

# RALPH REGISTER,

## AND NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE,

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

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### THE REGISTER

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### 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. Copy-  
writers, thankfully received. Letters to  
the Editors must be paid.

From the Military Sketch Book.

### THE SOLDIER'S ORPHAN.

Among soldiers—men whose habits of  
life are almost in direct opposition to so-  
cial and domestic enjoyment—who are  
strangers every where, and whose profes-  
sion is to destroy their fellow-men, it is  
astonishing what tenderness and amiability  
of disposition are frequently to be met  
with. If a comrade dies and leaves a wid-  
ow; or if an object of distress presents  
itself to a regiment—such as a poor travel-  
ler, unable to proceed from illness or want,  
a subscription is immediately set on foot,  
and although a few pence from each be the  
extent of the aid, yet, with men whose  
pay is so limited, it bears the credit of a  
considerable gift; but it is not the amount  
of the subscription I have looked to most;  
it is the generous promptitude with which  
the measure is adopted.—Nor are such the  
greatest marks of tenderness in the  
soldier: oftentimes has it occurred, that  
an orphan has been left in a regiment, and  
the child has either been supported and  
domiciled with the company to which its  
father belonged, or a single soldier has un-  
dertaken the care of it. I believe one re-  
markable instance occurred immediately  
after the battle of Waterloo—the infant  
was discovered under the carriage of a field  
piece. Another is, I believe, at this mo-  
ment to be found either in the 76th or 79th  
regiment. That which fell under my own  
observation I will relate; and I think it  
affords undoubted proof of the kindest and  
most amiable heart.

At the battle of Talavera, a soldier who  
had his wife, and a child about two years  
and a half old in the regiment with him,  
was killed. His death weighed heavily on  
the heart of the woman, and together with  
a severe cold caught in marching, produced  
a fever which terminated in her death. Her  
infant, thus left fatherless and motherless,  
became an interesting object of pity. The  
officers of the regiment put the boy in the  
care of a woman belonging to their own  
regiment. This woman, however, was a  
drunkard, and the comrade of the deceas-  
ed father perceived that she neglected the  
child. He reported this to the officers, &  
they determined to remove it; but on exami-  
nation it was found that there was no other  
woman in the regiment who had claims to  
be trusted more than the person with  
whom the child already was. Indeed,  
there are but few women permitted to take  
the field with the soldiers, and those in ge-  
neral are not only intemperate, but blun-  
dered in their feelings by their own priva-  
tious.

The comrade, finding much difficulty in  
providing a nurse for the child, declared  
that he would sooner undertake the care of  
him himself until a better opportunity of dis-  
posing of him should occur as he felt con-  
vinced that the poor infant would be lost,  
if suffered to remain with the woman under  
whose care he then was.

There was no objection made to this, so  
the soldier immediately took charge of the  
child. And well he acquitted himself in  
his responsibility: he regularly washed,  
dressed, and fed the little fellow every  
morning, he would clamber over the hills  
and procure goat's milks for him, when e-  
ven the officers could not obtain that lux-  
ury; and although not much of a cook,  
would boil his ration meat into a nutritive  
jelly, as scientifically as the best of them,  
for the child. In less than two months,  
the little campaigner was very different in  
appearance from that which he exhibited  
when first taken in charge of the soldier;  
and he became a rosy faced, chubby, hardy  
little hero, as ever bivouacked over the hills  
of Portugal.

Month after month passed away, during  
which the regiment often moved about.—  
Upon the march the soldier always found  
means of procuring a seat for the child up-  
on the top of the baggage mules; and he now  
became so interesting to all who knew him  
that little difficulty in obtaining transport  
for him was to be met with. One time a  
mulleter would take the boy before him  
on his mule, or place him between two  
sacks or casks, upon the animals back, and  
giber Spanish to him as he jogged along;  
at other times he would find a seat on  
some officers' baggage, or "get a lift" in  
the arms of the men; or nobody would re-  
fuse *little Johnny* accommodation whenever  
he needed it. So far I heard from a sol-  
dier of the division in which the child was  
protected. What follows I witnessed my-  
self.

