

TRAVELS IN THE UNITED STATES.

We subjoin a copious extract from Capt. BARR HALL'S Book of Travels, which seems to be an engrossing subject with our Brethren of the craft. This extract embraces all his remarks in relation to our State, and will enable the reader to form a pretty accurate estimate of the author's style and of his feelings towards our country. From the cursory perusal we have given to this Work, we are of the opinion, that considering Captain Hall's situation and standing in the British Navy, and his connection with the English nobility, he is more liberal in his sentiments than could have been expected. He certainly does not, so far as we have seen, like his predecessors, Ashe, Pearson, De Boos, &c. maliciously libel the country. That there are gross errors in some of his observations, is true, but this should rather be attributed to the dubious sources of his information, than to a determination on his part, wilfully to misrepresent facts. He came here, with aristocratic feelings and inveterate prejudices, and yet on almost every page, his acknowledgements of kindness and civil treatment are unbounded. But to the Extract:

On the 10th of February we left Norfolk, and proceeded through North-Carolina to Fayetteville. We had the stage coach to ourselves nearly all the way; for the travelling in that part of America is almost as periodical as the seasons, and we chanced to hit the intermediate moment when nobody was moving either way. In June and July, great numbers of the inhabitants of South-Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, leave their homes, and travel away to the north out of reach of the fatal malaria. On the first breath of cool air springing up in the latter end of September, the tide begins to roll back again; and during October and November, the road is covered with regular stages, extras, gigs, horses, & Jersey waggons out of number. It is said that many people, in their eager haste to get back, dash into the very evil they had sought to avoid. For it seems that few, if any, of the Southern States where the yellow fever prevails, can be reckoned safe till one good black frost has essentially changed the character of the atmosphere.

Our first sleeping place, Winton, in North-Carolina, we had hoped to reach before night-fall. But in this we were mistaken, and the last few leagues of our journey, though interesting enough, were by no means agreeable. The road for about twelve miles passed through a dense forest of pines and junipers rising out of a continued swamp, along which the carriage-way seemed to be floated on poles, or trunks of small trees, laid across; which being covered with nothing but a thin stratum of earth and leaves, was fearfully jolty. The evening moreover, was so dark, that the forest on each side of us stood up to the height of sixty feet like a perpendicular cliff of coal, with a narrow belt of sky above, serving no other purpose than to point out the way, by a feeble ghost-like reflection from the ditches on either side, which looked as if they were filled with ink.

It was a sort of guesswork driving; for we came every now and then to pools a quarter of a mile in length, through which the horses splashed and floundered along, as well as they might, drawing the carriage after them in spite of the holes, into which the fore-wheels were dipped almost to the axle-trees, making every part of the vehicle creak again. These sounds were echoed back with a melancholy tone from the desolate blank on both hands, mingled with the croaking of millions of frogs, whose clear sharp note, however, gave some relaxation to the ear from the gloomy silence of this most dreary of forests.

Any thing was a relief, and after the amphibious sort of navigation through such a tunnel as this, we breathed more freely on reaching the banks of the river Chowan, one of the feeders to Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds, important parts of that great chain of inland shallow seas, the Chesapeake, the Delaware, and others, which are highly advantageous to the purposes of a coasting trade, though unsuited to the navigation of large ships.

We were ferried across the stream by slaves, who stuck several torches, made of the pitch pine-tree, into the sides of the scow, or flat. This blaze of light immediately about us, made the solitude & silence of the forest in our rear even more impressive than it had appeared, when we ourselves were almost lost in the gloom.

In a smiling sort of a kitchen-parlour, we found some piping-hot, newly-caught shad, the first fish of the season, flanked by a pot of clear coffee, placed before a bright crackling wood fire—a most welcome sight indeed! Probably no jaded wanderers enjoyed a supper and night's rest more completely than we did.

By half past five in the morning of the 11th of February, we were once more seated in our lumbering, creaking vehicle. But the balmy and almost tropical weather, so propitious to our operations during the preceding ten days, was now exchanged for a sharp and snarly frost, which stole into the carriage through the openings between the curtains, or by sundry cracks we had neither seen or cared for before. There is no comfort, nor any sort of interest, nor any patience in travelling when it is cold. So that while we in vain wrapped ourselves in cloaks, and stamped our feet, the prospect of as good a breakfast as the supper of the evening before, was our only support and consolation. Alas! for the traveller's hopes! The worthy folks at the place where we stopped, not having seen a stage passenger for a month, had made no preparations; and what was still more unfortunate, the fare which they were content to live upon themselves was so new to us, that we could not eat it, sharp set as we were. There was no bread, except some lumps of paste, resembling in colour, weight, and flavour, so many knobs

of pipe-clay, but got up expressly for us by these obliging people as wheaten cakes. Their own Indian corn bread was probably very good of its kind, and for those who like it, I dare say excellent. There were also fried eggs and bacon, and a dish which looked like apple-fritters; but when the coating of batter was removed, the joints of a small half-starved hen, made their appearance, the whole dish forming but one reasonable mouthful. We had brought tea with us, fortunately, and with some difficulty got a little milk for the child; but, upon the whole, a worse meal we thought it impossible to find—till dinner time came round, and showed us the extent of our miscalculations.

