

Weston H. Gates,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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SELECTED FOR THE REGISTER.

LOVERS' QUARRELS.

BY PIERCE S. SELTON.

"Mary!" said the low voice of Henry Ashton. The maiden looked up.
"Mary! I have much to tell you—will you listen to me awhile, only for a few moments!" and he spoke fast and eagerly.
"A moment only, you say—well, I suppose I must—but what a beautiful butterfly is that. Oh! the dear, sweet, tiny thing; do, pray, try and catch it for me."
Ashton was stung to the heart. He had been on the point of declaring his long-cherished passion for Mary Derwentwater, and he felt that she knew, not only the depth of his affection, but that the words trembling on his lips were an avowal of his love. Her light-heartedness at once changed the whole current of his feelings. Often had he heard others say that his beautiful cousin was a coquette, and more than once had she trifled with his own feelings. He had hoped that her conduct was the result only of a momentary whim, but this last act displayed a confirmed heartlessness of which an hour before he would not have deemed her capable. He sighed, and was silent.
"Oh! dear, how ungalant you are," continued his cousin, "the beautiful creature will really escape, and I do love butterflies. It is gone."
"So it is. I shall never forgive you. Don't ask me to," said Mary affectedly.
"Then we must part without it," said Henry carelessly. "I leave her to-morrow and shall visit Europe before I return. It may be years—it may be forever that I shall be absent."
"Why Harry—you jest," said his companion, struggling to appear composed, although she felt how cold and pale her cheek had grown. "I never heard of this before. You are not in earnest," and she laid her soft white hand—those hands, whose touch made every nerve of Ashton thrill—on her lover's arm, looking up into his face with her dark, now melting eye. But the chord had been stretched until it had snapped, and her influence over Ashton was gone. He half-averted his head, as he answered coldly—
"I do not jest, especially with a friend."
The tone, the emphasis, the manner, all stung the pride of Mary. She felt that his censure was just, and yet she spurned it—Her hand fell from his arm, and emulating his own coldness, she said—
"Then I will not ask you to stay. But as it is late, and you will have your preparations to make, I will not intrude on your time," and courtesying, she withdrew.
"And this is the being in whom I had garnered up all my heart's best affections," exclaimed Ashton, when he found himself alone. "This is the divinity I have adored with a fervor no mortal bosom ever yet felt, and she could talk, heartlessly talk of the merest trifle when she saw that my whole heart was bound up in her. Oh! I would we had never met. Will fly. Mary! Mary! little did I dream that my love would meet with such a return." Mary hurried to her chamber, and locking the door, she flung herself upon the bed, and burst into a flood of tears. How bitterly she reproached herself that her momentary coquetry had lost her the love of the only being for whom she cared. She did not disguise from herself her affection; she could scarcely tell why she had yielded to the impulse of the moment, but she felt that she had lost irretrievably the esteem and the affection of her cousin. She would have given worlds to have recalled the last hour. Even now she might, by seeking him, and throwing herself at his feet, perhaps, regain his love. She rose to do so. But when her hand was on the lock she thought that he might spurn her. She hesitated. In another moment her pride had regained the mastery.
"No—I cannot—I dare not. He will turn away from me. He will despise me. Oh! that I had never, never said those idle words," and flinging herself again on the bed, she wept long and bitterly.
Mary appeared that evening at the supper table, but in the cold and averted looks of Ashton, she saw only new causes for pride.—The evening passed off heavily. As the time came for retiring, Henry approached her to bid her farewell. She thought her heart would burst her bodice, but commanding her emotion by a violent effort, she returned his adieu as calmly as it was given.
And they parted, both in seeming carelessness, but one at least in agony.
Henry Ashton had known his lovely cousin scarcely two years, but during that time, she had been to him a divinity. Never, in his widest dreams, had he imagined a countenance more surpassingly beautiful than hers, and to her, accordingly, he had given his heart, with a devotion which had become a part of his nature. But much as he adored

