

THE RALEIGH REGISTER, AND NORTH CAROLINA GAZETTE.

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WESTON R. GALES,

Editor and Proprietor.

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first insertion, One Dollar; each subsequent insertion,
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COURT ORDERS AND JUDICIAL ADVERTISEMENTS
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Advertisements, inserted in the Semi-Weekly
Register, will also appear in the Weekly Paper
free of charge.

LETTERS to the Editor must be POSTPAID.

HENRY CLAY.

The day was beautiful—around our bark
In sparkling waves the flashing waters stirred.
When, on the deck, one form I changed to mark,
That made my quick heart flutter like a bird—

I turned away.

Yet, something whispered, ere he mimic'd my bird,
'Tis HENRY CLAY!

How like a vision float before me now,
While fancy stamps with seeming truth the whole.

That stately form—that pale, expansive brow,
Those lips where smiles in bright succession

stole—

That eye of blue,
From whose unshadowed depth his very soul
Seemed shining through!

Worshipping genius, I had long desired
To meet this modern Cicerone; and, when
My glances sought the glimpse my heart required,

A more than mortal grandeur awoke me then;
For, as he trod
Though but a man among his fellow men,
He looked a God.

Oh thou, by fears unmoved, by threats unshaken,
Amid the struggling tides that round these roll,
The mighty great, the purely eloquent—

The bright one speeding onward to the goal—
The firm, the true—
In whose all-glorious praise I feel my soul
Exulted too.

We're some gifted spirit whose bright rays
Glow with high thought and wild poetic fire,
Then would I sing for thee a song of praise—
Such as thy lofty spirit would inspire!

But o'er the strings—

No poet bends; a light hand sweeps the lyre—
A woman sings.

Yet I may breathe thy name, and bid thee, press
On 'mid the adverse waves that round the seas,
Such heroes gave the way to sure success,
And firmness gather strength from past defeat;

The sorrows force,
Though turned aside, still struggles on to toil,
Not for the narrow views of party band,
Nor for their fickle praise, or loud applause,

Dost thou stand forth the champion of the land,
The firm defender of her sacred laws;

Take light the flame

—Thine holy aim,
And soon may our loved land, too long oppressed,
In beauty smile beneath thy mild command;

Thou'rt throned already in each patriot breast,
And the high-hearted ones throughout the land

Impatient wait

To see thee take in thine unerring hand
The helm of State.

Oh HENRY CLAY! the nation's trusty friend!
The lofty seal, for which thou'rt nobly striven,
Shall yet be thine; for if the angels bend
In answer sweet, to soft petitions given,

The heart-felt prayer

That my full spirit now uplives to heaven
Will place thee there!

From the New York Journal of Commerce.

DEATH IN HIGH PLACES.

DEATH! the great counselor, who mass-inspires:

With every nobler thought and fairer deed;

Death! the deliverer, who rescues man;

Death! the rewarder, who the accused knoweth."

It is well occasionally to review the doings of this great leveller of the human race, were it only to mark his impartiality. If ever he was partial, it has been in recent times to public functionaries of the United States.

The frequency of death in high places of late is remarkable. To tell nothing of the long list of official men, whose dust is now with the long line of low monuments in the Congressional burial ground, within the past two or three years, the fatal wand of the great disenchanted has touched many of the sons of ambition and of fame, and turned them to lifeless clay. If this article should meet the eye of any of this class, let it not be passed over lightly over, since they are in the shambles and will soon have to go the same way. A little while since, Rogers sat at the head of the Navy Board, and was entombed at the head of the Navy List. His name has been transferred to the roll of Death, and the hasty sailor has cast his last anchor in the grave. He sleeps among the brave, the fair, the eloquent and the wise—*as they were*. In the same neighborhood lies Tengay, who for many years served under the government of his country. After sailing many years over the sea of life, sometimes in sunshine, sometimes in the tempest, he too made fast near his comrade. Not far was he hurried from his command at the Navy Yard to his lonely bed in the earth. Earth to earth dust to dust." Next followed Stevens, struck down from the same station, by the unquenchable fire, the conqueror of all, who never strikes his flag to the boldest and the bravest. At night Stevens was in the midst of apparent health. In the morning, the spirit had departed! It was a time of sudden death

among public men. He was joined unto the congregation of the dead. It was not long before Patterson followed. He had been brave and troublesome to the foe of New Orleans, rejecting in the common victory over the armed myrmidons of England, could not maintain the conflict with the old enemy, equally expert and dreadful on the land and on the sea. He struck his colors and was conveyed to the silent companion of the Commodores and Generals, whom the Spoiler has delivered over to the guardianship of the grave.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,

By all their country's voices blest.

