

WILMINGTON CHRONICLE.

WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1842.

Whole No. 176

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING.

A. A. BROWN, Editor.

Office on Front St., next South of the Bank of Cape Fear. The price of this paper is three dollars per annum, payable in advance. If not paid within one month after expiration, or after the beginning of a new subscription year, three dollars and fifty cents will be charged, and if not paid until the year expires, four dollars will be charged.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless the Editor may think proper to do so.

Advertisements inserted at one dollar per square of 14 lines, or less, for the first, and twenty-five cents for each succeeding insertion. 25 per cent. will be deducted on an advertising bill when it amounts to thirty dollars in any one year. Yearly standing advertisements will be inserted at \$10 per square.

All legal advertisements charged 25 per cent. higher.

Letters to the Editor, on business connected with his paper, must be post-paid.

Young Ladies' Seminary.

MRS. MAXWELL begs leave to announce her intention of opening a school for young ladies in Wilmington, N. C., on the 15th of September next. Mrs. M. has had many years' experience as a teacher, and will hold herself responsible for the faithful discharge of the various duties of the Institution, the plan of which will embrace all the branches that constitute a refined education.

REFERENCES.

Among her numerous references Mrs. M. deems it sufficient to mention the following: Rev. Dr. M. C. Conkry, Bishop of Michigan; Rev. Dr. Johns, Baltimore; James Buchanan, Esq., British Consul, N. York; Hon. John Telfer, King George county, Va.; Col. Thomas McKenny, Philadelphia, and Rev. R. S. Lanza, Wilmington. Aug. 17, 1842. 170-ff.

MISS HOYT would announce to the inhabitants of Wilmington, that it is her intention to open a SCHOOL

for young ladies on the 1st of October. In addition to an extended course of English instruction, Miss H. will teach French and other languages. Drawing and Music. Particular attention paid to a thorough discharge of the various duties of the Institution during the cold weather. August 24th, 1842. 171-ff.

MUSIC.

MRS. COOKE takes this method of informing the inhabitants of Wilmington, and its vicinity, that she continues to give instructions of the Piano, Guitar, and in Singing, at the house usually occupied by Mr. Barry at present, but at her residence in Market Street after the 10th of October.

Instructions on the ORGAN, by the Quarter or single lesson as required. Mrs. C. purposes resuming the Juvenile Singing Class on the second Saturday afternoon in October. August 31, 1842. 172-3d.

SCHOOL.

Mrs. YOUNG will open a SCHOOL for children on the 1st of October, in the room situated between Dr. Wright's and Mr. Sillier's residence, which has just been prepared for the purpose. August 17. 170-ff.

Boys' School.

THE subscriber would respectfully give notice to parents and others interested, that he intends opening a SCHOOL for BOYS on the 1st of October or earlier. W. W. FELLIS. August 10, 1842. 169-ff.

SCHOOL.

THE subscriber purposes opening a school for boys in Wilmington early in October. All the branches of an English education will be taught, together with the Latin and Greek languages. JOHN B. BROWN, Jr. August 10. 169-ff.

Stores to Rent.

THE four brick fire proof STORES, on Market Street, and the wharf, at present occupied by C. W. Bradley, C. B. Miller, S. Hawley, and Hathaway & Peckham. Enquire of J. A. BRADLEY. August 10. 169-ff.

FOR RENT.

THE new brick HOUSE and STORE beneath on the North West corner of Market and Second street, now occupied by Mr. H. Brackett as a boarding house, and Messrs. J. & J. Dawson as a dry goods store. Possession given on Oct. 1st. A. P. REPITOR. August 10. 169-ff.

TO RENT.

THE large double STORE under the CAROLINA HOTEL. May be occupied on or before the 1st of October next, and will be fitted up in any style required. This will be a very desirable situation for a Fancy business, Dry Goods, Tailoring, or Hat, Shoe and Clothing establishment; apply to J. C. & R. W. WOOD. August 10th, 18. 2. 169-ff.

Stores to Rent.

THE two hand-one Stores in the basement of Masonic Hall, will be ready for occupants on or before the 1st of Oct. next, and will be fitted up and shelved in suit the taste of persons disposed to rent. —ALSO—

NOTICE.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public of Wilmington, that he has lately come from Philadelphia with the intention of commencing the

Tailoring Business.

here, and has rented the store now occupying, opposite the Cape Fear Bank, where he intends to start the 1st of October, and will be happy to attend to all orders in his line. He will turn out work in the neatest and most fashionable manner, at moderate prices. CHARLES BARR. N. B.—He is at present at Jones' Hotel. Aug. 24th, 1842. 171-ff.

