

THOMAS J. LEMAY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. TERMS: Subscription, three dollars per annum in advance... RATES OF ADVERTISING: For every square (not exceeding 16 lines) one dollar...

RALEIGH STAR, And North Carolina Gazette.

VOL. XXXII } NORTH CAROLINA—Powerful in moral, intellectual, and in physical resources—the land of our sires, and the home of our affections. } No. 39. RALEIGH N. C. WEDNESDAY, SEPT 29, 1841

WILLIAM & MARY COLLEGE. THE LECTURES in this institution will commence on the second Monday in October. The departments of instruction and the expenses of the course are as follows: COURSE FOR THE DEGREE OF A. B. JUNIOR YEAR. Belles Letters, Logic, Ethics and History...

NOTICE. Will be sold at the Court House in Whiteville, Columbus county, on the second Monday in December next, the following Tracts of Land...

SEARS' PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BIBLE AND VIEWS IN THE HOLY LAND WITH FULL AND INTERESTING LETTER-PRESSES AND DESCRIPTIONS CHIEFLY EXPLANATORY OF THE ENGRAVINGS...

is on the increase. The interments on the day previous amounted to 44, of which 35 were from yellow fever. This is the largest number of deaths that has taken place on any previous day since the commencement of the epidemic.

A JUDICIOUS MOVEMENT.—We learn from the Boston Times that two companies of the United States troops have been stationed at the Aroostook and Fish River, by order of the government, thus relieving the State of Maine from the heavy burden of sustaining a civil war at those stations.

MARY C. ROGERS.—The New-York Courier & Enquirer states that affairs are now in such a train as it is thought will ere long lead to the discovery of the perpetrators of the horrid outrage upon this unfortunate girl.

A St. Martin's goose. Peggy, a colleen, you know none of the family ever died without a decent funeral, barin' me brother Terry, and he didn't die at all at all, for he was kilt in the field of battle, fightin' the Frince; so, a cushla, tell all the boys I'm ded; sell the furniture to get a hearse; and let me have an illigant funeral.—Do, Biddy, bory me ductin'.

"P. S. HURRY, or the docthors will have me, and they'll cut me up in bits to lectur on me body—just as Tom Horan, the school-master, used to cut up a praytee, when he'd be lecturin' on algebra and explainin' the sides and angles of a parallelogram. The docthors!"—Harry! T. F."

Poor Peggy opened the letter, saw the announcement of Tim's death, and read, her eyes suffused in tears, his dying injunction to her to save him from the scalpel of the surgeons. Without once perceiving the absurdity it contained, or stopping to criticise its incongruities, she ran to the undertaker; hired a hearse and carriage, and accompanied by a couple of Tim's friends on horseback, hurried on to the Hospital.

"O thin, Tim, Tim, a vick o-machree, why did you die? And have me in a foreign land, without a frind? Sure, when you were by me side I didn't fear the day!" But now that you're gone, who's to protect me at all? "What's the matter, my poor woman?" says the gentleman who officiates as clerk of the Hospital; "what's the matter?"

"Poor Biddy heeded not what he said.—She had lost—so she thought—her Tim; and her mind was too full of grief to entertain a thought that was not of him. One of Tim's equestrian friends, however, replied in a surly tone—"She wants the body of her dead husband, and she must have it too.—Don't think you're goin' to larn the art of killin' people and cuttin' off limbs upon him, tho' he did die in the Charity Hospital."

"Pray, what's his name?" inquired the clerk. "His name was Tim Flanigan; but he's dead now—the Lord be good to his soul!—and in truth, if he was alive and in his own father's house to-day, it isn't dead he'd be in a Charity Hospital!" replied Tim's friend.

"Tim Flanigan! why he's not dead—it's but a short time since he took his soup!" said the clerk. "Yes, and be gor it isn't long till we give you your tea, if you don't let us have the body!" said Tim's friend.

In short, they would have Tim dead; and they would have the body; and they would go up to the room in which they knew him to be, or to have beer. Up, therefore, they went. Tim had just fallen into a slumber, after having taken his soup. He was dreaming of the green fields of his childhood, or, mayhap, of that period of life still green in his memory, when the frosts of adversity could never render withered or arid—that period when the rosy cheek and soft blue eye of Peggy first—

"Caught his youthful fancy!" Whatever he was dreaming of, Peggy was thinking of but him. She flew to give him an embrace, but before she could clasp his horizontal form he had awoke, and sprung upright in the bed as suddenly as if he had been galvanised.

