

# 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, OCTOBER 22, 1833.

NO. 50.

### THE REGISTER

IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY.

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.

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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. The number of insertions be not marked on them they will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

### POPULAR TALES.

"Truth severe by fiction dress."—GRAY.

### THE SARATOGA MARRIAGE.

Miss Simper appeared at Saratoga in an elegant suit of sable. She was said to be in mourning for her father, an opulent Broker in Baltimore, recently deceased. Grief had wasted her health, and weeping had washed away her roses, and she was come to recover her appetite, and reanimate her blushes. Miss Simper, of course was an heiress, and attracted great attention. The gentlemen called her a beauty, and talked a great deal of her real estate, bank stock and securities. Some of the ladies thought her complexion too sallow, and some objected to the style of her dress. Mrs. Highflyer said she had not the air of a woman of fashion, while Captain Halliard pronounced her a suspicious sail, and declared his belief that she was a privateer in disguise. The fair stranger, however, walked daily to the fountain, modestly cast down her eyes when gazed at, and seemed unconscious of all but her own horrors.

About this time Major Fitzconnell appeared upon the busy scene. He was a tall, handsome man, of easy address and polished manners, who seemed to regard all around him with an air of very polite unconcern. He was announced as an officer in his Britannic Majesty's service, and brother to Earl Somebody in England. It was reported that he had large landed possessions in the west. He did not appear to seek society, but was too well bred to repel any civilities which were offered to him. The gentlemen were well pleased with his good sense, his knowledge of the world, and the suavity of his manners, but as he seemed to avoid the ladies, they had little opportunity of estimating his qualities.

Major Fitzconnell and Miss Simper met by accident at the fountain. The officer who had just filed his glass at her approach, presented it to the lady, who, slipping the transparent element, dropped her handkerchief. The gentleman very gallantly picked up the canonic and restored it to the fair hand of its owner—but the blushing damsel abashed by the easy attentions of an elegant stranger, in her confusion lost her reticule, which the soldier gracefully replaced upon her wrist, with a most respectful bow. A courtesy on the one side, and another bow on the other, terminated the civilities of this meeting. The gentleman pursued his walk, and the lady returned to her chamber. That Miss Simper felt duty sensible of the honor of having elicited three graceful congrues from the brother of an English Earl cannot be doubted; nor can we suppose, without injustice to that gentleman's taste, that he saw with indifference the mantling blushes which those attentions had drawn forth; certain it is, however, that as they separated in opposite directions, neither of them was seen to cast a one longing, lingering look behind? As I had not the privilege of intruding into either of their chambers, I cannot say what fairy forms might have flitted around the Major's pillow, nor whether the fair one dreamed of coronets, coats of arms, kettle drums, & epaulettes. In short, I am not able to inform the inquisitive reader, whether the parties thought of each other at all; but from the extreme difficulty of again bringing two such different persons in contact, I am inclined to think the adventure would have ended here—had not a chance, which of decides the fates of mighty monarchs, decided theirs.

Miss Simper's health required her attendance at the fountain on the following morning at an unusually early hour; and the Major, while others were snoring, had sallied forth to enjoy the invigorating freshness of the early breeze. They met again by accident at the propitious well; as the attendant, who is usually posted there to fill the glasses of the invalids, had not yet taken his station, the Major had not only the happiness of performing that office, but of replenishing the exhausted vessel, until the lady had quaffed the full measure prescribed by the medical dictator of this little community. I am not able to say how often they pledged each other in the salubrious beverage;

but when the reader is informed that the quantum prescribed to a delicate female varies from four to eight glasses, according to the nature of her complaint, and that a lady cannot decorously sip more than one mouthful without drawing breath, it will be seen that ample time was afforded on this occasion for a *tele-a-tele*. The ice being thus broken and the water duly quaffed, the gentleman proposed a promenade, to which the lady after some little hesitation acceded; and when the great bell summoned them to breakfast, they repaired to the table with excellent appetites, and cheeks glowing with healthful hues, produced by the exercise of the morning.

