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**TERMS.**  
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not to reduce their yearly bill below \$10.

OFFICE on the South side of Market Street, be-  
low the Court House.

## NOTRE DAME.

Victor Hugo's Tale of the Ancient Re-  
gime, under this name, has been translated  
and republished in London. A re-  
viewer who supplies us with the means  
of presenting a sample of the work, in so  
doing makes strong objections to the tone  
of moral sentiment displayed in the com-  
position. We are unable to judge of it  
ourselves in this particular. Our quota-  
tion only exhibits the imaginative and de-  
scriptive powers of the author. The  
scene depicted is of a kind too familiar  
to those who have known any thing of  
the courts of the Inquisition.

"After ascending and descending several  
flights of steps, as they proceeded  
through passages so gloomy, that they  
were lighted with lamps at mid-day. La  
Esmeralda, still surrounded by her lugubrious  
attendants, was pushed forward by the  
sergeant of the Palais into a dismal  
chamber. This chamber, of a circular  
form, occupied the ground floor of one of  
those large towers which still in our day  
appear through the layer of recent ed-  
ifices with which modern Paris has  
covered the ancient one.—There was no  
windows in this vault; no other opening  
than the low overhanging entrance of an  
enormous iron door. Still it did not want  
for light; a furnace was contrived in the  
thickness of the wall; a large fire was  
lighted in it, which filled the vault with  
its crimson reflection, and stripped of ev-  
ery ray a miserable gradle placed in the  
corner. The sort of portcullis which was  
used to enclose the furnace, being raised  
at the moment, only gave, to view at the  
mouth of the flaming edifice, which glared  
upon the dark wall, the lower extremity  
of its bars, like a row of black sharp  
teeth, set at regular distances, which gave  
the appearance of one of those dragons'  
mouths which vomit forth flames in  
ancient legends. By the light which  
issued from it, the prisoner saw all around  
the chamber frightful instruments, of  
which she did not understand the use. In  
the middle lay a mattress of leather almost  
touching the ground, over which hung a  
leather strap with a buckle, attached to  
a copper ring held in the teeth of a flat  
holed monster, carved in the key-stone of  
the vault. Pincers, nippers, large plough  
shares, were heaped inside the furnace,  
and were heating red-hot, promiscuously  
upon the burning coals. The sanguine  
glow of the furnace only served to light  
up throughout the chamber an assemblage  
of horrible things. This Tartarus was  
called simply *la chambre de la question*.  
Upon the bed was seated unconcernedly  
Pierrot Terreur, the sworn Torturer.—  
His assistants—two square-faced gnomes,  
with leather aprons and tarpaulin coats  
—were turning about the irons on the  
coals. In vain had the poor girl called  
up all her courage; on entering the room  
she was seized with horror. The ser-  
geant of the baillif of the Palais was rang-  
ed on one side; the priests of the officia-  
lity on the other. A registrar, a table,  
and writing materials were in one corner.  
Maitre Jacques Charmolue approached the  
gipsy girl with a very soft smile. "My  
dear child," said he, "you persist, then,  
in denying every thing?" "Yes," an-  
swered she, in a dying voice. "In that  
case," resumed Charmolue, "it will be our  
painful duty to question you more ur-  
gently than we should otherwise wish.  
Have the goodness to sit down on that  
bed. Maitre Pierrot, make room for ma-  
demoiselle, and shut the door." Pierrot  
rose with a growl, "If I shut the door,"  
muttered he, "my fire will go out." "Well  
then, my good fellow," replied Char-  
molue, "leave it open." Meanwhile, La  
Esmeralda remained standing. That bed  
of leather, upon which so many poor  
wretches had writhed, scared her. Ter-  
ror froze her very marrow; there she  
stood, bewildered and stupefied. At a  
sign from Charmolue, the two assistants  
took her and seated her on the bed.—  
They did not hurt her; but when those  
men touched her—when that leather  
touched her—she felt all the blood flow  
back to her heart. She cast a wandering  
look around the room. She fancied she  
saw moving and walking on all sides to-  
wards her, to crawl upon her body to  
pinch and bite her, all those monstrous  
implements of torture, which were, to the  
instruments of all kinds that she had hith-  
erto seen, what bats, centipedes, and spi-  
ders, are to birds and insects. "Where  
is the physician?" asked Charmolue.—  
"Here," answered a black gown that she  
had not observed before. She shuddered.  
"Mademoiselle," resumed the fawning  
voice of the attorney of the ecclesiastical  
court, "for the third time, do you persist  
in denying the facts of which you are  
accused?" This time she could only bend

