

# RALEIGH REGISTER.

## AND NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE, UNWARD BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS"

VOLUME XXXIV.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1833.

NO. 43.

### THE REGISTER

By Joseph Gales & Son,  
Raleigh, North-Carolina.

#### TERMS.

Three Dollars per annum; one half in advance. Those who do not, either at the time of subscribing, or subsequently, give notice of their wish to have the Paper discontinued at the expiration of their year, will be presumed as desiring its continuance until countermanded.

#### 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 charged accordingly.

### ICHABOD AND THE BULL.

The following account of Mr. Ichabod Wing's first attempt to preach in the town of New England, is condensed from a most authentic statement, in the Boston Galaxy, whose editor is not certainly famous for making bulls.

The congregation met, and the meeting house was filled, but the minister put it off terribly. The bell kept tolling and tolling and the people thought it never would be done. They yawned and stared about and kept peeping out at the windows—just as if they expected he would come sooner for that. At last Deacon Snooks got up and spoke to Squire Barleycorn—

"Squire where is the minister?"  
"Really, Deacon, I don't know. He came out of my house just after me, but he walked so slow, that I got out of sight of him."  
"It's very strange he don't come."  
"Very strange."

Here Miss Deborah Peepabout, an elderly virgin, who held the opinion of Paul Pry, that "the spirit of enquiry is the grand characteristic of the age in which we live," and who also felt a particular sympathy in the fate of unmarried clergymen, thrust her long nose between the Deacon and the Squire and asked—

"Law me! Deacon—Squire—why don't the minister come?"  
Then Miss Martha Buskbody, seeing the Deacon, the Squire and Miss Peepabout engaged in a colloquy, wriggled herself into their company and asked the same question.

Then another and another and another followed the example, and there was a knot of people quickly gathered round the Deacon and the Squire, all asking questions which nobody could answer. The whole congregation was in a buzz-buzzing. Every one was asking where the minister was, although every one knew that all the rest were just as ignorant as himself.

Bill Muggs, the sexton, kept tugging away at the bell-rope, till he had tolled the people out of patience. But we must leave the bell tolling, and the sexton fretting, and the Deacon and the Squire and the old maids, and all the rest of the congregation on the tenter hooks of suspense and go back to see what has become of our friend Ichabod.

Ichabod had slackened his pace after leaving the house, and had fallen into a sort of reverie. Finding himself rather late before he got near the church, he resolved to make a short cut across the field where the road made an angle; so jumping over a stone wall he steered directly for the church, but had not proceeded many paces when he was startled by a most savage and unmusical boo-boo-ing sound in a tone of the deepest bass he ever heard. Lifting up his eyes he beheld a furious bull making at him with all speed and bellowing like mad. It is needless to say that he took to his heels; with the bull made for him, and Ichabod put on all the fleetness he could exert. Four legs are better than two, and it was soon evident that the quadruped would win the race. Ichabod found he could not reach the wall before the bull would be to him. "Now!" thought he, "it is all over with me!" His shoes flew off; but the bull kept on. He dropped his hat, but the stratagem did not take; the bull was not to be made a fool of. He threw his sermon behind him but with no better success; the bull was not to be reasoned with; he gave the manuscript a whisk with his tail and scattered it to the four winds!

"In gone! I'm gone!" said Ichabod, for the bull was close behind him; at this instant, he espied an apple tree close at hand; and summoning all his remaining strength, he made a desperate leap and was fortunate enough to spring into the tree at the moment the bull was at his heels.

Here was an unlooked-for deliverance, but unluckily the bull was not so easily to be got rid of. Though disappointed of his prey, he kept about the tree with such a menacing disposition that Ichabod dared not descend. It seemed as if the animal knew that he kept a congregation waiting, he stuck to the spot with such pertinacity. For two mortal hours did the unlucky Ichabod sit perched upon the

tree in sight of the church. Every minute seemed an age to him. He heard the bell toll, toll, toll, and each stroke seemed the funeral knell to his hopes. He pictured to his fancy a crowded congregation waiting in anxious suspense, and lost in wonder and amazement at his non-appearance. "Alas!" said he to himself—

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,  
Which bids me thus delay;  
I see the horns you cannot see,  
Which bids me here to stay."

