

RALEIGH REGISTER.

AND NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE.

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

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SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

FOR THE REGISTER.

LAWRENCEVILLE RACES.

JUNE 12, 1833.

1st Day.—Sweepstakes for Colts & Fillies, \$100 entrance—mile heats—3 horses started.
R. K. Meade, b. c. by Arab, dam Bedford, 4 4
Jno. D. Kirby, g. c. by Medley, dam John Richards, 1 1
Jno. C. Goode, b. c. by Monsieur Tomson, dam Creeping Kate, 3 3
Wm. McCargo, br. l. by Stockholder, dam Packet, 5 dis
Time. 1st h. 1 m. 54s—2d h. 1 m. 59. Track heavy.

2d Day.—Proprietor's Purse \$250.
Jno. C. Goode, b. c. Tuscumbia, by Tomson, 5 years old, 7 5
Wm. Wynn, b. c. Red Jacket, by Director, 5 ys. old, 1 1
J. J. Harrison, c. h. Division, by Arab, 5 ys. old, 5 4
J. D. Kirby, s. h. Winterfield, by Goanna, 4 ys. old, 6 0
Thos. D. Watson, g. h. Little [dead h.], John, by Tomson, 4 ys. old, 2 0
W. McCargo, b. h. John Fliin, by Tomson, 4 ys. old, 3 dr.
Wm. M. West, b. f. — by Mae rion, 4 ys. old, 4 6
Time. 1st h. 4 m. 2s—2d h. 3 m. 57 s. Track still heavy.

3d Day.—Jockey Club Purse, \$500.
O. P. Hare, g. m. Ironette, by Contention, 1 1
J. J. Harrison, ch. h. Festi- [neck & neck] val, by Eclipse, 2 2
W. Wynn, b. h. Anvil, by Tomson, 4 3
Jno. C. Goode, b. h. Row Gally, by Arab, 5 dis
W. McCargo, b. h. Walter Cook, by Tomson, 3 dis
Time. 1st h. 8 m. 11 s—2d h. 8 m. 22 s. Track heavy.

This was an interesting and hard contest. Ironette is said to be the best nag in Virginia, and many say, in the U. States. She was in fine condition, and was freely offered by her acquaintances against the field. Her success hitherto, in five races, made rather a fearful odds, and not much business was done until the field was led out and stripped in preparation for the contest; when the fine and gallant appearance of the beautiful Festival created confidence in the field, although it was well known that he had only been free from the distemper three weeks, and that all the others were declared more or less out of fix. The field was freely taken against Ironette. They went off in beautiful style, Ironette having the track and keeping it for the first mile and a half, and closely waited on by Row Gally, when she made an effort to break with him and quit his company, in which she succeeded, the gap between them widening fast. Here, Festival clearly saw that all the work was for him to do. He summoned all his powers, and gallantly went up to his fair one, offered his right, his left—'twas refused—as if indignant, he made a most killing burst and passed her in the beginning of the third mile, and under a steady pull kept his position, although on every reach Miss laid out all her powers to pass him. So they continue to within three hundred yards of home, when yet another trial must be made. The struggle was great—she closes up—still nears upon him—locks him, and they finish neck and neck.—The other three, from 80 to 150 yards behind. This heat made no little difference in the original opinion of the race. It was now thought, if the heats were broken, there could be but little chance for Miss Ironette. They came up handsomely for the second heat, and went off elegantly all together. Walter Cook challenged for the track, and for a mile and a half kept it in bursting action, Miss close behind him, and Festival near enough to master danger. She makes play—Walter gives it up—she leaves them—as in the other heat, the gallantry is all for Festival—he nears up, soon makes play, and a desperate struggle again throughout the stretch. He passes her, and maintains his position as

before, until the beginning of the last quarter in the 4th mile, when the long pull and the strong pull must be made. 'Twas done—Miss Ironette succeeds, and comes home three or four lengths ahead of Festival—the others as above. M.

ATROCIOUS INJUSTICE.

