RALEIGH REGISTER,

AND NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE, UNWARP'D BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS."

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TERMS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

Not exceeding *sixteen lines*, will be inserted *three times* for a Dollar; and twenty-five cents for each subsequent publication: those of greater length, in the same proportion. If the number of insertions be not marked on them, they will be continued until ordered out, and char ed accordingly.

Agricultural.

The task of working improvement on the earth is much more delightful to an undebauched mind, than all the vain glory which can be acquired from ravaging it by the most uninterrupted career of conquests. WASHINGTON.

From the National Journal.

The Massachusetts Society have this year omitted the usual Cattle Show, exhibition of Manufactures, &c. and in lieu thereof, offer premiums for the encouragement of Agricultural Science. Among these we notice, one of 100 dollars for the best lot of Butter, not less than 300 lbs.; one of 100 for a similar lot of the best Cheese. There are also premiums for the best acre of Carrots, of Potatoes, of Beets, of Mangel Wortzel, of Sugar Beets, of Parsnips, of Rutabaga, of common Turnips, of Onions, of Cabbages, of Corn. Barley, Rye, Wheat, Millet, Peas, Beans, Mustard Seed, Flax and Hemp. A premium is also offered for the best, and second best, cultivated Farms; and other premiums are proposed for Experiments, discoveries, Inventions, planting Trees, and live Hedges. We have hastily added up these premiums, and find the aggregate amount to be nearly 1800 dollars. Such a sum annually appropriated and judiciously applied in every State in the Union, would work miracles in the condition of our agricultural knewledge.

A Beet was lately left with the Editor of the Tuscaloosa Intelligencer, measuring twenty-one and a half inches in circumference, and twenty-two inches long. The grower says he has a bushel that will measure 18 inches in circumference.

HORTICULTURAL.

Strawberry vines should be planted out into beds early in September. The ground should be previously well manured, & dug at least a month before the plants are put out; the vines should be placed from twelve to eighteen inches apart.

The seed of the nut-bearing pine tree has been lately sent to this country by Commodore Porter. Mr. Skinner, who received it, is distributing it to the best advantage. The nut is described as an agreeable table fruit.

The Horticultural Society of Paris recommends the following mode of preserving Tomatoes, objecting to the boiling process, as having a tendency to change the quality, and sometimes to entirely alter the character of the fruit—"A sufficient quantity of salt is dissolved in spring or river water to make it strong enough to bear an egg; select perfectly ripe tomatoes, and place them well, and without pressing them, in a stone or glazed earthen pot, which is to be filled with the brine; cover the pot with a deep plate in such a manner that it presses upon the fruit—and by this simple process tomatoes may be preserved more than a year without attention. Before cooking them they should be soaked in fresh water for several hours."

A small bug, of a palish blue color, about the size of the small yellow bug that infects cucumbers, has committed depredations on the grape vines in Connecticut during the present season. A writer in the New-England Farmer says, "It appeared just as the vines were putting forth their buds, and eat into the centre of the bud. In many cases it was apparently the cause of the entire failure of the fruit, and a serious injury to the vine, as, when the vines grew, instead of a single healthy shoot, several feeble ones started out from the bud."

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN SMITH.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

The frequent occurrence of the name of Smith has led to numerous whimsical mistakes and perplexities, some of which have furnished the groundwork of a diverting little drama, & others have been expanded into humorous stories. There are clerks in our postoffice, who, were they afflicted with the *cacoethes scribendi*, or did their avocations permit them to try their hands at more diffuse compositions than the brief and pithy sentences which they are accustomed to endorse on the backs of letters might contribute, in no inconsiderable degree, to the entertainment of the public, by "a plain unvarnished tale," of the scenes which sometimes occur at the postoffice window, in consequence of the endless number of Smiths who appear among the claimants for letters.

By the last Liverpool packet, a double letter, folded and sealed in a way which led to the belief that money was enclosed, and addressed to Mrs. John Smith, was received at our Postoffice. It had not long been deposited in its proper box, before a short, fat, smirking little woman made her appearance at the window, and in a broad Irish accent, said—"Have you iver a letter for Mrs. Smith?"

"Yes, here is one for Mrs. Smith—Mrs. Catharine Smith—is that your name, good woman?"

"No, that's not it—my name is Bridget."

"Ah, here is one. Pray what is your husband's name?"

"Out on the vagabond, his name is John."