But if the power of arms does not avail with this foe, still less does he yield to the force of argument or the eloquence of appeal. If the warrior must lay his laurels at his feet, the statesmen and civilian cannot be expected to do less." On the 4th of July, 1842, Samuel L. Southard, acting as Vice President of the United States, and Francis S. Key, an eminent lawyer, each delivered an eloquent address at the east lawn of the capitol, under the grateful shade of wide-spread trees, to a multitude of Sabbath school teachers and children. Before the revolution of another Independence Day, they had both ceased from among the living, and were numbered with the lowly dead. Key, like Pinckney, of Maryland, and Webster, of New Hampshire, died in the midst of action. Almost literally were they carried from the bar to the grave from the high elevation of mental toil to the lifeless innateness of death. But they had done well in their day and generation, and left an unshamed name to their friends and country. Not only was the Senate, the House, the Bar and the Army visited by the Great Leveler, but the judicial bench has received a summons: Marshall, its light and its glory, orationism *lumen et decus*, as Cicero would say, had not long disappeared; but it was by the slow process of disease, pre-admonishing his friends, that they must prepare their minds for the extinction of that illustrious light. But Philip Barbour, who sat on his left, had no warning. His spirits can high at night. In the morning he was dead. No friend was near to witness his last agony, to receive his last breath. He was found in his bed a mass of clay—the spirit gone! Save me from thus dying! If kind Heaven will deign to answer that prayer, or, may my eyes, as they grow dim in the last struggle, look on the faces of those that love me, see perhaps the starting tear, and read in the expression of the features of the dying, that sympathy for the dying which is innate all price. At the funeral of Judge Barbour, Rev. Geo. G. Cookman, then Chaplain of Congress, delivered an address in his usual style, which was distinguished for simplicity, pathos and power. He "delivered" his message to the great gods before him, with fidelity, as well as feeling. "Be wise now, therefore," said he: "Oh ye Rulers, be instructed, ye Judges of the earth, kiss the Son, lest he be angry," &c. In a few weeks he went down into the depths of the ocean with all on board the President. The President, what a fatal name, was that in 1841! Returning from the inauguration of Harrison, I met Cookman. He shook me by the hand, "Farewell," said he, "I am off to England; I'm going to visit my aged father, and to drop a tear on the grave of my mother." Alas! he was neither to see the one, nor to weep over the dust of the other. "Nor wife, nor friends, nor sacred home," was he again to me. That tremendous catastrophe bereaved, in his case, a wife and six children of their husband and father. Oh Death! all modes, as well as all seasons are thine own." In this way was the Conqueror dealing out his fatal shafts on the right hand and on the left, when ad to attract a degree of attention he had never commanded! since the "day that Washington obeyed his high behest, he struck at the tallest victim he could find, and the nation trembled under the blow. The inauguration of Harrison was sublime, but the funeral, who shall describe it? That was a day never to be forgotten. And who was that chief, that rode at the head of the many brave men, tried in battle on the land, and the sea, who in full military dress and array, were the moral remains of the then Commander-in-Chief to that last testing place? Marcellus, in a few weeks the solemn sepulchral rites were performed for him. He had when in health described the peculiar style of the military salute to the deceased President, as the body was borne to the tomb. The Major General's salute was soon paid to him / Such is life!

Never did the lines of Gray appear more true and impressive than after reviewing such a history.

The best of heroism, the pomp of power,

And all that beauty, all that wealth a gave,

A wail like the inevitable hour,

The pale of glory lead out to the grave,

Edmund Burke only exclaimed poetically,

"What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue," but in homelier phrase said he "would not give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame in the world."

If this was his testimony in life, what shall it have been in death? Shall not this nation mourn him in the land of Providence?

J. N. D.

THE MEAN MAN.—The mean man that we mentioned the other day, as walking about after his natural decease, to avoid paying his funeral expenses, is buried at last. We get the intelligence from that man Marble, who does up Yankee doings at the American theatre. The mean man is buried. Marble says, but his relations would go to his funeral until they were hired as mourners! —New Orleans Pic.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1844.

