

THE RALEIGH STAR AND NORTH CAROLINA GAZETTE.

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

(THREE DOLLARS A YEAR—IN ADVANCE)

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A THRILLING LITTLE STORY.

In the month of June, a pedlar and his wife presented themselves at sun down at the door of a little farm-house, at Erie, in France, and requested permission of the farmer to stay over night. A small room was assigned to them, as the farmer's wife was confined to her bed. The next day was Sunday, and the farmer and his servants went to church. The pedlar also started to go, and there remained in the house, the wife of the farmer, a new born infant, the pedlar's wife, who feigned illness, and a child six years of age. Scarcely had the people gone out when the pedlar's wife, armed with a knife presented herself at the bed of the sick woman, and demanded her money or her life. The poor woman, sick and weak, delivered up her keys, and desired the little boy to show the apartments. She rose softly from her bed, followed the pedlar's wife without being heard, and having beckoned the child out of the room, locked the door. She then desired the child to run for his father, and desired him to bring assistance. The child did not lose an instant; but, by a surprising facility, met the pedlar on the road, who had stolen from the church to assist his wife in the preconcerted robbery. The pedlar asked the child where he was going, who ingenuously said he was going to seek his father, as an attempt was made to rob them. The pedlar said it was now unnecessary as he himself would go and protect his mother, and taking the child by the hand they returned to the farm. They knocked at the door, but the farmer's wife, not recognising the voice of her husband refused to open it; the pedlar made vain efforts to induce her, and finally threatened to cut the child's throat, and then break it open. Furious at being unable to prevail upon her, he executed his horrible threat and killed the child.

After committing this useless crime, he tried to get into the house to save his own wife, as time pressed and the farmer might return from church. His attempts failing, he mounted the roof and descended the chimney. The farmer's wife, almost fainting, now saw nothing to deliver her from certain death. The wretch was almost down the chimney and about to enter her chamber, when, collecting all her strength, she by sudden inspiration drew the palisade (straw bed) to the edge of the hearth, and as quickly set fire to it. The smoke in a few minutes enveloped the assassin, who not being able to reascend, very soon fell into the fire, half suffocated. The farmer's courageous wife lost not her presence of mind, but, in his half blinded state, struck him several severe blows on the head with the poker, which put him beyond the chance of immediate recovering his senses. Exhausted with fatigue and mental agony, she herself fell senseless on the carpet of her chamber, and remained in this situation till the farmer, and his servants returned from church. The dead body of the child, at the gate of the farm house, was the first horrible spectacle that struck the eye of the unhappy father. They forced open the doors, and after having recovered to life the farmer's wife, they seized the two culprits and delivered them over to justice. The pedlar survived his wounds and burns, but both he and his partner received the punishment due to their crime.

THE FASHIONABLE LADY.

Why should we speak of fashion, in a city where it is so inconstant. Yesterday's fashion is gone to day, and that of to day's is gone to-morrow. In Paris, those who dress according to the fashion are always busy; they must not lose a moment in the day; there is the morning undress, and the morning dress; day dress, evening dress, and concert or ball dress; and this is not all—one must have fashionable rooms, fashionable furniture, fashionable carriage and horses, fashionable liveries, and fashionable harness; and fashion is always fleeting. Those people to whom fashion is everything, are extremely unhappy when they are found wanting in the smallest particular. This way of living the cravats is no longer in fashion; coats are not buttoned up so high as this now; this hat is not of the new shape; this color is in bad taste; and this cane is completely gone by. If you have been so unfortunate as to go out without knowing all this, you are lost. Run, hide your self—quick, before any one sees you, or your reputation is gone. Fortunately for the Parisians, they are not all slaves to fashion. Men of talent think very little of it; they have other things to think about. Some are philosophers and others affect to despise it; they sometimes carry this too far. *Est modus in rebus.*

The following circumstance befell a lady in Paris, to whom fashion was everything. This lady was forty years old—she was not handsome; but she often wore things that made her less so. "It is the fashion," was her favorite saying. "One cannot go wrong when one is in the fashion." "But it is a ridiculous one!" said her friends. "Fashion can never be ridiculous!" "If it is unbecoming?" "It is no consequence." "If fashion directed you to expose your breast?" "I would show it." "To wear your dresses to your knees?"

