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DAVID OUTLAW, Editors.
THOS. J. LEMAY, 5

THOMAS J. LEMAY,
PROPRIETOR AND PUBLISHER.

PRINTING.
SINGLES, three dollars per annum—one half in advance. Subscribers in other States must be allowed to remain arrears longer than one year, & persons becoming subscribers, will be strictly required to pay the whole amount of the year's subscription in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS, not exceeding fifteen lines, inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each continuance.

Letters to the Editor must be post paid.

GRAND LODGE.

The Grand Lodge of N. Carolina will convene at their Hall, in the City of Raleigh, on Monday evening, the 5th of December next, at 6 o'clock. Members, and Brethren are earnestly requested to attend.

J. W. CHRISTOPHERS, G. Sec'y.
Raleigh, Nov. 1, 1836. 46 Sw
Register, also.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the estate of Thos. Lambeth, deceased, are requested to present them to the undersigned properly authenticated, within the time prescribed by law, for payment of this notice will be placed in bar of recovery. Also, all persons indebted to the same will come forward and settle their accounts, as we do not find it convenient to go longer in furtherance.

FURTHER NOTICE.

Will be sold, at the late residence of Thos. Lambeth, deceased, in the county of Chatham, on the 5th day of December next, all his lands, the quantity not known; 15 Negro Slaves; 2000 lbs of Cotton; 200 Blacksmiths; 1000 lbs of Flour; 1000 lbs of Sugar; 1000 lbs of Coffee; 1000 lbs of Tea; 1000 lbs of Rice; 1000 lbs of Beans; 1000 lbs of Corn; 1000 lbs of Potatoes; 1000 lbs of Apples; 1000 lbs of Peaches; 1000 lbs of Plums; 1000 lbs of Cherries; 1000 lbs of Nuts; 1000 lbs of Walnuts; 1000 lbs of Almonds; 1000 lbs of Pistachios; 1000 lbs of Raisins; 1000 lbs of Currants; 1000 lbs of Grapes; 1000 lbs of Figs; 1000 lbs of Dates; 1000 lbs of Olives; 1000 lbs of Citrus; 1000 lbs of Lemons; 1000 lbs of Oranges; 1000 lbs of Apples; 1000 lbs of Peaches; 1000 lbs of Plums; 1000 lbs of Cherries; 1000 lbs of Nuts; 1000 lbs of Walnuts; 1000 lbs of Almonds; 1000 lbs of Pistachios; 1000 lbs of Raisins; 1000 lbs of Currants; 1000 lbs of Grapes; 1000 lbs of Figs; 1000 lbs of Dates; 1000 lbs of Olives; 1000 lbs of Citrus; 1000 lbs of Lemons; 1000 lbs of Oranges.

DEMPSEY JOHNSON, Executor.

THOS. LAMBETH, Junr. } Executors
Chatham Co. Nov. 8, 1836. 48 Sw

The Beautiful Convict.

THIS BEAUTIFUL STORY IS ACTUALLY TRUE.
Rose Mac Orne was a rare sample of Scotch beauty. Her eyes deeply blue, as Loch Lomond; glowing cheeks; hair light and glossy, parted over her broad forehead, like folds of a flax colored sating; features which a shrewd and active mind had strongly developed; a tall, muscular frame, of stately proportions, and a firm, elastic rapid tread, which she had acquired in early days when

Down the rocks she leaped along
Like rivulets in May.
Her youth was unfortunate, for her mother had died during her infancy; and her profligate and selfish father had abandoned her before she had reached the age of fifteen.

Many were anxious to take Rose into their service; for she was neat and thrifty as a brownie, and had the obsequious manner of her countrymen, united with their proverbial knowledge of the most direct road to favor and fortune. Her greatest misfortune was her beauty. Often, after the most unremitting efforts to please, poor Rose was accused of a thousand faults, and dismissed by prudent wives and mothers, lest she should become too dear a servant. Scotch discrimination soon discovered the source of the difficulty, and Scotch ambition resolved to make the best of it. To lovers of her own rank, she was alternately winning and disdainful, determined that none should break her chains, yet dealing out her scorn to each, as their characters would bear.

