North-Carolina Star.

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

TERMS:

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

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

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

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

CITY GOVERNMENT.

Wm. Dallas Haywood, Intendant of Police.

COMMISSIONERS.

Eastern Ward.—Eldridge Smith,
" A. Adams.
Middle Ward.—C. B. Root,
" R. H. Battle,
" G. W. Haywood.
Western Ward.—A. M. Gorman,
" H. D. Turner.

J. J. Christophers, City Clerk,
R. H. Battle, 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 i eld in this city semi-annually, on the second M 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 the first Monday after the fourth Monday in March and September.

John C. Moore, Clerk.

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

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

Chairman of the County Court.—William Boylan.

County Solicitor—K. P. Marriott.
Sheriff of Wake County—William H. High.
Coroner—Willis Scott.
Register.—H. Hutson.

BANKS.

Bank of the State of North Carolina, incorporated 1809. Charter expires in 1869. Capital $1,500,000, divided into 15,000 shares of which the Literary Board holds 5,027 and the University 1000.

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

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

DIRECTORS.

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

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

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

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

RAIL ROADS.

Raleigh and Gaston Railroad Company.
R. A. Hamilton, President,
W. W. Vass, Treasurer,
J. M. Pool, Assistant Treasurer.
C. B. Allen, Depot Agent,
Mail train leaves 15 minutes before 6 A. M., arrives at 6½ P. M.

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

POST OFFICE.

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

TRAVELLER'S GUIDE.

(ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS AT RALEIGH

NORTHERN MAIL—(By Railroad,)

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

SOUTHERN MAIL—(By Two-horse Hack,

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

WESTERN MAIL—(By Railroad,)

Closes daily	at 9	p. m.
Arrives daily	at 4½	p. m.
The Train leaves	at ¼4	p. m

GOLDSBORO' MAIL—(By Railroad.)

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

TARBORO' MAIL—(By Two-horse Hack.)

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

PITTSBORO' MAIL—(By Three-horse Hack

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

Splendid Stock of Goods!

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

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

W. H. & S. S. TUCKER.

Sept. 17 '55. 111—

BOOTS, GAITERS AND SHOES.

Mens' Boots, Heavy Waterproof Boots, Brogans do. Heavy Bootees for servants, best double soils Brogans, Kip Brogans.

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

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

R. L. EVANS'.

Oct. 6, 1855. 19—

North Carolina Star.

VOLUME XLVII. RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 9, 1856. NUMBER 15.

$136,000!

MARYLAND LOTTERY,

To be Drawn on the Havana Plan.

Grand consolidated Lottery of Maryland, Class 16, to be drawn in Baltimore Md., Saturday March 22, 1856.

R. FRANCE & Co. Managers,

20,000 Numbers!—1,000 Prizes!

SCHEME.

1 prize of	$35,280 is		35,280
1 "	10,000 is		10,000
1 "	10,000 is		10,000
1 "	5,000 is		5,000
1 "	5,000 is		5,000
10 Prizes of	1,000 are		10,000
20 "	500 "		10,000
165 "	200 "		33,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.			
4 Approximation prizes of	100 are		400
8 " "	75 "		600
8 " "	40 "		320
40 " "	30 "		1,200
80 " "	25 "		2,000
800 " "	20 "		16,000
1,000 Prizes amounting to			$136,000

Whole tickets $10; Halves $5; Quarters $2,50.

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

The two preceeding and the two succeeding numbers to those drawing the first 200 Prizes, will be entitled to the 800 Approximation Prizes. For example:—If ticket No. 11250 draws the $35,280 prize, those tickets numbered 11248, 11249, 11251 and 11252 will each be entitled to $100, and so on according to the above schemes.

PLAN OF THE LOTTERY.

In the above scheme there are 20,000 tickets, numbered from 1 to 20,000. There are 200 full Prizes and 800 Approximations, making in all 1,000 Prizes.

The numbers from 1 to 20,00 corresponding with the numbers on the tickets, printed on separate strips of paper, are rolled up and encircled with small tin tubes and placed in a glass Wheel.

