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AND NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE.

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THE REGISTER

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ADVERTISEMENTS

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A TIRESOME GUEST.

Sedit, eternumque sedet. VIRGIL.
He sits, and will forever sit.

There is belonging to the race of human bipeds, a sort of troublesome beings, who, seeing no value on their own time, care very little how much they trespass on that of their more industrious neighbors. They are a sort of stay-forever persons, who having talked over the whole world at one sitting, commence again and talk it over anew, from beginning to end, before they are ready to take their leave. In a word, they sit, and sit, and sit, long enough to fully justify the motto we have just quoted. Besides their disposition to hang on, there is generally about these persons a wonderful hesitancy, a slowness at taking a hint, unparalleled with the rest of the human race.

To give a single instance of this sitting propensity, we will introduce the story of a plain spoken old lady from the land of steady habits.

"I never seed the beat of that're Captain Spintout," said she; "would you believe it, he called at our house last evening just as I had done milking, and wanted to borrow my brass kittle for his wife to make apple sauce in. O yes, says I, she may have it in welcome, Captain Spintout; and I went directly and fetched it out of the back-room, and set it down beside him. Well, presently our tea was ready, and I couldn't do no less than ask him to take tea with us. O no, he said, he couldn't stay a minute; but however, he concluded he'd take a drink of cider with my husband, and so he did. Well, after we'd done tea, I took my knitting, and worked till I thought it high time honest people should be a-bed. But Captain Spintout had forgot his hurry, and there he was sitting and talking with my husband, as fast as ever. I hate above all things to be rude, but I couldn't help hinting to the Captain, that it was growing late, and may be his wife was waiting for the kittle. But he didn't seem to take the hint at all—there he sat, and sat, and sat.

Finding that words wouldn't have any effect, I next rolled up my knitting work, set back the chairs, and told the girls 'twas time to go to bed. But Captain didn't mind the hint no more than if it had been the bite of a flea—but there he sat, and sat, and sat.

"Well, next I pulled off my shoes and roasted my feet as I commonly do just before going to bed; but the Captain didn't mind it no more than nothing at all—there he sat, and sat, and sat.

"I then kivered up the fire, and thought he couldn't help taking the hint; but in sus! he didn't take no notice on't at all, nor the least grain in the world—but there he sat, and sat, and sat.

"Think says I you're pretty low at taking a hint, Captain Spintout; so I said plainly that I thought it was bed time—speaking always to my husband, but so as I thought the Captain couldn't help taking it to himself—but la, it didn't do no good at all—for there he sat, and sat, and sat.

"Seeing there was no likelihood of his going home, I axed him if he would stay all night. O no, he said, he couldn't possibly stay a minute; so, seeing there was no use in saying any thing, I went to bed. But, la, would you think it, when I got up in the morning, as true as I'm alive, there was Captain Spintout, setting just where I left him the night before—and there" concluded the old lady, lifting up her hands in a despairing attitude, "and there he sat, and sat, and sat.—N. Y. Constellation.

GROWING A STORY.

Our readers are unquestionably aware that stories sometimes increase astonishingly rapidly, and that a mighty growth of the marvellous may, in a short time, arise from an exceedingly small beginning. But as all may not be acquainted with the precise mode of culture, which will bring them forward with more than the rapidity of cucumbers in a hot-house, we hope they will feel themselves highly obliged to us for endeavouring to enlighten them in this matter and to show our disposition to serve them in so important a particular, we subjoin the following specimen:

"Have you heard," said Mrs. Higgins, "that Matthew M'Muzzle and his wife have fallen out?" "No, I have not," said Mrs. Spriggins. "Well, it's as true as you are alive," said Mrs. Higgins, laying her finger beside her nose in a token of silence. Mrs. Spriggins lost no time in calling upon her neighbour Higgins. "Have you heard," said she, "that Matthew M'Muzzle and his wife have fallen out of bed?"

"No, I have not," replied Mrs. Higgins. "Well it's as true as I am here," returned Mrs. Spriggins, "for I just had it from Mrs. Wiggins." And she likewise put her finger beside her nose in token that it was not a matter for every body to know.

Mrs. Higgins went directly to her neighbour Higgins, and before she had fairly recovered breath, began: "Have you heard that Matthew M'Muzzle and his wife have fallen out of the window?" "No, is it possible?" said Mrs. Higgins. "It's as true as I draw the breath of life," said Mrs. Higgins, still panting with exertion, "for Mrs. Spriggins told me not two minutes ago, that she had just heard it from Mrs. Wiggins."