"I would wear them so. I would always be in the fashion."

The husband of this lady, who was by no means of her way of thinking, took it into his head one day to compose a little piece, and put it into the *Journal des modes*, with a picture representing a lady whose fair hair was dressed with a carrot. Underneath was written—

"New style of dressing hair, drawn back a la Chinoise; natural carrot."

The lady examined it long and curiously. "Oh! what a singular hair dress—how now, ah! they will wear vegetables in the hair after this!"

The husband shrugged his shoulders, exclaiming—

"How ridiculous—it is not common sense—I hope you will not make yourself ridiculous in this manner."

"Why not, my dear? it is not ugly—not at all ugly. Besides, it is the fashion, and that is enough. I must have a carrot—I must have one immediately—a fine large carrot. We are going to the opera—I must have my hair dressed so."

The husband affected to oppose her—the lady persisted. She put the carrot in her hair, and went to the opera.

The effect was extraordinary; but not what she expected. Every body laughed, and so very openly, that it was impossible for her to misunderstand it.

"It is very singular. I was dressed in the last fashion, and yet people laughed at me."

"My dear," replied the husband, "all fashions are not becoming to you. I have told you so a thousand times. You should adapt your dress to your looks; a carrot is not becoming to a blonde."

Since then, this lady has not followed the fashion so implicitly. (Lady's Book.)

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN NEW YORK.

The New York American of Tuesday afternoon thus speaks of the manner in which the great holiday of that city was kept on Monday:

The New Year came in bright, smiling and joyous—and the city felt and acknowledged the delights of the season and of such a day.

The whole masculinity of the town seemed turned into the streets, and striving, each at the top of his speed, to visit within the allowed hours—12 to 5—the greatest quantity of femininity, or as our transcendental friends of "the Present" have it—femalicy.

Now and then a stray country woman or traveller was seen abroad; but with these rare exceptions of womankind, Broadway, in fine sunlight usually so abounding, showed not one.

But within doors and around the domestic hearth, there they sat in all their loveliness and graciousness—and where are they to be found more lovely and gracious than in this our own city!—dispensing with unwearied industry, kind words and bright smiles, to the countless numbers of breathless visitors that crowded through the dim apartments, especially dim in contrast with the brilliant sunlight from which the visitors came.

Many are the luckless wights, in consequence of this coquetish arrangement of admitting only just so many pencils of light—went and came and bowed and speeched without any assurance whatever that the person, at whom all their compliments were aimed, was indeed the real person.

But all went merrily as "marriage bells"—and though here and there, towards the afternoon, there were seen individuals less steady than befits sobriety and the Washingtonian doctrine—the day passed off delightfully and not intemperately.

We regret to be obliged to add to this record of what was only agreeable, that on New Year's eve, the city was disgraced by rioting—particularly in the 7th Ward where a parcel of those worst of rowdies; volunteer firemen or runners with the engine—these belonged to No. 33—rendezvoused in a porter house at 475 Grand street, armed with muskets bayonets, and with an ample provision of stones—under pretext of an apprehended attack from the runners of No. 3 and No. 15.

Between twelve and one o'clock (Sunday night too) hearing a noise in the street, they assumed it was their expected assailants—mounted to the roof, and thence kept up a volley of stones, interspersed with musket shots, upon the persons passing below. A man living in an opposite house was shot in his bed, but not dangerously.

Thirteen of the rioters were at last arrested, and are now in confinement; but they will escape punishment for our police, and the administration of our criminal laws are expensive and useless mockeries.

IDLENESS.

It is a mistake to imagine, that only the violent passions, such as ambition and love can triumph over the rest. Idleness, languid as she is, often masters them all, she indeed influences all our designs and actions and insensibly consumes and destroys both passions and virtues.

