North-Carolina Star.

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

TERMS:

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ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding sixteen lines 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 and despatch, and on accommodating terms.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

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COMMISSIONERS.

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

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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; H Henry Potter, of Fayetteville; District Attorn Robert P. Dick; Clerk, Wm. H. Haywood, Marshall, Wesley Jones.

The *Superior Court* for this County, is held on he 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.

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George W. Mordecai, President.
Charles Dewey, Cashier.
J. H. Bryan, Jr., Teller and Notary Public.
W. E. Anderson, Discount Clerk and Notary Public.
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This Bank has branches at Newbern, Tarboro Fayetteville, Wilmington, Elizabeth City, Charlotte, Milton, Morganton and Windsor.

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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.

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Offering day Monday, Discount day Tuesday

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W. W. Vass, Treasurer.
J. M. Pool, Assistant Treasurer.
C. B. Allen, Depot Agent.
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North Carolina Railroad Company.
Chas. F. Fisher, President.
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J. T. West, Freight and Ticket Agent.
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Mail from the West arrives at 32 minutes after 4 o'clock, P. M. Departs at 20 minutes before 5 o'clock, P. M.

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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 1	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 4¼	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 accommodating terms.

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

W. H. & R. S. TUCKER.

Sept. 12 '55. 111—

BOOTS, GAITERS AND SHOES.

Men's Boots, Heavy Waterproof Boots, Brogans, &c. Heavy Bootees for servants, best double sole Brogans, Kip Brogans.

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

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

H. L. EVANS.

Oct. 4, 1855. 120—

North Carolina Star.

VOLUME XLVII. RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 30, 1856. NUMBER 5

Miscellaneous.

[*From the Watchman and Reflector.*]

The Praying Bankrupt.

An article entitled the Praying Collier, in a late number of the Reflector, reminded us of an incident perhaps as remarkable.

Some twenty five years since, in a New England town of some maritime importance, there resided a deacon, who engaged in lucrative business.—Although of prudent habits, his benevolence led him to endorse largely for one who had won his confidence as a Christian brother, but afterwards proved to be a designing knave. This issued in the good deacon's failure, when, with scrupulous integrity, everything that could be claimed by his creditors was given up. A winter of great severity and general business depression followed. His wife and young children looked to him for subsistence, which he knew not how to furnish, as his most diligent efforts for employment were unsuccessful. A debt incurred with no prospect of payment, was, in his estimation, sin; and he sadly saw the little stock of provisions they possessed, rapidly diminishing, with no way to obtain more. He was a man of prayer as well as action, and carried the case to him who feedeth the ravens. Yet long weary weeks passed and no succour came. At length the morning dawned when the last stick of wood was on the fire, and little Hatty told her father that the candles were all gone; "and how," asked she "shall we take care of dear mama, to-night."

The question went to the father's heart with dagger-like poignancy. The vision of his suffering wife, gasping her life away in the last fearful stages of consumption, her comfortless sick room unwarmed, unlighted, and the thick darkness which he knew would enshroud her mind, when made aware of the extent of their destitution, would have driven him to distraction, were it not that he yet had hope in One mighty to save. He fled to his closet, and there, in agony of prayer, besought the Lord for help; and forgetting all other wants, plead and plead again, for the two articles now speedily needed, specifying them with reiterated earnestness. He arose from his knees in full assurance of faith, and with heavenly tranquility, and went forth expecting deliverance, looking for it, however, but in one way—through his own earning. But, after a fruitless day of seeking employment, gloomily he returned home.

He entered his gate, and was startled to see before him a generous pile of wood. Little Johnny opened the door, clapping his hands, exclaiming.

"Oh pa! we've got some wood and some candles!"

"Where did you get them? Are you sure they were not left here by mistake?"

"O no, pa!" interrupted Hatty, "they were not left by mistake. A man knocked at the door with his whip, and when I opened it, he asked if you lived here. I told him you did. Then he said, here are some candles and a load of wood for him."

"I asked him if you sent them and he said, 'I rather guess your pa don't know anything about it.'"

"Who did send them, then?" said I.

"O," said he, "I mustn't tell, but you may say to your father, they are a present."

But to what instrumentality they were indebted for the relief, was a mystery. And what particularly interested Deacon P., was the character of the anonymous presents; that the very things so much needed, and no others should be sent, and he was sure he had mentioned his want of them to no human ear.

He questioned the children anew. They described the man who knocked at the door, and the horse and truck he drove. A new thought struck him. "Why," said he, "that team belongs to my old enemy, Graff, can it be possible he is the donor! If so surely the finger of God has touched his heart." Deacon P. was, however, so convinced that he was their benefactor, that he resolved on an immediate call to that gentleman.

But who was Mr. Graff?

