

THE RALEIGH STAR AND NORTH CAROLINA GAZETTE.

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

"NORTH CAROLINA—POWERFUL IN MORAL, INTELLECTUAL AND PHYSICAL RESOURCES—THE LAND OF OUR BIRTH AND THE HOME OF OUR AFFECTIONS." [THREE DOLLARS A YEAR—IN ADVANCE]

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No. 23.

JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE.

This Vermifuge is perfectly safe, and so pleasant that children will not refuse to take it. It effectually destroys Worms, neutralizes acridities, and acts as a general and powerful tonic, and is therefore exceedingly beneficial in intermittent and remittent fevers, indigestion, &c., and is almost a certain cure for Fever and Ague of children, and what is of great importance, it does it permanently.

It not only destroys Worms, and invigorates the whole system, but it dissolves and carries off the superabundant bile or mucus, so prevalent in the stomach and bowels of children, more especially of those in bad health. This mucus forms the bed, or nest, in which worms produce their young, and by removing it—it is impossible for them to remain in the body.

It is harmless in its effects on the system, and the health of the patient is always improved by its use, even when no Worms are discovered. For sale at the Drug Store of WILLIAMS' BAY-WOOD & Co. Agents.

IN PRESS POPULAR LECTURES ON SCIENCE AND ART.

DELIVERED IN THE Chief Cities and Towns in the United States, BY DIONYSIUS LARDNER,

D. D. of Civil Law, Fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh, a Member of the Universities of Cambridge and Dublin, and formerly Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in the University of London, &c. &c. &c.

The publishers announce that Dr. Lardner has brought to a close his public Lectures in this country. They have attracted the most distinguished and intelligent audience that has ever assembled in this country, and have been the means of disseminating a complete and authentic edition of the Science of the Universe. The general interest which for the last forty years has existed in every part of this country is universally felt, and is now being revived in a more general and permanent manner. The lectures were held in the most commodious and well-ventilated hall in the city, and were attended by a large and distinguished audience. The lectures were delivered in a clear, concise, and interesting manner, and were highly appreciated by the audience. The publishers feel that the volume now prepared will present to the American public a most agreeable offering, and an interesting and useful work, which will be read with interest and pleasure.

The work will appear in numbers, or parts, will be well printed on good type, and copiously illustrated with engravings on wood. It will be completed in ten or twelve numbers, and the entire volume will be published within six months. The price will be 25 cents for each number. The first number will be published on the first day of May.

GIBBER & CO. Philadelphia, REDDING & Co. Boston, SHURTZ & TAYLOR, Baltimore; ROBINSON & JONES, Cincinnati; and Book Sellers and Country Merchants generally throughout the United States will act as Agents and furnish the above work as the numbers are published, to all who may apply to them. Postmaster's permission One Dollar will be entitled to five numbers. On Agents who engage in the sale of this work are requested to send in their orders at an early day as possible. Orders are respectfully solicited by GIBBER & CO. MEELRATH, Tribune Buildings, New-York.

MESMERISM.

Extraordinary as is the following account of the successful employment of this agent in a great surgical operation, it is apparently so well authenticated that we feel bound to place it before our readers:—Nat. Int.

From the Southern Medical and Surgical Journal.

Extirpation of the Mammary of a female in the Mesmeric sleep, without any evidence of sensibility during the operation.

By L. A. Dugas, M. D. Professor of Physiology, &c. in the Medical College of Georgia.

On the 3d January, 1845, Mrs. Clark (wife of Mr. Jesse Clark, of Columbia county, Georgia) came to this city for the purpose of getting me to remove a serious tumor of her right mamma, which had been gradually increasing for the last three years, and which had now attained the size of a turkey's egg. The tumor had never caused any pain of consequence, was not adherent to the skin, nor did it implicate any of the axillary glands. Mrs. C. is about forty seven years of age, and her health though by no means robust, was pretty good and had not been impaired by the evolution of the tumor. The operation having been determined upon for the following day, Mrs. C. remarked to me that she had been advised by Mr. Kenrick to be mesmerized; but, as she knew nothing about it, she would like to have my advice and would abide by it. To which I replied that there were several well-authenticated cases on record in which surgical operations had been performed under mesmeric influence, without the consciousness of the patient; that I would be happy to test the subject in her case, and that I would endeavor to mesmerize her, instead of operating, as had been proposed, on the day following.