With her superiors she played a deep and insidious game. Trusting to her own strength of pride, she resisted their arts, while she almost invariably made them the victims of her own. In all this, Rose was actuated by something more than a mere girlish love of triumph; she was ambitious, and had formed high hopes of opulent marriage. Many a Cantab and Oxoni- on, many a testy bachelor and groaty widower, had got entangled in her coils, and been extricated only by the early interference of proud or prudent relations. At length, notwithstanding her modest manners and apparent artlessness, the intrigues of Rose Mac Orne became as proverbial as her beauty; she could obtain no service in any family where there was a youth to be fascinated, or wealthy old age to be cajoled.

Hearing that an East Indian was about to sail, with many ladies on board, Rose resolved to seek employment among them; and succeeded in being appointed dressing maid to an elderly lady, who was going out to Calcutta to reside with an invalid. India—match making India! opened glorious prospects to Scotch ambition. Rose took unexampled pains to please her new mistress—and in two days she was a decided favorite.

No wonder the gypsy began to feel proud of her powers; for she never tried to please without decidedly effecting her purpose. But when was inordinate ambition known to be a safeguard either to talent or beauty? In two days, Rose was to leave England, and her mistress having granted her permission to attend the races, she as the last act of kindness to one of her lovers, consented to accompany him. Rose was very fond of ornaments, and it chanced that her heart was particularly set on a pearl pin which her mistress had said she seldom wore, on account of its antique fashion. Rose had more than once signified how pretty she thought it—and wondered if she was rich enough to buy pearls whether they would become her fall and snowy neck. She dared not to ask for it outright,

and she never in her life had thought of taking any thing dishonestly. But vanity, vanity—that foolish and contemptible passion, which has slain its tens of thousands, and that too among the fairest and brightest of God's works, prevailed over the better feelings of Rose Mac Orne. She took the coveted pin, wore it to the races, heard James Mac Intyre praise it, told him her new mistress had given it to her, and then, dreading the discovery of the fact, began to devise schemes for exchanging the bauble. The path of sin is steep, and every step presses on with accumulated power. Rose had already committed a second crime to conceal the first—and now the hope of security urged her to commit others. She sold the breastpin and bought a ring with the money, in hopes the pearl would never be enquired for this side of India. But in this she was mistaken—that very day the lady missed the jewel; and Rose went even deeper in falsehood than was necessary to keep up appearances.

I will not follow her through every step of this shameful struggle. It is sufficient to say that the thief was discovered—and Rose, instead of sailing for glorious match making India, was in a few weeks hurried on board a vessel, in which sixty-two other convicts were destined for Botany Bay. This is a painful reverse for one so young, so beautiful, so inordinately ambitious. She looked back upon England with mingled feelings of grief and burning indignation, contempt of herself, and hatred of the laws by which she suffered. And for what had she endured this conflict, which first and last had given her more unhappiness than had been crowded in the whole of her previous existence? Why, nothing but the foolish vanity of wearing a cast off pearl!

But Rose Mac Orne had a mind elastic and vigorous; it soon rebounded from depression. She looked around among her companions, most of whom were tall and robust—some of whom were handsome women. She counted them and counted the men. They were sixty convicts and fifteen men. Before they were half across the Atlantic, Rose had lain a plan daring enough for the hell-meted Joan of Arc, in the full tide of her inspiration. She communicated the plan to the women, which they entered into heartily and warmly. Rose might have found lovers enough on board, notwithstanding the strict orders of the officers; but she chose but one, and that was the pilot, Glances and tender notes soon passed between them, unperceived by others; for the artful Rose was like a glacier when the eye of the officer was upon her; and her lover was capable of playing as deep a game as she.

