THE WEEKLY RALEIGH REGISTER,
AND NORTH CAROLINA GAZETTE.

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RALEIGH REGISTER.

RALEIGH, N. C.

Tuesday, September 16, 1845.

THE LADIES' FAIR.

The Ladies connected with the Baptist Female Sewing Society of this place, held a Fair in the Town Hall, on last Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. Our expectations had been raised somewhat high, and we are happy to say they were more than realized. The Hall was beautifully dressed, the tables were loaded with rich provisions, and the number of fine articles exhibited for sale, gave evidence of the industry and good taste of the Ladies who prepared them. The Hall was crowded both nights, and the sales amounted to the rise of *Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars.*

We have attended several Fairs in the course of our life, but we must say, without wishing to exaggerate, or to puff any body, that this was got up in better taste, and conducted in a manner better calculated to impart pleasure to the visiters, than any we ever attended before It was worth considerable to look in upon so brilliant a scene, and so many happy faces; and we cannot but feel thankful to the Ladies for furnishing our young people such an occasion of rational enjoyment—for uniting so happily the beautiful, the joyous, and the useful. They certainly have sufficient encouragement to continue their laudable exertions, and may success ever attend them.

TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

At a recent State Temperance Convention of South Carolina, the following gentlemen were appointed delegates to the State Temperance Convention of North Carolina: Rev. J. W. Vandiver, John G. Bowman, Esq., David Leslie, Esq, Rev. Samuel B. Sewers, Major Wm. T. Ellerbe, and W. T. Caston, Esq.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

We have received the September number of this Magazine, which contains ten original prose articles, besides original Poetry and notices of new works. The leading article is "Domestic Slavery considered as a Scriptural Institution. A Review of the correspondence between the Rev. Drs. Fuller, of South Carolina, and Wayland, of Rhode Island." It is one of a high order of ability, and dissects Abolitionism with a saladin blade.

REMARKABLE MORTALITY.

The last "Wilmington Journal," gives an account of singular mortality, which occurred on Upper Black River, New Hanover County, in this State. It says: "Louis Highsmith, Esq., a man loved and respected by all who knew him, was but a few days ago, the doting father of a young and promising family—today, the children of his love lie entombed in the silent grave. In one short week, his three boys, John Edmund, aged 8 years—David, aged 5, and Richard Morgan, aged 3 years—all that Heaven had blessed him with—were cut off by the ruthless hand of death. Like the early flowers of spring, whose delicate foliage is nipped by an untimely frost, those sweet flowers of human hope, and human affections, have been all, all, swept away by the hand of death."

DEATH OF JUDGE STORY.

The "New York Express" says:—It is with profound regret that we announce the death of Judge Story, the oldest of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States—the wisest of his associates, and one of the most learned and respected men of the Union. Ordinarily, the loss of one man in the great multitude of men, is an event as little noticed as the most common occurrence of life. But, the loss of those who connect the present with the past age—who have dispensed wisdom even to the wise, and judgment and justice among all men—whose names are honored abroad and at home, is a public affliction. Judge Story was upon the bench thirty-four years, and received the distinguished honor of his appointment from Mr. Madison, at the age of 31. How well he filled his office, we need not say. Happily, he has left testimonials of his integrity and ability, that will live as long as the country he has served. Judge Story expired at his residence, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on Tuesday evening, at a quarter before nine o'clock.

The Boston Courier says that "his pulse ceased to beat, and his hands were cold, before eight, P. M.—His disease was stoppage of the intestines, or strangulation, the same sickness which ended the life of Mr. Legare in this city in 1843."

Judge Story was 65 years of age. He graduated at Harvard University in 1798, and was appointed to the Judgeship of the United States Court in 1811.

FIRE!

We learn from the "Petersburg Intelligencer," that a fire broke out in that place on the 9th inst. in the carpenter's shop belonging to the Tobacco Factory of Messrs. McEnery & McCulloch on Back Street, which was soon consumed, but not until the flames had been communicated to the Grocery Store of Mr. John Sturdivant, and several buildings on the lot of Mr. Henry Davis, which were destroyed.

The firemen were promptly on the spot, and their exertions, aided by an opportune rain, succeeding in preventing the fire from making its way to Bollingbrook street, and in saving the Factory building of McEnery & McCulloch.

Mr. Davis' loss is about $3,000, and no insurance. The loss sustained by Messrs. McEnery & McCulloch, will not exceed 5 or $600.

AMERICANS IN ENGLAND.

Mr. Everett and Mr. M'Lane, Mr. Jenifer and Hon. Reverdy Johnson and lady, were among those persons present at the prorogation of Parliament, by the Queen of England in person.

