

# THE RALEIGH STAR AND NORTH CAROLINA GAZETTE.

THOS. J. LEMAY, (Printer for the State,) EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.]

"NORTH CAROLINA—POWERFUL IN MORAL, INTELLECTUAL AND PHYSICAL RESOURCES—THE LAND OF OUR BIRDS AND THE HOME OF OUR AFFECTIONS."

[THREE DOLLARS A YEAR—IN ADVANCE.]

VOL. 34.

RALEIGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1843.

NO. 37

Foreign Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

## A Chapter on Beggars.

ITALY, May, 1843.

I date my letter from Italy, because I write of all Italy, for the beggars belong to the whole country. There are various classes, some only occasional beggars, made so by the liberality of foreigners. Finding it is often but to ask to receive, they will stop in the minds of their work and beg for a mere fraction of a sou. But your regular professional beggar is known in a moment. He has been accustomed to hear so and pay no more attention to it than if he did not hear it. He knows that perseverance conquers all things, and that every man will give half a cent to be rid of his importunity. The mode of begging varies according to the temperament of the beggar. There is one perhaps minus both legs, who is perfectly conscious that his condition, as he sits helpless on the pavement at your feet, appeals to your sympathies stronger than his language, and simply holds his tattered hat out as you pass. I know one such who has acquired quite a property.

Then there is your dramatic beggar who makes himself lazier than he is, or rolls his blind eyes so as to give his most revolting aspect and appeals to you in language and in voice most touching and pathetic. He will tell you of his large family and their starvation, and ask you for the love of God to give him one single copper. A third flatters you, calling you a beautiful gentleman, and heaping on you titles sufficient to satisfy the most ambitious. I have often met an old woman of this class, who smiles on me with most perfect good humor, and throwing her head on one side coaxes me with such a tone and so many compliments that I find my hand in my pocket before I know it. Then there is your graceless, ragged little urchin, who will crack his jaw and turn somersets till you really think he deserves a penny. No matter how strongly you resolve at first against encouraging the little rascal, after he has worked himself out of breath in tumbling for you, and comes up smiling and demands only a quarter for it all, it does seem stingy not to give. You may have told him to stop and go away a dozen times; it matters not such is our nature, that if a man will play for you, we feel we ought to pay him.

There is another class that, conscious of having no particular claims in themselves upon your charity borrows a wretched babe or child, whose misery will plead for them. Sometimes you meet a jolly beggar, but him you may immediately put down as a beggar of fortune. Life with him has not been failure. He is none of your disappointed men. His business has always been as thriving and he feels as he acts, right kindly towards you and all mankind, and why should not he? He has a little property amassed from their charity, and he is secure against a rainy day. I used to meet such a one to the Pincian hill in Rome. He was a large fat fellow with withered legs, so that he walked on his hands and knees alone. In the morning he would be down in the heart of the city, but toward evening he stationed himself on the last landing up the long flight of stairs that lead to the hill, and as you ascended, advanced on all fours to the edge, and looking for all the world like a large mastiff, and showing a most beautiful set of teeth, addresses you like a familiar friend with "Good day sir." "It is fine weather to-day," or "it looks like rain," as the case may be. He was a large, fine looking man, and it was hard to resist dropping a penny into his hat. He struck my fancy amazingly and I would often stop and talk with him.

One day I asked him how much he took per day. "Oh," he said, "10 or 12 cents." "Ah now," I replied, "don't try to deceive me for I am a good friend, I shall give you just as much; I won't tell any body; I want to know merely from curiosity." "Well," he said, "half a dollar a day and often more." [This hepe is equal to a dollar at home.]—This was certainly good wages when it cost him but a few pence per day to live. "But," he added this is only during the season when the strangers visit Rome. In the summer I take very little." He then gave me a long history of himself and of a donkey he owned, which he said was fastened above on the hill to ride home on when the day's work was finished. This man owned 2 or 3 houses. He seemed to consider me a sort of confederate after he told me his circumstances, and if I happened to be passing up behind another stanger, who refused to give him alms, he would tip me a wink and smile and expect his copper from me.

