

HOLLY SPRINGS GAZETTE.

"VERITAS NIHIL VERETUR, NISI ABSCONDI"

BY THOS. A. FALCONER.

SATURDAY JANUARY 3, 1846.

VOLUME V--NUMBER 20

THE HOLLY SPRINGS GAZETTE

Published in the town of Holly Springs, N. C., every week, at Three Dollars per annum in advance—Three Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum in advance—Four Dollars at the end of the year. No subscription taken for less than six months.

Advertisements will be inserted at \$1 per square (ten lines or less) for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each additional one. Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions, will be inserted until ordered otherwise, and charged accordingly.

Assessing candidates for office will be for \$10—County \$5, to be paid down or assumed by a responsible name in town.

Orders addressed to the Editor, on business, must be post paid to secure attention.

Cash must be paid for all Job Work.

of this office as soon as delivered.

DEAR FATHER, DRINK NO MORE

Dear Father! 'drink no more' I pray,
It makes you look so sad;
Come home and 'drink no more,' I say
'Twill make dear mother glad.

Dear Father! think how sick you've
been,
What aches and pains you know!
Oh! 'drink no more,' and then you'll find
A home where'er you go.

Dear Father! think of mother's tears,
How oft and sad they flow?
Oh! 'drink no more,' then will her grief
No longer rack her so.

Dear Father! think what would become
Of me, were you to die;
Without a father, friend, or home,
Beneath the chilly sky?

Dear Father! do not turn away,
Now that from me to roam;
'Twill 'drink no more,' by night or day;
Now come—let's go home.

Dear Father! 'drink no more,' I pray,
It makes you look so sad;
Come home, and 'drink no more,' I say,
'Twill make dear mother glad!

This spake in tenderness the child—
The drunkard's heart was mov'd;
He signed the pledge! he wept! he
And kissed the boy he loved!

[From the Columbian Magazine.]
THE MAIDEN'S LEAP.

BY MR. F. F. ELLET.

One of the most remarkable mountains, both for grandeur of scenery and romantic associations, not only in Germany but in all Europe, is the rocky mountain of Oybin, which rises from the town of the Zittau. Its sides are shaggy with gray and broken rocks, and shadowed by dark firs, intermingled with the lighter foliage of the birch. Venerable monuments, defaced and crumbling from the effects of time, but majestic in their hoariness, are scattered about the old burial ground on its summit, and the ruins of the Cistercian convent are still to be seen, as well as of the robbers' castle, in old times, a terror to all the surrounding country. It is now completely destroyed, if it ever existed; but tales are still told among the people of the occasional apparition of a monk in the ancient mansion in Zittau, where the subterranean passage was said to terminate; and it has been credibly maintained, that sometimes at midnight a procession of monks may be seen upon the mountain moving towards the desolated chapel, where they perform religious service at that silent and mysterious hour.

The traveller will find his imagination sensibly affected by the influence of these singular traditions. He will linger with an interest beyond that of mere curiosity by the massive bed and chair of state, on which Charles IV. is said to have reposed when he came to destroy the terrible robbers' castle. He will call up remembrances of those fierce and bloody times. But with a feeling of more than ordinary sympathy will his eyes rest on the savage raven, and the spot called "The Maiden's Leap." He will listen with a kindling heart to the story connected with that wild place which is still treasured in the popular memory.

In an age of darkness and barbarism, many centuries back, when force usurped the place of right, and the sword was the common arbiter of differences between man and man, the castle that crowns mount Oybin, stood in its rude magnificence, defying the assaults of invaders, and inhabited by a band of knights who owned no law but their own will, and from their almost impregnable fortress, looked with scorn on the rest of the world. Every day the sounds of feasting and revelry might be heard within the walls of the neighboring town, but they were always marked by some deed of violence or rapine, perpetrated on the unoffending citizens. The freebooters sought access frequently to the fairest dames and damsels of Zittau. The chronicle does not mention that any of its discreet maidens ever listened to the courtship of these lawless men; but it explicitly records the fact that more beautiful women lived in the city at that time than at any period since.

It is matter of history, therefore, that the loveliest damsel in all that region was Agnes, the daughter of an honest burgler of Zittau. Whenever she went to church, nat-

urally grateful; I will pray daily for the welfare of your soul, if you will now take me back to my father!"