The clerk was about to give the letter to the woman, but his experience had taught him that John Smiths were as plenty as blackberries: and he held it back, while he asked a few more questions.—'And where did you expect a letter from, Mrs. Smith?"

"Oh, from Cincinnati or New Orleans, or thereabonts. The villain John Smith (that I should say so!) promised to write me these two months, and not the bit scrape of his ugly pen have I seen at all at all.

'But this letter is from Liverpool, my good woman, and of course is not for you.'

'Liverpool, did you say? O the ruffian! has he then deserted me entirely, and gone back to the old country?'

'Suppose he has, you would probably expect to receive money from him.'

'Is it money you mane? Sure then you have put your fut in it. The saddle is on the 'tother horse. It would be asking for money, not sending me any, that John Smith would be after. No, no, sharp's the eye that ever sees the color of John's money more nor himself and the man where he buys his whiskey.'

'I fear, if that is the case,' said the clerk, 'that I shall not be able to give you this letter. It appears to contain a large sum of money, and must be for some other person of your name.'

The woman went away grumbling and scolding, and vowing 'it was all a chate,' and threatening, if there was law in the land she would have her letter. In about an hour after, a tall, sallow looking man, whose straight black hair, keen eye, and Indian gait, denoted him as one of that portion of our countrymen who style themselves half horse, half alligator, and a little touch of the snapping turtle, walked up to the place of letter delivery.

'I say, stranger, I want a letter for John Smith.'

'There is none addressed to that name,' said the clerk; 'but here is one for Mrs. John Smith.'

'Ah, that's me, or what's the same thing, it's my woman, so shell it out here in a little less than no time.'

'Stay a moment, my friend; where did you expect a letter from?'

'Whar from?' exclaimed the Kentuckian in surprise.

'Look here, stranger. I reckon you want to poke fun at me. Now let me tell you, I'm a pretty considerable of a chap—I'm a ringtail roarer, all the way from Salt River. So none of your cockloftical cavorting about me, or I'll be into you like a streak of lightning.'

'I merely wish to know where you expect a letter from, to avoid mistakes, as there are so many John Smiths. This letter contains money.'

'That's why I want it, and so you're gwaing [going] to keep the letter for the sake of the shiners. May be you think I arn't worth no money. I tell you what, stranger, my old man's a heavy dog, and thinks no more of a hundred dollars (State Bank, you see, not rail specie) than you do of a hundred cents. Why should he? Arn't he a director, and what account is money to him?"

'But this letter is from England.—Your father is not an Englishman, is he?'

'Look here, stranger, if you mean to insult me, jist step out here, and I'll lick you within an inch of your life. Englishman!—I reckon if you had seen me at Orleans, with old Hickory, you would n't a' thought there was much English blood in me, though there was a pretty considerable smart chance of it onto me. And my wife's rail Kentuck to the back-bone, too, none of your half and half Yankee trash. If the letter 's from England, she should n't touch it, if it contained ever sich a powerful heap of money.' And so saying the stranger turned indignantly from the office, satisfied that a letter from England could not be intended for him or his.

The next applicant for a letter for John Smith was a small dapper gentleman, with hair of a reddish cast, light eyes, and sandy complexion. The bosom of his vest was traversed in every direction with strings of silk braid and safety chains, and its collar was rolled back with great precision, so as to display to the best advantage a curiously plaited bosom to his linen, and a set of gilt-mounted studs with which it was adorned. His upper lip was shaded with some dozen or twenty hairs, which, as the weaver said of the threads of his carpet, were not as neighborly as they should be; but they glistened with bear's grease, and had been forced with infinite pains from their bristling to a supine position, so that they presented quite a smart apology for mustaches.—Our beau was highly indignant that a postoffice clerk should dare to question him, or withhold a letter addressed 'to his lady;' but said it was no more than might be looked for under a rascally Jackson administration; told him with impressive earnestness that he was a gentleman; threw his card down with the look of an angry Cæsar; and uttered mighty threats in a very weak and effeminate voice, which was not without a certain quaver that seemed to denote that the speaker was not altogether sure, whether the intermediate wall afforded a protection to his exquisite person. The clerk, however, receiving no satisfactory answers to his inquiries, was not intimidated into giving the dandy the letter, and the disappointed applicant walked off in a most unbecoming passion. A long blue-eyed, red-cheeked, raw-boned, awkward looking man from 'down east' was the next to ask for the much claimed letter for Mrs. John Smith; he was succeeded by a chubby negro woman; and a thick-set, heavy looking Dutchman followed her.—They none of them, however, gave satisfactory answers to the questions which the careful clerk thought it his duty to ask, and were obliged to go away as they came. At last a small pretty woman, with high cheek bones, rosy complexion, dressed in a neat close habit, a gipsy hat, and having altogether a John Bull air, came to the Post Office window and modestly asked if there was a letter by the Liverpool packet for Mrs. John Smith. Noticing that the clerk felt some little hesitation at giving it to her, she authorised him to break the seal, telling him what amount of money it would probably be found to contain, and one or two other facts, which would establish her claim beyond a doubt. The contents of the letter proved her right to it, and, much to the joy of the clerk, the troublesome epistle passed out of his custody.

