

THE RALEIGH STAR AND NORTH CAROLINA GAZETTE.

THOS. J. LEMAY, Editor and Proprietor.

"NORTH CAROLINA: POWERFUL IN MORAL, INTELLECTUAL AND PHYSICAL RESOURCES—THE LAND OF OUR BIRTH AND THE HOME OF OUR AFFECTION."

[THREE DOLLARS A YEAR—IN ADVANCE.]

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RALEIGH, N. C. WEDNESDAY MAY 20, 1846

No. 21

ENGLANTINE ACADEMY.

On Thursday and Friday, the 4th and 5th of June, the Examination of the Students of Englantine Academy will take place. The first day will be devoted exclusively to the examination of the students, and on the second day, a Rhetorical Exhibition will take place: the exercises to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M. on each day. Amongst the speeches will be one on the important subject of *Temperance*. The patrons of the School, and the friends of education generally, are respectfully solicited to attend and test the merits of the pupils.

J. J. JUDGE, Prin.

Englantine, Halifax Co. }
May 1st, 1846. } 19—31.

MARKETING.

The subscriber intends continuing to furnish the Raleigh Market with good Beef, Mutton, Lamb &c. during the present year at much lower prices than heretofore. No pains will be spared to give entire satisfaction.

Liberal cash prices will be paid by the subscriber for good Beef, Mutton, and Lamb at all times during the year, and those having to sell will do well to call on him before selling.

W. A. HARRISON.

Raleigh, April 8th 1846. 16—17.

PEACE ON EARTH.

Those who regard the efforts of the friends of universal peace as utopian and illusive, are in error. The advance of sound, man-cherishing principles of political economy, and still more the spread of christianity, have already done much to raise a peace-party throughout christiandom. International law grasps and retains, year after year, some new principle evolved from the action of nations, which circumscribes the causes of war; and once incorporated with that code, they are raised as barriers of rock against the stormy sea of human passions. The existing peace of christendom, though broken by incidental and sectional conflicts between nations, presents a more general and long continued state of amity than has ever been known, when the world was divided between equal, or nearly equal, powers. A vast and wide encircling despotism may have paused, when gorged with its banquet of blood, and waited for a fresh victim, while the world turned pale and trembled before it; but no peace like the present, where each power has been prepared for, and capable of, meeting its neighbor, is upon record. And this is the result of enlightened opinion. Governments once sought strength in wars; they now attain more certainly the same result, by peace. Peace was once cowardice, and war honor: the truth has reversed the order; and now, peace is virtue, and war, unless under an absolute necessity, crime. Yet this state of opinion has been attended by no effeminacy or feebleness of spirit. At no period, under no governments, were the nations of the world so guarded and armed against wrong, or so bold and vigorous to repel it, as at present. It is the triumph of admitted right—not the concession of weakness.

We find, in the English papers, a most gratifying evidence of the progress of the cause of peace, in the fact that the celebrated Dr. Bowring presented a petition to the House of Commons, the purport of which is, that the petitioners declare themselves to be adverse to war, and that it is their opinion that there should be inserted "a clause in all international treaties, binding the parties to refer disputes to arbitration." After the rejection by our government of an arbitration, exceptionless in every point, and referring the cause in dispute to arbiters of any class of character that we might designate, it is not without humiliation, that we see the English people moving in so magnanimous and exalted a reform. The substitution of reason for the sword, suggested by a people so powerful as the British, affords substantial encouragement to the efforts of the friends of peace. The Americans have up to the present moment been in advance of the world, in efforts to urge upon nations those principles which maintain peace and ameliorate war, and such a clause in our international treaties would meet the assent of the vast and virtuous mass of our country. There is no living people to whom peace promises so much and war so little, as to the American; and while they will not invite wrong by a tame submission to it, nor suffer injury and contumely without chastising the offender, their principles, interests and hopes all point out the duty of "peace on earth and good will to men."

North Amer.

The last Mystery of Paris.

The Paris Courier Francais relates the following mysterious affair, which, says the Brussels Observateur, is as full of the horrible as any of the romances of Mrs. Radcliffe, and which promises to impart a lively interest to the proceedings of the Parisian tribunals. The account has filled the Faubourg St. Germain with consternation.