BEGINNING AT THE WRONG END.

"My Dear" said one of our fashionable ladies, "Louisa" has gone through French, Latin, Greek, Music and Dancing. You must buy her a grammar—and other books

necessary to commence her English education."

NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

By the subjoined notice from the publisher of this work, it will be seen that it has been determined to risk its publication one year at least. And we hope, for the cause of letters in this State, that the patronage extended to the Magazine this year, may so far realize the anticipations of its conductors that they may be enabled to carry it on—not for the insignificant time of one year only. Other States can have their Magazines, and why cannot North Carolina? Is it because there is not literary taste enough among the people of our State to support one? It really does seem so, from the very fact that other attempts to establish a Magazine in this State have proved abortive.

"North Carolina—powerful in moral, intellectual, and physical resources"—requires an able and hightoned periodical, that will foster and call into active exercise the literary talent of our State, the power of which is not understood as it should be. North Carolina has not yet taken that position among her sister States to which the intellectual powers of her citizens entitle her, and in this particular she is excelled by very few of them. A very good way to estimate the intellectual abilities of a State is to judge from the distinguished men it has produced, and in this North Carolina can occupy a proud position if she will assert it, among her sister States.

Among the great men she has given birth to we may mention Davie, Moore, Stanly, Haywood, Henderson, Duffie, Iredell, and Murphy besides numbers of others. Well may North Carolina rejoice in her galaxy of great men, when her literary firmament is illumined with such rare beauty and brilliancy. "A State," as some wiser justly remarks, "that has given birth to men who have shed such lustre on the bar, the bench, the pulpit, and the halls of legislation—whose influence has been so widely and beneficially felt in all the relations of life and society, and who have done so much for their country and their race, as North Carolina has, may well be entitled to eminent distinction among her sister States when the prizes for intellectual greatness and real patriotism, are awarded."

Highland Messenger.

A distinguished chemist recommends the following compound as a safe and excellent dentifrice viz: of white sugar and powdered charcoal, each one ounce, of Peruvian bark half an ounce, of cream of tartar one drachm and a half, and of canella twenty four grains well rubbed together into an impalpable powder. He describes it as strengthening to the gums, and cleansing to the teeth, and as destroying the disagreeable odor in the breath, which so often arises from decaying teeth. As a preventive of toothache, we have heard washing the mouth and teeth twice a day with salt and water strongly recommended by gentlemen who have experienced much relief from it.

The "Peace-Maker" is the name which has been given to the great cannon which forms the principal armament of the U. S. steamship Princeton. A correspondent of the Boston Post, who recently paid a visit to the Princeton, off New York, was present at the trial of the gun, and says of it—

"Instead of being placed on the ground in some remote corner, as is usual in proving guns of one third of her calibre, such was Captain Stockton's confidence in this wrought iron piece, that the proving was actually performed on board a small vessel of some twenty feet beam and seventy feet in length. This appears the more astonishing, when we consider that the charge was fifty pounds of powder; a charge that might well be required for the capacious maw of a gun fifteen feet long, with a bore of twelve inches, carrying a ball of two hundred and thirteen pounds weight, and itself weighing ten tons. The gun was placed on a slide made of strong timber, in which a groove was made to receive about one half of the vessel's body, the slide being secured to the vessel by several strong hawsers passing round the same, and under the vessel's bottom, to prevent the terrible recoil which would otherwise open the vessel—the gun being placed athwartships.

The gun was fired off by means of a slow match that burned about half a minute, during which the boats containing the officers and crews had rowed away some two or three hundred yards from the vessel, to listen to the explosion and witness the effects of it at a safe distance. The recoil of the gun, caused by the explosion of this immense charge of powder gave the vessel a deep lurch to the opposite side, and the gun being placed near level, the huge two hundred and thirteen pound ball recoiled along the surface of the sea to a very great distance, touched the water at twelve different points, at each sending up a perpendicular column of white spray, exhibiting the appearance of a succession of water spouts, half dozen of which were visible at the same moment of time. Notwithstanding the confidence entertained that the gun would stand the proof, we can readily imagine that the moment was one of intense excitement, and that no little pleasure was manifested by both officers and men to find the big gun without speck or flaw, and as bright and smiling as if it were not the most formidable engine of death and destruction on the face of the globe.

