

# THE CHAPEL HILL GAZETTE.

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THE CHAPEL HILL GAZETTE  
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BY  
JAMES M. HENDERSON,  
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR  
AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM INVA-  
RIABLY IN ADVANCE.

## LIFE SKETCHES.

"New Fiction" gives us a true and young romance,  
and the plot seems in her present train.

## CARRIE DALE, OR THE BOY COMMODORE.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY S. AUGUSTUS WRIGHT.

[CONTINUED.]

IMMEDIATELY the two friends sallied forth, turning into by-ways, to escape observation, and passed over to Charlestown landing. Here they encountered a sentinel, who forbade their crossing over to the main land, and would have arrested them had not Pat quieted the soldier's suspicions by some right royal remarks. Avoiding this danger, they turned to the left, and at the foot of Beacon Hill found an old fisherman who was willing, in defiance of military orders, to row them over, and, in a short time, they landed at Lechmere Point in safety. Here a hint of their business procured from a staunch patriot a pair of fleet strong horses, with which they dashed down the valley of Willis' Creek towards Lexington, where they arrived late in the evening. Here, giving the farm again, they sped along to Concord and aroused the citizens with the startling news. Bells were rung and cannon fired along the route and the country was soon alarmed. But the troops had marched rapidly forward, meeting with but slight resistance at Lexington, firing upon and dispersing the irregular militia assembled there, killing and wounding several, then moving on to Concord. They seized and destroyed most of the stores deposited there, and then came the hour of retribution. The exasperated people rallied to defend their homes and property, and a battle ensued, the foe retreated, were pursued and fired upon from all quarters. Blood marked every step of their disastrous march. The dead and dying strewn the way. Had the dispirited company not met at Lexington a large reinforcement, probably not one would have reached Boston to tell the tale of popular vengeance. From behind hedges and houses the angry freemen assailed the retreating foe, now too formidable to face, and taught them thus a severe lesson of the danger of outraging Americans.

It was an eventful day, and news of its bloody scenes spread the war cry over the land. To arms! to arms! was the national echo of the cry of brave New England, glorious old Virginia, chivalric Carolina, sturdy New York, choleric little New Jersey, gallant Pennsylvania, all, all took up the gage of battle in behalf of the invaded East.

Henry Gilbert and his brave admirer, Pat, were not idle on the eventful day. They were in the van at Concord and in the running fight that followed the retreat of the intimidated enemy, they were ever foremost, ever active. When the royal troops re-passed from Charleston, he and Pat again entered the city with them, crossing over the town to Fox Hill, hastily launching their skiffs, and then speeding with all haste to the residence of Madam Lechmere, faint and weary, and covered with the soil of travel. The ladies were not a little frightened at their haggard appearance, but their alarm was dissipated by the assurance that a little refreshment and rest would repair all damage they had sustained; and while the dame hastened to order them a substantial repast, they proceeded to their apartments to amend their appearance by a hasty toilet. Ere long a hearty repast was smoking upon the board, and heartily was it disposed of. They had fasted during all the fatigues of the night's hard ride and day's fierce contest, and nature demanded nurture more substantial than excitements. But her wants were soon satisfied, and then to a sad and anxious auditory they narrated the events of the day. "Finally," said Henry, "the people gather around Boston, and their numbers will rapidly increase, until they gain strength to drive the foe

from the city. In the meantime this will not be a safe place for you. These heights must, will be occupied by a military force. Even this house will be occupied by soldiers. It is too important a position to be neglected."

"What time, Henry," said Madam Lechmere, "think you, will it be granted us safely to remain? Already my house is nearly deserted, you see, and I shall take your advice and disperse my pupils until I may gather them in peace."

"I should advise all possible dispatch," said Henry. "I will write immediately to Esquire Dale as he is most distant. Most of my young friends live in this city or Charleston, and I shall also inform their parents I can no longer be responsible for their safety."

