend had feared the existence of some bond between them, and peremptorily required his daughter to break it if it did exist. She replied to him relating the simple truth, and he desired her to refuse thenceforward to see or speak to Joseph.

A month of deeper pain than can well be imagined succeeded this command, during which they did not meet. It was on a moony night in August that she walked out with me, (then a boy three years her junior,) and sat down on the bench by the side of the stream. The air was clear, the sky serene, and no sound disturbed us; but the soft voice of the wind among the tree tops made a pleasant music, and we listened and were silent. The stillness was broken by the voice of Joseph S——. You will pardon me if I pass over that scene. I dare not attempt a description of it. It was my first lesson in human suffering; and though I have learned it over and over since then, though the iron has entered my own soul and scarred it, yet I have never seen, nor do I believe I have ever felt, more agony than those two felt as they parted that night to meet no more on earth. He bowed his lips to her forehead, and murmured the solemn word "Forever." She woke at that word, and exclaimed with startling vehemence, "No, no, there is no such word, Joe." "We shall not meet again on earth." "And what is earth!" Her tall form grew more queenly, and her dark eye flashed divinely, as she rose and exclaimed, in clear and silvery tones: "And what is earth? These things must end. I will name a trust, dear Joe, and you shall keep it. If you pass first into the other land, wait for me on the bank, and if I go hence before you, I will linger on the other shore until you come. Will you remember?" "I will live and die in this memory."

She lifted her face to his, and her arms to his neck, and they clung together in a passionate embrace. Their lips did not separate, but were pressed close together, until he felt her form cold, and her clasp relaxed, and he laid her gently down on the old seat, bowed over her a moment in prayer, and was gone. I heard him say, "Take care of her, W——," and so I strove to recall the life that had gone from her lips and cheeks and eyes. It came slowly, and she woke as we wake in the morning after death has entered our charmed circle, with an oppression on the brain, and a "swimming, swollen senselessness of soul." At length she remembered all, and raised herself with a half articulated exclamation of agony, broken by a sob; then fell on her knees by the bench and buried her face in her hands, and remained thus for nearly half an hour. When she rose her face was as the face of an angel. It wore that same exalted look until she died.

I think she took cold that night, she was never well afterward; and the next winter she passed at the South, returning in the Spring very fragile, but very beautiful.

Joseph S—— was sent abroad by one of the Boards of Missions of the Church, but his health failed, and he resigned his commission, while he travelled through the Eastern world.

Three years fled with their usual swiftness. To Sarah D—— they were very slow and painful years, yet she was happy in her quiet way, and no one dreamed of the strange trust he was longing to keep on the other side of the dark river, which men so shrink from. She grew feebler daily as the summer and autumn advanced, and in December she was evidently dying.

One day her mother had been out of the house, perhaps making calls; she returned at evening, and among other incidents of news which she had learned, she mentioned to Sarah the death of her old friend Joseph S——. The fair girl was reclining in her large arm chair, looking out through the closed windows at the snow on the ground, and the pure moonlight which silvered it. There was no startling emotion visible as the mother mentioned the fact which to her was the most solemn, yet most joyful news the world could give, for now, how much nearer was their meeting! I saw a smile flash across her face as the joyful news reached her ear. I saw her lips move as if she invited even then his spiritual embrace. I saw her forehead raised to feel the caress which I know she felt! She was silent for some minutes, and then spoke in feeble, yet very musical accents, and I, boyishly, wept aloud! Then she smiled, and looked at me with finger upraised, and said, "Wait a little while longer dear W——." And then, after a moment, she said, "Mother, is the snow very deep?"—"Not very, dear; why did you ask?" "Because if it were deep, I thought it would be difficult for old Mr. Smith to find our lot in the graveyard. Are all the head stones covered, mother?"

"What is the matter Sarah? What if they are covered?"