In our future journeys in the Southern States we managed better; for, instructed by experience, we took care to carry wheaten bread, rice, sugar, and various other stores, along with us. The inhabitants, indeed, were, in every part of the country, ready to give us all they had; but their ordinary wants being entirely of a different nature from ours, they very often had it not in their power to entertain us in the manner their kindness would have wished. This was our fault, never theirs; for hospitality was a thing we were sure to meet with in every corner—no matter how remote.

We passed during these meagre, or rather fasting days, many cotton plantations, and some tobacco fields; but the chief cultivation was that of Indian corn. In more northern parts of the country, we had been every where much struck with the air of bustle, and all sorts of industry—men riding about, chopping down forests, building up houses, ploughing, planting and reaping—but here in Carolina all mankind appeared comparatively idle. The whites, generally speaking, consider it discreditable to work, and the blacks, as a matter of course, work as little as they can. The free population prefer hunting and occupy themselves also very much with the machinery of electioneering. The climate of a great part of the Carolinas, I believe, renders it nearly impossible for white men to work in the fields; which irremediable circumstance, taken along with the existence of slavery, by indisposing them to labour, naturally gives a higher zest to the stimulus of the forest chase, or of still more exciting politics.

The mixture of slavery and democracy—the meeting of extremes—is not altogether new in the history of the world; but the results are modified in America by circumstances both moral and physical, which had no existence in Greece or Rome. In these modern democracies there is plenty of room, plenty of printing, plenty to eat, and no neighbours to interfere with them—so many keys, perhaps, which if properly applied, may help to unlock the secret of much of the difference existing between the ancient and modern republics.

At Fayetteville, which is a very pretty and flourishing town, situated on the right bank of Cape Fear River, we remained for four days, which were not more than enough to make up for the fatigues of a journey from Norfolk. The distance, indeed, was merely 240 miles, and occupied only three days and two nights. But in America, where, of all places in the world, the labour of a journey must not be measured by its length, we were never sure how we were likely to be off as to roads or accommodation, till we came to try. For example, the last few miles of the way before reaching Fayetteville, were more intolerably bad than we had conceived possible in the neighbourhood of such a town. We naturally argued extremely ill of the taverns we were likely to meet with at that place; but to our surprise and joy, we found ourselves lodged in one of the best hotels in the country. The terms of the following advertisement set forth some of its merits:—

“Besides the advantage of a number of rooms, with single beds, fire-places, and bells, the Lafayette Hotel contains several handsome drawing-rooms, and apartments particularly suited for the private accommodation of TRAVELLING FAMILIES.”

The Italics in the original, are intended to point out what is peculiar. The luxury of a private parlour, and of meals at our own hours, without hurry or worry, cannot be described to persons who have never been exposed to the contrary. I really believe we extended our stay twice as long as we should otherwise have done at Fayetteville, purely on account of these apparent trivial advantages.

It is right to state here, that during all our journey, there never was the smallest difficulty about our having at least one bedroom exclusively for our use. For more than a month at a particular period, it is true, our whole party were obliged to put up with one room. But however crowded the inns might be, this amount of accommodation was in every case afforded us, quite as a matter of course; nor was it ever once suggested to us in any part of the country, to share the room with other people.

I am the more particular in stating this, because a different impression has got abroad as to the probability of travellers with families being put to inconvenience on this score. We certainly never saw the least approach to such incivility.

