

NORTH STAR AND WEEKLY

"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT! LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIMEST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S AND TRUTH'S."

VOLUME III.—NO. 3.

WASHINGTON, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1845.

WHOLE NUMBER 105.

Published every Thursday morning,
BY
HENRY DIMOCK,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:
\$2 50 per annum, if paid within two months from the date of subscription; \$3, if paid during the subscription year; or \$3 50 if not paid during the year.

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POETRY.

From the Boston Courier.

Ballad of the Alarmed Skipper.

Many a long, long year ago,
Nantucket's waters had a plan
Of finding out through "flying loam,"
How near New York their schooners ran.

The custom was to grease the lead,
And then, by sounding through the night,
Knowing it to be that stuck so well,
They always guessed, their reckoning right.

A skipper grew whose eyes were dim,
Could tell, 't was not his just the spot,
And so below he "dows the gim"—
After, of course, his "something hot."

Soon, in his berth, at eight o'clock,
This ancient skipper could be found;
No matter how his crew did rock—
He slept, and nappers sleep, profound.

The watch a-draw would row and then
I run down and wake him, with the lead;
He'd up and stare, and tell the men
How many miles they went ahead.

One night, 't was Jotham Marden's watch;
A wife was his, the pedlar's son—
And so he napped, (the wanton wretch),
To-night, it'll have a grain of us.

We're all a set of stupid fools,
To think the skipper knows, by tasting,
What goun' he's on—Nantucket schools
Don't teach such stuff with all their basting!

And so he took the well-greased lead,
And rubbed it over a box of earth,
That a real cork (to parsnip head),
And then brought the skipper's berth.

"Where are you now, sir? 't is a taste to taste!"
The skipper yawned, but out his tongue,
Then opened his eyes in wondrous haste,
And then again the floor he sprang!

The skipper snarled and tore his hair,
Threat on his boots and roared to Marden—
Nantucket's bank and here we are
Right over old Marm Hackett's garden!"

What is Life?

Say, is there aught that can convey
An image of life's transient stay?
'T is a bird's flight, 't is a tale,
'T is a vessel under sail,
'T is a carter's straining steed,
'T is a smile in its speed,
'T is an eagle on its way,
Parading down upon its prey;
'T is an arrow in its flight,
Mocking the pursuing sight,
'T is a vapor in the air,
'T is a short-lived fading flower;
'T is a shadow on a shower;
'T is a momentary ray,
Shining on a winter's day;
'T is a torrent's rapid stream,
'T is a hollow 't is a dream;
'T is the gleaming watch of night,
Dying at the rising light;
'T is a missepe vainly gray,
Pausing upon crumbling clay;
'T is a snuff that wastes its fires;
'T is a smoke that quick expires;
'T is a breath on burn steel;
'T is a arrow when the keel
Plunges upon the watery main;
'T is an April shower of rain;
'T is the iris on the spray,
Dashed by vessels in their way,
'T is a meteor in the sky;
'T is a bubble; 't is a sigh;
Be prepared, O man, to die.

TOLEABLE IMPROPER.—The Editor's Table of the Knickerbocker has the following morceau. It is a nice little story with a point and we believe a new dress.

"A young gentleman, a member of our college was expelled for the crime of drawing young ladies up to his room at night and letting them down in the morning, by means of a rope and basket arranged from his window. Of course a great deal of gossiping conversation was the consequence. The following colloquy occurred between two young ladies:—"Jane do you really believe that the students draw girls up their rooms? Certainly my dear; more than that, I know they do." "How?" "Well I was going by the college one morning; it was just before light; 't was very early in the morning; and I heard a noise in the direction of one of the College buildings. I looked that way, and as plain as I see you now, I saw a girl in a basket about half way from a three story window to the ground; and just then the rope broke, and down I came!" "Oh, Jane!

Daddy Biggs' Scrape at Cockerell's Bend.
BY THE "CHICKEN-MAN."
The author of "Simon Suggs," "Taking the Census in Alabama," etc.

