

RALEIGH REGISTER.

AND NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE.

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

VOLUME XXXIV.

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THE REGISTER

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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 charged accordingly.

LADY LUCY'S PETITION.

AN HISTORICAL FACT.

"And is my dear Papa shut up in this dismal place, to which you are taking me, nurse?" asked the little Lady Lucy Preston, raising her eyes fearfully to the Tower of London, as the coach in which she was seated with Amy Gradwell, her nurse, drove under the gateway. She trembled, and hid her face in Amy's cloak when they alighted; and she saw the soldiers on guard, and the sentinels with their crossed pikes before the portals of that part of the fortress where the prisoners of state were confined; and where her own father, Lord Preston, of whom she was come to take a last farewell, was then confined, under sentence of death. "Yes, my dear child," returned Amy, sorrowfully; "my lord, your father, is indeed within these sad walls. You are now going to visit him; shall you be afraid of entering this place my dear?" "No," replied Lady Lucy, resolutely; "I am not afraid of going to any place where my dear papa is." Yet she clung closer to the arm of her attendant, as they were admitted within the gloomy precincts of the building, and her little heart fluttered fearfully as she glanced around her; and she whispered to her nurse—"Was it not here that the two young princes, Edward the Fifth, and his brother Richard, Duke of York, were murdered by their cruel uncle, Richard, Duke of Gloucester?"

"Yes, my love, it was: but do not be alarmed on that account, for no one will harm you," said Amy, in an encouraging tone. "And was not good Henry Sixth murdered also, by the same wicked Richard?" continued the little girl, whose imagination was filled with the deeds of blood that had been perpetrated in this fatally celebrated place; many of which had been related to her by Bridget, the house-keeper, since her father had been imprisoned in the Tower, on a charge of high treason.

"But, do you think they will murder papa, nurse?" pursued the child, as they began to ascend the stairs leading to the apartments in which the unfortunate nobleman was confined.

"Hush! Hush! dear child; you must not talk of these things here," said Amy, "or they will shut us both up in a room, with bolts and bars, instead of admitting us to see my lord, your father."

Lady Lucy pressed closer to her nurse's side, and was silent, till they were ushered into the room where her father was confined; when, forgetting every thing else in the joy of seeing him again, she sprang into his arms and almost suffled him with her kisses. Lord Preston was greatly affected at the sight of his little daughter; and overcame by her passionate demonstrations of fondness, his own anguish at the thought of his approaching separation from her, and the idea of leaving her an orphan, at the tender age of nine years, he clasped her to his bosom and bedewed her innocent face with his tears. "Why do you cry, dear papa?" asked the little child, who was herself weeping at the sight of his distress. "And why will you not leave this gloomy place, and come home to your own Hall again?" "Attend to me, Lucy, and I will tell you the cause of my grief," said her father, seating the little girl on his knee. "I shall never come home again—for I have been condemned to die for high treason—and I shall not leave this place till they bring me forth on Tower Hill, where they will cut off my head with a sharp axe, and set it up afterwards over the Temple Bar, or London Bridge."

At this terrible intelligence, Lady Lucy screamed aloud and hid her face in her father's bosom, which she wetted with her tears. "Be composed, my dear child," said Lord Preston, "for I have much to say to you; and we may never meet again in this world." "No, no, dear papa! they shall not kill you; for I will cling so fast about your neck, that they cannot cut your head off, and I will tell them all how good and kind you are, and then they will not want to kill you." "My dearest love, all this would be of no use," said Lord Preston. "I have offended, by trying to have my old mas-

ter King James restored to the throne; and therefore I must die—Lucy, do you remember that I once took you to Whitehall to see King James—and how kindly he spoke to you?"

"Oh! yes, papa—and I recollect he laid his hand on my head, and said, 'I was like what his daughter, the Princess of Orange was at my age,'" replied Lady Lucy with great animation. "Well, my child, very soon after you saw King James at Whitehall, the Prince of Orange, who had married his daughter, came over to England, and drove King James out of his palace and kingdom, and the people made him and the Princess of Orange King and Queen in his stead."