There is not very much to interest strangers at Fayetteville; but this, instead of a disappointment, was a considerable relief to us, since few things are more tiresome than sight seeing. From mere habit of poking about, however, I happened to ask a gentleman one day if there was a prison in the town. “O yes,” he said, “and if you are disposed for a walk, we can step there now.” I was caught in my own trap, so off we set. On the way we picked up the town constable,

who was also the jailor. He looked in at his house as we passed for the key, since he visited the prison only twice a day he told us—the rogues being left to their own devices in the interval. On reaching the outer gate, as the old gentleman discovered that he had brought the wrong key, we had to wait ten minutes in the rain, while he ran back for the other. In the meantime, we thought we heard a strange noise within, of stones falling down, and pickaxes at work. It was clear the prisoners were breaking out, and we had a council of war as to the best method of stopping the proceedings of gentlemen so inclined. But the constable, on his return, made no difficulties, so in we all marched. The cause of the noise was now apparent enough. A daring fellow, who had been put in for stealing watches, and riding off on a blind horse, had succeeded in wrenching an iron bar from the fire-place, with which he had broken down a considerable portion of the inner wall of his room. In a couple of hours he would have been at liberty, so that my casual question about the institutions of Fayetteville was unlucky for him.

The man himself was quite astonished at this ill-timed visit, and asked me—in a sort of aside—how on earth we came to know what he was about? I replied that I knew nothing at all about his proceedings, but being a traveller, I asked to see the prison—out of mere curiosity. An additional force of constables had by this time assembled, and our disappointed culprit was transported to a stronger apartment. On his way up stairs, he turned round and addressed me, half in anger, half in good humour, at his own joke.—“Ah, if it had not been for you, Mr. Curiosity, I should very soon have been far beyond the reach of these fellows!”

During our stay at Fayetteville, a packet of English newspapers, addressed to me, had caught the eye of the Postmaster, in arranging one of the Charleston bags, which he very kindly intercepted. When I called to thank him for his attention, I learnt that he was one of a considerable colony, as it may be called, of Scotch Highlanders settled in the country round Fayetteville. These people have found it to their advantage, it seems, to occupy considerable tracts of the worn-out or exhausted land of preceding generations, and by improved husbandry, directed by the vigorous industry of free men, with little help from slaves, to reclaim soils heretofore considered as useless. The number of these Highlanders and their descendants, who still retain almost exclusively their native language, is so considerable, that a clerk who understands Gaelic, forms a necessary part of the Post-office establishment. The headquarters of this Celtic population in North-Carolina, is Fayetteville; but we fell in with many others on our route from Norfolk to that town, and also to the southward of it, on our way to Columbia in S. Carolina. I remember one evening being a good deal struck with the driver singing, in a very plaintive style, the well-known Scotch song, “Should auld acquaintance be forgot?” I afterwards led him into conversation about our common country, as I thought. But, to my surprise, I found he had not been out of N. Carolina, though his feeling appeared nearly as true to the land of his forefathers, as if they had never left it. They were true also, I have no doubt, to the country adopted by his parents; but as it was seldom we found the two regarded as compatible, the incident touched us the more nearly.

We ourselves enjoyed, I think, some advantage during our travels, particularly in Virginia and in the Carolinas, from being Scotch people, for whom the Americans certainly have more kindness of feeling than for the English. It is quite true that, in spite of the absence of national cordiality, they are obliging and hospitable to every stranger individually, English included, of course. But we, the Scotch, as being in a less degree the representatives of the nation, and in some slight, imaginary sense, opposed to them, gain, it should seem, additional favour. It gives me pleasure to say, I never met an American who did not seem glad of an opportunity to make up, by his attention to individuals, for the habitual hostility which, as a sort of duty, they appear collectively to cherish against England as a nation. I hope and trust that the Americans find the same thing when they visit us. National ill-will, like that of private persons, is generally reciprocal. But I should be grieved to think that in any case it extended in either country to travellers from the other. It always, therefore, gives me much pleasure when I have an opportunity of repeating, that we, at least, never should have discovered, from our own particular reception, that any coolness existed between the two countries.

THE LATE JOSEPH WILSON, ESQ

From the Western Carolinian. Amidst the reiterated “triumphs of the tomb,” the melancholy intelligence of the death of Joseph Wilson, Esq. will be received by a numerous circle of acquaintances and friends, with feelings of deep and sincere sorrow. This severe dispensation of Providence, so unexpected and so weighty, serves as a fresh memorial of the mortality of man; and proclaims, in melancholy accents, the divine truth that “In the midst of life we are in death.” But a short time since, we saw the deceased in the full enjoyment of health, in the meridian of manhood, with every rational calculation of many years, with all the feelings of enjoyment about, speculating on the future with sanguine hopes and well founded anticipations. In a few days, he is snatched from the

banquet, and these proud hopes are closed in death. When those we value and esteem, having performed their allotted task, stand upon the verge of time, ready to sink into the grave, full of years and full of honors, we are prepared for the event, and bow to the omnipotent decree, as the common lot of all. But when the course already run,—honorable to himself and useful to his country, is but the moiety of what might be calculated on, and the harvest of public honors remains ungathered, we are appalled by the stroke, and friendship deeply mourns the afflictive calamity. Joseph Wilson died in the meridian of life, and with prospects before him, that the most highly esteemed in the community might justly have coveted. For the loss of such a man, private lamentation is but the echo of general sorrow, and the public sympathy beats in unison with those whose hearts throb for the loss of a husband, a parent and a friend.

