

CHAPEL HILL LITERARY GAZETTE.

ES PER ANNUM,

Without or with offence to friends or foes,
We sketch the world exactly as it goes.

IN ADVANCE

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND LOCAL INTELLIGENCE, THE MARKETS, AGRICULTURE, ETC.

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OUR STORY TELLER.

"Now fiction's errors we tread where young romance
Lags the glad sense in her sweetest trance?"

THE
OLD HOUSE;

OR,
LIVES MYSTERIES AND CHANGES.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY GEORGE H. VIBBERT.

[CONTINUED.]

His parents and Blanche strongly objected to this course, but having been accustomed to follow the bent of his own inclinations, he engaged a passage, and with tearful eyes his parents gave him their parting blessing. But the parting with Blanche was the greatest trial, and he half repented of his purpose, as she clung to him on the eve prior to his departure. Put to go he was determined, and the parting hour had come. With protestations of love on both sides, they parted. Just as the sailors were hoisting the anchor, as James Curtis stood on the deck, looking at "Old England's" shores with mournful thoughts, a man rushed through the crowd which had gathered to see the ship depart, and James recognized him as the gardener of Mr. Trueman. With a hurried step the man leaped on board the vessel, and in an anxious voice inquired for James Curtis. He found him, and hurriedly related to James that in consequence of a brawl with Mr. Trueman he had left his service, and was bent on going to America. James remonstrated with him but all to no purpose; and yielding to John's wish, he hired him as valet. John and the reader has already seen and his cringing manner noticed in the preceding chapter was his method of showing to James his gratitude. Arriving in America, after a very pleasant voyage, James Curtis and his valet spent nearly a year in travelling over the country, and during that period James was delighted with everything he saw. The scenery so wild and beautiful, and the friendly inhabitants all impressed him with almost fervent admiration for America and he determined to settle there. At last he stopped in a place charmed with the beautiful location, he resolved to build him a home on "Acorn Hill," with what success the reader has already learned.

CHAPTER III.
The Wedding.

For several months after James Curtis's departure, Blanche Trueman was lonely indeed. In the solitude of her chamber, communing with her own sad thoughts, how earnestly did she yearn to be again clasped in her absent lover's embrace. Although communication between England and America was not as frequent then as now, yet at regular intervals, Blanche received long letters from James Curtis, picturing in glowing colors, the beautiful country; then she heard of the fate of her father's old gardener, John. And a description of "Acorn Hill" and the mansion there. The last letter she received, informed her that James had taken passage in the packet ship, homeward bound. Not expecting to hear from him again but living in the blessed anticipation of soon welcoming the wanderer home, her longing heart was happy in its expectant joy. The days flew by, but on the day when he was expected to arrive, no tidings of the packet were heard, and for many a day with anxious heart and streaming eyes did she watch in vain for the absent loved one. A month of watching, three months of waiting, six months, a year flew by but no tidings of James Curtis. To the loving heart of Blanche Trueman, his absence had sent a knell, deeply ominous and sadly, but surely at last, came the dreadful conviction that her absent lover was sleeping mid-ocean's depths. To add to her sorrows about this time her father was threatened with want, in consequence of disastrous losses by

failure of crops. Mr. Trueman's heart sank under the shock, and Blanche, with a noble disregard of her own sorrow, bent all her energies to restore her father to his former peace of mind. Matters as yet had not reached a crisis, but grim poverty stared them in the face, and had Mr. Trueman's creditors but taken advantage of the pressure, he would have been utterly ruined. Hourly expecting that they would present their claims which he knew he was not able to liquidate; Mr. Trueman was tortured by harrowing fears, and were it not for Blanche's sweet ministrings, he would have lost all hope.

