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WILLIAM C. DOUB,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

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

North Carolina Star.

VOLUME XLVII. RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 23, 1856. NUMBER 4.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

CITY GOVERNMENT.

Wm. Dallas Haywood, Intendant of Police.

COMMISSIONERS.

Eastern Ward.—Eldridge Smith,
" A. Adams.
Middle Ward.—E. L. Harding,
" Isaac Procter.
" 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; Henry Potter, of Fayetteville; District Attorney Robert P. Dick; Clerk, Wm. H. Haywood, 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. Bachelor, 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. Hutson.

BANKS.

Bank of the State of North Carolina, incorporated 1833. Charter expires in 1860. Capital $1,500,000, 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 10 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	6¼	p. m
The Cars leave the depot	at	6¾	a. m
SOUTHERN MAIL—(By Two-horse Hack,)			
Closes daily	at	[illegible]	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	4¾	p. m
GOLDSBORO' MAIL—(By Railroad.)			
Closes daily,	at	9	p. m
Arrives daily	at	5	a. m
The Cars leave 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. & R. S. TUCKER.

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BOOTS, GAITERS AND SHOES.

MILLERS' Boots, Heavy Waterproof Boots, Brogan do. Heavy Bootees for servants, best double sole Brogans, Kip Brogans.

LADIES' Walking Shoes, Ladies' Coarse Shoes, Ladies Goat Bootees, Ladies' Morocco Bootees, Black and Colored Gaiters.

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

H. L. EVANS.

Oct. 4, 1855. 180—

Miscellaneous.

JOE LATTIT'S DUEL.

When the old frigate, Brandywine, lay at Gibralter, the American Consul, Mr. Sprague, came on board with a man who wished to join the ship, and after some consultation, said man received by the Captain as a sort of steward, he having agreed to work for his passage and board and some slight consideration besides. His name was Joe Lattit, and he was a regular specimen of the strolling yankee; but he dressed well and was remarkably good looking, though there was in his face a peculiar look, which indicated that he preferred fun to good sound sense, allow, however, that the fun had some sense in it. The moment I placed my eyes upon the man, I knew I had seen him before, and when I had an opportunity to speak with him, I found that he had been a performer of legerdemain and ventriloquism in the United States, and there I had seen him. He travelled through England, France, and Spain, with his implements of deception, and had just brought up with Gibralter when our ship came in. He brought his whole kit on board in a large chest which he got permission to stow in the bed room, where it would be kept perfectly dry. He had quite a pile of money, which he placed in the purser's hands for safe keeping, but he would tell none of us how much. But he was liberal and open hearted, and it was not long before the crew blessed the hour that brought him on board, for he was the very soul of wit and humor.

At length our ship went to Port Mahon, and here our Yankee Tars are at home. One pleasant morning a party of us went on shore, and Joe Lattit was among our number. Joe was dressed in a perfect shore going rig, and appeared a perfect gentleman of consequence. Near the middle of the forenoon a few of us entered a cafe and the only occupant besides the keeper was a Spanish officer, evidently an infantry captain, from his dress. We called for wine, and had it served upon a table next to the one at which the officer sat, Joe seating himself so that his back came against the back of the Spaniard; but he did not notice, when he sat down, how close he would be.

Our laugh and jest ran high, and just as Joe said something more than usually funny, he threw himself back, and thereby hit the Spaniard with such force as to cause him to spill a glass of wine upon his bosom. The fellow leaped to his feet, but before Joe could beg pardon for his unintentional mishap, he commenced a torrent of oaths and invective, partly in Spanish and partly in broken English. His language was so abusive that Joe's temper was up in a moment, and instead of asking pardon, as he had intended, he surveyed the raving man from head to foot and then said:

'Go on, sir. Your language is beautiful—very beautiful for a gentleman.'

'Ah! you call me no gentleman, eh?' uttered the man in a towering passion.

'If I were going to call you, I should call you a jackass!' calmly and contemptuously uttered Joe.

'Aha-a-ah!' half growled the Spaniard, rolling his eyes wildly and furiously, 'Now, by Santa Marie, you shall answer for that. I am genteelman! But you—you—ne leetle cursed puppy! Ah-a-ah! Now you shall fight!'

Joe would have laughed the matter off, but he found that the captain was determined to fight, and at length he resolved to accommodate him. The keeper of the cafe called me to one side, and informed me that the officer was Capt. Antonio Bizar, one of the most notorious duelists in the place—that he was always quarrelsome when under the influence of liquor, and that his companions always left him alone, rather than have a fuss with him.

'Not five minutes before you came in,' added the keeper, 'four of his fellow officers left him because they saw he was ripe for a fuss. So you had better get your friend away.'

I pulled Joe away, and told him all that had just been told me, but he only smiled, and assured me that there was nothing to fear. I felt sure at once, from his very manner, that he had some safe fun in his head, and let him go.

'My name is Joseph Lattit, sir—a citizen of the United States, and General of the Order of Sublime Darkness,' said Joe, pompously turning to the Spaniard—'Your name, sir?'

Antonio Bizar, Captain in Her Most Catholic Majesty's seventh regiment of infantry. But your office, sir? I don't comprehend.'

