

RALPHIGH REGISTER,

AND NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE,

"Ours are the plans of fair, delightful peace,
Unwarped by party rage to live like brothers."

Friday, May 4, 1827.

No. 361

Vol. IV.

THE REGISTER

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ADVERTISEMENTS

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times for a dollar, and 25 cents for every succeeding
publication; those of greater length in the
same proportion. Communications thankfully
received. Letters to the Editors must be post-
paid.

[From the London Literary Chronicle.]

The confession of a short gentleman.

Deep and manifold, Mr. Editor, have
been the annoyances and mortifications
which have attended me through life, and
these have been brought on by no crime or
folly of my own, but simply by one of the
breaks of that unaccountable wayward old
buddy, Dame Nature, who, when she deter-
mined that the world should be blessed
with my presence, sent me into this Brod-
dingnagian metropolis, curtailed of above a
foot of my fair proportions. In short, sir,
(for it is my nature to be brief,) to tell
you, in a few words, my history, as to per-
son, and condition, you must know that I
am short of stature, short of thirty, and
very short of money.

I was born on the shortest day in the
year of our Lord 17—, and so weakly and
rickety did I appear at my nativity, that
the nurse prophesied that I should not be
long in the world—a prediction which has
been literally fulfilled, although not exact;
in the sense in which it was spoken. At
the earliest period to which my memo-
ry will carry me, I recollect that the epithet
little was always applied to me; but then it
was frequently in conjunction with other
adjectives, which went a great way to so-
ften down the ignominy of the appellation.
At first I was called a sweet little fellow,
and then as I grew older, and became ac-
complished in all the arch tricks and wild
humours of childhood, I was a clever little
fellow; but month rolled after month, and
year after year without adding materially
to my stature, and then the best bred visi-
tors would stare at me with an expression
of surprise; and I sometimes heard, in an
audible whisper, from one to another, the
words, "What a devilish little fellow!"

I was condemned to listen to the mortify-
ing and often repeated remark, "Master
Augustus does not grow very fast," which
was so often met by the reply which my
foreboding heart told me was false, that
"his growing days were not yet over, and
that he would no doubt sprout up sudden-
ly." Years continued to roll on, and I
was still a little fellow; but the hopes of
my family remained sanguine for a long
time, and it was not till I had fairly enter-
ed my twenty-first year, that my mother
would admit that Master Augustus had
done growing. In the mean time it may
be said, that I suffered unremitting mis-
ery; for the life of a short gentleman in
this world is a continued martyrdom.—At
one time I was smitten with the four in
hand mania, but I was cured of it by the
remark of a malicious friend, that I had
better give it up, for I could never be a
long coachman. If I proposed a party to
the play, I was asked if I meant the little
theatre in the Hay-market.

I was once introduced to an eminent
counsellor and orator, whom I had long
wished to know, but my introducer told
Mr. Gable that he had brought him a
brief; and I afterwards found that gen-
tleman's name and a fee of five guineas
endorsed in chalk upon my coat.

If I ordered a great coat, the very tail-
or who was to receive my money for it,
could scarcely refrain from laughing in my
face.

In addition to all this I had a heart
deeply susceptible to the charms of the
fair sex; and by that fatality which is said
to attach itself to persons in my situation,
I was particularly smitten with all women.
I remember at an evening party saying a
thousand fine things to a very pretty and
very tall, but at the same time very stout
young woman, who I guessed, (as the yan-
kees say) was no match for me in wit. Af-
ter being witty for half an hour without
getting more than "yes" or "no" in an-
swer, I begged permission to adjust a stray
ringlet which was falling from her fore-
head, when to my indescribable horror,
she replied, that "I was perfectly at lib-
erty to do so—if I could reach it."

