North-Carolina Star.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WILLIAM C. DOUB,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

If paid strictly in advance, two dollars per annum; two dollars and fifty cents, if paid within six months; and three dollars at the end of the year.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding sixteen nes will be inserted one time for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Those of greater length will be charged proportionally. Court Orders and Judicial advertisements will be charged 25 per cent. higher than the above rates. A reasonable deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

Book and Job Printing done with neatness an despatch, and on accommodating terms.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

CITY GOVERNMENT.

Wm. Dallas Haywood, Intendant of Police,

COMMISSIONERS.

Eastern Ward.—Eldridge Smith,
" A. Adams.
Middle Ward.—E. L. Harding,
" Isaac Proctor.
" E. Cantwell,
Western Ward.—A. M. Gorman,
" H. D. Turner.

J. J. Christophers, City Clerk,
A. M. Gorman, City Treas.
City Guard.—James M. Crawley,
" Jackson Overby.
City Constables.—Edward Harris.
" William Andrews.
A. Adams, Weighmaster.
E. Harris, Clerk of the Market.

COURTS.

The *Supreme Court* of North Carolina is held in this city semi-annually, on the second Monday in June, and the 30th day of December

Judges.—Hon. Frederick Nash, Chief Justice,
R. M. Pearson, Associate Judge,
W. H. Battle,
Edmund B. Freeman, Clerk; Ham. C. Jones, Reporter; J. J. Litchford, Sr., Marshall.

The *United States Circuit Court* for the District of North Carolina is held semi-annually in this city, on the 1st Monday in June and the last Monday in November.

Judges.—Hon. J. M. Wayne, of Georgia; Hon Henry Potter, of Fayetteville; District Attorney Robert P. Dick; Clerk, Wm. H. Haywood, Sr Marshall, Wesley Jones.

The *Superior Court* for this County, is held on the first Monday after the fourth Monday in March and September.

John C. Moore, Clerk.

Jos. B. Batchelor, Attorney General and Solicitor of the fourth Judicial District.

The *Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions* is held on the third Monday in February, May, August and November. Jeff. Utley, Clerk.

Chairman of the County Court.—William Boylan.

County Solicitor—K. P. Marriott.

Sheriff of Wake County—William H. High.

Coroner—Willis Scott.

Register.—H. Hatson.

BANKS.

Bank of the State of North Carolina, incorporated 1810. Charter expires in 1860. Capital $1,300,000, divided into 15,000 shares of which the Literary Board holds 5,027 and the University 1000.

Principal Bank at Raleigh.
George W. Mordecai, President.
Charles Dewey, Cashier.
J. H. Bryan, Jr. Teller and Notary Public.
W. E. Anderson, Discount Clerk and Notary Public.
Jordan Womble, Jr., Clerk.

This Bank has branches at Newbern, Tarboro, Fayetteville, Wilmington, Elizabeth City, Charlotte, Milton, Morganton and Windsor.

DIRECTORS.

On the part of the State: D. W. Courts, Public Treasurer, ex-officio, L. O'B. Branch and W. R. Poole.

On the part of the Stockholders: Wm. Boylan, Wm. Peace, J. H. Bryan, J. B. G. Roulhac, Alfred Jones and B. F. Moore.

Offering and Renewal day—Tuesday.
Discount day—Wednesday.
Domestic Bills and Bills of Exchange discounted every day.
Business hours from 10 till 2 o'clock.

Raleigh Branch of the Bank of the Cape Fear
William H. Jones, Cashier.
R. P. Finch, Teller and Notary Public.
DIRECTORS.—Geo. W. Haywood, T. H. Selby, Seth Jones, George Little, Dr. Thos. D. Hogg, and C. W. D. Hutchings.
Offering day Monday, Discount day Tuesday

RAIL ROADS.

Raleigh and Gaston Railroad Company.
E. A. Crudup, President,
W. W. Vass, Treasurer,
J. M. Pool, Assistant Treasurer.
C. B. Allen, Depot Agent,
Mail train leaves 15 minutes after 7 A. M., arrives at 6½ P. M.

North Carolina Railroad Company.
Chas. F. Fisher, President.
C. P. Mendenhall, Treasurer.
J. T. West, Freight and Ticket Agent.
Mail train arrives 5 o'clock, A. M., from the East; and departs 10m. after 5 o'clock, A. M.
Mail from the West arrives at 32 minutes after 4 o'clock, P. M. Departs at 20 minutes before 5 o'clock, P. M.

POST OFFICE.

William White, Sr., Post Master.
Office hours, on week days, from Sun-rise to 9 P. M.

TRAVELLER'S GUIDE.

(ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS AT RALEIGH

NORTHERN MAIL—(By Railroad,)

Through Mail closes daily	at 6½	a. m
Way Mail " "	at 9	p. m
Arrives daily	at 6½	p. m
The Cars leave the depot	at 6½	a. m

SOUTHERN MAIL—(By Two-horse Hack,

Closes daily	at ½	p. m)
Arrives daily	at 6	p. m
The Hack leaves	at 7½	p. m

WESTERN MAIL—(By Railroad,)

Closes daily	at 9	p. m.
Arrives daily	at 4½	p. m.
The Train leaves	at ¾	p. m

GOLDSBORO' MAIL—(By Railroad.)

Closes daily,	at 9	p. m
Arrives daily	at 5	a. m
The Cars leaves daily at 10m after 5		a. m

TARBORO' MAIL—(By Two-horse Hack,)

Closes on Sunday, Tues. and Thur., at	9	p. m
Arrives Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat., at	7	p. m
Hack leaves on Mon. Wed. and Fri., at	5	a. m

PITTSBORO' MAIL—(By Three-horse Hack

Closes on Tuesday and Saturday, at	9	p. m
Arrives on Monday and Thursday, at	7	p. m
Hack leaves on Sun. and Wed. about	7	a. m

Splendid Stock of Goods!

WE are now receiving the largest stock of *staple and fancy dry goods*, Hats, Caps, Shoes, Crockery, and Groceries, that has ever been presented in Raleigh, and as they have been bought carefully they will be disposed of on the most moderate terms.

We shall be pleased to show them to our customers, friends and the public generally.

W. H. A. S. S. TUCKER.

Sept. 17 '55. 11—

BOOTS, GAITERS AND SHOES.

Men' Boots, Heavy Waterproof Boots, Brogan do. Heavy Bootees for servants, best double sole Brogans, kip Brogans.

LADIES' Walking Shoes, Ladies' Comfort Shoes, Ladies Gum Bootees, Ladies' Morocco Bootees, Black and Colored Gaiters.

The above mentioned Boots and Shoes will be sold at the Fair market price. Call and examine them at

H. L. EVANS'.

Oct. 4, 1855. 10—

North Carolina Star.

VOLUME XLVI. RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 19, 1855. NUMBER 48

Miscellaneous.

Correspondence of the Fayetteville Observer.

Battle of Guilford Court House.

Greensborough, Nov. 5th, 1855.

Messrs. Editor: This morning I visited the battle ground of Guilford Court House. I was fortunate in securing the company of E. W. Caruthers, D. D., a gentleman who has illustrated the patriotic valor of North Carolina's sons in two publications which are familiar to all your readers, and who is now devoting his time to a History of the Battle of Guilford, a battle which Col. Benton, in his "Thirty Years in the Senate of the U. S., "justly ranks among the decisive battles of the Revolution, and which has been so considered by the Historians of the War."

A ride of 5 miles over the road leading from Greensborough to New Garden Meeting House and beyond to Salem, brought us to "Martinville," the former site of Guilford Court House. Not a vestige of the old Court House is to be seen, though its site is still pointed out on the west side of the road. Near it are several stone chimneys which indicate where the village once stood. On the east side of the road, nearly opposite these chimneys, there is still standing the Homestead and store of the Lindsays of a former generation, but which hitherto the present owners have refused to sell. Long may those buildings stand—long may they remain in possession of the present owners and their descendants.

From this point you have a commanding view of that portion of the ground on which the battle closed.

But I prefer conducting you to where it commenced.

From Martinville, in the road towards Salem, you immediately descend a steep hill, at the bottom of which is a deep ravine down which murmurs a gentle stream shaded by alder and other kinds of undergrowth. On crossing this stream you immediately ascend a long sloping hill.—From Martinville to near the top of this hill, the land is cleared for about half a mile on both sides of the road, and the brow of the hill is a little over half a mile from Martinville. At this point, the brow of the hill, the road enters a dense oak forest, and passes through it for about 500 yards. In the latter 200 yards the road gradually begins to descend another hill; so that when you emerge from the forest you have a fine commanding view of a descending open country for about a mile ahead, and cleared about a mile in width. Standing at the north-west edge of the forest, you can see in the distance the Salem road, down which the British marched to the scene of carnage, March 15th, 1781.

It was in the north west edge of this forest, that North Carolina raw militia were planted, with their faces towards Salem. A worm fence in front enclosed the cleared fields though which the British marched to the assault.

About 300 yards in the rear lay the Virginia Militia; and in their rear, on the brow of the hill in sight of Martinville, stood the Maryland and Virginia Continentals, under Huger and Williams, and Lee's Legion and Col. Washington's Cavalry.

The position selected by Gen. Greene, and the disposition of his men, have always been approved by military men—with the exception of the fact, that he placed raw recruits men who had never smelt gunpowder—men who had not been mustered into service two weeks—in the front line to bear the brunt of the first onset of veteran troops.

Greene's army consisted of Huger's brigade of Virginia continentals, 778; Williams's Maryland and Delaware brigade, 620; Lee's legion, 82; continental regulars, 1400; North Carolina militia, 1000; Virginia militia, 1633; Washington's dragoons, 86; Lee's dragoons, 75; and 161 cavalry.—In all, 4243 men.

