

WEEKLY REGISTER

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NO. 8.

SELECTED ARTICLES.

From Chamber's Magazine.

THE POINT OF HONOR.

One evening in the autumn of the year 1842, seven persons, including myself, were sitting and chatting in a state of hilarious gaiety in front of Senor Arguella's country-house, a mile or so out of Santiago de Cuba, in the Eastern Intendencia of the Queen of the Antilles, and once its chief capital, when an incident occurred that as effectually put an extinguisher upon the noisy mirth as if a bomb-shell had suddenly exploded at our feet. But first a brief account of the seven persons, and the cause of their being so assembled, will be necessary.

There were American, Englishmen—Southerners and smart traders, catalytically connected with the commerce of the Columbia Archipelago, and descending upon the morrow, wind and weather permitting, in the bark Neptune—Starkey, master and part owner—for Montauk Bay, Jamaica; one was a lieutenant in the Spanish artillery, and nephew of our host; another was a M. Dupont, a young and rich creole, of mingled French and Spanish parentage, and the reputed suitor for the hand of Donna Antonia—the daughter and sole heiress of Senor Arguella, and a rich and graceful and charming maiden of eighteen—a ripe age in that precocious clime; the sixth guest was Capt. Starkey of the Neptune, a gentlemanly, fine-looking English seaman, of about thirty years of age; the seventh and last was myself, at that time more youngster, and but just recovered from a severe fit of sickness which a twelve month previously had necessitated my removal from Jamaica to the much more temperate and equable climate of Cuba, albeit the two islands are only distant about five degrees from each other. I was also one of Captain Starkey's passengers, and so was Senor Arguella, who had business to wind up in Kingston. He was to be accompanied by Senor Arguella, Antonia, the young lieutenant, and M. Dupont. The Neptune had brought a cargo of sundries, consisting of hardware, cottons, etc., to Cuba, and was returning about half-laden with goods. Amongst these, belonging to the American merchants, was a number of barrels of gunpowder that had proved unuseable in Cuba, and which, it was thought, might find a satisfactory market in Jamaica. There was excellent cabin accommodation on board Captain Starkey's vessel, and as the weather was fine, and the passage promised to be a brief as well as a pleasant one—the wind having shifted to the northwest, with the intention it seemed of remaining there for some time—we were all, as I have stated, in exceedingly good humor, and discussed the intended trip, Cuban, American, and European politics, the comparative merits of French and Spanish wines, and Havana and Alabama cigars, with infinite glee and gusto.

The evening, too, was deliciously bright and clear. The breeze, pronounced by Captain Starkey to be rising to a five or six knot one at sea, only sufficiently stirred the rich and odorous vegetation of the valleys, stretching far away, beneath us, gently to fan the heated faces of the party, with its grateful perfume, and slightly ripple the winding rivers, rivulets rather, which every where intersect the irrigated island, and which were now glittering with the myriad reflections of the intensely lustreous stars that dimmed a Cuban night. Nearly all the guests had drunk very freely of the wine, too much, indeed; but the talk, in French, which all could speak tolerably, did not profane the calm glory of the scene, till some time after Senor Arguella and her daughter had left us. The Senor, I should state, was still detained in town by business which it was necessary he should dispose of previous to embarking for Jamaica.

"Do not go away," said Senor Arguella, addressing Captain Starkey, as she rose from her seat, "till I see you again. When you are at leisure, ring the *sonnet* on the table and a servant will inform me. I wish to speak further with you relative to the cabin arrangements."

Captain Starkey bowed. I had never, I thought, seen Antonia smile so sweetly; and the two ladies left us. I do not precisely remember how it came about, or what first led to it, but it was not very long before we were all conscious that the conversation had assumed a disagreeable tone. It struck me that M. Dupont did not like the expression of Antonia's face as he courted to Captain Starkey. The after-impulsiveness did not however arise ostensibly from that cause.

The fact is, they were both flushed with wine and passion, and scarcely knew what they said or did—M. Dupont applied an epithet to the Queen of England, which instantly brought a glass of wine full in his face from the hand of Captain Starkey. They were all in an instant on their feet, and apparently sobered, or nearly so, by the unfortunate issue of the woful tumult.

Captain Starkey was the first to speak. His flushed and angry features paled suddenly to an almost deathly white, and he stammered out: "I beg your pardon, M. Dupont. It was wrong—very wrong in me to do so, though not inexcusable."

