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WILLIAM C. DOUB,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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

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COMMISSIONERS.

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" A. Adams.
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" G. W. Haywood.
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" William Andrews.
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COURTS.

The *Supreme Court* of North Carolina i eld in this city semi-annually, on the second ? nday in June, and the 30th day of December

Judges.—Hon. Frederick Nash, Chief Justice, R. M. Pearson, Associate udge, W. H. Battle, " "

Edmund B. Freeman, Clerk; Ham. C. Jones, Reporter; J. J. Litchford, Sr., Marshall.

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

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

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

John C. Moore, Clerk.

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

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

Chairman of the County Court.—William Boylan.

County Solicitor—K. P. Marriott.

Sheriff of Wake County—William H. High.

Coroner—Willis Scott.

Register.—H. Hutson.

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Bank of the State of North Carolina, incorporated 1830. 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.

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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 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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Raleigh and Gaston Railroad Company.

R. A. Hamilton, President,
W. W. Vass, Treasurer,
J. M. Pool, Assistant Treasurer,
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North Carolina Railroad Company.

Chas. F. Fisher, President.
C. P. Meredenhall, Treasurer.
J. T. West, Freight and Ticket Agent.

Mail train arrives 5 o'clock, A. M., from the East; and departs 10m. after 5 o'clock, A. M.

Mail from the West arrives at 32 minutes after 4 o'clock, P. M. Departs at 20 minutes before 5 o'clock, P. M.

POST OFFICE.

William White, Sr., Post Master.

Office hours, on week days, from Sun-rise to 9 P. M.

TRAVELLER'S GUIDE.

(ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS AT RALEIGH

NORTHERN MAIL—(BY RAILROAD.)

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

SOUTHERN MAIL—(BY TWO-HORSE HACK.)

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

WESTERN MAIL—(BY RAILROAD.)

Closes daily	at 9	p. m.
Arrives daily	at 4½	p. m.
The Train leaves	at ¼	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

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Closes on Tuesday and Saturday, at	9	p. m
Arrives on Monday and Thursday, at	7	p. m
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We shall be pleased to show them to our customers, friends and the public generally.

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Sept. 12 '55. 11—

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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. 13—

Miscellaneous.

From Holbrook's "Ten years Among the Mail Bags."

THE FATE OF THE GAMBLER.

A TRUE STORY.

The close of the year 1839, and the opening of 1840, were marked in the post office department with frequent and startling announcements of the loss, by mail, of valuable letters from southern Virginia, and eastern and northern North Carolina, and directed to Richmond and other commercial cites farther north.

These cases as they reached the department, were duly prepared and submitted to the special agent for investigation. Search and inquiry were promptly instituted; but for a time the utmost vigilance failed to obtain any clue to the supposed embezzlements.—The cases of losses continued to multiply; and at length the agent's attention was particularly drawn to the distributing post office at P.

A circle of numerous facts pointed unmistakably to this spot as the center and locus. It was here that the lines of circumstantial evidence from every quarter converged and met. The post office at P., therefore, became an object of special interest in the eyes of the agent.

However, investigations in this direction proved at first no more successful than elsewhere. The high integrity of character for which the post master was distinguished, and the excellent reputation of his clerks, stood like a wall of adamant in the way of all the evidence and suspirion.

The agent seemed destined to be baffled at every point. Yet a stern truth stared him in the face, and fixed its immoveable finger over the distributing office. Every missing letter, although reaching P. by various routes, had been mailed at points south of it for points north of it. Here they must all concentrate, and here only. It was, therefore, at this place, only, that all the losses could have occurred.

Several days was passed by the agent at P. and the vicinity, quietly pursuing his investigations. No person knew the secret of his business. He became acquainted with the post-master and his two clerks, studied their characters, and their social circumstances.

The first was a man of position and competence, whose honor no breath of calumny had ever dimmed, and who could not possibly have any motive for periling the peace and prosperity of his family by a dishonest course. Neither did the unflawed respectability of the clerks betray any chink or crevice in which to harbor a doubt.

The eldest of these and the superior in the office, was a young man of education and refinement. We will call his name Carleton. His face was frank, his eyes steady and clear, his manners always self-possessed and easy. The agent liked him and admired him from the first. He learned too that he was a favorite with all who knew him—that his connections were among the first families in the State; and that by his talents and hightoned generous impulses, he so far nobly sustained the luster of his family name.