Mr. Wilson was born in the county of Randolph, of Quaker parentage, and brought up in those habits of industry and morality, which distinguish, in so eminent a degree, the peaceable ways of the society of Friends. His education was limited, having finished it in an irregular course at Greenville College, Tennessee. But fortunately the energy of his mind was of that order, not to be restrained in its efforts by these disadvantages. Having determined on the Law as a profession, he entered upon its study with Mr. Wood, of his native county, whose daughter he married; and shortly after, settled in the county of Stokes, about the year 1808. He was soon elected Solicitor for that county, and gave early evidence of that prompt and energetic character, which marked his future course. In 1811, he was elected a member to the General Assembly; and in 1812 received a like honor. This was at the commencement of the late war, when the Legislature and the country were divided between the two great political parties, who supported and opposed with so much warmth, the policy of that important measure. Mr. Wilson belonged to the Republican party; though as a young man, and young member, he participated actively in the debates of the day, and evidenced that bold and independent cast of mind, which gained the confidence of his friends, and commanded the respect of his opponents.

The following anecdote,—which was told to the friend who has attempted this imperfect sketch, as a tribute of regard and affection to the memory of one who will be long remembered,—strongly illustrates the frank and open character of the deceased. Mr. Wilson was a member of the committee appointed for the purpose of laying off this State into Congressional Districts after the census of 1810, and which still continue. It was the object of each of the political parties (as it always will be at a time of such excitement) so to arrange the districts as to gain more or less the ascendancy in our delegation to Congress. The bill was reported, arranging the Districts very nearly as they now stand. In the course of the debate that ensued, a gentleman of the opposition denounced the bill as tending exclusively to increase the then dominant party, and offered a substitute, having a contrary effect. Mr. Wilson pointed out the object and tendency of the substitute, (which the mover denied) and then very candidly and frankly avowed that his object was to increase the strength of his own party; and if the gentleman would tell him how he could effect it, in a still greater degree, he would adopt it, to the exclusion of every federal member from the State. This candid avowal, and frank mode of acting, contributed, in no small degree, to raise him in the estimation of his own party, and to challenge the respect of those to whom he was opposed. At this session he was elected Solicitor for the Western Circuit. This election was the more honorable, as he was not an inhabitant of the circuit, and was indebted for his election to the character he had established in debate.

He settled in Charlotte, and soon acquired the character of the most able and efficient prosecuting officer in the State.—This office is one of peculiar difficulty, involving duties of great responsibility.—The perpetrators of crime, whilst they are bold and daring in execution, are often secret and hidden in the means they employ, added to which, they are usually defended by the ablest and most acute lawyers at the bar, and thus often elude the most vigilant grasp of the law. Yet it is believed in not a single case, did the criminal escape for any deficiency in the prosecution. In this respect, Mr. Wilson was of incalculable benefit to the country, where duty called him, and has left behind a name that will long operate as a terror to the counterfeiter, the murderer and the villain. He stood among the most eminent at the bar on the civil docket; and was last reaping that rich harvest which belongs to the successful practitioner. As a lawyer, Mr. Wilson greatly distinguished himself in his peculiar fact before a Jury. He well understood human nature; and by seizing upon the strong points in his cause, with a bold, clear, and forcible elocution, seldom failed in victory where the facts were at all equivocal. With a tenacious memory, a strong and discriminating mind, he drew largely upon the resources of his own intellect; and although not the most profound, he was seldom deficient, always respectable. Energy, promptitude, and manly firmness, were the leading traits in his character.

In politics, he was liberal towards others but firm and uncompromising in his own opinion. He never sought to conciliate those with whom he differed in sentiment, by a temporizing policy, though he but seldom failed to command their respect, by

his frank and open independence of spirit, his high and honorable consistency of character. It is a melancholy coincidence, that a distinguished, personal and political friend of the deceased, and the traits in whose character and mind were, in many respects, strongly assimilated,—who had a fair prospect of being elevated to the highest political station within the gift of the Legislature,—was, about twelve months since, suddenly taken off by the stroke of death. So the friends of the deceased entertained a hope of seeing him eventually elevated to a like station. But in all-wise Providence has ordered it otherwise; and these political stars, though glittering in the morn, were doomed never to attain the meridian of their splendour. Sic transit gloria mundi.

