

RALEIGH REGISTER.

AND NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE.

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

VOLUME XXXV.

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The Register

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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STATE IMPROVEMENT.

From the Fayetteville Observer.

Cape-Fear, Yadkin and Pee Dee Rail Road.

The work of this enterprise was begun on the 15th instant, at this place, with the observance of the usual ceremonies on the commencement of all great and interesting public undertakings.

We were more than gratified at the deep interest manifested by the citizens generally, of this community. The animation which the occasion produced upon the crowded multitude, was apparent. Each countenance bore the glow of joy and gladness.

A procession, composed of the citizens of the Town and County; the Members and Officers of the Civil Authority of the Corporation; the Teachers and Students of the Ravenscroft and Donaldson Academies; the several Military Companies; and the President and Directors of the Rail Road Company, was formed in Gillespie Street in the forenoon, and thence, in regular order marched to the designated point of commencement, on the summit of the Bank of Cape-Fear, a short distance below the Clarendon Bridge, where James Seawell, Esq. the President of the Rail Road Company, delivered to the audience an Address—after which the operations of the work were commenced by Mr. S. who, after a short exhortation, calling upon his fellow-citizens to follow the example, cast upon the work the first spade of earth, which was repeated with the hum of satisfaction by all. The ceremonies were closed by the discharge of cannon from Capt. McLean's Company of Light Artillery, and responded to by a salute from the Steamer Henrietta, (Capt. Rush.) then lying in the river.

Mr. Seawell having been solicited to do so, has politely furnished us with a copy of his Address on the occasion, which we annex:

MR. SEAWELL'S ADDRESS.

We are assembled, fellow-citizens, for the purpose of commencing a work, the first of its kind, of any magnitude, in the State. The occasion, it is believed, affords an appropriate opportunity for the introduction of a few remarks illustrative of the importance of the enterprise.

Every man of observation must be sensible, that North-Carolina, blessed as she is with a fertile soil, a salubrious climate, and a hardy and industrious population, is nevertheless far, very far, from being in a prosperous condition. The mortifying truth is too apparent, that notwithstanding all the advantages which a beneficent Providence hath bestowed upon her as a State, she is stationary, if not retrograding, in all that makes a community great and useful.

In vain do her sons look around them, to see the monuments of her pride and glory. Where are her commercial depots for the reception of the products of her extensive regions of back country? Where her seats of learning? Where those means of easy intercommunication between the people of different sections of the State, which serve to strengthen the ties which should bind her citizens to her soil? Will it be contended that this state of things is calculated to give energy to the hand of industry? With one solitary exception, of a seminary of learning founded by the State, and her situation is precisely the same that it was before the Revolution which gave us existence as a sovereign and independent people. Her sea ports decaying—The products of her soil sent to the adjoining States, to seek an export market. Thus has her commerce been transferred to enrich her sister States, and to increase their importance in the Union.

Her citizens, disheartened by the many disadvantages they encounter, are daily deserting the land of their nativity, and seeking their homes in the wilds of the Western States.

Why, then, should this apathy, so ruinous in its consequences, be suffered longer to paralyze our energies? The time has arrived when we must throw off the mantle of drowsiness which has kept us slumbering for half a century, and awake to renewed and vigorous exertions.

The efforts made by the Internal Improvement Convention at Raleigh in November last, characterised alike by its talents and its patriotism, afford proof,

that the people of North-Carolina, are not insensible of the necessity of a reform in the internal policy of the State.

Man, fellow-citizens, was intended by his Creator for an improved state of society, and not for that state of savage barbarity which characterizes a people given to sloth and inattention to the habits of industry.

The history of all human achievements shows conclusively, that it is labor, and labor alone, that produces individual wealth, & it is the product of labor which calls into action the practical use of the sciences, the improvement of the human mind, and gives efficacy to all the efforts of man.

A people distinguished alike for enterprise, their attachment to the cause of science, the amelioration of the condition of the human family, their devotion to their country, and a proper regard for the social virtues, will always be found to possess the physical means when put in action to render certain the accomplishment of the most stupendous achievement to be devised by human ingenuity.

In manifesting our attachment to the cardinal principle of national virtue, it is important to know that we thereby prepare society for the enjoyment of social happiness, and in proportion to our efforts to realize such blessings will they flow to our uses; and in a ratio that we multiply the comforts of life by industry, do we diminish the number of the needy and the indigent.

A people accustomed to a state of indolence become like those who have been long harassed by danger; the one cannot look with confidence on any thing for repose, and the other with reliance in their exertions for relief in the hour of distress. Hence, no man should be ashamed to perform his part in society according to his vocation; the sound of title and the pride of birth disappear before the intrinsic dignity of the honest laborer. Industry accumulates wealth, and wealth leads to intellectual improvement, in the blessings of which every class in the community participates.

The Farmer, the Mechanic, the Merchant, the day laborer, and the learned profession, are no less dependant upon each other, than the corn plant which we cultivate for our sustenance is dependant for its support upon the earth and the atmosphere which surrounds it.