'O, you wouldn't know if I would tell you, I am simply General of a body of men who have sold themselves to the gentlemen who burns sinners and heretics, down here.' And Joe pointed most mysteriously down to the floor as he spoke.

The Spaniard smiled a very bitter, sarcastic smile, and thereupon Joe took up two large knives which lay upon the bar, and tossed them, one after another down his throat, making several wry faces as they took their passage downward. The fellow had evidently never seen any thing of the kind done before, for he was astounded.

'Now, sir,' said Joe, making one or two more grimaces, as though he still felt the knives somewhere in the region of the diaphram, 'you will wait here until I go and bring my pistols, and you shall have satisfaction. Will you wait?'

'I can procure pistols,' said the officer forgetting his astonishment, and coming back to his anger.

'I shall fight with my own. If you are a gentleman, you will wait here.'

Joe turned to us and bade us wait for him.

'Here! here! O, cries!' cried the keeper, 'where be mine knives?'

'I'll pay you for 'em when I come back,' said Joe, and then beckoned for me to come out. I did so, and he took the knives—one from his bosom and the other from his sleeve—and told me to keep them until he returned.

It seems that Joe found a boat ready to take him off to the ship at once, for he was not gone over three quarters of an hour, and when he came back he had two superbly mounted pistols with him. He loaded them with powder in the presence of the Spaniard, and then handing him a ball, asked him if he would mark it so he would know it again. The fellow hesitated at first but at length he took it with a mad gesture and bit it between his teeth.

'I shall know that,' he said, 'unless it is battered against your bones.'

'Now select your pistol,' said Joe.

The man took them both, and examined them, but he was satisfied that they were both alike, and both good, and he told Joe he had no choice. So our steward put the balls in, & rammed them carefully down.

The whole party now adjourned to a wide court back of the cafe, where twelve paces were marked off, and the combatants took their stations.—I trembled for poor Joe, [illegible] yet I saw he would make fun of [illegible].

'Come!' cried the Spaniard, impatiently.

'One—two—three!'

The captain fired first, and with a most deliberate aim. Joe fired into the air. Then the latter walked deliberately up to his antagonist, and taking a ball from his mouth [illegible] handed it to him.

'You can use it next time!' said Joe.

The officer looked first at Joe's teeth and then at the ball. It was surely the same [illegible] seen put into the pistol, and now he saw [illegible] take it from his mouth. He was absolutely astounded.

'Come,' cried Joe, 'let's load again!'

'San Pablo!' ejaculated Bizar, 'you are a—what you call him—some trick, eh? By San Jago, I shall load the pistol myself.'

'Do so,' said Joe calmly, and as he spoke he handed over his powder flask.

The Spaniard poured out an extra quantity of powder, and, having poured it into the pistol, he called for the rammer. He then put in the same ball which he used before. Meanwhile Joe had been loading his own pistol.

'One moment,' uttered Joe, reaching out his hand. 'The caps are in the butt of your pistol, Let me get them.'

The fellow handed over his pistol, but he kept his eyes upon it. Joe opened a little silver spring at the end of the butt, and true, there were some percussion caps there. He took out two, and, having capped his own pistol, he gave it a toss into the air, catching it adroitly as it came down and then handed back the other to the Spaniard. I had watched Joe most carefully, but I saw nothing out of the way—and yet he had changed pistols with his foe!

'Now,' said he, 'I'll put a ball in to my pistol, and then we'll be ready.'

He slipped something in, which looked to me like a cartridge, but no one else saw it.

'Now,' cried the Spaniard, 'let's see you hold this in your mouth!'

Again they took their stations, and again they were ready.

'One—two—three!'

And the Spaniard fired first, by aim, Joe firing into the air as before. And again Joe stepped forward and took the self same bullet from his mouth, and handed it to his antagonist! The fellow was completely dumfounded, and so were the rest.

'You no fire at me!' gasped the Captain.

'I'll fire at you next time,' said Joe, in a tone of thunder. 'Thus far I have only shown you that powder has no effect on me. Twice have you fired at me with as true a pistol as ever was made and both times have I caught your ball between my teeth, while I have fired in the air. I meant that you should live long enough to know that for once in your life you had seen, if not the old fellow himself, (pointing meaningly downward,) at least one who is in his employ. The old gentleman will like the company of the Spanish Captain of infantry, and I'll send you along. Come, load up again!'

But the astonished Spaniard did not seem inclined to do so. A man who swallowed carving-knives as he would sardines, and who caught pistols balls between his teeth, was not exactly the man for him to deal with. While he was pondering upon what he had seen, Joe took a handful of bullets from his pocket, and began to toss them rapidly down his throat, and when these were gone, he picked up half a dozen good sized stones, and sent them after the bullets!

'Holy Santa Marie!' ejaculated the Spaniard, while his eyes seemed starting from their sockets 'what a man! By my soul, 'tis the devil!'

And, as he spoke, he turned on his heel and hurried from the place. After he was gone, Joe beckoned for me to give him the knives. I did so, and then saw him slip them up his coat-sleeves. When we turned to the cafe, he approached the keeper.