Several months since, says the Courier Francais, not far from the end of last December, Dr. Huberti was returning to his house at eleven o'clock in the evening; just as he was about to knock at the door, and had raised the knocker for that purpose, his hand was, all at once, arrested by a vigorous arm, and he was surrounded by three masked men. The street was deserted, the Doctor had no arms, and, seeing that all resistance would be in vain, he prepared to escape as well as he could, by means of his purse, from the three bandits with whom he had to deal, when he who held him by the arm said, very politely, "Monieur, si j'ai mal vu, Dr. Huberti."

"It seems you know me, then," replied

the Doctor; "take my purse and watch, let me enter my house, and go about your business."

"Sir," replied the man, haughtily, "we are not robbers, but have come to ask you to do us a service."

"You certainly have selected a very singular hour."

"Any hour is good enough for so skillful a surgeon as yourself to perform an operation."

"What do you desire?" said the Doctor, who was a little reassured, and, looking at his three applicants more attentively, perceived that they were dressed much more like dancers, on their way from a ball, than highway robbers.

"We beg you, Doctor," added the unknown, "to follow us immediately."

"Give me, at least, time to go and inform my wife."

"That is of no use. You have your case of instruments with you. That is all that is necessary. Only suffer us to put this bandage over your eyes."

"But, s—"

"Fewer words, and let us be gone," said one of the unknowns. He then whistled, and immediately a berline drove from a neighboring street; the three men, taking the doctor with them, immediately entered it, and the carriage rolled on, the horses at full gallop.

Huberti saw that all resistance would be useless, and submitted to this mysterious violence. For two hours, not a word was exchanged between him and his travelling companions, who conversed in a tongue the doctor could not understand. All at once the carriage entered an arch. The noise of a gate opening was heard, the carriage stopped, and the door was opened.

"Well!" a voice was heard to ask, anxiously.

"He is here," replied one of the men in the carriage, and taking the doctor by the hand, he assisted him to alight.

They then made him ascend several steps. By the keenness of the air, Dr. Huberti perceived that he was mounting outside steps. Then a door opened and the doctor perceived that he was crossing a large room, paved with flag stones, perhaps a vestibule, and afterwards several apartments covered with thick carpet. At length the guide of M. Huberti stopped and said to him:

"Doctor, we have arrived, take off your bandage."

M. Huberti, whose terror had given place to the most lively curiosity and vague apprehensions, obeyed, and found himself in a little room, decorated with the greatest luxury, and dimly lighted by an alabaster lamp suspended from the ceiling. The window curtains were closely drawn, as were those also of an alcove, at the bottom of the room. In this room, the doctor found himself alone with one of the three unknown who had arrested him. He was a man tall in stature, of imposing appearance, and dressed with the most aristocratic recherche. His black eyes glistened through the half-mask which covered the upper portion of his face, and a nervous trembling agitated his uncovered lips, and the thick beard which concealed the lower part of his countenance.

"Doctor," said the man, in a short and abrupt manner, "prepare your instruments, you have an amputation to perform."

"Where is the patient?" demanded M. Huberti.

So saying, the Doctor turned towards the alcove, and advanced one step towards it. The curtains were slightly moved, and a stifled sigh was heard.

"Prepare your instruments," said the man with the mask, in a convulsive manner.

"But," insisted M. Huberti, "I must first see my patient."

"You will only see the hand which you are to cut off," replied the man.

M. Huberti crossed his arms upon his breast, and, looking the other in the face, said to him:

"Sir, you have used violence to conduct me here; yet, if it is really true, that any one stands in need of my professional services, without troubling myself about your secrets, forgetting how I have been brought hither, I will do my duty as a surgeon. But, if it is your intention to commit a crime, although you have been able to compel me to follow you, you shall not force me to be your accomplice."

"Reassure yourself," said the unknown, in a tone of bitterness; "there is no crime in all this." Taking the doctor by the arm, he approached the alcove; then pointing to a hand that was thrust out between the curtains, "this is the hand which you are to cut off."

The doctor took the hand in his; he felt the fingers tremble at his touch. It was the hand of a woman, small, admirably formed, and its delicate whiteness was set off by a magnificent ruby, surrounded by diamonds.

"But," cried the doctor, "there is nothing that calls for amputation, nothing."

"And I tell you," cried the unknown, violently, "that if the surgeon refuses me, I will do his office myself; and seizing a hatchet which was at the foot of the bed, he placed the hand upon the table and prepared to cut it off. The doctor restrained him.