Cockerell's Bend is a well known rendezvous for the hunter and fisher of the Tallapoosa; and a beautiful place it is. The upper end of the cove is lake-like in its stillness, and is very deep; while a half mile below, the river spreads itself to double its usual width, and brawls among rocks and islets fringed with the tall river grass. The part above is resorted to by those who fish with the rod and that below by seiners. Opposite to the deep water, the hills come towering down to within twenty yards of the river, the narrow intervening strip being low-land, covered with a tremendous growth of gum, poplar and white oak. Late in the afternoon of a warm May-day, this part of the Bend is a most delightful spot. The little mountains on the South and West exclude the sun glare completely; and the mere comfort-seeker may lay himself flat in the bottom of an old Indian canoe he finds moored there by a grape vine, and float and look at the clouds and dream—as I have often done—with no living thing in sight to disturb his meditations, except the muskrat on the end of the old projecting log, and the matronly summer duck with her brood of tiny ducklings swimming close huddled, in the shade of the huge water-oak, whose overhanging limbs are covered with a close network of muscadine vines—whereof, (of the vines I mean), I have a story of my friend, Captain Suggs, which will be related at the proper time. Take care, ye little downy rascals!—especially you, little fellow, with half an egg-shell stuck to your back!—true, there are not many or large trout in the Tallapoosa, but there are some; and occasionally one is found of mouth sufficient to engorge a young duck!—and almost always in a cool, quiet shade just like—hist! snap!—there you go, precisely as I told you! Now, old lady, quit that fussing and fluttering, and take the "young 'uns" out of the way of that other one that isn't far off! Trituration in a trout's maw must be unpleasant, one would think!

It chanced once that the writer encamped for a day or two on the narrow strip spoken of, with a company of the unsophisticated dwellers of the rough lands in that region, of whom the principal personage was "Daddy Elias Biggs," sometimes called "Daddy 'Lias," but more commonly "Daddy Biggs." We were on a fishing expedition, and at night hung a short line or two from the branches of the trees which overhung the water for "cat." One night, as we had just done this and were gathered around the fire, a galloway passing from hand to hand, "Daddy Biggs"—who was a short squab man, rosy checked, bald, and inclined to be score—remarked, as he extended his hand towards a long, gaunt fellow, with a very long nose, and a very long black beard—

"Boys, ain't you never heara what a terrible scrape I had here, at this very spot, last year? Billy Teal, let me have a suck at that yearthenwar, and I'll tell you all about it."
The old man took a "suck," smacked his lips and began his relation:
"You all remember the time, boys, when them Chatahospa fellows come here a fishin'?" "Darn 'em, I wish they could fish about home, without goin' twenty miles to interrupt other people's range—well, they camped right here, and right here they seed the Devil."
"Seed the Devil?" exclaimed Billy Teal.
"Did they, in right down airnes, now?" asked Jim Waters, looking around at the dark woods, and insinuating himself between Abe Ludlow and the fire in evident fright.
"They seed the Devil," repeated Daddy Biggs, with emphasis—"and ketchin him too," he added; "but they couldn't hold him."
"Good gracious!" said Jim Waters, looking around again—"do you think he stays about here?"—and Jim got nearer to the fire.
"He stays about here some," replied Daddy Biggs. "But Jim, son, get out from the fire!—you'll set your over-hauls afire!—and get me you all about it."
Billy Teal had deposited the jug behind a log, some ten feet off; but Jim Waters was not the lad to back out, if the Devil was about; so he made two desperate stides and grabbed the "yearthenwar"; and then made two more which brought him, head first, jug and all, into the fire. Chunks and sparks flew every where as he ploughed through!