One evening, a short time after these troubles, Mr. Trueman was surprised by a visit from Lord Lindon, requested a private interview with Mr. Trueman. Wandering what his business might be, Mr. Trueman led the way to the library. The interview lasted for nearly three hours, and when they emerged from the library, Lord Lindon's countenance wore an exulting smile, while Mr. Trueman's face bore marks of some severe mental struggle. We will briefly relate the cause of these conflicting emotions, of Mr. Trueman, and his evil genius had prompted him to make the circumstances favor his suit for the hand of Blanche. His object in visiting Mr. Trueman was to offer pecuniary assistance, thus hoping to influence the father in his favor perhaps inducing him to urge his suit to his daughter. In subtle terms did he portray to Mr. Trueman, the consequence of the disasters if his offer was not accepted. Mr. Trueman's pride was flattered by such a splendid offer, but still his heart misgave him when Lord Lindon hinted at an union with Blanche. The struggle was terrible but his pride at last triumphed, and he accepted Lord Lindon's offer at the same time intimating that he would favor his suit—Lord Lindon left the house a happy man. The darling darling wish of his heart was accomplished, and by the loan of a few thousand pounds he was to become the possessor of the hand of Blanche. It mattered little to his selfish nature whether she bestowed her heart also, but her hand he must have, at all events. The next day he preferred his fortune and his heart to Blanche but she repulsed him with firmness, feeling that Lord Lindon never could occupy a place in her heart's affections.

Trembling with rage, the angry Lord informed Mr. Trueman of his poor success; but the father promised him that he should consent, and my lord was in a degree pacified. It was a painful task to Mr. Trueman to break the subject to Blanche, but at last told her all. In glowing language he spoke of the splendor of such an alliance and evils that would follow in case she should refuse to listen to Lord Lindon's suit. For a time the loving heart of Blanche rebelled against such a union, but then she thought of her father's gray hairs, of the probable loss of James Curtis, of her father's sorrows—and she determined to accede to her father's wishes. "Tell Lord Lindon," said Blanche to her father, "that I will be his wife in the sight of man, but before God I am the wife of the absent James Curtis. Tell him that my hand shall be his, but my heart is another's—he who now sleeps beneath ocean's waves." "God bless you my daughter," sobbed the aged father; "you have saved you father from ruin."

Blanche's sentiments were communicated to Lord Lindon, but he appeared not to notice the matter, but laughingly said to Mr. Trueman, "Never fear, sir, but your daughter will yet give me her heart." Preparations for the wedding ceremony were very soon commenced, and great was the delight of the dames of Oakdale that such a grand wedding was soon to be consummated. The wedding day arrived, and Blanche Trueman and Lord Lindon were married; but Blanche felt in her inmost soul that the ceremony was a mockery. Immediately after the wedding, the married couple removed to Lord Lindon's mansion in London, and in a round of gayeties and dissipations the honeymoon slipped away yet Blanche was miserable, but ever before her husband she was the self possessed, dignified wife and woman, doing the honors of his house, with a queenly grace, charms her numerous visitors by her elegant manners and winning ways. Lord Lindon was proud of his wife, as well he might; but he treated her with a certain haughty dignity, which the yearning heart of Blanche could ill brook. They stood matters for three years after the "marriage," and children were hers; yet the memory of the absent Curtis was as green as when she married. Shall we follow the fortunes of James Curtis.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]
Why is the Polka like bitter beer? Because there are so many hopes in it.

A Capital Story.

Some years since, an eccentric old genius whom for convenience we will call Barnes, was employed by a farmer living in a town some six or seven miles westerly from the Penobscot river, to dig a well. The soil and substratum being mostly sand old Barnes after having progressed downwards about forty feet found one morning upon going out early to his work that the well had essentially caved in and was full nearly to the top. So having that desire, which men have of knowing what will be said of them after they are dead, and no one being yet as far as he, he concealed himself in a rank growth of burdocks by the side of a board fence near the mouth of the well having first left his hat and frock upon the windlass over the well. At length breakfast being ready a boy was despatched to call him to his meal, when lo! it was seen that Barnes was buried in the grave unconsciously dug with his own hands. The alarm being given and the family assembled; it was decided first to eat breakfast and then send for the coroner, the minister and his wife and children. Such a sight did not flatter Barnes' self-esteem a bit, but he waited patiently, determined to hear what was to be said and see what was to be seen.