her head in token of assent—her voice  
failed her. "You persist then?" said Ja-  
ques Charmolue. "Then I'm extremely  
sorry, but I must fulfil the duty of my  
office." "Monsieur the king's attorney,"  
said Pierrot gruffly, "what shall we begin  
with?" Charmolue hesitated a moment,  
with the ambiguous grimace of a poet  
seeking a rhyme. "With the brodequin,"  
said he at last. The unhappy creature  
felt herself so completely abandoned of  
God and man, that her head fell on her  
chest like a thing inert, which has no  
power within itself. The torturer and  
the physician approached her both at  
once. The two assistants began rumma-  
ging in their hideous armory. At the  
sound of those frightful irons the unfor-  
tunate girl started convulsively. "Oh!"  
murmured she, so low that no one  
heard her. "Oh! my Phœbus!" She  
then sank again into her previous insen-  
sibility and petrified silence. The spec-  
tacle would have torn any heart but the  
hearts of judges. She resembled a poor  
sinful soul interrogated by Satan at the  
crimson wicket of hell. The miserable  
body about which was to cling that  
frightful swarm of saws, wheels and che-  
valets—the being about to be handled so  
roughly by those grim executioners—  
torturing pincers—was, then, that  
fair and fragile creature—a poor gipsy  
millet, which human justice was about  
to ground by the horrid millstone of  
torture. Meanwhile the callous  
Pierrot Terreur's assistants  
stripped that charming leg, the  
which had so often astonished  
by with their grace and  
streets of Paris. "It's a  
the torturer, as he remem-  
and delicacy of their form  
deacon had been present  
would have remembered  
his symbol of the spider and  
the unhappy girl saw  
the mist which was over  
eyes the *brodequin* or wooden  
she saw her foot, encased  
iron band boards, disapp-  
terrible apparatus. Then  
her strength. "Take that  
angrily, starting up all  
herself at the feet of the  
but her leg was caught  
block of oak and iron work  
upon the brodequin more  
with a heavy weight  
At a sign from Charmolue  
teed round her small  
strap which hung from  
"For the last time, do  
his imperturbable  
selle," was the an-  
selle, how do you  
saigneur! I  
then?" "All  
to Pierrot. "The  
the brodequin tight-  
girl ut red up  
which are without  
human tongue." "S  
to Pierrot. "Do you  
the gipsy girl. "All  
I confess!—Mercy—  
She had not calculated  
in bracing the torture. P  
life hitherto had been  
so sweet—the first pang  
pain had overcome her  
me to tell you, observ  
attorney, that in confess  
to look for death?" I  
she. And she fell back  
dying, but double, le  
hang by the strap buck  
waist. "Come, come, m  
a bit," said Maitre P  
"You look like the gol  
about Monsieur of Bur  
Jacques Charmolue rais  
Registrar, write down—  
grip, write down—You  
girl, you confess your  
the low feasts, sabbath  
with wicked spirits, w  
"I answer," "Yes," s  
that the word was lost  
You confess having sou  
Bezeb causes to appear  
assemble the sabbath and  
seen by sorcerers?" "Ye  
having adored the heads  
those abominable idols  
"Yes." "Having held  
with the devil under the  
she-goat included in the  
"Yes." "Lastly, you  
having, with the assist  
and the phantom comm  
the spectre monk, on  
murdered and assassina  
named Phœbus de Chate  
her large fixed eyes to  
magistrates, and answer  
last three or four seasons  
several acquaintance, w  
tinned excellent even  
of the cholera banished  
fruits and vegetables  
from most tables.