"He's got you, Jim!" shouted Abe.
"Pull the boy out!" exclaimed Billy and myself in the breath, "or he'll burn!"
"Some one ye have the jug!" screamed Daddy Biggs, who was standing horror-stricken at the idea of being left without liquor in the woods.
In a minute both Jim and the jug were rescued; the former with burnt face and hands, and singed hair—the latter entirely uninjured.
"Well, well," chuckled Daddy Biggs, we come outen that first-rate—the jug ain't hurt, nor no liquor spilt. But Jim, I'm real astonished at you!—pitchin' into the fire that way, and you a knowin' that was every drop of sperrets we had!"
"Oh, but, Daddy 'Lias," interposed Dick McCoy, "you must look over that—he seed the Devil!"
"Well, well, that minds me I was gwine to tell you all about that monstrous scrape I had w' them Chatahospa fellows, last summer; so I'll squeeze the jug one time more, and tell you all about it."

Throwing his head in an admirable position for taking a view of things heavenly, Daddy Biggs inserted the mouth of the jug into his own mouth, when for a short space there was a sound which might be spelled "uggle-uggle-lugle-lugle-lugle"; and then Daddy Biggs set the jug down by him, and began his story once more.

"Well boys, they was camped right here and had sot out their hooks for cat [fish] just as we've done to-night. Right thar, this side of whar Bill's line hings, some on 'em had a most a devil of a hook, from that big lim that goes straight out thar. He must a had a kunnoo to fasten it whar he did, else cooned it on the top of the limb. Well, it's allers swimmin' under that limb, but that's a big rock in the shape of a sugar loaf, comes up in six inches of the top. Right round that was whar I'd ketchin the monstrousest, most oudaciousst Appaloosa cat, the week before, that ever come outen the Tallapoosa, and they'd hearn of it, and the fellow with the big hook was a fishin' for hit's mate. Darn it, boys, it makes me mad to think how them Chatahospa fellows and the two folks do 'trude on us roover people—and when I'm aggravated I allers drinks, so here goes again!"
Daddy Biggs threw back his head again; again put the jug's mouth in his own—and again produced the sound of "uggle-uggle-lugle"; and then resumed:
"This big-hook feller I was telling about, his name was Jess Cole, which live in the Bottoms thar whar Chatahospa falls into the Hocta Looke; and ain't got mor'n half sense at that?"
"That's the fellow owed to strike for Vince Kirkland in the Blacksmith's shop at Dodd's, afore Vince died—aint it?" asked Bill Teal.
"That's him," said Daddy Biggs, "and that's how I come to know him; for I seed him thar once, tho' I can't say he knowed me. Well, he waked up in the night, and heard a most awful sloshin' at the end of his line, and he says, 'Rise, boys!—I've got him!—Darn my skin, if I ain't.' And sure enough, there was something a flouncin' and sloshin' and makin' a devil of a comberation at the end of the line.—Jess he sprung up and got a long stick with a hook at one end, and ratched out and cotchit the line and tried to pull it in; but the thing on the hook gave a flirt, and the stick bent a leetle too short, which made him stoop forward, in he fell! He scuffled out tho' tollable quick, and ses he, 'Boys, he's a whaler!—cuss my eternal buttocks, if he ain't the rise of sixty pounds!' Old Biggs, he can't shine no way! When I heard that, boys, I—"

"When you heerd it?" exclaimed all.
"Yes, me!" said Biggs, laughingly; "didn't I tell you that before? Well, I oughter done it, but forgot it! Darn it, we'll take a drink on that, any way; and so he did."
"So 't was you instid of the devil, he cotched," observed Jim Waters, apparently much relieved by the disclosure.
"Jist so; and the way it was, I seed the rascals as they were comin' here, and knowed what they were arter. So, when night comes, I slips down the roover bank mighty easy and nice, twell I could see the camp fire. But thar was a dog along, and I was afraid to venture up that way. 'See, I was arter stealin' thar fish they'd cotched the day, which I knowed in reason they'd have a string on 'em in the water, at the kinnoo landin', to keep fresh. Well, seeing of the dog, I eluded Pd tack the inimy by water instid of land. So with that I took the roover about thirty yards above here, and sure enough, finds the string of fish jist whar I knowed they'd be; and then I starts to swim down the roover a little ways and get out below, and go to Jerry White's, and tell him the joke. Boys, ain't you gittin' mighty dry? I am."