"But was it not very wicked of the Princess to take her father's kingdom away from him? I am very sorry King James thought me like her," said Lucy earnestly.

"Hush! Hush! my love—you must not speak thus of the Queen. Perhaps she thought she was doing right to deprive her father of his kingdom; because he had embraced the Catholic Religion; and it is against the law for a King of England to be a Catholic. Yet I confess, I did not think she would consent to sign the death warrant of so many of her father's old servants, only on account of their faithful attachment to him," said Lord Preston with a sigh.

"I have heard that the Princess of Orange is of a merciful disposition," said old Amy Gradwell, advancing towards her master; "and perhaps she might be induced to spare your life, my lord, if your pardon were very earnestly intreated of her by some of your friends."

"Alas, my good Amy, no one will undertake the perilous office of pleading for an afflicted traitor; lest they should be suspected of favoring King James."

"Dear papa! let me go to the Queen, and beg for your pardon," cried Lady Lucy, with a crimsoned cheek, and a sparkling eye. "I will so beg and pray for her to spare your life, dear father, that she will not have the heart to deny me."

"Dear, simple child! What could you say to the Queen, that would be of any avail?"

"God would teach me what to say," replied Lucy. Her father clasped her to his bosom—"But, said he, thou wouldst be afraid of speaking to the Queen, even should you be admitted to her presence, my child."

"Why should I be afraid of speaking to her papa? Should she be angry with me, and answer me harshly, I should be thinking too much of you to care about it; and if she sent me to the Tower, and cut off my head, God will take care of my immortal soul." "You are right, my child, to fear God, and have no other fear," said her father. "He perhaps, has put it into thy little heart to plead for thy father's life; which if it be his pleasure to grant, I shall indeed feel it a happiness that my child should be the instrument of my deliverance; if it should be otherwise, God's will be done. He will not forsake my good and dutiful little one, when I am laid low in the dust."

"But how will my Lady Lucy gain admittance to the Queen's presence?" asked old Amy, who had been a weeping spectator of this interesting scene.

"I will write a letter to her godmother the Lady Clarendon, requesting her to accomplish the matter."

He then wrote a few hasty lines, which he gave to his daughter, telling her that she was to go the next day to Hampton Court, properly attended, and to obtain a sight of Lady Clarendon, who was there in waiting upon the queen, and deliver that letter to her with her own hand. He then kissed his child tenderly and bade her farewell.

Though the little girl wept as she parted from him, yet she left the Tower with a far more quiet mind than she had entered it; for she had formed her resolution, and her young heart was full of hope.

The next morning before the lark had sung her strains, Lady Lucy was up, and dressed in a suit of deep mourning, which Amy had provided as the most suitable garb for a child whose only parent was under sentence of death. As she passed through the hall, leaning on her nurse's arm, and attended by her father's confidential secretary, the old butler, all the servants shed tears, and begged of God that he would bless and prosper her. Lady Lucy was introduced to the Countess Clarendon's apartment, before her ladyship had left her bed; and having told her artless story with great earnestness, presented her father's letter.

Lady Clarendon was very kind to her little god-daughter; but she told her plainly that she did not dare to ask her father's life; because her husband was already suspected of holding secret correspondence with his brother-in-law King James. "Oh! said Lucy, if I could only see the queen myself, I would plead so earnestly that she could not refuse me, I am sure."

"Poor child what could you say to the queen?" asked the Countess compassionately. "God will direct me what to say," replied Lady Lucy. "Well, my love, thou shalt have the opportunity," replied Lady Clarendon; "but much I

fear thy little heart will fail when thou seest the queen face to face."

Impressed with the piety and filial tenderness of her god-daughter, she hastened to rise and dress that she might conduct her in to the palace gallery, where the queen usually passed an hour in walking when she returned from Chapel. The Countess while waiting for the arrival of her majesty, endeavored to divert the anxious impatience of her little friend, by pointing out the portraits to her notice. "I know that gentleman well," said Lucy, pointing to a noble whole length portrait of James the Second.