Presently all parties arrived and began "prospecting the scene of the catastrophe," as people usually do in such cases. At length they drew together to exchange opinions as to what should be done. The minister at once gave it as his opinion that they had better level up the well and let Barnes remain: "for," said he, "he is now beyond the temptation to sin; and in the day of judgment it will make no difference whether he is buried five feet under the ground or fifty, for he is bound to come forth in either case." The coroner likewise agreed that it would be a needless expense to his family or the town to disinter him when he was so effectually buried; and therefore concurred with the minister. His wife thought that as "he had left his hat and frock, it would hardly be worth while to dig him out for the rest of his clothes;" and so it was settled to let him remain.

But poor old Barnes who had no breakfast and was not at all pleased with the result of the inquest, laid quiet until the shades of the evening stole over the landscape; then he quietly decamped to parts unknown. After remaining incognito for about three years, one morning he suddenly appeared (hatless and frockless as he went) at the door of the farmer for whom he had agreed to dig the unfortunate well. To say that an avalanche of questions were rained upon him as to his mysterious re-appearance, &c., would convey but a feeble idea of the excitement which his bodily presence created. But the old man bore it all quietly, and at length informed them that on finding himself buried he waited for them to dig him out, until his patience exhausted, when he set to work to dig himself out, and only the day before had succeeded; for his ideas being confused by the pressure of the earth at the time he was buried, he had dug very much at random, and instead of coming directly to the surface he came up in the town of Holden six miles east of the Penobscot river!

No further explanations were sought for by those who were so distressed and sorrowful over his supposed final resting place.

A Great Country for the Ladies

The time for marriage in Sparta was fixed by law; that of the men, at about thirty; that of the women at eighteen. All men who continued unmarried after the appointed time were liable to a prosecution; and old bachelors were prevented from being present at the exercises of the Spartan maidens, and were denied the usual respect and honors paid to the aged. No marriage portion was allowed with any of the maidens, so that neither poverty should prevent a gallant, nor riches tempt him to marry contrary to his inclinations. The parent who had three children enjoyed considerable immunities, and those with four children paid no taxes whatever, a regulation which all married men with large families will readily admit to be most wise and equitable. It was customary for the bridesmaid to cut off all the bride's hair on the wedding day, so that for some time at least, her personal attractions should increase with her years.

The most remarkable case on record is that of the Yankee Soap man, who in a violent storm at sea, saved himself from death by taking a cake of his own soap and washing himself ashore.

Extract from the Address of R. W. Miller, Esq.

Delivered at the Commencement of the University of North Carolina on the 3d. Jan. 1857.

Speaking of the assaults made on the rights of the South by Northern fanaticism, he said:

There is generally a point of endurance beyond which forbearance becomes cowardice, and submission crime! With nations, as it is in social intercourse, a tame submission to wrong, not only results in dishonor to the oppressed, but imparts boldness to the spirit of tyranny in the oppressor. When a people have forfeited their self respect—their honor—they become fit subjects to gratify the lust of domination in others. The fact of being united under the same government, for general purpose, does not alter this great rule of social organization. Self preservation should be the first law of civil government, as it is of our social nature. Aggressions, which would be just cause of war between independent nations, cannot be expected to result in less than alienations, and distrust under a system like ours. Are we expected to submit with blind pusillanimity to the assaults which are incessantly made on our social peace and civil rights? Is not the cup of forbearance already brim full? Can we be true to ourselves—to the government under which we live—if we are false to ourselves? In view of the dangers threatened, in the face of the wrongs in store, what do the sacred obligations of duty to ourselves and our posterity, demand at our hands? Union, the union of her whole people, for the full development of all her resources, moral, intellectual and physical, can alone save the South from the dangers which are impending! However conflicting our opinions may be on question of mere expediency or policy, on those which involve her rights—her honor—her safety—her very existence as a people—there should be no difference—no conflict—no wrangling—no wavering—Union in hand and heart—Union in will and desire—Union in purpose and action—is the only bulwark of her strength—the only citadel of her safety! To waste her energies in idle and angry discussion with her adversaries on those great issues, would be playing a part more foolish than did the monkeys in Simbad who dashed coconuts at their enemies. Divide and conquer, has been the stern maxim of the spirit of Northern aggressiveness from the days of Alaric and Attila to the present period. The destruction of Carthage was not more inflexibly resolved on by Roman cupidity and ambition, than is our social and political degradation desired and sought, by the lawless spirit of Northern fanaticism! We should be false to ourselves, false to the cause of free government and human civilization, recreant to the memory of our fathers, and traitors to our own households, were we to neglect to prepare for that struggle which is foreshadowed by events that are passing around us! Were we to act thus we might light the blindest of our people exclaim in the language of the Thane of Scotland, as the tyranny of Macbeth rose to his view—

"Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be called our mother, but our grave!"

Let me not be misunderstood. I urge the union of the people of the South not for the purpose of aggression and wrong to other—but for safety and protection to themselves—not to engender sectional prejudice and encourage fraternal strife. but to create peace and harmony; not to weaken the bonds of national union, but to strengthen them by staying the march of fanaticism—not in the spirit of empty bravado, but under the influence of that calm resolution and unconquerable courage, which in all ages, have ever been able to set at defiance and drive back the power of wrong and injustice!

And what stronger inducements, gentlemen could operate on the human heart than those which appeal to every citizen of the South? No country on earth possesses in a higher degree, all the elements of wealth, power and greatness. With an inexhaustible fertility, yielding every variety of production—intersected at all points by navigable streams—with immense water power, with some of the best harbors in the world, with mineral resources unsurpassed, with territory adequate to a population of more than two hundred millions of souls; blessed in nature, with everything that a bounteous nature can bestow, nothing is needed to make her pre-eminently a prosperous, happy, powerful people, but union, industry, energy, enterprise and that high, indomitable, self-sustaining patriotism

which will press her forward to a full development of all those resources!—With a population of ten millions only, on an area of nearly a million of square miles, what a vast space exists between what she is capable of becoming! With half the industry which has covered, "as the velvet carpet the slopes of the Alps," with one tithe the energy which bristled the stormy waters of the German Ocean, and rescued from the waves one of the most fertile countries of the globe, and studded it with cities—the imagination staggers under the assurance of what she would become as a people!

A distinguished European statesman remarks—"If we imagine an universal confederacy of nations, we shall no longer find sufficient motives for exertion to promote the prosperity, independence and power of each." Here lies the danger to the individual States of this confederacy. The glory of each, in its appropriate sphere, lost sight of, eclipsed, obscured, under more dazzling brightness of the glory of the whole! The consequence follows, the progress of the nation is impeded by the want of devotion to the interest and honor of the State in which we live. The smallest planet, wheeling unshaken through the void immense, is no less a part of the great system of the Universe because the gorgeous king of days darts forth his rays in all their splendor. It is the beauty and fitness of each revolving in its appointed orbit, as well as the harmony of the whole which proclaim not only the wisdom of the design, but the power of its great Architect! It is by cultivating the social affections, by observing, respecting and strengthening the ties of kindred and friendship, that we learn with clearness and fulfill with alacrity our duties to the State! Devotion to the former is not more consistent with the prosperity of the latter, than neglect of our duties and obligations to our State, is incompatible with the safety and glory of the Union.

Forgetting then and casting to the winds in view of the momentous issues presented, minor differences of opinion, let us, I entreat you, unite as countrymen, in improving the vast advantages with which we have been blessed, in educating our youth, in cultivating a pure high-toned literature; in encouraging the arts and science and the precepts of Christian love; in infusing into the hearts of our people an elevated patriotism—a bold spirit of independence and self reliance—in building up and sustaining institutions of learning and benevolence in developing our agricultural, commercial and manufacturing resources; and then indeed, whilst true to ourselves, whilst erecting around our rights, it were a wall stronger than adamant against the inroads of fanaticism; we shall become the advance guard of safety, the right arm of strength to the union of the States, and to the great cause of free, constitutional, representative government!