"But, madam, it will be long ere you receive a reply from Esquire Dale, and the city will be closely beleaguered before that. The packet that used to ply between Boston and New York is forbidden to sail, and the overland route is difficult and dangerous."

"True, Henry; but I can only speedily communicate the truth to Esquire Dale by post, and be guided by his commands," replied Madam Lechmere.

In a few days this house was almost deserted, the whole family consisting of Madam Lechmere, Carrie, Henry, Pat, and a single domestic. But the ingenious Pat, assuming as many characters as there were saints in his calendar, made himself exceedingly useful at home, besides perseveringly watching the movement of affairs in the city.

All was quiet, no thought of further experimenting upon the extent of popular patience seemed to enter the military councils of the crown officers. But they asked each other daily when and how all this trouble would end. None could surmise. True, they had perfect confidence in the invincibility of British troops, and as yet held the country militia in contempt. They had fatally assailed their troops from behind hedges and walls; but their idea of their facing the disciplined and tried forces of England was preposterous.

## CHAPTER EIGHTH.

"DODDINGTON, what think you inhabit that old rook's nest on the heights yonder? It looks like some old castle, and who knows but some fair lady may even now be gazing upon us from a masked window?" said a gallant officer to his companion, as they were proceeding in a ship's yawl from Castle William to the city.

"More likely to be a hawk's nest, or, to parallel your imagination, perchance a rebel lodge with its score of knives of the ragged regiment and the rusty firelock force. Better stir up a nest of hornets than molest them, Carlton. We learned at Concord how they carry things."

"Molest them! I molest them! You do me wrong. Home is a sacred place, and should not wantonly be violated by idle curiosity. I would not intrude upon the privacy of an Indian lodge."

"Ahem!" replied Doddington; "I have not your extreme delicacy of principle, and, by the way, Carlton, I think you are half rebel at heart."

"Perhaps I am. I think you are right. I am no friend to tyranny, I assure you, Doddington."

"And perhaps you may turn rebel in reality—desert—ah?"

"Perhaps, as you say. Stranger things have happened. Better report me suspicious."

"By St. George, Carlton, since you have suggested it, I have an itching to explore the old castle yonder. I will, indeed I will. There has been nothing to stir a fellow's blood since—"

"The Gaspee's singular fate, ah, Doddington?"

"Carlton, that is a distasteful topic, and had better be dropped if you desire my good will," said Doddington angrily.

"I was thoughtless in the reference I confessed. But let me dissuade you from the sin my suggestion has tempted you to commit. It is a foolish project and may be dangerous."

"Bah! am I a boy to be frightened by possible bats among ruins I would explore. And as for your conscience, let it rest. I'll bear the whole sin of the affair." At this

moment the boat touched the wharf and the speakers stepped ashore.

At early dawn of a lovely day of spring-time, Madam Lechmere and Carrie Dale were sitting upon a rustic bench beneath the sheltering branches of a wide spreading beech tree, watching the ever changing glories of the new-born day. It was a landscape of unrivalled beauty, that nature had spread beneath their eyes. The bay, the islands, the forts, the calm, quiet city, the indented coast beyond, the far off river winding like a belt of silver through green fields, the far off contrasted land and sea horizon, the gorgeous clouds that mantled the sky in a garb of glory, the great effluent emblem of deity casting golden floods of light over all, lay before them quiet and calm and lovely as the realm of a poet's dream.

"Oh, madam, can it be that beneath this holy quiet beats the angry pulse of war? Can it be that those smiling fields shall reddens with life blood, the thunder of artillery shake this still air, and flames sweep that fair city like stubble away?"

"Unless nature's God rebukes the storm of human passions, Carrie, all this may happen. Much will come to pass of what you fear. The hand of Omnipotence is at work for the weal of the nation. Light will triumph over night, believe it!"

"But, madam, the odds are fearfully against us."