"Pardon!" *Mlle. Antonia* shouted Dupont, who was expiring about in ecstasy of rage, and wiping his face with his handkerchief. "Yes, but let through your head shall pardon you—nothing less."

Indeed, according to the notions of Cuban society, no other alternative save the duello appeared possible. Lieutenant Arguella hurried at once to the house, and speedily returned with a case of pistols. "Let us proceed," he said in a quick whisper to the grove yonder; he shall be there free from interruption." He took Dupont's arm, and both turned to move off. As they did so, Mr. Desmond, the elder of the American gentlemen, stepped towards Captain Starkey, who with recovered calmness, and with his arms folded, was standing by the table, and said: "I am not entirely, my good sir, a stranger to these affairs, and if I can be of service, I shall."

"Thank you, Mr. Desmond," replied the English Captain; "but I shall not require your assistance. Lieutenant Arguella, you may as well remain. I am no duellist, and shall not fight M. Dupont."

"What does he say?" exclaimed the Lieutenant, gazing with stupid bewilderment round the circle.

"Not fight," said the Anglo-Saxon blood, I saw, flushed as hotly in the veins of the American as it did in mine at this exhibition of the white feather by one of our race. "Not fight, Captain Starkey!" said Mr. Desmond.

mond with grave earnestness after a painful pause; "you whose name is in the list of the British royal navy, say this! You must be jesting!"

"I am perfectly serious—I am opposed to duelling upon principle."

"A coward, upon principle!" fairly screamed Dupont, with mocking fury, and at the same time shaking his clenched fist at the Englishman.

The degrading epithet stung like a serpent. A gleam of fierce passion broke out of Captain Starkey's dark eyes, and he made a step towards Dupont, but resolutely checked himself.

"Well, it must be borne! I was wrong to offer you personal violence, although your impertinence certainly deserved rebuke. Still, I repeat I will not fight with you."

"But you shall give my friend satisfaction!" exclaimed Lieutenant Arguella, who was as much excited as Dupont: "or by Heaven, I will post you as a dastard not only throughout this island but Jamaica!"

Captain Starkey for all answer to this menace coolly rang the *sonnet*, and desired the slave who answered it to inform Senor Arguella that he was about to leave, and wished to see her.

"The brave Englishman is about to place himself under the protection of your aunt's petticoats," Alfonso slouted Dupont with triumphant mockery.

"I almost doubt whether Mr. Starkey is an Englishman," exclaimed Mr. Desmond, who, as well as his two friends, was getting pretty much incensed; "but at all events, as my father and mother were born and raised in the old country, if you presume to insinuate that—"

"Senor Arguella at this moment approached, and the irate American with some difficulty restrained himself. The lady appeared surprised at the strange aspect of the company she had so lately left. She, however, at the request of the Captain, instantly led the way into the house, leaving the rest of her visitors, as the French say, *placés à la*.

Ten minutes afterwards we were informed that Captain Starkey had left the house, after impressing upon Senor Arguella that the *Neptune* would sail the next morning precisely at nine o'clock. A renewed torrent of rage, contempt, and scorn broke forth at this announcement, and a duel at one time seemed inevitable between Lieutenant Arguella and Mr. Desmond, the last named gentleman manifesting great anxiety to shoot somebody or other in vindication of his Anglo-Saxon lineage. This, however, was overruled, and the party broke up in angry disorder.

We were all on board by the appointed time on the following morning. Captain Starkey received us with civil indifference, and I noticed that the elaborate snuff which sat upon the countenances of Dupont and the lieutenant did not appear in the slightest degree to ruffle or affect him; but the averted eye and scornful air of Donna Antonia as she passed with Senor Arguella towards the cabin, drawing her mantilla tightly round her as she swept by, as if—so I perhaps wrongly interpreted the action—it would be soiled by contact with a portloun, visibly touched him—only, however, for a brief moment. The expression of pain quickly vanished, and his countenance was as cold and stern as before. There was, albeit, it was soon found, a limit to this, it seemed, contemptuous bearing.

Dupont, approaching him, gave his elaborate snuff, which sat upon the countenances of several of the crew; but, looking steadily in the captain's face, he said: "*Loche!*" He would have turned away, but was arrested by a gripe of steel.

"*Encoutre, monsieur,*" said Captain Starkey; "individually, I hold for nothing whatever you may say; but I am captain and king in this ship, and I will permit no one to bear me before the crew, and thereby lessen my authority over them. Do you presume again to do so, and I will put you in solitary confinement, perhaps in irons, till we arrive at Jamaica." He then threw off his startled auditor, and walked forwards. The passengers, on elaborate snuff, which sat upon the countenances of several of the crew; but, looking steadily in the captain's face, he said: "*Loche!*" He would have turned away, but was arrested by a gripe of steel.