APPOINTMENT BY THE PRESIDENT.

James T. Miller, Naval Officer for the District of Wilmington, North Carolina, *vice* James Owen, removed.

AVIDITY FOR OFFICE.

It has been the pride of North Carolinians, that whilst the Politicians of other States are greedily seeking and begging for the crumbs which fall from the Executive table, that the sons of the good Old North State are contented at home, and happy in the promotion of their own interests and in that of their venerated old Mother. It has often and truly been remarked, that there are, and have been ever since the formation of our Government, *fewer* office-holders from this State, than perhaps almost any State in the Union, and certainly less than any one of the original thirteen. Nor is the cause of this, the lack of the elements among us to fill with ability stations of the highest honor and trust. From the times when the spirit of freedom and independence burst from the Mecklenburg Patriots of '75, down to the present time, within her borders have been embraced men who were fully and amply qualified for elevation to the highest posts of honor. But the Statesmen of North Carolina are not of that class who wish to make a buzz in their own day, and float upon the puffs of hired newspapers, and then perish, like ephemera, and their names to be never heard of more.

The young men of North Carolina seek not to waste the young morning of their life in politics and party strife, and rely for support upon public honors and emoluments, which are as fleeting as parties are changeable and inconstant. They gaze with pride on the advancement of our Government to renown and distinction among the Nations of the earth, and laud and extol with a Patriot's zeal the exertions of those who promote this advancement—but they are checked in an inordinate desire for office, by observing how very few there are, even of those in the most exalted stations, who establish a name with posterity—aye, even with the succeeding generation.

Not that they are not fully impressed with the noble ambition of serving their country, but they choose not to gain the giddy heights of fame, by the only mode, almost, now in use—that is, under the pretence of serving their country, by swelling the passions of party, or shouting the praises of, and by servile obsequiousness to, him that holds the gift of office in his grasp. They prefer following the unsullied and enlightened paths of Science, Literature and Art, knowing that they lead to riches desirable and fame eternal. Franklin and Fulton, and such men, are their polar stars, and they choose to follow them in their march for distinction and renown, knowing that their names will do more honor to America, by their scientific reputation, than the thousand factious demagogues who infest our political society, and by their ignorance and brawling, mislead the senses and pollute the channels of genuine political intelligence.

We have just seen an exhibition of this avidity for Office, and of party servility, in relation to the vacancy created on the U. S. Supreme Court Bench, by the recent death of the lamented Judge Story. Scarcely had the fact of his demise were made known, before we see a zealous, violent scrambling among those who are aspirants for the place, and among their friends. The "Boston Post," and the "Hartford Times," only the day after announcing Judge Story's death, devote nearly a column in recommendation of their favorite for the Judgeship. This is disgraceful. The dead should at least be allowed to be decently buried, before the public ears are dinned with these party appeals in behalf of a party favorite.

THE TARIFF.

The Secretary of the Treasury and the official organ, the "Union," have been for some time declaring, that "the Tariff must be reduced to the Revenue Standard." The organ now comes out more authoritatively, and says—

"One of the great objects of the republican party is the reduction of the tariff. The "Union" will take up the subject in a few days, and discuss the whole system in a regular manner. As Mr. Walker emphatically said, 'the tariff must be reduced to the revenue standard.'"

Well,—we shall see. The Pennsylvania Loco Focos, of which Mr. Buchanan, another member of the Cabinet, is the head,—have told us all along that the Tariff of 1842 should not be reduced. They have told us, too, that Mr. Polk practically pledged himself to that result in his letter, written to Mr. Kane, during the canvass. The Administration, with a cunning and duplicity peculiarly its own, has kept silent upon this question, until the members of the next Congress, who are to act upon it, have nearly all been elected. We heard not a word of "reducing the Tariff to a revenue standard" from the Globe or Union, or Mr. Secretary Walker, during the election, but now, when the Congress is full and we are within a dozen weeks of the meeting of Congress, we are told that the tariff must be "reduced to a revenue standard." We can only say to the party in power, do your worst, but do not longer agitate and humbug the country by threatening to do that which you never mean to accomplish. You have threatened to saddle the country with a Sub-Treasury and with a Tariff discriminating against protection to American labor. Do that which you have threatened to accomplish, and we shall know where to meet you.

A FACT FOR ESPY.

In Arkansas they have been suffering from a long dry and sultry season. Some persons in the neighborhood of Fort Smith, recently set fire to a prairie, which spread widely and rapidly. It was immediately followed by a fine shower, extending from west to east, which satisfied the thirsty earth and cooled the atmosphere.