He saw the congregation come out of the church and scatter hither and thither like sheep without a shepherd, and yet he durst not leave the apple-tree, because there was—not a lion—but a bull in the way!

The congregation were at last fairly tired out. Two hours had they waited, and no parson came. The sexton left off tolling the bell, and indeed it was quite time, for he had nearly worn the rope off. The people all came out of the church, having after two hours debating upon the matter, come to the conclusion that there would be no sermon, and that there was good ground for alarm as to the fate of their minister. They sent off parties east, west, north and south, to explore the country, and presently Ichabod discovered a crowd advancing along the road headed by the Deacon and the Sexton.

Ichabod mustered all the strength of his lungs and bawled out to them like seven watchmen upon a tower. The whole party came to a halt and gazed around with astonishment and fear; at length they spied something snugly roosting in the apple tree; they took it at first for a huge black turkey-cock, but on a nearer approach, they found it to be no other than the Reverend Parson!

Now the bull just at that moment, happened to be pawing and snuffing, with his nose to the ground on the other side of the tree, so that he was hidden from the party by a thorn bush at its foot. The people seeing Ichabod perched on high in the same manner, were struck dumb with amazement for a few moments. Was the poor man bewitched? or had he run mad? or what had possessed him to spend the afternoon dangling like a scarecrow on the bough of an apple tree, instead of holding forth a godly discourse in the pulpit? For some moments no one dared advance a step further or speak a single word. At last Bill Muggs the sexton, plucked up courage and advanced to the stone wall. He was an old sailor, who within a few years had taken his land tacks aboard and settled himself in the bush; he took up the trade of a sexton because it consisted in pulling a rope. On this occasion he undertook to be spokesman of the party, for the Deacon was absolutely frightened. Bill put his head over the wall, clapped his hand up to the corner of his mouth, and sung out—

"Parson ahoy!"  
Ichabod lifted up his voice, like an owl in the desert, and exclaimed, "Come along! come along! save me! save me!"  
"Blast your eye-balls, said Bill, clawing a huge quid of tobacco out of his mouth and throwing it slap upon the ground, 'why don't you save yourself?'"  
"I can't, I can't," said Ichabod. "Drive him away—Drive him away!"

By this time some of the party and the deacon among the rest, had got over the wall, and were advancing towards the tree staring and wondering to hear the parson talk in such an unaccountable manner.

"Come down, come down," said the deacon. "What have you been doing all the afternoon in Col. Snute's orchard?"  
"Ay, ay," said Bill, "what are you about there aloft without hat and shoes? looking for all the world like a starved monkey sitting on a log back-stay!"

At this moment the party had got nearly up to the tree. "Look out! look out!" cried Ichabod, "he's coming!" They had no time to ask who was coming, for before the words were fairly out of his mouth, they heard a furious bellow and bounce—in an instant the bull was among them! Heavens what a scampering! The whole squad took to flight quicker than a flock of wild ducks on hearing a shot. The deacon ran his hat and wig, and Capt. Blueberry ran out of his boots, which were a little too large for him. Divers other accidents happened. The greatest catastrophes were those of Squire Snakeroot and Lieut. Darling. The Squire being puffy and short-winded, was overtaken by the bull, and received a tremendous butt in the rear which disabled him so that he could not sit down without a double cushion for a fortnight. The bull after knocking him over ran off after the others, and the Squire made a shift to climb up into the tree and take sides with the parson.

The Lieutenant's was a more frightful case. He was a short, fat, thick set, duck-legged fellow, and happened to be dressed in a pair of stout, old-fashioned leather breeches. The bull having floored the Squire, came in the twinkling of a bedpost right on the Lieutenant, who was waddling off in double quick time. The bull hit him a poke behind, intending to serve him as he did the Squire, but one of his horns catching in the waistband of his inexpressibles, he was taken off his

feet in an instant and whisked off upon the bull's horns. Away went the bull scouring after the fugitives, with the unfortunate Lieutenant dangling by the waistband and fairly out of his wits with terror—His capers in the air were only brought to an end by the bull's bringing up, butt against the stone wall, and pitching the Lieutenant completely over into the road.