The amounts of the different 200 full prizes similarly printed and encircled, are placed in another wheel.—After revolving the wheels, a number is drawn from the wheel of numbers, and at the same time a prize is drawn from the other wheel, by boys who are blindfolded. The number and the prize drawn out are opened and exhibited to the audience and registered, by the Commissioner, the prize being placed against the number drawn. This operation is repeated until all the prizes are drawn out. The drawing is then printed, and after comparison, the Commissioner certifies it to be correct.

☞ Prizes payable in full without deduction.

Address orders for Tickets to

R. FRANCE & CO.

Feb. 20—8 Baltimore, Md.

CO-PARTNERSHIP.

FRESH GARDEN SEED.—The subscribers are expecting to receive this morning their stock of Foreign and American Garden and Grass Seed, which is much larger and more varied than any previous supply.

They are prepared to execute orders from merchants, in any part of the State, on the most favorable terms, and will allow them the privilege of returning all unsold by the 15th of June.

Families wishing seed, will please send their orders while our stock is full. All the seed are warranted fresh and genuine, and among them are some new and splendid varieties.

PESCUD & GATLING,
Druggists and Seedsmen,
Raleigh, N. C.

Jan. 3, 1856. 6—

P. F. PESCUD, having this day formed a Co-Partnership with his brother-in-law, Geo. W. Gatling, late of Gates county, N. C., will continue to conduct the Wholesale and Retail Drug Business under the firm of PESCUD & GATLING.

We contemplate in a short time enlarging and improving our store, and shall keep a much larger stock of articles in our line than heretofore, which with our increased facilities, justify us in offering to our friends and the public generally unusually inviting inducements.

We are pleased to inform our friends and customers that we have secured the valuable services of Mr. Charles G. Scott, for five or six years with Williams & Haywood, and late of the firm of Haywood & Scott; who with our former assistant, Mr. Jos. L. Ward, will unite with us in attending promptly to their wants, on the most favorable terms, at all hours of the day and night.

Our store will be closed on the Sabbath, but Mr. Scott or Ward will be in attendance to execute for the sick only, and their attendants will please ring the alarm bell.

Our accounts will be presented for settlement on the 1st of July and January in each year, unless terms are specified with the purchaser.

P. F. PESCUD, G. W. GATLING.

$20,000 WANT D.

ALL persons indebted to the undersigned by bond or account are now affectionately appealed to for payment, as his old business must be closed without delay. P. F. PESCUD.

TO MERCHANTS.

Stebbins, Morgan & Allen,

46 CLIFF STREET, NEW YORK.

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

Drugs. Dyes. Chemicals, Perfumery, &c.

HAVING selected their stock from the best that the *domestic or foreign* markets afford, can, with confidence, offer great inducements to the *Merchant, Physician or Manufacturer*, to obtain goods they merely upon, and on as reasonable terms as any similar house in this country.

Orders in person or by mail will meet with prompt and careful attention and are respectfully solicited.

☞ Four streets east of Broadway between Fulton Beekman. 1—

Office R. & G. R. R. Company,
Raleigh, January 31, 1856.

RALEIGH AND GASTON RAILROAD.

Schedule for Mail Train on and after Thursday, the 31st day of January, 1856.—

NOTICE.—ON AND AFTER TO-DAY, THE MAIL Train will leave the Depot (North Carolina Railroad) at 15 minutes bef-ore 6 o'clock A. M., upon the arrival of the cars from the West. The Conductor and Baggage Master will be in readiness to take charge of baggage, &c. Passengers will have no trouble in obtaining baggage and will arrive at Weldon at 11.30 A. M., full time for trains going North.

By order of the President.

JAMES M. POOL,
(7—tf.) Ticket Agent.

RALEIGH & GASTON RAIL ROAD.

Raleigh & Gaston R. R. Office,
RALEIGH, February 8, 1856.

AS THE NORTH CAROLINA RAILROAD IS now completed to Charlotte, notice is hereby given that goods or produce brought down that Road, intended for transportation over the Raleigh & Gaston Railroad, will be received by this Company at the North Carolina Railroad Depot in Raleigh (owned jointly by the Companies) and will be transported thence without delay, or extra charge, and goods consigned for the western merchants and others along that Road will likewise be delivered at the same point.

All dues for freight must be paid at Petersburg or Portsmouth, except on way freight, which must be paid in advance or on delivery of the goods.

Every effort will be made by the officers and agents of the company to give satisfaction in the transportation of goods and produce.