At length the important hour arrived; every precaution had been taken; all were in readiness. The vessel stood for La Plata to exchange cargoes and take in refreshments. They entered the huge arms of that silvery river, and cut its waters with the arrowy flight of a bird. At length Buenos Ayres lay before them in the distance, with the broad, clear, bright moonlight spread over it like a heavy robe. The wind died away, and the vessel lay gently moving on the bosom of that majestic river, like a child playing itself into slumber. Midnight came—Rose had an eye like a burning glass—the crisis was at hand, and all looked to her for direction. Her lover, according to promise, had taken his turn to be pilot; and all slept save him and the convicts. He sat at the helm looking out at the waters, and listening to the "silence audible." There was a slight motion in the sails—then sounded the whistle of the pilot. In twenty minutes every man was bound fast and gagged, the convicts were armed, and the vessel was in full sweep for Buenos Ayres. There it arrived a prize to the prisoners! Great noise was made about the vessel seized by women, & brought triumphantly into port. The "Lady Shore," for that was the vessel's name, was crowded with South Americans. The bravery of the women was loudly applauded; and in three days the richest young Spaniard in the city offered himself to the beautiful Rose Mac Orne. Her promise to the pilot was forgotten. The ambitious Scotch woman now wears pearls and diamonds in plenty, and most of her sister convicts are now at the heads of respectable families in Buenos Ayres.

ON DOMESTIC EMPLOYMENTS.

By Mrs. SIGOURNEY.

We have been amongst the admirers of Mrs. Sigourney as a poetess, and her productions as a prose writer have heightened our respect. The subjoined extract is taken from an essay of this really philosophical writer. The essay is addressed to her own sex, but the general conclusions apply, if possible, with more force to the opposite sex, upon whom the sterner duties of life depend. In softening and sweetening the duties of private life, are the obligations less binding on men than on women? The fact is, that it demands exactly the same amiable qualities in every member of a family, to make the domestic hearth the haven of happiness.

I have even thought it desirable that young ladies should make themselves the mistresses of some attainment either in art or science, by which they might secure a subsistence, should they be reduced to poverty. Sudden and entire reverses are not uncommon in the history of affluence. To sustain them without the means of lessening the evils of dependence, when health and intellect are at our command, is adding helplessness to our own affliction, and increasing the burden of others. When the illustrious Henry Laurens, by the fortune of our war of Revolution, was held a prisoner in the Tower of London, he wrote to his two daughters, who had been nurtured in all the tenderness and luxury of Carolina wealth: "It is my duty to warn you to prepare for the trial of earning your daily bread by your daily labor. Fear not servitude; encounter it, if it shall be necessary; with the spirit becoming a woman of an honest and pious heart; one who has been neither fashionably nor affectingly religious." The accomplished Madame de Genlis pronounced herself to be in possession of thirty trades or varieties of occupation, by which she could, if necessary, obtain a livelihood. "It was a wise law of some of the ancient Governments which compelled every parent to give his son some trade or profession, adequate to his support. Such is now the variety of departments open to females as instructors in schools and seminaries of their own sex, that they may follow the impulse of their genius in the selection of a study or accomplishment, and while they pursue it as a pleasure, can still be prepared to practise it as a profession. Among the pleasant employments which seem peculiarly congenial to the feelings of our sex, the culture of flowers stands conspicuous.

The general superintendence of a garden has been repeatedly found favorable to health, by leading to frequent exercise in the open air, and that communing with Nature which is equally refreshing to the heart. It was laboring with her own hands in her garden, that the mother of Washington was found by the youthful Marquis de Lafayette, when he sought her blessing, as he was about to commit himself to the ocean, and return to his native clime. Milton, who, you recollect, was a great advocate that women should "study household good" had few more eloquent descriptions than those which represent our first mother at her floral toil amid the sinless shades of Paradise.

The tending of flowers has ever appeared to me to be a fitting care for the young and beautiful. They then dwell as it were among their own emblems, and many a voice of wisdom breathes on their ear from those brief blossoms to which they apportion the dew and the sun-beam. While they indicate the weeds that deform, or the excrecences that endanger them, is there not a perpetual motion uttered of the work to be done in their own heart? From the admiration of these ever-varying charms, how naturally is the tender spirit led upward in devotion to Him "whose hand perfumes them, & whose pencil paints." Connected with the nature of flowers is the delightful study of botany, which imparts new attractions to the summer sylvan walks, and prompts both to a salutary exercise and scientific research. A knowledge of the physiology of plants is not only interesting in itself, but of practical import. The brilliant coloring matter which they sometimes yield, and the beautiful influences which they possess, impart value to many an unsightly shrub or secluded plant, which might otherwise have been suffered to blossom and die without a thought.

