

THE STAR,
And North Carolina Gazette,
PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY
THOMAS J. LEMAY.

changed into astonishment, and even into awe, by what speedily followed. When the buffaloes and horsemen were properly arranged, one of the jugglers thus addressed the little clay men, or hunters: 'My children, I know you are hungry; it has been a long time since you have been out hunting. Exert yourselves to-day. Try and kill as many as you can. Here are white people present who will laugh at you if you don't kill. Go! don't you see that the buffaloes have already got the scent of you and have started?' Conceive, if possible, our amazement, when the speaker's last words escaped his lips, at seeing the little images start off at full speed, followed by the Lilliputian horsemen, who with their bows of clay and arrows of straw, actually pierced the sides of the flying buffaloes at the distance of three feet. Several of the little animals soon fell, apparently dead; but two of them ran round the circumference of the circles (a distance of fifteen or twenty feet,) and before they finally fell, one had three and the other five arrows transfixed in his side. When the buffaloes were all dead, the man who first addressed the hunters spoke to them again, and ordered them to ride into the fire, (a small one having been previously kindled in the centre of the apartment) and on receiving this cruel order, the gallant horsemen, without exhibiting the least symptoms of fear or reluctance, rode forward at a brisk trot until they had reached the fire. The horses here stopped and drew back, when the Indian cried in an angry tone, 'why don't you ride in!' The riders now commenced beating their horses with their bows, and soon succeeded in urging them into the flames, where horses and riders both tumbled down, and for a time lay baking on the coals. The medicine men gathered up the dead buffaloes and laid them also on the fire, and when all were completely dried they were taken out and pounded into dust. After a long speech from one of the party, (of which our interpreter could make nothing,) the dust was carried to the top of the lodge, and scattered to the winds. I paid the strictest attention during the whole ceremony, in order to discover, if possible, the mode by which this extraordinary deception was practised: but all my vigilance was of no avail. The jugglers themselves sat motionless during the performance, and the nearest was not within six feet. I failed altogether to detect the mysterious agency by which inanimate images of clay were, to all appearance, suddenly endowed with the action, energy and feeling of living beings. The N. Y. Times, of the 18th, after complaining that attempts have been made "to identify the fanatics with the democracy and Mr. Van Buren," and asserting that the effort has "succeeded, in some measures, at the South"—proposes that the "Republican party" of the city of New York should hold a meeting for the purpose of expressing their views in relation to the course of the Emancipators. Now we can assure the Times that it labors under a serious mistake as to the South. No attempt has been made at the South to connect this important question with party politics, and we trust none will be made. We appeal from the croakings of the Richmond Enquirer (which are inflicting much injury upon the South) to the numerous meetings, composed of all parties, which have been held in the Slaveholding States, for incontrovertible proof of this fact. Not a sentence, not a single word, can be produced from these proceedings, which can be even distorted into a party character. The people met in their primary assemblies with no party views—they united in asserting their rights, and in expressing their determination to defend them at all hazards—they feel and know that their strength and safety consist in separating this question from the party politics of the day. The Times need not therefore draw upon the South for an excuse for making it a party question at the North. Here we are all united and acting in concert—and any attempt to produce dissension will secure for its authors the indignation and execration of the public. If the Times really deprecates efforts which it affects to believe have been made to arouse party feelings upon this subject—if, as it acknowledges, the New York resolutions did not fully express the opinions and the feelings of the people of that city—if it think it necessary and proper that the South should be informed of the real sentiments of New York—let it advise the assembling of another meeting of the inhabitants of the city, without regard to party. Such a meeting might remove the alleged erroneous impressions produced in the South by the proceedings of the meeting in the Park. A party meeting will not and ought not to have that effect. The South neither asks nor desires any other aid than such as springs from a pure love of the Union; and a regard for her constitutional rights. United herself, and having discarded all party feelings, she can never consent to place those rights at

COMMUNICATIONS. FOR THE STAR. Reminiscences of a Voyage across the Atlantic.