DIFFERENCE AND AGREEMENT; OR, SUNDAY MORNING.

From Badger's N. Y. Weekly Messenger.

It was Sunday morning. All the bells were ringing for church, and the streets were filled with people moving in all directions.

Here numbers of well dressed persons, and a long train of charity children, were thronging in at the the wide doors of a large handsome church. There, a smaller number, almost equally gay in dress, were entering an elegant meeting house. Up one alley, a Roman Catholic congregation was turning into their retired chapel, every one crossing himself with a finger, dipt in holy water as he went in.—The opposite side of the street was covered with a train of Quakers, distinguished by their plain and neat attire and sedate aspect, who walked without ceremony into the room as plain as themselves, and took their seats, the men on one side and the women on the other, in silence. A spacious building was filled with an overflowing crowd of Methodists, most of them plainly habited, but decent and serious in demeanor; while a small society of Baptists in the neighborhood quietly occupied their humble place of assembly.

Presently the different services resounded with the solemn organ, and with the distinct murmurs of a large body of people following the minister in responsive prayers. From the meetings were heard the slow psalm and the single voice of the leader of their devotions. The Roman catholic chapel was enlivened by strains of music, the tinkling of a small bell, and a perpetual change of service and ceremonial. A profound silence and unvarying look and posture announced the self-collected and mental devotion of the Quakuers.

Mr. Ambrose led his son Edwin round all these different assemblies as a spectator. Edwin viewed every thing with great attention, and was often impatient to inquire of his father the meaning of what he saw; but Mr. Ambrose would not suffer him to disturb any of the congregations even by a whisper. When they had gone through the whole, Edwin found a great many questions to put to his father, who expressed every thing to him in the best manner he could. At length says Edwin,

'But why cannot all these people agree to go to the same place, and worship God in the same way?'

'And why should they agree?' replied his father. 'Do you not see that people differ in a hundred other things? Do they all dress alike, and eat and drink alike, and keep the same hours, & use the same diversions?'

'Ay—but those are things in which they have a right to do as they please.'

'And they have a right, too, to worship God as they please. It is their own business, & concerns none but themselves.'

'But has God ordered particular ways of worshipping him?'

'He has directed the mind and spirit with which he is to be worshipped, but not the particular form and manner. That is left for every one to choose, according as suits his temper and opinions. All these people like their own way best, and why should they leave it for the choice of another? Religion is one of the things for which *mankind are made to differ*.

The several congregations now began to be dismissed, and the street was again overspread with persons of all the different sects, going promiscuously to their respective homes. It chanced that a poor man fell down in the street in a fit of apoplexy, and lay for dead. His wife and children stood around him crying and lamenting in the bitterest distress. The beholders immediately flocked round, and with looks and expressions of the warmest compassion gave their help. A Churchman raised him from the ground, by lifting him under the arms, while a Presbyterian held his head and wiped his face with his handkerchief. A Roman Catholic lady took out her smelling bottle, and assiduously applied it to his nose. A Methodist ran for a doctor. A Quaker supported and comforted the woman, and a Baptist took care of the children.

Edwin and his father were among the spectators. Here, said Mr. Ambrose, is a thing in which *mankind are made to agree*.

IMPROVEMENT OF YOUTH.

