

whose name we will not mention, came to this city from St. Mary's county, having in his possession a sum of money belonging to his father, and which had come into his hands in the settlement of some property entrusted to his care. The whole of this sum he lost at the gambling table. He then applied to various legal gentlemen of his acquaintance and having succeeded in borrowing a considerable amount from them, once more madly sought the place of his ruin, and once more came forth wild, haggard, and desperate, without a dollar of the thousands he had so rashly and wickedly staked. He then succeeded in obtaining six dollars, and with this paltry sum fled to Washington. Some of those whom he had so basely deceived and wronged, pursued him; and strange as it may seem, the infatuated young man was found within the walls of a gambling house. The above facts ought to be pondered well by young men. They speak louder than words; and they offer a solemn warning to all, to avoid that dizzy and dangerous vortex, from which, when once engulfed, a man can scarcely hope to escape with property, reputation or peace of mind.

Baltimore Transcript.

#### From the Alexandria Gazette. MR. WISE'S SPEECH AT NORFOLK.

An abstract of Mr. Wise's speech at the public dinner given to him recently in Norfolk, Va. has been published. It is one of the raciest productions of the day. We have not room for more of it to-day than that portion which gives a graphic description of the "Expunging Scene" in the Senate.

"Last winter, sir, the deed was actually done. The scene of the 16th January, 1837, in the Senate of the United States, never has been and never will be described as it was. That day the Senate fell trampled under the feet of a tyrant's slave.—About 4 or 5 o'clock, P. M. the House of Representatives adjourned. The members generally, all of the mess to which I belonged, hastened to their dinners as usual. Judge White (of Tennessee) was of my mess, and we waited dinner for him—we waited until it was concluded the Senate would sit until the night; and sit ever so late, it was known by all who knew him that he never left his seat until the Senate itself adjourned. When I had finished my meal I looked out towards the Capital and saw the Senate flag flying. What can detain them so, was the question, and they are upon the expunging resolution was the reply. Is it possible that they treat the farce so seriously as to burn a candle over it? Yes, indeed, this night Benton is determined to play the play out. Then I determined to see the play. No play did I find it—no farce in fact—it was a solemn, affecting tragedy; it was the obsequies of a record, of truth, of the constitution, of the Senate. I went up to the Senate chamber; the candles were lighted—the light of day was not the light to shine upon the infernal orgies of erasing a truth from a record which men were sworn 'to keep.' When I entered the room where once a Senate sat, I heard—if there be any true hearted North Carolian present, I beg his pardon—I heard a strange voice from the Land of Sleep. It came upon my ear in feeble, broken tones, incoherently as from a man muttering he knew not what, in a dream, as if he were ridden by the night mare. After this feeble voice had ceased, the strong and manly voice of a mind always wide awake—the mind of a man who might be presented to the world as a specimen of America's sons—strong in frame; wrought into labor's mould—a laborious man, always practicable—a son of Virginia, a Senator of Ohio, a seion of the West, a man truly of the people, who has done more honor to them than they can do to him; he has vindicated his origin and their character.—Thos. Ewing spoke, as a man should, every argument or pretence of argument, to shame, for doing a shameful deed.

When he had concluded, Daniel Webster, who when you have said the worst of his politics is the same giant of intellect still.—Daniel Webster rose and read for himself and his colleague, and the State of Massachusetts, a solemn protest, which for simplicity and beauty of style, for concentration and strength and clearness of argument, for tone and temper, for dignity of thought and expression and for elevation of moral feeling, is unsurpassed, I venture to say, by any State paper of any time or any occasion. Whilst reading this paper there was not a whisper; silence seemed to approve every word and every sentiment; a deep and even painful attention seemed to promise that a conviction was wrought in the minds of many, and all seemed as