At home and abroad, at all times and
places, the same mishaps attend me.—If
I go to church, the lesson appointed for
the morning's service is sure to be the story
of Zachæus, the little man who was
obliged to get up into a tree to see that
which every body else could see very easily
down below; and I can scarcely per-
suade myself that the curate does not
wink maliciously at me as he reads, and
that the clerk does not put his tongue into
his left cheek, in token of derision. If I
go to the theatre, a woman in an enormous
nose and feathers, whose nose is as nearly
as possible at an equal distance between
the sole of her shoe and the top of her
head peer, sits before me, so that I cannot
get a single glimpse of the perform-
ance. If I visit any of the courts of law,
I must wait there two minutes before a tal-
lary clerk plants himself by my side, and I

can see that even the judges themselves
are immediately in an agony of laughter at
the ridiculous comparison.—Nay, sir, even
if I attempt an office of humanity, I am
rewarded with derision, instead of grate-
tude; for it is not many days since I picked
up a drunken man out of a gutter, & I had
no sooner got him upon his legs than he
exclaimed, "well you are a little 'un,
Damn-me!"

You must also know, that among my
other misfortunes, I am excessively fond
of private theatricals, and am never so
happy as when I am treading the stage;
in short, it was my private opinion, for ma-
ny years, that I was the greatest genius
that ever lived. About a fortnight ago,
I received a message from a friend, begging
that I would undertake the part of Julius
Cæsar, in the play of that name, which he
was getting up for the amusement of a
select party. I joyfully acceded, but had
no sooner made my appearance, than I
suspected it to be mere trick to raise a
general laugh at the sight of my pigmy
figure strutting about as the representative
of the master of the world. Mirth was
pretty generally attendant upon my most
dignified efforts; but when Cassius, a tall
Irish varlet said of me—

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow globe,
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs;

The roar of laughter, from all parts of the
house, was indescribable. I was behind
the scenes at the time, and unable to sub-
mit to such torture any longer, I rushed
out of the house into the street, attired as
I was in the costume of the part, and
made my way homewards. But my mis-
fortunes did not end here: my strange
costume attracted a crowd about me; I
was taken to the watch house, charged
with creating a crowd and riot, and in or-
der to escape a worse evil I was obliged
to give the worthy magistrate a detail of
the whole affair, which appeared the next
day in all the newspapers, with additions
and embellishments from the ingenious
pens of the gentlemen of the press.

Now, Mr. Editor, you are a man of wis-
dom, and of authority in the world; and
I think that half a sentence, uttered by
you in my behalf, would relieve me and
all other short gentlemen from the odious
persecution which we undergo. Why
should *shortness* (tis a barbarous word,
but I use it for want of a better) be a re-
proach to a man? Is not life short, and
joy short, and spring short, and every
thing that is agreeable short? Is not brevity
the soul of wit? Are not short articles
(especially such as this) the best and most
acceptable things in a paper or a magazine?
Is not a knowledge of short-hand a very
valuable accomplishment?—Would you
not rather take a short bill than a long one?
You must be the most short-sighted man in
existence if you do not see the truth of all
this. Then take compassion on my for-
lorn condition.—Tell the ladies that Cupid
is little. Tell warriors and statesmen
that Bonaparte was short. Tell poets that
the shortest and best poem in the world is
the following in praise of littleness:

"A little health, a little wealth,
"A little house, and freedom;
"And at the end a little friend;
"And little cause to need him."

The sort of friend which the poet has
above described will I be to you, Mr. Edi-
tor, if you will print this communication
in a conspicuous part of your paper, and
use your best exertions, in the way which
I have suggested, on behalf of the shortest
and most unfortunate of mortals.

From the Richmond Compiler. THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

It is impossible not to listen to the con-
fessions of Walter Scott, with an intense
interest. Though a pretty general con-
sent had settled down upon him as the
author of the Waverley Novels, yet the
problem was not considered as positive-
ly determined; and still there was some
room to doubt his exclusive title to the
honors of these celebrated compositions.
Volumes had been written to establish his
claims, yet essay after essay had been
poured out to dispute them. He himself
had been compelled to resort to little
equivocations to maintain the mask—and
it was not until the legal steps, which he
took to assert his right on the failure of
his booksellers, that doubts began to dis-
sipate. At length, however, the mask is
entirely laid down, and we are permitted
to behold in Walter Scott the avowed au-
thor of the Scottish novels.

