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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.
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ON THE MARRIED STATE.

From "Practical Rules for the Promotion of Domestic Happiness,"
By M. Cary.

"Why should our joys transform to pain?
Why gentle Hymen's stiven claim
A bond of iron prove?
'Twas strange, my friends, the charm that binds
Millions of hands, should leave their minds
At such a loose from love."—H. Pitt.

The maxims and rules for the regulation of the conduct of married people, occasionally published in newspapers and magazines, are liable to very strong objections. They frequently, indeed almost always, imply a highly improper degree of subordination or subservience on the part of the wife, and a correlative superiority or authority on the part of the husband, which are incompatible with that cordiality, harmony, and good feeling, that ought to subsist in such a near and indissoluble connexion. Those maxims produce a tendency, on the one hand, to exercise, and, on the other, to resist authority—the parent of collision and warfare—the bane of happiness.

These observations apply not merely to persons of bad tempers or wayward dispositions, but, in an almost equal degree, to those who are on the whole well-intentioned; but who, acting under erroneous views of rights and duties, fall into error from misconception. I have no reference to husbands, of whom, by the way, I have known some—I hope the race is nearly extinct—who treated their wives almost as if they were upper-servants, and rarely addressed them but in a tone approaching to that of command; nor, on the other hand, have I any reference to wives who attempt to dominate over and control their husbands; such wives are to be met with occasionally.

Horace, the prince of poetical philosophers lays down an excellent rule applicable to all the social relations, and to none more appropriately than to the matrimonial state. "Let my friend," he says, "elevate a balance, and throw my sins and imperfections into one scale, and my good qualities, if I have any into the other; and should the latter preponderate, let him take me to his bosom; and I shall deal with him on precisely the same terms."—How wise a maxim! one of the most important secrets of social happiness. But how frequently and how pertinaciously is it disregarded! How often do we see a single failing, and perhaps a very venial one, indeed a mere difference of opinion, produce serious and often lasting discord between the nearest relatives and friends!

Let husbands and wives bear constantly in mind that, being imperfect themselves, they ought not to expect absolute perfection from their partners, but to overlook all their minor imperfections, and never allow one or two failings, or follies, or even vices, to throw into the shade a host of good qualities; an error of the head or heart, which, unfortunately, occasionally occurs.

ADVICE TO THE MARRIED.

"Ye wives and ye husbands, who much wish to see
Your conjugal scenes from all skirmishes free,
In this doth the secret of harmony lie,
Ne'er begin a duet e'en a half note too high.

"Ye ladies, though vex'd your mild spirits may be,
Yet kindly beware of a keen repartee;
For peace's soft bosom those arrows must hit,
Which doubly are pointed with anger and wit.

"Ye husbands, of argument chiefly beware,
That bane of good humor, which frightens the fair,
Where reason's soft tones soon in passion are drow'd,
While happiness trembles, and flies from the sound.

"O both, have a care of all hasty replies,
On hearing whose discord, the bachelor cries,
While snugly he smiles on himself and his cat,
The sharp notes of marriage are worse than the flat.

"As some of the readers of this little work may be acquainted with the degrading maxims for wives laid down in newspapers and magazines, and which regard them as mere housekeepers, I think it cannot be improper to present to the reader a specimen of the cable published in the Boston Pilot of the first of June. Admirable rules for a bound servant or slave!

"When your husband is out of temper! behave obligingly to him! If he be abusive! never retort! and never prevail over him to humiliate him!

"See always to obtain information from him—especially before company, though you may pass for a simpleton.

"A poor always flattered by the little he does for you, which will excite him to perform more."

"In unison sweet let your voices agree,
While both are maintain'd in the natural key;
Thus love shall beat time with a conjugal kiss,
And your skirmish be only the skirmish of bliss."

RULES FOR HUSBANDS.

I. Always regard your wife as your equal; treat her with kindness, respect, and attention; and never address her with the appearance of an air of authority, as if she were, as some misguided husbands appear to regard their wives, a mere housekeeper.