Another circumstance was greatly in Carleton's favor. Although descended from the "aristocracy," the fortunes of his family had run somewhat low in the later generations; and now, his father being dead, he devoted himself zealously to the maintenance of his aged mother, and the education and support of his only sister.

The junior clerk was a youth of minor pretensions. He was uniformly retiring in his manners. Although by no means a person of forbidding aspect, there was something measured and guarded in his movements, far less prepossessing than the free and chivalrous bearing of Carleton. This apparent prudence might arise from various causes.—The agent could not believe that it was the result of a secretive and dishonest disposition. If such was the case, however, that some discretion had effectually succeeded in covering the property of his moral character from public scrutiny.

Foiled at every point where he attempted to hang the sad burden of criminal facts the agent resolved upon striking a bold and hazardous blow. He sought a private interview with Carleton.

"Do you know," said he, "that I am here on very delicate and peculiar business?"

"I had not thought of such a thing," replied Carleton.

"Well, sir, I will tell you. I am convinced that you are the very man to assist me. If you will, you will do me and the post-office department a signal service."

"I do not understand you."

"No, but you will. First, however, give me your pledge that what I have to divulge shall be held in the strictest confidence and honor by you."

"Certainly," said Carleton, "if you wish it."

The agent then stated the business that had brought him to P. Carleton expressed some surprise, but cheerfully promised to afford the department any assistance and information in his power.

"Have you mentioned the subject to Mr. B?" he asked.

"Not yet; he is the nominal post-master, it is true, but you have a far more intimate knowledge of the details of the office than he has. I have another reason for not speaking with him. I dislike to disturb his confidence until the establishment of strong proofs renders it my duty to do so."

"You speak to me with perfect plainness," said Carleton.

"I trust so," replied the agent. "And I am sure you will do all you can to set me right, if I am wrong. Nor will you I am convinced suffer me to injure an innocent person in your estimation. To come to the point, then, I wish you to open your inmost thoughts, and tell me if you regard it as possible that your fellow clerk can be guilty of these depredations upon the mail?"

"You shock me," said Carleton not without emotion.

"Speak freely," cautioned the agent.

"Why I could almost as soon think of suspecting Mr. B. himself," exclaimed the other, "I believe Howard to be perfectly honest."

"Certainly, I know nothing to the contrary; and I sincerely hope your judgement is well founded. But," continued the agent, "our public duty should not be clouded by private opinion. You will not, therefore, fail to unite with me in tracing the embezzlements to their true source, no matter on whose shoulder the blame may be laid."

"I will do all in my power," said Carleton. "Although I would be willing almost to pledge my own reputation that the losses have occured outside the office, I will use every exertion to discover any dereliction from duty that may come within my sphere of observation."

The agent expressed his thanks for the clerk's ready promise of co-operation, and took his leave.

Meanwhile he did not neglect other measures that he had adopted for tracing the robberies. By a singular coincidence within an hour after this conversation with Carleton, he was able to seize a certain clue, which he had long been in search of, and despaired of obtaining.

On his return to the hotel, the landlord addressed him thus:

"You asked me if I could give you any more large bills in exchange for small ones.—I think I can accommodate you this morning. I have a one hundred dollar bank note, which if you are sending money by mail, will be very convenient.

"Thank you," replied the agent, "it will be a great accommodation."

The landlord passed the bank note over the counter. One may imagine the agent's secret triumph on discovering, at last, one of the very bills he was in search of—one that had been lost in a letter passing that post office only a week before, and of which he had an accurate description from the department.

Having made the purchase, he held the bank note up to the light.

"I suppose you will warrant this paper to be genuine?" he suggested.

"There is no doubt about it, sir," said the landlord.

"Of course you know from whom you had it?"

"To be sure! I took it of one of my boarders this morning, Captain Wilkins."

"I have no doubt but the bill is good," said the agent, putting it in his pocket. "You are sure you had it of the captain?"

"O, yes! 'twasn't an hour ago he gave it to me."

"By the way, who is this Captain Wilkins? He's a very gentlemanly-appearing fellow."

"O, he's a capital fellow!" said the landlord.

"What's his business?"

"He keeps a faro bank."