Some years before the sacredness of the Sabbath was openly violated by a brisk trade in fish. The hundreds of boatmen, sailors, and their friends, engaged in this desecration, were so potent in influence, that nobody thought of risking interference. Deacon P., though a man of peace, was also a man of moral courage. He determined to put a stop to the iniquity.—His friends warned him that his life would be endangered, but at first alone, and afterwards with a brother deacon, he would take a walk along the wharves on a Sunday morning, to ascertain who broke the laws by traffic on that day. Men swore at him like fiends, fired his dwelling at several different times, and, at last, "bound themselves with an oath" to kill him.—Yet they feared his presence, and at his approach stores would be deserted of customers, and closed with great celerity. This species of Sabbath breaking was at length broken up, after various hair-breadth escapes on the part of Deacon P., and his compatriot, the authorities being shamed into action by their fearless zeal.

The brutal drunkenness of the sailors, and the degradation and the suffering of their families, with which Deacon P. was, in this enterprise, brought into contact, opened his eyes to the evil of the liquor traffic; and turning over his Sabbath reform to the legal authorities, he became known as a temperance advocate. This, also, brought him enemies, sometimes changing even friends into foes. Distiller Graff was among the latter, from a warm friend becoming bitterly alienated. In vain did the grieved deacon strive to conciliate by explanation and personal kindness. Even the trifling civility of a bow, was unnoticed by Mr. Graff.

Deacon P. entered the distillery of his old friend. For the first time for many years, its proprietor looked up with a nod and smile of recognition. It was evident something unusual had softened his heart.

"I have called," said the deacon, "to ask if you can tell me who sent some wood and candles to my house to-day?

"Yes sir, I sent them."

"You are very kind; but, pray, tell how you came to do so?"

"But first let me inquire if you really needed them?"

"O, I cannot express to you how much!"

"Well, then, I suppose I must explain," said Mr. Graff. "It's all very singular and sometimes seems very foolish. This morning about 10 o'clock as I was busily at my work, suddenly a voice seemed to say to me, '*Send some wood to Deacon P., he is in want!*' I was astonished. I could not believe you needed it. And I could not send it to you of all others. I tried to banish the thought, and went to work again more earnestly. But the voice it seemed within me, and again with painful distinctness, 'send some wood to Deacon P., he is in want!' I scouted the idea as weak and silly—a mere phantasy of the brain; but it was of no use, I had to succumb; the more I ridiculed and fought it, the more vivid and irresistible was the impression, until to purchase peace, and in some awe, I confess, I bade John load him up with wood, and leave it at your door.

"For a moment I was at rest; but only for a moment. The imperative answer came, 'Send some candles!' Said I to myself, this is too absurd. I will not gratify this whim, but again I was beset with the mandate, and so distressed and baffled in repelling it, that, as a cheap way to get out of torment, I handed John a package of candles also.

"This matter has been in my mind ever since. Sometimes I have thought it almost a freak of insanity, and then, again, such was the strange character, of the impression, so unexpected, so solemn and powerful, and such the singular peace following compliance with its dictates, that I almost believe it to be supernatural."

"It is indeed the doings of him who is wonderful in workings," replied Deacon P. "It was about 10 o'clock, I well remember, that I plead with God for the very articles you sent me, in an agony of wrestling I never knew before. It was this, too, that my soul was filled with the conviction that my prayer was heard and relief would come."

Since hearing a venerated relative relate this incident in his own life, we have often wondered how the skeptic can dispose of such occurrences. While it would be presumption for the believer to expect to live by prayer alone, to be fed without his own co-operation, as was Elijah, yet are there not events happened all along the history of the church, in the experience of individual members to be accounted for only on the ground of a special Providence, regardful of the emergencies of the believing, suffering people of God. Surely "light is sown for the righteous," and to them "the deepest dark reveals the starriest hope."

PIERRE.

A Shopping Excursion.

With some women shoplifting amounts to a passion. *Vide.* A short time since a lady residing on North Pearl street, N. Y., entered a Broadway dry goods store for the purpose of purchasing "a few yards of delaines." While the clerk was "looking up" the delaine, the lady put into her muff a roll of lace, a remnant of silk and a package of kid gloves. She did this, as she supposed, unseen by the clerk. Whether she was right in the surmise, remains to be seen hereafter. The delaine was brought to her, she pronounced it "just the thing," and requested the clerk to cut off nine yards. He did so. Mrs. C. then purchased six skeins of silk and four spools of cotton.

"Having completed my purchases, be good enough to tell me what my bill is." Mrs. C. said this to the clerk. The clerk replied:

"Certainly. There are nine yards of delaine at two shillings, per yard, come to eighteen shillings, six skeins of silk comes to one and sixpence, and four spools of cotton are one and fourpence, and there is that piece of silk."

The lady blushed and said: "You refer to the piece in the muff." The clerk said "Yes, and went on with his figuring, just as if nothing had happened.

"There are four yards in that—which, at ten shillings a yard, comes to forty shillings."

"Ten shillings a yard! Why, you told me yesterday that I might have it for six."