From the Cherokee Phoenix, May 18.
It will be recollected in 1821, the Rev. H. Chandler, Missionary of the Moravians, stationed in this vicinity, with a flourishing School, and a prosperous Church, was arrested by the Georgia Guard, and ten days given him to remove without Georgia, which he was compelled to do; and after leaving a valuable improvement he returned to the Society in Salem, N. C. Mr. Chandler was again sent out by the Society to Spring Place to supersede the Rev. G. Byham, and received the appointment of Postmaster at that place. This appointment placed him under the protection of the General Government, and seemed to secure his residence as a missionary there, without the molestation of the Georgia authorities. But it appears that the learned Georgians are wretchedly behind the Roman notions of justice; they have not the perpetual will of doing right; they surveyed the Cherokee country, placed Mr. C. in a lot with a respectable Indian, drew for it, then granted by the Governor, and the worthy missionary with his Post-Office commission was driven off from a valuable improvement by the drawer, utterly destroying two missionary stations in the Cherokees of the United Brethren. The National Government have a character to sustain, and it is with that Government to see her own citizens protected from the persecution of usurpers.
Again: At Ellijay an industrious Indian had by his steady habits improved his premises to be of considerable value, when it was drawn by one of the lottery gamblers in Georgia. The fortunate holder of the ticket applied to the Governor for a grant, which was given him, on his assurance that there was no Indian occupant on it. The fortunate drawer gathered up his all, including some two or three pistols, and moved to the Cherokee country, loaded his pistols, entered the possessions of Ootawlansta, pointing one at him, and drove the innocent Cherokee from his well cultivated field, and he was without a home the last account we had. The Cherokees are doomed to suffer.

MISCELLANIES.

A Sunday in New-Orleans.—My first view of N. Orleans, was from Lake Pontchartrain. It was Sunday morning when I landed. The Steamboat, as soon as we approached shore, was crowded with faces of all colors, speaking almost all languages, translatable and untranslatable. The passengers with the mail were soon mounted on a rail-road car, and propelled by hand a few rods under a "L'arc de triomphe," which was a wooden building painted white, over-arching the rail-road—and resting on either side—a Hotel I think. Then we waited a few minutes for the locomotive, which had not yet arrived from the city, to which and from which it goes every half hour—distance 4 1/2 miles. These few minutes I employed in looking about. All around, except the neat and rather elegant buildings, and the pathways, was swamp, or dismal swamp—full of stagnant water, and rough-looking bushes. I looked into one hotel.—There were many persons, some drinking all sorts of liquor from an elegantly furnished bar, some playing back-gammon and chess, some chatting a French that was comprehensible, and some a language known only to themselves. Evidently it was a holiday. There was mirth and jollity, and loud obnoxious joy. The crowd was considerable; the noise deafening. I looked into another hotel. An awning and a curtain shadowed one door, through which I heard the clink of dollars. With the curiosity of my countrymen, for which all of us are so famed, I drew aside the curtain, and stood before a row of gamblers, some white, some mulatto, some chatting French, some broken English—all paraded by, or around a table crowded with large pieces of silver, playing roulette. The presence of a stranger created no sensation, no interruption. Others were at my heels. Only one of the players looked up from the table, and he only turned up his spectacles, and then looked down again. It was broad day business. There was no concealment. No man was ashamed. No man objected to being seen. The gamblers did not seem to be the best of men in appearance, though they played high. I have seen a great many better looking men in New-Orleans.
The locomotive soon came along with great rapidity, smoking and puffing loud, and drawing in its train a long row of large cars, full from top to bottom of new customers. Perhaps one hundred and fifty persons jumped from the cars within three minutes after the locomotive stopped.—This crowd was so much more added to the former crowd—and I soon learnt, that the Lake, as it is called, is the resort of hundreds and thousands from New-Orleans on Sunday. The locomotive was

wheeled about,—and our party ascended the cars—fine large cars, well cushioned, and curtained—and in a very few minutes we were in New-Orleans, landed in the street, where as many more people were waiting to go to the Lake.

My "plunder," or baggage disposed of, I walked around to see the city. The market was open with almost every thing for sale, from green peas, blackberries, pine apples, and the vegetables we have in July or August, to all kinds of meat,—and it was crowded with negroes, mulattoes, quadroons,—in short, with men and women of all colors from total blackness, and their pretty brunette to the finishing features of the quadroons—and talking French without interruption in the full vivacity of the language, then making the long arch bound and rebound with voices not unlike that of the full chatter of a New-England monitorial school.

At the Hotel where I am, at Bishop's where Americans chiefly stop, one of the most moral in the city, and one of the best in the Union, better by far because the waiters are Irish, and not negro slaves with their attendant filth and negligence.—There, Sunday as it was, the bar was crowded with visitants and the billiard room was full, and the chess and chequer boards were all employed.

I looked at the American part of the city. There, the stores in general were shut, though not all of them. I went to the French part. There the shops, almost all, were open. Goods were displayed as in a week day. Purchasers were active in the dry good shops, and shops of that description—and the groups were crowded. I wandered up and down the levee, which is the embankment on the Mississippi, and where many flat boats lie, and there many, very many, were playing whist, loo, and four-and-fours, I think they call it.