'You want your knives,' he said.

But the poor fellow dared not speak. Joe put his hand to his right ear and pulled one of the long knives out.—Then from the left ear, he drew the other one! The keeper crossed himself in terror, and shrank trembling away. But we finished our wine, and having paid for it, we turned to depart.

'Here,' said Joe, 'haven't paid you for the use of the yard yet, and as he spoke he threw down a piece of silver upon the counter.

'No! no! no!' shrieked the poor fellow. 'O cries! don't leave your money here—don't!'

Joe picked it up and wen't away laughing.—When we were alone he explained to me the secret of his pistols. They were a pair he had used in his legerdemain performances, and such as all wizzards use who perform tricks of catching balls, etc.—The main barrel of the pistol had no connection whatever with the nipple for the cap; but what appeared to be a socket for the rammer, was in fact, a second barrel—to be sure, smaller than the other, but yet as large as the bore of any rifle pistol—and with this secret barrel the priming tube connected. So the apparent barrel of the weapon might be filled with powder and balls, and no harm could be done.—When Joe first returned with his pistols, of course he had both these secret bores loaded with blank charges, and then the other loading was for nothing but effect in appearance. At the second loading, Joe had charged the secret barrel of his own pistol, while the Spaniard had been filling up the main barrel of his. Then of course, it became necessary to make an exchange, else Bizar would have never got his weapon off. As soon as Joe got the other pistol into his possession, and made the exchange which we spoke of at the time, he had only to press smartly upon a spring at the side of the stock, and he had the whole charge, which the other had put in emptied into his hand. So he had the marked ball to dispose of as he chose.

Ever after that, while we remained in Mahon, Joe Lattit was an object of both curiosity and dread on shore, for an account, all colored to suit the exaggerated conceptions of the cafe keeper, had been spread over the city, and the pious Catholics there wanted nothing to do with such a man, only to be sure to keep on his good humored side.

AN ADVENTURE OF JENNY LIND.

The Swedish Nightingale remained three weeks in Paris without singing, without speaking the language,—such is her antipathy—and was about to pass the straits to Dover, to meet a London audience; for, being a woman she was tired of silence.

She had left Paris by Railroad, but before crossing the Channel, she took her room in the Hotel of the Port, to recruit her strength for her disagreeable voyage, by a night's rest.

The musical dillitanti of the city—Boulogne, Havre, Calais, it did not appear which—were anxious to hear her, and thought at first of crossing the Channel, in order to enjoy the exquisite voice, which was denied to France and its Provinces.

The process was expensive and stupid. They thought of a better one.

No sooner was the cantatrice installed in her apartments than three grave gentlemen entered, and with an air of authority, and of severity, even, demanded her passports.

Astonished, but faithful to her vow of silence on the soil of France, Jenny Lind handed them the paper, without uttering a word.

The gentlemen read it with an air of distrust, and then replied with sadness:

"Oh! we know you have neglected no precaution, and that you are traveling under a fictitious name!"

"For whom do you take me, then?" demanded Jenny Lind, obliged to break silence.

"Do not attempt to impose on us, madame. You shall see that we are well informed. An intriguante of assumed rank has just fled from Paris, where she has made numberless dupes, and is now attempting to escape to England."

"And you suppose, perchance—?"

"That you are the woman. Your features and [illegible] correspond with [illegible] description. Our [illegible] are precise."

[illegible]

"Well, madame, there is one method of proving your identity. You pretend to be Jenny Lind. There is no want of [illegible] witnesses. You have with you the world-wide evidence of your identity. Nothing is easier for you than to give proof of your wonderful talent. Your own voice will pronounce your acquittal. I am myself too [illegible] a musician not to be in that case a good judge."

The artist hesitated; and was confused!

"Ah! we are sure of it. Quit, then, this disguise, which you are unable to maintain, and do not disgrace an illustrious name."

"It is my name, Monsieur."

"Enough of that, Madame, your assertions are disproved by your inability to give so simple a proof. We must execute our warrant."

"Well," exclaimed the songstress, "since I must do it, listen and judge."

And after a pause, in which she calmed herself, she burst forth with the cavatina from Norma.—She sang with all the richness of her melodious voice. The three gentlemen listened in ecstacy.

"Bravo! It is admirable; it is sublime!" they cried as it closed.

"Admirable! sublime!" echoed many voices in the ante-chamber, where several had gathered to await the chance of the experiment.

We need not translate the story farther, nor tell how gracefully and eloquently the guilty authors of the imposition begged pardon, setting forth that their longing to hear that voice had so wrought upon their minds that they had become desperate; and how gracefully the Swedish night ingale forgave them. We leave all, that to the imaginations of the readers.

Washington Cor. of the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A PEEP INTO A WASHINGTON HELL.