So much for the beggars, and now for the mode of riding one's self of them without bestowing alms, for it would impoverish a prince to give to all and every time they ask. I have tried various methods, but find scarcely no rule universal. Threats are quite useless, for they know you cannot find it in your heart to cane them, and if you do you will most certainly give them a penny to pay for it. They will dodge it, it is true, but not retreat. Sometimes "niente" (nothing) spoken with perfect sang froid, will convince them that you have been long in Italy to understand their habits, and they will leave. If they still persist a "non intendete!" (don't you understand!) will sometimes relieve you. If they still dog your footsteps, as some impudent urchins will do a slight tap of the cane by way of preface, is the only resort. Sometimes to point the finger and cry "shame," will send them off. There is another mode, the secret of which I do not understand, but which is more ef-

fectual than all. It is to say first "niente," and if they persist repeat it again and waive two fingers of the hand before your forehead. When they see this they will almost invariably stop, look at you a moment, and quietly withdraw. If you are in a carriage you can let them run their breath out, though some of them are wonderfully long winded and then they are sure to abuse you at the end.

A little girl once chased the carriage in which I rode for more than a mile. I had not a particle of small change in my pocket, or I believe I should have given her something to have sent her away. She first plead with and of course did not believe me when I told her I had no small money.—She then folded her little arms and prayed for me to the Madonna, and all the time running at the top of her speed. Not succeeding in this, she heaped on me all the titles of nobility and epithets of praise she could command. The fair trial of each occupied some time, and when they all failed and she was fairly tired out, she stopped, and with a most villainous look, called me a black guard.

A man always has change, and you would smile to see me sometimes making change with a beggar. He will be sure to have not quite enough to give you back what you demand—but if I begin I always insist on the last fraction expect a single penny I promised. The first time a beggar offered to make change for me amused me exceedingly.

I shall never forget a little urchin I saw at Pestum. He was seven or eight years old I should think, and had nothing on but an old ragged shirt; and a still older brown hat, that came down to his shoulders and flapped its broad brim around his neck. He had a plump, but sallow, sickly face, over which a smile never played. I told him I had given it all away. He did not believe me, and dogging my footsteps with an importunity I had never witnessed, plead in a low, plaintive tone, for a single "grant." He annoyed me so much that I finally turned upon him with my cane and told him I would flog him if he did not leave me. This only increased his distance from me without checking his importunity. The carriage not being quite ready, I thought I would walk on. The little scapegrace followed me, and when I again turned and told him I had no grant, he said he would go and change it for me, pointing to a group of peddlars that had pitched their tents like Arabs on the plain, and were trading with the people from the mountain who thus came down once a week to exchange their commodities for others. I dare not trust the fellow, though from what I have since seen, I am convinced he would have brought me back the money.

I walked on, with the naked, shivering child behind me, till I came to the outer wall of the city, where a few stones were still left to tell its course, and sat down to wait for the carriage. The little fellow came on, and stopped as I stopped. I told him I was afraid he was a little rascal and told me falsehoods. He said no—I have no father or mother. They are both dead they died of the Malaria, and I have nothing to eat." Tired of standing he found a stone that fairly faced me; and sitting down upon it, deliberately crossed his bare legs, folded his arms as if he had no intention whatever of leaving me, and begged on. This was a regular set to, and I looked on him with perfect astonishment. At length the carriage drove up, and I asked my friend for some copper. He had none—"Well," said I, "give him a cayline." He tossed it to him, but he never smiled, though he seized it like a hungry man food. He even forgot to thank me till I asked him if he was not thankful, and he said "yes," with the same solemn immovable countenance.