Could the Abolitionists propose any  
mode by which emancipation could be  
attained, which should be reasonable, fa-  
vorable and consistent with the constitu-  
tion of the planters, we would be at-  
tending the first and foremost to promote it.  
A large amount of such a glorious consum-  
ption. But in the very outset, they  
great obstacles which cannot be surmount-  
ed. *Slaves are recognized as property,*  
legally owned and held by their masters,  
by the Supreme law of the land; and  
that right cannot be taken from them,  
without trampling the Constitution in the  
dust.

Possessing this right—this highest and  
most sacred of all earthly guaranties—  
and believing that its relinquishment, and  
a compliance with the requirements of  
the northern Emancipator, would involve  
themselves in utter ruin, and their slaves  
in misery before unknown to them—they  
conceive it to be their clear right, their  
interest, and their duty to their slaves, to  
maintain them in their present condition, till  
they see fit, voluntarily, to adopt such  
steps as time, experience, and circumstan-  
ces may point out as the best one, to change

the condition of the slaves to be apprehended  
by the promulgation of the ultra doc-  
trines of the abolitionists among their  
brethren—and are that a general and com-  
prehensive of them in the free states  
of the South, and among the slaves  
of the South, they have good reason  
to be alarmed. Information, insurrection, and  
the shedding of blood will be excited and  
the property wrenched from them  
by the hand of violence, and their lives  
despoiled of the abstract theories and de-  
votional officiousness of their northern  
brethren. Hence they are extremely sen-  
sitive and jealous in relation to this sub-  
ject. The least movement or lowest whis-  
per at the north touching the question of  
abolition, ignites the entire south; and  
as fast as the agitation may increase here,  
will the exasperation of the slave-holders  
rise. In this state of the case, it must be  
apparent to all, that the exertions of the  
abolitionists, however well they may be  
founded upon abstract principles, can ac-  
complish nothing towards the accomplishment  
of their object; but only widen the sec-  
tarian breach, and make the feelings of the  
people in the southern states, more and  
more embittered and intense.—For this  
reason, it is hoped that the peaceful and  
considerate of the citizens of Vermont,  
will abstain from all participation in the  
coming meeting of the Anti-Slavery So-  
ciety, and show to their southern brethren  
that they have no wish to interfere in their  
domestic concerns—no inclination to med-  
dle with rights, secured to them by the  
Constitution of the country.

## FROM THE VERMONT REPUBLICAN & COURIER.

**THE ABOLITIONISTS.**  
Since the leaders of the Abolitionists  
in Vermont, have seen fit to call another  
State Convention of their friends, in order  
to give new momentum to the cause—in-  
asmuch as they manifest a determination  
to interfere in a matter which they have  
no right to touch—and as the furtherance  
of their views tends directly to the infec-  
tion of society, the diffusion of disorganiz-  
ing notions, and disunion—is it not the  
duty of the friends of good order and con-  
stitutional rights to exert their influence  
to check and restrain the mania—to per-  
suade their fellow citizens that a general  
agitation of the slave question in the free  
states, can have no other possible effect  
than to excite the jealousy of the Southern  
slave holders, already aroused to a fearful  
degree, by the radical propositions and  
doctrines of indiscreet enthusiasts—  
strengthen the chains and perpetuate the  
bondage of the blacks—and create an ir-  
reconcilable animosity of the south against  
the north?