We might have been.

BY L. E. L.

We might have been! These are but common words. And at they make the sum of life's howling: They are the echo of the sinner's sigh. Whose music life deplores when unavailing; We might have been!

It is a thought that thunders o'er our youth. When first experience, sad experience, teaches What follies we have believed for truth. And what few truths endeavor ever teaches, We might have been!

Ah! how different from what we are. Had we but known the latter path before us! But feelings, hopes, and fancies, led afar. What in the wide blank world, can e'er restore us? We might have been!

Life is made up of miserable hours. And all of which we craved a brief possessing, For which we wasted wishes, hopes and powers. Comes with some fatal drawback on the blessing. We might have been!

The future never renders the past. The young believe entrusted to its keeping; Then in a sentence (life's first truth, and last) On the pale marble where our dust is sleeping. We might have been!

THE EARLY DEAD.

BY J. MIDDLETON.

How calmly sleep the early dead!

Why should we wish to call them back?

Why wish to see them tread

With us life's dark and thorny track?

'Twas hard to yield them to the grave,

The bright the virtuous, the fair;

'Twas harder still to see them leave

Earth's storms, in misery and despair.

Pure as the tender flowers which shed

Their fragrant odors o'er the sod,

Early their spiritless bodies fled—

To their All-night Maker—God,

A calmer home, a brighter land;

Then this cold world could e'er bestow,

All that them hence—an angel band,

There they rejoice, triumphant now!

How calmly sleep the early dead!

The very breeze that breathes around

Seems sanctified, oh! hilly tread—

'Tis hallow'd by their magic spell in thrall,

I seek not more—I know not more!

'Tis hallow'd by their magic spell in thrall,

My hallow'd by their magic spell in thrall,

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The way to dismiss Ministers.

CASE OF PARSON GERRY.

After the dismissal of Mr. Brush, the Church in Stokesville remained for a great length of time suspended. The excitement had been so furious, and the feelings of the religious portion of the community so exasperated, that there seemed to be an indifference whether the church was ever re-established. But when they found that Mr. Brush was innocent, and that they only were in the wrong, there was a movement immediately manifested to procure another clergyman.

No one was more forward in this work than Mrs. Meeks, Mrs. Dow, Mrs. Brown, and Miss Polly Sly; those evil spirits, who had by their venomous tongues poisoned the congregation. It was resolved that an *Id man* should be procured; one whose stand could not touch one who had been tried in the fiery furnace, one, in fine, whose age should render him invulnerable to all the shafts which might be hurled at him.

After some weeks, Old Parson Gerry was hit upon as the very man of all others to fill the pulpit in Stokesville. He was about sixty years of age, and as venerable in appearance as the pictures of the apostles. His fine head, quiet, piercing eye, wrinkled brow and thin gray hair, gave him a reverend and holy aspect. He was installed, and with a family of ten children, comfortably located in the parish house. He was one of those whose fortune had been, as is too often the case with members of the clerical profession, never to be settled; to be tempest-tossed through the world, without ever finding a port. He had preached in every town. He had never been in one spot long enough to take root; and when he came to Stokesville, with his children swarming around him, he seemed paled out of all spirits; as one indeed, who looked to the grave as the only resting place.

Old Parson Gerry was the town's talk for some months. Every body called upon his family, and every mouth was open in their praise. The old man was extolled as a saint if there was one; his wife was a female Samaritan, and his daughters were all beautiful. "What a good old man Parson Gerry is!" said Mrs. Meeks. "What an amiable wife he has!" rejoined Mrs. Dow. "What lovely daughters!" said Mrs. Brown. "The whole public sentiment had changed. There was a length a delightful calm after the lately terrible storm. Several large parties were given on Parson Gerry's account, and his daughters were hoisted as the spirit of the soil of them all. Presents were made to the family, and it really seemed for some months that it was impossible to do too much for, or exact too highly, of old Parson Gerry and his incomparable family.

Mrs. Meeks, the husband of Mrs. Meeks, was the first man to break in upon the quiet of the church the second time. It so happened that the old parson on one or two occasions, omitted a portion of the service. Mrs. Meeks detected this at once, and was of course amazed dumb with horror. He said he had been brought up a churchman, in the sweetest sense of the word; and it wounded his feelings, and roused his astonishment, to find Parson Gerry guilty of sacrilege! There must be something wrong about him; he was either no churchman, or else his faith in the discipline of the church was sadly. Of course, a flame was soon blown up, which spread wild and wider; but before it had consumed the old gentleman, some friendly hand had extinguished it, harmonized the congregation, and tranquility was restored.