Execution of General Malot.—A French officer, General Malot, who conspired against Napoleon in 1812, at the moment of execution displayed the most astonishing courage. On being conducted with twelve of his accomplices to the Plain of Grenelle, he, as chief of the Conspirators, asked permission to give the word of command. "Carry arms," in a voice of thunder. "That won't do; we must begin again. Your piece on the arm of all of you. Carry arms!—Good! Platoon—arms—present! Fire!" All fell except Malot. *He was left standing alone!* "And why not me! *Sacre nom de ——!* Reserve platoon—arms—Present! Fire!"

THE FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER

Has risen, Phœnix like, from its ashes, and the last number comes to us in an enlarged form, and printed on entire *new* type. It is now the largest Newspaper in North Carolina, and the energy and perseverance manifested by its enterprising Editor in thus presenting to the public a sheet so beautiful in typographical appearance, and so worthy, in every respect, the liberal patronage of an enlightened and generous community, show most plainly, that no such word as "*fail*," is embraced in his vocabulary. After giving in detail, the causes which have delayed the appearance of his "*new*" and "*revised*" Edition, the Editor says:

"It was our intention in purchasing the Press and materials, to provide for printing a paper of nearly two columns more capacity than this. But from some miscalculation at the Type Foundry, we are compelled, by the size of the Press and other parts of the machinery, to cut it down to the present dimensions, which is still an addition about equal to *four columns* of the paper as it was issued before the fire. This will enable us to give our readers more News, to use a larger type, and to give full place to our advertising friends, without encroaching too much on the other departments of the paper. All this we propose to do without any increase of the price of subscripiton. For remuneration for the additional cost and labor, both in the first instance and constantly hereafter, we rely only on an increase of subscribers and advertisers. The price of subscription is very low for this part of the country, and it can only be sustained by a large list of paying subscribers. This will be made apparent when we remark, that it is more profitable to print 2000 papers at 6c a year, than 1000 at $3. The respectable list of subscribers to the Observer for ten years past, and their general punctuality, have induced us to put down the price to a sum corresponding to the prices of produce and labor in other professions;—and they have now tempted us to try this additional experiment of enlarging the paper. It remains with the public to justify or to disappoint our hopes of success in all these experiments, by which our readers are *certainly* gainers, and we *hope* to be so likewise.

Should our Whig friends feel deposed to second our views and wishes, we hope they will make an effort to increase our list of *paying* subscribers. This we think may be easily done. The Observer is the largest and the cheapest paper in the State. We have much reason to feel that the Whigs regard it as a useful organ of the party. With it, then, an addition of a few hundred to our list will reward our efforts to improve the Press, it may at the same time be of service to the great cause in which we are laboring, and which is none the less dear to us because a temporary cloud rests over its prospects.

There is much space in our columns at present for Advertisements, and we shall be glad to receive from our old friends or others, their accustomed favors in that line. We are satisfied that our merchants are not sufficiently alive to the importance of this matter. Every thing connected with the business or trade of a commercial town should be made public; for every advertisement interests *somebody*, and brings some one into the town or into the store or shop of the advertiser."

Singular Trips over the Atlantic.—The packet-ships Rochester, Capt. Britton, and Shakspeare, Capt Miner, sailed from Liverpool on the 11th inst. in company with each other, and passed Sandy Hook together on Sunday afternoon, after a fine passage over the Atlantic. It is not a little singular for two ships to leave one port at the same time, sail three thousand miles, and reach their destination at the same hour. This trip of the Rochester and Shakspeare reminds us of a most remarkable one made a few years ago by the England, Captain Waite, and Garrick, Capt. Palmer. They sailed from Liverpool at the same hour; early every other morning they saw each other; and after a very quick passage came into port almost side by side.

New York Herald.

What a focus of humanity is this New York!—and what a wide variety of races, manners, language, religion, history, concentrate here! Yesterday morning while coming down Broadway we met a company of tidy, dignified and majestic Indian ladies just from the source of the Wyad River, in the Rocky Mountains, and carefully wrapped up in broadcloth blankets and neat buckskin leggings, and wearing broad-brimmed fur hats, brushed as smoothly as ——'s, who dashed by in his splendid turn-out at the moment. Not five rods further on we found the walk of a cross-street, down which we had turned, blocked up by an Italian Organ-grinder surrounded with ragged Dutch, Irish, African and American children:—so, what with Rocky Mountain Indians, English dandy, Italian monkeys and the children of all nations, we had something of a piquant and picturesque variety, and had travelled half over the globe in the space of half a furlong.—*Tribune.*

Clarksville, Ga., August 18.