Peggy faint—Tim's two courageous, equestrian friends ran to the gate, mounted their horses and galloped home, swearing they saw Tim Flanigan's ghost; that every room in the Hospital was haunted with specters, and that they'd never go for Tim's corpse again till there had been three masses said for the repose of his soul.

Peggy soon recovered, and instead of finding Tim a corpse was rejoiced to find him convalescent.—Pisanyne. FEVER AND AGUE. The Editor of the Champion of Democracy thus "lets out." We do not envy the man his ague, but we are not sorry he has it: It shakes a capital article out of him.

"We can make hands with an earthquake, crack jokes with a tornado, dance on the top of a volcano, out-laugh a thunder storm, whistle the wind out of confidence, drive a hurricane tandem, catch whales in the mist-storm and boil them in the crater of Vesuvius; we can kiss a pretty woman, and laugh when we feel our cheek tingle under the infliction of her delicate hand—but we cannot write editorials, when our ague fits us threatening to make ten thousand little stars from the fragments of this world on which we live.

All that we mean to say is that a man can't be expected to do much when he is alternating between those agreeable states of heat and cold wherein consists the beauty of fever and ague. Some old philosophers were of opinion that the wicked would be punished hereafter by being first par-boiled and then cast into an ice bath; and this process was to be continually repeated. Only think of it, a whole eternity of fever and ague!

A poet once said 'variety's the spice of life, that lends existence half its zest'; but the poet, although he was good at theory knew nothing at all of practice. Hot and cold, cold and hot, there's variety—no 'spice' about it; unless quinine comes under that genus; and so far from lending existence to anything, it knocks a man into nonentity much quicker than a rail road could.

Confound the fever and ague! Hold on! we take that back. Spoke too late, by George! Here I comes with a kind of a sh-a-a-k-king, and a sh-sh-eh-vering, and hu-hu-hu-huddling and a-a-oh, Lord!"

PROSPECTUS OF THE OXFORD MERCURY. The undersigned intends to publish in the town of Oxford, Granville Co., N. C., a weekly newspaper of the above title. In soliciting the patronage of the public, he deems it his duty to state, as well as his motives for commencing such a publication, as his motives for commencing such a publication, as his motives for commencing such a publication...

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT. Ancient Languages—Dabny Browne, Professor. Text Books may be had here. To enter the Latin Class, the student must be able to read Sallust and Virgil; and for admission into the Greek Class, it is necessary that he shall be qualified to read Xenophon.

EXPENSES OF A REGULAR STUDENT. JUNIOR YEAR. Fees to three Professors, \$20 each, \$60 00. Half fee, Junior Political (Vattel) Class, 10 00. Matriculation Fee, 5 00. Board, including washing and lights, 115 00. Fuel to be paid for, (as used) say, 15 00. Total, \$205 00.

SENIOR YEAR. Fees to three Professors, 60 00. Matriculation Fee, 5 00. Board &c. as before, say, 150 00. Total, \$195 00. Of the Independent Classes. Law, \$20 00. Engineering, 20 00. Junior Latin Class, 20 00. Senior do, 20 00. Junior Greek Class, 20 00. Senior do, 20 00. Preparatory Mathematics, 20 00.

NOTICE. Will be sold in the county of Carteret, at the Court House in Beaufort, on the 25th of October, 1841, the following Tracts of Land or as much thereof as will pay the Tax due thereon for the year 1839 and costs: No. of By whom given in. Am't due. D. C.

96 Elijah Adams, 47. 100 Ralph Bell, 1 73. 50 Thomas Elliott, 1 00. 50 William Glancy, 1 00. 100 John Hancock, 1 19. 30 James McCashe, 1 09. 148 Willis Hammond, 1 25. 3 John Bloodgood, 1 25. 53 Martin Golden, 1 08. 50 Doreus Meekins, 45. 50 Alpha Golden, 2 91. 50 William Lewis, 26. 50 James Salter, jun., 5 55. 1 Abner D Davis, 69. 50 Hales of David Wallace, 62. 12 Tears of John Wallace, 2 46. 96 John W. Hill, 2 38. 50 Martin Pulford, 2 38. 190 Mary Hoadly, 4 90. 100 Jesse E. Hooper, 38. List of Old Town Lot, No. 77, 1 37. Hated by James Ramsey.