Mrs. Higgins went forthwith to see her neighbour Wiggins. She had scarcely seated herself when she said, "Have you heard how that Matthew M'Muzzle and his wife have fallen out of the chamber window?" "No! you don't say so!" exclaimed Mrs. Wiggins. "Yes, it's as true as the book of Genesis," said Mrs. Higgins, "for I just heard it from Mrs. Higgins, who got it not two minutes ago from Mrs. Spriggins, who had it a minute before from Mrs. Wiggins."

Mrs. Wiggins now took her turn, and with the advantage of a glib tongue and a pair of active feet, soon reported all over town, that Matthew M'Muzzle and his wife had both broken their necks by falling out of a three story window. And she gave for her authority, her neighbour Mrs. Higgins, who had quoted Mrs. Spriggins, who had the authority of Mrs. Wiggins who was an eye witness of the fact.

IRISH ELOQUENCE.

An election for member of Parliament for Waterford was lately held, at which Lord George Beresford, a Protestant, was elected by a small majority over his Catholic competitor. Lord Beresford employed Mr. Shiel, the celebrated Irish orator, to speak for him at the hustings, which incensed the lower orders of the Catholics, who supposed Mr. Shiel had deserted their cause. A boot maker, from Clonmel made the following address to Mr. Shiel.

"Shiel, a word with you." "Shiel do you know me? I am Maher the boot-maker from Clonmel. Often I used to show for you at the meetings, you little deserter. I remember one of your speeches at the chapel about the mountain of Sheven amoun. On the summit of that mountain which overhangs your city, Cronwell bade his soldiers stand, and stretching forth his truncheon, as he pointed to the fertile vale in which it situated, the warrior exclaimed, 'Men of Israel this is a country worth fighting for.' He was right, and shall we not fight for this country? those were the very words you spoke. I got them by heart out of the Tipperary Free Press, and if the country was worth fighting for, why did you desert it? Ah! you little villain, you're the Devil's little finger! I wish I had to make a pair of boots for you and I'd pegs enough into them, to make you tread light enough. It's you that have ruined the cause, and bad luck to you? Oh, Shiel! I'm sorry for you; after all the victories you won, to see you go even to the pitchcaps, the triangles, the shrieks, the howls and the groans. You member for Louth! No, by J—s, I'd rather vote for Nero or Dioclesian. And I'd hop on one leg from Clonmel all the way to Dundalk to vote against you. 'You're a rotten branch,' as the scripture says, and you'll be cut down and cast into the fire. You look very pensive; here, will you have a pinch of snuff—it's real blackguard, just fit for you. Oh, Shiel! if you get into Parliament, it's you that would put in a good word for the Minister. You'd like to be at Dan; but he'd tread on you, you little viper, and squeeze your venom out of you. You wanted to be cock of the walk. You thought that we ought to subscribe for you, and because we didn't, you took the base Beresford money. Oh, Shiel, you'd be member of Waterford yourself, if you hadn't taken the dirty yellow boys from George. I wish I had you both in the same bag and I'd duck you well; and mind me keep out of my way, little Penenden, for I'll not leave you weighing two stones, and I'll peel every scrap of flesh off your bones. Good bye to you! I'll meet you at Phillippi, I believe they call it.—I'll be your evil genius at Clonmel aswizes, and bring out the boys to meet you. What a welcome we'll give you!

BUYING GOODS ASLEEP.

A fat descendant of one of the old Dutch burghers of this goodly City, was a while ago attending an auction sale. Every body knows that at these sales a nod is taken for a bid. Very soon after the sale commenced, the Dutch merchant who had sat up late at a row-de-dow, the night before, fell into a comfortable snooze; in which condition, as people are apt to do who sit and sleep, he kept.

"Nid, nod, nodding." The auctioneer, supposing he was buying goods all the while, knock down several thousand dollars worth in his name.—The sale was closed, and the Dutchman, unconscious of having made any purchases, rubbed his eyes and returned home. It may well be supposed then, that he was prodigiously astonished the next morning, when a bill of goods, as long as his arm, purporting to have been purchased by him the day before, was sent to him.

