

THE RALEIGH STAR AND NORTH CAROLINA GAZETTE.

THOS. J. LEMAY, (Printer for the State.) EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"NORTH CAROLINA—POWERFUL IN MORAL, INTELLECTUAL AND PHYSICAL RESOURCES—THE LAND OF OUR GIRLS AND THE HOME OF OUR AFFECTIONS."

[THREE DOLLARS A YEAR—IN ADVANCE.]

VOL. 34.

RALEIGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1843.

NO. 47.

WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE.

The Lectures in this Institution will commence on the 22d Monday in October.

Course for the Degree of A. B.

Junior Year.

Belles Lettres, Logic, Ethics and History—Dew, President and Professor

Political Law and Government—Beverly Tucker, Professor.

Mathematics—Robert Saunders, Professor.

Chemistry—John Milington, Professor.

Senior Year.

Political Economy and Metaphysics—Thomas Thomas R. Dew, Professor.

Natural Philosophy—John Millington Professor.

Mathematics—Robert Saunders, Professor.

Independent Classes.

Law—B. Tucker, Professor.

Preparatory Mathematics—Robert Saunders, Professor.

Classical Department.

Ancient Languages—Charles Minnigerode Professor.

To enter the Junior Latin Class the student must be prepared to read Sallust and Virgil; and for the admission into the Junior Greek Class, he must be prepared to read Xenophon.

Expenses of a regular student.

Junior Year.

Fees to three Professors \$20 each \$60 00

Half Fee (Junior Political Class) 10 00

Matriculation Fee 5 00

Board, (including washing, lights and fuel) 130 00

\$200 00

Senior Year.

Fees to three Professors \$20 each \$60 00

Matriculation Fee 5 00

Board, &c. 130 00

\$195 00

Independent Classes.

Law \$20 00

Junior Latin Class 20 00

Senior do 20 00

Junior Greek Class 20 00

Senior do 20 00

Preparatory Mathematics 20 00

The price of Board here put down at \$130, is that paid to the College toward, who, in consideration of certain privileges, binds himself to the Faculty to take all Students who apply for board, at the price here stated. The Students boarding with him lodge in the College Building.

The price of Board, including washing, lights and fuel, at other Boarding Houses in town, cannot exceed \$150. This has been established by a general understanding with the College authorities.

To enter the Junior Mathematical Class the Student must be prepared to commence with simple Equations. Those not so prepared may obtain the necessary preparation in a Preparatory class.

In addition to the studies above enumerated, there is a department of high-studies necessary to the attainment of the degree A. B.

Information concerning this course, (as well as other matters) may be obtained from the annual Catalogue, or by corresponding with any one of the professors. The classical certificate is required for the degree of A. B.

Gentlemen wishing to prepare themselves for Medical Graduation at any institution, can obtain the necessary preparation from Professor Millington, who gives a private course of Medical instruction. Fee \$30.

In addition to the Class of Municipal Law there will be a second and private course by the Professor, in which the Text Books will be Tucker's Commentaries, the Revised Code, Lomas's Digest, Stephen on Pleading—1st or 2nd edition, Mitford's Pleadings; while the Student will have the advantage of reading an extensive and well-assorted reference Library. Fee \$50.

Text Books in all the subjects referred to can be had in town at prices not exceeding those in the cities.

All persons attending any of the private Classes mentioned, (who happen not to be Students of the College) will be required to matriculate if above the age of 16.

Private instruction in the Classics, (preparatory for College) and in the German and French Languages, may be obtained in town.

T. R. DEW, Professor.

August 30, 1843. 35-38.

MRS. HIGGINS' SCHOOL.

WILL BE OPENED on Monday next, the 6th instant, at the office formerly occupied by Henry W. Miller, Esq., next door to the Episcopal Church. All the ordinary branches of an English Education will be taught.

Tuition, per session of five months \$5 00

1st Class—Spelling and Reading, 65 00

2d Class—The above, with Writing, Grammar and Arithmetic, 8 00

3d Class—The above, with Composition, Natural, Moral and Intellectual Philosophy, Chemistry, History, Logic, Rhetoric, &c. 12 00

Raleigh, Nov. 1, 1843. 4 5t

CHINA, GLASS & EARTH-EN WARE.