It has been observed in painting, that the color eminent for design was deficient in coloring, while those who with Titian's warmth could make the blood circulate in the flesh, could never rival the expression and anatomy of even the muddling artists of Roman school.

Arrival of the Great Western.—As we predicted, the Foreign News again came on Saturday night, but luckily it is of no sort of importance, except in one or two points; which we shall put the condensing apparatus upon, and present to you in a moment. The English Parliament met on the 19th of August, and on the 24th the Queen sent in a very lame, non committal speech.

Lord Palmerston declared, in a speech, that Mr. Forsyth's letter was not satisfactory, and Mr. Webster's was—the first being in violation of National law, the last in agreement with it. There is therefore, we apprehend, no reason to anticipate the warlike instructions which rumor has so busily been preparing for Mr. Fox on the subject of McLeod's release.

Singular Suicide.—The Journal of Frankfort announces the suicide at Baden of an extraordinary maniac, named Rummers. It says—"For twenty years this person had been in the habit every six months of ordering a coffin, but always differed with the maker of it as to the 'fit.' He would have the coffin placed against the wall, and getting into it, would complain like a dandy to his tailor, that it was too large here or too small there; that it was too tight over the arms, or too loose over the body. At length a coffin having been made to his mind, he swallowed poison, having previously summoned his friends and acquaintances to attend him. When they were assembled, he informed them at the point of death that he died happy, and he had at length succeeded in obtaining a proper garment for his appearance in the next world."

Tim Flanigan's Ghost. A STORY OF THE CHARITY HOSPITAL. FOUNDED ON FACT. There is a strong prejudice—call it vulgar if you will—against the dissection of human bodies. However much the practice may subvert the cause of science, but few are willing that the corpse of their friend should be subjected to the operation of the scalpel. The march of intellect must be onward, uninterrupted in its course, for another century at least, ere people altogether divest themselves of those old fashioned scruples.

HEALTH OF MOBILE.—We honestly believe, says the Advertiser of the 11th inst. that Mobile, at this time, is the healthiest spot on the face of the globe. If there is a single case of fever in the city, we do not know it. Royal street is thronged with idle, loafing physicians, who have nothing to do but lounge about the Post Office and other public places and talk politics.

HEALTH OF NEW-ORLEANS.—The Bee, of the 10th instant, says the yellow fever

THE TAX ON TEA AND COFFEE. The Revenue bill passed the House by a majority of 15. It was not free from objections. But as it was deemed indispensable for the purpose of revenue to meet the wants of the Government, it was thought advisable to adopt it although the preponderating good was not unmix'd with evil.

There is one feature in which the bill was particularly objectionable to most of the Whigs, viz: the tax on tea and coffee. The Whig members held a caucus on this subject at which a large majority determined that tea and coffee should be exempt from taxation.

Thanks to Mr. Mangum, the bill was so amended, however, in the Senate, as to take off the tax from tea and coffee, and the bill finally passed, as the whigs desired it, in that shape.

Aristocracy.—What a glorious satire could be made from the materials furnished in every city and village in the country, to be entitled "the Rise and Progress of Masherom Aristocracy!" We have had several instances lately, under our own observation.

A Terrible Deed.—In illustrating the desperate condition to which the lower classes in England are reduced through grinding poverty, the London correspondent of the Boston Post relates the following occurrence, the bare perusal of which makes the blood run cold; he says however, that it is too well authenticated to be doubted;

It appears that there are, "Philanthropic Burial Societies" in many towns in England which pay certain sums to members for the funeral expenses of a deceased child. One of the rules of 'The Stockport Burial Society' is, that each member shall pay a penny per week, and at the end of seventeen weeks' subscription become full members.

There is an elevated intercourse between power and genius; and if they are deficient in reciprocal esteem, neither are great.