In domestic life, the deceased was gentle, kind and affectionate, adopting in some degree, the simplicity in manner and habit, of his ancestors. In his intercourse with others, he was open and unreserved, in his friend-ships, warm and sincere, as a son, kind and dutiful,—the pride of his venerable parents, who still live to mourn his premature death. As a husband, and as a father, tender, affectionate and indulgent. He lived in the bosom of his family as a companion and as a friend, and not as one having authority. His children were all daughters, in whose education and welfare he manifested the greatest solicitude. In the bosom of such a family, he breathed his last on the night of the 27th ult. after a severe indisposition of only four days, whose tears of affliction, with the sincere regret of many friends, and of the community to which he belonged, proclaim his best eulogy.

Luck in Raleigh,
From HEWSON'S ever Fortunate Office,
Drawing of the Union Canal Lottery,
10th Class.
No. 6 52. 54. 46. 42. 47. 58. 39. 1.
No. 39. 47. 54. a Prize of One Thousand Dollars—sold at Hewson's Office Petersburg to a gentleman residing at Raleigh—the Cash is ready for the Prize at the Lucky Office, where the fortunate owner of the ticket is requested to call.
B. W. HEWSON, Petersburg.

A Remedy for Hard Times!
For \$10 you may get 15,000 Dollars!
Who wants an easier way of making a fortune? No trouble and the expense small; all that is required is to enclose \$10 or a part thereof to the Truly fortunate office of
B. W. HEWSON,
Petersburg.
Who had the pleasure of sending to a citizen of Raleigh a few days since, No. 39. 47. 54. a prize of One Thousand Dollars.

New York Lottery, 11th Class.
Draws on Wednesday 16th Instant.
SPLENDID SCHEME.
1 Prize of 15,000 Dollars.
1 10,000 Dollars.
1 5,000 Dollars.
1 4,000 Dollars.
1 2,900 Dollars.
10 1,000 Dollars.
10 500 Dollars.
10 200 Dollars.
41 100 Dollars.
&c. &c. &c.
Whole Tickets \$10. Halves \$5.
Quarters \$2 50.
Orders enclosing Cash or Prize tickets by mail will meet with prompt attention, the drawing will be received at Hewson's office on Saturday 19th inst. Make your calculations accordingly and don't fail to send your orders for the Lucky numbers directed to
B. W. HEWSON,
Petersburg.
Sept. 1829. 7-

American Turf Register
AND
SPORTING MAGAZINE.
THE want of a repository in this country, like the English Sporting Magazine, to serve as an authentic record of the performances and pedigrees of the bred horse, will be admitted by all, whether breeders, owners, or amateurs of that admirable animal. The longer we remain without such a register, the more difficult will it be to trace the pedigrees of existing stock, and the more precarious will its value become. It is not, in fact, within the knowledge of many readers, that animals known to have descended from ancestry of the highest and purest blood, have been confounded with the vulgar mass of their species, by the loss of an old newspaper or memorandum book, that contained their pedigrees; sensible for years past of the danger which in this way threatens property of so much value, and persuaded that it is not yet too late to collect and save many precious materials that would soon be otherwise lost, the subscriber hopes to supply the long looked for desideratum, by the establishment of “THE AMERICAN TURF REGISTER.” But though an account of the performances of thorough-bred horses, constitutes the chief aim of the work, it is designed, also, as a Magazine of information (like the English Sporting Magazine) on veterinary subjects generally, and of various rural sports, as Fencing, Shooting, Hunting, Fishing, Trotting Matches, &c. together with original sketches of the natural history and habits of American game of all kinds; and hence the title “The American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.” It will of course be the aim of the Editor to give to his journal an original American cast, conveying at once, to readers of all ages, amusement and instruction, in regard to our own country, its animals, birds, fishes, &c. in the absence of domestic materials, the magazines received from abroad will supply an ample stock of appropriate matter.
Finally, as to the style and execution of the work, the first number, just published & ready for delivery, may be received as a fair specimen, entitled to some allowance for the imperfections inseparable from the first essay in a new and somewhat complicated and difficult enterprise.
J. S. BANNER.

CONDITIONS.
The SPORTING MAGAZINE will be published monthly. Each number will contain about fifty pages, embellished with beautiful engravings—price \$5 per annum, to be paid on the receipt of the first number.
Where the number of subscribers is at any place shall warrant it, it will be sent by private conveyance at the expense of the Editor, and delivered free of any extra charge; where it is sent by mail the subscriber will have to pay the postage.
Persons procuring five or more numbers, and sending the money, will receive a discount of 10 per cent. in preparation for a new number.