JAMES P. SMITH,

Importer, Sycamore Street, Petersburg, Virginia.

HAS now open a full supply of

CHINA of various kinds and quantities

GLASS, Cut, Pressed and Plain

EARTHEN WARE, of every description:

He will supply himself with Goods by Importation; Purchases who may favor him with orders, may depend upon having Goods of the best quality, packed with great care and on reasonable terms.

August 28, 1843. 35 6t

MILLWAINE, BROWNLEY & CO.

PETERSBURG, VA.

HAVE received their FALL SUPPLY OF GROCERIES, which is general and extensive, embracing nearly every article in the line.

Orders from their friends in North Carolina will meet with prompt attention

Their usual attention will be given to the sale of all produce consigned to them for sale.

Aug. 22, 1843. 35 17w

From the Wilson Chron.

JUMPING JOHN MILLER.

IN ANOTHER SCRAPE.

The reader perhaps recollects that we spoke of this extraordinary man some time ago, by way of relating his astonishing feats in gymnastics. We remarked of him that while a resident of Halifax county Va. he had frequently exercised his agility by "swinging and jumping" over a covered four horse wagon—that he made no more effort in jumping over the back of the tallest horse

than if the horse were a mere broom straw—that on his conviction of petty larceny in the Court House of Halifax he jumped over the heads of a crowd of persons who obstructed his passage to the Court House door and was not recaptured until he had leaped the speed and bottom of the fleetest horses in that county—and that on being sent to the penitentiary he jumped over its high wall and made his escape—and subsequently located himself in Surry County N. C.

Since John's residence in Surry, he has, so far as we know, "kept the peace" until very recently: It seems that a Mr. Brooks of Rockford, having had his Store broken into and robbed of a large amount of money, had cause to suspicion John and some other individuals, as the robber: He accordingly took steps to have the fellows arrested—they however "lodged" the warrant (on "smelling the rat") by passing over to Rockingham—but the warrant loved 'em too well not to follow: and it accordingly found John sitting down by the fire in somebody's house at Wentworth last week. he didn't like the looks of 'the thing' at all, and hence gave the Sheriff leg-bail: and although the sheriff had "an army" out doors, all standing ready to nab him in case he ran John away by them so fast that they were barely able to recognize him as a man; Being Court day, the alarm was given, and lawyers, jurors, citizens, indeed every man in Wentworth who could raise a trot (we are not sure about Judge Manly,) pursued our hero, who, having previously swallowed about a quart too much of the "critter" was caught, but not until he had made his pursuers quite sick of the chase. He was conducted back to the courthouse, examined and committed to custody for the want of bail;—his accomplice, who attended the examining court as a disinterested spectator, and who seemed to be no little amused at the trial, was also arrested and committed. We understand that John and his comrade have been leagued with a band of counterfeiters, and that disclosures are now being made likely to implicate men of wealth (of course) respectability.

"THE SEA SHALL GIVE UP ITS DEAD."

On leaving the harbor of St. Mary's a short time since, the people in a boat saw a large red chest on the water, towards which they directed their boat's course, and succeeded in obtaining the chest.

This, on being opened, was found to contain the corpse of a young and beautiful female, clothed in a rich silk dress, and having three solid gold rings upon her fingers. And this was all that could be learned concerning her; who she had been, or the circumstances of her death, remain to us still sealed; it is most likely, however, that the fair young creature had died at sea, and her body committed to the waters of the deep, which have thus yielded it up again.

It only remains for us to add that the chest, with the body in it, just as it lay when first opened, was consigned to the grave, with the appropriate and solemn rites of Christian burial, in St. Mary's.

Newfoundland Post.

STEALING.

A man who was in the habit of going to a neighbor's cornfield to steal the grain, one day took his son, of about eight years old, with him. The father told him to hold the bag while he looked out to watch if any one was near to see him. After standing on the fence and peeping through all the rows of corn, he returned to take the bag from the child, and began his sinful work.