"I know that, but since then we have had reasons for putting up the price."

The lady bit her lips, blushed and said "Well." The clerk smiled and went on.

"And there is the ball of lace—eighteen yards at fifty cents."

"Why, you must surely be mistaken in that fifty cents! Why, I can buy a lace equally good, at Fryer's, for eighteen cents."

"I grant it, madam, but as I said before, there are reasons why we should place a high value on that particular pattern."

The lady gave him a look, and again remarked "Well."

"The twelve pairs of kid gloves are twelve dollars."

"Nonsense—Wilkes sells the same kind for five shillings."

"That only shows, my dear madam, that Wilkes does not know his customers. But you see that we do."

The lady again bit her lips, again gave him a look, and again said "Well."

The clerk said, "That, I believe, madam is all."

The lady said she "could think of nothing else." In doing this, however, we fear she fibbed. For if we are any judge of faces, she was all the while thinking of the police office and a denouncement. The clerk having asked her if she "were sure that there were nothing else," and being again answered in the negative, he went to the desk with his items, and in a few moments returned with a bill amounting to $-8-50.

The lady gave one more look, but paid it.—Having done this, she retired with a promptness that made us think she reached home in less time on Tuesday than on any former occasion. Mrs. C. is a fine looking woman, and is considered one of the best dressed feminines in the city.

New Year's Thoughts.

THE BUSINESS MAN OF 1856.—In the early part of this same month of January, most men who are in business, have just been casting an eye over last year's accounts, estimating the sources of their past profits and losses, with a view of so shaping their business as to secure more of the one and less of the other in the future course of their mercantile transactions. This, if ever, is the time to improve from experience, and this last year has or ought to have taught most men of business some valuable lessons.

At its opening—that is, in January, 1855—many of our most prosperous merchants will remember the fearful stringency of the money market. Those who floated safely and fairly through it all, will perhaps remember well how nearly they were caught in that nip of the ice, as an Arctic voyager would say. Many a gallant firm that had struggled hard and manfully, went down by their side, and probably there are few of the surviving who, in casting up their year's accounts, do not find some heavy charges for discounts and interest, besides not a small percentage of losses from bad debts. That pressure has passed away. But let not the truth be so quickly forgotten that it was all occasioned by enlarging business out of proportion to the amount of real capital invested, because credit was too easily obtained.

Let every merchant, then, who in former years extended his business largely on a very small capital, perhaps sometimes, in the mad race of competition, doing large transactions without profit, and even at a loss, for the sake of the name of extensive sales, or because he had laid in too large a stock, resolve firmly to extend less, to sell only to safe and reliable men, and at a fair profit. He may not thus get all the custom or sell so largely as in 1854, but at the end of the year 1856 he will find that he had gained far more money, conducted his business with less care to himself, and less risk of those savings of his whole life, with which he has always hoped and perhaps begun to educate his children, and which alone is the support of his wife when he may be no more left to provide for the family.

Let him long remember all the shifts and anxieties of the past year, the heavy shavings on his notes, the sleepless nights, the losses sustained and the sacrifices made to keep up his credit, and we think he will hardly fail to turn over a new leaf, shorten his sail, sell his goods on less time, and as much as possible for cash. Let him do all this and it will be to him, whatever times may come, a happy new year.

If he has been in the habit of borrowing either money or the name of some friend as an endorsement on his paper, this is a good time to form an estimate of what it has cost him; to cast up the much larger and more perilous favors of the same kind that have been expected and perhaps exacted of him in return; the security money he has had to pay, the mortifications, inconveniences, and disappointments to which he was subjected by finding all such assistance fail him just at the time when alone it could be of service. Let him consider the endless-accessible habits of improvidence for positive engagements which it has engendered, and, and if he is a wise man he will break up this practice, preferring to buy or hire everything he needs, whether money or endorsement or merchandise of any kind. Let him at once amply and honorably discharge all the obligations thus in any way imposed by the past, but beyond that resolve "neither to lend nor borrow," and he will soon find himself a safe, happy and prosperous man, husbanding his own resources, and providing independently of such dangerous accommodations, for all his liabilities punctually and securely, and he will find it one great secret of his commercial prosperity.

Philadelphia Ledger.

The Household Sacrifice.

This story of the constable and the cow is told by that inimitable old maid, Salina, in Mrs. Stephens' last novel "The Old Homestead."

"Well, as I was a saying, when I was a gal, my father and mother moved from old Connecticut into the Lackawana valley in Pennsylvania, with ten little children, all younger than I was. They had lost everything, and went out into that dark, piny region to begin life agin.

"Well, they got a patch of wild land, partly on credit, built a log house, and went to work. Before the year was out father died, and we found it hard dragging to get along without crops, and deep in debt. We gave up everything to pay sich debts, and should have felt as rich as kings, if we could only have raised what the law allowed us. But we had no barrel of beef and pork, which even the law leaves to a poor family, but we lived on rie and injun, with a little molasses when we could'nt get milk.