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"I should have fallen prostrate on the deck," a wailing outcry of "Pire! pire!" the most fearful cry that can be heard at sea—mingled with and heightened the dizzy ringing in my brain, and I was barely sufficiently conscious to discern, amidst the runnings and fro, and the incoherent exclamations of the crew, the sinewy, athletic figure of the captain leap up, as it were, from the companion-ladder to the deck, and with his trumpet-voice command immediate silence, instantly followed by the order again to batten down the blazing hatchway. This, with his own assistance, was promptly effected, and then he disappeared down the fore-castle. The two or three minutes he was gone—it could scarcely have been more than that—seemed interminable; and so completely did it appear to be recognized that our fate must depend upon his judgment and vigor that not a word was spoken, nor a finger, I think, moved, till he reappeared, already scorched and blackened with the fire, and dragging up what seemed a dead body in his arms. He threw his burden on the deck, and passing swiftly to where Hawkins stood, said in a low, hurried whisper, but audible to me: "Run down and rouse the passengers and bring my pistols from the cabin-locker. Quick! Eternity hangs on the loss of a moment." Then turning to the startled but attentive seamen, he said in a rapid but firm voice: "You well know, men, that I would not on any occasion or for any motive deceive you. Listen, then, attentively. You drunken brute—he is Lieutenant Arguella's servant—has fired with his candle the spirits he was stealing, and the hold is a mass of fire which it is useless to waste one precious moment in attempting to extinguish."

A cry of rage and terror burst from the crew, and they sprang impulsively towards the boats, but the captain's authoritative voice at once arrested their steps. "Hear me out, will you? Hurry and confusion will destroy us all, but with courage and steadiness every soul on board may be saved before the flames can reach the powder. And remember," he added, as he took his pistols from Hawkins' hand, "after any man who robs me, and I will shoot him with a will."

It was marvellous to observe the influence his bold, confident, and commanding bearing and words had upon the men. The panic-terror that had seized them gave place to energetic resolution, and in an incredibly short space of time the boats were lowered. "Well done, my fellows!—There is plenty of time, I again repeat. Four of you—"

and he named them—remain with me. Three others jump into each of the large boats, two into the small one, and bring them round to the landward side of the ship. A rush would swamp the boats, and we shall be able to keep only one gang-way clear."

The passengers were by this time rushing upon deck half-dazed, and in a state of the wildest terror, for they all knew there was a large quantity of gunpowder on board. The instant the boats touched the starboard side of the bark, the men, white as well as colored, forced their way with frenzied eagerness before the women and children—careless, apparently, whom they sacrificed so that they might themselves leap to the shelter of the boats from the fiery volcano raging beneath their feet.

Captain Starkey, aided by four athletic seamen he had selected for the duty, hurried them fiercely back. "Back, back!" he shouted; "We must have funeral order here—first the women and children, next the old men. Hand Senor Arguella along; next the young lady her daughter; quick!"

As Donna Antonia, more dead than alive, was about to be lifted into the boat, a gush of flame burst through the main hatchway with the roar of an explosion; a tumultuous cry burst from the frenzied passengers, and they jostled each other with frightful violence in their efforts to reach the gangway. Dupont forced his way through the lane of seamen with the energy of a madman, and pressed so eagerly upon Antonia that, but for the utmost exertion of the captain's herculean strength, she must have been precipitated into the water.

"Back, unmanly dastard! back, dog!" roared Captain Starkey, terribly excited by the lady's danger; and a moment after, seizing Dupont fiercely by the collar, he added: "or if you will, look there but for a moment," and he pointed with his pistol-hand to the fins of several sharks plainly visible in the glaring light at but a few yards distance from the ship. "Men," he added, "let whoever presses forward out of his turn fall into the water."

"Ay, ay, sir!" was the prompt mechanical response. This terrible menace instantly restored order; the colored women and children were next embarked, and the boat appeared full.

"Pull off, was the order: "you are deep enough for safety."

A cry, faint as the wail of a child, arose in the boat. It was heard and understood.

"Stay one moment; pass along Senor Arguella. Now, then, off with you, and be smart!"

The next boat was quickly loaded; the colored lads and men, all but one, and three Americans, went in her.