Having heard much of the magnificence and grandeur of the Metripolitan gambling houses I, with several Cleveland friends, paid one a visit the other night. The entrance was through a narrow, lighted way, opening from the Avenue, just east of the National. A pair of stairs at the farther end of the hall brings you abruptly against a small door, fastened on the inside; you ring a bell; a colored servant looks through a latticed pannel, to see if all is right. If he discovers a well known customer or a frequent visitor of such places, the whole party is admitted; on the principle of course that "a person is known by the company he keeps." Gamblers understand human nature better than any body else, and they know this old adage is as true in hell as it is out. We were admitted first into a room beautifully carpeted, frescoe painted, with chairs, sofas, lounges, &c., of rosewood, a large centre-table; on which were the leading newspapers of the country, and around which sat several well dressed gentlemen leisurely reading and discussing the news of the day. This was but the half of a double parlor; the reception room, or as Milton would say, "The vestibule of hell."

Our guide, who was a well known Washington gentleman, introduced us to the keeper of the establishment, telling him that we had never been in such a place before, and was led by curiosity to explore his infernal domains. He appeared highly delighted and immediately opened up to us the "inner temple;" we entered and found the half had not been told us—a chandelier, costing three or four hundred dollars, brilliantly lit up, flung its glittering rays on gold papered walls, satin damask curtains, sofas, &c. In the centre, and near one end of the room, stood a long six-legged table, with a richly embroidered spread, falling in folds nearly to the floor; on the wall over this table hung a massive gilt frame, and large as life a huge crouching tiger, with eyes of glaring fire, lips apart, and apparently ready for a spring upon his unsuspecting victim. The cloth being removed from the table beneath, revealed a "Faro Bank," with all the implements of that well known fascinating game—ivory chips, representing $1, $5, $25, $250 each, lay piled up in one corner, for the convenience of the betters; in a small box beneath lay piles of bank bills and heaps of double eagles for the redemption of those ivory issues.

It was early in the evening, and the players had not got in. The keeper entertained us with tales of the table—how foolishly young men came there, as we had, out of curiosity, and were induced to "try their luck" out of curiosity, which generally left them out of cash, out of character and out of friends, in the end. We proposed leaving, when he politely invited us to stay to supper; he showed us his bill of fare, which included soup, roast beef, oysters in all styles, ducks, venison, quail, fish, chocolate, coffee, nuts, and all the wines and liquors to be found in the best restaurants. Whoever is admitted to the rooms, either as players or spectators, are also admitted to these suppers *free of charge*; don't gamblers understand human nature? The keeper was impatient to have the House organized, so members could draw their mileage and make his business better. (!) This is but one of many institutions in this city, and the Tiger is bound to be fed though the people starve.

A "VICTIM" TO TYRANNICAL LAWS.

Mr. Robert Russell, who formerly lived in Schoharie county, New York, now resides in the city of Albany. Russell appears to be the victim of unpropitious circumstances. Russell has an unhappy faculty of doing business contrary to law. On Tuesday last Mr. Russell was arrested for the eleventh time since autumn set in. We give his examination:

"Well, Russell," said the magistrate, "you are here again, I perceive."

"Yes, sir." The fact is, Squire, I'm a victim. Blow me if I care what Bobby Russel does, he is sure to violate some law or other. When I come to Albany, I says to myself, Russell, my boy, we'll take a hunt to-morrow and try them fox hounds. Well, sir, out I goes, and what do you think? Before I got to the next corner, Barney Whalen tapped me on the shoulder, and says, 'that's agin the law?' "What's agin the law?" I replies; and he says, 'having dogs in the streets without muzzles.' He accordingly arrested me, and brought me to the police court. The result of that piece of fun was a fine of five dollars. Well what did I do then?

"Can't say."

"Well, listen and I'll tell you. I sold the fox hounds to one of Aunt Hunt's friends for twenty dollars. With the proceeds I bought a sow and five pigs. I took them home, built a pen in the back yard, and thought all my troubles at an end, but I was mistaken. Officer Bradwell called on me the very next morning, and says: Russell, keeping hogs in the yard is against the law." I doubted it. This riled officer Bradwell, who had me arrested again. This time I was fined five dollars."

"Well, what did you do then?"

"I sold my sow and pigs, and bought a horse and cart, and undertook to draw wood. The very first load I put on drew the attention of policeman Sickles, who said that driving a cart without a license was 'agin the law.' He arrested me for that offence, which caused me another fine of five dollars."

"Well, what did you do next?"

"I sold the horse and cart, and bought the half of a charcoal wagon."

"Well, what success did you meet with after that?"

"The same old luck, sir. The first day I commenced peddling, policeman Snooks took me by the collar, and says: 'Russell that is agin the law, old feller.' "What is agin the law," I said. [illegible] 'selling charcoal in a wooden measure.' That cost me a fine of three dollars."

"[illegible] drove you out of the charcoal business?"

"Yes, sir. I sold out, and thought I would try my [illegible] in carrying baggage between the [illegible] and [illegible]. What's the use? I [illegible] work to-day, and yet here I am again."

"What for, now?"

"For soliciting baggage without a permit from the mayor. As I said before, I'm a victim. If I should save a man from drowning by jumping into a [illegible], dash my skin if I don't believe the first policeman I met in coming ashore would [illegible] and say: 'It's agin the law, Russell, to go [illegible] without a license from the Coroner.'"