Uwald raised the fair suppliant from the ground. "It grieves me, fairest one," said he to refuse thee aught; but my love were small indeed, could I fulfil thy wish! Yet, as I would not willingly behold thy tears, I will withdraw for a while. Thou art mistress of this castle, and all the heart of man can wish shall be thine, but thou canst never see thy father till thy favor is yielded to me without reserve."

So saying the knight departed. The maiden sank upon her knees, praying for succor in this fearful extremity.

All night Agnes continued prayer to the Virgin and the saints. Hope and courage entered her heart. As the gray dawn lightened the apartment she sought for some way of escape. The door by which she had been brought in, led into the great hall, and thence she knew there was no escape. But as she examined the walls in the dim light, feeling along the panels, one of them yielded to the pressure of her hand.

A small door flew open and disclosed a narrow and dark passage. The maiden entered without hesitation and followed the passage fearlessly, for she fled from a fate more terrible than any peril of life or limb. Ere long she felt the cool morning air upon her cheek, then the light of day was discernible; and presently she stood without the castle walls, upon a mass of rock overlooking the sheer descent into the valley.

As the castle was quite inaccessible on this side, its defence was left to the hand of nature. Only a confused jumble of rocks could be seen at a vast distance below, a chaos of blackened boulders thrown together by some convulsion of the mountain; half concealed by ragged trees, and the mists that were reeking upward from the depths of the ravine. Far beyond, the valley extended smiling in verdure and beauty.

As yet all was silent in the burg. Agnes pined timidly on, animated with a vague hope, till she reached the defended side and came in sight of the great gate of the castle. Alas! it was closed and she saw the gleam of weapons in the newly risen sun, as the sentinels passed to and fro on their monotonous round.

Despair filled the heart of the disappointed girl. To go forward was certain recapture. She had ought to do but turn back and retrace her steps to the apartment she had quitted awaiting some more favorable moment for escape.

But even this she was not destined to accomplish. As she once more passed beneath the wall, Uwald himself confronted her.

"Ah, sweet trait! dare not abuse my goodness!" he exclaimed, stretching forth his arms to clasp the wanderer.

The maiden recoiled in horror, and turned to fly. But whither? to the soldiers at the gate, or into the jaws of death? The precipice was before her; a bound, as the knight advanced, and she stood on the utmost verge. He sprang forward to seize his prey; the young girl sprang also towards a jutting rock a few feet distant, but failed to reach it and sank into the abyss.

Uwald started back aghast and pale with horror at the fate of his victim, and fled into the castle. There, at the morning banquet he drowned in wine the recollection of the dreadful scene.

When the maiden took the fatal plunge, the suddenness of her fall, and the influence of mortal terror deprived her instantly of sense. She was aroused from insensibility by a tingling sensation of pain in all her limbs, which gradually grew sharper. The coldness of the air around her also, was perceptible. Slowly as recollection returned, she opened her eyes. Where was she? She could see the blue sky above her; around was the free air; she seemed suspended between heaven and earth. It was so. Her fall had been arrested by the wide spreading branches of a fir tree, rooted in a projecting portion of the rock.

It was not long before the young girl comprehended her situation, and exhausted and overcome with fear as she was, it inspired her with a new hope. Far, far above her stood the burg in which she had so lately been a prisoner. She had escaped the power of her persecutor, for none would dream that she could survive her fall from the precipice. Agnes wept in gratitude to heaven for her wonderful preservation, then she cautiously changed her position to see if she might not descend into the valley. It was impossible! the descent was sheer and perpendicular; a single step would precipitate her upon the rocks far below, where instant death would be certain. The very sight, as she cast a glance downward, made her shudder with horror. She uttered a faint cry; the wind swayed the branches of the fir tree, to which she clung convulsively, feeling as if her last hold on life were every instant to be torn away. Was she to be rocked, the sport of the tempest, in this terrific cradle, till the wild eagles should claim her for their prey, or till starvation should waste her strength with slow agonies? Better an instant and speedy release; but at every look into the frightful abyss beneath her, she drew back sick and shuddering.

All at once the faint sound of martial music at a great distance came borne upon the breeze to her ears. She turned towards the sound.