Owners and shippers of goods are requested to have them distinctly marked, so that their destination may be known.

R. A. HAMILTON, President.

8—tf.

Agents Wanted to Sell Maps,

THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES.

THE subscriber is constantly receiving new Maps of the MOST USEFUL AND SALEABLE CHARACTER.

ENTERPRISING agents and sellers in different parts of the country are making from

$500 to $2000 a year.

Any persevering man can make a permanent business with but very small outlay and no risk.

Catalogue and letter containing full descriptions, terms, &c., will be sent free to a good man who is in want of business. All inquiries answered by return mail.

Great inducements and liberal allowance made to Agents and Pedlars already in the business. Men out of employment, address A. R. JOCELYN, publisher of Popular Maps and Illustrated Sheets. No. 10 & 68 Fulton street, New York.

March 12, 1856. 11—3m.

NEW YORK ADVERTISEMENTS.

From Visscher & Schell's General Advertising House Appleton's Building 346 & 348 Broadway.

SCHIEFFLIN BROTHERS & Co

IMPORTERS, AND DEALERS IN

Drugs, Paints, Oils, Dyes, Perfumery, &c.,

170 William Street, New York,

INVITE the attention of the trade to their large and varied stock of Drugs, Paints, Oils, Perfumery, &c., &c.

In addition to their regular importations of Staple Drugs, they are also receiving, direct from the sources of production and manufacture, supplies of Tooth, Hair, and Nail Brushes, Brooms, Corks, Mortars, Sponges, French and English Perfumery, Lubin's Extracts, and many other articles usually embraced in Druggists' stocks, which they are also enabled to offer on the most advantageous terms.

Orders, either in person or by mail, will receive prompt attention, 1y

June 26, 1855. 77—

First Premium Gold Medal Piano-Fortes.

STEINWAY & SONS,

MANUFACTURERS, 84 & 88 WALKER STREETS.

NEAR BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

Respectfully call the attention of the public to their splendid assortment of semi-grand and square Pianos, which, for volume of tone, elasticity of touch, beauty of finish, and in short every thing that renders a Piano perfect, are unsurpassed. They were awarded the first premium for both kinds in competition with the most distinguished makers from Boston, Philadelphia New York, and Baltimore, 3

NEW TRIUMPH!

STEINWAY & SONS have just been awarded the FIRST Premium GOLD MEDAL (overall competitors) at the late Fair of the American Institute Crystal Palace, for the BEST Pianofortes. 47—tf.

TILTON & McFAIRLAND,

33 Maiden Lane, New York.

MANUFACTURES OF THE WORLD RENOWNED Salamander Safes. Bank Vaults, &c.

Baltimore Depot, 145 Pratt.
Boston Depot, 14 Howard street. 127—1y.

FOR THE 1,000,000.

THE U. S. PATENT MARBLE CO.

(*Capital* $165,000.)

No. 398 Broadway, cor. Walker St. New York.

Are prepared to execute all orders for Mantles Table Tops, Columns, Pedestials, Pilasters, Slabs, &c., in imitation of Siena, Brocatel, Pyranees, Neapolitan, and all fancy Marbles; equal in strength, beauty, and durability to real marble and in some respects superior thereto, and at less than half the cost. Unlike marble iized iron, wood or slate, it is wholly free from all objections which are urged against mere surface work, where paint, copal varnish, &c. form the temporary polish and beauty of the article. Mantels from $8 to $40. Orders from Builders, Cabinet Makers and others solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed. Agents for the principal cities treated with.

JOSEPH LAMB, Sec. PETER REMSE, Pres.
LOVEL G. MICKLES, V. Pres.

Raleigh October 1854. 129—1y.

NEW YORK MILLINERY.

MRS. SIMMONS' Wholesale and Retail Millinery and Straw Goods Warehouse, 464 Broadway

NEW YORK.

MRS. S. is now in Europe for the express purpose of selecting novelties for the Spring Trade, which will arrive and be ready for inspection on or about the first of March. Southern and Western Merchants and Milliners are respectfully invited to call and examine the same before purchasing elsewhere. Pattern Bonnets always on hand, and sent by express to any address. [Feb. 9.] 6—3m

Brooklyn-city Steam Engine Works.