We can scarcely now receive the decla-
ration without some portion of astonish-
ment; we are surprised at the vast ferti-
lity of the mind, which is now ascertained
to have poured forth so many works in so
comparatively short a space of time. The
mere mechanic art of writing these works
would require a considerable exertion.
But, then he is moreover to select the story,
from all the incidents of the plot, to
weave the dialogue, discriminate the char-
acters, and these incidents, and dialogues
and characters so admirably drawn out.
Novel after novel too, appeared in rapid
succession, sometimes two or three in the
course of a year. And then he was not
idle in other respects. He has published
an edition of the works of Swift,—of Dry-

den—a complete edition of the English
novels, with the lives of their authors, and
a critical examination of their works, which
alone would require a large course of read-
ing, with a most particular study of the
merits and faults of their compositions.
He has also produced plays, poems, peri-
odical essays, each of which was distin-
guished by the peculiar force of his genius
—besides discharging his clerical functions,
and associating with the throng of com-
pany, which flocked to see the great un-
known of Scotland.—And now he has
undertaken, and nearly finished, the Me-
moirs of Napoleon, preceded by a histori-
cal view of the French Revolution, in six
or eight volumes—perhaps more. Here
we have him upon a new and more
difficult theatre.—In his other works, ar-
ranging his scenes to please himself—dr-
awing freely upon the resources of his own
Imagination—but here, tied down to the
province of the biographer and the histo-
rian—sifting facts as they are, not invent-
ing any thing, except the order in which
he chooses to narrate them, and the splen-
did dress in which they are to appear.

When we retrace the prodigious mass
of avocations—and more especially when
we remark the astonishing elegance which
distinguishes his works, we are struck
with astonishment that any one man should
have done so much, and done all so well.
It is a sort of literary phenomenon, which
we cannot survey without admiration. It
was the multiplicity of his labours which
produced the greatest doubt about his ex-
clusive authorship; and caused many to
conjecture, that it must have been his
Canada brother, or Greenfield, or some
other highly gifted genius, who shared the
wand of Prospero with him. And now
that the author has patented his inventions,
it is impossible not to wonder at the fecun-
dity of his genius. How rapid is the mind
which has poured forth so many *chef d'ou-
vres* of his art. How instinctive the
taste, which created so many characters
without confusion or imbecility.

Walter Scott has been styled the Shaks-
peare of his age. The compliment is a
high one, but it is also just. There is no
creative imagination, since the days of
Shakspeare, which can equal Scott's in
exuberance and beauty. There is only
one remarkable defect which taints his
compositions—and that is the tone of his
political opinions. The liberal spirit of the
age has not sufficiently inspired his pro-
ductions. The loyalty of the subject
sometimes debases the genius of the author
—and Kings and Princes are painted with
a pencil which softens their defects, at the
expense of truth. A little of the sterner
spirit of Smollet would have improved
his writings—and commanded the more un-
qualified admiration of an enlightened pos-
terity. May not the want of such a spirit,
injure his promised historical work on the
French Revolution.

In tracing these rapid lines, we are re-
minded of the career, which the first Poet
of the age marked out for Scott in the
Pæan which first revealed his own great ge-
nius. It was in these fine strains which By-
ron in his "English Bards and Scottish
Reviewers," pours forth an invocation to
Scott;

And thou, too, Scott! resign to minstrels
rud',

The wicker's slogan of a border feud:
Let others spin their meagre lines for hire—
Enough for genius if itself inspire!
Let Southey, sink, although his teeming muse,
Prolific every string, be too profuse;
Let simple Wordsworth chime his childish verse,
And brother Coleridge lull the babe at nurse—

But thou, with powers that mock the aid of
praise,
Shouldst leave to humbler bards ignoble lays!
Thy country's voice, the voice of all the Nine,
Demand a hollow'd harp—that harp is thine.
Say! will not Caledonia's annals yield,
The glorious record of some nobler field,
Than the vile foray of a plundering clan,
Whose proudest deeds disgrace the name of
man!