After the battle of Busaco, which was  
fought in the year following that of Tal-  
avera, the army retreated over at least one  
hundred and fifty miles of a country the

most difficult to pass: steep after steep  
was climbed by division after division, un-  
til the whole arrived within the lines of  
Forres Vedras. The whole of this march,  
from the mountains of Busaco to the lines,  
was a scene of destruction and misery, not  
to the army, but to the unhappy popula-  
tion. Every pound of corn was destroyed,  
the wine casks were staved, and the forage  
was burnt; the people in a flock trudging  
on before the army to shelter themselves  
from the French, into whose hands, had  
they remained in their houses, they must  
have fallen. Infants barely able to walk,  
bedridden old people, the sick, and the  
dying—all endeavoring to make their way  
into Lisbon; for which purpose all the as-  
ses and mules that they could find were  
taken with them, and the poor animals be-  
came as lame as their riders by a very few  
days' marches. It was a severe measure  
of Lord Wellington's thus to devastate the  
country which he left behind him, but like  
the burning of Moscow, it was masterly,  
for Massena being thus deprived of the  
means of supplying his army, was soon ob-  
liged to retrace his steps to Spain, pursu-  
ed in his turn by the British, and leaving  
the roads covered with his starving people  
and slaughtered horses.

Amidst this dissolution I first saw the  
little hero of whom I write. I had been  
with the rear guard of the division, and  
was approaching Albandra, when I observed  
four or five men standing on a ridge, in the  
valley through which we were passing.—  
One of them ran towards me, and said  
there was a man lying under a tree a little  
way off the road, beside a stream, and that  
he was dying. A staff surgeon was close  
by; I told him the circumstance, and he  
immediately proceeded to the spot. There  
we beheld a soldier lying upon his back,  
his head resting against a bank, his cap  
beside him and filled with water as if he  
had been drinking out of it. Beside the  
man sat a fine boy, about three years old,  
his little arms stretched across him. The  
child looked wistfully at us. We asked  
him what he was doing there? but from  
fright and perhaps confusion at seeing us  
all intent upon questioning him, he only  
burst into tears. The surgeon examined  
the man, and found he was lifeless but still  
warm. I asked the child if the man was  
his father? he said he was; but to any fur-  
ther question he could only lisp an unin-  
telligible answer. The surgeon thought  
the man had died of fatigue, probably from  
marching while under great debility of  
sickness. I asked the boy if he had walk-  
ed with father that day? and he replied,  
that he did not, but had been carried by  
him.

At this moment the last of the division  
was passing up the hill, and the French col-  
umns appeared about half a mile behind.—  
There was nothing to be done but remove  
the child, and leave the dead man as he  
was. I directed the soldiers to do so, and  
to bring him along with them. They ac-  
cordingly went over to the boy, to take  
him away from the body; but he cried out,  
while tears rolled from his eyes, "No, no!  
me stay wi' daddy!—me stay wi' daddy!"  
and clung his little arms about the dead  
soldier with a determined grasp. The men  
looked at each other, we were all affected  
in the same way; I could see the tears in  
hardy fellow's eyes. They caressed him;  
they promised that his father should go al-  
so; but no, the little affectionate creature  
could not be persuaded to quit his hold.  
Force was necessary; the men drew him  
away from the body, but the child's cries  
were heart-rending, "Daddy! daddy! dad-  
dy! dear, dear, daddy!" Thus he called  
and cried, while the men, endeavoring to  
soothe him, bore him up the hill just as  
the enemy were entering the valley. This  
was little Johnny, and the dead man was  
his father's kind, good-hearted comrade,  
who perhaps hastened his own death in  
carrying the beloved little orphan.

### The Maiden's Rock on the Mississippi.

From Long's Second Expedition.