I looked into the Cathedral, an old Spanish building, rough cast, antique, and now rusty—and there the choir were chaunting—and the priest doing something, I know not what. The audience was principally colored. There were some French and Spanish women, without bonnets, and with veils thrown over their heads. Many on their knees before the cross. More were going out and in, as in the Jewish Synagogue. The doors were wide open on the principal street, with no ascending step. Strangers peeped in, or walked in as they pleased—and boys were playing bat-in-ball on a green or a park opposite, vociferating as all boys will, much to the detriment of the devotional, if there were any such.

A trooper in full uniform, galloping along leisurely, caught my eye. I followed him as fast as possible—and soon I heard martial music. The military were parading. Many companies were out.—Sunday is the muster day of the soldiers of New-Orleans. It is the best day that could be selected, for if men are kept busily drilling, they are kept out of mischief.
Toward evening, when the sea-breeze was coming in, and the air was cooler, I promenade with a Portland friend up and down the levee. Hundreds & thousands of persons were out. The whole population seemed poured forth there.—We went to see a negro dance which is held every Sunday evening, when the slaves have their Saturnalia. There it is the custom of the negroes to perform all sort of foot evolutions. They drink and carouse and dance. They do their play for a week. But we were too late to see the ceremony—and turned about disappointed.

Upon the whole, Sunday is a very bad day in New-Orleans—a bad institution there, I was going to say—but it is not my province to scan the measures of good and evil in a day the Deity has consecrated. One thing is certain, there is more vice, more iniquity, more sport on that leisure day, than on any other during the week. The French Theatre is open and crowded. Men throng together. Idleness begets iniquity. But enough, my paper is down.—Brooks—Port. Adv.

Love's Labor Lost.—A serenading party the other night, after having played before a house for nearly an hour, were politely informed by the considerate watchman that—"nobody lived there."

Definition of a Mean Man.—One who is always ready to subscribe for a newspaper, without the least intention of ever paying for it, or, in other words, one who orders his paper sent to a certain office, and, after receiving half the volume, refuses to take any more from the office, or removes to some place unknown, without notifying the editor of the fact. A character of this kind, (and many there be,) we unhesitatingly pronounce *A mean man.*—Village Courier.

Sir Walter Scott copied the following curious inscription from a stone in the Church Yard of Melrose Abbey.
"The earth goes on the earth, glittering in gold;
The earth goes to the earth sooner than it would;
The earth builds on the earth castles and towers;
The earth says to the earth—All this is ours."

Rats.—In no country is there a creature so destructive of property as the rat in Jamaica; its ravages are inconceivable. One year with another it is supposed that they destroy at least about a twentieth part of the sugar canes throughout the Island, amounting to little short of £200,000 currency, per annum. The sugar cane is their favorite food; but they also prey on Indian corn, on all the fruits that are accessible to them, and on many of the roots.

Emigrants from Europe are beginning to pour into the United States. Many tens of thousands may be expected in the present season. From Ireland, England, Scotland and Wales, many will come; but the greater number, most probably, from Germany. And emigration from the latter will gather strength as it proceeds, as well in promoting a better knowledge of the real condition of things in the United States, in advice from those who have settled here, as because of the increased abridgements of the German people—to whom only the alternative of a dark and awful despotism, or a bloody civil war, seems presented.

Many of the emigrants who are coming from Germany are of the productive classes—and a large number of them have some money to begin a new life with in America. Others, who are mere day-labourers, may find abundant employment on the rail roads and canals that are making, in several of the States. In general, they are patient and industrious, and exceedingly economical.

Stephen Van Rensselaer.—The proceedings of the National Temperance Convention lately held at Philadelphia, are, we understand, to be published at length in the Temperance Recorder, and Mr. Van Rensselaer has undertaken to defray the expense of printing 100,000 extra copies.

At the close of the Convention a vote of thanks to General Van Rensselaer for this liberal aid being proposed, a member rose to suggest that the title General be struck out, and the christian name be inserted in lieu thereof, adding "that there were many Generals in the United States, but only one Stephen Van Rensselaer." This just and complimentary amendment was accepted and passed unanimously.

New York, June 6.
The folly of discharging loaded weapons within the limits of this crowded metropolis was made apparent by an accident which occurred in the upper part of this city on Wednesday evening, and was near proving one of a very serious nature. A gentleman residing in Fourth street, was sitting at a window in the back parlour of his house, conversing with his friend, when a pistol was fired off in the neighborhood, and its contents, a heavy charge of shot, passing through one of the panes of glass, a portion of them lodged in the heads of both gentlemen. The family in the adjacent parlour, startled by the near report of the pistol, on turning suddenly round, beheld a stream of blood trickling down their faces, and the alarm which such a spectacle naturally created could only be subdued by the assurances of a physician, who was immediately called in, that no fatal consequences were to be apprehended from the wounds. It was discovered after some considerable investigation, that this accident arose from the thoughtlessness of a young man in the neighbourhood, who was amusing himself by shooting at cats.—Evening Post.