On the 4th January, at 11 o'clock A. M., I called on Mrs. C. and was informed that on the preceding evening she had been put to sleep by Mr. B. F. Kenrick, (at whose house she resided.) I then mesmerized myself, and induced sleep in about fifteen minutes. Finding my patient susceptible to the mesmeric influence, reflecting that it would not be convenient for the same person to maintain this influence and operate at the same time, I requested Mr. Kenrick to mesmerize Mrs. C. morning and evening at stated hours until insensibility could be induced. This was regularly done with gradually increasing effect, when on the evening of the 6th of January, sleep was induced in five minutes, and the prick of a pin was attended with no manifestation of pain. The sittings were continued, and the patient's insensibility daily tested by myself and others various ways. On the 9th January, invited Professor Ford to be present, after pricking and pinching strongly the patient without evidence of pain, the mesmerizer was requested to leave the room, when, we exposed the breast, handled it roughly in examining the tumor, and readjusted the dress without the consciousness of the patient. We then held her hand in a vice of strong iron, and she breathed freely for a minute or two without the least indication of sensation, unless the fact that she swallowed once she regarded as such instead of a mere reflex action. On the 11th of January, in presence of Professor Ford and Means, in addition to the usual tests, I made with my pocket-knife an incision about two inches in length and half an inch in depth into the patient's leg, without indication of sensation.

Fully satisfied now of our power to induce total insensibility, I determined to operate on her the next day at noon, but carefully concealed any such design from the patient and her friends, who did not expect its performance until several days later.

On the 12th January, at 20 minutes past 11 A. M., Mrs. C. was put to sleep in forty-five seconds, without touch or pass of any kind, the facility with which the mesmeric influence was produced having gradually increased at each sitting. At 12 o'clock M., in presence of Professors Ford, Means, Garrin, and Newton, and Dr. Hal-see, the patient being in a profound sleep, I prepared her dress for the operation, and requested my professional brethren to note her pulse, respiration, complexion, countenance, &c. before, during, and after the amputation, in order to detect any evidence of pain or modification of the functions. As Mr. Kenrick had never witnessed a surgical operation, he feared he might lose his self possession, and requested to be blindfolded; which was done. He now seated himself on the couch near the patient, and held her hand in his during the operation. This was accomplished by two elliptical incisions, about eight inches in length comprehending between the nipple and a considerable portion of the skin, after which the integuments were dissected up in the usual manner, and the entire mamma removed. It weighed sixteen ounces. The wound was then left open three quarters of an hour, in order to secure the bleeding vessels, six of which were ligated. The ordinary dressing was applied, and all appearances of blood carefully removed so that they might not be seen by the patient when aroused. The amount of hemorrhage was rather more than is usual in such cases.

During the operation the patient gave no indication whatever of sensibility, nor was any of the functions observed by those present modified in any degree. She remained in the same sound and quiet sleep as before the use of the knife. Subsequently, the pectoral muscle, which had been laid bare was twice or thrice been to contract when touched with the sponge in removing the blood about fifteen minutes after the operation, a tremulous action was perceived in her lower jaw, which was instantaneously arrested by the application of the mesmerizer's hand to the patient's head. This phenomenon recurred in about ten minutes after, and was again in the same manner quieted. Professor Ford, who counted the pulse and respiration, states that before any preparation was made for the operation, the pulse was 98, and the respiration 16 per minute; that, after moving the patient to arrange her dress for the operation, and just before this was commenced, the pulse was 98, and the respiration 17; that immediately after the detachment of the breast the pulse was 96, respiration not counted; and that after the final adjustment of the bandages and dress, which required the patient to be raised and moved about, the pulse was 98, and the respiration 16. All present concur in stating that neither the placid countenance of the patient, nor the peculiar natural blush of the cheeks, experienced any change whatever during the whole process; that she continued in the same profound and quiet sleep in which she was before the operation, (with the exceptions above noted,) and that had they not been aware of being done they would not have suspected it from any indications furnished by the patient's condition.