I was once on excursion with some friends who were very anxious to impress on some dozen beggars or more who surrounded us at the hotel, a good moral lesson. Among the ragged group was a little girl who never asked for alms, but stood busily braiding straw. To this girl my friends gave a paul, but nothing to the others, and then requested me to tell them this was because she was industrious. I did so, and read then quite a lecture on the crime of idleness. They were astonished, and rose and told to their fellows, and one after another came and looked on us in perfect amazement. My friends looked quite dignified at the wholesome truth they had inculcated by the very judicious distribution of their charities. In the meantime I had noticed the disappearance of several of the company, who now returned one with a stocking, which she was knitting most perseveringly, another with a bit of braided straw, all expecting, of course, a reward for their industry. The lesson had taken effect quicker than my friends expected, and they found it rather difficult to explain why they should not give as liberally, to be latter as to the first. I laughed heartily over the experiment, and turned away convinced that money was not the means through which truth must be inculcated.

And yet there is an aspect in which these miserable creatures deserve a tear rather than a smile. False and deceitful as many of them are they are not, wholly to blame. Their condition has made them what they are, others have made their condition and keep it so. Robbed by a faithless and selfish government, they are reduced to poverty and then to beggary. The shamelessness with which they beg, shows how deep and almost hopeless is their degradation. The language which they use is often thrilling,

and if spoken in good plain English, I never could resist. To have a ragged little girl come up to you and say in plaintive accents "I am miserable, I am dying for the want of bread; oh, for the love of God, give me one penny," would unman you. But this is all said in Italian, and said so often that you cease to notice it. There is no doubt that very many of them suffer deeply. In times of pestilence they furnish food for it. In a severe winter they are without fire and clothing. They almost universally carry sad and desponding countenances as if life had for them no promise.

Wandering among the ruined temples and under the shadow of the galleries of art, they keep up and heighten the strong contrast that meet you at every turn in this country. Like the kings, they are to have their "entrances and exits," and go to swell the sum of human life and human woe. They are living perpetual monuments of the working of the present system of society, uttering trumpet-tongued to man his folly and his wickedness. But, proud and selfish, those who have the power will grasp the wealth, and the weak starve and die. Thus it has ever been, and thus it will be, till society is grounded in different principles. But the moan of the voice of the beggar, like the thunder battle, have become accustomed sounds, and whether man will ever change the system on which all rests or not God only knows. The ages move, working out some result, and time will tell. H.

## BUSTLES.

### AN IMPROVEMENT.

Extract from Mrs. Strut's "Domestic Evidence in Switzerland:" "In order to ease the labor of milking the cows, the maids sit on little low stools, which they carry about with them, ready strapped to their persons, producing an effect more characteristic than poetical."

An apothecary in Salem has written over his door, "All kinds of DYING STUFFS sold here."

For an account of the interesting ceremony of laying the corner stone of the Grandmother's Female College, see the article from the Patriot on our last page.

The Royal printing office in Paris employs 700 persons, of whom 120 are compositors. It is supplied with fonts of type in every written language in the world. Compositors earn from 5 fr. to 6 fr. per diem, and the best printers 6 fr. After 30 years service, they are entitled to a pension of 400 fr.

Mr. Hooker, the first minister of Hartford, when one that stood weeping at his bedside, when he lay dying, said to him, Sir, you are going to receive the reward of all your labors? he replied, "Brother, I am going to receive mercy!"

Maxim of Health.—Sir William Temple says:—"The only way for a rich man to be healthy is to live as if he was poor, using exercise and observing abstinence."

## SPARE MINUTES.

Spare minutes are the gold dust of time; and Young was writing a true, as well as a striking line, when he affirmed that "Sands made the mountain, and moments made the year." Of all the portions of our life, the spare minutes are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are gaps through which temptations find the easiest access to the garden.

BROUGHAM says:—"If a child is neglected until six years of age, no subsequent education can recover it. If to this age he is in ignorance and dissipation, in baseness and brutality, in that vacancy of mind which such habits create, it is vain to try to reclaim it by teaching it reading and writing. You may teach it what you choose afterwards, but if you have not prevented the formation of bad habits, you will teach in vain. With children under the age of six years, learning—school learning—should not be the chief consideration, but the formation of moral principle."