"Father," said the boy, "you forgot to look somewhere else." "Which way, child?" suspending he had seen some one. "You forgot to look to the sky to see if God was noticing you."

The father felt this reproach of the child so much that he left the cornfield; and returned home, and never again ventured to steal, remembering the truth that he had learned from a child, that the eye of God always beheld us.

From the North American.

WASHINGTON CROSSING THE ALLEGHANY ON A RAFT.

The exhibition of paintings at the Artists' Hall and Academy of Fine Arts, is fast drawing to a close. A correspondent asks what incident in the life of Washington is represented in the fine picture by Huntington now exhibiting at the Artist Hall? It is an interesting occurrence, mentioned by Washington in his journal of the expedition which he undertook, in the winter of 1755, by the direction of Governor Dinwiddie, to examine the situation of the French military posts, and to ascertain the hostile or friendly disposition of the Indian tribes in the wilderness country around the points where Pittsburgh now stands. On the 25th of December in that year, while in the midst of the woods, he found his pack horses so much impeded by the snow, the want of food, and severe cold, that he determined to proceed with a single companion on foot through the forest. We cannot do better than give the narrative in his own words:

He was then twenty three years of age. "I took my necessary papers, pulled off my clothes, and tied myself up in a watch coat. Then, with gun in hand, and pack on my back, in which were my papers and provisions, I set out with Mr. Gist, fired in the same manner, on Wednesday the 26th. The day following, just after we had passed a place called Murdering Town (where we intended to quit the path and steer across the country for Shannopin's Town) we fell in

with a party of French Indians, who had lain in wait for us. One of them fired at Gist or me, not fifteen steps off, but fortunately missed. We took this fellow into custody, and kept him until about nine o'clock at night, then let him go, and walked all the remaining part of the night, without making any stop, that we might get the start so far, as to be out of the reach of their pursuit the next day, since we were well assured they would follow our track as soon as it was light. The next day, we continued travelling until quite dark, and got to the river about two miles above Shannopins. We expected to have found the river frozen, but it was not—only about fifty yards from each shore. The ice, I suppose, had broken up above for it was dividing in vast quantities.

"There was no way for getting over but on a raft, which we set about making, with but one poor hatchet, and finished just after sunset. This was a whole day's work: we next got it launched, then went on board of it and set off, but before we were half way over, we were jammed in the ice in such a manner, that we expected every moment our raft to sink and ourselves to perish. I put out my setting pole to try to stop the raft, that the ice might pass by, when the rapidity of the stream threw it with such violence against the pole, that it jerked me out into the feet water, but I fortunately saved myself by catching hold of one of the raft logs. Notwithstanding all our efforts, we could not get to either shore, but were obliged, as we were near an island to quit our raft and make to it.

"The cold was so intensely severe, that Mr. Gist had all his fingers and some of his toes frozen, and the water was shut up so hard that we found no difficulty in getting off the island on the ice in the morning."

We clip the following from the "Autobiography of a Travelling Printer," as published in the N. Y. Sun. The disciple of Faust was "ramping it" through Pennsylvania, and late one night rode up to a Dutch tavern and opened Hans's ears thus:

"Ho! landlord! Old Dumbiedikee bowened to his feet, breaking his clay chibouque in the cemonstration.

"That was his pipe, I suppose," interpolated his critical cousin.

"That was his pipe," replied I. "Regarding me with the suspicious examination of an officer of the customs, he opened the corner of his mouth, and said—

"Vell, Mishter Valking Stuchik, vat you vant?"

"Refreshment and repose."

"Supper and lodgings, I reckon?"

"Yes, sir, supper and lodgings."

"Pe you a tam Yankee pedler, mit chwellery in your pack to cheat te gals?"

"No, sir; no Yankee pedler."

"A singing teacher, too lazy to work?"

"No, sir."

"A gheenteel shoemaker, vot schtays till Saturday night, and laysh drung in de porch ofer Sunday?"

"No, sir, or I should have mended my boots before this. But I am not disposed longer to submit to this outlandish inquisition. Can you give me supper and lodgings?"