D. P. BURDON & Co.

WATER STREET, BROOKLYN,—NEW YORK.

Manufacturers of Steam Engines with Burdon's Patent cut off and Boilers.

THE subscribers not only assert the superiority of the construction of their Engines, but will guarantee to transmit one-third more power with the same surface of boiler, and 30 per cent less pressure of steam than any other Engine manufactured in the United States, maintaining an equal speed, without regard to amount of power applied to the engine.

Also from their long experience and immense facilities, they acknowledge no competitors in the manufacture of

Sugar Mills, Saw and Grist Mills, Steam Pumps, Mining Pumps and Gearing for Mines, Shafting and Pullies, Heavy and Light Castings, and Mill Machinery of every Description.

Southern Planters' attention is particularly directed to our new and improved sugar mill. The simplicity of construction, extraordinary power and great durability renders it decidedly superior to any now in use.

Orders by mail, or otherwise, attended to with prompt ness and dispatch,

D. P. BURDON,
R. S. CONKLIN,
A. B. CONKLIN } D. P. BURDON & CO.

[Feb. 6] 6—3m.

The Wonder of the Age.

NO PAY!

IF Dr. Tobias' celebrated Venetian Liniment does not cure Cholera, Dysentery, Croup, Colic, Coughs, Dyspepsia, Vomiting, Mumps, Toothache, Headache Chapped Hands, Cold Feet, Mosquito Bites, Insect Stings, Chronic Rheumatism, Swellings, Old Sores, Cuts, Burns, Bruises, and Pains or Weakness in the Limbs, Back and Chest.

NO HUMBUG—TRY IT.

Dr. Tobias has warranted his Liniment for eight years without ever having a demand made for the return of the money—all that is asked is to use it according to the directions.

NO ONE WILL EVER BE WITHOUT IT After once using it. If you do not find it better than anything you have ever tried before.

GET YOUR MONEY RETURNED.

☞ Thousands of Certificates have been received speaking of its rare virtues. Now a days it is the practice to fill the papers with testimonies from unknown persons, or given by those who have never used the medicine—now Dr. Tobias offers to pay

1,000 DOLLARS

to any one who will prove that he ever published a false certificate, during the time he has had his medicine before the Public.

Call on the agents and get a Pamphlet containing genuine certificates. As persons serious of the large sale of the Venetian Liniment have stated it is injurious to take it internally, Dr. Tobias has taken the following

OATH,

I, Samuel I. Tobias, of the city of New York, being duly sworn do depose that I compound a Liniment called Venetian, and that the ingredients of which it is composed are perfectly harmless to take internally, even in double the quantity named in the Direction accompanying each bottle.

New York, January 9th, 1856.

S. I. TOBIAS.

Sworn to this day before me,

Fernando Wood, Mayor.

Price 25 & 50 cents, sold by the druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers throughout the United States.

☞ Also for sale Dr. Tobias' Horse Liniment in pint Bottles at 50 cents, warranted superior to any other.

Dr. Tobias' office, 80 Courtland St. New York.

February 26, 1856 8—1y

AMBROTYPES.

THE superiority of this picture is, it is seen through the glass, and is not reflected like the Daguerreotype; and it can be seen in any light, as it is free from the pitch of the silver plate. It cannot get dusty, and is not easily defaced; it is impervious to water, air or acid, and will last for ages unimpaired. Call at

T. J. HAVENS.

Raleigh, December, 12th 1855. 6—

Miscellaneous.

Life in the South and South-West.

BY CHARLES SUMMERFIELD.

The Fighting Editor of Arkansas.

"There never was an age in the annals of time, or a country on the surface of the globe, where duelling prevailed to such an extent as it did in the early history of Arkansas. Not one public man ever attained to any considerable eminence, either professional or political, in that purple land where law insured not life, without first passing through the terrible ordeal of blood and fire on the miscalled field of honor. The Rectors, Conways, Crittendens, Seviers, Johnsons, and Borlands—every name of note that can be mentioned—all furnished so many examples of this strange yet general rule. Even the learning and eloquence of the mild and merciful lawyer and poet, Albert Pike, to achieve influence or distinction, availed not until he had proved his prowess in mortal combat with a redoubtable foe.