The Justice having heard Mr. Russell to the end, admitted that he was a "victim," and let him off without a fine. Russell left the office, saying that he would go and kill himself, "if it were not for one thing." On being asked what that was, he replied that some policeman would discover it was "agin the law to commit suicide," and undertake to collect the fine from his "unfortunate children."

Russell's case calls for sympathy.

WIDOW BEDOTT'S PAPERS: A MISTAKE IN COURTING, AND A FLARE-UP.

There has recently been issued from the publishing house of J. C. Derby a spicy volume, entitled 'The Bedott Papers,' which contains a vast amount of laughable material. As a specimen, we give a courting scene between the widow and an old codger for whom she had set her cap.—Thus:

Mr. Crane—Wel', Widow—I've been thinking about taking another companion and I thought I'd ask you.

Widow—Oh, Mr. Crane, excuse my commotion—it's so unexpected. Jest hand me that are bottle o' camfire off the mantelry shelf—I'm rather faint—do put a little onto my hankercheer, and hold it to my nus. There, that'll dew—I'm obleeged to ye—now I'm rather more composed, you may proceed Mr. Crane.

Mr. Crane—Well, Widder, I was a going to ask you whether— whether——

Widow—Continner, Mr. Crane—dew—I know it's turrible embarisin.' I remember, when my deseased husband made his suppesition to me, he stammered and stuttered, and was so awfully fluttered, it did seem as if he'd never git it out in the world, I s'pose 'tis ginerally the case, at least it has been with all them that's made suppositions to me—you see they're ginerally consarning about what kind of an answer their agwine to git, and it kind o' makes 'em narvous. But when an individual has reason to s'pose his attachments reciprocated, I don't see what need there is o' bein' flustrated—though I must say it's quite embarrisin' to me—pray continner.

Mr. Crane—Well, then, I want to know if you're willin' I should have Melissy?

Widow—The dragon!

Mr. Crane—I hain't said anything to her 'bout it yet—I thought the proper way was to get your consent first. I remember when I courted Typheny we were engaged some time before mother Kenipe knew anything about it, and when she found it out, she was quite put out because I didn't go to her first. So when I made up my mind about Melissy, thinks me, I'll dew it right this time, and speak to the old woman first——

Widow—Old woman, hey! that's a purty name to call me! amazin' perlite, tew! Want Melissy, hey! Tribbleation! gracious sakes alive! well I'll give it up now! I always know'd you was a simpleton, Tim Crane, but I must confess, I didn't think you was quite so big a fool—want Melissy, dew yer? If that don't beat all! What an everlastin' old calf you must be to s'pose she'd look at you. Why, you're old enough to be her father, and more tew—Melissy ain't only in her twenty-oneth year. What a redickilous idee for a man o' your age! as gray as a rat tew, it is astonishin, what fools old widdiwers will make o' themselves! Have Melissy!

Mr. Crane—Why widder, you surprise me—I'd no idea of being treated in this way after you'd been so polite to me, and made such a fuss over me and the girls.

Widow—Shet yer head Tim Crane—nun o' yer sass to me. Ther's yer hat on that are table, and here's the door—and the sooner you put on one and march out o' t'other, the better it'll be for you. And I advise you, afore you try to get married agin, to go out west and see if yer wife's cold—and arter ye'er satisfied on that pint jest put a little lampblack on yer hair—'twould add to your appearance, undoubtedly, and be of sarvice tew yer when you want to flourish round among the gals—and when ye've got yer hair filled, just splinter the spine o' yer back—'twould not hurt your looks a mite—you'd be intirely unre-sistable if you was only a leetle grain straiter.

Mr. Crane—Well I never!

Widow—Hold your tongue you consarned old coot you—I tell you there's yer hat, and there's the door—be off with yerself in quick metre, or I'll give you a hyst with the broomstick.

Mr. Crane—Gemmeni!

Widow (rising)—Git out, I say—I ain't a gwine to stand here and be insulted under my own ruff—and so—git along, and if ever you darken my door agin, or say a word to Melissy, it will be the wuss for you, that's all.

Mr. Crane—Tremenjous! What a buster!

Widow—Go 'long—go long, you everlastin' old gum. I won't hear another word—[stops her ears] I won't, I won't, I won't.

Exit Mr. Crane.

FACING THE EAST WIND.

Last Sunday, on my way to Sunday School, I noticed a little boy trudging along, whom I recognized as a scholar in the class next to mine. It was a very inclement day; the snow was falling fast, and the ground was already well covered, which rendered the walking difficult, in addition to which, there was a very keen piercing wind, driving the sleet into your face and nearly taking you off your feet; my umbrella was several times turned completely inside out. Little James was toiling on in front of me, and how he managed to keep up, or how he had courage to venture out at all, on such a stormy day, I could not imagine. I overtook the little fellow, as we drew near the school-house, and said to him:

"Well, Jemmy, this is a stormy day to be going to Sunday school, I wonder that you were not afraid to come out to-day—a little chap like you are you not almost frozen?"