"Torekly. But vot be you? A book schent taken honest people's money for a little larnin', that only makes'em proud and lazy?"

"Try again, your worship."

"A demut, breaking to people's chaws, at a lollar a schang, and running off mit old Shambock's daughter?"

"No, sir; no tooth puller."

"A kernology, den, feeling to young folks' hets like so many cabbitch, and charging 25 cents for telling their fortunes, like a tam Yankee."

"No; no phrenologist, neither, your Excellency."

"Vell, den, vot de tifle are you? Choost tell, and you shall have some of de best sassage for supper, and schtlay all night, free gratis, mitout charging you a cent; mit a chill of whiskey to schtartz on before prekat."

"Very well, your honor. To terminate the colloquy without further circumlocution I am a humble disciple of Faust—a professor of the art pr servative of all arts—a typographer, at your service?"

"Votseh dat?"

"A printer, sir, a man that prints books and newspapers."

"A man vot prints newspapers! Oh! yaw! yaw! By Choopiter—say! say! Datsch it! a man vot prints nooshpapers—yaw! yaw! Valk up, walk up, Mishter Printer! Cheesus, take de chentjunks to te pack off, Flohn, bring so-me junks to te fire. A man vot prints nooshpapers. I wish I may vot tam if I didn't think you was a tailor."

THE BIBLE PROHIBITED.

Dr. Franklin, in his own life, has preserved the following singular anecdote of the Bible being prohibited in England in the time of Mary, the Catholic. His family had then early embraced the reformation; "They had an English Bible, and to conceal it the more securely, they conceived the project of fastening it open with packthreads across the leaves, on the inside of the lid of a stool! When my grandfather wished to read to his family, he reversed the lid of the stool upon his knees, and passed the leaves from one side to another, which were held

down on each by the packthread. One of the children was stationed at the door to give notice if he saw an officer of the spiritous Court make his appearance; in that case, the lid was restored to its place, with a Bible concealed under it as before."

AN ODD MISTAKE.

Some fine Dorking fowls, intended for the fair at Rochester, were confided to the care of a servant at the Eagle Tavern; but in the course of the evening, the cook happened to see them, and thinking them uncommon fine poultry, seized them, brought them to the guillotine, and put them on the spit for supper. The exhibition lost the Dorkings, but the boarders at the Eagle found them.

Words and thoughts are more difficult weapons to work with than the chisel or the pencil. A single piece of sculptured marble may be admired as a single effort; a painting may be valued in the same light; but the dumb do not speak. It is easier to trace the effects of passion than to create that passion; while it is always easier to display it in one light than to trace it through every possible variety of turning and windings, from the moment it begins to work until it dies away or destroys its victim.

Napoleon and Byron.—It is Macaulay, we believe, who speaks of the fact that two of the greatest, if not the greatest men of the nineteenth century, Napoleon and Byron, had achieved their glory and lain down to rest, at an age when other men are just beginning to discover their powers. The remark was brought strongly to mind by reading the following record of events in the life of Napoleon, which is to be inscribed on his tomb beneath the glittering dome of the Invalides:

"Born on the 15th of August, 1769, captain of a squadron of artillery at the siege of Toulon, in 1793, at the age of 24; commander of artillery, in Italy, in 1794, at 25; general in chief of the army in Italy, in 1796; at 27, general in chief of the expedition of Egypt, in 1798, at 29; first consul in 1799, at 30; consul for life after the battle of Marengo, in 1800, at 31; emperor of the French in 1804, at 35; abdicated the throne after the battle of Waterloo, June 18, 1816, at 46; died in exile at St. Helena, May 5, 1821, at 52."

Byron died at 36. Napoleon's life was over at 46, though his existence continued a few years longer in small disputes with the barish and boorish Hudson Lowe, & in confectionary sports with Betsee Balcombe and le petit Las Casas. But perhaps one's earthly career is not to be measured in this way. Old Parr dozen through a century and a half; but it is a question whether his extended sojourn on earth was worthy of the name of living—certainly not, if it be true that

"A day, an hour of glorious life,

Is worth an age without a name."