The rest of the party got over the wall without any help, and escaped the fury of the animal. And now commenced a regular set to. The party armed themselves with stones and clubs, and began a pitched battle with the bull, for the deliverance of Ichabod. Thumps, bangs, thrusts, pokes and missiles, of every description, were showered upon the hide of the furious beast, who shook his redoubtable horns, flourished his tail, and ran butting and bellowing here and there, wherever the attack was hottest, Ichabod and the Squire meantime shouting from their citadel in the apple tree, cheering on the assailants, and attacking the bull in the rear by pelting him with small shot in the shape of winter pippins.

This holy war lasted for three quarters of an hour, and the bull seemed likely to win the day. Ichabod fancied himself already reduced to the necessity of taking up his quarters in the tree for the night; but luckily, at this moment a reinforcement arrived, and the bull began slowly to retreat—the assailants, headed by Bill Muggs, pressed their advantage, carried the stone wall by escalade, formed a solid column, and in a short time the bull was driven from the field without the loss of a single man. And thus the victory being achieved—Ichabod came down from the tree.

But it was all over with him. His sermon was gone, the afternoon was gone; and he soon found that his hopes of wagging his paw in a pulpit, were gone. The bull was never out of his mind. He never had the courage to attempt another sermon, and at the very thought of marching to church in a surplice, he imagines, to this day, he hears a boo-boo-ing and sees a pair of horns.

#### UNCOMMON SELF-POSSESSION.

On the banks of the Naugatuck, a rapid stream, which rises in and flows through a very mountainous part of the State of Connecticut, a few years since lived a respectable family of the name of B—.

The father, though not a wealthy, was a respectable man. He had fought the battles of his country in the Revolution, and from his familiarity with scenes of danger and peril, he had learned that it was always more prudent to preserve and affect the air of confidence in danger, than to betray signs of fear; and especially so, since his conduct might have a great influence upon the minds of those about him.

He had occasion to send a little son across the river to the house of a relation, on an errand; and as there was no bridge, the river must be forded. The lad was familiar with every part of the fording place; & when the water was low, which was at this time the case, could cross without danger. But he had scarcely arrived at his place of destination, and done his errand, when suddenly, as is frequently the case in mountainous countries, the heavens became black with clouds, the winds blew with great violence, and the rain fell in torrents; it was near night, and became exceedingly dark.

By the kindness of his friends, he was persuaded to relinquish his design of returning in the evening, and to wait until the morning. The father suspected the cause of his delay, and was not over anxious on account of any accident that might happen to him during the night. But he knew that he had taught his son to render the most obsequious obedience to his father's commands; and that, as he possessed a daring and fearless spirit, and would never be restrained by force, he would, as soon as it should be sufficiently light in the morning, attempt to ford the river on his return. He knew also, that the immense quantity of water that appeared to be falling, would by morning cause the river to rise to a considerable height, and make it dangerous even for a man in full possession of strength and fortitude, to attempt to cross it. He therefore passed a sleepless night, anticipating, with a father's feelings, what might befall his child in the morning.

The day dawned; the storm had ceased, the wind was still, and nothing was to be heard but the roar of the river. The rise of the river exceeded even the father's expectations; and no sooner was it sufficiently light to enable him to distinguish objects across it, than he placed himself on the bank to watch for the approach of his son. The son arrived at the opposite shore at the same moment, and was beginning to enter the stream. All the father's feelings were roused into action; for he knew that his son was in the most imminent danger. He had proceeded too far to return; in fact, to go forward or return was to incur the same peril.

His horse had arrived in the deepest part of the channel, and was struggling against the current, down which he was rapidly hurried, and apparently making but little progress towards the shore.—The boy became alarmed, and raising his eyes towards the landing place, he discovered his father! He exclaimed, almost frantic with fear, "Oh! I shall drown, I shall drown!" "No," exclaimed the father, in a stern and resolute tone, and dismissing for a moment his feelings of tenderness, "if you do, I'll whip you to death: cling to your horse." The son, who feared his father more than the raging elements, obeyed his command, and the noble animal, on which he was mounted, struggling for some time, carried him safe to the shore.