Scotland! still proudly claim thy native bard,
And be thy praise his first, his best reward!
Yet not with thee alone his name should live,
But own the vast renown a world can give;
Be known, perchance, when Albion is no more,
And tell the tale of what she was before;
To future times her faded fame recall,
And save her glory, though his country fall.

Yet powerful as these prophetic inspira-
tions are, from so lofty a source, yet they
are scarce superior to the reality.—But, it
was in another walk of Literature, that
Scott was destined to reap the brightest
laurels which were to grace his honoured
brow.

Roanoke Land for Sale.

BY virtue of a decree of the Supreme Court
of North-Carolina, made at the last term, in
the suit therein depending, between Robert
Wynne and his wife Susanna, as complainants,
and Peyton R. Tunstall as defendant, I shall of-
fer for sale on the first Monday of June next,
that being Court day, before the Courthouse
door for the county of Northampton, a very
valuable tract of land, situate, lying and being
in said county, on the waters of the Roanoke,
containing about two hundred & ninety-three acres,
it being the lot of land drawn by M. N. Jeffreys,
in the division of the late Simon Jeffreys' real
estate, and by said M. N. Jeffreys sold to Peyton
R. Tunstall the defendant aforesaid—or so much
thereof as may be necessary to satisfy and pay
the sum of \$1047 62½ with interest from the 1st
April 1816 till paid, together with the costs of
said suit.

Terms of sale Cash.
WM. ROBERTS, C. S. C.
Raleigh, March 30, 1827.

DOCTOR BOND,

RESPECTFULLY offers his professional ser-
vices to the citizens of Raleigh and its vi-
cinity.

He may be found at his shop on Fayetteville
Street, next door below Messrs. W. G. and R.
Tucker's Store.
Raleigh, April 26, 1827.

The Subscriber, who has pre-
sided several years in public seminaries, is desir-
ous to superintend an Academy in some healthy
part of North-Carolina. Satisfactory testimonials
of character and competency can be produced.
Letters (post paid) directed to Raleigh, will be
promptly noticed.

THO. L. RAGSDALE.

Feb. 15, 1827. 41-4f.

J. Gales and Son

HAVE just received a fresh supply of the
ATLANTIC SOUVENIR, and FORGET
MENOT, for 1827. The Engravings which adorn
these tasteful works, to say nothing of the judicious
selections, and the interesting original mat-
ter, are fully worth the price of the Book.
Raleigh, March 17, 1827.

Union Canal Lottery, 28th Class.

To be drawn at Philadelphia, on the 2nd
day of May, 1827.

SCHEME.

1	Prize of \$10,000 is \$10,000
1	2,000
1	1,500
1	1,206
10	1,000
10	500
20	250
40	100
51	50
102	20
1683	8
11475	4

13,895 Prizes \$102,660
Price of Tickets.—Whole \$4, Halves 2,
Quarters 1.

Orders for tickets (post paid) enclosing
the cash or prizes, will receive prompt atten-
tion, if addressed to

YATES & McINTYRE,
Raleigh or Fayetteville.

SALES AT AUCTION.

ON Saturday the 12th day of May next, at 9
o'clock in the forenoon, at the Store of Mr.
Charles Sturt, will be sold his remaining stock
of Goods.—Terms, cash.

By order of the Trustee,
ROSS & SCOTT,
Auctioneers.
April 28, 60 tds

State of North-Carolina,

Warren County.

John C. Goode, }
vs. } In Equity.
Charles L. Jeffries, }

IT appearing satisfactorily to the Court, that
the defendant, Chas. L. Jeffries, is not an in-
habitant of this State: it is ordered, that pub-
lication be made for six weeks in the Raleigh
Register, notifying him, that, unless he appear
within the three first days of next Term com-
mencing the 3d Monday after the 31st Monday in Sep-
tember next, and plead, answer or demur,
the complainant's bill will be taken pro confesso
against him.