"That is a portrait of Queen Mary's father; and a striking likeness it is, observed the Countess sighing—"But, hark! Here comes the queen and her ladies from the Chapel. Now, Lucy, is the time, I will step into the recess yonder; but you must remain alone standing where you are. When her majesty approaches, kneel, and present your father's petition. She who walks before the other ladies is the queen. Be of good courage."

Lady Clarendon then made her hasty retreat. Lucy's heart beat violently, when she found herself alone; but her resolution did not fail her. She stood with folded hands, pale but composed, and motionless as a statue, awaiting the queen's approach; and when her majesty drew near the spot she advanced a step forward, knelt and presented the petition.

The extreme beauty of the child, her deep mourning, the touching sadness of her look and manner, and above all, the streaming tears which bedewed her face, excited the queen's attention and interest.

She paused, spoke kindly to her, and took the offered paper; but when she saw the name of Lord Preston, her colour rose, she frowned, cast the petition from her, and would have passed on; but Lucy, who had watched her countenance with an anxiety that almost amounted to agony, losing all awe for royalty in her fears for her father, put forth her hand, and grasping her robe, cried in an imploring tone, "Spare my father! my dear, dear father, royal lady!"

"Lucy had meant to say many persuasive things; but in her sore distress she forgot them all, and could only repeat, 'save my father, gracious queen!' till her vehement emotions choked her voice—and throwing her arms around the queen's knees, she leaned her head against her majesty's person, and sobbed aloud.

The intense sorrow of a child is always touching; but the circumstances under which Lucy appeared were unusually interesting. Queen Mary pitied the distress of her young petitioner; but she considered the death of Lord Preston as a measure of political necessity; she therefore told Lucy mildly, but very firmly, that she could not grant her request.

"But he is good and kind to every one," said Lucy, raising her blue eyes which were swimming in tears to the face of the queen. "He may be so to you, child," returned her majesty; but he has broken the laws of his country; and therefore he must die."

"But you can pardon him," replied Lucy; and I have learned that God hath said 'Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.' "It does not become a little girl, like you to attempt to instruct me," replied the queen gravely; "I am acquainted with my duty. It is my place to administer justice impartially; and it is not possible for me to pardon your father, however painful it may be to deny so dutiful a child."

Lucy did not reply—she only raised her eyes with an appealing look to the queen, and then turned them expressively on the portrait of King James. The queen's curiosity was excited by the peculiarly emphatic manner of the child; and she could not refrain from asking why she gazed so earnestly upon that picture. "I was thinking," replied Lady Lucy, "how very strange it was that you should wish to kill my father, only because he loved yours so faithfully."

This wise and artless reproof from the lips of childish innocence went to the very heart of the queen. She raised her eyes to that once dear and honored parent, who, whatever had been his political errors, had ever been the tenderest of fathers to her; and when she thought of him, an exile in a foreign land, relying upon the bounty of strangers for his daily bread, while she was invested with the royal inheritance, of which he had been deprived, the contrast between her conduct as a daughter and that of the pious child before her smote on her heart, and she burst into tears.

"Rise, dear child," said she—"I cannot make thee an orphan. Thou hast prevailed—thy father shall not die. Thy filial love has saved him."

Original and True.—A servant woman, near our office, was employed to do the cooking for a family. When the hour for dinner arrived, the landlady inquired whether dinner was ready? No ma'am, was the reply—I have not yet finished stringing the beans. The cook was industriously at work *sewing the beans on strings*. O, what shall I do, the company are waiting—Indeed, ma'am, I don't know; you told me to string the beans, which I am doing with all my might.—N. Y. Gazette.