"True, true, Carrie, and our national redemption must be wrought out with blood and treasure, and human life as its price. But we are no Ireland, bound, as it were, in chains, by the sea at the feet of the lion of England, hopeless of escape. No, thank God, nature bids us be free. Look at our wide, glorious land, too vast even for the stride even of a giant of tyranny. Think of Switzerland. We have a thousand proud mountains to fly to in our brave realm. Think of the dark highlands that proved inaccessible to the armies of the world's proud mistress. We have a thousand Scotlands against which the forces of England may dash vainly 'as the foam on a rock.' No, all the armies of England will fail to conquer America."

"Ha! ha! bravely spoken. And is this the way all rebels talk?" said a person whose uniform proved him an officer in the English service, suddenly presenting himself before the ladies.

"What right have you to ask, sir? and by what code of etiquette are you justified in intruding, uninvited, upon our privacy here? May I request you, sir, to leave the premises," said the dame haughtily.

"You may," was the insolent reply; "but whether I comply with the request is another thing entirely. I shall probably consult my own pleasure in the case. But do not think so harshly of me. I am, indeed, much interested in you—I am an officer in the British navy, and that should insure me a good reception. But assuredly you are not aware of your danger here, alone and unprotected."

"Who, told you, sir, we were alone and unprotected?"

"Oh! I was mistaken, was I. Then my kind solicitude for your safety was needless. I thought to warn you, but—"

"Against what would you warn us?" asked Madam L.

"Why, you must know the bootish rebels are gathering hereabouts, and I feared they might plunder and maltreat you. Perhaps the presence of a British soldier or two—"

"Might be more to be dreaded. You are right. There is more honest manliness in the breast of one plain, sturdy, independent yeoman, than in a regiment of unprincipled mercenaries, liveried slaves of a tyrant king."

"You are highly complimentary, lady, to a gentleman and an officer of his majesty!"

"I am not complimentary, nor have I the honor of a gentleman's presence. I utter plain truth; no gentleman would intrude as you have done, much less persist in remaining here, his presence was evidently disagreeable."

"The fair young lady by your side, madam, does not second your bitter sentiments, and I find consolation in her pitying looks," said the officer bowing to Carrie.

"If anything in my appearance seems either to approve of your speech or con-

duct you are deceived, sir," coldly replied Carrie.

"And I choose to be deceived, fair one—choose to believe you highly approve of my appearance, admire my uniform, respect my spirit of forbearance, and finally, judging of your sentiments by my own,—conclude that you are in love with me at first sight. By St. George, I would not have believed so rare and lovely a flower ever bloomed on this sterile coast. Wonders never cease."

"Arrah, darlint, an' here ye is. Come to me arms me own dear duck, uv a husband, suddenly exclaimed a buxom, ruddy cheeked Irish woman, confronting the officer with true national enthusiasm, joy depicted in every lineament.

The officer started back as if assailed by a viper.

"Oif, hag! drunken beldam avaut!"—said he.

"Now, darlint, be asa. Don't be afther puttin' on airs afore the ladies, honey.—Arn't yer own sweet Bridget O'Brien from Tipperary, mither of yer seven sons and tin darters, an' all complete pictures uv yer blessed self? And here the woman would have clasped her "darlint" in a hearty embrace. But he, as if her touch were contamination, drew his sword and kept her at a distance with menacing gestures.

In the meantime, the ladies were in doubt whether to be alarmed or amused; but the scene was too ludicrous for long suspense on that point.

"Arrah, honey, said the strange woman, waxing wroth, 'an' that's the game is it! Faith, an' two can play at that game.' So saying, she flourished the walking stick she held, a *la* Tipperary, and gradually advanced against her adversary."

"Woman!" exclaimed the officer, quite alarmed, at least for his dignity; "woman, are you mad? stay your hand, I would not harm one of your sex. Back, back, I say."

"Much reverence ye have for the sex, redoubtful sir, just now insultin' the ladies here. Sink yer veneration for the sex and look out for yer pate," replied the woman, her deeds anticipating her words.