## A GO BETWEEN.

There is perhaps no more odious character in the world than a go-between, that creature who carries to the ears of one neighbor every injurious observation that happens to drop from the mouth of another. Such a person is the slanderer's herald, and is altogether more odious than the slanderer himself.

## FRANKNESS.

Be frank with the world. Frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say first what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted you mean to do what is right. If a friend ask a favor, you should grant it, if it is reasonable—if not, tell him plainly why you cannot. You will wrong yourself and wrong him by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or to gain a favor. It requires you to do so is dearly purchased at such a sacrifice. Deal kindly, but firmly, with all men—you will find it the policy which wears the best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with any one, tell him, not others, of what you complain. There is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing to a man's face, and another behind his back. We should give, act, and speak out of doors

as the phrase is, and say and do what we are willing should be known, and read by men. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but as a matter of policy.

"I really cannot sing, believe me, sir," was the reply of a young lady to an empty fop.

"I am rather inclined to believe, madam," rejoined he with a smirk, "that you are fishing for compliments."

"No sir," exclaimed the lady, "I never fish in such shallow streams."

## EVILS.

An aching tooth, and a crying child in church.

Remedy—take them out.

## CONUNDRUM.

Why is the earth called such? Ans. Because it possesses the power of ATTRACTION.]

A meeting sermon being preached in a certain church, all the congregation fell to weeping except one man, who begged to be excused, as he belonged to "another church!"

Too Good a Joke to be Lost.—It has been stated to us as a fact, that a candidate for the Legislature in this end of the State, not long since while engaged in canvassing one of the counties in his district bordering on North Carolina, became so anxious in his endeavors to secure his election, that he actually crossed over the State line and went to work busily among the farmers of Buncombe county, North Carolina, to obtain their votes. It is said that he had progressed several miles into the old North State, on his labor of love, before he discovered that he was out of his range. This was "talking to Buncombe," to all intents and purposes.

—Knoxville (Tenn.) Register.

WILLIAM B. MOWRY, Esq., has been appointed United States Collector for the port of Pittsburgh, in the place of Major JOHN WILLOCK.

## ITEMS.

SEVERE.—It is stated in the Universa Gazette that every Prussian who may cross the Russian or Polish frontier without being provided with a regular passport, will be sent to Siberia if he be a civilian, and lodged in a fortress if he belong to the army.

## MORALS OF NEW YORK.

During the past week 284 persons were committed to the city prison—169 discharged, of whom 75 were sent to the penitentiary—148 are still in prison.

## TASSO'S WISH.

Tasso being told that he had an opportunity of taking advantage of a very bitter enemy, "I wish not to plunder him," said he, "but there are things which I wish to take from him; not his honor, his wealth, nor his life—but his ill will."

## AMERICAN LITERATI.

Mr. Hallack, the poet, is a millionaire man of business; Mr. Sprague, author of "Curiosity," is a bank cashier; Mr. Bryant is a democratic editor; Mr. Hoffman, the novelist is a Custom House officer; Mr. Irving is U. S. Minister at Madrid.

## JOHN ROSS.

A letter dated at Beattie's Prairie, Ark., to the editor of "The North Arkansas," published in Batesville, states, that John Ross, chief of the Cherokee nation, has been killed by the partizans of Ridge, who was killed by the Ross party about two years ago.—In publishing this letter, the National Intelligencer says: No doubt is expressed by the publisher of the truth of this information. Until it is confirmed, we may be allowed to hope that it is not true though circumstances induce the apprehension that it may be. The death of such a man as Ross by violence would be of itself an event to be deplored, but when his position as Chief of his nation, and the consequences which are likely to flow from such a catastrophe are considered, it would be deeply to be lamented.

The amount of Treasury Notes outstanding on the 1st instant, it is officially announced, was 5,667,106 dollars and 91 cents.

The Bath (Me.) Telegraph states that a young man recently paid his addresses to a young lady residing at Brunswick, Me. but the wedding was stopped in consequence of certain reports touching the young man, which got abroad. Determined not to be foiled, he persuaded the young lady to elope with him, and they were actually seated in the stage for Bath, when the father pounced upon them and carried them home, stating that her would-be husband had but recently been let loose from the State prison.