"Mother, dear, it is useless to conceal it from ourselves, or from one another. You know, and I quite as well, that I am dying.—I have not wished to live,—only for one thing I did long for life, and I dreaded to meet death all alone! but now I shall not. W——, will you tell what I mean when I am gone. Yes, gone, dear mother. This chair will stand here, and I not be anywhere near it. You will be here, and father, and you will rise and walk about, and visit, and go in and out, and sleep and wake again and so on day after day, and I shall have no part any longer in your cares and joys. Dear mother'——and as she uttered the last two words, she put her arms around her mother's neck and kissed her fondly, and sank back into her chair again. I sat at her feet watching her matchless features. A smile was flting across them, now there, and now gone, yet each time it appeared, it lingered longer than before, until it became fixed, and so holy, so very holy, that I grew bewildered as I gazed, and a strange temper passed through my body.

The breath of peace was fanning her glorious brow! Her head was bowed a very little forward; and a tress escaping from its bonds, fell by the side of her pure white temple, and close to her just opened lips. It hung there motionless! No breath disturbed its repose! She slept as an angel might sleep, having accomplished the mission of her God.

Oftentimes since then I have heard a voice from heaven as melodius as that which the prophet of old heard declaring the blessing of the righteous dead! To-night I have been hearing it—it is faint, indeed, but clear, and oh, how thrilling, and it sounds like her voice chanting a brave old psalm!

"And thou shalt walk in pure white light,
With priests and kings abroad!
And thou shalt summer high in bliss,
Upon the hills of God!"

I know not under what palm-tree of Chaldea, or by the shaddow of what rock in Hindostan, or what ruin in time-hallowed Egypt, the clay which once was my friend, of mine own kindred, awaits the resurrection. I have knelt in the silvery moon-sheen of the high lands by the grave of that other friend of early, holy years. But my thoughts linger not long, either at the one grave, or at the other. I only think of the rending veil and the embrace which awaited her when she became an angel!—*Journal of Commerce.*

THE MARRIAGE ALTAR.

The following beautiful and eloquent extract from the address delivered by Judge Charlton, before the Young Men's Library Association of Augusta, some two years ago, is still going the rounds of the press. We are not surprised at this. It is one of those beautiful gems of thought and feeling which will never cease to be current. Like bread-cast upon waters, it has returned after many days.

But beautiful as the passage is at all times, recent events, in which the gifted author was an interested party, give it additional beauty, and render its reproduction at this time peculiarly appropriate. The extract is as follows:

"I have drawn for you many pictures of death; let me sketch for you a brief but bright scene of beautiful life. It is the marriage altar. A lovely female clothed in all the freshness of youth and surpassing beauty, leans upon the arm of him to whom she has just plighted her faith: to whom she has just given up herself forever. Look in her eyes, ye gloomy philosophers, and tell me if you dare, that there is no happiness on earth.

"See the trusting, the heroic devotion which impels her to leave country, parents, for a comparative stranger. She has launched her frail bark upon a wide and stormy sea; she has handed over her happiness and doom for this world, to another's keeping; but she has done it fearlessly, for love whispers to her that chosen guardian and protector bears a manly and noble heart. Oh, woe to him that forgets his oath and his manhood!

"Her wing shall the raven flap,
O'er the false-hearted,
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
'Ere life be parted.
Shame and dishonor sit,
On his grave ever,
Blasting shall hallow it,
Never! Oh, never!"

"We have all read the story of the husband who in a moment of hasty wrath, said to her who had but a few months before united her fate to his, 'If you are not satisfied with my conduct, go return to your friends and to your happiness.' 'And will you give me back that which I brought to you?' asked the despairing wife. 'Yes,' he replied, 'all your wealth shall go with you; I covet it not.' 'Alas!' she answered, 'I thought not of my wealth—I spoke of my devoted loves; can you give these back to me?' 'No!' said the man, as he flung himself at her feet; 'No! I cannot restore these, but I will do more—I will keep them unsullied and untainted; I will cherish them through my life, and in my death; and never again will forget that I have sworn to protect and cherish her, who gave up to me all she held most dear.'

"Did I not tell you there was poetry in a woman's look—a woman's word! See it here! the mild, the gentle reproof of love, winning back from its harshness, and rudeness, the stern and unyielding temper of an angry man. Ah! if creation's fairer sex only knew their strongest weapons, how many of wedlock's fiercest battles would be unfought; how much of unhappiness and coldness would be avoided!"