At ten o'clock the lady issued forth from her chamber adorned with new charms, by the recent labors of the toilet, and strutting pensively, book in hand, to the farthest corner of the great piazza, commenced her studies.

It happened, at the same moment, that the Major, fresh from his valet's hands, hid himself to the same cool retreat, to breathe forth the melancholy musings of his soul, upon his flute. Seeing the lady he hesitated, begged pardon for his intrusion, and was about to retire—but the lady assured him it was no intrusion at all, and laid aside her book. The gentleman was soon seated beside her. He begged to know the subject of her researches, and was delighted with the taste displayed in the choice of her author;—she earnestly solicited a display of his musical talents, and was enraptured with every note; and when the same impetuous bell which had curtailed their morning walk, again sounded in their ears, they were surprised to find how swiftly time had flown, and chagrined that the common-place operation of eating was so often allowed to interrupt the feast of reason and the flow of soul.

At four o'clock the military stranger handed Miss Simper into an elegant gig, and drove to the neighboring village;—where rapturously proclaimed that this interesting pair were united in the holy band of matrimony. For once the many tongues of fame spoke truly—and when the happy Major returned with his blushing bride all could see that the embarrassment of the lover, was exchanged for the triumphant smile of the delighted bridegroom. It is hardly necessary to add that such was the salutary effect of this pleasing event, that the young couple found themselves restored to perfect health, and on the following morning they bade adieu to Saratoga springs.

"This is a very ungentle affair!" said Mrs. Highflyer. "I never heard the beat of it in my born days!" said a fat shopkeeper's lady. "How funny!" cried one young lady. "How shocking!" exclaimed another. "Egad that's a keen smart girl!" said one gentleman. "She's a tickler, I warrant her!" said a second. "She's a pirate, by thunder!" roared Captain Halliard.

In the mean time, the new married pair were pursuing their journey by easy stages towards the city of New York. We all know how the blest charms of nature improve, when we see them reflected, and so on and we can readily imagine how happily the days of Thalaba passed by on this occasion. Uninterrupted by ceremonious visits, unrestrained by the presence of third parties, surrounded by all the blandishments which give enchantment to the rural scene, it is not surprising that our lovers should often wander from the beaten road, and as often linger at a romantic spot, or a secluded cottage.

Several days had now elapsed, and neither party had discoursed to the other upon the important subject of finance.—As they were drawing near the end of their journey, the Major thought it advisable, to broach this delicate matter to his bride. It was upon a fine summer evening, as they sat by a window, at an inn, enjoying the beauties of an extensive landscape, that this memorable conversation occurred. They had been amusing themselves with that kind of small talk which new married folks so easily invent; as how much they love one another, and how happy they intended to be, and what a fine thing it is for two fond hearts to be dissolved and melted down into one, &c. Many examples of love and murder were related—the lady told of several distressed swains who had incontinently hanged themselves for their mistresses, and the gentlemen as often asserted that not one of those martyred lovers adored the object of his passion, with half the fervor which he felt for his own dear, sweet, darling, precious, little Anne! At last, throwing his arm over his wife's chair, he said carelessly,

"Who has the management of your property, my dear?"

"You have my darling," replied she.

"I shall have, when I get it," said the husband.—"I meant to inquire, in whose possession it was at present?"

"It is all in your own possession," said the lady.

"Do not trifle with me," said the gentleman, patting her cheek—"you have made me the happy master of your person, and it is time to give me the disposal of your fortune."

"My face is my fortune, kind sir," said she, laying her head on his shoulder.

"To be plain with you, madam," said the impassioned bridegroom,—"I have need of money immediately—the hired gig in which we came to this place has been returned, and I have not the means to procure another conveyance."

"To be equally candid with you sir," replied the happy bride, "I have nothing in the world but what you see."

"Have you no real estate," said the Major, starting on his feet.

"Not an acre."

"No bank stock?"

"None."

"No securities—no jewels—no money?"

"Nothing of the kind."

"Are you not the daughter and heiress of a rich broker?"

"Not I, indeed."

"Who the devil are you then?"

"I am your wife, sir, and the daughter of a very honest blacksmith."