II. Never interfere in her domestic concerns, hiring servants, &c., except she consult you.

III. Always keep her properly supplied with money for furnishing your table in a style proportioned to your means, and for the purchase of dress, and whatever other articles she may require, suitable to her station in life.

IV. Cheerfully and promptly comply with all her reasonable requests; and, as far as practicable, anticipate them. Whatever you accord to her wishes, let it be done promptly and cheerfully, so as to enhance the merit of the matter by the manner.

V. Never be so unjust as to lose your temper towards her, in consequence of indifferent cookery, or irregularity in the hours of meals, or any other mismanagement of her domestics; knowing the difficulty of making many of them do their duty.

VI. If she have prudence and good sense, consult her on all operations involving the risk of serious injury in case of failure. Many a man has been rescued from ruin by the wise counsels of his wife; and many a foolish husband has most seriously injured himself and family by the rejection of the advice of his wife, stupidly fearing, if he followed it, he would be regarded as henpecked. A husband can never consult a counsellor more deeply interested in his welfare than his wife.

VII. If distressed or embarrassed in your circumstances, communicate your situation with candor, that she may bear your difficulties in mind in her expenditures. Wives sometimes, believing their husbands' circumstances better than they really are, disburse money which cannot be well afforded, and which, if they knew the real situation of their husbands' affairs, they would shrink from expending.

VIII. Never on any account chide or rebuke your wife in company, should she make any mistake in history, geography, grammar, or indeed on any other subject. There are, I am persuaded, many wives of such keen feelings and high spirit, (and such wives deserve to be treated with the utmost delicacy,) that they would rather receive a severe and bitter scolding in private than a comparatively mild rebuke in company, calculated to display their ignorance or folly, or to impair them in their own opinion or in that of others.

"To sum up all you now have heard,
Young men and old, peruse the bard:
A female trusted to your care,
His rule is pithy, short and clear—
Be to her faults a little blind;
Be to her virtues very kind;
Let all her ways be unconfin'd;
And place your padlock on her mind."

RULES FOR WIVES.

I. Always receive your husband with smiles leaving nothing undone to render home agreeable—endeavoring to win, and gratefully reciprocating his kindness and attention.

II. Study to gratify his inclinations in regard to food and cookery; in the management of the family; in your dress, manners and deportment.

III. Never attempt to rule, or appear to rule, your husband. Such conduct degrades husbands—and wives always partake largely in the degradation of their husbands.

IV. In every thing reasonable comply with his wishes with cheerfulness—and even, as far as possible, anticipate them.

V. Avoid all alterations or arguments leading to ill humor, and more especially before company. Few things are more disgusting than the alterations of the married, when in the company of friends or strangers. There is one kind of conduct which is almost as revolting as this—but not of frequent occurrence—that is, a display of fondness before company. There is a time and place for all things.

VI. Never attempt to interfere in his business unless he ask your advice and counsel; and never attempt to control him in the management of it.

VII. Never confide to gossips any of the failings or imperfections of your husband—nor any of those little differences which occasionally arise in the married state. If you do, you may rest assured that, however strong the injunctions of secrecy on the one hand, or the pledge on the other, they will in a day or two become the common talk of the neighborhood.

VIII. Avail yourself of every opportunity to cultivate your mind, so as should your husband be intelligent and well-informed, you may join in rational conversation with him and his friends.

IX. Think nothing beneath your attention that may produce even a momentary breach of harmony, or the slightest uneasy sensation.

"Think naught a trifle, though it shall appear,
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
Else you may die ere you have learn'd to live."
Young.

X. If your husband be in business, always, in your expenditures, bear in mind the various vicissitudes to which trade and commerce are subject; and do not expose yourself to the painful self-reproach, should he experience one of them, of having unnecessarily expended money of which you and your offspring may afterwards be in extreme want.