"Here's a bill of your goods, sir," said the Mercury of the yard-stick. "Mine goods!" exclaimed the Dutchman, "what goods?" "Why, the goods you purchased yesterday, at auction." "I buys no goods yesterday. I attends a sale to be sure, but I did not bid." "Not bid! how comes it then the goods were struck down to you?" "Mine gracious! now I tinks how it was—I gets ashleep, and while I wash noddin, de tam auctioneer made de mishtake?"

A SHIP OF WAR.

We know of no work of art, no production of human genius and human power, that in any manner rivals, or may even be named in comparison with, the sailing ship. Nor can we in all the various modes of existence resulting from modern civilization, find any social position so strange, so unnatural, and yet so full of interest, as that which is offered by a ship of war. How singular the sensations of him who gazes for the first time upon this artificial wonder! His awe at the immense proportions of the huge machine mingle with astonishment at the celerity with which it traverses the water by the aid of its wide-spread and snowy wings—at the ready obedience with which, at the will of a pigny, like himself, it changes its course, advances towards the wind, retreats before it, or, entering the port, suddenly becomes still and stationary as the surrounding hills, while the clouds of canvass, which an instant before, whitened the heavens disappear, as if by magic from his view. As he approaches, the awe excited by its growing size and formidable defences, keeps pace with the pleasure which he feels in finding these qualities blended with so much of symmetry and beauty. The smooth side broken only at regular intervals by the protruding cannon, the graceful curves of bow and stern, and the nice proportions of the tapering spars, as they rise in exact and Corinthian harmony, each sustained by its system of stays and rigging, in turn attract and gratify his eye. And when at length he stands upon the deck, perplexed and amazed at the strange sights and sounds that surround him, his ears pierced by the shrill whistle of the boatswain, or the grated bellow, rising above the din of the multitude, in voices which we can scarce recognise for those of his fellow men; when suddenly he beholds this scene of more than Babel confusion pass at the command of an individual, first into a death-like silence, and then into a movement as concerted as of a single body, yielding to its inward will; and finally turns to survey and scrutinize the various arrangements for the comfortable accommodation of so many inhabitants for destruction, and for defence—no spectacle can have equal power to overwhelm him with wonder and admiration.

There is, indeed, much that is curious in a man-of-war. Each ship offers in itself a perfect community, self-existent and self-dependent; entirely unlike any to be met with on shore. In fact, the land does not differ more from the water, than life ashore does from life afloat. One of the very first things which strike landsmen when they enter a man-of-war, is entire restraint, nay, absolute surrender of volition in all except one of those embarked; the stern superiority of him who orders, and the mechanical and unqualified submission of those who obey. A ship, indeed, with its captain, officers, and seamen, forms no imperfect miniature of monarchy, with its king, nobles, and third estate. If there be any difference, it is that the gradations are more decided, the despotism more complete. This state of things results less from the subordination necessary and common to all military establishments, than from the peculiar difficulties and dangers attending naval life, which do not allow each man to remain, even in immaterial things master of his actions, but, inasmuch as the fate of all depends upon the conduct of each, requires a harmony or action only to be obtained by the most complete subordination to a single will.

These peculiarities render the economy of a man-of-war very interesting to landsmen, and the subject, well treated, is susceptible of much attraction. In 'Rodrick Random' we have a good and true description of naval life. The 'Pilot' and 'Red Rover' of our countryman give us a more general, and at the same time more graphic picture of sea affairs; no author has more completely mastered the mysterious sources of interest that hover over the wanderers of the deep. Without abandoning the fireside, were yet led forth in fancy to roam the trackless waste of waters, become participants in the elastic feelings of his heroes, as they dash onward, triumphing over space and elements. He teaches us to prepare for battle, and nerves our arms to meet and grapple with the foe; to share the prognostic of the coming storm, to share the mariner's anxiety, to aid in arresting its fury, and fairly carries us rolling forward, until the head swims, and the eye grows dizzy. Nowhere, however, have we seen, in so few words, so spirited and moving a picture of the warrior-ship, as in those noble lines of 'Childe Harold.' They bring all our quarter-deck recollections thronging so palpably around us, that we cannot forego the pleasure of copying them.

"He that has sailed upon the dark blue sea. Has viewed at times, I ween, a full fair sight; When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be, The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight; Mast, spires, and strand retreating to the right, The glorious main expanding o'er the bow, The convoy spread like wild swans in their flight; The dullest sailer wearing bravely now, So gaily curl the waves before each dashing prow, And oh, the little warlike world, within! The wheel-reved guns, the netted canopy, The hoarse commands, the busy humming din, Where, at a word, the tops are manned on high; Hark to the boatswain's call, the cheering cry! While through the seaman's hand the tackle glides; Or school-boy midshipman, that, standing by, Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides, And well the docile crew that skilful urchin guides.