It is cheering amid our solitary rambles to view the subjects that surround us as friends, to call to recollection their distinctive lineaments of character, to array them with something of intelligence or utility, and to enjoy an intimate companionship with Nature. The female aborigines of our country were distinguished by an extensive acquaintance with the medicinal properties of plants and roots, which enabled them, both in peace and war, to be the healers of their tribes. I would not counsel you to invade the province of the physician; in our state of society it would be preposterous and arrogant. But sometimes to alleviate the slight indisposition of those you love by a simple infusion of the herbs you have reared or gathered, is a legitimate branch of that nursing kindness which seems interwoven with woman's nature.

And now, to sum up the whole matter, though in the morning of youth a charm is thrown over the landscape, every inequality smoothed, yet still life is not "one long summer's day of indolence and mirth." The sphere of woman is eminently practical. There is much which she will be expected to do; and ought therefore to learn, and to learn early, if she would acquit herself creditably. Though to combine the excellencies of a housekeeper, with much eminence in literature or science, requires an energy seldom possessed, still there is no need that domestic duties should preclude mental

improvement or extinguish intellectual enjoyment. They may be united by diligence and perseverance, and the foundation of these qualities should be laid now in youth.

TITLED AMERICANS.

LORD HACKETT.—There is many a family suddenly come into opulence from extreme obscurity, who hanker after a titled honor as a luxurious appendage, to correspond with their newly acquired wealth. There are others in our country, who could claim these hereditary distinctions from birth—or by consanguinity with those who hold them abroad, and for that very reason, because they were born with and in them, it may be said, they are indifferent to them. It happens to be thus with the distinguished American comedian, Hackett. Mr. Hackett was brought up a merchant, and was led to the stage from adverse fortune. He has now seen brighter days, and is a man of comparative affluence. He always knew enough of his pedigree to know there was a title in the family, and accordingly at the request of his mother, made the necessary enquiries while abroad. At Dublin he found the corroboration of all that had been handed down to him by tradition, and much more. The emblazoning of the shield of the family, and all their titles, are preserved complete in the archives of the Ulster King at arms. It appears that the title is that of an English baron, in his own right, through the family some two or three centuries since removed to Ireland. From thence Mr. Hackett's father, or grandfather, came to this country, while the oldest brother, to whom the title fell, emigrated to Holland about 150 years since, to fight the battles of the States General.

Mr. Hackett then procured a letter of introduction, through our charge, Mr. Vail, from the Dutch Ambassador at London and provided with his documents, proceeded in search of his relatives at the Hague, where he was fortunate enough to find them, to the mutual surprise and gratification of both branches of the family. They knew of their title, and the gentleman to whom it has descended he found to be his first cousin, the Baron Von Hackett, who had served for several years with great distinction as a cavalry officer under Napoleon. He has no heirs, and the barony after his demise, should he have no descendants, falls next to our esteemed countryman, who may then, as well as his cousin at present, demand a seat in the English House of Lords. The Baron was so much pleased with the comedian, that he has accompanied him, to make a tour of the United States, and is at present residing at Mr. Hackett's seat at Jamaica.—Star.

Louisville, Cincinnati and Charleston Railroad.—In conformity with the provisions of the charter, Wade Hampton, of S. C., John Williams and Wm. Dixon, of Tennessee, three members of the central commission, convened at this place on Monday last, for the purpose of ascertaining the number of shares subscribed for in this improvement. From an oversight of some of the commissioners appointed to open books, or some other cause, the reports from a number of places have not been received, or officially made known to the central commission. From the reports which have been received, and information which though unofficial may be relied on as authentic, it is ascertained that some more than 50,000 shares have been taken. In addition to this, the commissioners at Lexington, Ky. have officially communicated the fact that the authorities of that city have conditionally subscribed 1000 shares, but the central commission not being informed of the nature of the conditions on which these shares were taken, were not at liberty to receive them at present.—Under these circumstances, the 40,000 shares necessary to secure the charter not appearing to be taken, the central commission will again open the books until the 1st day of January, or until 60,000 shares shall be taken. It is possible, though hardly probable, that when the reports from those places which have not yet reported, shall have been received, it will be found that the 40,000 shares have already been taken. Louisville, Maysville and several other places in Kentucky have not reported; but if at those places they prove to be as cold blooded as others from which we have heard in that State, it will not swell the number of shares to any considerable amount. Our experience thus far teaches us to expect more from a village south, than from a city north of the Cumberland mountain. Even the great Cincinnati, which has the presumption to style herself the Queen of the West, and in point of wealth and commercial importance, may be entitled to this distinction, has taken only ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY TWO SHARES, in an improvement which throws millions into her pockets. After claiming and earnestly contending for the paternity of an enterprise, she has most cruelly and ingloriously thrown upon others the burden of its accomplishment. But we may congratulate ourselves and every friend