ACCIDENT AND ESCAPE.

A Mr. Richardson, of Woburn, while crossing the Freshpond Railroad, (Cambridge Mass.) in a sleigh, was overtaken by the locomotive; his horse was instantly killed, his sleigh smashed, and himself thrown uninjured in the direction of the track, and so close to it, that part of his cap was cut off by the wheels of the cars!

The Memphis Enquirer of the 23rd ult. contains an excellent address to the young men "who will cast their first vote for President in November 1844." The number in the State of Tennessee is estimated at not less than five thousand. The writer addresses his young compatriots in the following language:

As one of yourselves, I appeal to you, and ask, if we shall falter or lag behind in the great contest which approaches! No, let us place ourselves in the very front of the Great Whirl, and march in solid phalanx to the polls in defence of our principles. They are holy; they are righteous—the same in defence of which our revolutionary fathers fought and died. It is true, they had a Washington to lead on their victorious armies, but have we not a Clay! a leader, not less distinguished in the councils of the nation than was the former on the tented field; a patriot not less devoted, and above all a man not less honest than the "father of our country" himself. Aye, such a man is Henry Clay of Kentucky. And inasmuch as our principles can only be carried out in the administration of our government, by men; and, as we firmly believe, that he of all other men in the Union, is the ablest expounder and fullest representative of those principles, for the purpose of placing him in the highest office in the gift of the American people, let us—young whigs of Tennessee—pledge ourselves, each to the other, from this time until the first Monday in November next, to use all honorable exertions, with a zeal which no circumstances could abate, and with a determination which no reverse can overcome—throwing ourselves into the thickest of the fight; and, calling to the rescue our fellow whigs—young and old throughout the Union, never cease to battle until the glorious object of our country's dempion is accomplished.

Young women are being employed in all sorts of duties now in Paris. They are even assuming the places of the clerks in counting-houses. Gant, in his new work, says:—

"Indeed, the young Parisian women are beginning to be trained as clerks for banking and commercial houses. They are found to be steadier and more attentive than young men. In one of the first and wealthiest banking houses in Paris you may now see every day two interesting daughters of the principal partner, one of them eighteen years of age, the other twenty, at work at their desks during business hours, and discharging their duties as clerks with despatch correctness, and cheerfulness. Indeed, the plan is working so well that the government itself is beginning to employ young females in the public offices."

THE WORLD.

"Sir, bring me a good plain dinner," said a melancholy looking individual to a waiter at one of our principal hotels.

"Yes, sir."

The dinner was brought and devoured, and the eater called the landlord aside, and thus addressed him—

"You are the landlord?"

"Yes."

"You do a good business here?"

"Yes."

"You make—probably—ten dollars a day clear?"

"Yes."

"Then I am safe. I cannot pay for what I have consumed; I have been out of employment seven months; but have engaged to go to work to-morrow. I had been without food four-and twenty hours when I entered your place. I will pay you in a week."

"I cannot pay my bills with such promises," blustered the landlord, "and I do not keep a poor-house. You should address the proper authorities. Leave me something for security."

"I have nothing."

"I will take your coat."

"If I go into the streets without that I will get my death such weather as this is."

"You should have thought of that before you came here."

"You are serious? Well, I solemnly aver that one week from now I will pay you."

"I will take the coat."

The coat was left, and a week afterwards redeemed.

although I told you I was famished and pledged my word and honor to pay you in a week, you took my coat and saw me go out into the air, at the risk of my life without it."

"Well, sir, what then?"

"Not much. You called yourself a Christian. To-night you were a candidate for nomination, and but for me you would have been elected to Congress."

