

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

Vol. V

### THE REGISTER

Is published every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, by JOSEPH GALES & SON, at Five Dollars per annum—half in advance.

### ADVERTISEMENTS

Not exceeding sixteen lines, neatly inserted three times for a dollar, and twenty-five cents for every succeeding publication; those of greater length in the same proportion. COMMUNICATIONS thankfully received. LETTERS to the Editors must be post paid.

### THE MINISTER'S VISIT.

The Boston Galaxy says, that the man is devoid of human feelings, who can read the following story, from Blackwood's Magazine, without a full heart and a tearful eye.

I was once a sportsman!—The grouse upon a thousand hills have sealed the truth of my assertion with their blood; and did the ghosts of partridges ever revisit the glimpses of the moon, the air for miles round X—would be blackened with the shades of my victims. It is true, I now disdain (some what after the manner of the fox who disliked grapes) the rude and boisterous sports of the field; yet autumn never fails to revive some relic of the slumbering propensity—

“Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.” Within these two days I have taken down, examined, and shouldered my two guns, long the envy and the admiration of the happy boys for whom, at a riper age they are destined, and have satisfied myself that the lightest is a burden which my feeble arm refuses—even were it steady enough to take successful aim at an elephant. I have felt all last week a sensible enlargement and painful acuteness in my organs of destructiveness; although my ignorant old housekeeper says it is only the earache, and has prescribed a thicker night-cap; in short, I have internal evidence that the sporting season has arrived, and I found myself, on waking last Saturday, instinctively whistling—

“And a hunting we will go.” But where can a valetudinarian on his pony safely take his pastime on a murderous first of September? I could not ride through the fields without spoiling sport for others, nor through hedge-row lanes, without danger of getting a random shot myself; so the high road became my only resource, and a very sad one it is, as every lover of shade, and hater of dust, can testify.

One advantage, however, it had over more privileged haunts; it held out hopes of a companion; and, strange to say, though long habit has made solitude, in every other form, not only tolerable, but delightful, I never could bear riding alone. The man who gallops in pursuit of pleasure or business, can afford to do so; he has excitement within to spur him on, and grudges even the casual encounter with a less rapid traveller. But he who, with nerves unstrung, and limbs feeble, finds himself restrained within the precincts of an ample, with no stimulus save duty, and no object save health, is much indebted to the brother pilgrim who beguiles with social chat the tedium of the way.

Last Saturday was just such a cloudless, windless, faultless monotonous sort of day as disposed Dimple to fall asleep on his legs, and as would have made me infallibly follow his example, but for the incessant pipping, which was kept up all around me, and but for my recollection about a mile from home with the worthy minister of the parish, just returned from a six weeks' tour, of very unwonted recreation in a distant part of the country.

Our meeting was a very joyful and cordial one; for among the many who, in our privileged land, feed with no hiring measure of zeal and tenderness the flocks whom they love as their own soul, Mr. Monteith even shone conspicuous. I never saw simplicity in lovelier union with energy, than in his pure and primitive character. The innocence of the dove was in all his intercourse with the world; the wisdom and vigilance of the serpent he kept for the concerns of his parishioners, to whom his word was law, and his counsel the voice of inspiration. He preached nothing that he did not practise, as far as consistent endeavors, and higher aid can carry frail mortality. If his standard of virtue seemed awful in the pulpit, his example made it every where else easy and alluring. He taught his people “how to abound,” by sharing his scanty stipend with all who needed it; and “how to suffer loss,” by burying four promising children with the sorrow that is akin to hope. In short, with old and young, with grave and gay, with saint and sinner, Mr. Monteith was an universal favorite. His worth was so genuine, his piety so unaffected, his cheerfulness so contagious, and his gravity so interesting, that I never saw him enter a room without a cordial welcome, or leave it without sincere regret.

His bland and delightful smile, at all times peculiarly winning, struck me on our present meeting as unusually irresistible; his pale, serene countenance, was enlivened with the excitement of travel, and the joy of return. “It was really worth while,” he said, “to leave you all, that I might know the happiness of coming home.

Mary, they say, was like a creature demoralized when I was away, and I am sure she is little better yet. She sets both elbow-chairs for me instead of one, and sugs my tea twice, out of very exuberance of affection. The children are quite as light-headed as their mother. Johnny brings me his fractions, and asks me how I think he gets on in his Greek; and as for little Jessy, (she has marked her sampler all over with huge P's for papa,) she came to let me hear her new hymns, with such a broad grin on her face, that I was obliged to give her a kiss, and stop her psalmody till a fitter season.”