To a northern reader, the two clauses of this statement may seem inconsistent with each other. But allowance must be made for the freedom of southern manners and society. To bet at a faro bank is considered no serious stain upon the honor and respectability of gentlemen in southern cities. The keeper of the bank may pass, as we have seen, a "capital fellow." But the agent felt pained to know from what source the landlord had obtained the bill. Already a dark picture of temptation and crime arose before his eyes. It is a significant and too often a tragical word—the faro bank.

Captain Wilkins had gone to ride. The agent pretended to transact a little business, mailed two or three letters, and read the newspaper until his return. The rattling of a light wheeled buggy before the hotel, announced the expected arrival.

Captain Wilkins—a soberly dressed and polite individual, whom one might have taken for a clergyman—stepped out of the vehicle, accompanied by a friend, pulled off his driving gloves as he entered the house, and lighted a fresh cigar at the bar.

The agent took occasion to accost him.

"Can I speak with you a moment."

"Certainly," said Captain Wilkins. The two walked aside together. The agent exhibited the bank note.

"Did you ever see that paper before?"

"Yes, and very recently. I passed it with the landlord this morning."

"As the bill is of so high a denomination, you probably remember from whom you received it."

"Perfectly well. I had it last night from one of the post-office clerks, who was betting at my bank, and for whom I changed it."

"Which of the clerks?"

"O, from Carleton. He is a reliable fellow Have you any doubts about the bill?"

"No, if you are sure you had it of Carleton."

"I am sure of that."

"You could swear to it as the identical bank note?" Captain Wilkins glanced at the paper again.

"It's the identical rag," said he; I can take my oath of it."

This startling revelation gave a different phase to the business. The finger of discovery, seemed to point directly at the senior clerk Again the agent on leaving Wilkins, recalled Carleton's every look and word, in the conversation he had with him that morning. He could not recall the faintest indication of guilt. And he couldnot but hope that the young man was as innocent as he appeared, and that the circumstances would prove him so. However, there was no way left but to follow the thread of evidence he had so far successfully traced.

He strolled towards the post office, and found Howard there alone.

"Where is your brother clerk?" he asked.

"He went to dinner about five minutes ago—rather earlier than usual."

"Very well; perhaps you can do my business for me. I mailed a letter here this morning, which I would like to recover from the mails if it has not already gone out." A description of the letter was given. All this was done to prevent Howard from suspecting the real business with Carleton. The letter had gone, as inquirer well knew, and he left the office.

But now his pace was quickened. He knew not what might be the result of his interview with Carleton. It was a significant fact that he had gone to dinner at an earlier hour than usual. If guilty, what more natural than that he should take that opportunity of destroying any evidence of guilt to be found among his papers at home!

The agent had already learned where Carleton lived, and he hastened at once to his house.

The young man's mother received him in a truly ladylike manner.

"He just came in," she said graciously.—"Sit down, I will have him called. He remarked that he had some trifling affair to attend to before dinner, and immediately went to his chamber. You may call him, Sarah."

"I have only a word to say to him," replied the visitor. Perhaps it will be as well for me to go to his room, instead of calling him down."

"As you please. My daughter will show you the way."

Sarah, a beautiful and stately girl of eighteen, conducted the caller to her brother's chamber, and knocked at the door. Presently Carleton appeared. A slight paleness overspread his features on recognizing the agent, but without losing his self possession, he invited him to enter the chamber.

"I have strange feelings on seeing you!" he observed in a very natural tone of voice. "What you said to me about Howard, has troubled me more than I would have thought it possible. Take a seat. Do you smoke?"

"Not before dinner," replied the agent.—He made a rapid observation of the chamber as he sat down. "You are very comfortably situated here."

"I have nothing to complain of. We live rather humbly, but we are not ambitious."

Carleton then spoke of his mother and sister in a manner which touched his visitor deeply. Could it be possible thought the latter that he was destined to destroy the peace of that family? He shrank with indescribable repugnance from the performance of his duty; but it inexorably urged him to finish what he had begun, and he produced the fatal bank note.

"Not to detain you," said he "I have some question in my mind with regard to a bill I took this forenoon. I have been referred to you as the person who passed it. Will you see if you recognize it?"

Again the swift pallor swept over Carleton's face; but this time it was more marked than before, and his fingers trembled as he examined the bill.