"You are a noble fellow," said Mr. Desmond, pausing an instant, and catching at the captain's hand; "and I was but a fool to—"

"Pass on," was the reply: "there is no time to bandy compliments."

The order to shove off had passed the captain's lips with his glance chanced to light upon me, as I leaned, with terror, just behind him against the vessel's bulwarks.

"Hold on a moment!" he cried. "Here is a youngster whose weight will not hurt you; and he fairly lifted me over, and dropped me gently into the boat, whispering as he did so: "Remember me, Ned, to thy father and mother should I not see them again."

"Eist there's a living soul on board." He stepped gangway forward, and presently re-appeared at the lieutenant's servant in his arms, and dropped it over the side into the boat. There was a cry of indignation, but it was of no avail. The boat's rope next instant was cast into the water—"Now pull for your lives!" The oars, from the instinct of self-preservation, instantly fell into the water, and the boat sprang off. Captain Starkey, now that all except himself were clear of the burning ship, gazed eagerly with eyes shaded, with his hand in the direction of the shore. Presently he halted the headmost boat. "We must have been seen from the shore long ago, and pilot-boats ought to be coming out, though I don't see any. If you meet one bid him be smart; there may be a chance yet." All this scene, this long agony, which has taken me so many words to depict very imperfectly from my own recollection, and those of others, I omitted, I was afterwards assured by Mr. Desmond, eight minutes, from the embarkation of Senor Arguella till the last boat left the ill-fated *Neptune*.

Never shall I forget the frightful sublimity of the spectacle presented by the flaming ship, the sole object, save ourselves, discernible amidst the vast and heaving darkness, if I may use the term, of the night and ocean, coupled as it was with the dreadful thought that the heroic man to whose firmness and motives of mind we all owed our safety was inevitably doomed to perish. We had not rowed more than a couple of hundred yards when the flames, leaping up everywhere through the deck, reached the rigging and the foremast, presenting a complete outline of the bark and her tracery of masts and yards drawn in lines of fire! Captain Starkey, not to throw away the chance he spoke of, had gone out to the end of the bowsprit, having first let the jib and foresail go by the run, and was for a brief space from the flames; but the wind, and a prolongation of the bitterness of death?

It was not many weeks since a great crowd clustered around the counter of one of these "flash" establishments, all bidding eagerly for a prize, which according to the auctioneer "was equaled by few and surpassed by none." The prize was a watch, a real gold watch, which to the shame of a civilized community was going only for ten dollars. The timepiece was passed around among the persons immediately under the eye of the auctioneer; it finally fell into the hands of a tall, bony, sandy-haired individual, who wore a heavy red blanket coat, listened with much gravity to all the auctioneer's wonderful tales, and was evidently from "up the river." He proceeded quietly and steadily to examine the watch, whilst "fifteen dollars," "sixteen dollars," "eighteen dollars," for the "gold watch," rang above his head rapidly and fiercely.

"The watch was gold, sure enough." The man in the red coat proceeded to open the casing. "Twenty dollars!" said one of the hangers-on—a Peter Funk man, in all probability. "Pass on the watch, sir, pass it on." "Going for twenty dollars," bid "twenty-five!" said Red Coat, quietly, "and thirty!" "Very well, sir; twenty-five it is—but pass on the watch," continued the auctioneer, impatiently; "other gentlemen wish to examine it." "Pass, be blowed!" said Red Coat, "not until I've seen the critter through." "Twenty-eight dollars!" called out another bystander, so doubt an honest man. "Going for twenty-eight dollars, gentlemen!" said the auctioneer in a deep, rolling, bass voice, anxiously eyeing Red Coat all the while. "Going! Going! Superior article! Worth a cool hundred! Only twenty-eight bid! Shall I have a bid?" "Thirty dollars," said Red Coat, quietly, "and thirty more if that ain't too much for such an old thing."

"Thirty dollars! Going for thirty! Only thirty! Thirty dollars! Going! Go!" Bang! went the hammer; the watch was sold. "Your name, sir?" "Cash," said Red Coat, putting down the money.

"Will you have the goodness to pass me the watch for a minute?" said the auctioneer in the sweetest tones and blandest manner possible; "I'll wind it up for you—fix the key and hands."

"Hands off, stranger! None of your tricks on me. I've paid for the watch and that's the money in your drawer! You don't get any watch out of me, and so saying Red Coat put the timepiece in his pocket and drew himself up as if for a fight. The countenances of a few persons around felt they were evidently sold. "But, six, just to arrange the key and hands," interposed the auctioneer blandly.