—O—O—O—
Peter Cartwright.

Some queer stories are told of this pioneer preacher. He, at one time offended a certain Maj. L., who was a freerater, by the boldness of his preaching, and the first time they met, the Major flew into a desperate rage, and said he thought he would fight a duel he would challenge him. "Major," said Cartwright, very calmly, "if you challenge me, I will accept." "Well, sir, I challenge you to fight," said the Major. "Very well, I'll fight you, and, sir," said Cartwright, according to the laws of honor, I suppose it is my right to choose the weapons with which we are to fight." "Certainly." "Well," continued Cartwright, "then we'll step over into this lot and get a couple of corn stalks; I think I can finish you with one." "But oh, what a rage he got into. He clenched his fists and looked vengeance. Said he— "If I thought I could whip you, I would smite you in a moment." "Yes, yes, Major L.," said Cartwright but thank God you can't whip me, but don't you attempt to strike me, for if you do, and the devil gets out of you into me, I shall give you the worst whipping you ever got in your life," and then walked away and left him.

When does a man degrade himself to the position of a bad chimney? When he smokes.
Never despise trifles. The want of a pin has sometimes caused one agonies of shame.

A New Way to Detect a Thief.
The father of Mr. Webster, the great American statesman, was a humorous jocosose personage. As he once journeyed in Massachusetts not far from his native town, he stopped late one night at an inn in the village of— In the barroom were about twenty persons, who called him out to discover a thief. One of the company, it appeared, had a watch taken from his pocket a few minutes before, and he knew the offender must be in the room with them. Fasten all the doors of the room—let no one leave it," said Mr. Webster, and here, Landlord, go and bring your wife's great brass kettle." Boniface did as commanded. The great brass kettle was placed in middle of the floor, bottom up—as black and sooty as the chimney back. You don't want hot water nor nothing to take the bristle off the critter, do you, squirrel?" said the landlord, the preparations looking so much like a hog killing. Go to your barn and bring me the biggest cockrell you have got.

Boniface went to the barn and soon returned with a tremendous great rooster, cackling all the way like mad. The old rooster was thrown under the inverted kettle, and the lamp blown out.

"Now gentlemen, I don't suppose the thief is in here, but if he is, the rooster will crow when the offender touches the bottom of the kettle—with his hands. Walk around in a circle and the cock will make known the watch stealer. The innocent need not be afraid, you know."

The company then, to humor and carry out the joke, walked around the kettle in the dark for a few minutes. "All done, gentlemen?" "All done, was the cry—where's your crowing—we heard no cocks-a-doodle-doo?" "Bring us a light!" "A light was brought as ordered. "Now hold your hands up good folks." One held up his hand after another. They were of course black, from coming in contact with the soot of the kettle. "All up?" "All up," was the response. "All black!"

"A—ll—don't know, here's one fellow who hasn't held up his hands." "Ah, ha! my old boy! Let's take a peep at your paws!"

They were examined, and were not black like the rest of the company. You will find your watch concealed about his person—search him!

And so it proved. This fellow, not being aware more than the rest of the trap that was laid for the discovery of the thief, kept aloof from the kettle, lest, when he touched it, the crowing of the rooster should proclaim him a thief.

As the hands of all others were blackened, the "whiteness of his own showed that he dared not touch the old brass kettle, and that he was the thief.

He was lodged in proper custody, preparator to being sent jail.

Look at Your "Pardon."

God writes upon thy pardon "Free"; it has cost thee nothing: "Being justified freely by his grace." Thou hast bought sweet me no cane with money, neither hast thou filled with the fat of thy sacrifices; but that thou made me to serve with thy sins, thou hast wearied me with thine iniquities. But I, even I, am he that bloteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake and will not remember thy sins."