"The law allowed us two pigs and a cow with her calf. Our cow was a grand good critter capital for milk, and gentle as a lamb—you don't know how the children took to her, and well they might—she more than half supported them.

"Marm did her best for the children, and I worked as hard as she did, spinning and carding wool, which she wove into cloth on a handloom.

"Well, in a year or two, the calf grew into a fine heifer, and we calculated on having milk from her after a little. So we began to fat up the old cow, though I hain't no idea that we should ever have made up our minds to kill her.

"There was some debts, still, but we had given up everything once, and neither marm nor I thought of anybody's coming on us agin. So we were proud enough of our two cows, and as long as the children had plenty of milk, never thought of wanting beef, and the old cow might have lived to this time for what I know, if we'd been left to ourselves."

Here Salina's voice became disturbed, and the girls settled themselves in an attitude of profound attention.

"Well, as I was saying, things began to brighten with us, when one day in came the town constable, with a printed writ in his hand.

"He'd found out that we had one more cow than the law allowed, and came after it.

"I thought poor marm would a gone crazy, she felt so bad; and no wonder, with all them children, and she a widder. It came hard, I can tell you.

"But the constable was determined, and what could she do but give up. There stood the little children huddled together on the hearth, crying as if their hearts were broke, at the bare thought of having the cow drove off, and there was poor marm, with her apron up to her face, a sobbing so pitiful!

"I couldn't stand it; my heart rose like a yeasting of bread. I determined that them children and that hard-working woman should have enough to eat, constable or no constable.

"Wait,' says I to the constable, 'till I go and drive up the cow; she's hard to find.'

"He sat down. Marm and the children began to sob and cry again. I tell you, gals, it was cruel as the grave.

"I went to the wood pile and took the axe from between two logs. Across the clearing and just in the edge of the woods I saw the old cow and heifer browsing on the undergrowth. The old cow had a bell on and every tinkle as she moved her head went to my heart. I had to think of marm and the children before I could get courage to go on, and with that to encourage me, I shook and trembled, like a murderer, all the way across the clearing.

"The old cow and the heifer were close by each other, browsing on the sweet birch undergrowth that grew thick there. When I came up they both stopped and stood looking at me with their great earnest eyes, so wishfully, as if they wondered which I was after."

Here Salina dashed a hand across her eyes, and the color rushed into her face, as if she were opposing a pressure of tears with great bravery.

"It was enough to break any one's heart to see that old cow, with the birch twigs in her mouth, coming toward me so innocent. She thought—poor old critter—that I'd come to milk her; but instead of the milk-pail I had that axe in my hand. She could'nt a known what it meant, and yet, as true as I live, it seemed as if she did.

"There she stood, looking in my face, wondering, I hain't no doubt, why I did'nt sit down on a log as usual, and fix my pail—and there I stood, trembling, before the poor dumb animal ready to fall down on my knees and ask pardon for my cruel thoughts, and there was the heifer looking on us both—oh, gals, gals, I hope none of you will ever have to go through a thing like that."

The girls thus addressed were very still, and a sob or two was just heard while the tears leaped like hail stones down Salina's cheeks.

"My heart misgive me—I would'nt a done it. Those great innocent eyes seemed as if they were human; I grew so weak that the axe almost fell. I turned to go back ready to starve or anything rather than look that animal in the face again with the axe in my hand. Yes, I turned away, but there half across the clearing was the constable with the writ flying out in his hand—My blood rose—I thought of the children with nothing to eat—I don't know what I did'nt think of. He was walking fast, I turned—the cow was right before me. Oh, girls, there she stood so quiet, chewing the green birch leaves, I was like a baby, the axe would'nt rise from the ground I could not do it.

"He called out, I heard his step in the underbrush. Then my strength flew back. I was wild—strong as a lion, but my eyes seemed hot with sparks of fire. I shut them, the axe swung back—a crash, a deep wild bellow, and she fell like a log. I had struck in the white star on her head. When I opened my eyes she was looking at me, and so her eyes stiffened in their film. I had to hold myself up by the axe-helve with both hands. It seemed to me as if I was dying too.

"What have you been about, where is the cow?' said the constable, in a passion, as he came up.

"There,' said I, pointing to the poor murdered critter with my finger, 'the law, you say, won't allow us two cows, but it does give us a barrel of beef. This is our beef—touch it if you dare!'

"He skulked away and I fell down on my knees by the poor critter my own hands had killed. I seemed as if my heart would break! There she lay with the fresh leaves in her mouth, so still, and there stood the heifer looking at me steadily as if she wanted to speak, and I could'nt make her understand why it had to be done.—Oh, gals, gals, it was tough!"