Our calendar should be a computation by actions, achievements, and thoughts, not an estimate by days and years. He who is the same now as he was a twelve-month ago, has not lived, at least not to much purpose, during the intervening space.—Pennsylvania.

Spotting Extraordinary.—Dr. Irving, the editor of the Rambler, and a very keen sportsman, relates a singular incident which occurred, in a recent hunt, to a party in South Carolina, headed by Col. Ferguson. To give the gentlemen time to get round a bay, the boys were directed to delay laying on the hounds. After they took their stands, they were a long time without hearing the dogs—at last they were heard coming along in full cry; and one of the boys was seen galloping by to head them. Col. Ferguson, going back, met his man Jacob, and asked him if the dogs had not been on cry before they jumped the deer they were then running. Jacob coolly replied, "No, sir; since we killed the doe, we did not start anything till just now." Killed the doe! rejoined Col. Ferguson, in amazement, "what do you mean?—what doe?—and where is it? Who shot it?—we heard no gun!" With the same gravity with which he had commenced, Jacob added, "you bein ask who shoot him, massa—why, sonny!" The fellow then proceeded to explain that the dogs were all together at the edge of the bay, Adam and himself opposite to them on the pine land, when they jumped a doe suddenly out of her bed. They were so close upon her, that she ran immediately to Adam. He promptly put spurs to his horse and dashed at her. The doe was too bewildered to get out of his way, so Adam literally rode over her—she rose in a moment, and he rode over her a second time—making her measure her length twice upon the ground. The dogs by this time were upon her; Trimbush, one of Col.

Ferguson's pack, seized her by the neck; Adam then straddled the doe and cut her throat.

Adam is described as a remarkably fine and fearless rider. He was in the army with Col. Ferguson during the war.

THE WRONG FISH.

An Irish lad, who recently obtained a situation in a private boarding house of this city, was asked by the landlord if he was a good judge of fish.

"Oh, yis, it is that I am, and of petatoes too," said Barney.

"Very well—go to the market and get two fine sheepheads."

"Yes sir"—and off went Barney to the market. After searching in vain for a long while, through the meat, fish and vegetable markets, he accidentally came upon a butcher's cart, in which were two ram's heads. These were quickly in the possession of Barney, who hurried back home, where, meeting the landlord, he exclaimed—"here sir, I got ye two of the finest shape's heads that iver was on any jindleman's table."

MUSIC.

The unbounded variety of expressions, of which music is susceptible, renders it easily applicable to all circumstances and situations where emotion of any kind is called forth; and it is a necessary appendage to all public celebrations of events or ceremonies, in which any deep interests is felt. Its connection with the religious observances, from which human nature cannot refrain, has in all ages been most intimate, and must continue to be so as long as we seek to express in the strongest manner the deep emotions which are excited by religious subjects. The earliest recorded songs is one in praise of Jehovah; and, as we trace the history of music down through the periods of Greek and Roman cultivations, we find it always associated with religious rights. No sacrifice could be acceptable, no pomp could be imposing, if not accompanied by the beautiful or the sublime of musical intonation. Their hymns, too, were originally very much of the nature of religious services. Founded on some tale of their mythology, they were made the vehicle of such religious and moral instruction, as the wisest of the ancients could convey; and Livy informs us, that the first introduction of the theatrical representations into Rome was expressly for a religious purpose, namely, as a means of averting a pestilence, which was attributed to the anger of the gods.

A JUDGE AND AN EQUITED PRISONER.

Lord Thurlow called on Tooke at Wimbledon in the year 1802 "Mr. Tooke," said he, "I have only one recollection which gives me pain. As Attorney-General, I must confess that I was prevailed on to act against my own feelings, for I had always an esteem for you." "I am aware of it, my lord. You made a promise to perform your day with impartiality and without rancour. Notwithstanding this, as if influenced by magic, you laboured with all your might to convict me." "It is true," said Thurlow. "I acknowledge it, and I lament it. So good morning, and farewell." "Stay my lord," said Tooke, "if I could not escape me now." "What is your meaning?" exclaimed Thurlow. "I fear no man on earth, nor shall you threaten me with impunity. I mean, my lord, that you shall stay and dine with me." "No, I will come to-morrow." He kept his word, and they remained friends during his life.