The patient having been permitted to sleep on about half an hour after the final arrangement of her dress, the mesmerizer made passes over the seat of the operation, in order to lessen its sensibility, and aroused her in the usual manner, when she engaged in cheerful conversation with Mr. Ken-

rick and myself, as though she had no suspicion of what had taken place. I then introduced to her the gentlemen, who had placed themselves so as not to be seen by her on awakening and observed that I invited them to come in during her sleep, in order that we might fully test her insensibility, preparatory to the operation. After a few minutes of conversation, I asked her when she would like to have the operation performed; to which she replied the sooner the better, as she was anxious to get home. I added, "Do you really think that I could remove your entire breast, when asleep, without your knowledge?" Answer, "Why, doctor, the fact is, that from the various experiments I am told you have made on me, really do not know what to think of it." Well, madam, suppose I were to perform the operation one of these days, and to inform you of it when you should awake, would you believe me, and could you control your feelings of finding that it had been done?" Answer, "I could not suppose that you would deceive me, and of course I would be very glad, but would try not to give way to my feelings." "Have you perceived, since your arrival here, or do you now perceive any change in the ordinary sensations of the affected breast?" "No, sir; it feels about as it has done for some time back. About a quarter of an hour having elapsed since she awoke, I then told her that, as we found her in a proper state for the operation, I had performed it, and that the breast was now removed. She expressed her incredulity; said I was certainly joking, as it was impossible that it could have been done without her knowing it at the time, or feeling anything of it now. She became convinced only on carrying her hand to the part, and finding the breast was no longer there. She remained apparently unmoved for a few moments, when her friends, approaching to congratulate her, her face became flushed, and she wept unobscuredly for some time. The wound healed by the first intention.

In laying the above narrative before the profession, it is due to the cause of truth to state it has been submitted to all the physicians present at the operation, and I am authorized by them to say that it accords in every particular with their own observations, so far as they were present. I should also add, that having no other object in view than the establishment of the fact that a surgical operation may be performed under such circumstances without the consciousness of the patient, I have designedly avoided any mention of the various and interesting mesmeric phenomena manifested prior to and subsequent to the operation.—These have been carefully and judiciously recorded by Mr. Kenrick, whose well-directed zeal has enabled him to collect a body of highly important facts from a field unfortunately explored to exclusively by ignorance and charlatanism.

Augusta, Ga., February 1, 1845.

THE BORDERER'S CHILD, OR WASHINGTON AT EIGHTEEN.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

It was a calm, sunny day in the year 1750; the scene, a piece of forest land on the Northern Neck of Virginia, contiguous to a noble stream of water. Implements of surveying were lying about, and several men, idly reclining under the trees, bestowed by their dress and appearance that they composed a party engaged in laying out the lands of the then frontier of the old Dominion. These persons had apparently just finished their noon tide meal, for the relics of the banquet were scattered around.

Apart from the group walked a young man, evidently superior to his companions, though there was nothing obtrusive in his air, which, on the contrary, was distinguished by affability. A certain dignity of aspect, however, accompanied him. Added to this, he was of a tall compact frame, and moved with the elastic tread of one accustomed to constant exercise in the open air. His countenance could not have been said to be handsome, but it wore a look of decision and manliness, not usually found in one so young—for apparently he was little over eighteen years of age. His hat had been cast off, as if for comfort, and he had paused, with one foot advanced, in a natural and graceful attitude, at the moment that we have introduced him to our reader.

Suddenly there was a shriek, then another, and then several in rapid succession.—The voice was that of a woman, and seemed to proceed from the other side of a dense thicket. At the first scream the youth turned his head in the direction whence the sound proceeded, but when it was repeated, he pushed aside the undergrowth which separated him from it, and quickening his footsteps as he cried succeeded each other with alarming rapidity, he soon dashed into an open space or "clearing," as the borderers even then called it, on the banks of the stream, in the centre of which a rude log cabin stood, whose well pole poised over one end, and smoke curled from the chimney, gave signs of habitation. As the young man, with a face flushed by haste broke from the undergrowth, he saw his companions crowded together on the bank of the river, while in their midst a woman, from whom proceeded the shrieks, was visible, held back by two of the most athletic of the men, but still struggling violently for freedom.