"Certainly," said he, "I recognize it. It's a note I changed with Captain Wilkins last evening."

"It also happens," observed the agent, "to be a note which according to an accurate description I have of it, was recently lost in the southern mails. This is as painful to me, Mr. Carleton, as it is unexpected; and I hope you will be able satisfactorily to account for the manner in which you obtained the money."

"It is still more painful to me than it can be to you," replied Carleton; and heaven knows I heartily wish I could not tell how the bill came into my possession. I remembered it after you left me this morning, and I had a presentiment that trouble would come of it. I am afraid, sir," Carleton added, after some hesitation—"I am afraid your suspicions of Howard will prove too well founded."

"Do you mean to say that Howard is responsible for that bill."

"I will tell you all that I know about it sir. I yesterday sold a colt I had been training the past season. He proved too high spirited for our use, and I prefered to own a horse my mother and sister would not be afraid to ride after. I sold it to a neighbor of ours, Mr. Fellows. He was to pay me one hundred dollars down—and this is the money he gave me."

Carleton hestitated. The agent begged him to proceed, as no time was to be lost.

"I was trying to recall the conversation that passed between Mr. Fellows. It was to this effect—

"I'd quite as lief you'd give me small bills, if convenient, said I, for I shall have several little bills to pay out of this in a day or two

"He replied that he could not do better by me and added that he thought Howard would like to change it for me. How so, said I?

"You remember, said he, that Howard bought a house and lot of me, some time ago. The last payment came due yesterday. He seemed reluctant to part with this bill, and said if I would wait, he would give me specie for it in a day or two. Something more was said about Howard's good luck in making payments for the house and lot so promptly, and so we parted."

"Where will I find this Mr. Fellows?" asked the agent

"I saw him not ten minutes ago, enter a store in the village."

"You are sure he will corroborate your statement?"

"There's no doubt of it. He's a plain, practical man, who tells a straight forward story."

"Come then," said the agent. "we will go and find him."

Carleton readily assented, and the two left the chamber together.

"I've a little business to transact before dinner, mother," said the young man as they passed out "If I am not back in a quarter of an hour do not wait for me."

But little difficulty was experienced in finding Mr. Fellows. He was such a person as Carlton had described; but he turned out to be very deaf, and the agent deemed it expedient to retire with him and Carleton to some secure place, where their loud talk could not be overheard. The clerk proposed that they should make use of the private room of the post office. The agent agreed to this, for he was somewhat anxious to make sure of Howard, and he now resolved that the latter should be present at the interview. This plan was also proposed by Carleton, and when they arrived at the post-office the senior clerk informed the junior in a low and serious tone, that his presence was requested in the private apartment.

"But who will attend in the office?" asked Howard.

"I'll speak to one of the clerks in the store; they accommodate us very often in this way, Carleton added, addressing the agent. "It's only around the corner."

The thought struck the agent that it would be safe enough to accompany Carleton. But to do so,it would be necessary to leave Howard, who, if guilty, might by this time have suspected the danger at hand. Besides it seemed not at all probable that Carleton could have any motive in attempting to escape. His position in society, his family circumstances, his frank and manly demeanor, everything tended to disarm suspicion. Furthermore, nothing could be more satisfactory than the story he had related of the manner in which he had obtained the fatal bill. He was accordingly suffered to leave the office. As there were persons passing in and out, the agent did not consider it proper to broach the important subject until Carleton's return.

But some minutes passed and he did not reappear.

"I thought he said he had only to go around the corner," said the agent.

"It is possible," Howard replied, "that the boys have gone to dinner. In that case, if your business is important, he has possibly gone to see the postmaster himself."

A quarter of an hour passed. Carleton had had time to walk to Mr. B.'s house and back, but still he did not make his appearance. The agent grew uneasy. He waited five minutes longer, then resolved upon a decisive step.

"Mr Fellows," he cried, in the deaf gentleman's ear, "did you ever see this bill before?" Fortunately, Mr. Fellows' sight was good, though his hearing was very bad. He examined the paper without spectacles, and decided at once that he then and there saw it for the first time.

"Did you buy a horse of Carleton yesterday?"

"No," said Mr. Fellows; "I have talked of selling his mother's pony, but I never bought any thing of him."

The truth flashed open the agent's understanding. For his credit, let it be declared, Carleton had played his game with a consummate art that would have deceived the very elect.