"White is the glassy deck, without a stain, Where on the watch the staid lieutenant walks; Look on that part which sacred doth remain For the lone chieftain, who majestic stalks, Silent and feared by all—not oft he talks With aught beneath him, if he would preserve That strict restraint, which broken, ever bulks Conquest and fame." N. A. Review.

Loss from False Economy.—We presume that, like most other people in the world, we have our share of what has been denominated the rascally virtue of self-interest—that is, we are not at all inattentive to the main chance, and, at least, whenever occasion require it, have an eye especially to No. 1. The sincerity of this confession will not be doubted, when we protest against the custom adopted by some, of refusing to advertise in the newspaper, but, instead thereof, sticking their notices about at the country taverns, wagon stands, &c. Now, this practice is calculated to injure the trade of the town in general, and of the person who engages in it, as well as the printer. We hesitate not to say, that an occasional newspaper advertisement is necessary for every man in active business, and that he neglects his own interest when he neglects to do this. This fact has been repeatedly expressed to us by gentlemen who have had opportunities of knowing its correctness. This system of false economy never is productive of the saving which is intended, but, on the contrary, a clear loss invariably ensues. "We pray you, amend it!"—Alex. Gaz.

THE SUBSCRIBERS
RESPECTFULLY inform the public that they have just received from Philadelphia and New-York, a splendid assortment of first rate Ladies' Gentlemen's, Misses' Boys' & Children's
BOOTS & SHOES.
Most of which are City made, of the best materials, and by superior workmen, which they offer at a fair price.
Work made to order on the shortest notice, and in the best style.
TEN CASES HATS.
ALSO,
A complete assortment of TIN WARE, at wholesale and retail. All kinds of Tin Work done to order, as above.
April 14,
BISHOP RAVENSCROFT'S Sermon, preached at the Ordination of the Rev. P. B. WILSON, in Salisbury, price 15 cents.
Jones's Essay on the Church, price 15 do.
The Festivals and Fasts.
Bishop Wilson's Sacra Privata.
Received and for sale at the Book-Store of
J. GALES & SON.
March 3,
English Common Law Reports,
Vol. 15.
THE Subscribers have this day published the 15th volume of the English Common Law Reports, edited by Thomas Sergeant and John C. Lowber, Esquires, containing Bingham's Reports, C. P. vol. 4, parts 3 and 4. 10s. do. do. vol. 5. Barnewall and Cresswell's, K. B. vol. 8. P. H. NICKLIN & T. JOHNSTON, Law Booksellers, 175, Chesnut st. Philadelphia, March 29. 65

CANDLES.
IN order to close a consignment of FAYETTEVILLE MOULD CANDLES, we will sell low for cash.
Raleigh, April 16. 69 St
Information Wanted.
FRANCIS PATTERSON, an aged, infirm and indigent soldier of the Revolution, now residing in the State of Mississippi, is desirous of procuring the requisite testimony, in order to enable him to obtain a pension from the General Government. He states that he enlisted in Edgecomb County, North-Carolina, in the 24th Regiment of the Continental Line; that he served six years, and was taken prisoner at Camden, Gates's defeat.—Any person or persons knowing the fact of Mr. Patterson's Revolutionary services, will please communicate it to the Postmaster at Tarborough, N. C. April, 1830. 67

CONFECTIONARY.
ON the first of May the Subscriber will open his ICE-HOUSE, and will be prepared to accommodate those who may favor him with their custom, with ICE-CREAM and other Articles in the Confectionary line.
Ladies, honoring his establishment, will find convenient rooms for their reception, free from intrusion.
Ice-Cream made or Cream frozen for families, on reasonable terms.
HENRY HARDIE.
Raleigh, 24th April. 71 St
N. B. The Bathing-House will also be opened on that day.
Messrs. Stephen K. Sneed and William V. Taylor, of Granville, Commissioners of the Town of Hillsborough, Minton Jones and Leroy Pettiford:
TAKE NOTICE, that at the next term of the County Court of Wake, I intend to avail myself of the provisions of an act passed in 1823, for the relief of honest debtors, when and where you may attend if you think proper.
ROBERT S. JONES.
Raleigh, April 23. 71