"My son," said the glad father, bursting into tears, "remember, hereafter, that in danger you must possess fortitude, and, determining to survive, cling to the last hope. Had I addressed you with the tenderness and fear which I felt your fate was inevitable, you would have been carried away in the current, and I should have seen you no more."—*Detroit Gaz.*

#### FOR THE REGISTER.

Editors: Will you oblige me by publishing the following Extract of a Sermon from Fawcett, which seems to me to combine much truth and beauty, while at the same time, it is perfectly free from mysticism.

"The great sacrifice which is alone immediately, and directly acceptable to the INFINITE SPIRIT, is neither any thing that cometh out of the ground, or that goeth forth from the mouth of man; it is the sacrifice of our faculties, upon the broad immortal altar of society. The substance of divine service is social service. Benevolence to man is the 'beauty of holiness.'" The ground, wherever it be, upon which honest goodness reposes the individual; consoles the dejected; protects the oppressed; defends the defamed; communicates the truth; or inculcates virtue; the ground, wherever it be, upon which good is done from a good principle; or upon which impotent pity drops an honest tear, and but wishes to do it; is better consecrated in the eye of heaven, by such transactions, and by such tears, than by all the religious ceremonies that could have been performed upon it.

"The house of mourning, the hovel of poverty, the prison of despair, when they receive the visit of charity, are temples upon which the object of worship looks with more complacency than upon any other temples. The sphere of usefulness is the chief church of man; this is the most 'holy place,' the 'holy of holies,' the most sacred court in the temple of God; those that minister here are the high priests whose office has the most sanctity in his sight. Devotion to society is the truest dedication to God. Generous offices are the noblest sort of religious exercises. He that teaches the sighing 'heart to leap for joy,' awakes the harp which befits the fingers of devotion. He that tunes this animated instrument, he that raises this holy hymn, he that sends up this sacred music, he is the psalmist that in the ear of heaven excels all others in sweetness. Whoever wipes another's tear, lifts another's head, binds another's heart, performs religion's most beautiful rite, her most decent and most handsome ceremony. To go on an errand of mercy is to set out on an holy pilgrimage.

All other worship, with whatever height of solemnity, with whatever sublimity of circumstance, with whatever comeliness of form it be accompanied, considered independently of this, and as terminating in itself, contains no degree of recommendation to the Divine Being. All the voices of assembled mankind joined together in a chorus of praise to God; all the musical instruments in the world united in a sacred concert; all knees of the nations bent together before the throne of high heaven; this sort of praise ascending from all the earth at once, in itself considered, would yield no satisfaction to the object of worship, any more than the frankincense of the earth ascending in one cloud to heaven, or all the fruits of the earth presented on one spacious altar:—but peace prevailing among all nations; equity reigning all around the globe; all mankind concurring to promote the general good, and dwelling in fraternal unity together; this social order, this moral harmony, this concord of faculties, this music of minds, were an anthem that would enter the ear of HIM who is a Spirit; of Him who hearkens to the silver chime of the spheres, and who sees the silent harmonies of nature."

#### HARD WORDS.

A young clergyman who had delivered a discourse in place of an aged brother minister, requested the opinion of the latter respecting it.

"O," said he plainly, "many of the words you used, were beyond the comprehension of your hearers; thus the word inference for instance, perhaps not half of my parishioners understood its meaning."

"Inference, inference!" exclaimed the other, "why every one must understand that."

"I think you will not find it so—there's my clerk, now he prides himself upon his learning; and in truth he is very intelligent; we will try him. Zachariah, come hither, Zachariah, my brother here wishes you to draw an inference, can you do it?"

"Why, I'm pretty strong, but Johndabb, the coachman, is stronger than I. I'll ask him."

Zachariah went out a few minutes, after the coachman, and returned.