No time was lost in obtaing traces of the young man's flight. The agent judged rightly, from his character, that he would not attempt to leave town. He anticipated a more melancholy fate for the unhappy youth. Some inward promptings seemed to direct him to the apothecary's shop, not many doors distant, and on inquiry he learned that Carleton had just been there.

"Which way did he go?"

"In fact, I am not certain that he has gone," said the druggist, "He purchased some medicine remarking that he wished to write out some directions for its use, and stepped into the back room. I have been very busy, and he may have passed without my seeing him."

The agent sprang forward. The door was locked upon the inside.

"Oh! you needn't be alarmed, he has studied medicine, and knows how to use these things."

"He knows how to use them too well his door must be forced, His life depends upon it—if it is not now already too late.

Too late indeed, it was.

On breaking in to the room, Carleton was found lying upon the floor, with an empty vial beside him, and an unfinished letter to his sister, on the table.

In that letter he confessed his guilt, and besought his sister not only to support the mortal affliction he had brought upon her, with fortitude, but also to sustain and console their mother. The young man was not yet dead. Medical assistance was speedily procured, but all efforts to save his life proved unavailing. He was already beyond consciousnes, and never spoke again.

A veil should be drawn to exclude the scene of horror, agony, and distress that awaited his family. The broken-hearted mother survived the tragical interruption of her late happy days but a few months. And though the sister was afterwards happily married, it is said that, from the date of her brother's disgraceful end, a continual cloud of melancholy rested upon her mind during the remainder of her life. She has since passed into that land where kindred souls are destined to meet again, and these allusions to her sad family history will give her no pain.

The secret of Carleton's lapse from virtue is soon told; and the lesson is one that every youth, who considers himself free from temptation, should heed and carefully remember.—The devil never enters the citadel of rectitude at the outset. He first walks around, and passes by; then holds a parley; and makes the worse appear the better reason;" and ends by gaining permission to walk in just once, promising thenceforward to cease his solicitations and keep aloof. But once admitted, he goes artfully to work to destroy all our defenses, and before we are aware of it, he is a permanent occupant of the castle.

Such was undoubtedly Carleton's experience. He was not a hardened sinner, he was truly a man of generous and noble impulses. But a little transgression of the stern law, of conscience, had in his boyhood weakened his moral force, and prepared him for more serious offenses. Then in an unguarded hour, he formed an attachment for a fascinating, but gay and heartless woman, under whose influences his soul fell from the truth and purity of manhood. It was her hand that indirectly administered the deadly drug that destroyed his life. To meet her necessities for dress and dissipation, he resorted to the faro bank. Altho' fortunate at first, he afterwards lost extensively, and became pecuniarily embarrassed. He borrowed money, which he was unable to return. Only one course seemed open to him, to save his honor in the public eye. At first, he purloined cautiously and abstemiously from the mails, hoping no doubt, that success at the faro bank would swell those unlawful gains, and cancel the necessity for further depredations.

But let us not pursue the sad topic. The end we have seen and we will hasten to turn the last leaf of this melancholy chapter.

A Scientific set-to, and A Practical Set-Down.

It was a bright, clear, cold, November morning. Biglicks having a spare hour, and feeling ripe for a turn at the bars round the gymnasium, started to go there, stopping, however on the way to pour down a pint of ale. As Biglicks entered the gymnasium, there was a conscious feeling of music all over, a certain ripeness, a fulness of life, brought out and exalted by ale and frosty air He felt "good," and as he threw off coat, hat, cravat and waistcoat, it was done with a twitch, as much as to say, "Hurrah! clear the track.—This is my "forte," and I'm about to play the liveliest kind of a tune on those bars, ropes, ladders, weights, and soon!" At the parallel bars he went, bringing in the "grasshopper" agony, with forward and backward springs, and double thrills, completely throwing himself away in the "mild luxuriance" of his action, and inwardly thinking "how this would stun some of the outsiders," and wishing he had a few for spectators.