"Oh no, Mr. E., said the manly little fellow, looking up to me; "If this was Monday, I should be out riding down hill on my sled, and I should'nt mind the cold then, and so I oughtn't mind it now. If it didn't blow so, I shouldn't mind it at all; but it is pretty hard when you have to face the east wind. Coming up from our house, I had to walk a good way against the wind, and it nearly took the skin off my face.—Do you think Mr. R. will be there to-day, Mr. E.?"

"Yes, Jemmy, I think he will."

"I hope he will," said my little friend, "I love to see the minister, even when he does not speak to me—if he only smiles at me. When the wind blew so hard I had a great mind to turn back, but then I thought I wouldn't, because Mr. R. would be pleased to see that I had come through the storm to Sabbath school."

"Yes, Jemmy," said I, "such weather as this tries the mettle of Sabbath scholars; and remember, my dear boy, that it is not only your minister who is pleased with you when you do right, but God from his throne on high looks down, even upon a little child like you, and is pleased when he sees that you love to come to school to hear his word."

We were now close by the church, but as we hurried up the little brick path, leading to the lecture room, where the school was held, the east wind came sweeping round the church fiercer than ever, it really almost took my breath away.

"Oh," said Jemmy, as he made a spring forward, and pushed open the door, catching his breath and almost gasping. "Oh, Mr. E., how glad I am that we don't always have to face the east wind."

These words of Jemmy suggested a train of thought to my mind. How easily we become discouraged and are ready to give up, when during our journey through life, troubles and sorrow come upon us, and we are obliged to "face the east wind!" The thought that we shall be sheltered from life's storm, the remembrance of the glorious rest which remaineth for the people of God, has scarcely power to animate us, so faithless are we, so easily overcome by the sorrows of earth.

We go on our way, with our "heads bowed down like bulrushes." This is not as it should be, this is not the spirit of cheerful, thankful submission to the will of our Heavenly Father, which should characterize the Christian. Instead of dwelling upon, and mourning over our trials here, remember that we shall see our Father there. Let us press our way thankful, yea rejoicing that during so small a part of our journey through life we have to "face the east wind."

PRESCOTT'S HISTORY OF PHILIP THE SECOND OF SPAIN.

This work of the American Historian, which has just been published, has commanded the highest commendation in this country and Europe. It has become popular from the style and extensive research set forth in its compilation of facts. The reader will be interested with the following very fine specimen of the descriptive powers of the great author:

THE EXECUTION OF EGMONT AND HORNE.

Having completed all his arrangements, Egmont became impatient for the hour of his departure; and he expressed the hope that there would be no unnecessary delay. At 10 in the morning the soldiers appeared who were to conduct him to the scaffold. They brought with them cords, as usual, to bind the prisoner's hands. But Egmont remonstrated, and showed that he had himself cut off the collar of his doublet and shirt, in order to facilitate the stroke of the executioner. This he did to convince them that he meditated no resistance; and on his promising that he would attempt none, they consented to his remaining with his hands unbound.

Egmont was dressed in a crimson damask robe over which was a Spanish mantle fringed with gold, his breeches were of black silk, and his hat of the same material, was garnished with white and sable plumes. In his hand, which, as we have seen, remained free, he held a white hankerchief. On his way to the place of execution he was accompanied by Julian de Romero, *maestre de campo*; by the captain, Salinas, who had charge of the fortress of Ghent, and by the Bishop of Ypres.—As the procession moved slowly forward, the Count repeated some portion of the fifty-first psalm—"Have mercy on me, O God!"—in which the good prelate joined with him. In the centre of the square, on the spot where so much of the best blood of the Netherlands has been shed, stood the scaffold, covered with black cloth. On it were two velvet cushions with a small table, shrouded likewise in black, and supporting a silver crucifix. At the corners of the platform were two poles, pointed at the end with steel, intimating the purpose for which they were intended.

In front of the scaffold was the provost of the court, mounted on horseback, and bearing the red wand of office in his hand. The executioner remained as usual, below the platform, screened from view, that he might not, by his presence before it was necessary, outrage the feelings of the prisoner. The troops who had been under arms all night, were drawn up around in order of battle; and strong bodies of arquebusiers were posted in the great avenues which led by the square. The space left open by the soldiery was speedily occupied by a crowd of spectators. Others thronged the roofs and windows of the buildings that surrounded the market place, some of which, still standing at the present day, show by their quaint, and venerable architecture, that they must have looked down on the tragic scene we are now depicting.

It was indeed a gloomy day for Brussels,—so long the residence of the two nobles, where their forms were as familiar, and where they were held in as much love and honor as in their own provinces. All business was suspended. The shops were closed. The bells tolled in all the Churches. An air of gloom, as of some impending calamity, settled on the city. "It seemed," says one residing there at the time, "as if the day of judgment was at hand."

As the procession slowly passed through the ranks of the soldiers, Egmont saluted the officers—some of them his ancient companions—with such a sweet and dignified composure in his manner as was long remembered by those who saw it. And few even of the Spaniards could refrain from tears, as they took their last look at the gallant noble who was to perish by so miserable an end.