"Do your duty, then," said the man.

"But this is perfectly atrocious," cried poor Huberti.

"What is that to you? It must be so—I wish to have it, and madame wishes it also. If it is necessary that she herself shall entreat you, she will do so. Come, madame,

beg the doctor to do you this service."

M. Huberti, pale, bewildered, aghast, could hardly keep from fainting.

A half-smothered voice came from the alcove, which said, in an indistinguishable accent of mingled despair and resignation:

"Sir, since you are a surgeon—yes, I entreat you—do it—don't let him—for mercy's sake."

"Come, doctor said the man, "you or I?"

The resolution of his dreadful companion was so implacable and terrifying, the prayer of the poor woman so poignant and so despairing, that the doctor saw that the dictates of humanity commanded that he should obey. He took his implements, cast one more inquiring look upon the unknown, who pointed to the alcove as his only answer; with an agonised heart and with his brow bedewed with a cold sweat, he applied the knife to the wrist. Twice his hand failed him—at length the blood gushed forth, a shriek was heard from the alcove, and the silence of death soon followed. The unknown stood silent and unmoved—the noise of the horrible operation alone was heard; soon both the knife and the hand fell together. The doctor was deadly pale; he looked at the unknown with haggard eyes. The latter stooped, picked up the hand, took the ring from the finger, and presented it to the doctor:

"Take it doctor," said he—"let it be a souvenir; no one will ever demand it of you again."

He then added, in a loud voice—"It is done." Immediately the two other masked men entered, again bandaged the doctor's eyes, and led him away. The same carriage that had brought him carried him back to his own door. The doctor took off his bandage, and saw the Berlin disappearing in the darkness. It was five o'clock in the morning.

For three months, M. Huberti sought in vain to discover by every means an explanation of this terrible adventure. Had it not been for the ring, an undeniable evidence of the reality of his remembrances, he would have supposed himself the dupe of some illusion. But hoping that this very ring, the only token he had preserved of that terrible night, might sooner or later bring about some explanation, he wore it suspended to the chain of his watch. A few days since, the doctor was invited to the ball given by the Countess of P—, at her hotel in the rue de Varennes. All the elite of the titled fashionable crowded thither. The great names of France followed the most distinguished of the German diplomacy. In the commencement of the evening, the attention of all was attracted by a young man, with a pale face, a sad expression, who from time to time wandered through the saloon, in an anxious manner, and then sadly withdrew from among the crowd.

This young man chanced, in the course of the evening, to stand in front of M. Huberti. His eyes, which had lighted upon him at first mechanically, now seemed fixed upon him, and rested with a singular expression upon the ring which shone above his waistcoat.

Suddenly, the young man passed abruptly through the group that separated him from the doctor; he went straight up to M. Huberti, and jostled him rudely and in a deliberate manner.

The doctor very politely expostulated. The young man, without making any answer, struck him. The uproar produced by this scene may be easily judged. A duel is to take place between this young man and the doctor. We are guilty of no indiscretion in speaking of this affair, which is known to all Paris. Before police can read feuilleton, the duel will have taken place, and very probably it will give rise to explanations that may throw some light upon this mysterious affair, and upon the sad history in which Doctor Huberti has been one of the actors.

The Brussels Observateur gives the following explanation of this mysterious and horrible adventure:

Truth is strange—stranger than fiction. This the following relation will prove:

It turns out that the story recently published of the hand cut off, and which was so strongly intimated with the jealous Hidalgo, the revengeful Spaniard, and which our readers supposed to be designed as some puff, and which, we confess, we did not ourselves believe, so little it seems like Paris, is nevertheless true—true from one end to the other. One of the actors of this sad affair has been in Brussels the last two days. It is from him that we have the particulars, which we hasten to relate.

The young Matilda de —, (our readers will understand why we do not indicate her name, even by her initials,) is the daughter of one of the most distinguished soldiers of the empire. Her father gained an elevated station, glory and high grade in the army, but is one of the few generals whom the emperor did not enrich. Matilda had, therefore, no fortune to give her a husband.

Napoleon De — is the grandson of the noble Duchess De —. The Duchess has only her rank, an empty title, without fortune. The Duchess and the General, who had long been friends, had promised each other the union of their children, but they soon repented of it. While Matilda and Napoleon loved each other, the General and the Duchess, both uneasy as to the

welfare of their children, and look somewhat to their own interest, performed together a scene borrowed from genteel comedy.