A Mother's Grief.—There is a sweetness in a mother's tears, when they fall upon the face of a dying babe, which no eye can behold with a heart untouched. It is holy ground, upon which the unhallowed foot of profanity dare not encroach. Infidelity itself, is silent, and forbears her mocking, and her woman shows not her weakness, but her strength; it is that strength of attachment which man can never feel. It is perennial, dependent on no climate, no changes, no soil, but alike in storms as in sunshine; it knows no shadow of turning. A father, when he sees his child going down the dark valley, may weep when the shadow of death has fully come over him, and as the last departing knell falls on his ears, may say, "I will go down to the grave to my son mourning," but he turns in the hurry of business, the tear is wiped, and though, when he returns to his fireside, the sportive laugh comes up to his remembrance, the succeeding day blunts the poignancy of grief, and it finds no permanent seat. Not so with her who has borne and nourished the tender blossom. It lives in the heart where it was first entwined in the dreaming hours of night. She sees its playful mirth, or hears its plaintive cries; she seeks it in the morning, and "she goes to the grave to weep there." Its little toys are carefully laid aside, as sacred mementoes, to keep continually alive that thrilling anguish which the dying struggle, and sad look produced, and though grief, like a canker worm, may be gnawing at her vitals, yet she finds a luxury in her tears, a sweetness in her sorrows, which none but a mother ever tastes.

A dog.—An old free Negro who lived in an adjoining county owned a dog, which during the whole course of its life had probably never had the benefit of a hearty meal. It was a perfect anatomy, the very skeleton of a shadow, remarkable for nothing but its ghastly appearance, and its apparent devotion to its owner. It was likewise a cur, a race usually considered the most unpromising of all the canine species. The master died, and the affectionate creature followed him to the grave. Upon returning to the house he laid himself down upon an old coat, which had belonged to his deceased master, and no effort of force or persuasion could induce him to quit it. Whenever an attempt was made to coax him away, he howled so piteously, that those who heard him, declared it was distressing to hear him. But when force was used, he met it with savage and ungovernable fury. The neighbors, taking compassion on him, gave him food every day, but the faithful creature rejected it with indifference. He clung to the only memorial which he possessed of his master, with a tenacity which nothing could shake, until death at last came to relieve his broken and affectionate heart. Who can hear of instances of such affection, affection which can possibly have its origin in no mean or interested motive, and not feel his sympathies deeply moved for the whole race.—Rich. Whig.

Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world.—Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow men. But a Woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasure. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure, she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and if shipwrecked, her cause is hopeless, for it is a bankruptcy of the heart. When disappointed she is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove; graceful in its form bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its heart. We find it suddenly withering when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see it drooping its branches to the earth, and shedding leaf by leaf until wasted and perished away. It falls even in the stillness of the forest; and as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunder bolt that could have smitten it with decay.—Living.

"Let me alone, I am my own guardian," said one in reply to his beseeching wife, who was kneeling at his feet, imploring him in plaintive strains not to go again to the tavern and the card table. "Let me alone," he said, and leaving her in tears, he went to the place of rendezvous, and in a few hours his work was finished—he was in eternity, a self murderer! and his wife and little ones were beggars.

Mr. Poindexter, Senator to Congress from Mississippi, has declared his intention of not being a candidate for re-election. His health is bad, and it is his intention to spend a couple of years in travelling. Mr. Plummer will be a candidate to supply the place.

Courts of Justice.—There is a question of very considerable importance under debate among the editorial corps, "whether Judges have a right to suppress the publication of evidence while trials are pending." It has been admitted that the proceedings of Courts, where both sides are heard should be generally known; but that the publication of preliminary examinations has a tendency to prevent the public mind, and to disturb the course of justice, and is therefore illegal. Perhaps a Judge has power to prevent the taking of notes, within his view, whenever he may think that public justice requires a temporary suppression of facts incidental to the trial. But we cannot yield to him a greater power than any possessed by the Legislature, viz: that of controlling the press in the publication of any matter not libellous. If an Editor is informed that a particular fact is established by evidence, on a certain trial what principle in any way admissible under the spirit or the letter of our free constitutions, forbids his telling the same to his neighbor? If he may tell it to his neighbor may he not write it to a correspondent? And why may he not publish it to all his readers—for it cannot be supposed that the law will particularise, and say to whom he may or may not reveal it and to say that he is compelled to silence by the dictum of a judge, is too absurd to admit of serious controversy.