GALVANIC EXPERIMENT.

The following description of a galvanic experiment with a criminal who had been hanged, is from "Portfolio of an Excitement Seeker:"

"At length one of them got back again within his circle, and said, 'Well, well, let us go to work. We can think of other things after.'

"Every one seemed to regard this as a sort of relief. They had got rid of an importunate thought, and about their experiment they set with zeal, and doubtless with skill. A great deal took place which I did not understand, and do not understand, even now.—They turned the body over and coolly carved away with their knives at the back of the neck, and close to the base of the skull. I shuddered as I saw; for though the man was dead enough, in all conscience, I could not persuade myself that he did not feel. Still and motionless he lay, however, as they handled him so roughly, and there was something very horrible even in that stillness. The dull, smoky glare of the lamps gave a more hideous expression to the features as they turned him over and over; and the oppressive atmosphere, together with the sensations of dread and awe that I felt, seemed almost to take from me the power of respiration. Then they filled up the great porcelain trough that I have mentioned with seids and water, adjusted it properly, let down the metallic plates into the liquid, and drew some wires from the battery to the dead body, inserting the end of one of them into the wound they had made in the back of the neck. It was an old, and, as I afterwards found, celebrated anatomist; who held it in its place with a long pair of forceps, apparently tipped with glass. I had got as near to the table as I could, and I saw his hand shake a good deal; I wondered whether it was with age or agition, and I quietly raised my eyes to his face. It was as pale as that of the corpse; and glancing round, I saw, all the rest, who had gathered closely about, gazing with straining eyes, and faces equally white, upon the form of a dead man. I had hardly dropped my eyes to that cold, dead countenance again, when a sudden quivering twitch passed like a flash of lightning over the muscles of the cheeks, and the old surgeon's hand shook terribly, but he held the wire firmly in its place. 'A little more acid,' he whispered, in tones hardly audible, and Mr. White ran and poured something out of a vial into the trough. Suddenly the protruded tongue was drawn back into the mouth, and every one retreated a step from the table in awe and fear, except the old man who held the wire, and I could see him shut his teeth hard, and knit his brows, as if struggling resolutely against the feelings of dread and awe within him. His eyes seemed starting from his head; but a moment or two after he said, almost with a gasp—'It is coming!'

"So, indeed, it seemed. As the subtle current of unexplained relations poured into the corpse, all the features began to work convulsively; the jaw moved; the teeth chattered; the eyes began to roll.

"'My God!' cried one.

"'For Heaven's sake, stop!' exclaimed another.

"'Wait a minute—wait a minute.—Let us think!' exclaimed a third.

"I crept up close to the corpse, and almost touched it; but my heart seemed as if it had nearly ceased to beat.

"Every one was awe struck, and I could see the old surgeon was so himself, though he said nothing, and continued to hold the wire—hardly conscious, I believe, of what he was doing, but looking more like a stone statue than a man.

"In the meanwhile, the ghastly contortions of the corpse, which the act of strangulation had left, had gradually given way to movements and expression, convulsive, indeed, but much more natural. The eyes still rolled, but there seemed a light in them. The muscles quivered all over; but hardly more than those of a man under strong emotion.—The corpse seemed to look at us; and the agitation of all around became intense.—Suddenly the knees were drawn up almost to the chin; the arms raised wildly. One man darted towards the door and threw it open.—The next instant the corpse raised itself suddenly, and sat upon the table, and dropping the wire, the old surgeon himself fell fainting to the floor.

"Every one else rushed from the room, except myself, and why I did not follow, I know not. My feet seemed rooted to the floor, however. I could not stir; I could hardly breathe.

"For an instant—for merely an instant—the dead man sat there a living one; then swayed heavily backward and forward, and then fell and rolled over upon the table.

"The spell which held me there seemed dissolved; I regained the use of my limbs, which had seemed paralyzed; and rushing out of the room, as the others had done before me, I hastened down the stairs."