It was the work of an instant to make his way through the crowd and confront

the female. The moment her eyes fell on him she exclaimed,

"Oh! sir—you will do something for me. Make them release me—for the love of God! My boy—my poor boy is drowning and they will not let me go."

"It would be madness—she will jump into the river," said one of those who held her, as the frantic mother strove again to break from his grasp. "The rapids would dash her to pieces in a minute."

The youth had scarcely waited for these words. His eye took at a single glance, the meaning of the said group. He recollected the child of the woman, a bold little fellow of four years old whose handsome blue eyes and flaxen ringlets made him a favorite with strangers, and filled the mother's heart with pride whenever she gazed on him. He had been accustomed to play, at will, in the little enclosure before the cabin; but this morning, the gate having been accidentally left open, he had stolen out when his mother's back was turned, reached the edge of the bank, and was in the act of looking over, when his parent's eye caught sight of him. The shriek which she uttered precipitated the catastrophe she feared, for the child frightened at the cry, lost his balance and fell headlong into the stream, which here went foaming and roaring along innumerable rocks, constituting the most dangerous rapids known in that section of the country. Scarcely now following stream in rapid succession as the agonized parent rushed to the bank. She arrived there simultaneously with the party whom we first reclining in the shade, and who were scattered about within a few steps of the scene of the accident. Fortunately it was that they were so near, else the mother would have plunged in after her child, and both been lost. Several of the men immediately approached the brink, and were on the point of springing in after the child, when the sight of the sharp rocks crowding the channel, the rush and whirl of the waters, and the want of any knowledge where to look for the boy deterred them, and they gave up the enterprise.

Not so the youth we have introduced.—His first work was to throw off his coat; his next to spring to the edge of the bank. Here he stood for a second, running his eye rapidly over the scene below, and taking in, with a glance, the different currents and the most dangerous of the rocks, in order to shape his course by them when in the stream. He had scarcely formed his conclusion, when his gaze rested on a white object in the water that he knew at once to be the boy's dress, and, while his companions gazed at his temerity, were prevented, as much by consternation as by the awe with which he had already inspired them from interfering, he plunged headlong into the wild and roaring rapids.

"Thank God—he will save my child," gasped the woman, "see—there he is—oh! my boy, my darling boy, how could I leave you?"

Every one had rushed to the brink of the precipice, and was now following, with eager eyes, the perilous progress of the youth as the current bore him onward, like a feather in the embrace of a hurricane.—Now it seemed as if he would be dashed against a jutting rock over which the water flew in foam; and now a whirlpool would drag him in, from whose grasp escape would appear impossible. At times the current bore him under and he would be lost to sight; then, just as the spectators gave him up, he would re-appear, though far enough from where he vanished, still buffeting amid the vortex. Oh! how that mother's straining eyes followed him in his perilous career—now her heart sank when he went under—and with what a gasp of joy she saw him emerge again from the waters, and fling the waves aside with his athletic arms, struggle on, in pursuit of her boy. But it seemed as if his generous efforts were to be of no avail, for though the current was bearing off the boy before his eyes, scarcely ten feet distant, he could not, despite his gigantic efforts, overtake the drowning child.

On they flew, the youth and the child; and it was miraculous how each escaped being dashed to pieces against the rocks.—Twice the boy went out of sight, and a suppressed shriek escaped the mother's lips, but twice he re-appeared, and then, with hands wrung wildly together and breathless anxiety, she followed his progress, as his unresisting form was hurried onward with the current.

The youth now appeared to relax his exertions, for they were approaching the most dangerous part of the river, where the rapids, contracting between the narrow shores, shot almost perpendicular down the declivity of fifteen feet. The rush of the waters at this spot was tremendous, and no one ventured to approach its vicinity, even in a canoe, lest they should be sucked in. What then would be the youth's fate unless he speedily overtook the child? He seemed fully sensible of the increasing peril, and urged his way now through the foaming current with desperate strength. Three several times he was on the point of grasping the child, when the waters whirled the prize from him.—The third effort was made as they were about entering within the influence of the current above the fall, and when it failed, the mother's heart sunk within her and she groaned aloud, fully expecting to see the youth give up the task. But no! he only pressed forward the more eagerly, and as they breathlessly watched, they saw, amid the boiling waters, as if bearing a

charmed life, the form of the brave youth, following close after that of the boy. And now, like an arrow from the bow, pursued and pursued shot to the brink of the precipice. An instant they hung there, distinctly visible amid the glassy water, that seemed to pause on the edge of the descent.—Every brain grew dizzy at the sight.—A shout of involuntary exultation burst from the spectators when they saw the boy held aloft by the right arm of the youth—a shout, also! that was suddenly checked by horror when the rescuer and the rescued vanished into the abyss.