"Bless me!" exclaimed the Major starting back with astonishment—then covering his face with both his hands, he remained, for a moment, absorbed in thought. Resuming his serenity, he said in a sneering tone, I congratulate you, madam, on being the wife of a beggar like yourself. I am a ruined man, and know not whence to supply my immediate wants."

"Can you not draw upon the earl, your brother?" said the lady.

"I have not the honor of being allied to the nobility."

"Perhaps you can have recourse to the pay-master of your regiment?"

"I do not happen to belong to any regiment."

"And have you no lands in Arkansas?"

"Not an acre."

"Pray then sir, may I take the liberty of inquiring, who you are?"

"I am your husband, madam, at your service, and only son to a famous gambler, who left me heir to his principles and profession."

"My father gave me a good education," said the lady.

"So did mine," said the gentleman, "but it has not prevented me from trumping the wrong trick this time."

So saying Major Fitzconnell bounced out of the chamber, hastened to the bar, and called to the landlord. His interesting bride followed on tip-toe, and listened unobserved. The Major inquired "at what hour the mail-stage would pass for New-York?" "About midnight," was the reply. "Please to procure me a seat," said the Major, and let me be waked at the proper hour. "Only one seat?" inquired the host. "One seat only!" was the reply. The landlord remarked that it was customary for gentlemen who set off in the night to pay their fare in advance, upon which the Major paid for his seat.

The Major and his bride retired to separate chambers; the former was soon locked in the arms of sleep, but the latter repelled the drowsy god from her eyelids. When she heard the stage drive up to the door of the inn, she hastily rose, and having previously made up her bundle, without which a lady never steals a march, hastened down stairs. Upon the way she met the landlord, who inquired if her husband was awake.

"He is not," said the lady, "and need not be disturbed."

"The seat was taken for you then," inquired the inn-keeper.

"Certainly."

"Oh very well—we'll not disturb the gentleman—the stage is ready, madam—jump in." Mrs. Fitzconnell jumped in accordingly, and was soon on her way to New York, leaving the gallant and ingenious Major to provide another conveyance, and a new wife, at his leisure.

### SPORTS OF THE TURF.

New-York, Oct. 17.

**Races—Last day—Knowing ones taken in.**—Since the great race between Eclipse and Henry, there never has been known to exist so much excitement as at present among the sporting circle, occasioned by the defeat of Black Maria by Alice Grey, in a race for \$1000, which came off on Saturday at the Union Race Course, Long Island. The day was propitious, but the number on the Course was far less than expected. The opinion generally prevailed that no sport would take place, as from the character of the favorite animal, her competitors could stand no chance, consequently bets ran very high, 5 to 2 being freely offered. At the starting Maria took the lead, pushed by Jackson, who not being able to run her hard enough, Alice Grey was brought up to the scratch, and succeeded in beating this heat by about two lengths. Time, 7m. 56s. Jackson distanced.

The second heat was again led off by Maria, but in the second quarter of the fourth mile a desperate push for the lead was made by Alice, in which she succeeded, and beat this heat by about four lengths. Time 7m. 50s. Great praise is attributed to the rider of Alice, for those "that knew," for his judgment.

After the first race, a Sweetstake,

free for a page, one mile heats—six entries. There was some very fine running among these colts. The purse taken by Stump the Dealer. \$7000 was offered for the Grey after this race, and was refused by her owner.—Star.

### NEW MARKET COURSE.

From the Petersburg Intelligencer.

**FRIDAY—TWO SWEETSTAKES.**  
1st—For Colts and Fillies, 3 years old, 2 mile heats, \$100 entrance, half forfeit—3 subscribers—2 started.

Col. Wm. J. White's c. c. by Tonson, dam by Florio, 1 1  
Wm. R. Johnson's c. c. by Medley, dam by John Richards, 2 2

Time—1st heat, 4 min. 10 sec.—2nd heat, 4 min. 21 sec.—Back wet and heavy—both heats won with ease by Col. White's colt.

2d Race—For Colts and Fillies, 3 years old, 2 mile heats—\$50 entrance.