The British forces consisted of the "German Regiment," the 71st or Fraser Highlanders, 33d Regiment, 2d Battalion of Guards, and German Yagers and Cavalry. In all about 2500 men.

It forms no part of my design to attempt a description of the feats of valor performed on this memorable battle field, where both Cornwallis and Greene gathered fresh laurels, where the fiery Tarleton and brave Webster found foemen worthy of their steel in the daring Lee and the gallant Col. Washington. But, standing in the edge of the forest, where the raw recruits, the North Carolina Militia, stood on that eventful day, I could not help feeling, that Greene gathered his laurels at the expense of the valor and fame of the sons of the Old North State.

To plant untrained soldiers in a position where they could have a full view for at least a mile, of the advancing enemy, as it approached in all "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war," whilst they had to remain impassive, immovable lookers on, without the power to do aught to stir the blood and make its course freely their arteries and heart, and move them on to valiant deeds, was demanding more from human nature than most Generals would have required.

The Americans knew the reputation and fame of the troops that were slowly and determinedly approaching their lines. They knew, for instance, the fame of the 71st, or Fraser Highlanders,—a regiment that had distinguished itself at Louisburg in the French war—a regiment of which General Wolfe had said, "Amherst's and the Highlanders alone, by the soldier-like and cool manner they were formed in, would undoubtedly have beaten back the whole Canadian army, if they had ventured to attack them,"—and who, in company with the Welsh Fusiliers, were the first to scale the heights of Abraham, under the eye of the intrepid Wolfe, made a charge that defeated Montcalm, and gained for the regiment a wide world fame.

The same regiment did signal execution at the battle of Trenton, and attracted the notice of Gen. Washington. On one occasion, when Lieut. Col. Maitland of the 71st, was in company with Gen. Washington, he jocularly told him, that to enable him to distinguish and do justice to the valor of this corps, his men would in future wear a red feather in their bonnets, which they continued to do till the conclusion of the war.

At the battle of Camden, the 71st and Welsh Fusiliers made that terrible charge which broke the centre of Gen. Gates's army, resulting in his defeat; and they signalized themselves in the neighborhood of Savannah, and had pursued Gen. Greene across the Catawba, Yadkin, and, Dan Rivers, anxious to bring him to a pitched battle. Such was now about to take place.

In this regiment alone, which advanced upon the North Carolina militia, five of the officers lived to attain the rank of Lieut. General in the British service, one a General, two Colonels, three Lieut. Colonels, and some Majors. This is strong evidence of the mettle against which the militia had to contend.

And yet this same regiment, when under the command of Tarleton, at the battle of the Cowpens, after having broke through the centre and when left unsupported and pressed on all sides, did what Stewart says no Highland regiment ever did, "Ran from an enemy." Ramsay casts the blame on Tarleton, and Stewart says the officers and men petitioned Cornwallis never to suffer Tarleton to command them again, which he promised, and in the battle of Guilford they were led by General Leslie.

I have been led to this digression because it seems fashionable for all our modern authors, following in the wake of Johnson in his life of Greene, to speak of the "cowardly North Carolina militia," and assign their conduct as the cause of Greene's defeat. Even my distinguished friend Dr. Caruthers, in his life of Caldwell, I am sorry to say, chimes in with the sentiment, when at the same time his book contains evidence that the North Carolina militia obeyed instructions by firing "twice and retiring."

The view of the case is strengthened by a letter from Capt. Donald Stewart of the 71st regiment, dated Ballachulish, Argyleshire, Scotland, October 25th, 1823, where he says:

"In the advance we received a very deadly fire from their marksmen lying on the ground behind a rail fence. One half of the highlanders dropped on the spot! There ought to be a pretty large tumulus where our men (71st) were buried."

[See Caruther's Life of Caldwell page 227.]

And the same author, page 226, says:

'It is also known that a great many of the British, were buried in the field, and near the place their front line was then the first fire was given. Of this there is no doubt, for it is well attested by people in the neighborhood, who were on the ground the next day after the battle, and saw them burying their dead."

Again, Brown, in his "History of the Highland Clans," speaking in reference to the 71st regiment at Guilford, says:

"The Americans, covered by the fence in their front, reserved their fire till the British were within thirty or forty paces, at which distance they opened a most destructive fire, which annihilated nearly one-third of Col. Webster's brigade."

The 71st regiment formed the right of the British army, and Webster's brigade the left.

The North Carolina militia also formed the front line of the American Army. They alone met the British Veterans flushed with previous victories—annihilated one-third of Webster's brigade and one-half of the 71st or Fraser Highlanders—and yet their memories are held up to execration as disgraced cowards by Lossing and Johnson—and what is more unkind still, by the Historians of our own State.