In addition to the usual causes operating on all frontiers to produce such a state of society, another one existed in the stormy sea of politics—The Whigs and Democrats were nearly equal in numerical force and never did hostile factions display more interest, activity and concentrated bitterness. On the stump, in the forum, and through the press, everywhere, and by all possible means, they hurled their furious anathemas against each other in terms of measureless wrath and denunciation. As a necessary consequence, none save men of the highest courage dared aspire to be leaders in parties where such a position must be won and maintained at the flaming mouth of the pistol, or before the fearful point of the Bowie-knife and double-edged dagger.

Oftentimes the peculiarity marked the course of such personal conflicts—they almost always terminated fatally to the individuals engaged in the unnatural strife. No combatant thought his fair fame vindicated by merely winging his antagonist; nothing would suffice but the *coup de grace* of death. Indeed, the universal opinion of the community regarded bloodless encounters as shameful in the extreme—worse, even, than positive cowardice; and as every candidate for popular favor had prepared himself well, by long practice, to use the last great argument, which closed all discussion and silenced the most stubborn objector, very few meetings occurred where the spectators were not gratified by witnessing the slaughter of one or both of the ambitious rivals.

As may be easily imagined, the post of an editor was the most perilous of all others; and hence the opposing factions respectively selected the entire corps to manage their journal from the most desperate adventurers that could be mustered and paid them accordingly to do their own fighting and that of all their anonymous correspondents. In some instances, thousands of dollars were expended as mere premiums, besides the offer of enormous salaries, to procure the pen and pistol of the most notorious duellists in the south-west. I could specify one man, an ex-senator, who owed his rise to this very circumstance.

However, leaving these vague generalities, the following brief sketch of striking and real particulars will afford a tolerable conception of the stern trials incidental to editorial life.

Early in the month of July, 1849, Israel Woods, the proprietor of the Arkansas Democrat, was seated in his sanctum, busily employed in the manufacture of written slander for his weekly issue. A sudden glance at this person was truely enough to make an ordinary beholder tremble with apprehension; for you might search the wide world without finding his superior in physical power and agility. In the prime of youth and robust health, he seemed a mighty mass of iron bones and elastic sinews—strong as the mythic Milo when he rent the oak cake. His hands looked like sledge hammers, and his countenance bore the impress of reckless bravery—a sort of mute defiance and challenge to all the heroes of the human race. His eyes were of a peculiar tint—that fierce reddish yellow which resembles the iris of the eagle, of all colors considered the sign of the most dangerous characters.

Indeed, he had acquired his title to be placed foremost in the highest class of the fighting chivalry by daring feats performed in all the principal cities of the south from Charleston to New Orleans. Nevertheless, he had more sense than to rely for impunity on the terror which his name so irresistibly inspired. His office was an armory. A huge double barrelled shot gun hung at a short distance above his head, and half a dozen loaded pistols lay beside him on the table, while the silver hilt of a dagger peeped out from beneath his vest. He was ready for immediate battle, whoever might be the assailant.

Suddenly footsteps responded on the floor behind him, and a stout, dark-featured man of middle age, with long flowing hair of raven hue, and flashing black eyes, rushed into the room in a state of wild and almost phrensied excitement, and threw himself into a seat.

The editor, at first, anticipating a hostile visit, cocked a revolver, but instantly perceiving his mistake, deposited the weapon at his elbow, exclaiming as he did so—"What now, Elias Wharton? Is there a new tempest brewing in the political atmosphere?"

"Just look here!" ejaculated the other, with an infuriated gesture, pointing to a column of the Arkansas Whig, which he held up, with the ink not yet dry on the paper.

Woods snatched the article from the fingers of his friend, and, devouring the contents with a rapid glance, uttered a malediction too horrible for record, while his very lips turned white with rage and disappointment.

"Is not that too bad?" vociferated Wharton, clinching the interrogatory with a still more dreadful oath. "Who could have expected, in the meridian of Little Rock, to see a phillippic against dueling?"

"And an appeal to the religious prejudices of the people!" added the editor, frowning till his brows met in a frightful arch.

"Yes, and the cunning scoundrel has managed to lay all the blame (Lynch combats on the Democrats, from the first settlement of the country!" affirmed the other.