With a steady step he mounted the scaffold, and as he crossed it, gave utterance to the vain wish that instead of meeting such a fate, he had been allowed to die in the service of his king and country. He quickly, however, turned to other thoughts, and kneeling on one end of the cushion with the bishop beside him on the other, he was soon engaged earnestly in prayer. With his eyes raised toward heaven, with a look of unutterable sadness he prayed so fervently and loud as to be distinctly heard by the spectators. The prelate, much affected, put into his hands the silver crucifix, which Egmont repeatedly kissed; after which, having received absolution for the last time, he rose and made a sign to the bishop to retire. He then stripped off his mantle and robe and again kneeling, he drew his silk cap, which he had brought for the purpose, over his eyes, and repeating the words, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit," he calmly awaited the stroke of the executioner.

The low sounds of lamentation, which from time to time had been heard among the populace, were now hushed into silence, as the minister of justice, appearing on the platform approached his victim, and with a single blow of the sword severed the head from the body. A cry of horror rose from the multitude, and some frantic with grief, broke through the ranks of the soldiers and wildly dipped their handkerchiefs in the blood that streamed from the scaffold, treasuring them up, says the chronicler, as precious memorials of love and the incitements of vengeance. The head was then set on one of the poles at the end of the platform, while a mantle thrown over the mutilated trunk hid it from the public gaze.

It was near noon when orders were sent to lead forth the remaining prisoner to execution. It had been assigned to the curate Le Chapelle to acquaint Count Hoorne with his fate. That nobleman received the awful tidings with less patience than was shown by his friend. He gave way to a burst of indignation at the cruelty and injustice of the sentence. It was a powerful requital, he said, for eight and twenty years of faithful services to his sovereign. Yet, he added, he was not sorry to be released from a life of such incessant fatigue. For some time he refused to confess, saying he had done enough in the way of confession. When urged not to throw away the few precious moments that were left to him, he at length consented.

The Count was dressed in a plain suit of black, and wore a Milanese cap upon his head. He was at this time, about fifty years of age. He was tall, with handsome features, and [illegible] of a commanding presence. His form was erect, and as he passed with a steady step through the files of soldiers, on his way to the place of execution, he frankly saluted those of his acquaintance whom he saw among the spectators. His look had in it less of sorrow than indignation, like that of one conscious of enduring wrong. He was spared one pang, in his last hour, which had filled Egmont's cup with bitterness; though, like him, he had a wife, he was to leave no orphan family to mourn him.

As he trod the scaffold, the apparatus of death seemed to have no power to move him. He still repeated the declaration that, "often as he had offended his maker, he had never to his knowledge, committed any offence against the King." When his eyes fell on the bloody shroud that enveloped the remains of Egmont, he inquired if it was the body of his friend. Being answered in the affirmative, he made some remarks in Castilian, not understood. He then prayed for a few moments, but in so low a tone that the words were not caught by the bystanders; and, rising, he asked pardon of those around if he had ever offended any of them, and earnestly sought their prayers. Then, without further delay, he knelt down, and repeating the words "*In manus tuas, Domine,*" he submitted himself to his fate.

His bloody head was set up opposite to that of his fellow sufferer. For three hours those ghastly trophies remained exposed to the gaze of the multitude. They were then taken down, and, with the bodies, placed in leaden coffins, which were straightway removed—that containing the remains of Egmont to the convent of Santa Clara, and that of Hoorne to the ancient church of St. Gudule. To these places, especially to Santa Clara, the people now flocked, as to the shrine of a martyr. They threw themselves on the coffin, kissing it and bedewing it with their tears, as if it had contained the relics of some murdered saint; while many of them taking little heed of informers, breathed vows of vengeance; some even swearing not to trim either hair or beard till these vows were executed. The government seems to have thought it prudent to take no notice of this burst of popular feeling. But a funeral hatchment blazoned with the arms of Egmont, which, as usual after the master's death, had been fixed by his domestics on the gates of his mansion, was ordered instantly to be removed; no doubt as tending to keep alive the popular excitement. The bodies were not allowed to remain long in their temporary places of deposit, but were transported to the family residences of the two lords in the country, and laid in the vaults of their ancestors.

SCENE AT THE BRITISH COURT ON THE RECOGNITION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

Soon after my arrival in England, having received at the Insurance office, one hundred guineas on the event of relieving Gibraltar, and dining the same day with Copely, the distinguished painter, who is a Bostonian by birth, I determined to devote the sum to a portrait of myself. The painting was finished in most admirable style, except the back ground, in which Copely designed to represent a ship bearing to America the intelligence of the acknowledgement of Independence, with a sun just rising upon the stripes of the Union, streaming from her gaff. All was complete, save the flag, which Copely did not esteem prudent to hoist, under present circumstances, as his gallery is a constant resort of the royal family and the nobility.

I dined with the artist on the glorious fifth of December, 1782, after listening with him to the speech of the King, formally recognizing and acknowledging the United States of America as one of the nations of the earth. Previous to dining and immediately after our return from the House of Lords, he invited me into his studio, and there with a bold hand—a master touch—an an American heart, attached to the ship the stars and stripes. This was, I imagine, the first American flag hoisted in old England, on canvass.