And Daddy Biggs drank again.
"Well, boys, jist as I got whar that drated hook was, not thinkin' of nothin' but the fun, the cussed thing ketchin' in one thigh of my over-hauls, and brought me up short. I tried the cusseddest ever a feller did, to get loose, and couldn't. I had no knife, and thar I flew round and pulled first forward and then backwards, and reared and pitched and made the water bile.—Fact, boys, I was hitched to a swingin' limb and no mistake. Once or twice I got on top of the sugar-loaf rock, jist as I laid, the blasted rock was so slippery, off I'd launch! Fact, boys, and it aggravated me; it aggravated me smartly—so it did! Ef Pd a had liquor then, I'd a took some, I was so cussed mad. Well, in this time that I legged cuss, Jess Cole, wakes up, as I tell'd you, and hollers out in the way I norated. Boys, what do you all say to another drink? It makes me so cussed mad every time I think 'bout it!"
Once more, Daddy Biggs gazed at the stars.
"Soon as Jess said that about cat bein' bigger'n mine, I said in my mind, I'll whip you certin'! Well, they all keep a most confounded hollerin', and every now and then, some on 'em would throw a long log of wood as they had cut for fire as nigh at me as they could guess, to stunt the cat, you see; but the branches of the tree favored me mightily in keepin' 'em off—tho' they'd strike pretty close by me 'casionally, cajnuk strikin' end foremost, you see. So they kept up a right smart throwin' of logs, and me a right peart dodgin' for some time; and I tell you, it took real nice judgment to keep the infernal hook outen my meat; it grained the skin several times, as twas. At last, Jess, he climbs into the tree and gits on the limb right over me, and ses he, 'Boys, I believe hits a mud turtle; for I see somethin' like the form of one right under me.' Thinks I you'll find one of the sperrets, I judge. Then another one—"

"It is cruel in you to—"
"Well, Mr. Caudle, if you ain't the most provokin' man—well, I'm not going to scold. You needn't be so pettish, I was only going to say you are lucky in having a wife that attends to matters, and saves you so much. I haven't spent a sixpence on myself these three months, and although I say it, there isn't a woman in town who—"
John Quincy Adams.
We find in the last number of the American Review, a brief, but well written biographical sketch of this venerable statesman and patriot whose public services, through a period of more than half a century, fill a conspicuous page in the history of the United States. The concluding portion of this sketch, which we give below, will be found particularly interesting:
"Retiring from the Executive Chair in 1829,

"The hogs I took warn't marked," ses Jess, a shiverin' all over.
"They warn't yours, ses I.
"I'll never do so no more," ses Jess, shiverin' wus and wus, 'ef you'll let me off this time."
"Can't do it, Jess! want you down in Topplet, to strike for Vince Kirkland? I've got him thar a black-smithin' of it. He does all my odd jobs, like pinetin' of my tail and sick like!—Can't let you off—I've come a purpose for you!"
"I seed the poor devil shudder when I called Vince's name, but he didn't say no more, so I jobs the gig through the hind part of his over-hauls and starts down to the kunnoo landin' with him, in a peart trot. The way he scratched up the dirt as he travelled backwards on his all-fours, was a perfect sight.—But jist as I struck the roover, he got a holt of a grub, and the gig tore out, and he started 'nother way.—I never seed runnin' twell then—'ain't no use to try to tell you how fast he did run; I couldn't do it in a week. A scared wulf warn't nothin' to him. He ran faster'n six scared wolves and a yearlin' deer. Soon as he got a start I made for a log 'dar I seed their guns, and behind the job for you; so I pitched the gear—at hit fully a gallon—smack into the fire, and then jumped in the roover myself. I hadn't more'n got properly in before it blowed up. Such a blaze I never seed before. The 'rise was some itself, but the blaze covered all the creation, and ratched higher than the trees. It spread out to the logs whar the guns was, and fired them off! Pop! pop! pop! No wonder them Chatahospa fellows never come back! Satan himself couldn't a done it no better, ef he had been thar in the way of racket and 'nise!"
Daddy Biggs now took a long breath, and a longer drink.