It was soon observed, that in spite of the harmony restored, there was a growing dislike to Parson Gerry and his preaching. The people were about getting tired of him, as the phrase is. His congregation began to drop off, one after another, until scarcely an apology for an audience was left. Every member had his own excuse for not attending church. Some did not like his discourses because they were so long; others disliked them because they were so dry; and many said he did not preach the true orthodox doctrine. There were a thousand objections to him; and each one who had an objection found it an excuse for deserting the church. Until, as we have said, he had scarcely an apology for an audience left.

It was necessary to find some grave charge to justify the removal of Parson Gerry, and the indignity of Stokesville soon framed one. After torturing every act that had ever been committed by the minister of his family, they discovered that Parson Gerry's wife, and daughter were extravagant in their dress; and it would not do to let the congregation to see Christian simplicity so outraged.

This was enough. All the church snapped at the bait. The family of Parson Gerry were so extravagant that they were running themselves head over ears in debt. It would never do; the church would be ruined.

"Oh!" said Miss Polly Sly, running breathless into Mrs. Dow's just for an afternoon's call: "oh Mrs. Dow, have you heard the news?" "Why, what?" exclaimed Mrs. Dow, looking up in astonishment.

"Why! Parson Gerry!—about Parson Gerry!"—He owes every body! exclaimed Polly, holding up both hands with holy horror.

"Why, how you talk!" said Mrs. Dow. "Yes, every body!—every body! He owes Mr. Pope ten dollars for that beautiful satin his daughter Mary wears; and Mr. Shally, for the gown; and Mr. Bradcloth for three new suits; and Mr. Winstead for the Lord knows how many goods! And every body says, Mrs. Dow, that he'll never pay; and they say he owes all the merchants where he came from—Did you ever hear the like?" said Polly. "Did you ever, in all your born days? And they say—"

"But perhaps he means to pay," interrupted Mrs. Dow.

"Pay?" said Polly, not he! He never means to pay. Why that's the way every body says he gets through the world. Folks you know, trust to his honesty because he is a clergyman; and then he runs away and cheats them. Such men as we have to fill our pulpits is really too bad."

"Yes, but don't let us condemn him until we are assured of his guilt," replied Mrs. Dow, trying to pump up a christian spirit of forbearance.

"But don't you believe me?" exclaimed Polly; "every body says he is condemned already." Your husband, Mr. Dow, and Mr. Meeks, and Mr. Brown, and Mr. Jones and two thirds of the

church member, and every body else thinks so. He don't never mean to pay. And there's his girls; I saw them flitting through the streets this very day with their silks and satins, all of which he owes for. And he's got a new sofa, and I dare say he owes the cabinet maker for that; and his wife keeps a hired girl; and pays her a dollar a week. There never was such a man, said Polly Sly, running out of breath, and she sunk back for a moment completely exhausted.

Just as Polly closed, in came Mrs. Meeks. "Didn't call to stay?" said Mrs. Meeks—"Polly heard Mrs. Meeks' voice and up she jumped, caught her by the hand; and was so glad to see her; it was so comfortable to see her's friends; there was so much trouble in the church, it was so vexing to find a person who could revive her spirits."

Mrs. Meeks was out on precisely the same business, to lay down Parson Gerry's extravagance. Mrs. Meeks had been "making calls" for two hours, talking all the time as fast as her tongue could rattle. She was so happy to meet Polly Sly as Polly Sly was to meet her.

"What are we to do with our ministers?" exclaimed Polly to Mrs. Meeks, as soon as she got through welcoming her. "Mrs. Dow and I have been talking about it. I've been telling her all about him; how he owes every body and can't pay; how the church is disgraced, and how every body talks about it—"

"And how," said Mrs. Meeks, suddenly cutting Polly short, heavy demands have been sent out for collection from abroad to Lawyer Brief, who holds them in his hands, but don't want to make trouble."

"Mercy's sake!" roared Polly; "is he going to be sued? Well, I expected it. I told them he owed where he came from. Don't say any more, Mrs. Meeks, I shall go distracted."

"What a man exclaimed Mrs. Dow who just began to enter into the spirit of the occasion."

"Well," said Polly, "I must be going."—And Mrs. Meeks said she "must be going too," and both bidding Mrs. Dow "good morning," talked scolded to the door, and then to the gate, and finally trot off the subject by bidding Mrs. Dow "good morning," and departing.