FROM THE BOSTON MEDICAL JOURNAL.  
**Chronic Rheumatism.**—We are not  
ready to add to the number of remedies  
which have been prescribed for this pain-  
ful disease, without a certainty that such  
addition will be valuable in practice. This  
remedy it is the object of this article to  
bring before the profession. It is a  
mixture of equal parts of the balsam of  
sulphur and spirit of turpentine. Six  
drops of this mixture may be given morn-  
ing and evening, and the dose increased  
two drops a day until it produces strangu-  
ry, when the dose should be diminished  
a little and continued until the disease is  
removed. We have been recently in-  
formed of the good effects of this mixture  
in a great number of instances, and one  
very remarkable case has fallen within  
our notice, in which the disease in its  
worst form vanished before it in a few  
weeks, although the patient had been  
long using without advantage, the usual  
and other most powerful remedies for this  
troublesome and painful malady.

## FROM THE GENESSEE FARMER.

**THE TOMATO.**—Few vegetables of equal  
value are so little known throughout  
this country. None are more easily raised  
—none better repay the cultivator.

The Tomato, or love apple, is a luxury  
in common use through the south of Euro-  
pe. In France and Italy, particularly,  
it is largely employed in culinary prepara-  
tions. Either raw or stewed—in soups  
or fricassees—for gravy or catsup—as  
well as for pickles and sweetmeats—its u-  
tility is such, that it would not readily be  
dispensed with by those who have given  
it a fair trial in these various ways.

The experience of several years ena-  
bles me to recommend the Tomato to all  
who desire in their garden the acquisi-  
tion of a cheap luxury.

For salubrity, none can surpass it. It  
has been constantly used, in various  
forms, at almost every meal during the  
last three or four seasons, by myself and  
several acquaintance, whose health con-  
tinued excellent even when the prevalence  
of the cholera banished fruits and vegeta-  
bles from most tables.

Should any who are now unacquainted  
with the Tomato, make the experiment of  
raising a supply, they may add to the  
simple luxuries of the table by adopting  
these directions for making

## FROM THE BOSTON MEDICAL JOURNAL.

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long using without advantage, the usual  
and other most powerful remedies for this  
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**AN EXPENSIVE NAME.**—Mr. Prince a  
respectable citizen of Boston, was recent-  
ly journeying on the continent of Europe.  
Before visiting Germany, as is custom-  
ary among tourists, he provided himself  
with a passport in which his name and re-  
sidence were duly inscribed, James Prince,  
of Boston, and set out in plain unpretend-  
ing style, to accompany an American gen-  
tleman who was with him. At the first  
town where the travellers stopped they  
were received in stately form, by a guard  
of honor and with a grand salute, for  
which they were presented with a bill  
of an hundred florins. At a second  
and third town they were received in the  
same style of costly magnificence. The  
two Americans finding that at the rate  
things were going on their cash would  
be exhausted before they arrived at the  
centre of the first circle, enquired of the  
host if private gentlemen like themselves  
could not pass through German towns  
without so much ostentation and expense.  
The host informed them that they could  
if they pleased, travel incog., but then said  
he, "it will be necessary for his Highness  
to take his title out of the passports."—  
This at once explained the whole matter,  
and Mr. Prince having caused the proper  
correction to be made, went through the  
remainder of his tour without being an-  
noyed with any further regal honors.

**REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.**—There is  
a man now living in the city of Philadel-  
phia, who when a boy, at the commence-  
ment of the Revolution, entered the Amer-  
ican Navy under the famous Captain  
Paul Jones, and was one of the first sail-  
ors the United States ever had.

In the course of the war he was taken  
prisoner by the British, and placed on  
board the terrible "Jersey Prison Ship."  
Such was the state of this ship that many  
of the prisoners died of disease and suf-  
fering.

When it came to this boy's turn to be  
discharged, he put an American officer in-  
to his chest, and with the assistance of a  
comrade carried him safely on shore, in  
open day, while the guard was on deck,  
and the British officer on duty—had he  
been detected in this act had this daring  
exploit miscarried, it is probable he would  
have been hung at the yard arm. This  
was a rare instance of courage, patriotism,  
and humanity. Such a man is an honor  
to our City; but now the danger is over,  
and the state has had the benefit of his  
services, Mordecai is forgotten.