ed his cousin, he was not wholly blind to her faults. He saw that she loved admiration, and he feared she was too much of a flirt. Yet his love had gone on increasing, and he fancied, not without a return. Led on by his hopes, he had, during a temporary visit at her father's house, seized an opportunity to declare his passion, but how the half-breathed avowal was checked, we will not recapitulate. Need we wonder at his sudden resolution to fly from her presence, and, by placing the ocean between them, to eradicate a passion for one whom he now felt to be unworthy of him? Few men could be more energetic than Ashton. In less than a week, he had sailed for Europe.
Oh! how Mary wept his departure? A thousand times she was on the point of writing to recall him, but her pride as often prevented the act. She hoped he might yet return. Surely—she said—he who had once loved her so deeply, and who must have known that his affection was returned, would not leave her forever. Hour after hour she would sit watching the gate for his return, and hour after hour she experienced all the bitterness of disappointment. When at length she read in the newspaper that he had really sailed, she gave one loud shriek and fell senseless to the floor. A fever that ensued, brought her to the very brink of the grave. Ashton went forth upon the world an altered, almost a misanthropic man. His hopes were withered: his first dream of love had vanished: he felt as if there was nothing for him to live for in this world. His mind became almost diseased. He loathed society, then he veered to the other extreme, and craved after excitement. He sought relief in travel. He crossed the straits of Tartary—he traversed the deserts of Arabia—he lived amongst the weird and ruined monuments of Egypt—and for years he wandered a stranger to civilization, seeking only one thing—to forget. He never enquired after America. His family were all dead, and he wished never to think of Mary. Like the fabled victim, in the olden legend, he spent years in the vain search after that Lethe whose waters were reserved for death alone. He found it not.
And Mary, too, was changed. She rose from that bed of sickness an altered being. Never had she known the full depth of her affection until the moment when she found herself deserted. The shock almost destroyed her; and though she recovered after a long and weary sickness, it was to discard all her old habits and to assume a quieter—yet, oh! how far more beautiful demeanor than in her days of unmitigated joys. She felt that Henry was lost to her forever, yet she derived a melancholy pleasure in living as if the eye of her absent lover was upon her. She directed her whole conduct so as to meet his approbation. Alas! he was far away: she had not heard of him for years; perhaps too, he might be no more; and why this constant reference of all she did to his standard of excellence? It was a deep, abiding love which did it all.
Four years had passed when Ashton found himself again in America, and sitting, after dinner, with one of his most intimate friends at the table of the hotel. For some time the bottle passed in silence. At length his companion spoke.
"You have not seen Mary Derwentwater yet—have you, Harry?"
Ashton answered calmly, with a forced effort, in the negative.
"You must not positively delay it. Do you know how beautiful she has grown—far more beautiful than when you went away, although you then thought her surpassingly lovely." He paused.
"I have not heard from the family for years," said Ashton at length, feeling that his companion expected some reply.
"Then you know nothing of her—push us some of the almonds—why, my dear fellow, she is irresistible. But she is different from what she used to be; her beauty is softer, though not so showy, and whereas she once would flirt a little—mind, only a little, for she is a great favorite of mine—she now goes by the name of the cold beauty. A married man, like myself, can speak thus warmly, you know, without fear of having his heart called as the bribe of his head. And do you know what my wife suspects you of having worked the reformation?"—Ashton started, and was almost thrown off his guard—for it began immediately after a long illness, that happened a few weeks after you sailed.
Ashton was completely bewildered. He had now for the first time heard of Mary's sickness. His eye wandered from that of his companion, and he felt his cheek flushing in despite of himself. He covered his embarrassment, however, by rising. His companion continued:
"And now, Harry, let us stroll down Broadway, for, to tell the truth, I promised my wife to bring you home with me. Besides, Mary is there, and I've no doubt," he continued, jocularly, "you are dying to meet her."
Ashton could not answer; but he followed his friend into the street, conscious that Mary and he must meet, and feeling that the sooner it was done the better. His companion, during their walk, ran on in his usual gay style, but Harry scarcely heard a word that was said. His thoughts were full of his cousin. Had she indeed become cold to all other men from love of himself? Strange and yet delicious thoughts whirled through his mind, and he woke only from his abstraction on finding himself in Seacourt's drawing room, and in the presence of his cousin.