While trials are public a certain portion of the community will always become acquainted with the proceedings; and one man has as good a right as another to be informed of them. Shall those who are excluded by a crowded court room, have less privileges than those who can get within hearing, either by perseverance or by the favor of the court? Or will the Court say to those within, in legal form, "you may hear what is going forward, but you shall not tell it to any body else." Ridiculous. The very idea of a public trial admits the right of the whole public to be informed of the proceedings, and the few have a right to communicate them to the many by such signs as nature and science has given them. If it be sometimes proper that the proceedings of a trial should be withheld from the public, there is no way in which the Judge may probably accomplish his wishes but by a request to his auditory. This may be a little stinging to some of our arrogant and inflated Judges, who are fond of playing "fantastic tricks before high heaven,"—but it is an appeal to the moral sense of the fountain of their power, and if unsuccessful, must be submitted to as one of the evils to which all the best of human institutions are obnoxious, and which is to be borne in preference to a greater.

Wilmington Press.

Swearing out.—A person notorious for his profanity, was taken on a writ and not possessing wherewithal to pay the debt, was locked up in jail. His miserable wife deprived of that support which even a broken staff affords, was observed by her little son to weep; confident of his father's proficiency, he said to her—"Mamma, don't cry; father will swear out in half an hour."

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 a recovery.

LUCY ANN KYLE, Adm'x.
GEORGE SIMPSON, Adm'r.

Raleigh, August 24, 1833. 42 5m

N. B. Those who are indebted to the Estate, are desired to come forward and settle without further notice, or the Representatives of the deceased will be obliged to put them to costs and vex them by suits.

UNITED STATES HOTEL.
178 & 180 Pearl Street and 138 Water St.
between Wall St. and Maiden Lane,
NEW-YORK.

T. B. REDMOND, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has re-opened the above ESTABLISHMENT, which he has newly furnished and put in complete order for the reception of Boarders, Merchants and Travellers.

The situation of the United States Hotel presents peculiar advantages to Merchants and Travellers, being within a minute's walk of the Banks, Exchange and Public Offices. The free circulation of air which the extent of the Establishment insures to its apartments, renders it a very desirable residence. The Dining & Coffee Rooms are spacious and pleasantly situated, the sleeping rooms airy and comfortable. In addition to the other range of accommodations, he has added a splendid Eating Room on the European plan, where Breakfast will be served up from 7 to 10 o'clock, and Dinner from 11 to 5. All Gentlemen putting up at the United States Hotel, can have Dinner any hour they please, without any additional charge. The Cellars are always well stocked with the very best Liquors.—The Larder will be constantly supplied with every delicacy of the New-York, Philadelphia and other Markets.

Grateful for the liberal patronage already received, the Proprietor will be ever ready to merit its continuance and ex. en. sion, in confident anticipation of which, he pledges himself to use his zealous exertions for the comfort of his PATRONS.

Terms very mod. rate. T. B. REDMOND.
1st May, 1833. 43 1m

Holderby & McPheeters,
Are now receiving their Full Supply of
GROCERIES.

WHICH is very extensive—embracing a large assortment of Goods in their line; and which they offer for sale on the most accommodating terms. MERCHANTS and FARMERS, trading at Petersburg, are requested to call and examine for themselves. All orders executed with special care and attention.

Having undertaken the COMMISSION BUSINESS in its various branches, they assure their friends in North-Carolina, and the public generally, that their advantages for giving satisfaction are equal to any other House in the place; and no exertions on their part shall be wanting, which may aid to the interest of all that may favor them with their patronage.
Petersburg, September 2, 1833. 43-4w.

NOTICE TO SHERIFFS.

THE Sheriffs of those Counties where a vote was taken at the August Elections, for and against a change of the Constitution, will please make returns of the votes to his Excellency the Governor, at Raleigh; and in order to provide against the contingency of a miscarriage in the Mail, they will oblige me by sending the same to me also, at Salisbury, N. C.