Standing here, where the defenders of the State—I may add, the defenders of the entire Southern States—stood; impartially reviewing their conduct on that eventful day, in the light of the circumstances suggested, the wonder to my mind is, that they did so much, rather than they did not do no more.

They had been taken from their fields and firesides within the week. They had no distinguished North Carolinian at their head, whom they could implicitly obey or follow. Neither Graham, Davidson, or Davie was present. Ramsey says the front line gave way—not that it ran away. The very design of the battle shows they were to give way—they were not expected to fight the entire battle—the residue of the troops was intended to have some share in deciding the fate of the day. Ramsey blames the imprudence of a Colonel, for the front line giving way, "who called out to an officer at some distance that he would be surrounded;" and remarks, "that as one good officer can mend the face of affairs, so the misconduct of a bad one may injure a whole army." And yet the remark of the Colonel was not without cause, for both Webster and Tarleton were exerting themselves to outflank and surround the Americans, and according to Marshall in his Life of Washington, they were successful.

Having viewed the ground where the first shock of the contending armies was felt, we turned our faces towards Martinville. On the way Dr. Caruthers pointed out in the forest of oaks, trees with which are associated the names and deeds of resolute and heroic men. On emerging from the woods we caught a view of the site of the old Court House. On the west side of the road, on the hillside, the British sleep the sleep of death. On the east, quietly repose the American dead. Over their remains stands a few majestic oaks, whose wide spreading branches and heavy foliage, attest alike their vigor and their age. Close by can be seen the trunks of stalwart trees, which returning Spring has ceased to renovate with strength and vigor. But they yet linger on, blighted though they be, and serve to point strangers to where the thickest of the fight took place, where the last stand was made, in behalf of North Carolina's altars and her fires by those brave men whose names can never die. On the opposite side of the road can be seen the willows emerging above the rank undergrowth near the little stream that murmurs down the vale, clear and limpid as if its color had never been darkened by the blood of man.

The loss of the British in the Battle of Guilford C. House was 600; American loss, 362; and though the British kept the field, yet such was the crippled condition of Cornwallis, that he immediately retreated to Cross Creek and Wilmington at which latter place Major Craig was in command.

The consequences of this battle in behalf of American liberty, have always ranked high.—Marshall says, that previous to the return of Green from Virginia to North Carolina, as many as seven companies were raised by the British in one day; and already the royalists began to embody themselves on Haw River in numbers.

The battle of Guilford checked the rising spirit in behalf of the mother country. It was the first decided check Cornwallis had had since he took command of the Southern Army. Charleston and Savannah had succumbed before him. Georgia and South Carolina were invested with the British under Rawdon. Arnold was in full force in Virginia; and it but needed success to crown the arms of Cornwallis in North Carolina to make them feel that the British Lion was all powerful at the South, as he had been at the North on the termination of the campaign of 1780.

The battle of Guilford secured a reaction. Soon Rawdon was defeated at the South, and Clinton at the North; and six months after the nominal victory of Cornwallis at Guilford Court House he surrendered his whole army to Gen'l Washington at Yorktown—which surrender led to a permanent and lasting peace.

In writing this letter I have not had an opportunity of referring to either of the standard British Historians of the American War—I mean Steadman, Tarleton, or McKenzie's Strictures; but from my recollection of them, I feel assured they do not contradict Stewart or Brown. And when upon the battlefield, I was informed that the Historian Bancroft had very recently surveyed it in company of Governor Swain, I regretted I had not been present. But felt reconciled, that Gov. Swain was there, able and willing to point out where half the 71st Regiment fell, and the opposite field where one-third of Webster's Brigade fell, beneath the rifle of the hitherto much traduced North Carolina Militia.

While traversing the ground to obtain a correct idea of the locality where Washington made his awful charge, and where Gunby repelled the daring Webster—where Tarleton endeavored to turn the American lines—the positions occupied by the two commanding Generals, and the point at which each General was nearly captured—I thought of the dead—the brave dead—who slept beneath the battle-field their valor had immortalized; and then of the lonely grave of the lamented Col. Webster, who lies in a cluster of pines on the Belfont Estate in Bladen County—sympathy overcame the order with which I commenced the search, and I felt a melancholy pleasure in watching the thickening of gathering gloomy clouds that hung o'er the battle field, and turned away with feelings that acutely sympathized with the solemn gloom and grandeur of a sunless sky, on a black and damp November day.

So ends my trip to Greensborough, but so cannot end the pleasant ideas and impressions, now forever associated and connected with his generous citizens and beautiful town,—ideas penned while there, but which owing to the detention of my baggage in Raleigh, have never in their original from come into your hands.