"And he has given the history of all my encounters, from my stabbing a sophomore at the university of Virginia, till my rifle-battle with Doctor Wilson!" complained Woods.

"And that treble alone will do more injury to our party than anything that has happened for years," remarked Wharton.

"Who can the writer be?" asked the editor, in a musing tone.

"I cannot so much as imagine," returned the friend. "It is not the learned and logarithmic style of Pike, nor the showy declamations of Absalom Fowler. It must be some new hand in the prolific field of whiggery."

"What shall we do to settle this fresh gun in the battery?—for, unless that be accomplished, we shall lose the election," said the editor, with a look of deep embarrassment.

"You must demand the author, and provoke him to an interview!" suggested Wharton.

"And suppose they should give up the name of Fent Noland, as they did on the last similar occasion! You know it would be suicide to fight the author of Pete Whetstone!" answered Woods, with a shudder.

At the moment, William, the elder brother of Elias Wharton, entered the sanctum, exclaiming—"I have discovered the writer of the article signed 'Vindex!'"

"Who is he?—who is he?" asked the political comrades, in the same eagerly impatious breath.

"You will never conjecture in a thousand guesses," replied the other.

"Let us know at once; do not keep us in suspense."

"Lewi Coleman, the young Methodist preacher."

"The devil!" shouted the astonished editor.

"The devil!" echoed his sympathizing friend.

"How did you learn so strange a fact?"

"From the foreman in the Whig office—in the strictest confidence, however, so that you must not hint at the source of the information."

"And now what is to be done?" they all inquire together.

"The case is complicated with serious difficulties," observed Elias Wharton; "for if we let the matter pass in silence, the rascally hypocrite will become bolder in his attack; and if we punish his insolence, as it deserves, every Methodist vote in the state will probably be cast against us."

After reflecting a few minutes, the journalist sprung to his feet, crying out furiously—"I will fix the base wretch, so that the members of his own sect will disown him!" And he hastily buckled on his belt, and, filling it with pistols, rushed forth into the street.

As chance would have it, the youthful minister was at that instant walking by the door. He was a slender, pale-faced man, with a fair complexion, bright blue eyes, and a countenance of profound and even poetic thought, apparently incapable of resisting a shadow of aggression, or so much as harming a fly.

"Are you the author of 'Vindex,' in the recent number of the Arkansas Whig?" demanded Woods, advancing so near to his intended victim that their heads almost touched.

"I am," answered Coleman, in a clear silver voice, without betraying the faintest token of alarm.

"Then thus I chastise your impudence and falsehood!" shouted the enraged editor, seizing the clergyman's nose with a grasp of iron, and spitting scornfully in his mouth.

"If I did not fear to have the foul stains of your polluting blood on the new pure record of my conscience, I would teach you a lesson never to be forgotten until your dying day!" remarked Coleman, as calmly as in prayer meeting.

"Away with you, poltroon and liar!" ordered Woods, administering several contemptuous kicks, as the other retreated slowly from the inglorious field.

The rumor of the affair circulated with inconceivable rapidity, and immediately became the subject of general conversation; but singularly as it may seem, every body denounced the juvenile preacher as that he sank down at once from the pinnacle of popularity to the lowest abyss of shame and degradation; and on the subsequent Sunday, when he ascended the pulpit, not half a dozen hearers attended the service. His chosen church deserted him as a coward—for that was the real cause of offence, although many disguised the fact under the flimsy pretext that they disapproved of his conduct in meddling with questions of politics.

It is impossible to paint the emotions of the young minister when he witnessed this result, and saw himself entirely abandoned by his spiritual flock. Even the negroes and boys taunted him as a coward whenever he appeared in the streets, and his affianced bride, a lady of great beauty and intelligence, gave him a cold and cruel dismissal. Had he been proved guilty of burglary or theft, his disgrace could not have been more complete.

No one, therefore, wondered when he withdrew from the fellowship of the Methodist denomination, and shut himself up in the solitude of his private apartment, as many supposed, in a condition bordering on mental derangement.—The following week, however, revealed the fruits of his meditations in an unexpected manner that startled the whole city. Another article came out in the Arkansas Whig, and this time over Levi Coleman's own signature, which excelled any satire ever before seen in the south-west for awful, boundless, bitter denunciation.—Every wafture of the ex-preacher's pen seemed like the dash of an infernal sword—every word pierced like the thrust of a poisoned dagger.—The editor of the Democrat and all his friends—indeed, his whole party, and even his family—were subjected to the penalty of summary massacre. He dragged into light all their privateers well as political sins, and accused them of imaginary crimes, that caused every reader to turn white with horror.