“And the crops, Mr. Francis,” continued he, “did you ever see such abundance on the face of the earth? a kind compensation truly, for the drought and scarcity of last year. I asked Mary how she managed to get my harvest done so cleverly; for that's an excellent housewife, she has little skill in husbandry.” “Goodman,” said she, (and the tear filled her eye as she told it me,) “your corn was no sooner ripe than there came more shears to your harvest-rig than would have cut down half the parish. They came unbidden and unfed. They cut your corn with songs and shouts of joy. And when I forced upon them the ale they would hardly accept, they drank your health and happy return, till I could scarce find words to thank them. John Wilson, the elder has dressed your turpins, and the lasses in the parish hoed your potatoes; and as for fish, Mr. Garthine swore if the Provost of Edinburgh should want haddies, the Manse should aye be well supplied.” “Is it not a blessed thing, Mr. Francis,” asked the worthy minister, kindling as he spoke, “to have one's poor services thus appreciated, and return thus among one's own people?”

“It is more blessed still to give than to receive,” answered I, in his own strain; and, reply as they may, these good folks must ever remain your debtors.”

This, however sincerely and quietly spoken, was enough to bring a blush over his modest countenance. “I am just about,” said he, “requiting the courtesy of my friends of all ranks, in the coin they like best, viz. a round of friendly visits; and as far as our roads lie together, you will perhaps go with me. You are a bad visitor, I know, Mr. Frank; but most of my calls will be where forms are unknown and etiquette dispensed with.”

We had not ridden far, when my companion, turning up a pretty rough cart-road leading to a large farm-house on the right, said, with an arch smile, “I love what our superstitious forefathers would esteem a lucky beginning even to a morning's ride, and am glad ours commences with a wedding visit. Peter Bandster has taken a wife in my absence, and I must go and call him to account for defrauding me of the ploy. Have you heard any thing, Mr. Francis, of the bride?”

More than I could wish, thinks I to myself; for my old duenna, who indemnifies herself for any lack of hospitality, by assiduous frequentation of all marriages, christenings and gossipings abroad, had deaved me for the last three weeks with philippics about this unlucky wedding. The folly of Peter in marrying above his own line; the ignorance of the bride, who scarce knew lint-yarn from tow, or bear from barley; and his unpardonable accomplishments of netting purses and playing on the spinnet; above all, her pated candles, laced flounced gown and fashionable bonnet, had furnished Hannah with inexhaustible matter for exercise of the tongue which the Scots call ‘rhyning,’ and the English, ‘ringing the changes;’ to which, as to all other noises, custom can alone render one insensible.

I had no mind to damp the minister's benevolent feelings towards the couple, and contented myself with answering, that I heard the bride was both bunnie and brow. The good man shook his head. “We have an old proverb and a true one,” said he, “a bonnie bride is sure buskit;” but I have known gaudy butterflies cast their painted wings, and become excellent housewives in the end.”

“But there stands Peter—no very blithe bridegroom, methinks!” said I, as my eye rested on the tall and usually jolly young farmer, musing disconsolately in his cattle yard over what appeared to be the body of a dead cow. He started on seeing the minister, as if ashamed of his sorrow or its cause, and came forward to meet us struggling to adapt his countenance a little better to his circumstances. “Well, Peter!” said the minister, frankly extending his hand, “and so I am to wish you joy! I thought when I gave you your name, five and twenty years ago, if it pleased God to spare me, to give you your helpmate also; but what signifies it by whom the knot is tied, if true love and the blessing of God go with it? Nay, never hang your head, Peter, but tell me, before we beat up the young guidwife's quarters, what you were leaning over so wae-like, when we rode forward.”

“Odd, sir!” cried Peter, reddening up, “it wasna the value of the beast, though she was the best cow in my mother's byre; but the way I lost her that pat me a wee out o' tune. My Jessy (for I muinna ca' her guidwife, it seems, nor mistress neither) is an ill guide o' kye, ay, and what's waur, o' lasses. We had a tea-drinking

last night, nae doubt, as new-married folk should; and what for no?—I se warrant my mither had them too in her daft days. But she didna keep the house aester the hail night wi' fiddles and dancin', and it neither new-year nor handsel-Monday, nor she didna lie in her bed till aught or nine o'clock, as my Jess goes, na, nor yet—”

“But what has all this to do with the loss of your cow, Peter?”