SINGULAR CASE OF INSTINCT IN A HORSE.

We do not remember ever to have heard of a more remarkable exhibition of unique intelligence than was communicated to us a few days since by Mr. Allen, of this place. The circumstances as they were narrated to us are as follows:—"Mr. Allen has had for a considerable time a span of sprightly little horses that he has never separated. In the stable, in the field, in the harness, they have always been together. This has caused a strong attachment to grow up between them. A few days ago he went with them out to Lake Minnetouka on a fishing excursion. Taking them out of the carriage, he led them down to the lake, and tied them with stout ropes, several rods apart, on a strip of grass that grew upon the shore, and left them to feed. Returning to the shantee, he threw himself upon the floor to await the return of the party who had repaired to the lake to fish.

"Not much time had elapsed before the sound of an approaching horse's feet attracted his attention, and a moment after one of his span appeared at the door. The animal put his head in, and, giving one neigh, returned at a slow gallop, yet under evident excitement, to the spot where, but a few moments before, he and his companion had been seemingly safely fastened. Surprised to find his horse loose, and struck with his singular conduct, Mr. A. immediately followed, and found the other lying in water entangled in the rope, and struggling to keep his head from being submerged.

"While Mr. A. proceeded to disengage the unfortunate horse, his noble benefactor stood by manifesting the utmost solicitude and sympathy, and when his mate was extracted from his situation and again upon his feet on terra firma, the generous creature exhibited the most unquestionable signs of satisfaction and joy. That this intelligent animal should have noticed the misfortune of his mate; that he should know where to apply for rescue, and in his efforts should sunder a three fourths of an inch rope, and finally that he should exhibit so high an appreciation of the event, are circumstances to astonish us and commend themselves to the thoughtful consideration of those who would limit the power of reasoning to the genus homo."—*St. Anthony's Express.*

THE SEA SERPENT IN TEXAS.

The Columbia (Texas) Democrat gives the following account of a sea or river serpent, recently seen in the Brazos river:—"On Friday last several of our citizens had a full view of a monster in our river, answering the description of the sea serpent. They say it was from 16 to 18 feet long, with a very large head, resembling the alligator. The circumference of its body, near its head was about 25 or 26 inches, and its motion in the water similar to that of the snake. It moved with incredible swiftness, sometimes raising its body out of the water three or four feet at a time. When a mile below our town, his snakeship took a resting spell, and was seen very plainly by a gentleman living immediately on the river.

"There can be no doubt that this individual is either a lineal descendant of the sea serpent, or in some way related to that monstrosity."

Among the passengers who arrived by the steamer Hermann, were Madame Louise Rattkay and her three children. Madame Rattkay is a sister of Kossuth. She intends to reside in this country.

Mr. Underhill, spirit rapper, &c., has been fined $200 for exhibiting his nonsense at Rock Island, Ill., without a license. This said "Doctor" sued Mr. Danforth, of the Republican, for libel, who was promptly acquitted.

From the Newbern "Atlantic."

BEAUFORT HARBOR.

It is a fact universally conceded, that Beaufort is a place of the utmost importance to the future well-being of North Carolina. As Beaufort increases, so also must the prosperity of the State increase. The many advantages attending its situation, the safety and convenience of its harbor—the salubrity of its climate—all point to Beaufort as the place to which the attention of North Carolinians should be directed. Connect it intimately by means of Internal improvements with the other portions of the State, and we ask where was there ever a place, with better prospects of becoming a great city?

We deem it highly important to present continually the condition of the harbor of Beaufort, to the view of all the citizens of the State. And with this object, we publish the following extract from a speech, delivered some time since, by Dr. Arendell, the Senator from Carteret!

"For the last one hundred years, the habor of Beaufort has been gradually improving, with the exception of the years 1812 to 1815 inclusive; when, from some unaccountable cause, the bar was not so good as it had been, by some 2 or 3 feet. Since that time, however, as stated before, it has been progressively improving, and it now has 18½ feet of water at lowtide heap. Shipments, in the largest class of vessels, have actually been made by some of our citizens, direct to Liverpool from Beaufort. While we have a sufficiency of water at this bar to admit the largest class of merchant vessels, it is one of the safest harbors on the Atlantic coast. No storm—it matters not how furious—has never driven a vessel ashore so as to injure her seriously in this harbor—a fact, which, I venture to say, can be stated in favor of but very few, if any, of the other harbors on the Atlantic coast. It can be entered with the wind from all points of the compass, except North West and at ebb tide.