"There was a time," our guide said,  
as we passed near the base of the rock,  
"when this spot, which you now admire  
for its untenanted beauties, was the scene  
of one of the most melancholy transactions  
that has ever occurred among the Indians.  
There was, in the village of Keoxa, in the  
tribe of Wapasha, during the time that his  
father lived and ruled over them, a young  
Indian female whose name was Winona,  
which signifies "the first born." She had  
conceived an attachment for a young hun-  
ter, who had reciprocated it; they had  
frequently met, and agreed to an union in  
which all their hopes centered; but on ap-  
plying to her family, the hunter was sur-  
prised to find himself denied, and his  
claims superseded by those of a warrior of  
distinction, who had sued for her. The  
warrior was a general favorite with the na-  
tion; he had acquired a name, by the ser-  
vices he had rendered to his village when  
attacked by the Chippewas; yet notwith-  
standing all the ardor with which he pressed  
his suit, and the countenance which he  
received from her parents and brothers,  
Winona persisted in preferring the hunter.  
To the usual commendations of her friends  
in favor of the warrior, she said she had  
made choice of a man who, being a profes-  
sed hunter, would spend his life with her,  
and secure to her comfort and subsistence,

while the warrior would be constantly ab-  
sent, intent upon martial exploits. Wino-  
na's expostulations were, however, of no  
avail; and her parents having succeeded  
in driving away her lover, began to use  
harsh measures in order to compel her to  
unite with the man of their choice. To  
all her entreaties, that she should not be  
forced into an union so repugnant to her  
feelings, but rather be allowed to live a  
single life, they turned a deaf ear. Wino-  
na had, at all times, enjoyed a great share  
in the affections of her family, and she had  
been indulged more than is usual with fe-  
males among Indians. Being a favorite  
with her brothers, they expressed a wish  
that her consent to this union should be  
obtained by persuasive means, rather than  
that she should be compelled to it against  
her inclination. With a view to remove  
some of her objections, they took means to  
provide for her future maintenance, and  
presented to the warrior all that, in their  
simple mode of living, an Indian might  
covet. About that time a party was form-  
ed to ascend from the village of Lake Pe-  
pini, in order to lay in a store of the blue  
clay which is found upon its banks, and is  
used by the Indians as a pigment. Wino-  
na and her friends were of the company.  
It was on the very day that they visited  
the lake that her brothers offered their  
presents to the warrior. Encouraged by  
these he again addressed her, but with the  
same ill success. Vexed at what they  
deemed an unjustifiable obstinacy, on her  
part, her parents remonstrated in strong  
language, and even used threats to compel  
her into obedience. "Well," said Wino-  
na, "you will drive me to despair; I said  
I loved him not, I could not live with him.  
I wished to remain a maiden; but you will  
not let me. You say you love me; that  
you are my father, my brothers, my rela-  
tions, yet you have driven from me the on-  
ly man with whom I wished to be united;  
you have compelled him to withdraw from  
the village; alone he now ranges through  
the forest, with no one to assist him, none  
to spread his blanket, none to build his  
lodge, none to wait upon him; yet he was  
the man of my choice. Is this your love?  
But even it appears that this is not enough;  
you would have me rejoice in his absence;  
you wish me to unite with another man,  
with one whom I do not love, with one  
with whom I never can be happy. Since  
this is your love, let it be so; but soon you  
will have neither daughter, nor sister, nor  
relation to torment with your false profes-  
sions of affection." As she uttered these  
words, she withdrew, and her parents,  
heedless of her complaints, decreed that  
that very day Winona should be united to  
the warrior. While all were engaged in  
busy preparations for the festival, she  
wound her way slowly to the top of the  
hill. When she had reached the summit,  
she called out with a loud voice to her  
friends below; she upbraided them for  
their cruelty to herself and her lover:  
"You," said she, "were not satisfied with  
opposing my union with the man whom I  
had chosen; you endeavored by deceitful  
words to make me faithless to him, but  
when you found me resolved upon remain-  
ing single, you dared to threaten me; you  
knew me not if you thought that I could  
be terrified into obedience: you shall soon  
see how well I can defeat your designs."  
She then commenced singing her dirge;  
the light wind which blew at that time  
waved the words towards the spot where  
her friends were; they immediately rush-  
ed, some towards the summit of the hill to  
stop her, others to the foot of the precipice  
to receive her in their arms: while all,  
with tears in their eyes, entreated her to  
desist from her fatal purpose; her father  
promised no compulsive measures should be  
resorted to. But she was resolved, and as  
she concluded the words of her song, she  
threw herself from the precipice, and fell  
a lifeless corpse near her distressed friends.  
"Thus," added our guide, "has this spot  
acquired a melancholy celebrity; it is still  
called the Maiden's Rock, and no Indian  
passes near it without involuntarily cast-  
ing his eyes towards the giddy height, to con-  
template the place whence this unfortunate  
girl fell a victim to the cruelty of her re-  
lentless parents."