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THE LATE REV. MR. COOKMAN.
The National Intelligencer contains an eloquent obituary notice of the late Mr. Cookman, one of the passengers of the President, from which we make extracts. Mr. C. was of English birth, his father residing, we believe, in Bristol.
"The dead are everywhere!
The mountain! side, the sea, the woods profound,
All the wide earth—the fertile and the fair—
Is one vast burial ground!"
It was a beautiful Sabbath, towards the close of February last, with many others, I repaired to the Hall of Representatives to listen to the Farewell sermon of the eloquent Cookman. All who were present will recollect his last impressive words—"Perhaps," he said, "it is the last time, my beloved hearers, that I shall ever address you or that we shall ever meet again upon earth. I go to my native land to receive the blessings of an aged father, and to drop a tear on the grave of a sainted mother." There was something prophetic, solemn and deeply affecting in the tones and manner of the preacher. Small in stature and slender in body, he stood like the image of St. Paul before Felix. All who had known him, or who had often listened with wrapt attention to the eloquence which gushed from his lips, touched as with a living coal from the altar, were moved to tears, and seemed to feel as if they were taking in reality a last farewell of one who had given new ardor to their piety, and thrown an additional interest into the services of the sanctuary.
The whole scene was in no ordinary degree grand, imposing and affecting. The magnificent Hall, a fit temple for the worship of the living God; the crowd that had assembled to hear the last sermon of the minister whose eloquence they so much admired, with their eyes fixed upon his countenance glowing with feeling, and listening with the profoundest attention to the lessons of piety he inculcated; the noble head of the ex-President Adams just below him; the attitude of the preacher, and the solemn prophetic farewell he uttered, all conspired to excite feelings of the deepest solemnity and of the most intense interest.
Yet who of all that crowd of admiring auditors believed for a moment that in a few short weeks he who then stood before them, in the impressive dignity of an apostle, and with the appearance of one inspired of Heaven, would be buried in one of the "dark, unathomed caves" of the ocean, there to repose till the last trump shall call him before the throne of that great Being whose cause he loved, and to whose service he had long devoted all the energies of a superior intellect?
Mr. Cookman was one of the most eloquent pulpit orators in this country. Many were, perhaps, his superiors in polish and elegance of style, extent of acquirements, and depth of research, but none surpassed him in the power which belongs to the orator of rousing the feelings and passions of the hearers, in the felicity and appropriateness of illustration, the splendor of his rhetorical figures, and the occasional bursts of impassioned eloquence.
His ordinary tones were low and distinct; it was only when the feeling or sentiment required it, that he became vehement and loud, and rolled on in a voice of thunder.—As a preacher he was very popular wherever he was stationed; and like Chalmers and Irving, always drew after him large congregations, and those whom he did not convert he never failed to charm, delight, and edify. He was beloved and admired by all who knew him, both in the pulpit and the social circle. His manner was bland, unassuming and attractive, and his piety free from that austerity and asceticism which characterize some who make divinity their profession.—Such was the lamented Cookman as a minister of God and a pulpit orator. He sleeps the long sleep of death in quietude and peace amid the deep dark waves of the bottomless ocean—no longer to mourn over the vices or to weep for the miseries of mankind. No man could have been better prepared to take the sudden and awful plunge into eternity than he was; to him it was but a transition from a world of sin and woe to one of eternal purity and happiness.
CURIOSITIES.
It is a curiosity to find a stump orator who will not praise himself, and will not abuse his opponent.
It is a curiosity to find a person who does not think his own children possessed of more talents and accomplishments than those of his neighbors.
It is a curiosity to find a man who places too low an estimate on his own abilities.
It is a curiosity to find a Miss of fifteen who has not begun to think of getting a husband.
It is a curiosity to find an old maid who does not wonder that she has not long before been married.
It is a curiosity to find a fop who does not think he is the admiration of every one he meets in the street.
It is a curiosity to find a miser transformed into a generous man and a benefactor to society, so long as he can retain his riches in his own possession.
It is a curiosity to find a candidate who when he is beaten, will acknowledge it was done fairly.
It is a curiosity to find a man that has lost a bet on an election, who will not shuffle off from paying it.
It is a curiosity to find a schoolmaster who does not wish it to be understood that he knows more than any body else.
It is a curiosity to find a Printer that does not know every thing, and more too; and it is a curiosity to meet a man who thinks less of himself than other people think of him.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS.—This is to certify, that about two years ago, while we lived in Wake County, 10 miles North of Raleigh, my Wife was reduced so low by the Bilious fever, that myself and the visiting neighbors thought she was really in a dying condition. The best Physician in the neighborhood had exerted himself to cure her, but without success. As a last, and almost hopeless resort, I hastened to Mr. Peck's in Raleigh, for a box of Brandreth's Pills, and in two hours after taking ten of them, she discharged a quantity of thick bile, and was evidently much relieved. Another dose of eight Pills, gave her complete relief; she then recovered fast, and soon was more healthy than she had been before, and continues so to this time. I use no other medicine in my family but the Pills, and those, with the most desirable effect.
THO. F. CHRISTMAN.
Johnston County, 25 miles North of Raleigh,
June 24th, 1841. 53 Ad.