Then, as soon as the newspaper was issued, he left his room and promenaded the public thoroughfare with the proud and lofty tread of a hero, accompanied by Fent Noland, both thoroughly armed. A challenge from Israel Woods, then perhaps the most deadly duellist in the world, was the immediate consequence, and the youth accepted it to combat with pistols, ten paces!

The interview took place the next morning at sunrise, on the bank of the Arkansas river, half a mile above Little Rock, and never did a greater concourse of spectators swarm to behold a similar scene.

At the appointed hour the seconds, Elias Wharton for Woods, and Fent Noland for Coleman, stationed their principals in position, and the anxious throng actually trembled in fearful expectancy of the brutal signal. Indeed, the proximity of the foes was so close that the escape of either with life seemed altogether hopeless.

In the meanwhile a wonderful change had been wrought in the aspect of the formerly mild and merciful minister. His blue eyes looked luminous as fire balls, and the thoughtful sadness of his countenance had been replaced by a perpetual smile—but such a smile, fierce, searching, murderous, as appeared to have the power of blasting the gazer's sight, like the flash of lightning from a thunder cloud.

As Fent Noland left his friend, he whispered in his ear: "Be sure and aim at the enemy's head, and fire at the word; it is your only chance."

At length the signal sounded, and both weapons roared apparently together; yet, in fact, Coleman's had the precedence by some half a second, and that diminutive fragment of duration made all the difference of an entire eternity in the result.

Woods fell to the earth like a stone dropped from the hand, with a bullet hole through his right temple, while his own ball whistled the fourth of an inch above his adversary's head.

From that day the fame and fortune of Levi Coleman might be considered firmly established. He was installed forthwith in the editorial chair of the Arkansas Whig, wielded pen and pistol with the same triumphant success, until suddenly the angel of pestilence cut short his brief and brilliant career.

"Ain't Got no Nails."

We invite the lovers of fun to join us in the hearty laugh we are just having over a story told by one of our Northern contemporaries, of a tall gawky looking countryman, who during the height of the business season last fall, walked into one of the largest wholesale dry good houses on Broadway, and entirely disregarding the insinuations of the numerous salesmen to inspect the latest patterns, strode into the counting room, where the heads of the establishment were sitting in close conversation. After taking a cursory glance of the room, and surveying attentively by the aid of the occupants, he asked with an anxious Yankee nasal twang:

"Say, you—got any nails?"

"Nails, sir, nails!" repeated the most dignified Dombey of the firm. "No, sir, what should we do with nails?"

"Wal, I dunno—may'e you mought. Haint you got no nails, eh?"

"No, sir," replied the Dombey again, with an emphatic motioning to the door.

The individual in search of nails took his time about it, and then left the counting room. In turn, he asked every clerk the same question, and received the information from all, that "nails" formed no part of the stock of the establishment:

"Well," said he, going towards the door, "don't keep nails here, no how!"

The principal salesman, whose dignity was hurt by the idea that any one should suppose that an establishment where he had a prominent place, should keep nails, headed the countryman off as he was proceeding towards the entrance, and asked him abruptly what he wanted.

"Want," said the countryman, as cool as a cucumber, "I want to know if you've got any nails!"

"Nails, no sir. You have been told again and-again, that we've got no nails—so you'd better go."

"Ain't got any nails, eh? Well, then just look a here, mister, if you ain't got no nails, what an awful fix you'd be in if you'd happen to have the itch?"

From Peterson's Ladies National Magazine.

THE THREE GHOSTS.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

Round a cheerful wood fire, in a quaint, old country house, three sisters sat talking in the twilight. The bright blaze illumined the walls, on which a few portraits were hanging, and cast grotesque shadows from the old fashioned furniture. The ruddy glow lighted up too the three lovely faces of the sisters, who were enjoying its cheerfulness.

Very charming were they all, but very different in their beauty.