ANECDOTE OF THE NEW CHAPLAIN.—The Rev. Henry Clay Dean, the present chaplain to the United States Senate, was some years ago a resident of Northwestern Virginia. While preaching one day at a church situated a few miles from Fairmont, he was annoyed by the inattention of his congregation as manifested in turning their heads to see everybody who came in. "Brethren," said he, "it is very difficult to preach when thus interrupted. Now, do you listen to me, and I will tell you the name of every man as he enters the church." Of course this remark attracted universal attention. Presently some one entered: "Brother William Satterfield," called out the preacher, while that "brother" was astonished beyond measure, and endeavored in vain to guess what was the matter. Another person came in, "brother Joseph Miller!" bawled the preacher with a like result, and so perhaps in other cases. After a while the congregation were amazed at hearing the preacher call out in a loud voice: "A little old man with a blue coat and a white hat on! Don't know who he is! You may look for yourselves."—*Fairmont Virginian.*

A Night with the Spirits.

Since President Mahan demolished the spiritual theory of the manifestations, the "od" force in certain quarter is acting more rampantly and intelligently than ever, as if from a new and conscious importance. "W.," in the Post of Dec. 14, described some astonishing phenomena that occurred at the house of one of our most respectable merchants at the western part of the city, and the writer hereof, availing himself of an invitation, attended, on Monday evening last, at the same place to investigate the od performances. At a little after 7 o'clock the party assembled in the same room described by "W.," with the same medium. Among the party was one who was confessedly a disbeliever in all matters supermundane, and he was requested to examine the table in order to convince himself that there was no machinery about it. The idea of trickery could not for a moment be entertained, but yet the table was turned bottom up by the medium, and it was seen that there were no springs nor wires there that could be pressed in, to produce effects. The medium was a young man of 17, with an honest, pleasing face, and a physical force that scarcely could perform the superhuman things said to be done through his agency.

The table about which the party seated themselves was between three and four feet in diameter, without castors, and weighing, perhaps, fifty pounds. The first act that was performed was the watch experiment described by "W." A gold watch was hung by the chain upon the medium's right hand, his hand clenched and tied close by a handkerchief. This hand was placed beneath the table, the left hand upon the table. The lights were burning in the room. A request was made that the watch might be opened. Immediately it was heard to swing violently, and the peculiar sounds of opening a watch were heard. The request was made that the watch should be closed on counting three, in order to show that there was an intelligence in the experiment. This was done repeatedly, when, at a signal rap upon the table, the hand was withdrawn, the watch found open, and the cap found thrust tightly between the handkerchief and the medium's hand. The watch was again hung beneath the table, without being tied, when it was wrenched from the medium's hand, and placed in that of the friend alluded to in the outset, for whose especial conviction the od spirits seemed disposed to work. He was much startled at the act. The watch was afterwards set at a given hour by the invisibles, and the crystal taken out and placed in the medium's hand.

A large card was then taken, about ten by six inches square, upon which was laid a sheet of paper and a pencil, and held by the medium by one end beneath the table, the end by which it was held being marked in order to show that its position did not change, when it was apparently seized by some power beneath the table with an evident intention of taking it out of his hand.—The motion of the card was seen by one who sat opposite, and it touched several of the party.—The pencil was heard to write, and taking up the card, a "good evening to all the friends" was found written upon the paper, to have written which the medium must have held the card and written with the same hand, with an entire reversion of the order of writing, for it was to him upside down. This was repeated several times.

The room was then darkened, even to the shutting out of the firelight—a course that is unsatisfactory to those who are skeptical. But all the trust that was required in a case like the present was merely that in the darkness none in the circle changed their places to perform the wonders experienced, and probabilities were against this, for it was preposterous to suppose that any one, unless endowed with cat-like vision, could traverse that crowded chamber and pass among those assembled there in the dark without jostling against or overthrowing some one of them, and the performances evinced a clear perception of everything.

Many of the experiments described by "W." were performed. The table was lifted repeatedly, placed upon heads of the party, and allowed to remain there until the lights were brought. The circle then withdrew from around the table, and our infidel friend and the medium sat themselves beside it, when, placing their hands together upon the same side of it, the table was lifted directly over their heads and thrown upon the bed in the room. This was done several times. The medium then seated himself alone by the table, and immediately thereafter it was heard moving. A few moments transpired, when a loud crash proclaimed that something had been done, and on bringing the light the bed was found to have been lifted, and two of its legs were resting upon the table. Four of the party then attempted to hold the table against the strength of the odds, but the odds were too much for them, for, after a desperate struggle, three of the four were landed with the table upon the bed, the fourth having given up.