The angry officer was now obliged to retreat or defend himself in earnest. He chose the latter; but his disgrace was all the more signal. In a moment his sword was spinning in the air, and himself dancing a reel among the briars at the foot of the rock on whose broad surface he had so lately stood defiantly.

Lieutenant Doddington, I have the honor of returning a brave and chivalric officer his sword," said the woman, presenting the discomfited officer his weapon,—the while, warily holding her shillalah on guard. It would be useless to renew the battle, sir," said she. "Beware, lest a greater evil happen to you.—And now, sir, begone!"

Thinking this advice good, the lieutenant turned away, muttering curses and threats against the universal Yankee nation, and these ladies in particular.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Value of the Willow.

The importance of the willow to man has been recognized from the earliest ages and ropes and twigs were probably among the very first of human manufactures, in countries where these trees abound. The Romans used the twigs for binding their vines, and tying their reeds in bundles, and made all sorts of baskets. The crop of willows was considered so valuable in the time of Cato, that he ranks the *salicium* or willow field, next in value to the vineyard and the garden. In France, the leaves are considered the very best food for cows and goats; and horses in some places are fed entirely upon them from the end of August till November. Horses so fed, it is stated, will travel twenty leagues a day without being fatigued. In the North of Sweden and Norway, as also in Lapland, the inner bark is kiln-dried and ground, for the purpose of mixing with oat meal in time of scarcity. The bark of the willow and the leaves are astringent. The formed is much used in tanning.

Everything has its use was it not for flies people in summer would sleep two hours longer than they do, and thus lose the best part of the day. The portion devoted to stunts and meadow-larks.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

"What is it but a map of busy life?"

### Barey's Method of Horse Taming.

The Scientific American says:

"This new system of taming is founded on the well-known process employed in subduing buffalo calves and wild horses taken by the lasso, and consists in simply gradually advancing toward the horse to be subdued until you are able to place your hand on the animal's nose, and over his eyes, and then to breathe strongly and gently, as judgement may dictate, into the nostrils. We have the authority of Catlin, in his 'Letters and Notes on the American Indians,' that this process is the one practised by the Indians taming the wild horses of the prairies, and that it is invariably attended with success."

Catlin says: "I have often, in concurrence with a known custom of the country, held my hands over the eyes of a buffalo calf, and breathed into his nostrils, after which I have, with my travelling companions, rode several miles into our encampment, with the little prisoner busily following the heels of my horse the whole way, as closely and affectionately as its instincts would attach it to its dam. This is one of the most extraordinary things I have witnessed since I came into this wild country; and although I had often heard of it, and felt unable exactly to believe it, I am now willing to bear testimony to the fact, from the numerous instances which I have seen since I came into the country."

### More Mormon Deviltries.

A Utah correspondent of the *Tribune* writes:

"Another of those black-hearted, fiendish, atrocious deeds which cry aloud to heaven for vengeance upon the perpetrators has, from the publicity which has been given to it among the Mormon people, reached us. The fourth wife of a man living in the vicinity of Salt Lake City, whose name for the present, I shall suppress—a young, amiable, refined woman, beloved by all who knew her, somewhat superior to the common mass, from the influence of early education—became impatient and heart-sickened at the abject state of misery so rapidly gnawing the cords of her soul, and determined if possible, to make an effort to reach the camp of the army. Her husband got some hint of it. He immediately mounted his horse rode to Brigham's office, and asked of Brother Brigham what he should do with her. Brigham told him to cut her throat and thus save her from eternal damnation. The brute went home, and told the poor woman to prepare to die. She seeing the earnestness of his manner, fell at his feet begging, praying and imploring him for mercy; but he while she was thus kneeling before him, took her by the hair, and cut her throat from ear to ear."

### Movement of Troops.

St. Louis, July 9.