## THE NOBLENESS OF HUMILITY.

On the day of Charlotte county election,  
in 1799, as soon as Patrick Henry ap-  
peared on the ground, says Mr. Witt, he  
was surrounded by the admiring crowd,  
and wheresoever he moved, the concourse  
followed him. A preacher of the Baptist  
Church, whose piety was wounded by  
this homage paid to a mortal, asked the  
people aloud, "Why then followed  
Mr. Henry about?" "Mr. Henry,"  
said he, "is not a God!" "No," said Mr.  
Henry, deeply affected both by the scene  
and the remark, "no, indeed, my friend,  
I am but a poor worm of the dust—no fleet-  
ing and unsubstantial as the shadow of  
the cloud that flies over your field, and is  
remembered no more." The tone with  
which this was uttered, and the look  
which accompanied it, affected every  
heart and silenced every voice. Envy  
and opposition were disarmed by his hu-  
mility; the recollection of his past serv-  
ices rushed upon every memory, and he  
"read his history," in their swimming  
eyes.—West. Meib.

**ANECDOTE.**—A short time after the  
peace of '83, a company of refugees were  
assembled at a tavern not far from the line  
between this State and New Brunswick.  
Here they amused each other for hours,  
in recounting their exploits of tory mem-  
ory. One had been with Arnold, at the  
burning of New London, and assisted in  
the slaughter of Fort Griswold; another  
had assisted in burning Falmouth; and  
another aided in the slaughter at Wyoming,  
&c. &c. While they were thus amusing  
each other with their tales of shame, a  
British Colonel was a silent spectator of  
the scene. He was walking back and  
forth in the room, with a thoughtful coun-  
tenance. At length they addressed him,  
and inquired why he was so serious—  
whether he was unwell, that he did not  
seem to partake of the good feeling of the  
evening. He informed them that he was  
well, but that he had a dream last night  
which troubled him, and prevented his u-  
sual tone of cheerfulness. They insisted  
that the Colonel should relate his dream.  
He then proceeded to inform them, that  
in his dream he saw King George and  
General Washington together, and about  
settling the affairs of the Revolution.—  
They proceeded very amicably for some  
time. At length the King said to the Gen-  
eral "You are welcome to the refugees."  
"No," said Washington, "I'll have  
nothing to do with them; they are your  
Majesty's property." After considerable al-  
tercation on the subject, on turning around,  
they perceived that his Satanic Majesty  
had taken his station behind them. At  
once it was proposed that the refugees  
should be given up to him. But what  
was their surprise when even he refused  
to accept them. He finally consented,  
however, that if they would settle the re-  
fugees near the line of their respective  
territories, he would take the superinten-  
dence of them. The dream silenced the  
tories; and it was long before that bar-  
room was again entertained with the tales  
of refugees.—Eastport Sentinel.