JOHN BRAGG, C. M. E.

April 25, 1827. 60 6w

FOR RENT,

A commodious two story Dwelling House, eli-
gibly situated, having attached to it, all nec-
essary out houses and a fine garden. For terms
apply to the Editors of the Register.
Raleigh, April 11, 1827. 55.

Taken up and Committed
To the Jail of Lincoln County, N. C. as Run-
aways, two Negro Fellows, who call them-
selves Billy and Isaac, and say they belong to
Wm. Burrows, and runaway from Charles Comer,
of Sumpter District, South-Carolina. They are
both stout men. Billy is about 35 or 40 years of
age, 5 feet 2 inches high, has several scars on his
neck, which he says were caused by stabbing
himself with a knife.

Isaac is about 18 years old, 5 feet 8 inches high,
and dark complexioned.

The owner is requested to come forward, prove
property, pay charges and take them as the law
directs.
J. ZIMMERMAN,
Jailer.
Lincolnton, March 10, 1827. pr. adv. \$1 50

NOTICE.

IS hereby given that the Subscriber, at the
Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, held for
the County of Duplin, on the 3d Monday in
April, A. D. 1827, received from said Court, let-
ters of Administration, on the Estate of John
Cooper, dec'd, and that all manner of persons
having claims against said Estate, will bring them
forward within the time prescribed by law, o-
therwise, they will be barred of their recovery.
60 7w Wm. S. COOPER, Adm'r.

Internal Improvement.

A Meeting of the Board for Internal Improve-
ments will be held at the Executive Office,
in this City, on Saturday, the 12th of May, of
which all persons interested will take notice.
J. GALES, Sec'y.
Raleigh, April 30, 1827. 60

NOTICE.

LOST or mislaid, a note on Jonathan Udy,
Esq. for \$25, due 1st January, 1827. This is
to forwarn all persons from purchasing or trad-
ing for said note.—this 26th April, 1827.
A. G. BANKS.

Notice.

THE Certificate for 40 Shares of the Stock of
the Bank of Cape-Fear, in the name of Alex-
ander D. Moore, being lost, application will be
made for the renewal of said Certificate at the
expiration of three months from this date.
REBECCA MOORE, Administratrix of
A. D. MOORE.
January 27.

RALPHIGH

Dying & Scouring Establishment, North-Carolina.

THE Subscriber embraces the present oppor-
tunity of informing the Ladies & Gentlemen
of Raleigh, and the public generally, that he has
commenced the Dying Business, in all his various
branches, in the tenement above above south of
Gen. Daniel's Office, Fayetteville Street, where
he is prepared to finish piece goods of all kinds,
equal to imported, viz. Cloths, Cassimeres, Cordis,
Velvet stuffs, Silks, Satins, Crapes, Hosiery, &c.
Gentlemen's garments of every description, scoured,
dyed, or renewed, and finished at the short-
est notice, in as much perfection as at any other
establishment in the Union. His mode of Steam
scouring extracts all kinds of grease, dirt, tar,
&c. and is admirably calculated to preserve
clothes during the summer season from moths,
&c. Ladies' Dresses of every description, dyed to
any shade, or black, changed to other colors,
Leghorn and Straw Bonnets bleached, or stain
removed, or dyed and trimmed to the latest fash-
ions. Glibbons, Gloves, Stockings, Shoes, &c.
dyed to any colour. Ladies' Trimmings scoured,
dyed, or pressed.—Also, Merino & other Shawls,
scoured, and the colours revived; equal to new.
North-Carolina, or Domestic Cloth, consisting of
cotton and wool, dyed and pressed, to appear
elegant. Military Uniforms, Embroidery, &c.
cleaned and restored to their original brilliancy.
Ladies and Gentlemen are invited to call and
examine specimens dyed at this establishment.
He warrants all his colours, which for brilliancy
and durability cannot be surpassed by any simi-
lar establishment in the Union.