"If my daughter," said the General, "marries this poor devil of a Napoleon, then farewell to all chance of luxury or pleasure!"

"If my grandson," said the Duchess, "marries a maiden without a dowry, how shall we ever be able to restore the dignity of our noble house?"

The General, therefore, sought to alienate Matilda from her lover, and the Duchess to separate Napoleon from Matilda. But in this they were unsuccessful. Napoleon and Matilda loved each other too sincerely not to avoid all the snares that were spread for their inexperienced youth.

Unable to succeed in separating them from each other, the General and the Duchess succeeded in bringing about the departure of Napoleon, and his prolonged absence. Their want of fortune required it. Napoleon must gain a high position. The Minister had just attached him, as first secretary, to a distant embassy. If he refused to go he would shut himself out from a brilliant career. He must make this sacrifice for the very sake of his Matilda, for whose happiness he would be responsible. Napoleon resigned himself to it.

He sought a last interview with Matilda, and announced his departure. The young girl heard it with grief. Napoleon related to her his plans in vain, he sought in vain to console her, displaying, in the distant future, a whole life of happiness, love and wealth. Matilda was inconsolable; a sad presentiment prevented her from putting any trust in the promise of an uncertain future. What could she hope to add to the happiness they then enjoyed, and which they were about to sacrifice to a sense of duty. She felt that her beautiful dream was over, and was passing away. Napoleon covered her hand with kisses and tears; "remember," said he, "remember that you are my betrothed, and that this hand belongs to me."

So saying he placed a ruby ring on her finger.

"It belonged to my mother," he added. As her sole answer, Matilda pressed the ring to her lips, and sank back in her chair, overcome by her grief. Napoleon then left her.

His absence facilitated the plans of the General and the Duchess. The General appealed to Matilda's filial affection. He exaggerated his poverty, pretended debts and engagements which he could not keep, and pictured, with an air of affright, a wretched and dishonored old age. He even threatened to kill himself. She alone had the power to save him—and for that she must forget Napoleon, and marry the rich Count de —, with whose noble and manly face, whose courage and strength of mind, she was familiar.

A little selfishness, and Matilda would have been saved; but it is the weakness of noble hearts to listen to the sacrifice. Matilda threw herself in despair, in the arms of her father, and promised all. He blessed her, and thanked her for her devotedness. Before he had finished speaking, Matilda escaped from his arms, no longer able to control herself. Exhausted by her efforts, she hastened to shut herself up in her own apartment, and wept in silence.

In the meanwhile, the bans are published, and, on the 10th of last January, in the church of St. Thomas d'Aquin, Matilda married the Count de —. The General was delighted.

At the moment of the benediction, when the husband places on the finger of his wife the ring—the symbolical emblem of the chain which unites them—instead of giving her left hand, according to custom, Matilda abruptly passed to the right of the Count, and extended her other hand. The Count remonstrated, and wished to take her left hand, but Matilda withdrew it, and again presented her right hand, at the same time casting down her eyes, but with an indomitable air of submissive determination. The Count at once perceived this, and, fearing a scene, he put the ring on the right hand, which Matilda persisted in presenting.

The Count was jealous—as jealous as Othello himself. A fatal suspicion seized him. The ring which Matilda wore on her right hand, gave him much uneasiness. He pretended not to fancy it, and begged Matilda not to wear it. Matilda replied, that she would not part with it—her answer was gentle, but evinced the same determination she had shown at the church.

The suspicions of the Count from that moment were changed to certainty, but as he wished to avenge himself, he concealed them. He arranged a set of spies about Matilda. It was not long before a letter came from Napoleon. The unfortunate young man ignorant of the sacrifice of Matilda, and the ruin of his hopes, spoke of his love, his plans for the future, and their approaching marriage. He reminded Matilda that her hand was his, and he begged her to look often upon his mother's ruby ring, to remind her of him. He finished by announcing a piece of good news. The ambassador was about to entrust him with important despatches for Paris. Before the month was over, he would see Matilda again. This letter of Napoleon's fell into the Count's hands; he understood it all.