“Ower muckle, sir, ower muckle. The lasses and lads liket reels as weel as their mistress, and whiskey a hantle better. They a' slepit in, and mysel' among the lave. Nae mortal ever lookit the air that pair Blue Bell was in, and her at the very calving; and this morning, when the byre-door was opened, she was lying stiff and stark, wi' a dead calf beside her. It's nae cow, sir, (though it was but the last market I had the offer o' fifteen pund for her) it's the thought that she was sae sair forworted among me, and my Jess, and her lappies o' lasses.”

“Come, come, Peter,” said the good minister, “you seem to have been as much to blame as the rest; and as for your young town bride, she maun creep as the auld wives say, before she can gang. Country thrift can no more be learnt in a day than t'wn breeding; and of that your wife they say, has her share.”

“Ower muckle, may be?” was the half-muttered reply, as he marshalled us into the house. The ben end of the old-fashioned farm-house, which, during the primeval sway of Peter's mother, had exhibited the usual decorations of an amrie, a clock, and a pair of press-beds, with a clean swept ingle, and a carefully sanded floor, had undergone a metamorphosis not less violent than some of Ovid's or Harlequin's. The amrie had given place to a satin-wood work-table, the clock to a mirror, and the press-beds (whose removal no one could regret) to that object of Hannah's direst vituperations, the piano-forte; while the fire-place revelled in all the summer luxury of elaborately twisted shavings, and the once sanded floor was covered with an already soiled and faded carpet, to whose delicate colours, Peter, fresh from the clay furrows, and his two sheep-dogs dripping from the pond, had nearly proved equally fatal.

In this sanctum sanctorum sat the really pretty bride, in all the dignity of outraged feeling which ignorance of life and a lavish perusal of romances could inspire, on witnessing the first cloud on her usually good natured husband's brow. She hastily cleared up her ruffled look, gave the minister a cordial, though somewhat affected welcome, and dropped me a curtsy, which twenty years' rustication enabled me very inadequately to return.

The good pastor bent on this new lamb of his fold, a benignant yet searching eye, and seemed watching where, amid the fluent small talk which succeeded, he might edge in a word of playful yet serious import to the happiness of the youthful pair. The bride was stretching forth her hand with all the dignity of her new station, to ring the bell for cake and wine, when Peter, (whose spleen was evidently waiting for a vent, hastily starting up, cried out, “Mistress! if ye're ower grand to serve the minister yourself, there's ane'll be proud to do't. There shall nae quean fill a glass for him in this house while it ca's me master. My mither had ha' served him on her bended knees, gin he had ha' let her; and ye think it ower muckle to bring ben the bridal bread to him! Oh, Jesse, Jesse! I canna awa' wi' your town ways and town airs!”

The bride coloured and pouted; but there gathered a large drop in her eye, and the pastor hailed it as an earnest of future concession. He took her hand kindly, and put it into Peter's not reluctant one. “Spring showers make May flowers,” my dear lassie, says the old proverb, and I trust out of these little clouds will spring your future happiness. You, Jesse, have chosen an honest, worthy, kind-hearted country husband, whose love will be well worth the sacrifices of a few second-hand graces—And you, Peter, have taken for better and for worse, a lassie, in whose eye, in spite of foreign airs, I read a heart to be won by kindness. Bear and forbear, my dear bairns—let each be apter to yield than the other to exact. You are both travelling to a better country—See that ye fall not out by the way.”

The bride by this time was sobbing, and Peter's stout heart evidently softened. So leaving the pair to seal their reconciliation in this favorable mood, the good minister and I mounted our horses and rode off without farther parley.

We were just turning the corner of the lane to regain the high road, when a woman from a cottage in an adjoining field, came running to intercept us. There was in her look a wildness bordering on distraction, but it was evidently of no painful kind. She seemed like one not recovered from the first shock of some delightful surprise, too much for the frail fabric of mortality to bear without tottering to its very foundations. The minister checked his horse, whose bride she grasped convulsively, panting partly from fatigue, and more from emotion, endeavoring, but vainly, to give utterance to the tidings with which her bosom labored. Twice she looked up,

shook her head and was silent; then with a strong effort faltered out, “He's come back!—the Lord be praised for't!”

“Who is come back, Jenny?” said the pastor, in the deepest tone of sympathy—“Is it little Andrew, ye mean?”