God writes upon thy pardon "Full" as well as "free" the pardon extends to all the sins thou hast ever committed. "By him, all that believe are justified from all things." Thou art acquitted not from one only, but from all. Thou hast a pardon free without price, full without exception. And then it is final, without revocation; the pardoned soul never comes into condemnation. Thy iniquities are removed from thee "as far as the east is from the west." As these two opposite points can never meet, so the pardoned soul and its pardoned sins can never more come unto condemnation.

Last of all, God writes upon thy pardon another word as sweet as any of the rest, and that is, "Sure." It is a standing mercy, never to be recalled or annulled. The challenge is sent to earth and hell, men and devils: "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God's that justifieth." Who is he that condemneth? Is it Christ that died? Now the laboring conscience, that rolled and tossed upon the waves of a thousand fears, may drop anchor, and ride quiet in the pacific sea of a pardoned state.

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Fate of Dr. Evans

The fate of this filibuster is no longer problematical. He was executed at Altar. At fort Yuma he became dissatisfied, left and proceeded to Sonora alone. He was arrested at Altar, and after the capture of Gen. Carbl at Caverca, was allowed to converse with him before his execution.

Even the teeth were knocked out of the head of Gen. Carbl, after the decapitation for the purpose of getting the gold with which some of them were plugged. none of the bodies were buried. They were left to be devoured by the hogs, and their remains would never have received the rights of sepulture, but for the humanity of Papago Indians.

Jewel of a wife—One who whatever may be the journey, copies the sagacious elephant, and travels with a single trunk.

A late writer says that the only duty an American devotes to "relaxation," is the day when he takes medicine.

Digby, will have some of this but-ter? Thank you marm, I can't take any thing strong. I belong to the Temperance Society.

"One thousand," a new novel by James, is about to appear. Only think, says the cruel Punch nine hundred and ninety nine are to follow!

"Have you ever broke a horse, enquired horse jockey. "No, not 'zactly," replied Cimón, "but I've broke three or four wag-gons."

The report that the dog star had the hydrophobia, needs confirmation.

A bachelor left a boarding-house in which were a number of old maids, on account of the "miserable fair" set before him at the table.

"Esteem is the mother of love, but the mother is often younger than the daughter."

Holmes says says finely of the biggest—that his mind is like the pupil of the eye—the more light you pour upon it the more it contracts.

Geologically speaking, the rock on which the hard drinker spits, is quartz—says Hood.

The centre of gravity is thought by a late modern philosopher to be "the middle of a Quaker congregation."

A city item's man in Utopia calls his budget of local news "City-brick-bats and pubbles picked up in the streets."

Mystery is useful only for the purpose of concealing ignorance.

Why is a hangman's trade like a vegetable? Because it is an art o'choket.

"Can you give me two halves for a dollar?" Inquired a loafer at a retail store—"Certainly sir," said the accommodating clerk, placing the two halves on the counter. "To-morrow I will hand you a dollar said the loafer as he pocketed the halves.

An Irish friend of ours, hearing of a gentleman having a stone coffin made for himself, exclaimed: "Be me soul, an' that's a good idee. Shure an' a stone coffin 'ud last a man his lifetime.

POISONED FROM EATING HONEY.—On Friday the 13th day of June last in Brunswick county, two children, one aged 5 and the other 3 years, daughters of Benjamin Potter, were poisoned by eating honey, and died in less than an hour thereafter.

A man up in the country has been so frightened with a mad-dog that he is afraid of the bark of a tree.

The author always the most appreciated is he who is author of his fortune.

Old Rolla, a well known board of Montgomery, Alabama, a few days since fell into a well, forty feet deep, in which he showed very little sagacity; but he made up for it in getting out.—A rope being let down to him, he seized the end with his teeth, and was thus—only, however, on the second trial—hauled safely forty feet out of the well.

The tobacco chewer is said to be like a goose in a Dutch oven—always on a spit.

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