"Boys, he continued, 'I got them fellers' fish and a two-gallon jug of sperrets, and I throwed their guns in the roover, besides given 'em the all-gorriest scare they ever had; and they aint bein' back since, which I hope they never will, for it's josed upon. And now, boys, that's my 'scrape'; so less take another drink, look at the hooks, and then lay down."

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Mr. Adams, for the first time in a period of thirty-six years, passed into the quiet of a private life. It is impossible, however, for such men to hide away from the public eye. In 1831, the suffrages, nearly unanimous, of his native Congressional district, remanded him back to the service of the Commonwealth, electing him to a seat in the House of Representatives. The venerable ex-president accepted the appointment, and has since filled the office for fourteen successive years—not more, perhaps, from a fervent desire to serve the republic, than from the fact, that his whole life, from the merest boyhood, having been passed before the world, among stirring movements and events, it has become to him, in a manner, the mode of existence. It might very well be doubted if he would enjoy half as good health or spirits in complete retirement.

But though thus, in his 78th year, still actively engaged in the public service, Mr. Adams yet pays the most diligent every-day attention to books. He has practised this, indeed, at all periods of his life, in the midst of the most important and engrossing occupations. A striking illustration, among many others, may be taken from the period of his administration. Harassed, as he was at that time, in addition to his usual Executive duties, with unremitting and violent opposition, distracted with various dimensions at home, as well as very difficult foreign relations, Mr. Adams still found time to draw up, for the improvement of his son, then a student at law, the most elaborate abstracts of the chief Orations of Cicero, and the Provencal Letters of Pascal. With such diligence, joined to a mind discursive yet perpetually observant, it is not wonderful that he should have acquired so vast a store of various information. The fields of knowledge which his intellect has traversed, and to which his memory can recur—especially in ancient literature, in history, and the many forms of philosophy—are immense. He has, above all, the most wide and thorough acquaintance with the social and political progress of the human race. It may safely be affirmed, that Mr. Adams knows more of the public and secret politics of all nations, for the last hundred years, than any man living.

As we have not attempted to write the biography of this remarkable man, so we would not attempt to portray his character. These belong to the future historian. Posterity will take sufficient care that these be not neglected. Whether every particular act of his, in a public life of half a century, any more than the whole career of any other man who has moved many years before the people, is completely defensible, may then be determined. That, however, notwithstanding the various jealousies, the personal and party asperities—ripening too often into bitter animosities, which have arisen from time to time in the turmoil of political contests, Mr. Adams has a larger share, than any man among us, to the affectionate respect of his countrymen, has been evinced, we think, by the universal public voice. Men who warmly differ with him, on great national questions, cannot fail to venerate him for his extensive knowledge, his eminent abilities, his long public services, his earnest integrity, and the fervent purity of his moral character. No better proof of this could be adduced, than the welcome which greeted him everywhere, from city to city, in his journey to the West, some months since, to take part in a scientific expedition.

Mr. Adams is still in equable health and vigorous, walks with a short, but firm and elastic step, and remains in perfect possession of all his intellectual faculties. No person who should see him breathing at sunrise the waters of the Potomac, as is his custom every day from the middle of spring to the middle of autumn, or traversing on foot, as he frequently does in the morning, before the sitting of the House commences, the entire distance of a mile and a half from his residence, near the President's, to the Capitol, would suppose that nearly eighty years of a most laborious life have passed over him. Certainly, any one listening to him speaking fluently and clearly, an hour at a time on the floor of Congress, or conversing a whole evening without cessation, must be convinced that the powers of his mind are altogether unimpaired. He has a residence in Washington, and generally stays there till May, though the session may have closed before. In the summer and autumn he remains in his ancestral mansion, at Quincy. May he continue yet many years in the land he has so long honored, and go down to future time under that affectionate and venerable title, accorded him by his country—

THE OLD MAN ELOQUENT."