“Andrew!!!” echoed the matron, with an expression of contempt, which at any other time this favorite grand child would have been very far from calling forth—“Andrew!!! Andrew's father! I mean my ain first-born son, Jamie, that I wore mourning for, till they would wear nae langer, and thought laying fifty fathoms down in solid ice, in you wild place Greenland, or torn to pieces wi' savage bears, like the mocking bairns in scripture—He's yonder!” said she, wildly pointing to the house; “he's yonder living, an' living like. And oh, gin ye wad come, and maybe speak a word in season to us, we might be better able to praise the Lord, as is his due.”

We turned our horses' heads and followed her as she ran, or rather flew towards the cottage with the instinct of some animal long separated from its offspring. The little boy before mentioned, ran out to hold our horses, and whispered as the minister stooped to stroke his head, “Daddy's come hame frae the sea.”

The scene within the cottage baffles description. The old mother, exhausted with her exertion, had sunk down beside her son, on the edge of the bed on which he was sitting, where his blind and bed-ridden father lay, and clasped his withered hands in speechless prayer. His lips continued to move, unconscious of our presence, and ever and anon he stretched forth a feeble arm, to ascertain in the actual vicinity of his long mourned son. On a low stool, before the once gay and handsome, but now frost-nipt and hunger-worn mariner, sat his young wife, her hand firmly clasped in his, her fixed eye firmly riveted on his countenance, giving no other sign of life than a convulsive pressure of the former, or a big drop descending unwiped from the latter; while her unemployed hand was plucking quite mechanically, the badge of widowhood from her duffle cloak, which (having just reached home as her husband knocked at his father's door,) was yet lying across her knee.

The poor sailor gazed on all around him with somewhat of a bewildered air, but most of all upon a rosy creature between his knees, of about a year and a half old, born just after his departure, and who had only learned the sad word ‘Daddy,’ from the childish prattle of his older brother, Andrew, and his sisters.

Such was the group to whose emotions, almost too much for human nature, our entrance gave a turn. “Jamie,” said the good pastor, (gently pressing the still united hands of the mariner, and his faithful Annie,) “You are welcome back from the gates of death and the perils of the deep. Well is it said, that they who go down to the sea in ships, see more of the wonders the Lord than other men—but it was not from storm and tempest alone that you have been delivered—cold and famine, want and nakedness—wild beasts to devour, and darkness and dismay—these have been around your dreary path—but He that was with you, was mightier than all that were against you; and you are returned a living man to tell the wondrous tale. Let us praise the Lord, my friends, for his goodness, and his wonderful works to the children of men.” We all knelt down and joined in the brief but fervent prayer that followed. The stranger's heartfelt sigh of sympathy mingled with the pastor's pious orisons, with the feeble accents of decrepitude, the lip of wondering childhood, the soul-telt piety of rescued mayhood, and the deep, unutterable gratitude of a wife and mother's heart.

For such high-wrought emotions prayer is the only adequate channel. They found vent in it, and were calmed and subdued to the level of ordinary intercourse. The minister kindly addressed Jamie, and drew forth, by his judicious questions, the leading features of that marvellous history of peril and privations, endured by the crew of a Greenland ship detained a winter on the ice, with which all are now familiar, but of which a Parry or a Franklin can perhaps alone appreciate the horrors.—They were related with a simplicity that did them ample justice.

“I never despaired, sir,” said the hardy Scotsman; “we were young and stout.—Providence, aye when at the worst, did us some gude turn, and this kept us up hearts. We had mostly a' wives and wuthers at hame, and ken't that prayers wadna be waiting for our safety; and little as men may think o' them on land, or even at sea, on a prosperous voyage, a winter at the Pole makes prayers precious. We had little to do but sleep; and oh, the nights were lang! I was aye a great dreamer, and ye maunna be angry, sir, (to the minister) the seeing Annie and the bairns amast ilka time I lay down, and aye brow and buskit, did ma' to keep up my hopes than a' the lave. I never could see wee Jamie, though,” said he, smiling and kissing the child on his knee; “I saw the cradle weel enough, but the face o' the bit creature in't I never could mak' out, and it vexed me; for whiles I thought my babe was dead, and whiles I thought it had never been

born; but God be praised, he's here, and no that unlike mysel, neither.”

“Annie!” said the minister, gently loosening her renewed grasp of Jamie's hand, “you are forgetting your duty as a guide-wife—we maun drink to Jamie's health and happiness, ere we go—we'll steal a glass or two out of old Andrew's cordial bottle; a drop of this day's joy will be better to him than it a'.”