"Yes, just to change this real gold watch for one of your gilded jimecracks! No, sir! I don't catch this child."

A general quarrel ensued; but Red Coat got off scot free, watch and all. His new timepiece was actually worth a hundred dollars, and he had really done a mock auction.

A ROGUE OUTWITTED.

A curious instance occurred in London some time back, in which a rascal was completely outwitted. A bachelor gentleman, who was a very superior draughtsman and caricaturist, was laid up in his apartments with gout in both feet. He could not move, but sat in an easy chair, and was wheeled in and out in his chair to the sitting room. A well known vagabond, ascertaining the fact, watched till his servant was sent upon a message. The area door communicating with the kitchen, down went the vagabond, entered the kitchen, walked up stairs, where, as he expected, he found the gentleman quite alone and helpless.

"I am sorry to see you in such a situation," said the rogue; "you cannot move, and the servant is careless to leave yourself so exposed, for behold the consequences! I take the liberty of removing this watch and seals off the table, and putting them in my own pocket; and as I perceive your keys are here, I shall unlock these drawers, and see what suits my purpose."

"Pray, help yourself," replied the gentleman, who was aware that he could do nothing to prevent him.

The rogue did so accordingly; he found the plate in the sideboard, and many other things that suited him; and in ten minutes, having made up his bundle, he made the gentleman a low bow and decamped. But the gentleman had the use of his hands, and had not been idle; he had taken an exact likeness of the thief with the pencil; and on his servant's returning, soon after, he dispatched him immediately to Bow-st., with the drawing, and an account of what had happened. The likeness was so good, that the man was immediately identified by the runners, and was captured before he had time to dispose of a single article. He was brought to the gentleman two hours afterwards, identified, the property on him sworn to, and in six weeks he was on his way to Botany Bay.

significance of Senor Arguella's countenance, which just then happened to be turned towards him, or the glance he threw at the gallery where Senor Arguella's graceful placidity, and Donna Antonia's bright eyes and blushing cheeks encountered him, that so completely put him out, I cannot say; but he continued to stammer painfully, although the company cheered and laughed with great vehemence and uncommon good-humor, in order to give him time. He could not recover himself; and after floundering about through a few more unintelligible sentences sat down, evidently very hot and uncomfortable though amid a little hurricane of hearty cheers and hilarious laughter.

I have but a few more words to say. Captain Starkey has been long settled at the Havana, and Donna Antonia has been just as long Mrs. Starkey. Three little Starkeys have to my knowledge already come to town, and the captain is altogether a rich and prosperous man; but though apparently permanently domiciled in a foreign country, he is I am quite satisfied, as true an Englishman, and as loyal a subject of Queen Victoria, as when he threw the glass of wine in the Cuban creole's face. I don't know what has become of Dupont; and, to tell the truth, I don't much care. Lieutenant Arguella has attained the rank of Major; at least I suppose he must be the Major Arguella officially reported to be slightly wounded in the late Lopez affair.

DOING AMOCK AUCTION.

Notwithstanding the ease and impunity with which the mock auctioneers generally use up their victims, they occasionally get hold of one whose simplicity is more assumed than real, and whose shrewdness is a match for their cunning.

It is not many weeks since a great crowd clustered around the counter of one of these "flash" establishments, all bidding eagerly for a prize, which according to the auctioneer "was equaled by few and surpassed by none." The prize was a watch, a real gold watch, which to the shame of a civilized community was going only for ten dollars. The timepiece was passed around among the persons immediately under the eye of the auctioneer; it finally fell into the hands of a tall, bony, sandy-haired individual, who wore a heavy red blanket coat, listened with much gravity to all the auctioneer's wonderful tales, and was evidently from "up the river." He proceeded quietly and steadily to examine the watch, whilst "fifteen dollars," "sixteen dollars," "eighteen dollars," for the "gold watch," rang above his head rapidly and fiercely.

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From the Model American Courier.

THE UNFRUITFUL TREE.—A PARABLE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KUMMACHER.

A countryman had a brother who lived near the city and was a gardener, and his orchard was full of the most beautiful trees, upon which he greatly prided himself, and his skill in rearing them. Now the countryman went to visit his brother and admired the trees which stood in beautiful rows, tall and even like wax candles.

Then spoke the gardener to him: "Here, my brother, I will give thee a tree—the best in my nursery—and thou shalt enjoy the fruits of it,—thy children and thy children's children."