## FROM THE DUBLIN OBSERVER (MS.) DESTROYED.

**TEXAS.**

**Mr. Editor.**—In compliance with your  
request—and that of others, I now avail  
myself of the columns of your paper, to  
lay before the public the notes I made a  
short time since, when in that part of Mex-  
ico known by the name of Texas. I will  
content myself with giving a minute de-  
scription of the country, and let those in-  
terested draw such inferences in relation  
to the advantages and disadvantages of  
the country as they may think proper.  
It is known that the line between the  
United States of America, and the Mexi-  
can United States, as yet, has not been definitively  
settled; but that the Sabine River is re-  
cognized as the line to near Latitude 32;  
from thence due North to Red River, then  
up said River, which runs a W N W  
course to about Longitude 23 West, from  
Washington City. The Sabine River at  
Gaine's Ferry, on the road from Natchi-  
toches to Nacogdoches, is about 150 yards  
wide, and is represented as being navigable  
for small Steamers and Keel Boats for  
three or four months in the year; it empties  
into Sabine Lake in about Lat. 29  
deg. 50. The Sabine inlet has 4 or 5  
feet water. It is said that there is a con-  
siderable quantity of good land upon the  
river, subject to "occasional overflows."  
The land from the Ferris point for  
about 8 miles—Long Leaf Pine, until you  
come to Pologatchie Creek. Immediately  
after crossing the creek, the land be-  
comes more elevated, and what is correct-  
ly called the "Red Lands" commences,  
which continue to the Atoyac River, in-  
cluding Avish Bayou. These lands are  
of a much deeper red than the Red River  
lands. This section of the country is high,  
well timbered, and abounds in numerous  
springs of the purest and best free-stone  
water. The Avish Bayou settlement is  
the most densely populated part of Texas,  
and will at once inspire the fullest confi-  
dence in its health.—There is a new town  
laid out upon the A. R. about 28 miles  
from the Sabine, called St. Augustine.—  
It is constituted into a "Municipality,"  
and the Seat of Justice. This town has  
30 or 60 frame houses, a population of 3  
or 400, and 4 or 5 respectable stores. It  
is situated near the north line of Zavalla's  
Grant. The Atoyac empties into the  
Angellina at the junction of the Angellina  
Rio Naches, (Snow River.) There is a  
new town laid off here, called Zavalla.  
The Rio Naches discharges itself into  
Sabine Lake, and is navigable at all seasons  
for such vessels as can pass the "Sa-  
bine Inlet." There was a vessel, at the  
town of Zavalla in September last. The  
country from the Atoyac to the Naches,  
is high, well timbered, and an abundance  
of water. A safe and moderate calcula-  
tion as to the products, are from 10 to  
1500 lbs. Seed Cotton, and from 30 to  
40 bushels of Corn, per acre. The whole  
of the country, from the Sabine to the San  
Jacinto, has been granted to several indi-  
viduals, the most of which grants or con-  
tracts will expire in Dec. 1835. There is  
at this time an Emprario and office at  
Nacogdoches. The office has been re-  
cently opened. Zavalla's, Burness and  
Vehelia's Grants have been purchased by  
what is called the "N. York Company."  
Nacogdoches is an old Spanish town, con-  
taining about 300 inhabitants, principally  
Mexicans. It is 77 miles from the Sabi-  
ne River. This country is inviting, and by  
many esteemed the most desirable part of  
Texas. Its contiguity to the U. States,  
good water and acknowledged health,  
productiveness of the soil, and tolerable  
convenient navigation, guarantee its rapid  
settlement. The lands on the road be-  
tween the Naches and the Rio Trinidad,  
(Trinity) are very poor, and but indiffer-  
ently watered. Upon the Trinity there is  
a considerable portion of first rate land,  
subject however, in many places to over-  
flow. The Trinity empties into the N. E.  
corner of Galveston Bay, in about latitude  
29 deg. 50, and is navigable, 350 or 400  
miles two thirds of the year for Steam and  
Keel Boats. There is a town at the mouth  
of the Trinity, called Anahuaca. The In-  
let between Point Bolivar and Galveston  
Island, called "Galveston Inlet," is from  
12 to 18 feet of water. From the Trinity  
to the Rio Brazos, opposite San Felipe de  
Austin, the road passes through large and  
extensive prairies, most of which are poor  
interspersed with "skirts and points of  
timber." So soon as you enter the prairie  
west of the Trinity, you come within  
the immediate influence of the "sea breeze."  
Some of the prairies are high and elevated,  
with numerous points of timber—beauti-  
ful situations for settlements.—Here the  
number and superiority of the cattle sur-  
passes any I have seen. As you approach  
the Brazos, the prairies become richer and  
run up to the "Brazos bottoms." The  
Brazos bottoms are from 1 to 4 miles wide  
on each side, tolerably timbered, and as  
rich as the cupidity of man can desire.—  
The soil is alluvial, from 10 to 20 feet  
deep. San Felipe de Austin is situated on  
the west side of the Brazos. It is the  
residence of Stephen F. Austin, the Emprario,  
the location of the Land Office, and  
the place of holding the Superior Courts,  
as also the Courts for the Municipality of  
Austin. Brazos de Dios empties im-  
mediately into the Gulf of Mexico, in about  
lat. 28 deg. 56. It is from 150 to 200  
yards wide; varying but little in its width  
from San Felipe, to its mouth. There is  
a town on the east side of the Brazos,  
its junction with the Gulf of Mexico, called  
the river and gulf, called