Richard Adams's c. c. by Setta Kendall, by Arab, 1 1  
Wm. R. Johnson's g. c. by Medley, dam by Florio, 2 2

Ottoway P. Bare's c. c. by Medley, dam unknown, 3 ds.

Time—1st heat, 1 min. 59 sec.—2d heat, 2 min. 1 sec. First heat was won easily by Mr. Adams's filly—in the second heat the grey colt took the lead, followed closely by the chestnut colt, until entering the third quarter, when the Arab filly passed by suddenly, and won the heat in fine style and with perfect ease.

### SECOND DAY.

**Proprietor's Purse \$500—Two mile heats.**  
This was announced by the oldest sportsman one of the most interesting races ever witnessed. Ten beautiful steeds came up gallantly to the post, and the signal started off well together, and in fine style. For some time they were all in a clust, and several alternately leading. The result of each heat is given below. But owing to the number of the horses, it was found impossible for the judges to place each one, and indeed it was not necessary, as the 7 or 8 horses are frequently drawn up to force reaching the stand; this was especially difficult in the last heat, when the two foremost pair seemed to render the issue doubtful, and also were so closely pursued by the third, as to draw the attention of the judges particularly to them. In the start of the 1st heat, I had streak three his rider, and this lost several hundred yards before he could remount; but although distanced in consequence of the accident, he lost no credit by the effort to recover his lost ground.

C. C. Mearns's b. c. Purton, by Tonson, 3 years old, 0 1 1  
Thomas D. Watson's ch. m. 4 years old, by Gohanna, dam by Gouty, 5 0 2

John M. Ford's b. m. Ariadne, by Gohanna, 4 years old, 0 2 3  
James S. Harrison's b. m. Lady Washington, by Eclipse, 5 years old, 0 4 4

William H. Minge's Blue Steers, 3 years old, by Jotspur, 3 3 ds.  
William B. Johnson's c. h. Quarter Master, by Jotspur, 4 not pl'd

Wm. M. Vest's c. g. Isham Puckett, 3 years old, by Arab, dam by Shawnee, not pl'd  
O. P. Henry's ch. h. Prince George, by Content, 4 years old, 4 not pl'd

Richard Adams's h. f. Violet Fane, by Mason's filly, 4 years old, not pl'd  
James J. Harrison's c. f. Festival, by Eclipse, 5 years old, 1 0 0

Time—1st heat, 4 min. 25 sec.—2d heat, 4 min.—3d heat, 4 min. 1 sec.

**OBITUARY NOTICE OF MY OLD BOOTS.**  
Homo, vit aut boots, and in bad weather too! How 'shaps he argues, in the devil's name?"

(First Part Over IV.)

In paying a melancholy tribute of affection and regret to the memory of two departed friends, (says a correspondent of the Providence Journal) I may be found a garrulous fool, I trust, not a partial or prejudiced biographer. Although feeling the most sincere and lively grief for their loss, I will endeavor so to command my feelings, as "nothing to extenuate, nor set down in malice." I knew them from earliest infancy, to their common and untimely grave; I have seen—ah me, unhappy! I that must say have seen, their fits and their lust. Their situation in life was, indeed, an humble one, but their zeal in discharging its duties, their promptness and alacrity in encountering all its hardships, their correct deportment, their engaging appearance and manners, made them universally respected by all who knew them. Although it may seem paradoxical, it is nevertheless true, that at the same time the most perfect harmony existed between them, they were never known to be on the same side of the question; seldom or never known to cross each other, except when things went wrong in the head of the department to which they were attached. They entered with untiring zeal, upon the duties of the station, which were arduous and responsible in the extreme, for I may say, without flattery, that they were at the bottom an abandonment of every important movement, and were never as any *strabroad* of any consequence but they were sure to be a-foot, and active in it. In private life their habits were thought, by many, to be very eccentric, but theirs was a harmless eccentricity. They had a mortal antipathy to dancing and ballrooming, or gignating, as some of their friends thought it, or a dislike to a fiddle. It may be so, but I doubt it, for they were partial to military music, always stepping out with great vivacity when it was played, and keeping step with a regularity that would have done honor to a drill sergeant.