Saved by his Wife's Corset.—A thrilling incident of the preservation of life by a corset, is given in Floyd's forthcoming Steamboat Directory. A Mr. Walters, a passenger on the steamer Anthony Wayne, was taking from Chicago back to Philadelphia the remains of a fond and loving wife, to be buried among her relations and friends. During the trip, the ill-fated boat exploded all her boilers, killing nearly every one on board.—Mr. W. was lifted several hundred feet into the air, and fell into the water almost lifeless. The night was dark and dreary, and in his frantic struggles to keep himself afloat, he accidentally struck against a box, to which he clung all night long with desperation. When daylight appeared he discovered to his horror that the box which bedecked his life contained the corpse of his wife.

ROMANCE OF THE POSTOFFICE.

'Ten Years Among the Mail Bags; or, Notes from the Diary of a Special Agent of the Post-office Department,' is the title of a forthcoming work by J. Holbrook. The New York Post, which has some extracts from it, says that Mr. Holbrook (who has been an energetic special agent of the Postoffice Department for the last ten years) has produced a book illustrative of his career as a special agent, replete with amusing incidents, which have for the most part come under his personal observation, and containing much valuable information for the benefit of those who write and receive letters. Many of his narratives of the detection of mail robberies, whether committed by postoffice clerks or old fashioned foot-pads, are of exceeding interest, which is by no means lessened by the fact that they are substantially true, (the author's regard for the feelings of relations or friends of detected letter thieves having frequently induced him to suppress or alter names,) and are told with a native humor and a skill of construction which mark the author as a man of no mean literary pretensions. We subjoin a few extracts. The following possess a dramatic interest;

THE INVALID WIFE.

Not the least painful of the various duties connected with the detection of crime is the sometime necessary one of revealing a husband's guilt to his wife.

I anticipated a severe trial of my feelings in making such a disclosure during the progress of a recent important case where the mail robber was in possession of a mail-key, by means of which he had committed extensive depredations. He was at length detected, and has lately entered upon a ten years' term in the State Prison.

On his arrest he manifested much solicitude for his wife, fearing the intelligence of his situation would overpower her. 'She is in feeble health at best,' said he, 'and I am afraid this will kill her.'

It was necessary, however, that I should see her in order to the possession of some funds, a part of the proceeds of the robberies, which her husband had committed to her keeping. Furnished with a written order from the prisoner, and leaving him in the Marshal's custody, I proceeded to call on the invalid, racking my brains while on the way to her residence for some mode of communicating the unpleasant truth which should disclose it gradually, and spare her feelings as much as possible.

On my arrival at the boarding house the note was sent to the lady's room. It read as follows:

'My dear Susan: Will you hand to the bearer a roll of bank notes which I left with you.

'EDWIN.'

The lady soon made her appearance. She was young, rather prepossessing, and evidently in delicate health. Finding that I was bearer of the note, she addressed me, expressing great surprise that her husband had sent a request so unusual; and with an air of independence observed that she did not 'know about paying over money under such circumstances to an entire stranger.'

Desiring not to mortify her unnecessarily by making explanations in the presence of others, I requested her to step into a vacant room near at hand, and, after closing the door, I said in a low tone.'

'It is an extremely painful thing for me, Mrs. M——— but as you do not seem inclined to comply with your husband's order, I must tell you plainly that the money was taken from the mails by him. There is no mistake about it. He has had a mail-key which I have just recovered, and has made a full acknowledgement of his numerous depredations. I beg of you to bear this dreadful news with fortitude. No one will think less of you on account of his dishonest conduct.'

I expected to see the poor woman faint immediately, and had mentally prepared myself for every emergency; but, a moment after, I should have been more likely to have fallen into that condition, if astonishment could ever produce such an effect; for as soon as I had finished what I was saying, she stood, if possible, more erect than before, and with some fire in her eye, and one arm 'akimbo,' she replied, in a spirited manner:

'Well, if he has done that, he's a darned fool to own it—I wouldn't!'

She gave up the money, however, soon after, and although the recklessness displayed in the speech above quoted seemed to make it probable that she was implicated in her husband's guilt, it afterwards appeared that this exhibition of 'spunk' was due to the impulses of a high-spirited and excitable nature, which sometimes, as in the present instance, broke away from control, and went beyond the bonds of decorum.

On the subject of unjust complaints against the carlessness or culpability of postoffice clerks, the following illustration will be fond of interest:

THE BITER BIT.

A lady of very genteel and respectable appearance called one day on a prominent New England postmaster with a letter in her hand, which she insisted had been broken open and re-sealed.—She handed the letter to the postmaster, who examined it, said appearances certainly seemed to justify her assertion. She further declared that she well knew which clerk in the office had broken it open, and that he had previously served several of her letters in the same way. Upon hearing this, the postmaster requested her to walk inside the office, and point out the person whom she suspected.

Such an unusual phenomenon as the appearance of a lady inside the office produced, as may be supposed, a decided sensation among the clerks there assembled. Nor was the sensation diminished in intensity when the postmaster informed them that the lady was there for the purpose of identifying the person who had been guilty of breaking open her letters!