XI. While you carefully shun, in providing for your family, the Scylla of meanness and parsimony, avoid equally the Charybdis of extravagance, an error too common in the United States; as remarked by most of the travellers who visit this country.

XII. If you be disposed to economize, I beseech you not to extend your economy to the wages you pay to seamstresses or washerwomen, who are too frequently ground to the earth by the inadequacy of the wages they receive. Economize, if you will, in shawls, bonnets and handkerchiefs; but never, by exacting labor from the poor without adequate compensation, incur the dire anathemas pronounced in the Scriptures against the oppressor of the poor.

"Ye fair married dames, who so often deplore
That a lover once blest is a lover no more,
Attend! to my counsel—nor frown to be taught
That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught."

"The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eye,
Your roses and lilies may make the men sigh:
But roses and lilies and sighs pass away;
And passion will die as your beauties decay."

"Use the man whom you wed like your favorite guitar,
Though there's music in both, they're both apt to jar.
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch!
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much!"

"The sparrow and linnnet will feel from your hand;
Grow tame by your kindness, and come at command.
Exert with your husbands, the same happy skill,
For hearts, like your birds, may be tamed at your will."

"Be gay and good humor'd, complying and kind,
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind.
'Tis thus that a wife may her conquest improve,
And Hymen will rivet the fetters of Love."
GARRICK.

GENERAL RULES FOR HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

I. Should differences arise between husband and wife, let the sacred and invariable rule be, not as it unfortunately too frequently is, who shall display the most spirit, and play the despicable character of Mr. or Mrs. Sullen; but who shall make the first advances; which ought to be met more than half way. This is a cardinal rule, which, if religiously observed by both parties, can hardly fail to secure perennial happiness. There is scarcely a more prolific source of unhappiness in the married state than this so called spirit, the legitimate offspring of odious pride and destitution of feeling.

II. Perhaps the whole art of happiness in the married state might be compressed into two maxims—Bear and forbear;—and "Let the husband treat his wife, and the wife her husband, with as much respect and attention as he would a strange lady, and she a strange gentleman."

III. I trust much caution is scarcely necessary against flirtations, well calculated to excite uneasiness, doubts, and suspicion in the heart of the husband or wife of the party who indulges in them, and to give occasion to the censorious to make sinister observations. It is unfortunately too true, that suspicion of misconduct often produces full as much scandal and evil as the reality.

"Trifles light as air
Are, to the jealous, confirmation strong
As proofs from holy writ."

IV. It is a good rule of reason and common sense, that we should not only be, but appear to be, scrupulously correct in our conduct. And, be it observed, that however pure and innocent the purposes of the parties may be at the commencement, flirtation too often leads to disastrous results. It imperceptibly, but almost certainly, breaks down some of the guards that hedge round innocence. The parties in these cases are not inaptly compared to the moth fluttering around a lighted candle, unaware of the impending danger. It finally burns its wings, and is thus mutilated for life.

"He that loveth
The danger shall perish therein."
"Lead us not into temptation," is a wise prayer; and while we pray not to be led into temptation, we most assuredly ought not to lead ourselves into it. I know these remarks will be charged to the account of prudery, but at the risk of that charge, I cannot withhold them.

V. Avoid all reference to past differences of opinion, or subjects of altercation that have at a former day excited uneasiness. Remember the old story of the blackbirds and the thrushes. "I swear they were blackbirds." "But I vow they were thrushes." &c. Remember, also, the pithy scene in the little farce styled "Three Weeks after Marriage."

The preceding rules, if as closely followed as human imperfection will allow, can hardly fail to secure happiness. Even should only one out of every ten readers profit by them, and I should fondly hope that four out of five would, I shall be richly paid for their concoction.

I cannot conclude this brief essay better than by adding the following admirable advice of Julia de Roubigne to her daughter, shortly previous to her death.