The party then assembled about the table, when after a few moment's conversation with the invisibles, one said to his neighbor, "Did you touch me?" a question that several about the board asked. A hand, delicate, soft and warm, apparently a child's, was placed upon the back of the writer's hand, and allowed to remain there several seconds, drumming gently all the while. No hand of the circle corresponded to it in form or character. Of this he was positive. The touch was several times repeated. All at the table felt the touch of hands. One of the party, who wore a wig, had a grasp at that article, and came nigh being scalped. One gentleman whose hand was resting upon the medium's, was taken by the wrist and his hand thrown aside. Several were violently seized. The writer hereof had a grasp like a vice upon his knee, and came nigh being drawn from his chair by a sturdy pull at his foot. There was an unmistakable feel of fingers about it all—a spiritual palpability never dreamt of in ghostology, where form without substance was the most that was ever claimed. These performances became, to a degree, terrifying, and one nervous individual left the room, afraid to think that spiritual eyes were looking into his, and that spiritual fingers were picking at his toes.

The room was dark as Erebus, but yet the od fellows knew just where to grab. There was not a mistake made—no pawing about in the absence of light—but they took hold as if they saw what they were about. Pillows, besides, were thrown with unerring precision, without injury to gas shades or any of the pictures or ornaments, of which many were in the room. The top of the bed posts was then taken off, struck violently upon the table, and thrown around in a manner to gently touch all the party. Our infidel friend seized it and secured it beneath the table, unknown to the rest, where as he afterwards said, it was clutched at by the invisible fingers several times. The medium then, in a hoarse, unnatural voice, asked the question, "How long do you expect to try before you can catch that hand?" Our friend confessed to having tried to catch the hand, but that it had constantly eluded him.—There was no evidence in it that, whatever the power was, it could see in the dark.

The last experiment was that of overcoming the law of gravitation. The party formed a circle, the writer hereof, and the individual alluded to in the above paragraph, holding each a hand of the medium, when he was lifted up as far as the arms of those holding him could reach, lifting their arms with him, seemingly as buoyant as the air on which he floated. He lay upon the air horizontally, and his feet touched the heads of those composing the circle. This experiment was several times repeated, others of the party taking him by the hands, with the same result, and even our infidel friend, whose belief in miracles was not, as may be supposed, very acute, confessed it possible, after seeing a man rest upon air, that one might also walk upon water.

The party broke up well satisfied with what they had experienced. The theorists of various kinds must find a hard problem to work out in these manifestations. Many of the most stubborn opponents of the spiritual theory have witnessed them and have gone to study other reasons for them than those they advanced. One [illegible] eminent, who contended that it was the will of a circle that produced the phenomena, and among other things the table was placed upon his friend's head but not upon his, and no persuasion could change this. After they were done, the question was asked of the invisibles why they would not do it to convince him. They replied that they wished to show him that his *will* could not control, their *will not*. But he was not convinced.

Boston Post.

Milly Francis, the Indian Maiden.

The story of Pocahontas is familiar to every American and English child who reads a book, because of the noble deeds she performed, and because of the romance of her after life. But we presume few have heard the name of Milly Francis, though she displayed the same heroism, magnanimity and tenderness of feeling.

Her father was denominated a prophet among the Seminoles, but was also a chief and warrior, and a man of great renown among the people.—In the war of 1812, he joined the British forces, and was conspicuous in several engagements, and a terror to all who heard his name, among Americans. He at one time visited England, and a London paper said in noticing his arrival:

"The double sound of a trumpet announced the approach of the patriot, Francis, who fought so gloriously in our cause in America. He was dressed in a most splendid suit of red and gold, and by his side he wore a tomahawk mounted in gold."

These things were of course given him by his English friends, as Indians were not accustomed to dress in this manner among themselves; and something of his princely bearing and accomplished manners may have been acquired by his association with English officers, but his noble form and fine countenance he obtained from nature herself.

He had two daughters, who are said by American historians to have been accomplished young ladies, who could speak English with remarkable fluency, as could all the family, except the mother, who began too late in life to succeed in learning a foreign tongue.

During the war all who were ranged upon one side were, of course, considered enemies to all who were upon the other side, and the country was full of soldiers and military stations open at all times to attack. At one time a soldier named Duncan M. Krimmer, stationed at Fort Gadsden, near Milledgeville, Ga., went forth upon a fishing excursion, and lost his way in the woods. For several days he wandered about in the wilderness and at length was found by a party of Indians who were commanded by the prophet Francis. He was a soldier, and by the rules of war, a prisoner, and by the Indian code of war, doomed to die. The ordinary preparations were made and the victim was bound to the stake, around which faggots were piled that were soon to be kindled to consume him.

But Milly, the youngest daughter of the chief, looked on in sadness. Why she should have been so much more grieved at such a sight than ever before, we do not know. It could not be the first time she had witnessed death at the stake, but there had been no recent battle, and therefore none of the excitement which would at end the capture of prisoners of war on ordinary occasions, so perhaps it seemed to her a more cruel deed. Her people had received no recent injury, and he who was to suffer was not known to have perpetrated any particular act of oppression or outrage. It might be imagined that some particular interest had been awakened in her heart toward him, but after circumstances prove this not to have been the case. A sense of justice and sympathy for suffering alone prompted her when the torch was about to be lighted, to throw herself between the prisoner and the fatal knife which was to slay him before the fire was kindled, and declared that she, too, would die if he were not spared.