### POTATOES.

We have been politely furnished with  
the following description of experiments on  
Sweet Potatoes, made by Dr. HARE, of  
the University of Pennsylvania. This pa-  
per we consider very interesting to the  
Southern Planter, and, therefore, take  
pleasure in recommending it to our readers.  
*On the Saccharum of the Sweet Potatoe*  
(*Convolvulus batatas*.)

By ROBERT HARE, M. D.

Professor of Chemistry in the University  
of Pennsylvania.

Dr. Tydman, of South Carolina, lately  
supplied me with some sweet potatoes, of  
a kind in which sweet matter is peculiarly  
abundant, and requested that I would as-  
certain if there were any sugar in them.—  
Having pared and by means of the instru-  
ment used for slicing cabbages or cucum-  
bers, reduced them to very thin slices;  
about a pound was boiled in alcohol of the  
specific gravity of 845, which appeared to  
extract all the sweetness, yet on cooling  
yielded no crystals of sugar. The solu-

tion being subjected to distillation, till the  
alcohol was removed, an uncrystallizable  
syrup remained. In like manner, when  
aqueous infusions of the potatoes were con-  
centrated, by boiling to evaporation, the  
residual syrup was uncrystallizable. It  
appears therefore that the sweet matter of  
this vegetable is analogous to molasses, or  
the saccharum of malt.

Its resemblance to the latter was so re-  
markable, that I was led to boil a wort,  
made from the potatoes, of proper spissi-  
tude, say s. g. 1060, with a due quantity  
of hops, about two hours.  
It was then cooled to about 65 degrees,  
and yeast was added. As far as I could  
judge, the phenomena of the fermentation,  
and the resulting liquor, were precisely the  
same as if malt had been used. The wort  
was kept in a warm place until the tempe-  
rature 85 F. and the fall of the head show-  
ed the attenuation to be sufficient. Yest  
subsequently rose which was removed by  
a spoon. By refrigeration a farther quan-  
tity of yeast precipitated, from which the  
liquor being decanted became tolerably  
fine, for new beer, and in flavour, exactly  
like ale made from malt.

I have computed that five bushels of po-  
tatoes, would produce as much wort as  
three bushels of malt; but I suppose that  
that the residue would, as food for cattle,  
be worth half as much as the potatoes em-  
ployed.

I believe it possible to make good as li-  
quor from malt in this country as in Eng-  
land, but that in our climate much more  
vigilance is required to have it invariably  
good, principally because the great and  
sudden changes of temperature, render  
malting much more precarious. Should the  
saccharum of the sweet potato, prove to be  
a competent substitute for that of germi-  
nated grain the quality will be less varia-  
ble, since its development requires but  
little skill and vigilance.

Besides, as it exists naturally in the  
plant, it may be had where it would be al-  
most impossible to make, to procure malt.  
Hops the other material for beer, require  
only picking and drying to perfect them  
for use.

They are indigenous in the United  
States and may no doubt be raised in any  
part of our territory.

I have dried in my evaporating oven,  
some of the sweet potatoes in slices. It  
seems to me that in this State they will  
keep a long while, and may be useful in  
making leaven for bread. They may  
take place of the malt necessary in a  
certain proportion to render distiller's  
wash fermentable. The yeast yielded by  
the potato beer, appeared in odour and  
flavour, to resemble that from malt beer  
surprisingly, and the quantity, in propor-  
tion, was as great. In raising bread, it  
was found equally efficacious.