The sun was shining on a lovely land

scape afar off and the spirit of town gleamed in the distance. Was it—no! it could not be and yet—it was her own native Zittau! The martial music came nearer; it seemed just at her feet; the air was filled with it; the foliage of the fir tree seemed to quiver in the softened sound. The truth flashed on Agnes's mind; a troop was marching through the valley! With a sudden energy which only the fear of a horrible death could inspire, she shrieked again and again for aid. The cry was echoed from the neighboring cliffs, and by the shrill scream of the startled bird; then it died away in faint wailing murmurs. How, from these remote airy regions could it reach the dwellers of earth? Another burst of music, loud and triumphant swept upward, and then the martial notes receded, Agnes felt her cheek fanned by the wings of an eagle, that soared from his eyrie, flew past her resting place; the next instant the icy sickness of despair seized upon her heart; her eyes closed and she relapsed into insensibility.

The eagle's flight was her salvation. The soldiers crossing the valley were the men of Zittau, bound on their mission from the burgers to the castle. As their eyes followed the startled mountain-bird, they saw a white garment fluttering in the dark foliage of the fir, and presently the name of "Agnes" in the tones of amazement and terror was uttered by several voices at once. Loud and tumultuous shouts rent the air, but all unheard by the helpless girl suspended thus in mid air, and swinging to and fro as the wind surged through the ravine. With breathless haste the men brought ladders and ropes; several of the most daring climbed the ragged steep. Far in advance of the rest was a youth named Bernhard, who seemed reckless of all danger. He loved the fair girl, and was resolved to yield the honors of her rescue to no one.

Shouts and cries from below encouraged and warned the adventurous young man. Now he clung by a shrub to the face of the cliff, now leaped from point to point of the rock, climbing from one projection to another, regardless of all risk, watched breathlessly by the spectators as he hovered in air, till, by almost superhuman exertions, he gained the fir-tree, and clasped in his arms the form of the unconscious maiden.

Fastening his rope securely to the tree, and assisted by his companions, Bernhard succeeded in bearing his lovely burden in safety down. When Agnes opened her eyes, she saw her father's face bent over her with tears of thankfulness, and heard the kind voices of her countrymen and friends praising God for her miraculous deliverance. She was carried in triumph back to her home, and the day was celebrated as a festival by the good hearted burgers.

It was not long before Agnes became the wife of Bernhard. The rock from which she sprang is called to this day "The Maiden's Leap," and no traveller who visits the mountain of Oybin forgets to notice it. The legend is current through the whole country and has furnished the genius of several poets. I am not aware, however, that it has ever before been presented to the English reader.

THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

No one feels the death of a child as a mother feels it. Even the father cannot realize it thus. There is a vacancy in his home, and a heaviness in his heart.—There is a chain of associations that at set times comes round with its broken link; there are memories of endearments, a keen sense of loss, a weeping over crushed hopes, and a pain of wounded affection.

But the mother feels that one has been taken away who was still closer to her heart. Hers has been the office of constant ministrations. Every gradation of feature has developed before her eyes.—She has detected every gleam of intelligence. She heard the first utterance of every new word. She has been the refuge of his fears; the supply of his wants. And every task of affection has woven a new link, and made dear to her its object. And when she dies, a portion of her own life, as it were dies. How can she give him up with all these memories, these associations? The timid bands that have so often taken him in trust and love, how can she fold them on his breast, and give them up to the cold clasp of death? The feet who swayed her she has watched so narrowly, how can she see them straitened to go down to the dark valley? The head that she has pressed to her lips and bosom, that she has watched in burning sickness and in peaceful slumber, a hair of which she could not harm. Oh! how can she consign it to the chamber of the grave? The form that not for one night has been beyond her vision or her knowledge, how can she put away for the long night of the sepulchre, to see it here no more? Man has cares and toils that draw away his thoughts and employ them; he sits in loneliness, and all these memories, all these suggestions, crowd upon her.—How can she bear all this! She could not, were it not that her faith is as her affection; and if the one is more deep and tender than in man, the other is more simple and spontaneous, and takes confidently hold of the hand of God.—Rev. E. H. Chapin.

TO MAKE TEETH WHITE.