From the Philadelphia U. S. Gazette.

A Card.
Mrs. Mary Caudle begs permission to protest, in this manner, against the publicity which has been given to some conversation between her and her husband, relative to matters, altogether of a domestic nature. She has, against the suggestions of many good friends, forbore to notice the injustice of her husband, who is, it is believed, instigated by the vanity of being considered

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But though thus, in his 78th year, still actively engaged in the public service, Mr. Adams yet pays the most diligent every-day attention to books. He has practised this, indeed, at all periods of his life, in the midst of the most important and engrossing occupations. A striking illustration, among many others, may be taken from the period of his administration. Harassed, as he was at that time, in addition to his usual Executive duties, with unremitting and violent opposition, distracted with various dimensions at home, as well as very difficult foreign relations, Mr. Adams still found time to draw up, for the improvement of his son, then a student at law, the most elaborate abstracts of the chief Orations of Cicero, and the Provencal Letters of Pascal. With such diligence, joined to a mind discursive yet perpetually observant, it is not wonderful that he should have acquired so vast a store of various information. The fields of knowledge which his intellect has traversed, and to which his memory can recur—especially in ancient literature, in history, and the many forms of philosophy—are immense. He has, above all, the most wide and thorough acquaintance with the social and political progress of the human race. It may safely be affirmed, that Mr. Adams knows more of the public and secret politics of all nations, for the last hundred years, than any man living.

As we have not attempted to write the biography of this remarkable man, so we would not attempt to portray his character. These belong to the future historian. Posterity will take sufficient care that these be not neglected. Whether every particular act of his, in a public life of half a century, any more than the whole career of any other man who has moved many years before the people, is completely defensible, may then be determined. That, however, notwithstanding the various jealousies, the personal and party asperities—ripening too often into bitter animosities, which have arisen from time to time in the turmoil of political contests, Mr. Adams has a larger share, than any man among us, to the affectionate respect of his countrymen, has been evinced, we think, by the universal public voice. Men who warmly differ with him, on great national questions, cannot fail to venerate him for his extensive knowledge, his eminent abilities, his long public services, his earnest integrity, and the fervent purity of his moral character. No better proof of this could be adduced, than the welcome which greeted him everywhere, from city to city, in his journey to the West, some months since, to take part in a scientific expedition.

Mr. Adams is still in equable health and vigorous, walks with a short, but firm and elastic step, and remains in perfect possession of all his intellectual faculties. No person who should see him breathing at sunrise the waters of the Potomac, as is his custom every day from the middle of spring to the middle of autumn, or traversing on foot, as he frequently does in the morning, before the sitting of the House commences, the entire distance of a mile and a half from his residence, near the President's, to the Capitol, would suppose that nearly eighty years of a most laborious life have passed over him. Certainly, any one listening to him speaking fluently and clearly, an hour at a time on the floor of Congress, or conversing a whole evening without cessation, must be convinced that the powers of his mind are altogether unimpaired. He has a residence in Washington, and generally stays there till May, though the session may have closed before. In the summer and autumn he remains in his ancestral mansion, at Quincy. May he continue yet many years in the land he has so long honored, and go down to future time under that affectionate and venerable title, accorded him by his country—

THE OLD MAN ELOQUENT."

From the Philadelphia U. S. Gazette.

A Card.
Mrs. Mary Caudle begs permission to protest, in this manner, against the publicity which has been given to some conversation between her and her husband, relative to matters, altogether of a domestic nature. She has, against the suggestions of many good friends, forbore to notice the injustice of her husband, who is, it is believed, instigated by the vanity of being considered

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