Six deaths by yellow fever occurred in the Charity Hospital at New Orleans on the 24th ult.

A slight shock of an earthquake was felt at Somerville, Tennessee, on the morning of the 19th ult.

A meeting of the citizens of Pittsburgh was held on the 29th ult. at which it was resolved that should the Hon. JOHN QUINCY

ADAMS accept of the invitation to visit that place on his way to Cincinnati, he should be regarded as the Guest of the city.

Husband.—The etymology of this word may not be generally known. The head of a family is called husband from the fact that he is, or ought to be, the band which unites the house together—or the bond of union among the family. It is to be regretted that all husbands are not house bands in reality as well as in name.

The St. Louis papers of the 22d ult. state that the drought in that region of the country still continued. Fears are entertained that much injury will result to all the late crops. The St. Louis Democrat says.—In June, the corn, which was planted seasonably, gave promise of a most abundant yield. But the extreme and long continued dry weather leaves no hope of even a fifth part of the usual return. Whole acres planted in corn, will not pay back the seed. The same remark applies to a large extent of country in this State and Illinois in which the probable failure of the corn crop is more complete than has been known for many years.

At this time, when the general complaint is "that money is scarce," it will be an act of kindness to inform the moneyless how they may reinforce their pockets. I will acquaint them with the true secret of money catching—the certain way to fill empty purses—and how to keep them always full! Two simple rules, well observed, will do the business: First, let honesty and industry be thy constant companions. And second, spend one penny less than thy clear gain. Then shall thy hide-bound pockets soon begin to thrive, and will never again cry with the empty belly-ache; neither will creditors insult thee, nor wants oppress, nor hunger bite, nor nakedness freeze thee; the whole hemisphere will shine brighter, and pleasure spring up in every corner of thy heart. Benj. Franklin.

ALABAMA.—A complete list of the Senators and Representatives who were lately elected to the Legislature of this State is published in the Mobile Advertiser of the 23d ultimo. From this list it appears that of the thirteen Senators chosen this year the Whigs elected seven, and their opponents six, by which the Whigs gain two members in the Senate without losing any. Of the members of this body who held over from last year, seven are Whigs and thirteen Locos. In the House of Representatives, also, the Whigs have acquired a small gain over their strength of last year—they have gained in all thirteen members and lost but eight.

## TO THE YOUNG MEN OF VIRGINIA.

Fellow-Citizens—You are by far the most interesting class of our population. In your hands, at no very distant date, will be lodged the fate of the once renowned Commonwealth. In contemplating the proceedings of those who are now busy on the public stage, you stand very much in the position of a minor watching the management of his estate, before he has arrived at the age when the law places it in the hands. The present race of public men are trustees for your benefit. They are bound to turn over the estate to you, at a future day, and it is of the last importance, that it should be managed wisely and uprightly.

You possess advantages which were not enjoyed by your predecessors in the same degree. You are more thoroughly educated, and therefore better enabled, at an early age, to enter into and appreciate the merits of our form of Government. To say that we have no doubt of your patriotism would be a matter of supererogation.—It is rarely that a man is found, so entirely a monster as to be without that very common, but not therefore, less estimable virtue. But there is a degree of enlightened love of country among you, which while it is willing to make any sacrifice to promote the prosperity of your native soil, is yet not blind to the faults of those who would rule over it. You present to the world a mass of intelligence, which when meliorated by experience, and properly directed, promises to redeem the waning reputation of Old Virginia.

It is one of the proudest boasts of the Whig Party, that it is enabled to enrol the large majority of your names among its adherents. Prejudice or passion may betray those who have already mingled in political strife; ignorance may lead the unwary, and interest seduce the corrupt—but upon you the operation of all these causes is as nothing. You come fresh from the schools, where you have been calm, but by no means indifferent spectators, of the conflicts which have been raging around you. There is a holy enthusiasm, an uncalculating generosity about youth, that leads it, in the large majority of instances, to embrace the right cause intuitively, and, as it were, by a species of instinct. This, fellow-citizens, is the true reason why we find so many of you arrayed under the Whig banner—this is the impulse that will lead us to victory;—this is the feeling which is to regenerate this "ancient and untrifled com-

monwealth." Enlightened Enthusiasm, spreading from bosom to bosom, like the electric spark, must prove irresistible in its onward course.