The next day the storm of scandal raged still higher. Several persons were to be seen talking at the corner of the streets, herating Parson Gerry and his family. Some said that the old man ran away from the last parish where he preached, to avoid the service of civil process from debt; others said that the Bishop had dismissed him for the same cause, and that he was preaching without license. Whenever he had been, the same extravagance is said to have been indulged in. The story was revived which originated with Mrs. Meeks, that heavy demands were sent for collection from abroad to Lawyer Brief; and two or three of the church vestry-men visited the lawyer, to enquire into the matter. Lawyer Brief pronounced the charge false; but no one believed him, for they thought he acted from interested motives; that he was fearful of embarrassing the collection of his debt, by adding fuel to the fire of persecution which was already consuming their victim.

The excitement in Stokesville lasted for some weeks. It was finally resolved that the good old man must be dismissed at once. He had, of course heard of the charges which were in circulation against him; pronounced them untrue, and was willing to submit them to an investigation. He admitted that he was somewhat in debt, but it was necessary alone that had driven him into it. He nevertheless declared himself able to pay all.

He decided that he owed a cent to any one abroad, or that presentations had been commenced against him. But it was of no use. The fact had gone forth. It was determined that Old Parson Gerry should leave the parish forthwith.

A covered wagon was shortly after seen moving out of Stokesville containing the scanty furniture of Parson Gerry. His family was seated in a couple of carriages, which followed behind. They had been absolutely driven out of the place, and driven out, too, by those who were so sensitive in matters of religious duty that they considered themselves doing God service in the course they had pursued. They supposed they had purged the church and cleaned it by the reception of another pastor.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

Life hears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat, at first, glides swiftly down the narrow channel through the playful murrings of the little brook, and windings of its gurgly border. The trees and their blossoms over our young heads; and the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries on, and still our humble hands are empty.

Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry passing before us, we are excited by short-lived success, or depressed and reudered miserably by some equally short-lived disappointment. But our energy and our despondency are both in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs are left behind us; we may be shipwrecked but we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth the river hastens towards its issue, but the roaring of the waves is beneath our keel, and the lands lessen from our eyes, and the flood are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its false honors, and of our further voyage there is no witness but the Infinite and Eternal!

In-pach-m'an.—Are these free stones?" said a jocose steam boat man to a Spanish fruiter in the Place d'Armes.

"See Senor."

The boatman grappled half a dozen and was munching off, when the Spaniard caught and clung to him.

"O, you mean they're dia stones," said the boatman, throwing them down, "then I don't want them."

"Buena," said the Spaniard.

"They're not fit to feed a jockass, I reckon, are they?"

"No Senor!" said the fruiter with a polite smile.—Piscayune.

PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

The most famous monuments of the power and policy of Napoleon Bonaparte, are the artificial roads across the Alps, which connect Savoy with France, and Valais with Italy. The first leads over Mount Cenis, a mountain 5879 feet high, and before it was formed, travellers were obliged to pass over the steepest heights on mules, and with very considerable danger and fatigue. The second road, which is one of the most stupendous works of art, leads over the Simplon, a mountain 10,337 feet in height, from Valais in Switzerland to Piedmont in Italy. Valais is a territory composed of the valley of the Rhone, situated in the midst of precipitous mountains, glaciers, rocks and torrents. The population of this wild country amounted, in 1811, to 65,533. Sion is its capital. Napoleon having formed the project of making a highway into Italy, which should traverse their country from end to end, was naturally desirous of obtaining the consent of the inhabitants. Diplomacy, however, was vain; the people were too simple to understand the logic of the cabinet. It was arranged, therefore, by a decree, that Valais should cease to be Valais, and should become a portion of France, under the name of the Department of the Simplon; and this decree was carried into effect at the point of the sword. The manner in which the first military body penetrated the passes of the mountains, in order to establish the possibility of having a regular communication by way of the Simplon, is among the most interesting passages in the life of Napoleon. In May, 1800, Gen. Balthazard set out at the head of fourteen hundred men, with eight pieces of cannon to seek his new route over the Alps, with a view to an attack upon the Austrian forces in Italy. The difficulties encountered were such as would have terrified any army but that of the French Republic.