Dead Letters.—In the General Post Office at Washington, there is one department for the examination of dead letters, which has a superintendent and five clerks.
The above paragraph, which we find in circulation in the newspapers, reminds us to say, that the number of dead letters returned to the General Post Office and there examined, &c. amounts to the enormous number of six hundred thousand annually. This branch of the Post Office is under excellent regulations. Every thing of value is carefully preserved, to be restored to its owners, if they can be found.—Nat. Int.

Chloride of Lime.—Among the virtues of this invaluable drug, a friend mentioned that it was observed to have the effect of driving Rats from a house where it was fit daily used. He said that many persons who had tried experiments with the Chloride, were well satisfied of the fact. Whether it be, that these vermin can only thrive in a contaminated atmosphere, or whether there is something in the efficacy of Chloride that disagrees with their vitæ sesone, we leave to the learned in Ratology to say.—Carolina Watch.

The Steam Engine.—At Holt's (Hotel), says the N. York Journal of Commerce is still industriously engaged in boring for Water. Yesterday it made eight inches, and reached to the depth of 394 feet. The process was commenced a year and a half ago, and has been perseveringly pursued. Five hundred feet has been bored through the solid rock. Salt water was struck at the depth of 150 feet. The water is now

within five feet of the surface, but it is brackish. It is hoped that a vein of pure water will soon be struck, and in that hope, the process will be continued.

Death by Poison.—The wife of a respectable merchant in Baltimore died lately under the following circumstances: She was first taken ill on the 13th ultimo, and became much better on the Monday following. On Wednesday she ate mutton and rice soup for dinner, and was immediately seized with severe spasms and vomiting—she died on Saturday morning, 25th. The rice was afterwards thrown to some chickens, they ate of it and also died. A black woman was consequently suspected of having put poison in the food, and arrested. On Thursday morning last, the body of the lady was, at the order of the Coroner, J. Wright, disinterred and examined by a number of physicians, who after a close examination of the intestines, traced in them the effects of arsenic, which poisonous substance was detected on analysing some of the soup. The woman who stands accused of the murder, bears a very bad character, and other discoveries are in a fair way of being made.

Speculation.—A vender of West India Goods and Groceries in a village of New-Hampshire, had on hand a quantity of Molasses, which he retailed for nine cents a quart. A rival grocer put his down to eight cents. This was a little lower than our hero wished to afford it; but people would not give him nine, while his neighbor sold the sweetening for eight. Necessity is the mother of invention, and as a Yankee never was at fault in matters of 'dicker' or trade, Jonathan hit upon the following expedient: he divided his Molasses into two parts, and advertised: "As good Molasses as can be bought at any store in New-Hampshire, for eight cents. Also, a very superior cask at ten." The superior was readily and rapidly sold while the eight cent commodity laid on hand. One half thus disposed of, Jonathan shifted his cask and transported the other half into a 'superior' position; by which manoeuvre the whole was vendued at 10 cents.—Lowell Compend.

A gay spark, who had taken lodgings at a public house in London, got considerably in debt; and, absenting himself, took new quarters. This so enraged the landlord, that he commissioned his wife to go and dun him—which the debtor hearing of, declared publicly that if she came he would kiss her. And will he? quoth the lady—will he?—Give me my bonnet. Molly, I'll see whether any fellow on earth has such impudence. My dear, said the cooling husband, pray don't be rash, you don't know what a man may do when he is in a passion.

The legal provision for the support of schools in New Hampshire is certainly a very liberal one. The sum of ninety thousand dollars is required by law to be annually raised and appropriated to this purpose; and the amount annually accruing to the State from the tax paid on Banks (about 10,000) is distributed among the several towns in sums proportioned to the State tax paid by them respectively, to be applied in the same manner.