We extract the following passage from an Address delivered by the Rev. Dr. DELANCY, Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, to the Students, on opening the Collegiate Session. It bears convincing marks of having emanated from a parent:

"But I turn from this point to touch a chord which I trust will vibrate to the inmost recesses of your hearts. The anxious wishes of your parents present a powerful incentive to exertion. The most interested witness of your efforts are those to whom you are bound by the closest ties: With minds impressed with a sense of the value of your present opportunities, and with hearts beating high with hopes of your success, they are watching your collegiate career as affording some indication of the character of your future efforts in life, and as testing your disposition of gratitude and love to them. We can scarcely dwell upon a more touching spectacle, than that of a virtuous youth not only urged on in his struggle for knowledge by the love of science, and by a sense of its importance, but burning with the holy purpose of making by his mental triumphs a father's heart beat with delight, and a mother's breast glow with rapture, sacrificing, with manly energy, the customary follies of his age, yielding his whole soul to the effort, and, like the Christian in his struggle for salvation, pressing forward in his preparation for that more enlarged arena on which distinction and profit are obtained. If the bosom of a parent ever burn with joy, it is in witnessing the efforts of such a son; if, when contemplating the possibility of his own premature dismissal from an earthly stewardship, his soul can advert with comfort to any anchor for the shattered vessel which he leaves behind, it is when revolving in the recesses of his burdened mind the prospects and fortunes of his bereaved family, he augurs from the energy, the decision, the diligence, the character of a son, that his wife and children will yet have *one*, around whom they may cling with hope, one arm to stay them in distress, one pillar to support them, one shield to ward from them the perils of desolate widowhood and orphan helplessness. Let then the reflection that you cannot infuse into the bosom of your parents a purer feeling of joy than that which results from marking the success of your collegiate efforts exert its influence upon you throughout the period of your college life; & be assured, young gentlemen, that when the progress of time, or the casualities of life, or the invasions of disease shall bring on that painful moment in which you are to take a last look of the parent who has watched and worked for you, the retrospect of such an effort to gratify him, will send thro' your hearts a thrill of satisfaction which monarchs on a throne might envy."

NOBLE CONDUCT OF ST. PIERRE.

From Walter Scott's Tales of a Grandfather.

When the inhabitants of Calais beheld, at length, the pennons of King Philips' host retiring from their view, they knew all hopes of those succours, which they waited for so anxiously and vainly were at an end. They had suffered such extremities, that human nature could endure no longer; and to intimate that resistance was at an end, they lowered the banner of France, and displayed that of England in its place. But they had to learn that their obstinacy had offended the King more than either their gallantry or their reluctant submission could atone for. He gave them presently to understand, that he would not receive their surrender unless they yielded implicity to his mercy, without any capitulation either for their lives or their property. When this severity was objected to, even by his own commanders, Edward would agree to show no further favor than to the following extent. He demanded that six of the chief burgesses of the town should come before him bareheaded, barefooted and in their shirts, having halters round their necks, bearing the keys of the town and the castle of Calais, which were to be humbly surrendered to him. These six men were to submit to the king's pleasure howsoever severe it might be, without reservation even of life; and, in consideration of their doing so, the stern conquerer reluctantly promised that the rest of the citizens of Calais should have mercy. These conditions were sent to the town, and read before the assembled citizens. The tidings were followed by a general lamentation, which, the difficulty of finding men willing to take upon themselves this strange submission considered was not to be wondered at. After some deliberation, a burgess, the most substantial in the city, addressed the assembly. His name Eustace de Saint Pierre, ought neyer to be forgotten while disinterested patriotism is held valuable among mankind.—"He that shall contribute to save this fair town from sack and spoil," said this gallant man, "though at the price of his own blood, shall doubtless deserve well of God and of his country. I will be one who will offer my head to the King of England, as a ransom for the town of Calais. The greater part of the assembly were moved by his speech to tears and exclamations of gratitude. Five other burgesses caught emulation from the noble devotion of Eustace de Saint Pierre, and offered to partake with him the honorable peril which he had incurred. They quickly put themselves into the humiliating attire required by Edward, but which assumed in such a cause, was more honorable than the robes of the Garter, which that King had lately instituted. In their shirts, barefooted, and with the halter around their necks, they were conducted before Edward, to whom they submitted themselves for disposal, as the stipulated ransom for the pardon of their fellow citizens. The king looking on them with indignation, upbraided them with the losses he had sustained through their obstinancy, and commanded them to be presently beheaded. Sir Walter Manny and the bravest English nobles and warriors, interfered to prevent the execution, and even the Prince of Wales interceded for their lives in vain. The Queen Pnillippa was the last resource of these unfortunate men. She had recently joined her husband's camp, in circumstances equally flattering to Edward as a monarch, and interesting to him as a husband. It was during her regency in England that the great victory of Neville's cross had been obtained; and it was under her auspices that David II. of Scotland was made prisoner. The queen was, also, at this time with child, and thus, in every respect, entitled to the highest regard of her royal husband. When she saw that Edward would be moved with no less entreaty than her own, she rose hastily from her seat, and kneeled before the king saying, with many tears, "Ah! my lord and husband, have I not a right to ask a boon of you, having come over the sea, through so many dangers, that I might wait upon you? therefore, let me now pray you, in honor of our blessed Redeemer, and for love of me, that you would take pity upon these six prisoners!" Edward looked doubtfully upon the queen, and seemed to hesitate for a space, but said, at length, "Ah, madam, I could well wish you had been elsewhere this day; yet how can I deny any boon which you ask of me? Take these men, and dispose of them as you will." The gracious queen, rejoiced at having prevailed in her suit, and having changed the dishonorable attire of the burgesses for new clothing, gave each of them six nobles, for immediate use, and caused them to be safely conveyed thro' the English host and set at liberty.