Margaret, the elder—she who sits to the right of the fire, with head thrown partly back, while her hands are crossed upon her knees, is about twenty two. She is tall, stately, and proudly beautiful. Sophie, "pretty Sophie," sits opposite on a sofa, with the head of little Rose, who is reclining on her lap.

Little Rose, the youngest, with neither Margaret's queenly grace, nor Sophy's brilliant beauty, was what ladies call "a darling"—that is, she was loveable, charming, and innocent.—In fact she was fresh and sweet as a hawthorn blossom.

These three young girls were singularly situated.

They resided in the old homestead where we have found them, alone, except for the servants attended them. Father and mother were both dead within a few years, and as there was no relation to supply, even in a measure, their places, the orphan sisters clave yet more closely to each other and continued to live in their desolate home like birds who nestle together in the old nest when the parent birds have left it cold.

Thomas, an old and faithful man servant, and Kitty Cork, (a person notwithstanding her juvenile name, of middle age and tried fidelity) were their only domestics—but they sufficed, for their labors were performed in the spirit of love and willingness.

Such was the little household of the sisters—and there they were settled—for life. For, be it known to you, oh, incredulous reader, that each of the fair sisterhood was under a solemn vow of celibacy.

When their father died and left them all alone in the world, they took each others hands and solemnly promised never to desert each other, but to live and die together.

Three years had passed since that time, and though their loveliness attracted suiters even to their quiet, lonely home, no whisper had ever been breathed by any of the sisters of a wish to break that vow.

On the contrary, they often applauded their wisdom in devising it, and swore fealty to it anew.

Some such conversation had taken place on the very evening I have chosen to introduce them to my readers. Indeed they were more than usually vehement in their denunciations of any treason to their code. Margaret's eyes had flashed indignantly at the very thought of such treachery—Sophy had painted most touchingly the lonely state of the other two—should one be base enough to desert—and little Rose had declared.

"That even if Prince Charming himself should come flying into the room in a golden chariot, and were to fall at her feet, all crowned with diamonds, she would not waver the least mite—but should just say very coldly, 'Rise, Prince Charming, you can't have me. I have promised my sisters never to marry.'"

Margaret and Sophie laughed at little Rose's sally, and the greatest unanimity of opinion appeared to prevail.

While they sat over the fire discussing this subject, Kitty Cork entered with a basket of chesnuts, saying,

"If yo please, leddies, Thomas bids me give yees they nuts. He's a-ther pickin' them hissel and he sais as its Hallow-Ave, ye'll be thryin' yer fortunes, good or bad—and it's wishin' ye good luck, and good husbands he is.

"Does not Thomas know?" began Margaret, with a frown.

"Oh—ay—he knows," interrupted Kitty, with a slight toss of the head—but immediately repenting this imprudent gesture, she added, with roguish demureness,

"Och, but Thomas is a quare, headstrong, cold body. Purr, cold sowl, he has ay his cranks and whims—and sec is, ye'll all three o' yees be married befor the years out. Unfortunate, demented, crathur that he is, to take sic an a crazy fancy."

"Crazy, indeed!" said Margaret, with dignity but yet when Kitty was gone, the girls began; "just for fun," to try the nuts on the hot shovel in the good, old fashioned manner. True, no names were mentioned aloud, but that did not prevent each maiden from mentally designating her nuts as she pleased—and certainly the most intense interest glowed in each youthful face, as it watched the antic manoeuvres of the mimic lovers in the symbolical pantomime. Kitty returned to find them engaged in this most inconsistent amusement; but like a wise damsel she took no note of trifling discrepancies. She, on the contrary, proposed that as they were trying Hallow Eve games, they should, at a later hour, before going to bed, try the famous old one of sowing hemp seed by moonlight.

"What is it? how do you do it?" cried the sisters, and Kitty went on to explain, how the girl who stood look into the future as to her fate, must go by night, alone, and beyond the hearing of her friends, and scattering hemp seed in the moonlight, must say,

'Hemp seed I sow,
Hemp seed must grow;
Whoever will be my true love, come after and mow.'

And then, on looking over her right shoulder, she should see the man she was to marry coming after her, with a great scythe mowing—and who would most surely overtake her and cut her heels off with this weapon, if she passed too long to look."

"You forget Kitty, we are never going to have any husbands," remarked Sophie