It will be gratifying to many of our readers to learn that applications for passage to the African Colony continue to flow in to the Board of Managers, both from free persons of colour and on behalf of slaves, quite as fast as the Board can find means to comply with them. Notwithstanding the large number of emigrants sent out by the Managers during the last season, the following additional applications for passage to the Colony are now before the Board, a large portion of them for slaves, whom their owners propose to liberate, if the Society will incur the expense of conveying them to Liberia, viz:

- From Georgia—Liberty county 15
- Savannah 82
- From Virginia—Petersburg 3
- Springfield 7
- Staunton 10
- Moorefield 7
- Warm-spring 5
- Lynchburg 8
- From Tennessee—Blountsville 19
- From Connecticut—Litchfield 3
- From Massachusetts—Springfield 1
- Belchertown 1
- From Ohio—Elkton 1
- Philadelphia 1
- Washington City 5

We wish the Board had the ability to furnish immediate passage to all of these applicants, because the influence of example is great, and every emigrant that goes induces others to follow. But we are sorry to learn that the ability of the Society does not keep pace with the number of applications, or its own anxious desire to meet them. The heavy expenditures consequent on the large expeditions of the last season have not only exhausted the funds of the Society, but involved it in a debt of very serious magnitude, which it is now struggling to discharge. As soon as this object is effected, and its treasury replenished, its operations will be resumed with renewed vigour. These facts appeal forcibly to the friends of the cause throughout the

country, and should induce a general effort to supply the means carrying on the good work.—Nat. Intelligencer.

From the Savannah Georgian.
Webster in the field.—Not Daniel but Noah, who in addition to his great philological work, his Dictionary, proposes to publish a new translation of the Bible in which modern English terms will be made to take the place of the obsolete ones in the present version and in which more regard shall be paid to elegance of language, or to use his own word, to "euphemisms." The New-York Evening Post has the following observations upon the proposed translation:

The obsolete words and phrases are all perfectly intelligible, and, in our eyes give a beauty and venerableness to the work. We would not part with one of those archaisms breathing of the simplicity and sincerity of antiquity for as many modern phrases as could be stuffed into Dr. Webster's quarto dictionary. As to the changes for the sake of 'euphemism' if we once begin to make them where shall we stop? A fastidiousness of this kind once encouraged knows scarcely any limits. A clergyman of the Episcopal Church in this city used to tell of an attempt at 'euphemism' made by an English curate and his clerk in performing that part of the ritual of his Church called churching of women. He had got to the following passage:

Minister.—Oh Lord save this woman, thy servant.
Jns.—Who putteth her trust in thee.
The person on whose account the ceremony took place happening to be a lady of distinction, the curate thought it would be excessively rude to call her 'woman' and therefore changed the word for an 'euphemism,' as follows:

O Lord, save this lady, thy servant.
The clerk not to be outdone in politeness by the minister, promptly responded:

Who putteth her ladyship's trust in thee.
This puts us in mind of what we have frequently heard related of a Reverend Divine, not long deceased at Philadelphia; and his known eccentricity renders the story probable. In speaking of the personages in the New Testament, he would always use the words Lady, or Gentleman where it is rendered woman or man in the common version. Hence, he would speak of that "unfortunate lady Magdalen," or "the poor gentleman Lazarus."

The following highly poetical inscriptions, instead of the vulgar insignia of 'Boots and Shoes,' are to be found on the signs of two brethren of the craft in London:

'Here's the man that wont refuse
For to mend both boots and shoes,
My leather's good, my charges just,
Excuse me—I cannot tarry.'
The next is more sublime, but as it has less of the business like style than the former, we should be inclined to prefer the man of moderate pretensions for our cobbler.

'Blow, O blow ye heavenly breezes,
All among the leaves and trees,
Sing, O sing, ye heavenly muses,
And I will mend your boots and shoeses.'

Whereas my wife Rachel has eloped from my bed and board—is the standing form must used and approved in this class of proclamations.
Eloped! To give the proper effect it should be read *elope ed*. It means to escape, to run away, and always presents to our imagination the figure of a woman, with a child in her arms, jumping a fence clear, with a pack of dogs in pursuit of her, set on by her loving husband. We could wish never to see such another advertisement of the kind. They are aimed at helpless, and often injured females, they cast a stigma on children who certainly have never offended, and they unavoidably wound the peace of a whole family circle. They no doubt often tend to perpetuate a separation that might otherwise have been but temporary, and even if it does not prevent a reunion, it must be to both parties a subject of lasting regret. And all for no good. It is questionable whether a husband ever paid a cent the less for having advertised his wife; and the probability is, that many have in various ways been indirectly losers by having done so. We wish all editors would, with common consent, exclude such advertisements; we can see no sufficient reason for inserting them; for the paltry sum usually paid, can be no object with a class of men, now we hope ranking as a liberal profession; and who know so well as Editors, may be presumed to know what is due to private feeling and public decency. If other papers could generally concur in these views we would gladly join them in refusing all such notices from and after a stated time. If, however, others continue the practice, we, probably, shall do so too; but we wish it to be distinctly understood by all whom it may concern, that our price is FIVE DOLLARS, to be paid, invariably, in advance.

Georgia Journal.