On Saturday last, a man named Robert Bailey, from Cherokee county, N. C, who was in pursuit of his faithless wife, and her paramour, a full breed Indian, from the same county, overtook the fugitives, who were on a visit to the Falls. They were about a mile from Beal's, who keeps the public house at the Falls, and were walking together when the husband came up. He fired his rifle at them. The ball passed across the breast of his wife, inflicting a severe flesh wound, and went through the body of the Indian. The woman fled to the house for assistance. When Beal got to the Indian he was dying, and survived but a few minutes. Bailey has disappeared.—There is yet some mystery in the affair, as the lady says she is not the wife of the murderer.

MURDER AT THE PENITENTIARY.

Yesterday, about 12 o'clock, Mr. Felix Ferguson, Overseer of the Department for Woodwork in the Penitentiary, was murdered by Moses Johnson, a free negro. Mr. Ferguson was sitting in his chair, making some estimates on a slate, his head inclined to the left side, when Johnson stepped up behind him and stuck a pointed knife with both edges sharp, deep into his neck. The knife entered below the right ear, and passed obliquely to the left side, severing the main arteries of the neck, and nearly cutting in two the windpipe. Mr. F. lived but a little while.

Johnson had been behind hand with his task, and after repeated threats to report him to the superintendant, Mr. Ferguson reported him last week, and he was ordered the slight punishment of six stripes. This is the only imaginable cause for the excitement of ill will towards Mr. F, who was not more rigorous than he was obliged to be, to maintain the discipline of the department, and whose disposition was kind. It will be remembered that some two or three years since, the life of Mr. F. was attempted by a convict named Granville Winston. Johnson was placed in close confinement, and a jury of inquest over the body of Mr. Ferguson, rendered a verdict in accordance with the facts.

The deceased was a worthy and esteemed citizen and his family have the sympathy of a wide circle of friends in their melancholy bereavement.—*Richmond Times.*

EDITOR'S CORRESPONDENCE.

Weddings instead of War—Cupid in place of Mars—Piscatorial Excursion—Penchant for Smoking—The Picayune, &c.

Well, I have no news of "a battle" to give you yet. Despite the anxiety of our troops to have, and the universal wish of our citizens to hear of, a "skirmish," those rascally Mexicans will not give the former a chance to march over their slaughtered bodies, and "revel in the halls of the Montezumas," nor the latter, an opportunity of detailing the invincible prowess of our arms over the "poor, pusillanimous, starved soldiery" of that imbecile Nation. Our Newspapers, too, "eager for the fray," are actually growing fretful on this account. Instead of battles, they have to give accounts of splendid *fetes* and gay and bright saloons, where the light-hearted maiden and joyous Adonis trip it most merrily on the "light fantastic toe;" in place of fighting with our dark and barbarous foe, we know of no deadly weapon being in great use here, except it be the bow of that mischievous little Archer, who binds his captives fast with the —— (we had like to have said slavish chains, beg pardon: silken cords of Hymen— In the room of slaughtered hundreds, our daily Chronicles have to record the occurrences of happy marriages and joyous bridal scenes. Indeed, that blind god Cupid, it seems, has locked his father Mars out of doors, and assumed the reigns of empire himself.

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
All earth below, and Heaven above;
For love is Heaven, and Heaven is love—

At least Walter Scott says so, and I believe it—At all events, I had rather hear of twenty battles than one funeral, and a hundred marriages than one bloody battle.

I had the pleasure the other day of enjoying a most delightful Piscatorial excursion—not on the waters of the muddy, rapid Mississippi—but with a gay party in a pleasure boat, but sailing and oboing, to sit upon the fragrant grass, look to the placid lake, and quietly depend in my basket the luscious Trout, "bedropt with gold," and the shining Chub, bright as a bar of silver. It is delightful to steal away from the noise and bustle of the City, and while away a few hours in solitude, amid the cool shades of the groves, and listen to the gay warblings of the songsters of the wood, as they mingle their sweet voices with the gurgling of the bright waters, and sing together their thousand melodies. Just opposite sits a large frog, with a green surtout and drab breeches, looking exceedingly malicious—but he is a great coward, the first crack of a stick, and he goes off on a "Juggerno—juggerno—plump," and away he goes. Overhead, on an old trunk of a tree, is a Wood-pecker, hammering away, with all his might, like a tinker on an old kettle—he is an industrious fellow. There is the Robin, with his breast of gold, looking rather grave and singing plaintively, with an air of concern about him. And then, as the evening shadows close in, [illegible] Owl—he is a deep chap. There he sits on the left, a bunch of feathers, winking at my fishing line, and looking as wise as a Magistrate with a wig. A venerable looking blockhead and another great coward. But of all the birds that keep me company in my lonely excursions, give me the Whip-poor-will. At the dusk of the evening he fills the whole wood with his melody; so plaintive and tender; so soothing and solitary. He is a romantic fellow—a hermit; and revels in solitude; a poetical bird—a poet of the heart, rather than of the imagination; and he is "popular" wherever he is known, for he prolongs his melodies late at night, and has the whole habitable landscape around for an auditory. Give me the soothing voice of the Whip-poor-will