It was with no ordinary emotion that I heard the clock in St. Michael's strike four: the next hour must bring us to the wharf, prepared for our voyage. We had been waiting several days for a fair wind; but this afternoon we were positively to go on board. All was bustle and confusion. We hardly bade farewell to our kind friends; but at the appointed moment we stood on the wharf, waiting the arrival of our fellow passengers. The afternoon was delightfully pleasant. A slight breeze fanned the sultriness of the season; some light, fleecy clouds, finely contrasted with the azure of the heavens, were floating low in the western horizon; the whole scene was lovely; behind us lay the busy city—before us the beautiful harbor of Charleston, enlivened with small craft of various sorts; at the bar lay two large ships, with pennants gaily flying; and beyond rolled the broad waves of the Atlantic. An old weather-beaten sail boat was laying a long side, ready to take us on board. It looked cheerless enough. Two rough looking men were busy in putting it in the best trim they could. I gazed upon it with some interest, as, borne upon the rising tide, it struck every now and then with force against the palmettoes of the wharf. But my attention was withdrawn from the dashing of the waves by the arrival of a large group of gentlemen and ladies, attended by many servants, with loads of trunks, portmanteaus, boxes, and all the accretions of a voyage at sea. Capt. Howes, a young man of very gentlemanly manners, came up within a moment of the appointed time. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, raising his hat, "I am glad to find you all here; the boat, you see, is ready; the Emerald is waiting for you; nothing hinders your going aboard, but the wind and tide are both against you. The tide will serve us at eight; suppose you wait till that time, and go down with me in my boat. I can't go sooner myself, because I have not got through with the custom house yet." No body answered; but I observed there was apparently some anxiety, especially among the ladies. The Captain continued: "You will have to beat against both wind and tide, so that you cannot get down before eight o'clock or after; but if you wait till the tide serves, we shall go easily in an hour. Come! what say you?" "Agreed, agreed," cried several voices. I looked at the old boat as it laid dashing against the wharf, and saw they were scooping out water; but I said nothing. "Then you have made up your minds to go down in my boat at eight, have you?" said the Captain. All seemed to consent, when a short, middle aged gentleman, whom I had not noticed before, stepped forward. A lady, in a travelling dress, was leaning on his arm, whose appearance interested me. I bowed to her, and obtained a courteous, but distant return to my civility. "We shall go down now!" said the gentleman, in a decided tone, as he stepped towards the boat. "But, Mr. M.," cried several gentlemen, "it will be miserably unpleasant to beat all the way round under the lee of the shore quite down to the bar. We shall not be on board much sooner than we otherwise should by waiting for the tide. Don't you think we had better wait for the Captain's boat?" "I shall not volunteer to risk a small boat after dark," cried the determined gentleman: "we have come down according to the advertisement, and shall go now, whether we go alone or not." He moved towards the boat, directing his baggage to be put on board. I was surprised to see every body following his example. "But husband," cried a very pretty woman, in a cheerful voice, "I don't like to go without the Captain; suppose some accident happens to us in this crazy, worn out concern?" "Madam," said the Captain, "you will go down as safely without me as with me. I have engaged my good friend, Capt. Chase, to see you on board. I am sorry I could not have sent you in my own boat; but as it is, you will go safe, I have no doubt. I shall be on board before ten."