Note Lost.
SOMETIME in January last, my Pocket-book was stolen from the pocket of my Son, in this City, containing about Seven Dollars in money, and a note of hand on Josiah Davis, with Lewis Holloman as security, for the sum of \$30, due the 8th December ensuing. All persons are forbid from trading for said note, and the maker from paying it to any one but myself.
RIDLEY WARREN.
Raleigh, April 23. 71

NOTICE.
RAN AWAY from the subscriber, living in Sussex county, Va. about two months since a Negro Man Slave, named BEN. The said negro was purchased by me of Captain Thomas Gray, Junr. of Southampton. Who, I think, brought him from the neighborhood of Raleigh, N. C. where he is, I expect at this time, as he has near relations at or near Mr. D. Gray's. Ben is about 5 feet 8 inches high, stout and compactly built; very black, with quite a full head of hair, which he keeps combed very high in front. As I was in possession of this fellow but a few days, I know of no marks by which to designate him. He carried off no clothes. I will give a reward of \$25 for his confinement in Jail, so that I get him—of \$40 if delivered to me.
WM. P. WYCHE.
March 1, 1830. My 15 pd.

Gold Mines, Lands, Negroes, &c.
THE Subscriber wishing to remove from the neighborhood, offers for sale his valuable Plantation, four miles west of Charlotte. The tract contains 282 acres of land, a large part of which is as good as any in Mecklenburg county; about 100 acres are first, second and third crop ground, of the best quality.—The plantation nearly adjoins the celebrated Capps' Gold Mine, and the opinion seems to be well founded that Gold abounds in two hills particularly on the plantation; a branch runs through it for a mile, which, it is thought by men of judgment, is as rich in the precious metal as any of the Burke Mines. There is also on the plantation good Water Power, and an excellent Mill-Site for mining operations, also a Dwellinghouse, two Barns, Stables & other necessary out-buildings. Also, 20 or 25 likely young Negroes for sale or a part of them, such as may not wish to follow me.
Any person desirous of purchasing, can call and view the premises: or enquire of Mr. Robt. J. Dinkins or Dr. J. D. Boyd, of Charlotte, for a description, &c.
WILL. BOSTWICK.
Charlotte, N. C. March 29, 1830. 63 12t
N. B. The Editors of the North-Carolina Journal, Newbern Centinel, and Milton Gazette, will please give the above twelve insertions in their respective papers, and forward their accounts as above directed, for payment. W. B.

Notice is hereby given,
THAT the next Annual Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, for the Diocese of North-Carolina, will be held in St. James' Church, in the town of Wilmington, on the 20th day of May, 1830.
ED. L. WILSON, Sec'y.
April. 8. 67 4w.

State of North-Carolina.
Bertie County.
Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions,
February Term, 1830.
IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that a certain negro slave, calling himself Samuel Wilkins, now in the Jail of this county, will have been confined on the 2d day of March, 1830, for the space of twelve months, and the apprehension and confinement of the said slave has been advertised six months: It is therefore ordered, that the Sheriff, immediately after the second day of March next, advertise the sale of said slave for three months according to law, and make sale accordingly.
Test,
E. A. RHODES, CLK.

Agreeably to the above order of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions of Bertie county, I shall on the 3d day of June next, before the Courthouse door in the Town of Windsor, offer the said Negro Slave (Samuel Wilkins) for sale to the highest bidder, for cash.
LEWIS BOND, Sheriff.
Windsor, March 21, 1830. 56 1t

State of North-Carolina,
Granville County.
Superior Court of Equity—Spring Term, 1830.
Robert B. Gulliam, Adm'r, &c.
Thomas H. Willie & Thomas N. Pulliam, Adm'rs of John and James Pittard.
IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that Thomas N. Pulliam, one of the defendants in this case, is not an inhabitant of this State—it is therefore ordered, that publication be made in the Raleigh Register for six successive weeks, that the said Thomas N. Pulliam appear at the next term of this Court, to be held at the Courthouse in Oxford, on the first Monday of September next, and plead, answer, or demur to the said bill of complaint, or the same will be taken pro confesso, and heard ex parte.
Witness, Thomas B. Littlejohn, Clerk & Master of said Court, the first Monday of March, A. D. 1830.
THO. B. LITTLEJOHN, C. M. E.
Pr. adv. \$3 75. 60