The People of New Orleans generally, are the most unceasing Segar smokers I have ever met with—even the little brats, from the time they are strong enough to hold one between their lips, are tugging away at a "long nine." The "darkies" on the Levee, the Jack Tar at the mast head, the loafer in the streets and the merchant behind the counter, all are at it, from sun-rise till they close their eyes for the land of dreams. Nor can I much blame them, when they have here so good an opportunity of getting that thing so really hard to be found—a *real good* Segar. Imagine yourself seated of a summer night in the cool, balmy air, with a "tip-top Regalia," on the second or third gallery of an elevated Hotel. There beneath the twinkling canopy above, with your chair against the wall and your feet raised to an angle of about forty-five degrees, enjoying this redolent luxury, the sedative influence of the savory vapor curling in ascending volumes about your head. Every inferior passion is hushed, even mental tumult is stilled, every corroding care is forgotten, and the mind is properly fitted for calm and meditative reflection. The pilgrimage of life is interspersed with no sweeter hours than these. To my mind, a Segar, a *good* Segar, is the *ne plus ultra*, the *sine qua non* of earthly enjoyment (barring the company of the Ladies). To talk of its enjoyment in comparison with "gin cock-tails," "sherry coblers," and such like, is absolute profanity. Oh, the excellence, the almost divine witchery, of a delicious Segar. And how emblematical of life! how significant of its enjoyments! Every breath shortens the period of existence, and admonishes us of its approaching dissolution. The ashes which are left behind, remind us of the dust from which we come and to which we must soon return. Every thing pertaining to its enjoyment and consumption is food for reflection and productive of moral morals.

Since my stay here, I have formed an acquaintance with two of the Editors of the incomparably witty and racy "Picayune"—the Senior Editor, Mr. Lumsden, is, I understand, a native of North Carolina, and claims as his *Alma Mater* the "Register Office," at Raleigh. He is every inch a gentleman; and Mr. Kendall, who is now I believe on a trip Northward, is the very Prince of good fellows. It is worth a good long day's ride through an August Sun, to hear him relate some of his inimitable anecdotes. When death comes for him, if he is not very sullen and relentless, he will laugh him out of his job and give him the slip. A very sure Bullitt is also connected with this *Faustus* Carabine, who also gives sure signs of his capacity for "sharp shooting."

The City continues remarkably healthy—no yellow Jack this season.

Yours, COSMOPOLITE.

CONGRESSIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

The Proprietors of the National Intelligencer, in order to meet the wishes of those whose circumstances or inclination do not allow them to subscribe even to a weekly Washington paper during the whole year, have determined to issue, during each session of Congress, a weekly sheet styled "The Congressional Intelligencer," to be devoted exclusively to the publication, as far as its limits will permit, of the Proceedings of both Houses of Congress, and Official Reports and Documents connected therewith, including a copy, for general use, of all the Acts passed by Congress during the session.

To bring the work within the means of every man who can read, the charge for this paper will be for the *first* session of each Congress One Dollar, and for the *second* session of each Congress half a Dollar.

The price of the Congressional Intelligencer to be issued on each Wednesday during the approaching Session of Congress, will therefore be One Dollar, paid in advance.

To enlarge upon the value, to those who take no newspaper than Wednesday, of such a publication, containing an impartial but necessarily abbreviated account of the Proceedings of Congress, including an authentic collection of all the laws passed during the session, would be needless. The man who takes no such paper ought to do so, if he does not prefer remaining ignorant of what most nearly concerns his own history, and that of his family and of his posterity for ever.

☞ When six copies are ordered and paid for by one person, a deduction of one-sixth will be made from the price; that is to say, a remittance of Five Dollars will command six copies of the Congressional Intelligencer for the next Session. A remittance of Ten Dollars will command thirteen copies; and for Twenty Dollars remitted then and to one person or place, twenty copies will be forwarded.

☞ Payment in advance in all cases is indispensible.

WEEKLY NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

This paper, being made up of such of the contents of the National Intelligencer proper as can be communicated with advantage in a cheap newspaper, continues to be issued and mailed to subscribers every Friday at Two Dollars a year, payable in advance, or Three Dollars on account being opened with subscribers to the weekly paper.

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