Then he called his husbandman, and dug up a choice tree, and the brother rejoiced greatly, and carried it straightway to his own field.

The next morning, cold trouble filled his mind where he should plant the tree; for he thought "If I plant it there on the hill, the wind will shake off the precious fruit before it is ripe; and if I plant it here near the road, the passer-by will see it and be tempted to rob me of the beautiful apples; and if I plant it near the door of my house, it is not safe against the depredations of my children and servants."

Then he considered, and at last planted the tree at the north side of the barn. "Here," said he to himself, "the spring thief will never think of looking, and he will be rejoiced at his own cunning."

But, lo, the tree bore no fruit the first year, nor the second. Then he hastened to his brother, the gardener, angrily and said: "Thou hast deceived me, and given me a miserable barren stick instead of a fruitful tree; for lo, this is the third year, and yet it has produced nothing but leaves."

Then the gardener smiled, and answered: "This gives me no surprise! Thou hast planted the tree where it has only the cold wind, and neither light nor heat. How should it then produce blossoms and fruit? It was and still is a noble tree, but thou hast planted it with an evil and suspicious heart. Why dost thou then expect to gather from it anything noble and beautiful?"

THE EYE.

In what consists the varied expression of the eye! It is mainly the scenery around it, that gives it effect and expression. As the eye itself never accepts of contrast, even as a stronger or weaker light—as proved by the fact that the glass eye keeps pace exactly with the natural one, in all apparent changes of that speaking organ—we conclude that what are called "the various expressions of the eye," is the result of the change of the scenery around it, and not of the eye itself. Some eyes when at rest are more expressive than others, owing to their color, and the size, shape and color of the different members around them. Could we raise one eyelid and depress the other, and then exhibit the eyes through a mask, you might torture the man with pain, who him with joy, melt him with sympathy, enrage him to desperation with anger, convince him with laughter, inspire him with hope, depress him with fear, or haunt him with despair, and through all these varied and opposing emotions, his eyeball could glare upon you, with the same fixed and comparatively modern discovery. If the eyes were filled with tears, you could not tell whether it were mirth or sorrow that caused them to flow. If one eye were artificial it would look exactly like its fellow, and so would it if you removed the mask, and again allow the surrounding scenery of the eyes to yield its usual expression.

THINGS TO BE FOUND OUT.

Nature is not exhausted. Within her fertile bosom there may be thousands of substances, yet unknown, as precious as yet found. To doubt this would be to repudiate the most logical inference afforded by the whole history of the earth. Corn and the grape-exception, surely all our staples in vegetable food are of comparatively modern discovery. Society had a long existence without tea, coffee, cotton, sugar, and potatoes. Who shall say there is not a more nutritious plant than the sugarcane—a finer root than the potato—a more useful three than the cotton? Dured wealth lies everywhere in the bowels of the earth.

HERE is a good first verse of a hymn to Kosuth:—
"Once in an age a mind appears,
That sees by will of heaven ordained
To gather in the thoughts of years,
And show to man what man has gained."

Take a single drop of rain, cloistered in the green fold of a blade of grass, and pour upon it one ray of morning sun, where will you get a lapidary, with his utmost skill, to cut a diamond that shall shine like that?

DEFERRED ARTICLE.

The following resolutions were in type last week, but were unavoidably crowded out.

COPY of a PREAMBLE AND RESOLUTIONS PASSED BY THE TRUSTEES OF THE SOUTH LOWELL ACADEMY, AT A MEETING HELD DECEMBER 11, 1851.

Whereas, the Rev. JAMES A. DEAN has, for the last three years, conducted our Academy with signal ability and success, taking charge of the Institution in its infancy, and by his zealous and well-directed efforts having raised it to its present elevated condition of prosperity, it being now one of the most flourishing and popular Academies in our State; and whereas, the said JAMES A. DEAN is now about to leave us, having accepted a Professorship in Randolph Mason College; therefore Resolved, unanimously, That we hereby tender to Mr. DEAN our cordial thanks for the manner in which he has discharged the duties of Principal of our Academy; that he leaves us with our best wishes for his future happiness, prosperity and usefulness; and that we deeply regret the necessity of our separation.

Resolved further, That a copy of the above preamble and resolution be publicly read a close of our exercises on to-morrow, and handed to Mr. DEAN as a token of the high regard we entertain for him.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Hillsborough and Raleigh Papers with a request to publish.

A. O. GAY, Pres. Ex. Com.

D. C. PARNISH, Secy.

The Raleigh papers are requested to copy.