I propose the word *suavin*, from the Latin  
*suavis*, sweet, to distinguish the syrup  
of the sweet potato. The same word might,  
perhaps, be advantageously applied as a  
generic appellation to molasses, and the  
uncrystallizable sugar of grapes, of honey,  
and of malt.

Crystallizable sugar might be termed  
saccharin, since the terminating syllable  
of saccharum is appropriated in chemistry  
to metals.

\* In passing to this State, there should be a  
loss in gravity of about 4 per cent.

### Ireland—and the English Church.

"An English gentleman visiting a sick  
woman in company with a doctor, in an Ir-  
ish cabin, so miserable that he would not  
lodge his brute beast in it, mentions the fol-  
lowing conversation, as commenced by the  
doctor:—'Have you no taken what I order-  
ed you?' 'No.' 'And why not?' 'My  
husband has made every exertion to ob-  
tain a little money, but has not succeeded.'  
'Where is her husband?' demanded the  
doctor of an old woman standing at the  
foot of the bed. 'He is gone to the par-  
son.' 'For what? is it to get something  
from him?' 'No Sir; to pay him four-and-  
twenty shillings for the tithes of the la-  
year.' 'As they were leaving the cabin,  
the doctor told the Englishman, that he had  
'directed the poor creature' whose bedside  
they had just left, to get a little nutritious  
food; but though her husband was obliged  
to find four-and-twenty shillings for the  
parson, he could not spare four pence for  
his sick wife; adding, 'perhaps that her sick  
or her aged parent, have been spinning flax  
twenty-four weeks for two pence a day,  
for the money which her husband gave to  
the parson.'  
*Catholic Miscellany.*

*Miseries.*—To be compelled to listen to  
an honest man who has been unfortunate,  
and not to possess the means of relieving  
his distresses—a full heart and an empty  
pocket.

To have as much of sound principle as  
will keep you silent when a company of  
slanderers, like a flock of buzzards round  
a stray horse are regaling themselves up-  
on a character, knowing that you are deem-  
ed an idiot for not being fluent in scandal.

To be dunned by a wretch who stands  
before you with each fist festing upon  
money in his pockets, while you are full of  
honor but empty of cash, feeling a painful  
desire to kick him down stairs, but con-

strained to treat him with courtesy, for  
the sake of those who look to you for  
bread—Oh misery most refined!

Passing along the streets in attendance  
upon a lady who speaks so loud as to leave  
you in a confusion of doubt to know whe-  
ther she is addressing the world or your-  
self—speaking to the public, or mildly re-  
plying in your private ear—N. small  
misery.  
*W. D. Bryant.*

### You've been Captain long enough!

Walking up Beacon street the other day I  
met a little republican corps, which an-  
nounced me greatly. The band consisted of four  
urchins, from 6 to 10 years old, accoutred  
in boyish style, with pasteboard caps and  
tin swords. The troop was merely large  
enough to furnish Captain, Lieutenant, En-  
sign and Trumpeter,—a pretty fair epitome  
of some of our military establishments, all  
officers and no men. Being Americans, &  
all-in office, I very naturally supposed they  
were satisfied and happy; but my eyes  
had not followed the young soldiers far,  
when I perceived their Lieutenant, sturdy  
chap about six years old in ke a dead halt,  
'What's the matter Bill?' called out the  
Captain—'I tell you what Ned, you've  
been Captain long enough—I'm going to be  
Captain now!'

Some altercation followed and the re-  
fractory Lieutenant only vociferated the  
louder—'You've been Captain long enough—  
It's my turn now!' A compromise was  
at length effected; and the ambitious  
young officer agreed to budge on a few  
yards further with the promise of being  
made Captain at the end of the street.