A mixture of honey and the purest charcoal will make the teeth as white as snow.

POTATOES:

How to Cultivate and Preserve them.

[The following article from an experienced farmer, was intended for the Planter, but as we have suspended the publication of that journal for reasons given in a preceding column, we give it an insertion here. We hope to hear from Mr. Regan often.]

Mr. Editor: As the sweet potato is well known to be a very valuable root; and as it has not been often touched upon in your paper, I have thought proper to give you my mode of cultivating it, and if you think it worthy you are at liberty to insert it in your columns.

I prefer loose sandy land for them, (such as has a tolerable quantity of nitre in it,) and land that is moderately strong. I do not think the richest land best for potatoes. In preparing the land I remove all the rubbish, so as to leave it perfectly clean. In the month of January, I break up the ground about 4 or 5 inches deep, with a common turning plow; then let lie till from the twentieth of March to first April; then lay off rows four feet apart, across the breaking, with a shovel plow, and bed on them with a turning plow, till all the space between the rows is thrown up. This done, I get the best seed of the white spanish, and drop them upon the top of the ridge thus thrown up; one in a place and from 5 to 7 inches apart, and draw the loose dirt up with hoes so as to make a complete ridge, covering them some four or six inches.

I have now got them planted, and shall proceed to give you all that is necessary in tending them. After the potatoes come up, and the grass begins to appear on the ridges, I take a turning plow and bar off the ridges, leaving a very narrow space to be scraped off with the hoes.

I then let them lie until the vines begin to run, and then with a turning plow throw the dirt back to the ridge, and draw it up with the hoes, hilling them up completely; and all that is necessary, farther, is to go over them with the hoes, and cut the weeds that may come up amongst them; being careful not to injure the vines. I dig them as soon as possible after the vines have been partially killed by frost, and prefer dry weather. I let them lie until the dirt that sticks to them is dry, so as to put them up as dry as possible. After they have remained a sufficient length of time, I put them on the naked ground, in a place previously prepared by digging away the earth to the depth of six or seven inches, & I think from fifty to a hundred bushels, are as many as ought to be put together. I do not cover them with straw as most people do, but merely cover them with boards, and bank them with dirt; being careful to leave the ends of the bank rather open, that they may have air; for I am satisfied that more potatoes rot, after having been housed, from being over-hot, than from being over-cold.

Yours, &c.,
STEPHEN A. REGAN.

Marion Co., Miss.,
Dec'r 3rd, 1845.

CURING HAMS.

—We republish the following method of curing hams. There is none better:

"For every one hundred pounds of meat take five pints of good molasses, (or five pounds of brown sugar,) five ounces saltpetre, and eight pounds rock salt; and three gallons of water, and boil the ingredients over a gentle fire, skimming off the froth of scum as it rises.—Continue the boiling till the salt, &c., is dissolved.—Have the hams nicely cut and trimmed, packed in casks will thus strike in better. When the pickle, prepared as above, is sufficiently cool, pour it over the hams. They may lie in pickle from two to six weeks, according to the size of the pieces or the state of the weather—more time being required in cold than in warm weather. Beef or mutton hams, or tongues intended for smoking and drying, may be cured according to this mode and will be found excellent.

TO KEEP FLIES FROM FURNITURE.

—The Boston Times publishes a very important and simple article on this subject, which is certainly worth trying. It is nothing more nor less than to soak a bunch of looks in a pail of water, and wash such articles with the water, and flies will keep away.

UNEXPECTED INFORMATION.

—The other day, while a master was hearing a boy recite his lesson, the following passage occurred:—"The wages of sin is death."—The monitor, wishing to get "wages" out by deduction, asked: "What does your father get on Saturday night?" The boy answered, "He gets drunk!"

RANCID BUTTER.

—To make rancid butter sweet, beat two pounds of it in a sufficient quantity of water, into which drop thirty drops of chloride of lime, and after washing it well, let it stand about two hours in water, and it will be fresh and sweet. This is a French recipe—safe and simple.

SNATCHING A KISS.

—A negro in Baltimore lately undertook to kiss a snapping-turtle for a five cent piece, when the owner slipping the nose from the head of the monster, it caught the poor fellow's upper lip, and it was impossible to deliver him until its jaws were forced open. He said "He wouldn't boss another for a dollar; thank his stars for de scape dis time."