Beaufort is, also, one of the healthiest town in the whole Southern country, and is become to be one of the most fashionable places for summer resort in the State. At the juncture of the North and New Port rivers, it presents you with an unobstructed view to the ocean, about 1½ miles distant, where you may enjoy its fine breezes and lave in its invigorating waters. With all these advantages, what is to keep it from becoming ultimately a great city—a city worthy the character of the Old North State! I answer *nothing*, if the resolutions under consideration are carried out—Unite the East and West by means of the great Central Railroad; and my word for it, a new era will dawn on this State. We will thereby give her a healthful circulation—both sections will become one in interest and identify—then will cease the ancient bickerings of Eastern interest and Western interest; and we will all go in heart and soul, for the common interests of the State.

From the Southerner.

REAUFORT HARBOUR.

Extract from the report of James Kearney Lieut. Col. Topographical Engineers to the Secretary of War, May 21, 1838, requiring him to survey a route "from the southern debouche of the dismal Swamp canal, down the Pasquotank river to Elizabeth; thence to Croatan sound, Pamlico, and other sounds, near the coast of North Carolina &c. &c.

Beaufort, since the settlement of the country, has never had less than 15 or 16 feet on the bar of its inlet at high tides. It has now, perhaps, 23 feet at high tides.—Certainly it has *nearly* that depth, and there are few bars to the southward of it with more; at low water it has 18 feet. A navigable communication for coasting vessels would, therefore, open for the trade of a large part of North Carolina; at least one of the best, and taking depth of water at low tides, the character of the bar, and the safety of the coast near it perhaps the best Atlantic harbor south of the Chesapeake bay.

Several routes have been proposed some of them have been surveyed, and one of them has been attempted, by which to connect the trade of the sounds herein mentioned with Beaufort.

We are not dependent upon mere speculation for our opinion of the importance of this harbor; it was made manifest by the war of 1812, '14, and '12, during which it became the depot of prizes for many of our cruisers, whence, by lighters, their cargoes were forwarded through the sounds, and by the Dismal Swamp canal, to the northern cities. Tobacco and other produce was sent from Petersburg to foreign Markets, whenever the Chesapeake bay was occupied by the enemy. The following extracts from the brooks of the treasury department will show the importance of Beaufort harbor to commerce at that period, and its contrast with the usual transactions of the port:

Years.	Gross revenue.	Tonnage.
1810	$522	929
1811	2,081	909
1812	10,116	1,022
1813	105,214	1,041
1814	74,774	1,466
1815	4,809	1,538
1816	2,358	1,344

SALE OF NEGROES.

On Friday last several negroes belonging to the estate of Farmfold Jernigan, deceased, were sold at the Court-house. One negro about 25 years of age brought $1040; another somewhere between 30 and 40 years old, sold for $840. A woman 28 years old and child were knocked down at $1035.—Three boys 14, 12 and 10, brought 860, 800, and 700 dollars respectively. These prices seem to indicate that negroes continue to be in demand at as high rates as have prevailed for some time. The bidding was spirited, and sales quick.—*Golds Rep.*

Died on Saturday, 30th ult., at the advanced age of 120 years, Monica, a servant women of Mrs. Eliza Lancaster of Cobb Neck, Charles County, Md. Incidents which she frequently related, furnished data from which her age could be nearly ascertained. She was a servant of uncommon industry and fidelity. She was devotedly attached to her mistress.

Hon. H. W. Hilliard, of Alabama, has been recently elected a corresponding member of the Imperial Academical Society of Cherbourg, in France.

Humboldt, the philosopher, derides the idea of magnetic table-moving, and advises those who have consulted him on the subject to "try their chaff upon some younger bird."