new acquaintance. In the mean time, we were tossed about at a great rate—now almost lying flat upon the larboard, and now upon the starboard tack. I had about as much as I could do to keep my position, when I perceived the water running down the side of the boat, and directly after, all the spare hands were put in requisition bailing it out. At first we were seriously alarmed at the circumstance of not finding any vessel large enough to dip out the water as fast as it ran in, so that it was growing rapidly upon us, when, fortunately, among the baggage, a bucket was discovered, which, being promptly used, soon lessened our alarm on that score. But our boat seemed altogether unsafe, and much concern was poured upon Capt. Howes for entrusting so many lives to so precarious a concern. The owner of the boat threw all the blame on the damage it had sustained while laying alongside, waiting to take us on board, insisting it had not leaked before. It might have been so; but now the yawning seams let the water in by the gallon. I could hardly withhold my eyes long enough to catch a hasty glance of the low green marshes, the sandy islands, or the retiring city, so impressed was I with a sense of our danger, more especially as Capt. Chase evidently felt a similar conviction, from his great anxiety to keep the boat in trim. He directed the sail and steered the boat himself, guarding as much as possible against those violent shocks which in spite of all his skill and effort, many times threatened us with sinking; but poor Mrs. M. was doubly to be pitied. Her ratchings were most distressing, and for several minutes the cramped which they brought on, induced the fear that she might not survive to reach the ship. To crown all, the sun went down, and we were yet beating about the harbor. Sometimes it seemed indeed as if we were so near the ship, that we might drop down alongside; but the constant reply, "we can't fetch her this tack," discouraged all further inquiry, and the grey mist of twilight faded into sombre darkness long before we heard the glad "ahoy! what boat comes there?" "Passengers for the Emerald," was the reply: "give us a rope, Jack!" The ship appeared, to our gaze, like a dark shade upon the darker waters. We looked anxiously towards it for the expected rope. It was thrown, but it fell short of us. We heard it splash in the water. This was, in our situation, a severe disappointment to us. We had to make a broad sweep amid the involving darkness, before we could again lay alongside the ship; which, rolling as it did upon the undulating waves, very seriously menaced the safety of our ill-conditioned skiff. Every moment, in our situation, seemed an hour; but at length we reached our point, and the vociferated charge of "mind what you are about there! if you don't look out, you'll run under," was followed by a rope successfully aimed. And now we felt safe indeed. In a brief space, it brought us up alongside; and the sailors, supporting themselves by the ship, held us steady, while due preparations were made to take us on board. An arm-chair was let down for the accommodation of the ladies. I felt some trepidation as I was drawn up the tall side of the ship, while my mind glanced at the remote possibility of the rope's giving way, and letting me drop, dark as it was, (notwithstanding the lamp held out to us,) between the boat and the ship; but it was soon over, and within a few short minutes our whole ship's company stood on the deck, rejoicing together, and so loud, and so hearty were the congratulations, that it seemed the prosperous conclusion of a happy passage, rather than a recent embarkation upon a voyage, with all its uncertainties before us. The fact was, we had all felt ourselves in danger, and the joy of our common deliverance gave us, for the moment, a community of gratitude, which disposed us to feel much like the members of the same family, under the sense of a great but unexpected blessing. We all looked upon Capt. Chase as the means of our preservation, and almost overwhelmed him with the expression of our gratitude. Perhaps it has seldom fallen to the lot of a group of twenty persons to embark under circumstances more likely to promote contentment, than the present. The ship was new, under a commander high in public estimation; the cabin was spacious and elegant; the accommodations splendid; and the company, many of them from the higher ranks of life, polished in manners, intelligent, and apparently amiable. Supper waited for us. I took my seat between Mrs. B., wife of a rich Northern banker, and Mrs. M., of whom I have already spoken. On the opposite side, below Messrs. B. and M., were several dashing young merchants, of British birth or extraction; some plain gentlemen, also foreigners; and among them a pleasant looking Jew, who exhibited no small disposition to make himself agreeable to our whole party. Tea, coffee and chocolate were