This announcement at once excited the liveliest feelings of curiosity and solicitude in the mind of almost every one present, and each one, conscious of innocence, indulged in conjectures as to who that somebody else might be, whom the accusing angel (?) was to fix upon as the culprit.

All their conjectures fell wide of the mark.—After looking about for a moment, the lady pointed out the last man whom any one in the office would have suspected of such an offence—one of the oldest and most reliable of their number.

'That is the person, said she, indicating him by a slight nod of the head; 'and if he persists in making so free with my letters, I will certainly have him arrested. Why my letters should always be selected for this purpose, I cannot imagine; but if any more of them are touched, he will wish he had left them alone.'

This direct charge and these threats, produced a greater commotion among his fellow clerks than in the mind of the gentleman accused.—Waiting for a moment after she had spoken, he broke the breathless silence that followed her words, by saying, calmly, 'Mrs.———, I believe?'

'That is my name sir.'

'Have you concluded your remarks, madam?'

'I have, sir, for the present.'

'Then, madam, I will take the liberty to inform you that your husband is the person on whom you ought to expend your indignation.—He has at different times taken several of your letters from the office, opened and read them, and after resealing, returned them to the letter box, having made certain discoveries in those letters to which he found me to be strangers furnishing sufficient ground for his course, and justifying former suspicions! He earnestly requested me never to disclose who had opened the letters, and I should have continued to observe secrecy, had not your accusation forced me to the disclosure in self defence. If you wish to have my statement corroborated, I think I can produce a reliable witness.'

The lady did not reply to this proposition, but made a precipitate retreat, leaving the clerk master of the field, and was never afterwards seen at that post office.

The following anecdotes are illustrative of the amusing incidents which occasionally come under the eyes of post office clerks:

TO MY GRANDMOTHER.

A little bright eyed, flaxen haired boy was one day observed to enter the vestibule of the post-office at Washington, with a letter in his hand, and to wait very modestly for the departure of the crowd collected about the delivery window. As soon as the place was cleared, he approached the letter box, and carefully deposited his epistle there in, lingering near, as if to watch over the safety of the precious document. His motions attracted the attention of the clerk stationed at the window, whose curiosity induced him to examine the subscription of the letter just deposited by the little fellow. The address on the letter was simply, 'To my Dear Grandmother, Louisiana;' doubtless some good old lady, whose memory, in the mind of her innocent grandchild, was redolent of cake and candy, and all the various, well meant offices of kindness to which their sometimes blind affection prompts them. 'Look here, my little man,' said the clerk, 'what is your grandmother's name, and where does she live?'

'Why, she's my grandma, and lives in Louisiana.'

'Yes, I see that on the letter, but it will never get to her if her name isn't put on, and the place where she lives.'

'Well, please put it on sir.'

'But I shall not know what her name is, unless you tell me."

'Why, sir, she's my grandma—don't you know her? She used to live at my house.'

After the display of considerable ingenuity on the part of the clerk, and a good deal of innocent evasion by the child, the old lady's name and place of residence were finally ascertained, and added to the address, after which the little one went on his way rejoicing in the assurance given by the clerk that now his 'dear grandmother' would certainly receive the important epistle from her darling.

THE DEAD LETTER.

The following is contributed by 'Dave,' of the Columbus (Ohio) post office:

During my term of service at the general delivery of this office it was my custom, upon receiving dead letters from Washington city, to make a list of the names of the persons to whom they were addressed, and stick it up in the lobby of the office, with a notice "Call for Dead Letters.'

One day an elaborate specimen of Erin's sons, whose brawny fist and broad shoulders seemed to denote a construction with an eye single to American railroads, lounged into the office, and up to the board containing the aforesaid list. He looked at it a moment, and burst into tears. I spoke to him through the window, and asked him what was the matter.

'Oh! Mr. Postmaster, I see ye have a daid letther for me. I spect me aester in Ireland's daid, and it's not a wake since I sint her a tin pound note to come to Amerikey wid—and kin ye tell me how long she's bin daid, Mr. Postmaster?'

I asked him his name, found the letther,' and after a request from him to to 'rade it, sir, and rade it aloy if you plaze,' opened it, and told him not to cry: that his sister was not dead, but that it was a letter written by himself, and directed to Michael Flaherty, Boston; Chicago.

'And is Michal daid, Mr. Postmaster?'

'No, I guess not, said I.

Well, who is daid, sir?'

I explained to him that letters not taken from the office to which they were addressed within a certain time, were sent to what was called the Dead Letter Office at Washington city, and from thence; if containing anything valuable, to the persons who wrote them.

'Go! bless ye for that, sir, but Michael lives in Chicago.'

I told him I would not dispute that, but Boston and Chicago were two distinct cities, and the letter was addressed to both, and that Boston being the first named, it had been retained there, and his friend had not received it.

'Sure and I thought Boston was in Chicago! that's what ye call a daid letther, is it? Faith and I thought it was Bridget and not the letther, was daid.'