Unconsciously he had a "few," for, as he stopped to rest, he noticed standing behind him a short, but not very stout man, whose face pointed out admiration as accurately as a clock face does dinner time. It was just such a face as ought to be carved on an admiration mark! As you looked at it, you felt inspired, delighted, it showed its owner had so much to learn, was so jolly green; his white open mouth was ready to receive gallons of information, and his eyes looked as if they'd hold a dozen elephants, and long for more. All this Biglicks noted, at a flash, but he showed not the information to his face. "Now," thought he, "I'll show our rural friend something he never dreamed of before!" and taking a long preparatory spring, Biglicks swung grasshopper, and with one stunning spring reached the end of the bars. It was well done, and the spectator showed such untold amounts of delight at the spectacle, that Biglicks walked like a "star" in reglementals. Whenever he went Spectator followed, and as Biglicks got through exercising, he passed into the boxing-room with trip. Taking down a pair of gloves Biglicks commenced putting them on, and turning to the spectator, with an air of stillness tempered with mercy, he asked him:

"Perhaps sir, you would like to take a few rounds, just for exercise? It's quite a good day."

Spectator, at this question, looked as if there were "chambers to let" in his brain. He evidently did not understand the reason of putting pudding before his pies.

"Boxing," added Biglicks "is excellent amusement. Take this pair of gloves," handing him down a pair, "put them on, and I'll give you a lesson. Shall charge you nothing—just do it for the fun of the thing!"

This seemed to re-assure Spectator, who after some awkward pulling and hauling, contrive to get one on, all but the thumb—that he couldn't manage; the other hand was in still worse condition, and as, agreeably to Biglick's instructions, he held up his hands, it gave the idea that his hands had on leather poultices, and were broken off at the wrists.

"Now see if you can hit me, strike in!" spoke Biglicks; and spectator, according to directions, worked the gloves assiduously and wildly, but without putting in a blow, and as Biglicks encouraged him to renewed exertion, the leather was well exercised and aired by Spectator without telling the effect.

"I believe," thought Biglicks, "I'll give him a slight touch in a minute, just to show him what muscle and science can do," and herewith he planted a full blow in Spectator's chest, the astonishing result of which was a perfect back summerset by the Spectator, who, landing on his feet, again come up to the scratch with renewed vigor. Biglicks opened his eyes as wide as saucers at the unexpected result of his blow, and hardly believing his own eyes, thought he would realize his own sight, and put in another blow. Head over heels went the Spectator, throwing one summerset over another, till he nearly reached the door of entrance; then returning on a run, Spectator struck a position, this time accurate as a Professor's, and before Biglicks knew where he was, had put in two full blows at his head and chest, and as Biglks slightly stooped to ward off a belt blow, Spectator with one spring vaulted over his shoulders, and tripping up his heels, Biglicks fell sprawling on the floor, having thus received from Spectator, in a scientific set to, a practical set down. A burst of applause from the crowd who had assembled in the gymnasium brought Biglicks to his feet. Throwing off the gloves, he exclaimed:

"I knock under! Who are you?"

"Francisus Ravel, at your service!" was the answer.

SCENE IN REAL LIFE.

We do not often indulge in the sentimental but occasionally in our walks our attention is called to events happening before us, which leaves an impression on our minds, and leads us to thoughts and reflections which it is well we as all other men, should indulge in it at times.

We had been on the north side to see an acquaintance at his hotel, and returning by Clark street, found, as is generally the case with a man in a hurry, one of those little busy inventions, a steam tug, had passed up the river with a small fleet of vessels in tow one of which had been cast off and had hauled in just west of the bridge. Seeing no hopes of getting to our office for some time, and knowing that our compositors could not be in any worse temper an hour later than then we resolved to bear it meekly and find mental occupation by observing what was going on about us. We little expected what did occur.

The vessel we have mentioned had been moored, or made fast outside of several boats and as we stood looking at the men upon her one of them approached a female who had been crouched upon the deck, addressing her pointed to the shore, then to the bridge and then down towards the thronged and busy streets of living, moving, headlong Chicago. She rose picking up a small bundle, from which she drew forth a coat, which she tendered to the hardy sailor. He refused it, whatever it was, and leading her a hand, helped her from the vessel to the dock, and from the dock up to the bridge. By this time a large crowd of persons thronged the north end of where the bridge would be, if it was always a bridge, and in contemplating the new faces and the representatives of the various classes there assembled, we had almost forgotten the incident we have related. Our attention was called from a vain endeavor to discover some hope of cessation of tugs going up and down and schooners and brigs pulling in and out by hearing a most audible sob of childhood caused by some sudden change, from gayety to grief, it was the sob of some maturer breast, filled with a sense of loneliness and despair. It reached other ears than ours. A lady, dressed in a manner which bespoke a wealth that could gratify taste and elegance and who, like ourselves, was detained at that place, stood near accompanied by three children whose desire to get at the extreme end of the platform was with difficulty repressed.