“Atweel, that's true,” said the old father, with a distinctness of utterance, and acuteness of hearing, he had not manifested for many months. The bottle was brought, and the health of the day went round. I shook the weather-beaten sailor warmly by the hand, and begging leave to come and hear more of his story at a fitter season, followed the minister to the door.

“Andrew,” said he, giving the little patient a querry a bright new sixpence, “tell your daddy I give you this for being a dutiful son to your mother when he was at the seas.” The child's eye glistened as he ran in to execute the welcome command, and we rode off, our hearts too full for much communication.

### SALES AT AUCTION.



On TUESDAY, September 23d, WILL be sold by the Subscribers at their Auction Store, A large and valuable assortment of freshly imported Staple and Fancy

**DRY GOODS;** CONSISTING IN PART, OF Superfine, Fine, and Common Cloths and Cassimeres, Sattinets, Domestic, &c. &c. ALSO, AN EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT OF Groceries, Hardware, Cutlery, Crockery Ware, &c. &c. Terms liberal, and made known at sale. WILLIAMS & CO, Auctioneers. Fayetteville, Sept. 4, 1828.

**NOTICE.** At the late August Term of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions of the County of Wake, the undersigned qualified as Administrator upon the Estate of the late James F. Taylor, dec'd, and requests all the creditors of the deceased to make known their claims without delay.

His debtors are hereby informed that it is the determination of the subscriber to close his administration as speedily as possible, and to that end indulgence cannot be granted. The claims being numerous and dispersed throughout several Counties, a personal demand of payment on the part of the Administrator is out of the question.—Those therefore who do not choose to avail themselves of this information and make immediate payment will find their claims indiscriminately placed in a train of collection according to Law. CHAS. MANLY, Adm'r. Raleigh, 25th Aug. 1828.

**FURTHER NOTICE.** ON Friday, the 10th of October next, at the plantation of the late James F. Taylor, near Raleigh, will be sold upon a credit of six months a part of the perishable estate, viz. Stock of Horses, Cattle and Hogs, Cart and Oxen, Farming tools of all kinds, a complete set of Blacksmith's tools, Crop of Wheat, Rye and Oats, and all other things on the plantation of a moveable and perishable kind.

**ALSO,** ON the following day, Saturday, the 11th, at his late dwelling-house in Raleigh, will be sold in like manner the Household and Kitchen furniture, a Carriage and Harness, six Salky and Harness and various other articles. CHAS. MANLY, Adm'r. Raleigh, 25th Aug. 1828.



**THE SUBSCRIBER'S STAGE.** LEADING from Raleigh to Salisbury through Pittsborough and Ashborough, is now in full operation, with good horse and careful Drivers. The Postmaster General has made an alteration in the time of its arrival at Raleigh and departure from Salisbury, which is arranged now as follows: Leave Raleigh every Saturday at 10 o'clock, A. M., and arrive at Salisbury on Monday afternoon. Returning, leave Salisbury at 10 o'clock, on Tuesday morning, and reach Raleigh on Thursday, in ample time for Passengers to dine and be in readiness to take seats in the Stage for the North.

Price of passage through, only \$5. The accommodations on the road are good, and every attention will be paid to the comfort of those who take this route. GEORGE WILLIAMS, Raleigh, Aug. 30, 1828.

**Important Sale.** BY virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of North-Carolina, I shall on Monday the third day of November next, at Snow Hill in the county of Greene, expose at public Vendue to the highest bidder, all that VALUABLE TRACT OF LAND in Greene county in the District of N. Carolina, on the East side of Great Contentines creek, heretofore conveyed by Robert Whyte and wife to Willie J. Stanton, and by said Willie J. Stanton mortgaged to secure the purchase money to the said Robert Whyte, containing THREE THOUSAND ACRES, more or less, being the same land conveyed by the said Willie J. Stanton in parcels, to John Pope, William Williams, Henry Edwards, John Harper, Jesse Speight, Thomas Speight, Elisha Woodward, Arthur Speight and Theophilus Edwards. The land will be sold in parcels to suit purchasers, (particularly those who heretofore purchased from Willie J. Stanton) on a credit of one and two years. Bonds with unquestionable security will be required on the day of sale. B. A. BARHAM, Commissioner. Raleigh, June 20, 1828.