At one place in the midst of the mountains, they found that the rude bridges, over which they expected to pass, had been swept away by an avalanche. The chain was sixty feet broad, with perpendicular sides; and a torrent roaring at the bottom; and Gen. Balthazard only remarked to the men that they were ordered to cross, and cross they must. A volunteer speedily presented himself, who, clinging to the bottom of the precipice, eyed deliberately the gloomy gulf before him. In vain

"The angry spirit of the water shrieked; for the veteran—a mountaineer, perhaps, himself—saw that the foundations of the bridge, which were nothing more than holes in the bed of the torrent to receive the extremities of the poles which had supported a transverse pole above, were soft, and not many feet from the surface. He called to his companions to fasten the end of the cord to the precipice above, and fling the rest of the cord to him. With this burden on his shoulders, he then stepped boldly but cautiously into the water, fixing his legs in the foundation holes of the bridge.

As he sank deeper and deeper in his progress through the roaring stream, bending up against the current, and seemed to grapple with it as with an insupportable enemy, it may be imagined that the spectacle was viewed with intense interest by his own comrades above. Some times the holes were far apart, and in walking from one to the other, it seemed a miracle that he was not swept away; sometimes they were too shallow to afford sufficient purchase; and as he stood swaying and tottering for a moment, a snottier cry burst from the throats of the spectators—converted into a shout of triumph and applause, as he suddenly sprang forward another step, plunging his leg into a deeper crevice, and remained steady. Sometimes the holes were too deep—a still more imminent danger; and once or twice there was nothing of the adventurer visible above the surface but his arms and head, his wild eyes glaring like those of a water demon amidst the spray, and his teeth seemed firmly clenched to the dripping and disordered machinery. The wind in the mean time, increased every moment; and as it swept the morning chasms, whenever it struck the river, the black waters rose with a hurst and shriek.

The spirit of human daring at last conquered, and the soldier stood panting on the opposite precipice. The rope, stretched across the chasm, and fastened at either end, was as good as a Waterloo bridge to the gallant Frenchman. General Balthazard himself was the first to follow the volunteer, and after him a thousand men—knapsacks, arms and accoutrements—swung themselves one by one across the abyss, a slender cord their only support, and an Alpine torrent their only foe.

The dogs of the division, amounting to five, with a hignism less ferocious, but not less admirable, next tried. They had wanted the last man had crossed—for a soldier's dog belongs to the regiment—and then, with a quick moaning spring simultaneously into the gulf. Two only reached the opposite cliffs—the other three were swept away by the torrent. These gallant beasts were seen for several minutes struggling among the surge, they reeled unperceptibly, and then sank at once into an eddy that whirled them out of sight. Two died in silence; but a wild and stifled yell told the despair of the third. The adventurers—at the foot of an almost perpendicular mountain, which it was necessary to cross before nightfall—had little time to grieve for their faithful friends.

With the assistance of their bayonets, which they inserted, while climbing, in the interstices of the rock, to serve as a support, they reconquered their perilous ascent; but even after a considerable time had elapsed, they often turned their heads, as some sound from the dark region below reached them, and looked down with a vague hope into the gulf.

The terror of the Austrian troops may be conceived when they saw a thousand men rushing down upon them from the Alps, by passes which nature herself had fortified with seemingly inaccessible ramparts! The expedition was completely successful, both as regarded its immediate and ulterior purpose; and, indeed, with all the disadvantages attending the opening of a new and hazardous route, the column reached the point of rendezvous several days before that of Gen. Momey, which had debouched by the pass of St. Bernard. The famous battle of Marengo took place immediately after, and the construction of the military road of the Simplon was decreed.

The road of the Simplon was constructed between 1801 and 1806, and is the only one from Switzerland over the Alps, possible by wheel carriages. It is about thirty-six miles long, and twenty-five feet wide throughout. Nothing can exceed the grandeur of the scenery through which it passes, crosses ravines, escarpments, and descends as it will when it can neither cross nor wind round a precipice, it penetrates the rocky mountains, and is then carried through the solid mountains. Some of these passages are galleries, and they are called, are several hundred paces in length, and are lighted by openings. From them you step into lovely valleys, adorned with cottages, and see above them dark forests of pine, glaciers and peaks covered with snow shining in the blue sky. There are six of these galleries and eight principal bridges, with some hundreds of smaller size. There are also huge embankments of walls and earth, filling up hollows and forming terraces along the face of the ascent. The number of workmen occupied in forming the road; in all its parts, day and night, for four years, was from four to six thousand, and it is mentioned that they blasted one hundred and fifty-nine thousand eight hundred cubic metres of rock. A metre is about 40 cubic inches. The expense of the whole route was, in sterling money, no more than £690,000, which was defrayed in nearly equal portions by the French and Italian governments. It is by this famous route that most of the tourists from France and Switzerland, now proceed into Italy, and is spoken of in glowing terms by various writers of travels.