All were astonished at so unexpected an act, for not a word had been before spoken to betray her intentions, and the executioner paused as if paralyzed. Seeing there was no hope, she threw herself at her father's feet and implored his mercy.

The chieftain looked long and intently upon her face, which was very beautiful, and in silence listened to the tones of her voice, which were full of anguish, and was melted from his fierce anger to yield to the passionate entreaties of his child. The victim was released, and while he remained among his captors was treated with the utmost kindness, and from Milly received many proofs of the noble and generous spirit she at first manifested in offering herself a sacrifice for the life of a stranger and an enemy.

A few days afterwards, Mr. Krimmer was ransomed by a party of Spaniards, and soon returned to his friends and his duties as an American soldier.

Soon after this the American Army was reinforced, and very efficient measures taken to destroy the Indian and Spanish towns along the frontier. "They marched," says the historian, "upon St. Mark's, a feeble town with a Spanish garrison, which surrendered without firing a gun." Among the prisoners who thus almost passively fell into the hands of the enemy, were the prophet Francis and his family. The principles of honor, gratitude and humanity, would prompt us to expect that these would at least be spared an ignominious death after the magnanimity which had been shown by them. But it is unblushingly recorded that "Francis and another chief were hung without trial and ceremony." They had probably shed much blood, and had long rung the war-whoop through the wilderness, and fearlessly brandished the war club, but it was in self-defence. It might, and probably would have been policy to permit the proud chieftains to go on free again, chafing with a sense of the wrongs they had experienced, but it would seem to us that some way should have been devised other than to hang the father of Milly Francis, who had saved the life of an American soldier, and without exacting from him any promise as to his future course as their friend or enemy, and delivered him up, to return to his post and take up arms against them.

The Indian chief was decoyed on board an American schooner, and his eldest daughter, supposing it to be a British vessel, soon came over in her light canoe, but on discovering her mistake, quickly changed the dip of her oar and glided away. The younger was made prisoner with her father, and it was soon known that she was the heroic girl who had saved the life of Duncan K. Krimmer. Her beauty as well as her heroism made her the object of attraction, and the officers denominated her the "Modern Pocahontas," and bestowed upon her the most flattering attention. If she had married an American, and come among her husband's friends as the savior of his life, she might have become as famous in history as the Virginian damsel, and her posterity have been proud to own their origin to the daughter of Indian chief. But when the young soldier offered the maiden his hand in gratitude for having saved his life, she refused. She did not consider this a proper consideration upon which to found such a union, and she did not wish to become the wife or daughter of a people who had murdered her father in cold blood. She said, too, she had only performed her duty and would have done the same for any other. She could not understand the policy—she only knew that she and her proud father had been magnanimous and merciful, and that their family were now loaded with calamity and disgrace. So the mother and daughter turned mournfully away, and sought again the solitude of the wilderness, where their names have gone out in darkness, like so many that should have been preserved in brightness, besides those whose only glory was gained in their destruction, and who have grown rich on the soil watered by their blood.

An Adventure.

The following thrilling account of an adventure with a lion in the wilds of Southern Africa, is extracted from a record of an African sporting expedition, recently published in an English magazine:

Whilst breakfast was preparing, I proceeded to take a saunter down to the pool, not without some faint hopes of a bath, though I feared our horses, to say nothing of the other animals who had visited it during the night, might have muddied it too much for that. However, I resolved to try, and throwing my Minnie into the hollow of my arm, and cocking my wide awake over my eyes, lounged down a path among the bushes, now well beaten by the feet of man and horses. The latter I found up to their bellies in the pool, enjoying themselves as completely as the flies would let them; but the water looked uncommonly turbid, I thought I would skirt along a little to the left and look for a cleaner spot; and so climbing a steep, covered with long grass and underwood, I dashed aside some branches which intervened between me and a small clear space of shorter turf and—to my very intense astonishment, though I must say not at the moment to my dismay, I was so used to the sight of them—found myself within a few yards of one of the finest male lions I ever saw, and who was engaged with a look of grave patriarchal interest in watching the movement of the horses below—doubtless selecting one for his breakfast. Have you not seen Landseer's catching of the lion in the old Tower Menagerie? In exactly the same attitude, still and unmoving, like a noble statue, stood this neighbor of mine; and, for a few moments, I remained really lost in admiration of the grand beauty of the tableau he presented.