of this improvement, that all doubts are now removed as to its ultimate completion. The shares necessary to make up the 40,000 will be taken without getting one other north of the Cumberland mountain, or without accepting the conditional subscription from Lexington. When these are taken, the State of Tennessee stands pledged to take her ten thousand shares.—S. Carolina will take her portion, and S. Carolina will take the balance of 60,000. As an instance of the liberality and zeal of the South on this subject, we may mention that Col. Hampton, while here, proposed to subscribe for 2000 additional shares, if by so doing the 40,000 could be made up.

Since writing the above we have had a conversation with a member of the Central Commission, who informed us that it was almost positively certain that the Commission would be able to announce the formation of the company before their adjournment.

All Hands!—The 40,000 shares are taken, and the company formed—particulars hereafter.—Knoxville Register Nov. 9.

ADAM'S EULOGY ON MADISON.

We have received a copy of John Quincy Adams's Eulogy on the life and character of JAMES MADISON, fourth President of the United States, delivered at the request of the Mayor, Aldermen, and common council of the city of Boston, September 27, 1836. It is a noble performance, and makes a pamphlet of 87 pages, large 8vo. We annex the concluding paragraphs.—Jour. Com.

"This constitution, my countrymen, is the great result of the North American Revolution. This is the giant stride in the improvement of the condition of the human race, consummated in a period of less than one hundred years. Of the signers of the address to George the Third in the Congress of 1774—and the signers of the Declaration of Independence in 1776—and the signers of the Articles of Confederation in 1781, and of the signers of the federal and national constitution of government under which we live, with enjoyments never before allotted to man, not one remains in the land of the living. The last survivor of them all, was he to honor whose memory we are here assembled, at once with mourning and with joy. We reverse the order of sentiment and reflection of the ancient Persian king—we look back on the century gone by—we look around with anxious and eager eye for one of that illustrious host of patriots and heroes under whose guidance the Revolution of American Independence was begun, and continued, and completed. We look around in vain. To them, their crowded theatre, full of human life, in all its stages of existence, full of the glowing exultation of youth, of the steady maturity of manhood, the sparkling eyes of beauty, and the gray hairs of reverend age—all this to them is as the solitude of the sepulchre. We think of this and say, how short is human life! But then, then, we turn back our thoughts again to the scene over which the falling curtain has but now closed upon the drama of the day. From the saddening thought that they are no more, we call for comfort upon the memory of what they were, & our hearts leap for joy that they were our fathers.

We see them, true and faithful subjects of their sovereign, first meeting, with firm but respectful remonstrance, the approach of usurpation upon their rights. We see them, fearless in their fortitude, and confident in the righteousness of their cause, bid defiance to the arm of power, and declare themselves independent States. We see them waging for seven years a war of desolation and of glory, in a most unequal contest, with their own unnatural step-mother, the mistress of the seas, till, under the sign-manual of their king, their independence was acknowledged; and last, and best of all, we see them toiling in war and in peace, to form and perpetuate a union, under forms of government intricately but skillfully adjusted, so as to secure to themselves and their posterity, the priceless blessings of inseparable liberty and law.

Their days on earth are ended, and yet their century has not passed away. Their portion of the blessings which they thus labored to secure, they have enjoyed, and transmitted to us, their posterity. We enjoy them as an inheritance—won, not by our toils—watered, not by our tears—saddened, not by the shedding of any blood of ours; by the gift of Heaven, through their sufferings and achievements, but not without a charge of co-responsible duty incumbent upon ourselves.