quor as pure as possible. It should be  
bottled, and kept in a cool place. After  
it has stood a short time, should any sedi-  
ment be discovered in the bottles, (and in  
order to know with certainty, clear glass  
bottles would be the best for this use,) the  
liquor should be poured off into other bot-  
tles. In this way, catsup of excellent  
quality—preferable, in my judgment, to  
that from Mushrooms, and clear as choice  
Madeira—can be readily made, in great  
quantity and with less trouble than in  
the common way.

**BREAD PANCAKES.**  
Seven eggs.  
A quart of milk.  
Grate stale bread, sufficient to make  
a thick batter.

Grate some stale bread. Beat seven  
eggs very light, and stir them by degrees  
into a quart of rich milk, alternately with  
the grated bread, a little at a time of each.  
Put in enough of the bread to make a  
thick batter. Bake it on a grid-iron al-  
lowing a ladleful for each cake. Butter  
them while hot, and strew over them  
powdered white sugar, and powdered cin-  
namon.

Pancakes made with grated bread are  
much lighter and more wholesome than  
those made with flour.

Waffles are also very fine when made  
with grated bread instead of flour.

**Intemperance & Crime.**—Never were  
the ruinous effects of intemperance exhib-  
ited in more frightful colors than during  
a recent session of the criminal Court of  
Washington County. Four wretched in-  
dividuals were arraigned at the bar for  
murder—tried, found guilty of murder in  
the 2d degree, and sentenced to solitary  
confinement in the Western Penitentiary  
for the period of six years each. In two  
of the cases it was made apparent from  
the testimony, that the culprits were labor-  
ing under the effects of ardent spirits at  
the time they committed the dreadful of-  
fence.—Philadelphia Eng.

**THE NOBLENESS OF HUMILITY.**  
On the day of Charlotte county election,  
in 1799, as soon as Patrick Henry ap-  
peared on the ground, says Mr. Witt, he  
was surrounded by the admiring crowd,  
and wheresoever he moved, the concourse  
followed him. A preacher of the Baptist  
Church, whose piety was wounded by  
this homage paid to a mortal, asked the  
people aloud, "Why then followed  
Mr. Henry about?" "Mr. Henry,"  
said he, "is not a God!" "No," said Mr.  
Henry, deeply affected both by the scene  
and the remark, "no, indeed, my friend,  
I am but a poor worm of the dust—no fleet-  
ing and unsubstantial as the shadow of  
the cloud that flies over your field, and is  
remembered no more." The tone with  
which this was uttered, and the look  
which accompanied it, affected every  
heart and silenced every voice. Envy  
and opposition were disarmed by his hu-  
mility; the recollection of his past serv-  
ices rushed upon every memory, and he  
"read his history," in their swimming  
eyes.—West. Meib.