A GIPSEY TALE.

A lady of rank and fortune, who happened to have no children, and who lived in the neighborhood had taken so great a liking to a beautiful little Gipsy girl, that she took her home, and had her educated as her daughter. She was called Charlotte Stanley; received the education of a young English lady of rank, and grew up to be a beautiful, well informed and accomplished girl.

In the course of time, a young man of good family became attached to her, and wished to marry her. The nearer, however, this plan approached the period of execution, the more melancholy became the young Hindostanee bride. One day, to the terror of her foster mother and her betrothed husband, she was found to have disappeared. It was known that there had been Gipsies in the neighborhood; a search was set on foot, and Charlotte Stanley was discovered in the arms of a long, lean, brown, ugly gipsy, the chief of the tribe. She declared she was his wife, and no one had a right to take her away from him, and the benefactress and the bridegroom returned inconsolable. Charlotte afterwards came to visit them, and told how as she grew up, she had felt more and more confined within the walls of the castle, and an irrepressible longing had at length seized her to return to her wild gipsy life.

The fellow whom she had chosen for her husband was said to be one of the wildest and ugliest of the whole tribe, and to treat his beautiful and delicate wife in the most barbarous manner. He was some time after condemned to be hanged for theft; but his wife, through the influence of her distinguished connexion, procured the commutation of his sentence to that of confinement in the hulks. During the time of his imprisonment she visited him constantly, and contrived in many ways to improve his situation, without the savage manifesting in return the smallest gratitude. He accepted her marks of affection as a tribute due from a slave, and frequently, even during her visits, ill treated her.

She toiled incessantly, however, to obtain his release, supplicating both her foster-mother and her former lover to use all their influence in her favor. At the very moment of his liberation, however, when Charlotte was hastening to meet him across the plank placed from the boat to the shore, the savage repulsed her so roughly that she fell into the water. She was drawn out again, but could not be induced to leave him, and returned to his former wild way of life in the New Forest and the fairs of London.

I saw the portrait of Charlotte Stanley, which was preserved by the friend of her youth. Her story is a kind of inversion of that of Preciosa, and might make an interesting romance.

The Southampton committee, it is said have not been more fortunate with the gipsies whom, at different times, they have put out to service, than was the benefactress of Charlotte Stanley; for they return, sooner or later, to their wild wandering life.

A MILLERITE PREACHER CONVICTED.

—The Philadelphia correspondent of the New York Commercial, writes under date of the 21st ult: The court of sessions was engaged yesterday in trying a case which excites a great deal of interest in a crowded court-room. The Rev. Thomas B. Tibles was charged with the paternity of a child, the mother being a single girl, about twenty three years of age, named Everson. After a long and patient investigation, the jury found a verdict of guilty against the reverend gentleman. The above case is a most infamous one. All the parties were engaged in the great "Miller" delusion, and made a number of converts, several of whom gave up their business, &c. Tibles was the bosom friend of the brother of Miss Everson, and constantly his companion. They travelled together, and what rendered the affair still worse, the reverend gentleman is said to be a married man. The friends of Miss Everson are highly respectable, though poor.

A LARGE BERKSHIRE SOW—BORN WITH TWO LEGS.

We have omitted to notice a fine Berkshire sow owned by Col. Dogan, of the Planters Hotel immediately opposite our office. She is now 13th months old, and was born with two legs—forming a diagonal line from the right shoulder to the left hip. This is one of the finest specimens of the Berkshire breed we have met with in this section of the country, weighing about 400 lbs. She moves about with much more ease than many hogs we have observed with one lame leg. She has at this time five promising pigs (all four legged,) which from their present appearance will reach the size of their mother. The curious may see this sow at any time by calling on the owner.—Pottsville Tribune.

The "Liquor Bill."

republishing the present law and submitting a \$25 license system, has passed the House, and been sent to the Senate. If that body pass the bill, with no higher license than that, they will scatter temporal and eternal damnation broadcast over the land. If we are to have a license system in G. D.'s name, give us one which will not allow of legalized "doggeries" at every cross-roads to spread their pestilence into every nook and corner of the State.—Mem. Eng.