THE PRAYER OF A MISER.

Among many curious papers found after the decease of John Ward, a member of the British Parliament for Hackney, there was one in his own hand writing, of which the following is a copy. It is an admirable satire, and we commend it to certain persons who must be nameless;

Oh Lord, thou knowest that I have nine

houses in the city of London, and likewise

that I have purchased an estate in Essex;

I beseech thee to preserve the counties of Middlesex and

Essex from fire and earthquakes; and I

have a Mortgage in Hertfordshire. I beg of

you, therefore, to have an eye of compassion

on them; and for the rest of the countries

that thou mayst deal as you please. Oh

Lord, enable the banks to answer all their

bills, and make all my debtors good men.

Give a prosperous voyage and return to the

Merciful sloop, because I have insured in

it; and as thou hast said that the days of

the wicked are short, I trust in thee thou

will not forget the promise, as I have pur-

chased an estate in reversion, which will be

mine on the death of that profligate young

man, Sir A. ——. Keep my friends

from sinking, and preserve me from thieves

and house-breakers, and make all my ser-

vants so honest and faithful that they may

attend to my interest and never cheat me

out of my property, night or day."

DR. STRINGFELLOW'S PRICES FOR DEN-

TAL OPERATIONS.

Plugging with gold each plug, \$1.50

Separating by filing, .50

Extracting teeth or roots of teeth, each .50

children's teeth, .25

Setting best metal incorruptible teeth on

private teeth, 2.00

On improved gold plates, .80

“ fine gold plate, .50

All operations warranted to be of the finest

and best materials, otherwise no charge.

Terms CASH.

November 30th, 1843.

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REFERENCES:

Hon. Geo. E. Badger, Raleigh.

Judge Battle, Raleigh.

Dr. Beckwith, Raleigh.

Dr. P. C. Pope, Wm. Plummer, Esq., Warrenton.

Gen. Hawkins, Col. Javett, Dr. Wilcox, Halifax.

Dr. Bond.

Petition to divide the Lands devised to them and

Petitioner by Curtis Snelling.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.—Wake

County.—Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, November Term, A. D. 1843.

William Snelling, in his own right, and assignee of Lemuel Snelling,

et al., filed a Petition to divide the Lands devised to them and

Petitioner by Curtis Snelling.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the defendants Lemuel Snelling, Calvin Snelling, and John Snelling, defendants, are non-residents of this State: It is therefore ordered by the Court, that advertisement be made in the Raleigh Register for four weeks, for the aforesaid Lemuel Snelling, Calvin Snelling and John Snelling, to be and appear at the next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for the County of Wake, at the Court House in the City of Raleigh, on the third Monday of February, A. D. 1844, and then and there plead to an answer and judgment pro confesse granted against them.

Witness, Jas. T. Marriott, Clerk of said Court, at Office, third Monday of November, A. D. 1843.

JAMES T. MARRIOTT, C. C. C.

Pr. adv. \$5.00 12-1.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.—WAKE

County.—Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, November Session, 1843.

John Ward, Executor of Elizabeth Ferrell, deceased,

John Adams and Isaac Adams.

Caveat to the last Will and Testament of Elizabeth Ferrell, deceased.

The last Will and Testament of Elizabeth Ferrell, deceased, is produced in open Court, and offered for probate by John Ward, when John Adams and Isaac Adams caveat said Will; whereupon the Court directs an issue to be made up, to try whether the said paper writing doth contain the last will and testament of the said Elizabeth Ferrell, deceased; and it appearing further, that Phillip Adams and Judith White, brother and sister of the said Elizabeth Ferrell, deceased, are non-residents of this State: It is therefore ordered by the Court, that advertisement be made in the Raleigh Register for six weeks, for the said Robert Young to be and appear at the next term of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions to be held for the County of Wake, at the Court House in the City of Raleigh, on the third Monday of February, A. D. 1844, and plead, answer or demur to said petition, and show cause, if any he has, why the said negro slaves of the said Sarah Young, deceased, shall not be divided, or otherwise the petition will be heard ex parte as to him, and judgment pro confesse granted against him.

Witness, James T. Marriott, Clerk of said Court, at Office, the third Monday of November, A. D. 1843.

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