SEA SERPENT AGAIN.—This animal seems peculiarly attached to Boothby harbor, and no wonder, for it is a very pleasant harbor, and one of the finest "watering places" on the coast of Maine. His snake-ship paid another friendly visit there on Sunday before last, as we are informed by Captain Walden, of the United States Revenue Cutter Detector. The Cutter was at anchor in the harbor, and the officers and the crew all had a fair view of the Leviathan of the deep, as he boomed along in the neighborhood of the Light House. They judged him to be over one hundred feet in length.—They sent a boat to reconnoitre, but his snakeish majesty marched off with as much dignity as a bashaw with three tails.—*Portland Courier.*

These two lines—that look so solemn,
Were just put here to fill the column.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.

A BAPTIST CAMP-MEETING will commence on the second Friday in October next, at New-light Meeting House, eighteen miles north of Raleigh. Ministerial aid will be thankfully received. August 17.

Bank Stock for Sale.

WILL BE SOLD under an order of the Court of Equity, for the County of Wake, on the 3d day of October 1831, being Monday of Wake Superior Court, at the door of the office of the Bank of Newbern in Raleigh, Twenty-three Shares of State Bank, and Fifteen Shares of Bank of Newbern Stock.

B. A. BARHAM, Agent.
August 24.

NOTICE.

THE Subscribers having qualified at August Term of the County Court of Wake, as Executors of the last Will & Testament of DEMPSEY POWELL, Esq. deceased; hereby give notice to all persons indebted to said Estate, to come forward and make immediate settlement; And those persons having claims, are requested to present them for payment, within the time prescribed by law, properly authenticated, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

JESSE POWELL, } Executors.
ALLEN ROGERS, }
August 27, 1831. 42tf

P. S. The Executors have a quantity of prime BACON, which they will sell on 12 months credit, if applied for soon.

State of North-Carolina,
Randolph County.

Superior Court of Law—Spring Term, 1831.
Mary L. Moss vs. John G. Moss.
Petition for Divorce.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the Defendant in this case is not an inhabitant of this State: It is, on motion, ordered, that publication be made for three months, in the *Raleigh Register*, and *Greensborough Patriot*, that the Defendant appear at the next term of this Court, to be held for the County of Randolph, at the Courthouse in Ashborough, on the 4th Monday of September next, and plead, answer or demur to the Plaintiff's Petition otherwise, the same will be taken as confessed, and set for hearing accordingly.

A Copy.
32 J. WOOD, C. S. C.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber having qualified at August Term of the County Court of Wake, as Executor of the last Will and Testament of Mrs. *Priscilla Bell*, dec'd, hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said Estate, to come forward and make immediate settlement; and those persons having claims, are requested to present them for payment, within the time prescribed by law, properly authenticated, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

W. R. GALES.
Raleigh, Aug. 23. 41 3w

Just received and for Sale,
BY TURNER & HUGHES,
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The Editor of the North-American Review, speaking of Say, observes, that "he is the most popular, and perhaps the most able writer on Political Economy since the time of Smith.

It would be beneficial to our country if all those who are aspiring to office were required by their constituents to be conversant with the pages of Say.

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The above books can be had in complete sets in a uniform style of binding, or in single volumes.