"Sweetness of temper, affection to a husband, and attention to his interests, constitute the duties of a wife, and form the basis of matrimonial felicity." These are, indeed, the texts from which every rule for attaining this felicity is drawn. The charms of beauty, and the brilliancy of wit, though they may captivate in the mistress, will not long delight in the wife. They will shorten even their own transitory reign, if, as I have seen in many wives, they shine more for the attraction of every body else than of their husbands. Let the pleasing of that one person be a thought never absent from your conduct. If he love you as you wish he should, he would bleed at heart should he suppose it for a moment withdrawn; if he do not, his pride will supply the place of love, and his resentment that of suffering.

"Never consider a trifle what may tend to please him. The greater articles of duty he will set down as his due; but the lesser attentions he will mark as favors; and trust me, for I have experienced it, there is no feeling more

† The story here referred to, though probably a draught on the imagination, bears a strong analogy to occurrences that occasionally take place in families, and, at all events, is strongly admonitory. The story is as follows, let it pass for what it is worth: A sportsman brought home a brace of birds, and handing them to his wife, said, "My dear, let these blackbirds be dressed for dinner." "Blackbirds!" says she, "why, the man is mad! you amaze me!—they are thrushes." "What," replies he, "have I been half my life fowling, and am I unable to distinguish between a blackbird and a thrush?" "If you had been fowling your whole life, I am as good a judge of birds as you, and I vow they are thrushes." He swore they were blackbirds; and, finally, he became so completely angered, that he was ruffian enough to use a cane to her. She ran out of the house to a neighbor's for the night. Next morning she returned home, and halcyon days succeeded till the anniversary of the explosion. On that day, she leaned lovingly on his shoulder, smiled in his face and said soothingly, "Now, my dear, it is just a twelve-month since you used me so cruelly about those miserable birds, and you know in your heart they were thrushes." He swore again they were blackbirds; and the former scene was renewed and terminated as before. And, according to tradition, every anniversary was similarly celebrated.

From "Three Weeks after Marriage."
Sir Chas. Indeed, my Lady Racket, you make me ready to expire with laughing—hal! hal!
Lady R. You may laugh; but I am right notwithstanding.
Sir Chas. How can you say so?
Lady R. How can you say otherwise?
Sir Chas. Well; now mind me, my Lady Racket, we can not talk of this in good humor, we can discuss it coolly.
Lady R. So we can; and this is for that reason I speak to you: are these the ruffles I bought for you?
Sir Chas. They are, my dear.
Lady R. They are very pretty;—but, indeed, you spoiled the card wrong.
Sir Chas. How can you talk so! (Somewhat peevish.)
Lady R. See there, now!
Sir Chas. Listen to me, this was the affair—
Lady R. Pshaw!—fiddlestick!—hear no first.
Sir Chas. Pshaw!—no—no—no—no—no—no—no—no—
La y R. Very well, sir, fly out again!
Sir Chas. Look here, now—here's a pack of cards, now you shall be convinced.
Lady R. You may talk till to-morrow! I know I am right. (Walks about.)
Sir Chas. Why, then, by all that's perverse, you are the most headstrong—Can't you look here, now! Here are the very cards.
Lady R. Go on; you'll find it out at last.
Sir Chas. D—n it, will you let a man show you! Ph! it's all nonsense! I'll talk no more about it! (Puts up the cards.) Come, we'll go to bed. (Going.) Now, only stay a moment. (Takes out the cards.) Now, mind me: see here—
Lady R. No it does not signify; your head will be clearer in the morning. I'll go to bed.
Sir Chas. Stay a moment, can't you?
Lady R. No, my head begins to ache. (Affectedly.)
Sir Chas. Why, then—d—n—the cards there! (Throwing the cards about.) And there, and there. You may go to bed by yourself, and confusion seize me if I live a moment longer with you. No, never, ma'am.
Lady R. Take your own way, sir.
Sir Chas. Now, then, I tell you once more you are a vile woman. Will you sit down quietly, and let me convince you? (Sits.)
Lady R. I am disposed to walk about, sir, &c. &c.

delightful to one's self, than that of turning these little things to so precious a use.