offered us, and with them a variety of viands sufficiently attractive to allure the most fastidious appetite. Most of us ate very heartily. Even our sea-sick friends, perceiving so little motion in the ship, compared with the tossings of the boat, in a good degree, recovered their strength and spirits. Mrs. B. chatted incessantly, mingling New York and Charleston and Liverpool so closely together, that, from the obtuseness of my intellect, or some other cause, I hardly obtained a single definite idea concerning either. I was only sorry that her superior society left me no time to attend to my less cheerful neighbor, who, still indispensible, retired to her berth before the reach of us rose from the table. The evening rolled away under the brightest halo of anticipation. The elder voyagers sketched out for the younger a map of travels, well nigh as fanciful as the Arabian Knights' Entertainment. All of them seemed to forget that the Atlantic was yet rolling its broad waves between them and the land of their wishes. Five bells struck before I thought of retiring. I was glad to be appointed to a berth next that of Mrs. M., whose reserved, yet attractive politeness, made me particularly desirous of her acquaintance. A slender partition separated us. Each room was sufficiently large for the accommodation of a small family, and light and airy enough to allow us to be comfortable during those seasons of retirement which every serious mind knows are of inestimable value to all situations, and to none more than to a ship's passengers during a long voyage. I have said only a slight partition separated us. Through this I heard the voice of prayer, and I rejoiced while I listened. Most gladly would I have united my thank offering with theirs; but a stranger as I was, I feared I might be an intruder. The bright light from the main cabin shone through the blinds of my window upon the ceiling of my little chamber, giving to the crimson of my curtains a richer hue, as, with their golden fringe, they shaded the snowy decorations of my narrow watch. Many comforts and even luxuries were around me. I wished to be grateful, but I had left behind me friends whom I might see no more, and dangers unlooked for might follow full soon upon the tranquil pleasures of this quiet night. I tried in vain to sleep. A cheerful group of gentlemen sat at the table, amusing themselves with cards till a late hour; and after they retired, the measured tread of the watch on deck, and the gentle dash of the waves against the ship's side, kept me waking till the dawn of morning. The motion of the ship was much increased. I was therefore not surprised to hear Mrs. M. again throwing up very violently. I myself felt sick: my head ached, and I was yet undecided whether to consider myself well enough to rise or not; when Mr. M., calling to the Steward for a pitcher of water, enquired of him "how long before we should weigh anchor and put to sea?" "Not to-day, sir," the steward replied. "The wind is dead ahead, and it looks like rough weather." This roused me, and I rose in time to assume my seat at breakfast. But the table presented a very different aspect from that which gladdened the eye the previous evening. Many seats were vacant, and a majority of those who were present took nothing further than a cup of strong tea, without either cream or sugar, a little hard biscuit, and a morsel of salt fish, or something of that sort, recommended as a cure or a preventive of sea-sickness; but yet several were found who did full justice to the liberal provision which the cook had intended as a farewell to the harbor. Among these were Mr. L., a Scotch merchant, and his lovely English wife, who had, with several other passengers, come on board with the Captain some time after midnight. They had crossed the Atlantic too often to be easily alarmed at anticipated dangers, or to be much affected by sea sickness. They were cheerful, & anxious to promote cheerfulness among the rest of us; but their exertions were unsuccessful. Most of us remained dull and spiritless, and rose from the table with that listless indifference which feels the present a wearisome burden, and looks towards the future without an emotion of hope. Some retired to their berths, willing, if possible, to sleep away the lazy hours; others went on deck, hoping the fresh breeze would strengthen their already languid frames; while the rest, equally impatient at confinement, and hopeless of any better amusement, threw themselves upon settees and sofas, striving, but, apparently, without much success, to interest themselves in a fashionable novel or political journal, of which there were many at our command. Mrs. L. alone sat down, with the composure of perfect indifference, to finish embroidering a beautiful border which she had commenced on a previous voyage. When we expressed our surprise at her industry, she smilingly answered, "I gain much by it; you see it keeps me free from all those disheartening