THRILLING NARRATIVE.

In the fall of 1846, I was travelling eastward in a stage-coach from Pittsburg over the mountains. My fellow-passengers were two gentlemen and a lady. The elderly gentleman's countenance interested me exceedingly. In years, he seemed about thirty—in air and manner, he was calm, dignified and polished, and the contour of his features were singularly intellectual. He conversed freely on different subjects until the road became more abrupt and precipitous, but on my directing his attention to the great altitude of a precipice on the verge of which our coach wheels were leisurely rolling, there came a marked change over his countenance. His eyes, lately filled with the light of intelligence, became wild, restless and anxious—the mouth twitched spasmodically, and the forehead was beaded with a cold perspiration. With a sharp convulsive shudder, he turned his gaze from the giddy height, and clutching my arm tightly with both hands, he hung to me like a drowning man.

"Use the cologne," said the lady, handing me a bottle, with the instinctive goodness of her sex.

I sprinkled a little on his face, and he soon became more composed—but it was not until we had entirely traversed the mountain, and descended into the country beneath, that his fine features relaxed from their perturbed look, and assumed the placid, quiet dignity, that I had at first noticed.

"I owe an apology to the lady,' said he, with a bland smile, and a gentle inclination of the head to our fair companion, "and some explanation to my fellow travellers, also; and, perhaps, I cannot acquit myself of the double debt than by recounting the cause of my recent agitation."

"It may pain your feelings," delicately urged the lady.

"On the contrary, it will relieve them," was the reply.

Having signified our several desires to hear more, the traveller thus proceeded:

At the age of eighteen, I was light of heart, light of foot and, I fear, light of head. A fine property on the banks of the Ohio, acknowledged me sole owner. I was hastening home to enjoy it, and delighted to get free from a college life.—The month of October, the air bracing, and mode of conveyance a stage-coach like this, only more commodious; the other passengers were few, only three in all, one an old grey-haired planter of Louisiana, his daughter, a joyous, bewitching creature of about seventeen, and his son, a boy of about ten years of age.

They were just returning from France, of which country, the young lady discoursed in terms so eloquent as to absorb my entire attention.

The father was taciturn, but the lady was vivacious by nature, and we soon became so mutually pleased with each other, she as the talker, I as the listener—that it was not till a sudden flash of lightning and a heavy dash of rain against the windows elicited an exclamation from my charming companion, that I knew how the night passed on.

Presently there came a low rumbling sound, and then several tremendous peals of thunder, accompanied by successive flashes of lightning. The rain descended in torrents, and an angry wind began to howl and moan through the forest trees.

I looked through the window of our vehicle,—The night was dark as ebony, but the lightning showed the danger of our road. We were on the edge of a frightful precipice. I could see at intervals, huge jutting crags far down on its side, and the sight took me solicitous for the safety of my fair companion. I then, for the more satisfactory proof, turned my eyes inward, and a single little rock that was in the track of our coach wheel—a tiny mass of wood, a stray nut of a temperate tree, restive horse, a careless driver—any of those might hurl us from our sublunary existence with the speed of thought.

"'Tis a perfect tempest," observed the lady, as I withdrew my head from the window. "How I love a sudden storm! there is something so grand among the winds when fairly loose in the hills. I never encountered a night like this, but Byron's magnificent description of a thunder storm in the Jura occurs to my mind. But are we on the mountains yet?"

"Yes, we have begun the ascent."

"Is it not said to be dangerous?"

"By no means," I replied, in as easy a tone as I could assume.

"I only wish it was daylight, that we might enjoy the mountain scenery. But, what's that?" and she covered her eyes from the glare of a sheet of lightning that illuminated the rugged mountain with brillant intensity. Peal after peal of crashing thunder instantly succeeded; there was a heavy volume of rain coming down at each thunder-burst, and with a deep moaning of an animal breaking upon our ears. I found that the coach had come to a dead stop.

Louise, my beautiful fellow-traveller, became as pale as ashes. She fixed her searching eyes on mine with a look of anxious dread, and turning to her father, hurriedly remarked:

"We are on the mountain."

"I reckon we are," was the unconcerned reply.

With instinctive activity, I put my head out of the window and called to the driver; but the only answer was the moaning of an animal breaking upon our ears. I found that the coach had come to a dead halt. I seized the handle of the door and strained in vain—it would not yield a jot. At that instant, I felt a cold hand on mine, and heard Louise's voice faintly articulating in my ear the following words:

"*The coach is being moved backwards!*"

Never shall I forget the fierce agony with when I tugged at the door, and called on the driver in a tone that rivalled the force of the blast, whilst the dreadful conviction was burning on my brain that the "coach was being moved backwards!"

What followed was of such swift occurrence, that it seemed to me like a frightful dream.