"Above all, let a wife beware of communicating to others any want of duty or tenderness she may think she has perceived in her husband. This untwists, at once, those delicate cords which preserve the unity of the marriage engagement; its sacredness is broken forever, if third parties are made witnesses of its feelings, or umpires of its disputes."

"Ye fair, possess'd of ev'ry charm
To captivate the will,
Whose smiles can rage itself disarm,
Whose frowns almost can kill—
Say, will ye deign the verse to bear,
Whose flattery bears no part—
An honest verse, that flows sincere
And candid from the heart!"

"Great is your power; more firmly yet
Mankind it might engage,
If, as ye all can make a net,
Ye all could make a cage.
Each nymph a thousand hearts may take;
For who's to beauty blind?
But to what end a prisoner make,
Unless we've strength to bind!"

"Attend the counsel, often told,
Too often told in vain!
Learn that best art, the art to hold
And lock the lover's chain.
Gamsters to little purpose win,
Who lose again as fast;
Though beauty may the charm begin,
'Tis sweetness makes it last."

THE NOBILITY OF LABOR.

BY ORVILLE DEWEY.

So material do I deem this policy—the true nobility of labor, I mean, that I would dwell on it a moment longer, and in a large view. Why, then, in the great scale of things is labor ordained for us? Easily had it so pleased the Great Ordainer, might it have been dispensed with. The world itself might have been a mighty machinery for production of all that man wants. The motion of the globe upon its axis might have been going forward without man's aid, houses might have been like an exhalation.

Of dulcet symphonies and voice sweet
Bright like a temple;
gorgeous furniture might have been placed in them, and soft couches and luxurious banquets spread, by hands unseen; and men clothed with fabrics of nature's weaving, rather than imperial purple, might have been sent to disport himself in those Elysian palaces.

"Fair scene!" I imagine you are saying: "fortunate for us had it been the scene ordained for human life!" But where, then, tell me, had been human energy, perseverance, patience, virtue, heroisms?

Cut off with one blow from the world, and mankind had sunk to a crowd of Asiatic voluptuaries. No, it had not been fortunate. Better that the earth had been given to man as a dark mass, whereupon to labor. Better that rude and unsightly materials be provided in the ore and in the forest for him to fashion to splendor and beauty. Better, I say, not because of that splendor and beauty, but because the act creating them is better than the things themselves; because exertion is nobler than enjoyment; because the laborer is greater and more worthy of honor than the idler.

I call upon those whom I address to stand up for the nobility of labor. It is Heaven's great ordinance for human improvement. Let not that great ordinance be broken down.

What do I say? It is broken down; and it has been broken down—for ages. Let it then be built up again; here, if any where, on these shores of a new world of a new civilization. But how, I may be asked, is it broken down? Do not men toil, it may be said? They do indeed toil, but they too generally do it because they must.

Many submit to it as in some sort, a degrading necessity; and they desire nothing so much on earth as escape from it. They fulfil the great law of labor in the letter, but break it by spirit. To some field of labor, mental or manual, every idler should hasten as a chosen coveted field of improvement.

But so he is not impelled to do under the teaching of imperfect civilization. On the contrary, he sits down, folds his hands, and blesses himself in idleness. This way of thinking is the heritage of the absurd and the unjust feudal system, under which serfs labored, and gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and feasting. It is time that this opprobrium of toil were done away.

Ashamed to toil art thou? Ashamed of thy dingy workshop and dusty labor-field! of thy hard hand, scarred with service more honorable than that of war, or thy soiled and weather stained garments, on which mother nature has embroidered mist, sun and rain, mist, fire and steam her own heraldic honors? Ashamed of those tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity? It is treason to nature, it is impiety to Heaven, it is breaking Heaven's great ordinance. Toil, I repeat, toil, either of the brain, or of the heart, or of the hand, is the only true manhood, the only true nobility!