## FROM THE DUBLIN OBSERVER (MS.) DESTROYED.

**TEXAS.**

**Mr. Editor.**—In compliance with your  
request—and that of others, I now avail  
myself of the columns of your paper, to  
lay before the public the notes I made a  
short time since, when in that part of Mex-  
ico known by the name of Texas. I will  
content myself with giving a minute de-  
scription of the country, and let those in-  
terested draw such inferences in relation  
to the advantages and disadvantages of  
the country as they may think proper.  
It is known that the line between the  
United States of America, and the Mexi-  
can United States, as yet, has not been definitively  
settled; but that the Sabine River is re-  
cognized as the line to near Latitude 32;  
from thence due North to Red River, then  
up said River, which runs a W N W  
course to about Longitude 23 West, from  
Washington City. The Sabine River at  
Gaine's Ferry, on the road from Natchi-  
toches to Nacogdoches, is about 150 yards  
wide, and is represented as being navigable  
for small Steamers and Keel Boats for  
three or four months in the year; it empties  
into Sabine Lake in about Lat. 29  
deg. 50. The Sabine inlet has 4 or 5  
feet water. It is said that there is a con-  
siderable quantity of good land upon the  
river, subject to "occasional overflows."  
The land from the Ferris point for  
about 8 miles—Long Leaf Pine, until you  
come to Pologatchie Creek. Immediately  
after crossing the creek, the land be-  
comes more elevated, and what is correct-  
ly called the "Red Lands" commences,  
which continue to the Atoyac River, in-  
cluding Avish Bayou. These lands are  
of a much deeper red than the Red River  
lands. This section of the country is high,  
well timbered, and abounds in numerous  
springs of the purest and best free-stone  
water. The Avish Bayou settlement is  
the most densely populated part of Texas,  
and will at once inspire the fullest confi-  
dence in its health.—There is a new town  
laid out upon the A. R. about 28 miles  
from the Sabine, called St. Augustine.—  
It is constituted into a "Municipality,"  
and the Seat of Justice. This town has  
30 or 60 frame houses, a population of 3  
or 400, and 4 or 5 respectable stores. It  
is situated near the north line of Zavalla's  
Grant. The Atoyac empties into the  
Angellina at the junction of the Angellina  
Rio Naches, (Snow River.) There is a  
new town laid off here, called Zavalla.  
The Rio Naches discharges itself into  
Sabine Lake, and is navigable at all seasons  
for such vessels as can pass the "Sa-  
bine Inlet." There was a vessel, at the  
town of Zavalla in September last. The  
country from the Atoyac to the Naches,  
is high, well timbered, and an abundance  
of water. A safe and moderate calcula-  
tion as to the products, are from 10 to  
1500 lbs. Seed Cotton, and from 30 to  
40 bushels of Corn, per acre. The whole  
of the country, from the Sabine to the San  
Jacinto, has been granted to several indi-  
viduals, the most of which grants or con-  
tracts will expire in Dec. 1835. There is  
at this time an Emprario and office at  
Nacogdoches. The office has been re-  
cently opened. Zavalla's, Burness and  
Vehelia's Grants have been purchased by  
what is called the "N. York Company."  
Nacogdoches is an old Spanish town, con-  
taining about 300 inhabitants, principally  
Mexicans. It is 77 miles from the Sabi-  
ne River. This country is inviting, and by  
many esteemed the most desirable part of  
Texas. Its contiguity to the U. States,  
good water and acknowledged health,  
productiveness of the soil, and tolerable  
convenient navigation, guarantee its rapid  
settlement. The lands on the road be-  
tween the Naches and the Rio Trinidad,  
(Trinity) are very poor, and but indiffer-  
ently watered. Upon the Trinity there is  
a considerable portion of first rate land,  
subject however, in many places to over-  
flow. The Trinity empties into the N. E.  
corner of Galveston Bay, in about latitude  
29 deg. 50, and is navigable, 350 or 400  
miles two thirds of the year for Steam and  
Keel Boats. There is a town at the mouth  
of the Trinity, called Anahuaca. The In-  
let between Point Bolivar and Galveston  
Island, called "Galveston Inlet," is from  
12 to 18 feet of water. From the Trinity  
to the Rio Brazos, opposite San Felipe de  
Austin, the road passes through large and  
extensive prairies, most of which are poor  
interspersed with "skirts and points of  
timber." So soon as you enter the prairie  
west of the Trinity, you come within  
the immediate influence of the "sea breeze."  
Some of the prairies are high and elevated,  
with numerous points of timber—beauti-  
ful situations for settlements.—Here the  
number and superiority of the cattle sur-  
passes any I have seen. As you approach  
the Brazos, the prairies become richer and  
run up to the "Brazos bottoms." The  
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