Three years after the hotel-keeper became bankrupt and sought a home at Bellevue. The poor dinniless wretch that was, is now a high functionary at Albany. We know him well. The ways of Providence are indeed wonderful and the world's mutinous almost beyond conception of belief.—N. Y. Messenger.

SINGULAR CASE OF IMPRISONMENT.

Mr. William Powell, captain of a packet which plies between Norfolk and New York writing home from the latter city, under date of the 5th inst. says—

"I have this day been arrested by the Abolitionists on account of returning to Norfolk, last February, with the two slaves that I found on board the schr. Empire, and had to give bail for my appearance at Court, to the amount of one thousand dollars—the damages being laid at ten thousand dollars for false imprisonment of James D. Lane, the steward, who concealed the slaves in the galley, on board the Empire."

The Steward spoken of in the above extract was, it appears, convicted in Norfolk of secreting two runaway slaves on board Capt. Powell's vessel, and sentenced to the penitentiary for the offence.

FUNNY!

There is an individual in our city, who is excessively fond of borrowing tobacco from all his friends, and the habit has grown to an excess on him. One of his acquaintances who had been "many a time and oft" compelled to go without his own proportion, to satisfy demands, perpetrated the following and placed it where he could not fall of seeing it.—Bath. Clipper.

"Dear sir, if you should want a chew, I'll tell you what you'd better do; Don't tax the pockets of your friend, In order to attain your end; Nor rove for it throughout the town, But chew the leaf,—or buy your own."

Old Soldier.

Very Funny.—We know of several of the same description of persons spoken of above, and are brought in daily contact with one, who never was to the best of our knowledge, guilty of buying a twist in his life.—Printer's Devil.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Virginia Advocate. SEED CORN.

Mr. Editor: In accordance with the promise made you, I give below my method of sowing seed corn, and the effect thereof, tho' I am almost deterred from doing so under the impression that the method will be pronounced visionary, and be not heeded. But when I reflect that even a wise man and a skillful cultivator of the soil may be taught something by an apparently half-witted son of Ham, I take courage and proceed with that, and some other matters connected with a farm.

About eighteen years past, I commenced selecting my seed corn from the field; this was done by taking the best ear from a stalk which had two ears on it (when I commenced it, I would some years fail to find enough seed, in the whole crop; this is not so now, as will be seen from the statement below.) The above method, I think, has been omitted two years in the time, (I would say) from negligence.

Ten years since, another idea occurred to my mind respecting seed corn, to wit: if the seed corn was selected of ears which ripened first, the crop would ripen earlier, and would be less liable to be injured by frost; conformably to this idea, I have (as often as I could) selected my seed, before there had been any frost, and then have only taken the ear which had dry, or ripe shucks,—this was done before frost, because after frost it is difficult to distinguish the early from the latter corn.

The advantages of the method is told in a few words—some ear on a stalk, is now almost as rare, as two ears were to the stock when I began it. Also, I think by selecting the corn which ripened first, the crop ripens two or three weeks earlier.

I would be pleased, if it were in my power, to say how much was produced on an acre, but cannot. I began to fatten my pork-hogs on the green corn as soon as it was in roasting ear state. Beside this, there was a storm about the last of August, which injured the crop materially. A part of the crop was on broomstraw land, cultivated for the first time, and another part on bottom land which was too wet. I think, if I had not cultivated the part which was in broomstraw, the remainder would have yielded (notwithstanding the injury of the wet and storm) between six and seven barrels per acre, of good sound corn. The storm alluded to above was the cause of an unusual quantity of inferior and rotten corn.

As I am writing on the subject, I will detail my method of destroying Moles, a mischievous little animal, which frequently eat the corn after planting, before it comes up; also burrows in the ground, which is the commencement of a gully in land that is

not frequently plowed. My method is this ascertain and fix on a spot in burrow where they frequently pass; make a small hole with the end of a stick; then drop into the track six palma-crista seed. When the mole comes again, the seed are eaten by the mole, which I suppose, destroys them, as the seed fail to germinate and the moles disappear. I have nearly cleared one of my fields of moles in this way.