if just arrested in the act of perpetrating some horrid deed, unintentionally, from which their minds seemed for a moment to revolt.—Hope rose up within me—that is the word, that is the speech, that is the paper, nothing more, nothing less than what I prayed for them. If any thing could have touched the minds and hearts of such men, the protost of Daniel Webster and John Davis of Massachusetts, would have rought upon them. Never, never, shall I forget the manner in which he uttered the word—"we have collected ourselves to witness the scene." He spoke triumphantly of Massachusetts—she stood erect, she had not bowed the knee or the neck—her soil was mired in the best blood of the revolution. I was losing myself. I wildly looked to the seats of Virginia Senators—where was Leigh, where was Tyler? I could have shrieked for them—the genius of Virginia did agonize.—No Leigh, no Tyler was there; they were already dragged out from these seats; snatched from the defence of the Journal, of the Senate, of the Constitution. No such deed could be done with such men there. No, never, never, for well do I remember the speech of Leigh; it can never be forgotten by Benton, or by Rives, or any one who heard it. It made Rives look like he did during the actual scene of expunction—like what Judge Wilkins called Johnny Neal—Said he, "Johnny Neal, you are a small man;"—he made Benton look like he felt in the Chapel when he was expelled from college at the age of 20, weighing 160 pounds not, for petty larceny. Yes, sir, Mr. Leigh was giving many beautiful and appropriate philological illustrations from the holy Scriptures, to show the meaning of the verb "to keep"—at last he paused, raised his spectacles, settled himself back upon his short leg, caught his left wrist in his right hand, and fixed his eye directly and fully on Tom Benton—he seemed to pierce him through and through. I had seen the painting of Adam and Eve, the picture of the temptation. I had criticised that painting for the attempt to paint visibly the influence of the Serpent upon the fair mother of us all—I had thought an influence could not be painted. But when I saw Leigh look at Benton, I at once yielded the criticism—I could see something going straight out of Leigh's eye directly through him. If it had been a keen cutting two edged sword piercing to the dividing asunder of his joints and marrow, he could not have winced more; he shrunk up to one half his dimensions. He covered his face with his hand; he felt and could not conceal it; and if Leigh had aimed a pistol all the time, and fired a ball true into his side, he could not have hurt him worse than when he terminated the awful pause by saying—"And Mr. President, in that catechism which my mother taught me, I learned to keep—to keep my hands from picking and stealing and my tongue from evil speaking."

I prayed for a Leigh again—I looked around and saw Rives—I could not resist from speaking to him. I did tell him, "Sir, I would to God that this 'cup had to pass from you." He seemed to me to feel humbled, and he replied in substance and nearly in words, "If any suppose that this scene is gotten up by me, it is a great mistake." He said more; the amount of which was, as I supposed, that he never expected to be brought up actually to the damned deed. I could not pity him, he fell below contempt. Benton knew he had played the hypocrite; he knew he was conscience-stricken; he knew he had before, the respect of many men of worth in the opposition, of which he (Benton) had none; he knew it would be the bitterness of ashes to his taste, to be forced to vote actually for expunging, and he was determined that Rives, his rival, should be as odious as himself—he dragged the cup for him, held it to his lips, held him to it, and made him drink the drops. He made more grimaces, showed more nausea than a sick man.—Benton calculated rightly; he has sunk in self esteem and in the respect of others ever since.—He bullies him and buffs him and his friends, and Rives is already playing second fiddle to Benton. The latter is ashamed of nothing—he glories in his total want of principle and shame.—When Webster concluded, there was for a moment a dead silence, which was soon, however, broken by the harsh tones of Benton.

From the (Va.) Farmers' Register, for May.  
PROSPECT OF THE WHEAT CROP, EFFECTS OF USING IMPERFECT OR DAMAGED SEED.

Though there is much difference in the appearance of wheat crops in different places, and even sometimes, in a remarkable degree, on similar land on adjoining farms, still there can be no doubt of the fact that the prospect of the crop in gen-

eral, throughout Virginia, is very bad, and that the product must be much below a fair average for the land. Such statements are already scouted at in some of the leading newspapers, as the regularly recurring, and generally false prophecies of coming bad crops, dictated either by knaves who desire to swell prices for their profit, or by the fear of the desponding and uninformed. There may be good ground, somewhere, for this charge, but we claim that it shall not be extended to this journal. All persons are liable to be deceived on this subject: but we were not deceived last year, while sending forth the worst accounts of expected failure in the then growing crops, which then were disregarded or not believed—and our predictions, gloomy as they were, fell short of the disastrous results.