He went into his wife's room, holding in his hand the open letter, he handed it to her. "I understand your scruples now,"

said he; "why did you not explain yourself sooner? You had sworn that your hand should be only his. Very well, as soon as he comes, I will see that you keep your oath," he added, with a frightful smile.

Matilda did not betray the slightest emotion. She feared nothing more upon earth. A month afterwards, Napoleon arrived in Paris. But he was much changed, he already knew his misfortunes, and was gloomy and despairing. The morning of the day after his arrival, a small ebony coffer was brought to him by a domestic in livery. He opened it. Judge of his grief and terror! It contained a bloody hand. It was the hand of a woman—of Matilda.

On a piece of blood-stained paper were these words:

"See how the Countess de — keeps her oath!"

Flushed with mingled grief and indignation, he seized his pistols and rushes to the house of the Count. The Count and Matilda had left during the night, some hours after the bloody operation of Dr. Huberti. It was not known whether they had gone.

The evening on which Napoleon recognised the ring of his mother on the watch of Dr. Huberti, he had gone to the ball, impelled by a secret presentiment.

The next day, Napoleon and Huberti fought in the woods of Vincennes. The Doctor, more skillful with the knife than the sword, was severely wounded under the arm. Hopes are entertained of his recovery. Before he parted with his adversary, he related what occurred on that cruel night, on which he had been forced by a feeling of humanity to commit a crime. "Besides," he added, "Matilda did not suffer much. A sublime devotion sustained her fortitude, and I am certain she was consoled in the endurance of the pain, by the thought that the hand would be sent to you. When I had finished, I heard her say in a low tone, behind the curtain that concealed her from me: 'Tell him my heart will go with my hand.' But for the ruby I never should have been enabled to fulfil her wish."

Compelled to fly, to escape being arrested on a count of the duel, Napoleon de — is now in Brussels. Poor young man! His grief is heart-rending. Will he ever return to Paris?

Huberti is only an assumed name, in order to conceal the true one. The Doctor is no other than Dr. L— (Lisfranc) the illustrious surgeon.

GOV. GRAHAM IN EDENTON.

The Citizens of our Town and County, were regaled on Thursday the 7th inst. with a speech of impassioned eloquence, redolent with patriotic sentiment, from the present incumbent of the gubernatorial chair, his Excellency M. A. GRAHAM.

It was truly an intellectual banquet, upon which "reason" might "feast"—and was conceded on all hands, to have been one of the most effective political efforts, with which we have been entertained, in the "ancient Capitol of the State." Possessing in an eminent degree, the "suaviter in modo," together with the "fortiter in re"—a delivery, dignified and graceful—a style copious and ornate—a voice remarkable for its euphony, and extensive political attainments—and above all, a heart as expansive as the State over which he presides, Mr. Graham cannot fail to enchain with rapturous delight, the attention of his auditory, wherever he may address them. He discussed with acknowledged ability, fairness and candor, all the engrossing, political topics of the day—viz: the Tariff, Oregon Question, Bankrupt Law, Internal Improvement, &c., and his argument against that "odious bill," the Sub-Treasury, was unanswerable. He portrayed with graphic skill and mastery, the distinctive difference of opinion upon these subjects between the two great antagonists "parties" of the day, contending for political supremacy.

The "diviner part of creation"—the Ladies, also, graced the assembly with their presence, cheering with their smiles of approbation, and all the fascinations of female loveliness, the orator, civilian, and Patriot, not to "be weary in well doing," in the great and important duties of State policy, in the discharge of which he has been so eminently successful—For,

"Beauty and rank, with pleasure hung,
Upon the music of his tongue."

Edenton Sent. May 9.

From the N. E. Washingtonian.

A BEAUTIFUL ANECDOTE.

The following is an extract of a sermon preached by Rev. Mr. Bennett of Woburn, on the 20th anniversary of his ordination.