A moment—rather, many moments elapsed before a word was spoken or a breath drawn. Each of the group felt that to look into the mother's face was impossible. She herself had started eagerly forward, and now stood on the bank, a few paces near the cataract, where she could command a view of its foot, gazing thither with fixed eyes, as if her all depended on what the next moment should reveal. Suddenly she gave a glad cry.

"There they are," she exclaimed, "see they are safe—Great God, I thank thee!" and for a moment wildly turning her face to Heaven, she hurried with trembling steps along the side of river in the direction of the fall.

Every eye followed hers, and sure enough there was the youth, still unharmed, and still buffeting the waters. He had just emerged from the boiling vortex below the cataract. With one hand he held aloft the child, and with the other he was making for the shore.

They ran, they shouted, they scarcely knew what they did until they reached his side, just as he had struggled to the bank. They drew him out almost exhausted.—The boy was senseless—but the mother declared he still lived as she pressed him frantically to her bosom. His preserver, powerfully built and athletic as he was, could scarcely stand, so faint was he from his exertions.

Who shall describe the scenes that followed—the mother's calmness while she strove to resuscitate her boy, and her wild gratitude to his preserver when the child was out of danger and sweetly sleeping in her arms? Our pen shrinks at the task. But her words pronounced then—we may hope in the spirit of prophecy—were remembered afterward by more than one who heard them.

"God will reward you," she said, "as I cannot. He will do great things for you in return for this day's work—and the blessings of thousands besides mine, will attend you."

And it was so. For to the hero of that hour were subsequently confided the destinies of a nation. But throughout his long career, what tended perhaps most to make him honored and respected beyond all men, was the self-sacrificing spirit which in the rescue of that mother's child as in the more august events of his life, characterized our WASHINGTON.

FACTS FOR THE ABOLITIONISTS.

About seven years ago a negro man belonging to Mr. Stephen Jackson, at that time a saddler in this place, ran away from his master, and had not been heard from until a few days since, when he made his appearance here to enquire for his master, who moved since, he ran away to the State of Mississippi. This negro's object in returning is to give himself up to his master. He is an excellent saddler and a very intelligent negro, and has had a better chance of taking care of himself than 99 out of 100 free negroes. In spite of this, however, he prefers to be under the care of a good master than to having his liberty, and earnestly advises his fellow servants to be content with their present condition, as one far better suited to the greater portion of them than that liberty which they so much covet.

Another instance of voluntary return to slavery occurred in the case of a negro belonging to Mr. Francis Eppes. This negro made his escape several years ago, and a short time since returned and gave himself up.

TRUE ELOQUENCE.

We do not remember having met with a passage of the same length, so full of true feeling, thrilling pathos, and graphic power, as the following extract from a speech delivered by Mr. A. B. Longstreet of Georgia before the Methodist Convention of Louisville. The reader is transported, involuntarily, to the gloomy but sublime scene, where the self-devoted pioneer of a holy cause falls beneath the weight of his perilous enterprise. The vast West is filled with romantic incidents of these holy men, leaving behind them the comforts and security of civilization, and meeting the dangers and sacrifices of a forest life.—To their credit be it said, the zealous Methodists are found the first among those who break the stillness of the Western wilds, and push on the blessings of civilization and religion.