Immediately upon coming home for the evening, they retired to rest, and could seldom, if ever, be prevailed upon to attend to any business before breakfast, employing the whole morning in *polishing up*, to appear abroad with credit. Indeed,

their punctilious observance of the duties of the morning toilet, when contrasted with their straight-forward, dashing-thro' thick-and-thin way of doing business when abroad, made some people think them odd fellows, and so perhaps they were. They were so exceedingly sensible of cold, that when entering a warm room in the winter time, totally regardless of all the rules of good breeding, and "good society," they thrust themselves unceremoniously to the fire before the rest of the company, even though there were ladies present. The very important services that they daily rendered, caused the rudeness to be generally overlooked, the more readily as they were, not unfrequently, the sufferers for their ill breeding. In early life they conceived themselves to be oppressed and trod upon by their superiors, and gave vent to their irritated feelings by loud and unharmonious squeaking, a mode of expressing indignation analogous to the "coughing down" an unpopular speaker on the floor of Congress Hall. A strict regard to truth compels me to admit that they had some most odious habits; they were never at a dinner party that they were not the very first of the company *under the table*, and that too, very frequently, before the cloth was removed.

Later, however, they seem to have become more temperate; at least, as they grew older, they manifested little or no horror at *heat-taps*, justly considered so disgraceful and insulting in a guest at a public dinner table, where patriotic toasts are "being" drunk. Whether this deplorable habit was owing to physical incapacity to stand up under much liquor, or to a depraved and vicious taste, I know not, but such is a melancholy fact.—Although I am "one of those gentle ones that would treat the devil himself with courtesy," and would gladly strain the truth, even at the risk of tearing in a *post mortem* sketch, like the present, two of the truest and worthiest of *sales* that ever lived, I conceive that I should be doing gross injustice to their memory if I did not state facts as they are. They gently sunk to rest by a gradual decay of nature, and although for some time previous to their demise, in bodily appearance they seemed as hale, hearty, and neat as ever, yet the rents that old age was daily opening in their system, were soon discernible in the failure of their understandings. Indeed, they had long seemed weary of this hard working world, and their *soles* were impatient to take leave of these vile bodies, and be at rest. Peace be with them, gentle and well-tried friends! They were a lovely pair of rights and lefts in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided, for their straps were tied together, and they were thrown out of the back door in company. I never pass their humble graves without a sigh, as I recollect the thousand acts of unkind and ungrateful treatment they received at my hands. "Alas!" I say to myself, "my humble and firm supporters, if such is my unkindness to you, who will trust me with another pair like you?"

"They're gone o'er the mountain, They are lost in the forest, Like the summer-dried fustian, When my corns were the sorest."

**METHOD OF PRODUCING HEAT.**  
An English paper received by the last arrival, gives the following account of a singular method of producing heat from the element by which it is commonly extinguished:

"Mr. Rutner, of Lynnington, already known as the author of a treatise on Gas-Lighting, has obtained a patent for a new method of producing heat, which is certainly one of the most useful discoveries of modern science. In large furnaces and manufactories it will almost entirely supersede the use of coal. But its greatest advantage will be found in its applicability to steam navigation. The principal ingredient employed for fuel in this new process is water! The only material required besides, is something in a liquid form which contains a large portion of carbon; whale oil, tar or almost any thing of a similar kind, will answer the purpose. As these materials are introduced into the furnace simultaneous and in combination with each other, the one yields its carbon while the other gives out its hydrogen, and a small portion of atmospheric air is the only thing that is required to keep them in a state of perfect combustion. The whiteness & intensity of the flame thus produced can hardly be imagined by any one who has not seen it, and yet it is so completely under management that in one second it can be reduced or augmented as the occasion may require. It is almost unnecessary to add that it yields no smoke, and consequently the luteous funnel now used in steam packets may be laid aside. But the greatest advantage of all is, that steam navigation may henceforth be employed in cases where till now it was altogether impracticable. A vessel may be so constructed as to take on board, without inconvenience, a supply of fuel which would enable her to circumnavigate the globe."