A "SCREAMER" DUCKED.

The Concordia Intelligencer tells a pretty good joke of a fellow who was walking ashore from that splendid boat, the Harry of the West, his bundle in one hand and five dollars in specie clenched in the other—on a single plank, and heedless of his way he tripped, and fell souse into the river. In an instant (says the Intelligencer) recovering himself he struck manfully for the shore, waded out in full view of the boat, took himself like a huge water-dog, opened his hand and found but two of the shiners left—he was angered at the plank, mad with himself, furious at the loss of his money, and more than furious at the monstrous Mississippi. He looked at the plank, the boat, the river, his money, and wound up the survey by venting his spleen as follows: "I've got five dollars in this here bundle, two dollars in my hand—have just been ducked—stand five feet ten in my stacking feet tolerable stout for my age—rather mad—and dog my oats if I can't flog any man on that boat, far fast fight or rough and tumble!—Who'll say yes? Whoop! whoop! whoop! Hurra for old Kentucky!"

MAN'S IMMORTALITY.

I cannot believe that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and sink into nothingness! Else why is it that the glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering about unsatisfied! Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off, and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness! Why is it that the stars who hold their festivals around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts! We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where rainbows never fade, where the stars will be out before us like islets that slumber on the ocean, and where beings that pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever.

MODERN INVENTIONS—OLD DISCOVERIES.

Some of the methods of destroying the shipping of an enemy, lately brought before the public, it will be seen from the following, are more than a century old:—"Two of the Marquis of Worcester's 'Century of Inventions:' Art. 9 An engine portable for one's pocket, which may be carried and fastened in the inside of the greatest ship, which at an appointed minute, though a week after, shall irrecoverably sink the ship. 10. A way from a mile off to dive and fasten such pocket-engine to any ship, so as punctually to work the same effect, either for time or immediate execution."

STORE TEA.

A countryman, not particularly well acquainted with the various names and qualities of the China herbs, was taking his breakfast, when he called upon the waiter for a cup of tea.

"What kind of tea will you have, sir?" asked Patrick.

"Why TEA!—give me a cup of TEA!"—said the stranger.

"Yes, sir—but what kind of tea?"

"STORE TEA, d—n you!" responded the countryman, in a tone which told that he was a little "savage"—"do you think I want to drink SASSAFRAS when I come to town!"

POLITENESS.

Some thief who had taken ten dollars from the office of the Richmond Enquirer, is thus gingerly handled by Mr. Richie in an advertisement:—"The individual who came into the Enquirer office, and by accident took away ten dollars more than he brought with him, on Wednesday last, will much oblige the loser by returning it, or not honoring the office again with his company."

FRUITS OF PERSEVERANCE.

The Rev. John Wesley, founder of Methodism, was a man of the most untiring industry. It is said that he rose every morning at four o'clock, and labored diligently, preaching or writing till ten o'clock in the evening. He delivered forty-two thousand sermons, averaging 840 a year, or more than two sermons for each day of the last fifty years of his life. In 1774, seventeen years before his death, his published works on various subjects of divinity, ecclesiastical history, sermons, biography, &c., amounted to thirty-two volumes octavo. His works between that time and his death and his manuscripts in the hands of his executors, must have greatly increased the number. He enjoyed excellent health, and continued to labor until "within a week before his death, which took place on the 2d of March, 1791, in the eighty-eighth year of his age."

HOME PROTECTION.

Passing by Lafayette Square last evening, we heard two fellows, who sat on one of the benches, discussing very profoundly the leading party political measures of the country.

"You is in favor of 'home protection,' jan't you, Jim?" said one of them.

"Well, I reckon I is, Bill," said the other, "but that's what the whigs tell about home protection is all gammon—there sint no home protection. Does you think if there was, that any old woman'd give me gess as she does!—No, Bill, all that's about home protection is a wague idea. There sint none for fellers like me." So says Pic.