On behalf of the Meeting held at Raleigh,
THOMAS G. POLK, Chairman.

Sept. 2, 1833.
N. B. The Editors of papers in this State who are favorable to the cause of R-form, will promote it by two or three insertions of this notice.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT.



THE Subscriber takes this method of announcing to the Public, that he has recently received from the North, an extensive and well assorted Stock of SADDLERY; and having purchased the entire Stock and interest of Wm. F. Clark, Esq. who has conducted the business in this City for the last twenty years, his assortment is complete.

He has on hand, and will continue to keep, every variety of READY MADE ARTICLES, comprising, in part, Gentlemen's and Ladies' quilted, shafted and plain Saddles; Bridles, Martingales and Whips, of various kinds; plated, brass and japanned Carriage and Sulky Harness; Stage and Wagon ditto; iron and wood framed Trunks, &c. &c. All of which will be sold low for cash, or on a short credit to punctual customers.

Country Dealers would find it to their advantage to give him a call, as he has a large supply of HAND-WARE, which will be sold on accommodating terms.

Work and repairs, in all the branches of his business, will be promptly and faithfully executed, of the very best materials.

NELSON PHILLIPS.
Raleigh, Sept. 12, 1833. 45 8w

N. B. A Boy of good character from 15 to 16 years of age, will be taken as an apprentice, if application be made immediately. N. P.



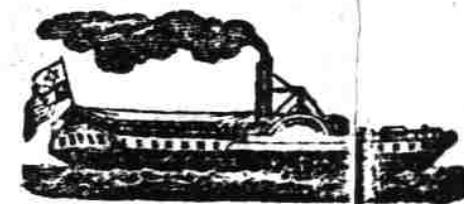
COACH-MAKING.

THE Subscriber having sold out his Saddlery Establishment, will, in future, give his whole attention to his COACH-MAKING BUSINESS.

He has on hand, at present, a general assortment of all kinds of Work of his own Manufacture in that line; also, on Consignment, a general assortment from New-Ark, consisting, in part, of Coaches, Broughams, Sulkeys and elliptical Wagons. Having in his employ several first rate workmen, he will always be prepared to make and repair Work at the shortest notice. All orders will be thankfully received and punctually attended to.

WM. F. CLARK.
Raleigh, Sept. 12, 1833. 45 8w

THE ELEGANT AND CAPACIOUS STEAM BOAT,



JOHN STOWEY,
CAPTAIN GREEN.

HAS commenced his regular trips between NEWBURN and ELIZABETH CITY, and will be governed in her operations by the following Schedule:

FIRST TRIP.

Leave Newburn on Monday at 5 P. M.
Arrive at Elizabeth on Tuesday in time for the Norfolk Stage.

RETURN.—Leave Elizabeth at 8 P. M. on Tuesday, after the Norfolk Stage arrives, and reach Newburn at 6 P. M. on Wednesday, in time for the departure of the Southern, Western and Northern Stages.

SECOND TRIP.

Leave Newburn on Friday at 5 P. M.
Arrive at Elizabeth on Saturday in time for arrival of the Norfolk Stage.

RETURN.—Leave Elizabeth at 10 P. M. on Saturday, after the Norfolk Stage arrives, and reach Newburn at 6 P. M. on Sunday. Passengers will remain in Newburn till Monday afternoon, the time of departure of the Southern, Western and Northern Stages.

Travellers who adopt the Atlantic Route, via Georgetown and Wilmington, through Newburn to Norfolk, are informed that by the present Steam Boat Route, there will be a saving of one hundred and twenty miles land carriage, with a considerable reduction in the price of fare, and a great addition in point of comfort and convenience. Those who travel the Route via Fayetteville and Waynesborough to Norfolk are informed that this is intersected by Stages at this place, and they would find it much to their interest and comfort to adopt this Route.

J. M. GRANDE & CO. Agents.
Newburn, Sept. 10, 1833. 45 H