I laughed as the little pageant moved out  
of sight. 'This' said I, 'is an abridgment  
of human society—this is the genuine spir-  
it of man.' That little troop is frequently  
brought to my mind. When I hear politi-  
cians blustering about reform, and keeping a  
perpetual noise about evils which every  
body hears of and nobody feels.—I say to  
myself, 'Hah! your troop would all be of-  
ficers and even then the meanest little  
scapegrace among ye would soon rebel  
from his duty and call out, 'I tell ye  
what, Ned, it's my turn to be Captain now!'

When I hear a blooming young girl ask,  
'Don't you think such a one begins to  
fade?'—says I to myself, your ambitious  
little heart begins to think, 'I won't be  
Lieutenant any longer.'

And when I hear a belle rejoice in her  
rival's marriage, I wonder whether she  
does not think 'I'll be captain now.' I  
might mention a hundred things that bring  
the discontented Lieutenant to my mind;  
but I forbear lest my readers should ex-  
claim, 'I tell ye what you've been Cap-  
tain long enough.'  
*Boat Jour.*

### New Dry Goods & Grocery Store,

GEORGE SIMPSON & Co respectfully inform  
their friends and the public, that they have  
commenced the Dry Goods & Grocery Business  
in the Store formerly occupied by the late William  
Shaw. Their assortment will comprise almost  
every article in the general line. As the Goods  
were bought for cash, and the greatest care  
taken in the selection, they feel confident they  
can sell them on as good terms as any House  
in the trade.

The following is a list of the leading articles:

- Superfine and common Cloths
- Rouen and Angola Cassimeres
- White, black, drab and mix'd Drilling
- English and French Bombazines
- Lastings, Circassians and Bombazettes
- Rattinett, Silk and Cotton Velvet
- Blank up Cord, Russian and French Drilling
- Valencia, Marcellines and Toilandette Vestings
- Ginghams, Calicos, colored Muslin
- Plain and figured Book and Checked Muslin
- Thread and Bobbinet Laces and Edging
- Black and white Bobbinet Veils and Collars
- 4-4 and 5-4 plain Bobbinet
- 4-4 and 7-8 Irish Linen and Lawn
- Table, Russia and Barige Diaper
- India Nankin, Wilmington Stripes
- Briannina, Madras and Linen Cambric Hkfs
- Italian Lustring, Sinechew, Saracotts, Satins and  
Florence
- Black, Blue and Plaid Gros de Naples
- Nankin, Canton, Italian and French Grape
- Crape Robes, Shawls, Lisse and Green Gauze
- Garniture, Cap, Gause, and Waist Ribbons
- Braids, Bobbin, Tapes, Cotton and Thread Floss
- Cotton Balls, Spool Cotton, and Flax Thread
- Gentlemen's Bootes and Shoes
- Servant's do do do
- Ladies' Morocco, Seal, Leather and Lusting
- Pumps and Walking Shoes
- Misses and Childrens' do
- Silk and Gingham Umbrellas
- Ladies' Sun Umbrellas and Parasols
- Gloves of every description
- Black, Drab and Seal Hats
- Youths' and Servants' do
- Queen's, China, Glass and Stone Ware
- Knives and Forks, Scissors, Locks, &c. &c.
- Trace Chains, Wedding Hoops, Seythe Blades
- Brass Andirons, Shovels and Tongs
- Castings of every description
- Swedes and English Iron and Steel
- Window Glass, Putty and Putty, White Lead
- New Orleans, St. Croix and Loaf Sugar
- Coffee, Young Hyson, Imperial and Gunpowder
- Spice, Cayenne, Orange Gunpowder, B. & Lead
- Shot, Flints, Powder Flasks and Shot Bags
- Madeira Wine, 1st and 2d quality
- French Brandy, Jamaica and N. E. Rum
- Holland Gin, Old Rye and Country Whiskey
- London Brown Stout, Philadelphia Ale & Porter.

G. S. & Co. will add to their assortment such  
Articles as may from time to time be required for  
Raleigh, 27th April, 1829.

### PRINTING

Of various descriptions executed here.