"And, I am sorry to say it, the first open complaint is made against the pastor, in three cases out of four, by a deacon of the church. Deacons, the world over, are like Jeremiah's figs—i. e., very sweet or very sour. They either aid their pastor, and like Aaron and Hur, stay upon his hands, or decidedly the reverse. It is a sad fact and ought to make the ears of such deacons tingle, that at least three of four of all the ministers in New England who have been driven away from their people, have been driven away by deacons; by men who, in one respect, have with a vengeance, 'magnified their office.' I might point you to numerous examples all over the land. But I forbear. I thank God, however, that I have never been plagued by such deacons. I have never

had the slightest difficulty with any of my deacons, except in a single instance, and that lasted about five minutes. It was good Deacon Wyman, at the commencement of the Temperance Reformation in 1826. Some one had told him that I said at a church meeting that I would never drink another drop of ardent spirits, (unless ordered by a physician,) or give it to a workman or a visitor, while I lived. The deacon called upon me the next day, and asked me if I did so. I told him I did, and should stick to it at all hazards. 'Well,' said he, 'then you will not be a minister at this parish three months.' 'Very well,' said I, 'I have taken my stand; and if I knew I should be driven in quarters within three months, if I did not recant, I would not do it.' Said the deacon, 'you are a crazy man, and I will not talk with you; and a rose to go out of the house, when I accepted of Deacon Wyman, the next time you enter your closet, will you ask God to teach you by his spirit, who is right on this subject, you or I?' I told you, said he, 'I will not talk with you,' and marched out of doors. The next morning, long before sunrise, some one knocked—I went to the door, and behold there stood Deacon Wyman. He instantly grasped my hand, and with tears rolling down his cheeks, exclaimed, 'My dear pastor, I went home from your house yesterday, and in accordance with your advice, retired to my closet, and asked God to teach me by his spirit, who was right in the use of ardent spirits, you or I. In five minutes, a flood of light broke in upon my mind, and I was fully convinced that you were right and I was wrong. And now, said he, go ahead with your temperance reformation—to the day of my death I will do all in my power to sustain you. He was as good as his word. He did sustain me as long as he lived."

A ROMANTIC INCIDENT.

A French newspaper, published at Lyons, relates the following romantic anecdote:

A few nights ago when the wind blew with great violence at Lyons, a gentleman who was walking on one of the wharves, wrapped in a large cloak, and philosophically smoking a cigar, heard at a little distance a piercing cry, and the noise of a heavy body falling into the Rhone. It was in the dead of night. The swollen river roared with fury. The night was dark, and the wharf desolate. Without a thought of danger, and only following the impulse of a generous heart, he threw himself into the waves. He struggled for a long time against fearful perils, and finally regained the shore, after he had been carried some two or three hundred feet by the strength of the current. He deposited on the shore the body of a woman. The brilliancy of the gas lights, enabled him to observe the extreme pallor of her countenance, the disorder of her clothing, and her youth, elegance and beauty. As we have already said, it was midnight—no assistance was at hand—and where should he convey her at this hour? To whom should he confide a burden which had already become so precious? But he must decide immediately—and concluded to transport her to his own lodgings, which were not far off. The fire, which two hours before had glowed before a convivial party, burned brightly still. His acropolis of delicacy at such a moment were over come—and by proper assistance she was recovered from her swoon. The next day the pale features of this lady were slightly tinged with the rose. She related to her deliverer that she had stepped from her carriage in search of a friend, who lived near one of the quays, and while passing along the river's bank her feet had unluckily slipped, and she had fallen into the river. A fortnight afterwards, the news papers announced the marriage of M. Edouard, one of the editors of the "La Rhone," with Madame Adela Designy, a young widow of Frankfurt, whose fortune was estimated at a million sterling!

A Rich Joke is going the rounds of the Paris papers to the effect that two works on Galvanism had been lately seized by the blind and bigoted Pontifical Government at Rome. The Government actually imagined in its bigotted ignorance, that the works had something to do not with galvanic electricity,—but credit Judeus—with Calvinism.

INDIAN CORN IN ENGLAND.

The naturalization of this important article of food in England promises great benefits to both countries. The vigorous and practical mind of Cobden, whose residence in this country informed him of the great advantages of maize as an article of food, was strenuously, but vainly, directed to its introduction into England. Our own statesmen have long regarded it as a consummation devoutly to be wished; and Mr. Webster, some three years since, anticipated from the exportation of maize to Europe, a large and lasting advantage. But all efforts have until recently failed. So powerful are fashion and the force of habit, that the English people refused to adopt, as an article of food, that with which the Americans fed their hogs ignorant or forgetful of the fact that it is a favorite dish with the best food people of the world. But famine is a powerful dispeller of prejudices, even with the daintiest appetites. Since the potato rot has discredited the Irish boast that—

"Our's is an excellent, luscious and lasting;
No turnip nor other weak babe of the ground,"