But will it be believed that the orator, whose eloquence is able to arouse the deepest sympathies of the heart, is also the author of the "Georgia Scenes," so justly popular as a record of the richest laughter-stirring humor? It furnishes but another instance of the versatility of the human mind. It is, we think, Thomas Hood, the prince of jesters, who is described as suffering keenly from pecuniary and physical causes; and yet, his published jokes and conceits seem never to flag in spirit. Laman Blanchard, the author of the inimitable "Mrs. Caudle's Lectures" is also said to have been a severe sufferer from many causes. In both instances, the natural bent of the mind had full sway, at intervals. But here, in our own land, we have a striking instance of a man, who can, at one moment, dash off with his pen the most comic sketches of passing scenes, and, at the next, rise in a religious assembly, convoked for the most solemn and vital objects, and chain, with his pathos and his eloquence, the hearts of a listening crowd. Such is the variety of feelings evoked by the peculiar excitement of surrounding circumstances:

"No; we must part, and the sooner the better. Let us, with our new organization, try to get back to primitive Methodism. I speak not of its externals, some of which never legitimately belonged to it, but of its inward graces. I speak of its former zeal, which glowed with equal fervor amidst the miasm of the lowland swamps, the healthful breezes of the mountains, which led the Methodist preacher to seek the lost sheep of the fold of Christ whithersoever they wandered. I speak of that Methodism that preached not only on stated days, and on stated times, but which preached at all times, and in all places—in the chapel, the hut, the kitchen, the grove, the wilderness—to fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, parents, children, masters, servants; which never entered a house without a word for the Lord, and never left it without praying a blessing upon it—which planted the standard of the cross on the spot which we occupy ere the elk and the buffalo had left it—which pushed on its labors, at times, until exhausted nature sunk under them.

"When I thus speak of Methodism, let me not be understood as claiming for our sect all the religion that is in the world. Far from it—there is as pure religion in the other churches as in ours. I am no sectarian. If I possess one christian virtue, it is love for all that love and serve the Lord Jesus Christ; but I confess I feel a kindling emotion allied to the moral sublime, when I contemplate Methodism personified in such men as our Nolly, whose funeral obsequies were performed by himself, whose dirge was wailed by the winter winds, whose winding sheet was the snow drift, and whose monument was the sturdy oak of the forest—found by the woodman frozen on his knees and buried in the attitude of prayer. Of myself I will not glory, of my church I will not glory, but of such as these I might become a fool in glorying and all christians would pardon me, if not join me. Yes, were I to inscribe on the tree, the root of which was his last pillow. The christian's best monument, every christian of every church would cheerfully inscribe under it Amen and amen.—To this kind of Methodism let us get back; let it be the characteristic of the Southern church, and then, if they will, let the Northern church take all the rest."

The situation of the present Secretary of State, BUCHANAN, is not the most enviable—the imprudence of loco-foco organs constantly reminding him of former peccadilloes. We think this unkind, and especially after the peculiar services he rendered the party in revolutionizing Lancaster county, which in 1828 gave General Jackson only about 1700 majority. As it, through the great influence and unwearied exertion of Buchanan and his friends, gave only 4361 majority against Polk being a difference, since 1828, of only about 6,000, gratitude for services rendered should outweigh every other feeling. It was then with pain we noticed an article from the Nashville Union the personal organ of the President, hinting that the "anti-war federalists" pronounced Madison to be "timid and incapable of conducting a war." This is ungenerous. What though Buchanan did so pronounce Madison—what though he did denounce the measures of his administrations as "wicked projects"—are these any proofs of his position now? Perhaps he considers Polk a statesman infinitely superior to Madison!

There are other papers beside the Union which are rather free in the allusion to federalists and federalism. For the sake of their Secretary we beg them to forbear!

Norristown Free Press.

HAPPY GIRL.

Ay, she is a happy girl—we know it by her fresh looks and buoyant spirits. Day in and day out she has something to do and she takes hold of her work as if she did not fear to soil her hands or dirty her apron. Such girls we love and respect, wherever we find them—in a palace or a hovel. Always pleasant and always kind—they never turn up their noses before your face, or slander you behind your back; they have more good sense and better employment. What are firms and bustle-bound girls, in comparison with these? Good for nothing but to look at; and it is rather unprofitable business, unless you have nothing else to do. Give us the industrious and happy girl, and we care not who worships fashionable and idle simpatons.

Louisville Express.

A HARD NAME.

A man named Stone exclaimed in a bar room, "I'll bet I have the hardest name of the company, 'what's your name?'" Stone cried the first, "I'm my name," said the other, my name is *Hardy*."