It was, however, necessary to decide on some line of action immediately. I could not help hitting, if I chose to fire, but if I did not kill him outright with one shot, he was so close to me that I could hardly hope to escape without an ugly brush. Surely this was a case in which discretion would be the better part of valor; and as he was so absorbed in the contemplation of the horse below that he had not yet noticed me, I concluded (as Jonathan would say), to steal off as I came. Ah! that dry twig that would place itself in the way of my very first retrograde foot-step! The sharp crackle effected what the more subdued noise of previous movements had not done, and with a short startled growl, the beast swung himself round, and in a second, was starting at me with a look which said, "Halloo! who are you?" as plainly as look could speak. Instinctively, I threw my rifle forward, cocking it at the same moment, and some seconds of perfect immoveableness on each side ensued, during which I was trying to make out whether he would charge or not. The study of physiognomy is doubtless pleasant enough on the whole; but when your object is a large male lion, and the question depending on the study whether you will be summarily "smashed" or let alone, why I confess it becomes too exciting to be pleasant.

How I studied every feature, trying to detect a change of some sort which gave me a clue! It came at last; he gradually lowered his head, and by the "wiggling motion" of his hind quarters, which I could just see over his shoulders I saw he was gathering his hind legs under him—a sure indication. What odd things come into people's minds in moments of peril! That movement brought to my recollection most vividly a bitterly parallel scene in my aunt's garden at Harrow, where I watched her cat gathering herself up in an exactly similar way to pounce on a wretched sparrow.

The next moment he dashed at me with a hoarse snarl, which sounded as though a giant had drawn the bow suddenly across the strings of a stupendous violincello. I fired as he rushed in, aiming as well as I could at the middle of his forehead. As I did so, I was swept down with the force of an express train, and for a few seconds lost all consciousness.

The first thing I was sensible of, as soon as I began to get my senses together, was the clear, strong voice of N—— calling to me in the most placid, though earnest manner:

"Lie perfectly still, Walter, it's your only chance."

How my heart leaped at the voice! Help was at hand, but the very words that announced it at the same time pointed out my extreme danger; it needed only the most moderate exercise of my returning faculties to understand why.

I was lying on my face among the long grass at the top of the little steep I have mentioned, I could see nothing, but I could feel the lion close to me. I could hear his deep, short, angry breath, like steam's puffs of an enormous cat—could detect a smacking noise, which I afterwards found arose from his licking at a stream of blood which flowed down the side of his nose, from a deep wound on his forehead, given him by my ball—nay, I could feel his huge tail, as he rolled it angrily across from side to side, just for a moment on my back now and then.

The bitter anguish of these few years of moments—well, you can guess all that. Presently I heard the crack of a rifle on my left, a sharp whistle close to my head, and a third on my right, as the shot told among the fur, succeeded by another short, sharp snarl louder than the first—another crack, a sensation like a red hot wire across my neck, (being at the bottom of the slope, they could but just sight the lion over my head, and N—— had fired a quarter of an inch too low,) another furious snarl and then a roar—and such a roar—within a yard of my tympanum. I never heard such a sound out of anything, living or dead; then three or more shots close together, and a tussle at my side, which sounded like my neighbor settling down among the grass and bushes.

"Now roll! roll for your life!" shouted N——'s clear voice again. I was saved the trouble—the dying brute, in his convulsions giving me a kick with his hind legs, which sent me flying down the steep out of reach of further danger.

ANECDOTE OF THE REV. DR. PLUMMER.—The Pittsburg Herald tells the following anecdote of the Rev. Dr. Plummer, late of this city.

During a visit to the Hot Springs, on a certain occasion, he was invited by the company gathered there, to preach for them on the Sabbath. He consented. The ball room of the hotel was prepared for religious worship, and the audience assembled. The speaker announced his text, and began his discourse; and was mortified to find that by some of the younger and more frivolous of his hearers, of both sexes, the whole performance was looked upon as a good joke and treated accordingly. Some were laughing, some were whispering, and an unseemly levity prevailed throughout the congregation. For a few minutes he endeavored to withstand it by a simple presentation of the truth; but to no purpose.—Stopping short in his discourse, he at once arrested their attention by the question: "My friends, do you know how these Hot Springs are said to have been discovered? I will tell you. Many years since, an old Dutchman and his son were passing down the valley, where the road now runs you see out there,"—pointing through the window—"When observing the Spring, they stopped their team to water the horses. The old man took up the bucket, and dipped it in, when some of the water dashed up on his hand and scalded him. Instantly dropping the bucket, he started for the wagon, running and calling to his son, in the greatest consternation, 'Drive on Hans, drive on! Hell ish not far from dish place!'" At this the audience burst out laughing—when immediately assuming a look of deepest solemnity, and dropping his voice to low tones that in him are like muttered thunders, he added the application, "I tell you, my friends, Hell is not far from this place." There were no more smiles in that congregation that day. Some who heard it, said it seemed to them as if the terrors of the Day of Judgement had come.

Greensboro' Female College.

THE Spring session of 1856, will commence on the [illegible] day of December, 1855. There will be no vacation in Winter, except a few days for [illegible] Christmas.

[illegible]

T. M. JONES
President.

Greensboro', December, 1855.
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