"Johndabb, says he has never tried to draw an inference, sir, but he reckons his horse can draw any thing that the traces will hold!"—*Young Men's Adv.*

The above is almost too good a story to be true, but the advice which it indirectly gives is very good. Clergymen are apt to shoot over their hearers. It reminds us of an anecdote which, whether true or not, is at least probable. An old lady was once speaking of the pleasure she had derived from listening to the discourse of a celebrated clergyman. She was asked if she understood it all. "Understand it," she replied, "me have the presumption," Hard words are by no means confined to the clerical profession—they are found in law and medicine. One physician says "take a saline draught, and immerse the extremities in warm water." Another gives the same directions in the following manner, "take a dose of salts and put your feet in hot water."—Some phlebotomize, others bleed, some talk of indigenous plants, others of native. The law swarms with technical terms, which lose half their significance when translated. An English lawyer of eminence expressed great satisfaction once that he had reached such an age and eminence as that he could afford to leave off humbug.—*Boston Merc. Jour.*

#### NATURE.

The following eloquent conclusion is extracted from an article by Pierpont. After speaking of the varying changes of nature, he says:

If, then, the beauties of the year are so fading, and its bounties so soon perish; if the loveliest scenes of nature lose their power to charm, and a few revolving years break the spell that binds us to those whom we love best; if the very figure of the earth is changed by its own convulsions; if the forms of human government, and the monuments of human power and skill cannot endure—if even the religions that predominate in one age are exploded in another; if nothing on the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, preserves its form unchanged, what is there that remains forever the same? What is there over which autumnal winds and wintry frosts have no power? What that does not pass away, while we are contending with wayward fortune, or struggling with calamities?—What that is proof against the fluctuations of human opinion, and the might of the ocean's waves, and the convulsions by which mountains are heaved from the abyss, or thrown from their deep foundations.

It is God by whom these mighty works are done, by whose hand this great globe was moulded, and has ever since been fashioned according to his will. Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard the everlasting God, Jehovah, the Creator of the ends of the earth fainteth not, neither is weary?

#### NOTICE.

The Subscriber having taken out Letters of Administration on the Estate of ROBERT CANNON, deceased, at August Term of Wake County Court, hereby gives notice to all persons having demands against said Estate, to present them for immediate payment: And those indebted to the Estate are requested to call at the Store, near the Presbyterian Church, and have a settlement, or I shall be compelled to enforce one.

HENRY J. CANNON, Adm'r.  
Raleigh, Aug. 26, 1833. 42 4t

#### NOTICE.

The undersigned were appointed Administratrix and Administrator, on the Estate of HAZEL KYLE, deceased, at the County Court of Wake, on the 3d Monday of August, 1833. And all Creditors of said deceased, are hereby notified to present their Claims for payment within the time prescribed by law, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of recovery.

LUCY ANN KYLE, Adm'x.  
GEORGE SIMPSON, Adm'r.  
Raleigh, August 24, 1833. 42 5m

#### To the Members and Friends of the North-Carolina Institute of Education.

The Funds of the Institute having been exhausted by the Publications of the last year, it is particularly requested, that those indebted for a year's Subscription will forward the amount as soon as possible, post paid, to the Subscriber at Chapel-Hill. The number of members not being sufficient to defray the expenses of the publications of the present year, any person desiring to become a member, would do well to contribute to the Treasurer an annual contribution of One Dollar.

By order of the Executive Committee,  
WALTER A. NORWOOD, Treas.  
August 18, 1833. 41 3w

It is friendly to the cause of Education throughout the State, are requested to insert the above a few times.

#### HADLOCK'S VEGETABLE POWDER.

For sale by J. GALES & SON.

### BANSON'S HOTEL

BLAKELY, N. C.  
End of Petersburg Rail-Road, Roanoke.