At an early hour, on the fifth of December, 1782, in conformity with previous arrangement, I was conducted by the Earl of Ferrers to the very door. He whispered, "get as near the throne as you can; fear nothing." I did so, and found myself exactly in front of it, elbow to elbow with the celebrated admiral Lord Howe. The Lords were promiscuously standing as I entered. It was a dark and foggy day, and the windows being elevated, and constructed in the antiquated style, with leaden bars to contain the diamond cut panes of glass, augmented the gloom. The walls were hung with tapestry, representing the defeat of the Spanish Armada. I had the pleasure of recognizing in the crowd of spectators, Copeley, and West the painter, with some American ladies. I also noticed some dejected American royalists in the group. After waiting two hours, the approach of the King was announced by a tremendous roar of artillery. He entered by a small door on the left of the throne, and immediately seated himself upon the chair of state, with graceful attitude, with his right foot resting on a stool. He was clothed in royal robes. Apparently agitated, he drew from his pocket the scroll containing his speech. The Commons were summoned, and after the bustle of their entrance had subsided, he proceeded to read his speech.

I was near the King, and watched with intense interest, every tone of his voice, and every emotion of his countenance. It was a moment of thrilling and dignified exaltation. After some general and usual remarks, he continued, "I lost no time in giving the necessary orders to prohibit the farther prosecution of offensive war upon the continent of America. Adopting, as my inclination will always lead me to do, with decision and effect, whatever I collect to be the sense of my parliament and my people, I have pointed all my views and measures in Europe, as in North America, to the entire and cordial reconciliation with the Colonies. Finding it indispensable to the attainment of this object, I did not hesitate to go to the full length of the powers vested in me, and offer to declare them." Here he paused, and was in evident agitation, either embarrassed in reading his address by the darkness of the room, or affected by a very natural emotion. In a moment he resumed: "And offer to declare them free and independent States. In thus admitting their separation from these kingdoms, I have sacrificed every consideration of my own to the wishes and opinions of my people. I make it my humble and ardent prayer to Almighty God that Great Britain may not feel the evils which might result from so great a dismemberment of the empire, and that America may be free from the calamities which have formerly proved in the mother country, how essential monarchy is to the enjoyment of constitutional liberty. Religion, language, and affection may, and I hope will, yet prove a bond of permanent union between the two countries."

It is remarked that George III is celebrated for reading his speeches in a distinct, free and impressive manner. On this occasion he was evidently embarrassed; he hesitated, choked and executed the painful duties of the occasion with an ill grace that does not belong to him. I cannot adequately portray my sensations in the progress of this address. Every artery beat high, and swelled with my American blood! It was impossible not to revert to the opposite shores of the Atlantic, and not to review, in my mind's eye, the misery and woe I had myself witnessed in several stages of the wide-spread desolation, resulting from the stubbornness of this very King, now so prostrate, but who had turned a deaf ear to our humble and importunate petitions for relief. Leaving the house, I jostled Copeley and West, who, I thought, were enjoying the rich political repast of the day, and noticing the anguish and despair depicted in the long visages of our American Tories.—*Personal Recollections of Elkanah Watson.*

[illegible].—Emigration to the state of Michigan was so great during the year 1835—'36 that every house was filled with travellers wanting lodgings. Every traveller at that time, will remember the difficulty of obtaining a bed in any of the hotels, even if he was willing to put up with two or three strange bedfellows.

The Rev. Hosea Brown, an eccentric Methodist minister, stopped at one of the hotels in Ann Arbor, and inquired if he could have a room to himself. The barkeeper told him he could unless they should be so full as to render it necessary to put another in with him. At an early hour, the Reverend gentleman went to his room, locked his door, and soon retired to bed, and got comfortably to sleep. Along towards midnight, he was aroused from his slumbers by a loud knocking at his door.

"Hallo, you there!" he exclaimed, "what do you want now?" laying particular stress on the last word.

"You must take another lodger with you, sir," said the landlord.

"What! another yet?"

"Why yes, there is only one in there, is there?"

"One! why here's Mr. Brown, and a Methodist minister, and myself, here already, and I should think that was enough for one bed, even in Michigan!"

The landlord seemed to think so too, and left them to their repose.

A SPICE ORCHARD.—In one of his late letters from the East, Bayard Taylor gives an account of a visit to a nutmeg orchard on the Island of Penang:

"On our return to the ship," says Bayard, "we visited a nutmeg plantation. The trees, which are from 20 to 30 feet in height, are planted in rows, at intervals of about 20 feet. The leaf is dark green and glossy, resembling that of the laurel, and the fruit, a little distance, might be taken for a small russet-colored apple. When ripe the thick husk splits in the centre, showing a scarlet net-work of mace, enveloping the nut, black as ebony, the kernel of which is the nutmeg of commerce. The clove tree, now in its bearing season, has some resemblance to the nutmeg, but the leaf is smaller and the foliage more loose and spreading. As we drove through the orchard the warm air was heavy with spice. The rich odors exhaled from the trees penetrated the frame with a sensation of languid and voluptuous repose. Perfume became an appetite, and the senses were drugged with an overpowering feeling of luxury. Had I [illegible] realized the [illegible] complaint of his [illegible] feast."