We warned farmers against relying upon the defective wheat of the last crop, for seed, whenever better could be obtained. To the very general use of this bad seed, is doubtless owing much of the sickly condition of the growing crops. The unexampled cold in last November, gave a heavy blow to the then very young plants of the early sown, as well as retarded for a long time the germination of the late sown seed. But the product of well filled and well matured seed might have withstood these inflictions, under which that of shrivelled and light seed has dwindled or perished.

It is stated, in the newspapers, that a remarkable superiority appears in some crops of wheat produced from western seed, of the crop of 1835, and for which the writers seem at a loss to account. It is not because of the origin, or the age of this seed—but simply that it was of good and well made grain, while the other crops were sown with defective grain of the crop of 1836. Further confirmation of this is presented in the facts that the best growing crops we have heard of, are on large farms where much care was used to obtain for seed the best wheat that the crops of these farms, or their neighborhoods, furnished, out of the universally bad crop of last year. The collection and comparison of numerous facts of this kind, (to which the crop of every farm may add something) would serve to settle this importation question, and prevent a future reliance on bad seed.

**Ardent Spirits.**—It is deplorable and wonderful in how many ways, and to what extent, the felicity and integrity of human beings are undermined, overthrown or impaired by the use of Ardent Spirits. If the punishment of men were proportioned to the evils which their conduct produces, without reference to motives, he who first discovered the method of distilling Liquors, is entitled, amongst human beings, to the heaviest load of malediction. This reflection is suggested by observing in one Newspaper the following paragraphs:—  
*Gal. Reg.*

**Murder—And another warning to Drunkards.**—On Saturday last, in the lower part of this county, Henry Massey was stabbed in the abdomen by Morris Schorn; which resulted immediately in his death. Schorn is now confined in the jail of this place, to await his trial at the next Superior Court. There was no just cause for the committing of this deed, and the prisoner himself says there was none—but attributes it to his being intoxicated. This is another melancholy result from the excessive use of ardent spirits.—*Charlotte Journal.*

Boston, April 27.

**Horrible result of Intemperance.** Yesterday morning, between 11 and 12 o'clock, a woman about 30 years of age, named Mary Jane Wetmore, fell from a window in the third story of a building in the rear

of 107 Washington street. It appears she has been addicted to intemperance for some two years or more; during which time she has been a great trouble to her friends, from her continual intoxication.—She had not been sober for the last three weeks, and has been absent from home for some days past. She returned a day or two since, and was yesterday morning about leaving the house again, when she was locked in her room, for the purpose of ascertaining whether something might not be done with her to keep her from ardent spirits. In a few moments she opened the window, and in endeavoring, as is supposed, to get on to a building adjoining, that she might escape, she fell striking her head on the pavement.—She was considerably bruised, and only lived to say "it is all over with me!"—*Journal.*

A man named B. Howell, who was formerly a respectable trader in this city, who had latterly reduced himself to extreme poverty by intemperance, was yesterday found dead in Hester street. Verdict death from a fit.—*N. Y. Paper.*

**Horrid events.**—We learn, from an authentic source, that a laborer living in Spruce street near the Schuylkill, went home yesterday in a state of intoxication, and began to assault his wife, the mother of four promising children, whom it was his design to deprive of both their parents. Seizing a flat-iron, he rushed upon the mother, and inflicted desperate wounds upon her person, with fatal intent.—Leaving her senseless in her blood, he sprang from a window, and rushing to the Schuylkill, plunged headlong into its waters, and was soon no more. The wife has been conveyed to the Hospital, where she lingers, mortally wounded, and with no prospect of recovery. Our informant received the chief particulars here detailed from a person who saw the infuriated husband spring from the window, after the commission of his dreadful deed. He has left a dying wife, and four unhappy orphans to deplore his delusion, and perish or suffer from his crimes.—*Philadelphia Evening Gazette.*