We have despatches from Leavenworth to the 6th inst., by the United States express to Boonsville. They say the special messenger, named in a previous despatch reached the fort yesterday with the official orders for General Harney, which went forward this morning per Capt. Simpson. The orders direct the following movements: Eight companies of the second dragoons, with Majors Phelps and Reynolds' batteries and artillery, and the 5th, 10th and probably the seventh regiments of infantry to remain in Utah. The fourth artillery, two companies of the second dragoons occupy the districts of the Platte. The first cavalry is directed to remain on the Platte as late as practicable, and make excursions among the Indians and keep them in subjection. The sixth or seventh infantry proceed to Oregon, in view of the recent intelligence from the Pacific of Indian hostilities. Majors Harris and Hunt's batteries are ordered to return to West Point after completing the work of opening a road to Camp Scott via the Cheyenne Pass. The troops which accompanied Capt. Marcy from New Mexico are to return to that department.

The recruits and officers destined for the corps now in Utah are to proceed to that department.

Assistant Adjutant General Buell remains attached to the staff of General Harney.

The paymaster farthest in advance will go through with his funds to Utah. The other remains on duty in the department of the Platte.

The force assigned to this department is expected to keep communication open between the Missouri and Utah, and is under the orders of General Johnston.

An express arrived from Utah yesterday but the dates are old and contain nothing additional.

General Harney was at Fort Kearney on the 29th of June.

Brigadier General Harney is ordered to return to St. Louis and assume the command of the department of the department of the West, unless he may have received intelligence of the forcible opposition of the Mormons to the army now in Utah, in which case he is empowered to send forward the whole of the reinforcements and continue with them to Utah, or return to take command of this department, as he may prefer.

Lieut. Colonel Crossman and Captains Turnly and Page are assigned to duty in Utah.

Captain Hancock is ordered to proceed with the regiment of infantry to the Pacific. The officers of the Topographical Engineers, hitherto assigned to duty with the troops in Utah, are ordered to report to Gen. Johnston.

### Legal Tender.

The law regulating the payment of debts with coin provides that the following coin be legal tender.

1. All gold coin at their respective values, for debts of any amount.

2. The half dollar, quarter dollar, half dime and quarter dime, at their respective values, for debts of any amount under five dollars.

3. Three cent pieces for debts of any amount under thirty cents; and

4. By the law passed at the late session of Congress, we may add, one cent pieces for any amount under ten cents.

By the law of Congress, passed some four or five years ago gold was made the legal tender for large amounts. Those who to get rid of large quantities of cents and small coin, sometimes pay their bills with it much to the annoyance of the creditor, will perceive that there is a stoppage to that antic by the law.

The French Minister of State has informed the managers of theatres at Paris that the censors have ordered to strike out hereafter all slang from plays, and no piece will be licensed which contains slang. The motive is to protect the purity of the language.

In one of our city schools, not long ago a member of the committee asked the members of a class which was under examination, "What is the cause of the saltiness of the ocean?" One of the little girls raised her head, flushed with the discovery which had flashed upon her mind.—"You may tell, said the committee-man.—"Salt fish, sir," said the pupil.

A correspondent of the *London Times* addressing himself to the editor, says: "If twenty-one of our coasting vessels had been fired into and boarded by an American Corvette in the British channel, I can well imagine the vigorous eloquence with which your pen could announce that the insolent Yankee had been brought into Plymouth Sound under the stern of Her Majesty's ship."

Accident has raised to Franklin's memory an appropriate monument. The grave of the philosopher is in a Philadelphia grave yard, which is surrounded by a high wall, the gates through which are kept locked. Just over the grave run the wires of one of the telegraph lines. Thus giving to him dead, for a monument, the lightning which while living, he tamed.

There is a baby in Cincinnati, the child of a Mr. Cannon, which weighed 24 lbs. at eleven months of age.—*Exchange*. He must be at the age of twenty and one. A dangerous piece its remarkable clear. When the young Cyclopean son of a gun, Is a twenty-four pounder, the very first year.