In publishing the list of public defaulters, given in our columns a few weeks since, the New York Commer-

cial Advertiser makes the following excellent remarks. Well deserved and appropriate is the satire conveyed in these lines, and striking the exposure they make of the unblushing hypocrisy of the party in power.

PUBLIC DEFAULTERS.

Alas for poor Toby Watkins! He flourished by half a dozen years too soon. When Mr. Adams was in office, the people's treasure was held to be a sacred fund, disbursable only in pursuance of the laws, and alone for the public service. The most rigid accountability was exacted of those who had the keeping of the funds, and woe to the unfaithful servant whose "itching palms" made free with what was not his own. Hence the sad predicament in which poor Dr. Tobias Watkins found himself, when it was discovered that for his own personal use he had overdrawn and misappropriated the paltry sum of four thousand dollars. Paltry, we say, by way of comparison, as will presently be seen.—Who does not recollect the case of Toby Watkins? Into what state of holy horror General Jackson was thrown, and his virtuous Squire Amos, at the discovery of his defalcation? How the virtuous of the land groaned over his fall? How the Treasury presses howled at the robbery of the people? How the land rang with execrations of the unfaithful servant? Who does not remember with what fervent zeal the officers of the law fell upon poor Toby? And how deep the regret that "cruel and unusual punishments" were inhibited by the constitution, that the offender might be torn to pieces with red hot pincers? Who does not remember how suddenly he was snatched from his family, and how snugly he was locked up in prison? Who does not remember how many years he was doomed to the dungeon, and how many big oaths General Jackson swore that he should "rot in jail" before he would sanction his release?

And yet, after all, poor Toby was not a defaulter until he was made such by the express commands of General Jackson. Poverty, and the wants of a large family, had driven him to the act of using four thousand dollars of the public money, but he was still too honest to consummate the crime by carrying the entries into the books. Hence it was, that so many indictments were necessarily quashed in court. The offence had not been consummated; and it was not until General Jackson, by an express order, compelled one of the auditors to carry the entries of Watkins's unauthorized drafts into the books of the department, that an indictment would lie. Then, indeed, it did lie—and again the land rang with the triumphant shouts of "the faithful," over the fate of their victim. Well: poor Toby sinned, and punishment was deserved—though not to the extent meted to him. The fact is, Toby was doubly unfortunate. He committed the embezzlement under Mr. Adams' administration, and he wrote in the newspapers against General Jackson. In both these respects he judged most unwisely. He should have written in behalf of General Jackson, and taken the money after his election. This would have made all the difference in the world. And as to the amount, why that would have been of no consequence. True, a paltry four thousand dollars would only have shown him to be a scurvy knave. But had he dipped in for half a million, he might have gone on a foreign mission, like Major Barry. Had he taken a hundred thousand dollars, he would have been able to roll in his coach, and be counted a fine fellow. Four thousand dollars would have been a mere flea-bite, however, and would not have enabled him to rank among the splendid fellows of the party." Still, had the doctor waited until the "hero" came in, he would never have gone to jail for that. Witness the following table of Jackson and Van Buren defaulters, against whose delinquencies not a murmur has been raised by the government press in any quarter of the land. Alas! we say, that Toby Watkins took money too soon.

HENRY CLAY—ABOLITIONISM.

Some of the paragraphs in the biography of Henry Clay, written by one of the Editors of this paper, have of late been extensively circulated and most grossly perverted, we allude to certain paragraphs touching slavery. We have thus far forbore to notice the misrepresentations to which they have given rise trusting to the good sense and discrimination of the public, but our forbearance is exhausted & we will at once and forever put this matter right.

Forty years ago, the question of the gradual emancipation of slaves in Kentucky was agitated, on the occasion of forming a new Constitution for the State. Kentucky had comparatively few slaves. It was a question not of Federal power exerted on the institution of slavery, but of unquestioned State power, applied to slavery, within the undisputed limits, and under the exclusive and acknowledged sovereignty of the State. Pennsylvania had adopted the system of gradual emancipation, by which all slaves, born after a fixed date were to be free at the age