Valuable Land and Mill for Sale.—The Subscriber, having determined to remove, offers his TRACT OF LAND six miles north of Lenoir, formerly owned by William Buchanan, for sale, containing 1250 acres. It is one of the most pleasant situations in the State. The Dwelling house is situated on an eminence, surrounded by a large Grove. There are also, all convenient out-houses, with a fine Spring, and Ice House. The Mill has just been built, and is valuable; there being the best Timber immediately around in the adjacent country. Persons wishing to purchase, however, can examine for themselves. For terms apply to the Subscriber.
JNO. H. BROMIE.
Burlington, Franklin County, July 14. 65.

EDUCATION.—A Graduate of the University of North Carolina, having already some experience in teaching, is desirous of procuring a situation either in a public or private SCHOOL. He would prefer the Scholars to be chiefly, if not entirely advanced to the study of the Classics. Satisfactory testimonials will be given. Address T. B. W. Fayetteville, N. C.
July 26, 1841. 624w

NOTICE.—Runaway from the Subscriber, in Wake County, some time in February past, my negro man SARRAZO; about 35 years of age, of light complexion, walks limping, on account of a hurt in his right hip. I presume he is lurking about Raleigh, as his wife lives in Raleigh. I have understood he has been seen about the mouth of Walnut Creek, on Neuse River. He may have obtained free papers.—I will give a reasonable reward for his apprehension, delivered in Raleigh Jail.
TIGUAL JONES!

TURNER & HUGHES,
Stationers, Publishers,
AND GENERAL BOOK AGENTS.
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AND
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AGENTS FOR BRECKENRIDGE'S PILLS AT NEW YORK!
FRESH TURNIP SEED.—Just received from the United Society of Shakers, Enfield, Conn., a fresh supply of Turnip Seed; such as Early Dutch, Early Garden Stone, English Norfolk, Red Top, White-Globe, Dale's Hybrid, and Ruta Baga Turnip. For sale by
TURNER & HUGHES, Bookbinders, &c.
July 30. Raleigh, N. C.

50 Barrels of Herrings,
20 do Roes do.
10 do Shad.
Warranted genuine just come to hand this day.
TURNER & HUGHES.

FOR RENT.—The large and airy Dwelling House, now occupied by Col. ORR, will be for rent after the 1st day of September next, on which day possession will be given. For terms, apply at this Office.
June 28, 1841. 63

50 POUNDS and 100 extra POUNDS, at the reduced price of \$3.50 each, and 25 cents for the extra pounds, Cash. Commission articles.
For sale by
TURNER & HUGHES.
June 25. 62

NOTICE.—STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.—Caswell County.—Taken up by William L. Whittemore, near the Rockingham line, West of Caswell Court-house, a Stealing Gobbler. The Gobbler is a Sorrel, about seven years old, both hind feet white, four feet six inches high, a natural trot, valued at forty dollars.
WILLIAM LEE, Ranger.
July 30, 1841. 65 2p.

TO FARMERS AND PLANTERS.—The Subscriber will pay the highest Cash price for ten thousand bushels of clean, white Wheat, and will also take from five to ten thousand bushels of red. It must all be in merchantable order, and delivered at his Lumber House at Henderson. Those wishing to contract will, during his absence, call on Messrs. W. W. VAM & Co.
H. B. MONTAGUE.

The Subscriber will be ready, this Fall, to buy crops, or parcels of loose Tobacco, of any amount, and should be pleased to see those wishing to sell.
August 1, 1841. 65 1w.

TO PLANTERS AND FARMERS.—The Subscriber will be ready, this Fall, to buy any quantity of loose Tobacco at his factory in Henderson.
ROBT. B. SMILEY.
August 1, 1841. 65 1w.

A CARD.—Having understood that a rumor is extensively circulated in different parts of this State, that my Spring had failed in its supply of water, and it is only necessary for me to say that the rumor is without foundation, and that there is an abundance of water, sufficient for the accommodation of thousands.
W. D. JONES.
White Sulphur Spring, Warren Co. Aug. 7, 1841. 65-4t.

BOARDING.—The Subscriber is prepared to furnish 5 or 6 gentlemen with board. He has also two or three rooms for the accommodation of families.
A. I. LAWRENCE.
Raleigh, Aug. 9, 1841. 65-2w.

SALT by the Sack. CIGARETS by the Box.
WILLIAMS PECK.

J. W. COSEY,
CIVIL ENGINEER AND ARCHITECT.
Raleigh, N. C.

JOB PRINTING
Executed with neatness and dispatch,
AT THIS OFFICE.