And what, my friends and fellow-citizens, what is that duty of our own? Is it to remonstrate to the adder's ear of a King beyond the Atlantic wave, and claim from him the restoration of violated rights? No. Is it to sever the ties of kindred and of blood with the people from whom we sprang? To cast away the precious name of Britons, and be no more the countrymen of Shakespeare and Milton, of Newton &

Locke, of Chatham and Burke? Or more and worse, is it to meet their countrymen in the deadly conflict of a seven year's war? No. Is it the last and greatest of the duties fulfilled by them? Is it to lay the foundations of the fairest government and the mightiest nation that ever floated on the tide of time? No! These awful & solemn duties were allotted to them, and by them they were faithfully performed. What, then, is our duty?

Is it not to preserve, to cherish, to improve the inheritance which they have left us, won by their toils, watered by their tears, saddened but fertilized by their blood? Are we the sons of worthy sires, and in the onward march of time have they achieved in the career of human improvement so much only that our posterity and theirs may blush for the contrast between their unexampled energies and our nerveless impotence? Between their more than Herculean labors and our indolent repose? No, my fellow citizens! far be from us, far be from you—for he who now addresses you has but a few short days before he shall be called to join the multitude of ages past—far be from you the reproach or the suspicion of such a degrading contrast. You, too, have the solemn duty to perform of improving the condition of your species by improving your own. Not in the great and strong wind of a revolution, which rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord—for the Lord is not in the windy nor in the earthquake of a revolutionary war, marching to the onset between the battle-field and the scaffold—for the Lord is not in the earthquake; not in the fire of civil dissension; in war between the members and the head; in nullification of the laws of the Union, for the forcible resistance of one refractory State—for the Lord is not in the fire; and that fire was never kindled by your fathers! Not it is in the still small voice that succeeded the whirlwind, the earthquake, and the fire. The voice that stills the raging of the waves, and the tumults of the people; that spoke the words of peace, of harmony, of union. And for that voice may you and your children's children, to the last syllable of recorded time, fix your eyes upon the memory, and listen with your ears to the life of JAMES MADISON.

From the Knoxville Register. LEGISLATIVE.

The Legislature (of Tennessee) adjourned on the 26th ult. The bill appropriating the surplus to the various Internal Improvement companies, was lost by a small majority. The bill which passed upon that subject, deposits it in the Union and Planters Bank, until the rise of the next Legislature. This, very much fear, will bring an interest in the State, adverse to the cause of Internal Improvement and education, and prevent the surplus from an ultimate application to these its only constitutional objects. We mean henceforth to make the early withdrawal of this fund from the Banks, and its judicious investment in our internal improvement companies, a test question in the politics of the state.—We don't mean silently to submit to an appropriation which, from our former experience, promises nothing but a temporary advantage to our banking institutions, and a total ultimate loss of a fund which if judiciously and boldly appropriated will enable us successfully to prosecute an extensive system of Internal Improvement and Common Schools.

The way the Post Office Department is conducted in Illinois.—The last Galena Advertiser mentions the remarkable discovery of the U. States mail in the garret of the Galena Hotel, where it had been lying unopened, since the month of April last.—The news was of course distributed according to direction. It is said the Galenians were most eager to obtain the latest intelligence.—St. Louis Bulletin.

We would almost as soon tie a paper on a letter to a pigeon's neck, and start it for any particular place as to put it in the Post Office at present.—Clinton Gazette.

Battle between a Wren and a Swallow.—A wren was observed by some persons in the neighborhood of Girvan, in Scotland, to attack some nests of bank swallows hollowed in the sand. A number of the bravest swallows placed themselves in battle array, pounced upon him, seized him by the tail, raised his hind feet from the ground and with great dexterity tumbled him down the declivity, at the top of which the nests were arranged in a row. The invader renewed the attack several times, but was as often repulsed in the same manner as at first, and being at length worn out by fatigue, yielded up the palm of victory to his vanquishers.

The Arsenal.—We learn that Capt. Bradford, of the army, has finally closed the contract for the site of the arsenal to be erected at this place under his direction. The place chosen is about a mile west of the town house, on Hay Mount, a spot uniting the advantages of health, beauty of situation, & convenience. Pay. O.