With a woman's tenderness her heart recognized the stifled exultation of sorrow and approaching the person from whence it came who was none other than the woman we had just seen land from the vessel, she quietly, and in that soft sweet voice of woman which none can resist, inquired if she stood in need, or was she ill, or was her sorrow such that it could be relieved? A portion of the railing near us was vacant and toward that, and almost at our side, these two women came to converse. The stranger was a fair, handsome girl of about seventeen years, neatly but coarsely dressed, with shoes not only well worn but heavy and unsuited as much for her sex as for the season. The poor girl in honest simplicity and with an earnestness which despair alone only imparts related her history uninterrupted by a single observation from her companion, but often accompanied by tears of both. We have not space for it at length and we give it changing its order just enough to enable us to state it briefly.

She said that she was born in Boston, she had no brother nor sister now; she remembered that she had a sister, the eldest, whose name was Lizzie; that sister, many years ago, against her father's will had married and with her husband, having been banished the father's sight, had gone off, and had not been heard of since—no doubt was, dead. At the time of her sister's marriage her parents were wealthy; the pride which drove away Lizzie had brought bitter regrets, and after a while came melancholy complainings by the mother, sighing for the embrace of her first born. These soon led to anger and criminations at home, and disinpotion by the father abroad. Losses came upon them, and at last gathering the few worldly goods they possessed, they left the proud city of their birth, and settled five years ago, upon land purchased of the Government in Wisconsin. Her brothers, some older and some younger than herself, one by one dropped and died, and soon the mother, calling in agony, upon her long-exiled daughter, passed her boys to a happier clime.

None were now left but the father of the poor girl. He too was humbled and stricken, by that slow but certain disease which lights up the cheek, and fires the eye with brilliancy of health, even when the victim is on the confines of eternity; he would go and tell his surviving child the acts of winding love, and sacrificing devotion which had made her Lizzie the very object of life. He would talk of her sweet smiles and her happy disposition, until memory would lead him to the very hour when he bid her depart, and not to bid see her face again. His decline was rapid, and this lone child saw the first flowers which the warmth of spring had called from the cold of her mother's grave, disturbed, uprooted and thrown aside, that his ashes might mingle with those of the mother of his children.

As his death he charged her to pay off as far as she might be able, the debts incurred to procure the necessaries of life; the land which for want of culture, had not increased in value, was sold, and left her but a few dollars.—These she expended in rearing some boards to mark the spot where she had buried, one after another, her beloved kindred. She heard of Chicago. She had heard that in this city there were offices where strangers, wishing employment, could find work. She had on foot travelled many miles, until she had reached Milwaukie, and thence by the kindness of a poor sailor, who had seen her day after day upon the dock, had inquired and ascertained that she wished to come hither, but had not the money. He brought her to Chicago on his own vessel, and had told her that by crossing the bridge she could find one of those places where situations were given to worthy applicants.

Such was her story. She had mentioned no name except that of her father, mother and the endearing appellations of brother George Willie, &c. Both of the women were crying bitterly. The fashionably dressed lady turned her face toward the river, that her tears at such a crowded and unusual place might not be observed. She requested us to take her two boys—George and Willie, she called them—by the hand to keep them from danger, and then putting her arm around the neck of the poor, friendless, wandering stranger, said you are my sister. I am Lizzie.

These two beings, child sn of the same parents, how different have been their paths, and how deep their sufferings! We have seen them together in Lizzie's carriage, driving along Lake street. They are doubtless as happy as their bereavements, relieved only by the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, can permit. But while the suffering of that father and mother may be fairly known from the story of the daughter, what must have been the mental agony of that other daughter, unkindly banished from her mother's side and driven out into the world without a father's blessing! What must have been her grief when her letters written from a prosperous city, from the house of her wealthy and kind husband, telling them of her success, and the birth of her children, were unnoticed and unanswered! She must have felt indeed that the hearts of her father and mother her sisters, and brothers, must have been hardened against her. We will say no more. That scene will live in our memory while we can remember the holy love of father, mother and kindred.