N. B. Gentlemen's Clothes neatly repaired,
with despatch, on reasonable terms. All articles
sent to the establishment to be dyed or scoured,
will be ready for delivery in two or three days
from the time of receiving them, weather per-
mitting.

Raleigh, April 17, 57 6w

THE NEW YORK MIRROR, And Ladies' Literary Gazette.

EDITED BY GEORGE F. MORRIS.

"Here shall young genius wing his eagle flight,
"Hic! hie! drowsy slaking from his plumes of
light."

As the Mirror will soon complete its fourth
year, the editor thus seasonably presents
himself before his numerous and highly respect-
able patrons and the public, with sentiments of
profound respect, and a deep sense of the obliga-
tions which are imposed upon him. To say that
his reward and encouragement have far exceed-
ed his high expectations, but he has a faint ex-
pression of his feelings; for the pleasure of
these feelings is immeasurably heightened when
he reviews the names of those who make up the
great portion of his supporters. To be distin-
guished with the countenance, and favour of the
wise and virtuous, is at all times flattering to the
pride of any man; but to a young man, it affords
a charm too great for language to express. Ev-
ery motive, therefore, which springs from the
strongest impressions of honour and gratitude,
will be called forth, not only to preserve, but to
improve the character of a publication so kindly
fostered, and so generously supported. We
have unmitigably endeavoured, and shall here-
after go on with increased zeal in our endeavours,
to call from the varied fields of literature, the
choicest and most fragrant flowers, as a just
though humble tribute, to our fair readers.

With a view to render the Mirror still more ac-
ceptable and valuable, we propose, as the com-
mencement of the fifth year, and to continue it
with each returning quarter, to accompany it
with a splendid Engraving, executed in the finest
style of which the state of the art in this country
will admit. It is intended to present, in suc-
cession, the most accurate Views of our principal
Public Edifices, followed by correct historical
Descriptions, so as to preserve a knowledge of the
period of their foundation, of the uses to
which they are applied, and of such other cir-
cumstances connected with them, as may be
worthy of preservation.

To those who may wish more fully to under-
stand the character of the work, & to commence
their subscriptions on the opening a new volume,
perhaps it is proper to say, that it is devoted
(though not exclusively) to the following sub-
jects:

Original Moral Tales—either fictitious, or
founded on events of real life, in the United
States of America.

The Censor—comprising a series of numbers
—pathetic, satirical, moral, humorous &c. deno-
minated the Little Gleaners.

Reviews—of publications, foreign or domestic.
Original Essays—on literature, morals, history,
voyages, travels, American antiquities, the fine
arts, &c.

Female Character—manners, beauty, dress and
education.

American Biography—or historical sketches of
the lives of such persons, of both sexes, as have
become celebrated for their heroism, virtue, fan-
titude, talents, patriotism, &c.

Literary Intelligence—or notices of new pub-
lications.

The Drama—comprising strictures on the New-
York stage.

Anecdotal Selections—with occasional remarks
—humorous, literary, historical, &c.
Passing events of the week.

Poetry—original and selected.
Together with many other miscellaneous sub-
jects, which it would be unnecessary now to enu-
merate.

The Mirror is published every Saturday, for
the proprietor, by Daniel Panshaw, at the Ameri-
can Tract Society House, No. 87, Nassau-st.

The terms are Four Dollars per annum, pay-
able in advance.
New-York, February, 1827.

Coach Making, Gigs, &c.

THE subscriber having employed one of the
best and most experienced workmen from
Newark, N. Jersey, as Superintendent of his
Shop, and having laid in a well chosen stock of
materials in New-York and Philadelphia, he will
furnish those who may want any thing in his
line, as low as they can be purchased at any
regular shop north of this.

He has on hand a handsome assortment of
Carriages, Gigs and Harness, of almost every
description; some of which are now finished,
the rest in a state of forwardness; all of which
will be sold at reduced prices, for cash, or ob-
jectable paper. The work, in every instance,
will be handsomely finished, and warranted to
be well executed. Orders are solicited.
THO. COBBE.
Raleigh, N. C. Jan. 1827.