*Hampshire Telegraph.*

### WEBSTER'S BIBLE.

The New-Haven Palladium announces the appearance of Dr. Webster's new translation of the Bible, with the following apology:

"He has done no more towards altering the Bible than those who translated it from the original tongues. Different nations have translated it into their own language, and Mr. Webster has done no more than to suit the language of the present age to its meaning. Many words have in the course of time become changed in their sense. For instance—the word *present*, once signified to go before, or to anticipate; it now means, to hinder, to stop; the word *discover*, meant *uncover*. Mr. Webster has very properly corrected these faults of our own language; they are not the faults of the Bible. The following are other specimens of his improvements. He has substituted *sixty* for *three score*; *coars* for *kins*; *persons* for *folk*; *buttons* for *tache*; *bolled* for *sodding*; *staffs* for *staves*; *shun* for *eschew*."

Now, if Dr. Webster has spent his precious time in re-translating the Bible for the sake of substituting *coars* for *kins*, *persons* for *folk*, *staffs* for *staves*, and *shun* for *eschew*, he has shown a less regard for the peninsula between the two eternities, than any other man of his learning, that we have ever known. What could Dr. Webster imagine his fellow citizens had been studying all their days. The word *score*, is used in composition almost as much as twenty, and it is possible, we imagine, that *tache* and *button* may convey a different idea. The curtains of the tabernacle might have been *attached* to something different from buttons, and the word *tache* would represent the machinery over which the loops were placed, better than *buttons*. When *books* are used, *taches* may be employed; but if it we have *buttons*, we must have *button holes*.

It is, grammatically and theologically speaking, safe to let the scriptures stand as they are, unless some important mis-translation is discovered. The changes noticed above, are childish, and should be considered inadmissible.—U. S. Gaz.

**The last best Joke.**—Sam Rogers once said that the best joke he ever heard of, was a legacy of £10 left by a patriotic individual towards paying off the National Debt of Great Britain!

This is not near so good a joke as is contained in the following paragraph in President Jackson's late cabinet Veto:

"Whatever may be the opinion of others, the President considers his re-election as a decision of the people against the Bank."

Now it is well known that this was not the hinge on which the election turned.—A majority of the House of Representatives was decidedly Jackson, yet a vote passed for the re-chartering of the Bank by 107 to 65. Pennsylvania gave every electoral vote for Jackson, yet probably nine-tenths of the voters were in favor of re-chartering the U. S. Bank. It was so with some other States—and if the question had been taken of the people, by ballot, there is no doubt that a large majority would have been in favor of re-chartering the Bank of the United States. Of course we can only consider the bold assertion of the President, which we have quoted, as a very excellent but harmless joke.—*Ipswich Journal.*

**Pickling.**—A writer in the New England Farmer furnishes and recommends from experience, the following receipt for pickling cucumbers:

"To each hundred of cucumbers put a pint of salt, and pour in boiling water sufficient to cover the whole. Cover them tight to prevent the steam from escaping, and in this condition let them stand for twenty-four hours. They are then to be taken out, and after being wiped perfectly dry, care being taken that the skins is not broken, placed in the jar in which they are to be kept. Boiling vinegar (if spice is to be used it should be boiled with the vinegar) is then to be put to them, the jar closed tight, and in a fortnight delicious hard pickles are produced, as green as the day they were upon the vines."

A Col. Haskett, has completed his task of walking 2000 miles in 70 days, living on bread and water. He has in fact walked nearly 500 miles more than that distance within the stipulated time. His starting place was New-York.

**Hard Electioneering.**—We saw a countryman, the other day, with his hand in a sling. Being asked what was the matter, he said one of the Candidates had squeezed it so hard, it had lost its natural feeling ever since.—*Aug. Cour.*

**"W'oppers."**—Two apples, raised in the orchard of Mr. Joseph Hays, in this vicinity, were exhibited in a store in this place, a few days since, which weighed together 2 pounds five ounces—the largest weighed 24 ounces, and measured 15 inches in circumference. All who have examined them admit that they are the largest they have ever seen.—*Indian Pal.*