The Manufacturing of Horn Combs.

But few of our readers are aware, perhaps, of the amount of labor acquired to manufacture horn combs, and the kind of material from which they are wrought. The butcher, after killing a cow, sends the hide to the tanner or those who purchase for him, and from them the comb maker obtains the horns and hoofs, paying so much a hundred for them, and the following process is adopted to make beautiful combs from crooked horns and unsightly hoofs: The horns, when taken to the factory, have the tips sawed off, which tips are sold to the cane and umbrella manufacturers. If the comb to be made is a back one, for children, the horn is sawed spirally, by hand; if straight combs, the horn is cut from end to end, after which they are placed in cold water to soak, and after remaining there for some time, are removed and scraped with steel scrapers. The pressers then take them in hand, and after boiling them in water or sperm oil, place them in a press composed of iron boxes, heated with charcoal, and when the horns are softened they are cut with shears into the proper size for a comb.

From this room they go into the manufacturing department, and after being soaked again, are shaved down to the proper thickness for backing or cutting the teeth. The machine for cutting the teeth is exceedingly ingenious and complicated. The horn is placed upon a jointed bed, bested led under the teeth cutting, and at each pressing down of the lever the piece of horn is cut into two combs. They are then taken out and pulled apart while warm, and placed in the hands of the worker, who grails them or shapes the teeth, after which they go to the finisher, who smooths them by rubbing the surface with powdered brick, obtained from Bath, England.

After being carefully washed, the maker takes them in hand, and with a chemical preparation, spots them according to his own fancy, which spots are brought out after the comb has been placed in a dye made of Nicaragua wood. The dye having the most powerful effect on the parts chemically prepared, the comb is made to assume somewhat the appearance of tortoise shell. The combs are then placed in the sun, and after being thoroughly dried are polished. Two combs are not yet ready for sale, as they have to pass through the hands of the bender, who, after heating them on an iron plate, ties them upon a block, fashioned into the shape desirable for the comb to assume. They are then placed into the hands of girls, who give them the finishing touch by oiling and wiping them carefully, when they are passed to the hands of the packer, who puts them in packages for the market.

The sole of the hoof is cut out and manufactured into picks and puff combs, and the upper part of the hoof, after going through the same process of the horn is turned into combs of various kinds. The clippings from the horns and hoofs are sold to the burners, who manufacture them into potash and Prussian blue.

Notwithstanding many of the combs are sold as low as eight cents per dozen such one has to pass through nine or ten distinct processes and new hands, each time, before they are ready for the market, and it is only owing to the rapidity with which they are made that any profit can be realized upon the manufacture.

☞ Some people seem to think that the efforts of the American party are mainly directed against the foreigners already in the country, who have become naturalized, and as a general thing, make good citizens and valuable men. This is a mistake. The American party enters upon no war whatever against such citizens. It does not seek to interfere with their vested privileges. It would not, if it would, deprive them of such rights as are given them under the Constitution. The American party makes no war upon twenty citizens, native born or otherwise. It aims to correct the evil question of immigration from foreign shores. It seeks to put a stop to the abominable system practiced by foreign governments of sending their paupers and criminals, from the poor houses and jails of Europe, to our shores. This is a great and growing evil. These miserable wretches thus cast upon our soil, are, by the partial and unjust legislation in their favor, allowed to frame the laws of our country to the prejudice of the native born citizens. We of the South are naturally opposed to such measures, because these foreigners, in the proportion of nine to ten, have sentiments adverse to ours on the subject of slavery, and, according to the measure of their ability, are, abolitionists. And, for this reason, we think that this pernicious kind of immigration should cease. Is not this right? Will our fellow citizens of the Northern States, and send of the country, reflect on this class of people into the territory of Kansas, and, by putting that, with the assistance of abolitionists, strong in that direction, the balance of power in the South, as regards that territory, will be lost to us forever, no matter what his party predilections may be, agree that it is a very great evil, and that it should be remedied. The American party proposes to do this, and it is for this and other reasons, that we, as a party, are in favor of the present American citizenship law, and we think it is a good work. Is there any thing partial or unjust about it? We think not. On the contrary, it seems to us very fair and just. [illegible] of party rule.