Surely, no party ever had more cause to be proud of its principles, than that, to which we, in common with the large majority of you, belong. To revive the prosperity of our country, ground into powder by a long and calamitous system of measures, to restore the reign of the laws, and the accountability of those by whom they are administered—to resume that proud station among the nations of the earth, to which we are entitled, and which was once our own—to prove to the world that however degenerate the example set by a traitor, the whig party taken collectively, feel the degradation, and the shame they have been made to endure—these are the objects, for which, it will be our duty, as it is our pride, to struggle in the approaching contest. A nobler cause never fired the bosom of the patriot. A loftier aim never led the warrior to the field of glory. The very contemplation of the task before you, is enough to send the young blood in sluices of fire through your veins.

It was by men of your age, that Republican France was raised to a pitch of glory, unknown to Rome, in her brightest and palmiest days. The stern warriors of the North, whose iron frames had breasted the storm of battle for the fourth part of a century, were scattered before the fiery enthusiasm and irresistible valor of the boys and young men of France. The "whiskered Pandour and the fierce Hussar," fled before her beardless youth. The enemy, whom it will be your fate to meet, is of a similar character with the last named. Well disciplined—long accustomed to conflicts of this nature, and seldom combating without proving victorious, they come into the field with advantages which we would have you by no means despise. They will not yield without a long and desperate struggle. If you are conquered, you will lose no honor; if you come off victorious, you will acquire imperishable renown. But, with proper exertion, there is no danger of defeat.

The man whom you have chosen to bear your banner in the great contest, is one whose name is calculated to excite enthusiasm in the coldest bosom. Who is there among you, that does not feel his heart warm, at the name of Henry Clay? Known to all the civilized nations of the earth, and revered wherever it is known that name will descend to posterity without a rival, save one, in the long catalogue of those which have conferred honor on our common country. In every situation, under all circumstances, he has proved himself worthy of all that the grateful hearts of his admiring countrymen can bestow. Is a sacrifice to be made for her advantage, who, in these days of selfishness, can be found to make it, but Henry Clay? Do the rulers of the country get her into such a situation, that the wheels of Government are compelled to stop, who can start them again but Henry Clay? Does any crisis arise of such peculiar difficulty that they who hold the helm of State, when the waters are calm, shrink from the danger which yawns around them like a gulf; on whom are all eyes turned for relief? Whom do all men implore to step forward, and grasp the rudder in his iron hand? Henry Clay. He is the great Political Savior, the man whom all men may safely revile in the day of safety, but to whom all eyes turn, as if by instinct, in the hour of danger. His banner is the flag of our Union; the political barum under which we hope to achieve a triumph over corruption and misrule, without a parallel in the history of our country.

Young men of Virginia, you will take a distinguished part in the conflict which is approaching. It is time that you should qualify yourselves to act in this great work of beneficence—Have you a vote? If you have not, let us entreat each and every one of you to get one. Now is the time. Hesitate not a moment. Put not off until tomorrow that which ought to be done to-day. Remember the cause in which you are engaged. Think when, hereafter, you shall hear this great work spoken of, how proud you feel to be able to say, "I too assisted in it."

We would propose to all of you, to unite in forming a Clay Club—both those who have voted and those who have not. You can there discuss matters of public interest, stimulate the weary, and animate the timid. Why should not the work be commenced at once! You can there compare notes, and consult upon the best method of securing votes, at the least cost, to those of you who have none. The eyes of your country are on you. That country hopes much, expects much, and will not be satisfied with a little, from you. Shall she be disappointed? Never as long as a drop of Whig blood is to be found in your veins.

Rich. Whig.

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