On Wednesday night, a man by the name of J. Coffin Pinkham, of Nantucket, died very suddenly in a cellar, on the corner of Clinton and Commercial streets, where he had resided for some time. His habits have been very intemperate, which was the cause of his death.  
*Boston Paper.*

**Strong necessity for an Office.** The (New Hampshire) News-Letter relates the following excellent anecdote:

"A countryman from the northern part of the State once called upon Governor WENTWORTH, at Portsmouth, and begged his acceptance of a saddle of venison. The Governor loved venison, and smiled most graciously upon Jonathan as he accepted the present, and thanked him for so acceptable a mark of his respect. But the man hem'd and scratched his head, and was in no hurry to depart. The errand was but half done. His Excellency inquired of him if he could in any way be of service to him; when Jonathan informed him that there was no Ensign in the militia company at —, and he would be dreadfully obliged to his Governorship for a commission. The Governor would be very happy to oblige him if he had the proper recommendations, and asked if the company had elected him for their Ensign, or sent any evidence of their wish for his appointment? "Why, no, may it please your Excellency's honor," said Jonathan, "there are only two other men in town but myself, and one of them is the Captain and the other Lieutenant, and

they exercise me and manoeuvre me so much, that I am really afeard if I'm not made an Ensign pretty soon they'll drill me to death."

Southern Citizen.



ASHBOROUGH, N. C.

Saturday, May 20, 1837.

The Editor of this paper was unexpectedly summoned to attend Rutherford Superior Court last week; and Burke next; so that it will be a week or two yet, before he will again be in his chair Editorial. His absence is sufficient apology for some legal questions not being attended to.

We received a few days since a request from a Mr. Thompson of Chatham Co. to publish an advertisement of a stolen mare, saddle and bridle, together with the suspected thief; but before we had put the advertisement in type, we learned that the man (John D. King) was safely lodged in Richmond Jail, as a matter of course decline further publication.

FAYETTEVILLE & WESTERN RAIL ROAD.

We hoped by this time to have been able to have given our readers some certain information relative to the prospects of our anticipated Rail Road, but owing perhaps to our limited information in regard to works of the kind, we find that more time must necessarily be spent than we had previously allotted. Therefore our information on the subject yet remains very limited. But judging from the anxiety that we ourselves feel on the subject, that our readers generally, and in particular the citizens of this and the adjacent counties, from their own immediate interest, also feel with us a considerable anxiety to learn the ultimate result of the survey now in operation, through Randolph county, by Ashboro', Cross Roads, New Market, &c. We therefore intend giving them as early information as we can, by statements of facts as they transpire, or as soon as we receive them in such a way that we can rely on their accuracy.

At present we can only say that the gentlemen employed to survey the route had formed into two companies; one commencing at Drowning Creek and the other at the Yadkin river, in order to meet at some point between the two extremities; that the lower company, or the company from Drowning Creek passed by this place last week; and we further understand that on Monday last they had reached the Cross Roads. We made some inquiries of them with regard to present prospects of the route thus far, and found them to be very flattering; that the project was not only practicable, but that the situation of the country, together with other necessary facilities accompanying the route would render the accomplishment a matter of very little difficulty, and that the expense would be comparatively speaking very small; in fact some of the party stated that it was the most favorable route, all things considered, that they had ever surveyed. Then, fellow citizens, it is not only proper, but highly necessary that we cordially unite in promoting an object which must beyond all successful contradiction ultimately prove of such incalculable advantage to the community, and raise North Carolina to an honorable contrast with her sister States.

We are aware that it will be objected to by some—we had in our zeal like to have said narrow-minded misers, whose pursestrings are so contracted that they cannot cheerfully consent to give the first cent towards any object of improvement which they cannot or do not expect to realize their own individual and immediate gain; but lest we should be thought too harsh, we will try to exer-