CHARLES BROWN.

HEAVY CROPS.

Mr. Augustus Shriver, in writing to the editor of the American Farmer, states that in a field containing ten acres and seven-eighths of an acre, he raised the present season 216 barrels of Corn, being an average of a little upwards of ninety-eight bushels of shelled corn to the acre! Mr. S. says the corn was carefully measured by three men in his employ, whose certificate he has in his possession.

The field which produced this crop, is limestone soil, which was ploughed last fall, full 9 inches deep and manured with one hundred and fifty five horse wagon loads of good barn-yard dung spread over the surface, and covered just deep enough to prevent absorption. The after culture did not differ materially from that pursued by good farmers generally. Mr. Shriver says:—

"The yield on the above mentioned field has not exceeded my expectations; I have always firmly believed, that by proper cultivation, from sixteen to twenty barrels of corn an acre can be grown on almost any land susceptible of improvement. It requires a little labor and attention, to be sure, but what is that in comparison to the product."

The editor of the Kent (Md.) News also raised over eighty-four bushels of Corn to the acre, in a small lot of two acres.

Mr. Jacob Frock, of Western Vinicent, in the neighborhood county of Chester, states that he raised the present season one hundred and four bushels and one quart of Corn from one acre! The field in which it grew contained nine acres, and the acre which he measured, was about an average of the whole field.

Mr. O. Dickinson of Onondaga county, New York announces in the "Cultivator," that he raised the past season, fifty-two and a half bushels of wheat to the acre. Mr. D. says:—The field had a crop of oats taken off, and was then seeded to clover. In the spring when I came on the farm, the cover was small and thin, and I sowed on it 1 1/2 bushels of plaster per acre. The second week in July, I moved off the clover for hay. The last of August I ploughed in a large growth of clover, and harrowed it thoroughly. On the 6th and 7th of September, I sowed on one bushel and three pecks of Canada flint wheat to the acre and harrowed it in. The soil is a friable black slate or loam. The wheat if the whole field was remarkably equal, and the crop per acre as stated.

The time will come, we think it is not far distant when our farmers will add at least one-fourth to the yield of all their crops—and when 40 to 50 bushels of wheat to the acre, will not be considered a great crop.—Germantown Telegraph.

We find the following in one of our exchanges—it is good advice. The point at which farmers are most at fault, and that for which our correspondents and hundreds of others blame them, and with reason too, is that they overstock their farms—only feed their animals—less skeleton cow frames drag themselves over the premises, and complain because the dry bones do not give milk abundantly. Wherever cows are kept for the dairy, it is possible and proper—yes it is a duty—to keep them well. This can be done. If you cannot keep four well, try two; the two, well kept, will give more income than four half-starved ones. The goodness of the cow is determined partly by her native proportions—but the food also has much, and very much to do in making her good or otherwise. Keep no more than you can feed well—very well.

MURDER.

On last Sunday morning, a negro boy named Charles fourteen or fifteen years of age, deliberately shot his brother, named Adonia, a man twenty-seven or eight years old, with a pistol loaded with two balls, causing his death in a few minutes. They had quarrelled the day before. Whilst another brother was trying to take Charles, directly after the murderous act he shot at him likewise with a second pistol which he had concealed, but without effect. Charles is in jail. The man killed belonged to Mr. P. K. Dickson, as does the murderer.

In investigating the affair, it was discovered that a number of small black boys about town had pistols in their possession, which they have been in the habit of sporting with, firing at marks &c., in retired places. They were purchased, they say, and as is otherwise well ascertained, from certain men in town, who it appears have been in the practice of selling firearms to the slave population. Against these violators of the law, and disturbers of the peace a highly excited feeling justly exists in the community. So much so indeed, that one of the largest public meetings of the citizens we ever witnessed convened yesterday at a few hours notice for the purpose of considering what measures should be taken to reform the laws in their utmost rigor, and to visit justice upon the offenders.

Wilmington Chronicle Feb. 7.