WILL be opened by the Subscriber in September. This new and splendid ESTABLISHMENT will be furnished in a neat and fashionable manner, with new Furniture, and every other necessary and comfort requisite for travellers and genteel company. The ease and facilities of good marketing from Petersburg, Norfolk (and if necessary, from the Northern Cities) by Cars, &c. and the wealth and plenty of this neighborhood, together with the advantages of the products of the rich Valley of our State, induces him to sit, no location can be better supplied. And he feels assured, that he has acquired a reputation and knowledge in the business, from having conducted for a long time, large and similar establishments in this State and the West, that will ensure him success. He respectfully refers to the Advertisement of the Petersburg & Road Company for the facilities afforded Travellers. Three Stages on Accommodation Coaches will leave Blakeley every day, one for Fayetteville with the great Southern mail, and two to, and by Warrenton, going South and West. All gentlemen who are disposed to take the Rail Road at Blakeley, may depend on having their horses well taken care of, and their Gigs and Carriages put under good shelter and houses built expressly. New Roads and safe Ferry Boats are establishing and will be in full operation in a few days. Liquors and Wines, all laid in from the oldest makers and importers. Ice Houses, Mint beds, and Sturgeon pens, are erecting, and will be in readiness. In fact, nothing shall be wanting so far as his limited means will go, to meet the satisfaction and comfort of all genteel company.

ROBT. BANSON & CO.  
Blakeley, N. C. August 24, 1833. 42

The following papers will insert the foregoing Advertisement weekly for one month, and forward their bill for the same to me, at Blakeley, Northampton county, viz. Raleigh Star and Constitutional, Carolina Watchman, Oxford Examiner, Greensboro' Patriot, Fayetteville Observer, North-Carolina Journal, Taborough Press, Warrenton Reporter, Roanoke Advocate, Mill-Spectator, Columbia, S. C. News, Charleston Courier, Petersburg Intelligencer, Richmond Enquirer, and Norfolk Herald.

### CITY HOTEL.

THE SUBSCRIBER, thankful for the liberal patronage which has been extended to the CITY HOTEL, while under his Superintendence, begs leave respectfully to inform his friends and the public, that he has taken a fresh lease of the ESTABLISHMENT, and is prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with a call. Plattering given with the belief that he has heretofore given satisfaction to his customers generally, he thinks it only necessary to assure them, that no exertions will be omitted to sustain the reputation of his House.

About 40 Members of the ensuing Legislature can be accommodated with Board.

EDWARD RIGSBEE.  
Raleigh, August 13, 1833 41 ff

### EARTHENWARE, CHINA, GLASS AND LOOKING GLASSES.

T. J. BARROW & CO.  
IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS,  
No. 83 Water St. New-York,  
IN THE ABOVE GOODS.

RESPECTFULLY invite the attention of their friends, and the Southern Merchants generally, to their splendid Stock of WARE, just received by the late arrivals, comprising every variety of FANCY AND STAPLE GOODS, which they are enabled to offer on the most liberal and accommodating terms. LOOKING GLASSES of every description constantly on hand.

Particular attention will be given to Packing and forwarding in the most careful manner, and purchasers may rely on receiving their goods in good order.

All orders by letter punctually attended to.

T. J. BARROW & CO.  
No. 83 Water St. N. Y.  
August 10, 1833. 42-53

### University of Maryland.

THE LECTURES in the Medical Department of this Institution, will commence on the 1st Monday of October, and continue until the first of March.

NATHANIEL POTTER, M. D.  
Pathology and the Practice of Medicine.  
RICHARD WILMOT HALL, M. D.  
Obstetrics and the diseases of Women and Children.  
NATHAN R. SMITH, M. D. Surgery.  
JULIUS T. DUGATEL, M. D.  
Chemistry and Pharmacy.  
E. GEDDINGS, M. D.  
Zoology and Physiology.  
ROBLEY DUNGLISON, M. D.  
Materia Medica, Therapeutics, Hygiene, and Medical Jurisprudence.

Clinical Lectures will be given at the Baltimore Dispensary, by the Professors of the Practice of Medicine and Surgery.

According to a recent enactment of the Board of Trustees, candidates for the degree of Doctor of Medicine, are required to attend two full courses of the Lectures of each Professor of this Institution, or one full course in some respectable School where the same branches are taught, and a second one in this. It is understood, however, that those Students who have already attended one course in the University of Maryland, shall be entitled to the privilege of Graduation under the form of regulations.

E. GEDDINGS, M. D. Dean.  
Baltimore, Aug. 1, 1833. 40 18A

CARDS, HANDBILLS, AND ALL OTHER PRINTING,  
NEATLY EXECUTED OR SOON NOTICE,  
AT THIS OFFICE!