anxieties under which you suffer so deeply; besides, I get my work done, which would never be the case, if I did not make a diligent use of the two months I annually spend at sea. I recommend to you to follow my example whenever you are on board ship. I promised compliance as soon as ever I found spirits for the effort. Mrs. M., who was lying upon the sofa, immediately asked our cheerful friend for the materials, but before she could be accommodated, the Captain, looking in to our cabin, said, "well ladies, I must bid you good morning, for I am going up to town." The wind is strong a head. We should gain nothing by going out to-day. Our sick passengers would find it far worse beating about on the coast, than laying here at anchor. I shall be back in the evening, and to-morrow I hope we shall have a change of weather. We objected to his leaving the ship; but he replied, "the Pilot is on board; I should have nothing to do with the ship, and business requires me to return to town. I shall not be absent longer than four or five hours. Mrs. Meather and the second Mate one on board." And then, with a second "good morning," he turned away; and, springing into the jolly boat, which the sailors were just then lowering, he was off in a moment. I followed him with my eye from the cabin window, and could not help being struck at the speed with which the light skiff flew over the water, now that it had the advantage of a strong breeze in its favor. Towards noon the wind freshened, and the whole heaven was obscured by thick clouds. We perceived a storm at hand, and congratulated ourselves in being safe in the harbour. Before night the wind blew a gale, and the rain poured down in torrents. It was plain the Captain could not get on board, and a good deal of dissatisfaction began to be expressed on account of his absence. The night was fearfully dark, and the roaring of the wind among the shrouds, and the dashing of the surf on the beach, combined with the rolling of the ship, to give one another night of sleepless anxiety; but it was not, like the former, enlivened by the voice of cheerfulness and mirth. All was sad and dreary. The lamp, indeed, swung backward and forward in the cabin, and now and then a solitary individual left his berth, and went on deck; but after listening for a moment in the companion way, returned with the same sad monotonous sound, "the Pilot says the storm increases." Towards day, overcome with weariness and watching, I sunk into a sound sleep; from which I was awakened by the bell for breakfast. Few obeyed the summons; and, indeed, a considerable effort seemed requisite to keep one's place at table. I observed, for my door was slightly shoved back and the curtains excluded, that Mrs. L. still occupied her seat; but the gay smile had ceased to dimple her rosy cheek, and her fair brow was shaded by the same deep anxiety which saddened every other countenance. No one smiled; few words passed. The breakfast things were soon removed, and the second Mate, with a couple of sailors, was employed in lashing tight every piece of the cabin furniture that could be endangered by the violent rolling of the ship. Most of the passengers suffered greatly from sea sickness. Mrs. L., however, was not at all affected; but her vivacity was gone. She took up her work, but replaced it again and coming to my door, she begged me to make an effort to rise, adding, by way of apology, "I am obliged for once to own I am low spirited." I enquired the reason for it. "I had thought we must of course be quite safe, because we were yet in the harbour. 'That is the very thing,' cried she, 'that alarms me. If we had only sea room, I should be easy; but a lee shore in a heavy gale is very terrible." I needed nothing further; but hastily rising, I wrapped myself in my cloak, and went on deck. The rain was still pouring, and the waves rolling with tremendous rapidity; the whole bay seemed one white sheet of foam; I clung with all my strength to the balustrade, as I gazed upon the terrific scene, and I trembled lest every surge should drive our ship from its moorings, and dash it to pieces upon the shore. The Pilot in his pea jacket, was standing at the wheel, apparently wholly absorbed in contemplating the situation of the ship; when a young Physician, who had been previously conversing with the first mate, (a brother of the Captain,) advanced towards him. Neither of the gentlemen knew we were in the companion way. "I tell you," cried he, "I will give one thousand dollars to be set a shore." "What sir," cried the Pilot. "What do you say, sir?" I cried. The uproar of the contending elements was deafening. The doctor, anxious to be heard, went aft, clinging to the shrouds and bulwark for a support, for the waves dashed with fearful violence across the deck, and none but the most experienced could keep his feet. He raised his voice to the utmost, (I