I rushed against the door with all my force but it withstood my utmost—One side of the vehicle was sensibly going down, down. The moaning of the agonized animal became deeper, and I know from his desperate plunges against the traces that it was one of our horses. Crash after crash of hoarse thunder rolled over the mountain, and vivid sheets of lightning played around our devoted carriage as if in glee at our misery. By its light I could see for a moment—only a moment—the old planter standing erect, with his hand on his son and daughter, his eyes raised to heaven, and his lips moving like those in prayer.

I could see Louise turn her ashy cheek towards me as if imploring protection; and I could see the bold glance of the young boy flashing defiance at the descending carriage, the war of elements and the awful danger that awaited him. There was a roll—a desperate plunge, as of an animal in the last throes of dissolution—a harsh grating jar—a sharp, piercing scream of mortal terror—and I had but time to grasp Louise firmly with one hand around the waist, and seize the leather fastenings attached to the coach roof with the other, when we were precipitated over the precipice.

I can distinctly recollect preserving conciousness for a few seconds of time, how rapidly my breath was being exhausted, but of that tremendous descent I soon lost all further knowledge by a concussion so violent that I was instantly deprived of sense and motion.

The traveller paused. His features worked for a minute or two as they did when we were on the mountain; he pressed his hand across his forehead as if in pain, and then resumed his interesting narrative.

On a low couch in an humble room of a small country town, I next opened my eyes in this world of light and shade joy and sorrow, of mirth and madness. Gentle hands smoothed my pillow, gentle feet glided across my chamber, and a gentle voice for a while hushed all my questionings, for a length of time to hold any discourse with me. At length, one morning, finding myself sufficiently recovered to sit up, I insisted on learning the result of the accident.

"You were discovered," said she, "sitting on a ledge of rocks, amidst the branches of a shattered tree, clinging to the roof of your broken coach with one hand, and the insensible form of a lady with the other."

"And the lady?" I gasped, scanning the girl's face with an earnestness that caused her to draw back and blush.

"She was saved, sir, by that which saved you—the friendly tree."

"And her father and brother?" I impatiently demanded.

"We found them both crushed to pieces; at the bottom of the precipice, a great way below where my father and uncle Joe found you and the lady. We buried their bodies both in one grave, close by the clover patch, down in our meadow ground."

"Poor Louise! Poor orphan! God pity you!" I muttered, in broken accents, utterly unconscious that I had a listener.

"God pity her, indeed, sir!" said the young girl with a gush of heartfelt sympathy. "Would you like to see her," she added.

I found the orphan bathed in tears, by the grave of her buried kindred. She received me with sorrowful sweetness of manner. I need not detain your attention by detailing the efforts I made to win her from her grief, but briefly acquaint you that at last I succeeded in inducing her to leave her forlorn home to the sunny south, and twelve months after the dreadful occurrence which I have related, we stood at the alter as man and wife. She still lives to bless my love with her smiles and my children with good precepts.

"But the driver," asked our lady passenger, who had attended to the recital of the story with much attention, "what became of the driver, or did you ever learn the reason of his deserting his post?"

"His body was found on the road, within a few steps of the spot where the coach went over. He had been struck dead by the same flash of lightning that blinded the restive horses."

[*From Morris and Willis' Home Journal.*]

THE NIGHT FUNERAL OF A SLAVE.

Messrs. Morris and Willis:—Traveling recently on business, in the interior of Georgia, I reached just at sunset, the mansion of the proprietor, through whose estate for the last half hour of my journey, I had pursued my way. My tired companion pricked his ears and with a low whinny indicated his pleasure, as I turned up the broad avenue leading to the house. Calling to a black boy in view, I made him inquire of his owner if I could be accommodated with lodgings for the night.

My request brought the proprietor himself to the door, and from thence to the gate, when after a scrutinizing glance at my person and equipments, he inquired my name, business, and destination. I promptly responded to his questions, and he invited me to light and enter the house in the true spirit of Southern hospitality.

He was apparently thirty years of age, and evidently a man of education and refinement. I soon observed an air of gloomy abstraction about him; he said but little, and even that little seemed the result of an effort to obviate the seeming want of civility to a stranger. At supper the absence of the massive apparatus, and of the luxuries of the table, in the particular department she was exceedingly ladylike and beautiful, only as Southern women are, that is beyond comparison with those of any other portion of this republic. I have ever seen. This entirely disappeared immediately after supper, and a servant bearing some splendid Hallowe'en cakes, and silver tray, we had just seated ourselves comfortably full to the accustomed fire of oak wood, when a distant screamed at the end door near my host, and uttered in subdued but distinct tones, the to me, startling words:—

"Master, de coffin hab come"

"Very well," was the only reply, and the servant disappeared.

My host remarked my gaze of inquisitive wonder and replied to it—

"I have been very sad," said he, "to day. I have had a greater misfortune than I have experienced since my father's death. I lost this morning the truest and most reliable friend I had in the world—one whom I have been accustomed to honor and respect since my earliest recollection; he was the