It is an absurd idea of evil tendency, to suppose that none but the rich are to be benefitted by the internal improvement of the country. Assuming this hypothesis to be true, in what condition does it place society? Evidently at variance with the organic usage of civilized society.

Principles thus maintained, strike at the root and foundation of civil liberty—they subvert the great principles of the social compact, whose policy is founded in the preservation of the whole. Such indeed is the practical result of the civil and political institutions of our own country.

But to pursue this topic to our entire edification would lead us to examine the subject far beyond the limits I had prescribed for my government on this occasion. Suffice it to say therefore, that it is important that each class of citizens should entertain a correct comprehension of the bearing which the consideration of this subject has upon the well being of society.

It is not true, as some contend, that the internal improvement of a country benefits the rich and the opulent only. On the contrary, the middle classes, down to the day laborer, are more essentially benefitted by such improvements than the wealthy—and why? Evidently because, by the construction of such works an action upon the industry and labor of the country is excited, which necessarily produces a corresponding demand for labor and a consequent increase of its price, in which the laborer is the chief participator of its profits.

The man of wealth, though subjected to privations in times of pecuniary pressure in the community, is nevertheless in a situation to sustain his credit upon the strength of his property. But not so with those of small property, or the day laborer, whose dependence for the support of his family is upon his daily wages.

The truth of this proposition needs not the aid of commentary.—The experience of even those who have yet to reach the middle point of life, furnishes innumerable examples of the fact, that those who are already rich, surrounded with poor neighbors, have it in their power in times of scarcity, greatly to benefit themselves by the labor of the poor at reduced prices. And why is it so?—For the plain reason, that the poor man's dependence upon the rich increases as the times grow harder. Hence, as has been already remarked by increasing the demand for labor, will it increase the facilities and means of acquiring property in the hands of the common laborer. Such is the fact, and such is found to be the case in this and in all other countries where similar improvements have been prosecuted and accomplished. Its influence has been general, beneficial to all, and more especially to the industrious.

The achievement of public improvements of this character is, in fact, more

a matter of resolution and determination than of estimate and calculation of their cost. The benefits they reflect, commence with the undertaking. The money expended in constructing the work, is paid in the first instance, into the hands of the laborer; and 2ndly—its action upon the value of property; and 3dly—its stimulus to industry and the interchange of trade.

Let it not then be said, by demagogues nor by the illiberal and selfish few, "that none but the rich are benefitted by the improvements of our common country."

The doctrine is untrue, and calculated to perpetuate the dependence and distress of the common laborer—why then continue such a state of things? The corrective is in the hands of the suffering multitude. Let them speak in a voice that will be heard, to those whom they entrust with the administration of state affairs—let them say, it is our will, that the legislature should take under its fostering care and patronage, the Internal Improvements of the State; do this, and we shall then become a prosperous people and not till then.

We, fellow citizens, occupy a position peculiarly favorable for works of this kind. If we would reap the advantages which our location gives us, we may soon attract to this place, the products of all the Western and Southern portion of North-Carolina. But if we stand supinely, we shall have the mortification of seeing the enterprise and energy of others enjoying the advantages of that trade, which by our indolence we have lost.

In contemplation of this undertaking, fellow citizens, I might here advert to the application of what has already been glanced at, in reference to the relationship between the moral and physical resources or condition of the State; but time will fail me. I shall proceed to close, by calling your attention to the consideration of the plan and objects of the particular enterprise in which we are now about to engage.

You are here presented with a scheme of a Rail Road, to commence at the spot around which we are assembled to manifest sincerity in the prosecution of the work.

The Road is contemplated to penetrate the Western interior of the State, by which the transit of the trade of distant regions in the West is to be made to approximate the sea ports in the East, within a few hours travel, and we may cherish the hope, that the day is not far off, when the spot which we now occupy will become the place of reception for the products of the West and South West, from the summit of the Alleghany, to the valley of the Cape Fear. Nor is this all. Over this Rail way is destined to flow, in connection with the regions of the West, a portion of the commerce of the ocean.—Our brethren in the West, therefore, may rationally calculate upon an interchange of commerce with our sea ports, by which they will receive the exotic productions of every clime in exchange for their wine of refreshment and their oil of joy.

But will any contend that this enterprise is founded in speculative theory; and in the face of truth, deny the certitude of mathematical estimates, with which the cost of the work of this undertaking is made? Surely not. Let us then, Fellow Citizens, although the work before us is great, and our means apparently limited, go on with perseverance; public sentiment is with us, and will sustain us, and the time we trust, is not distant, when we shall realise our most sanguine expectations.

We will now proceed to commence the good work; but before doing so, let us invoke the blessings of Him from whom all our comforts flow, and without whose aid, the effort of man availeth nothing.—May He inspire us with wisdom to conceive, strength to accomplish, and faith to persevere to the final completion of an undertaking destined to add to our comforts and the amelioration of the condition of a portion of the human family.

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC

A SCENE FROM LIFE.

An honest Jonathan, not a hundred miles from Portland, was blest with a wife, who took it into her head to fancy from time to time, that she was any thing and every thing rather than the identical wife of said Jonathan. This state of things continued from year to year, and she began to fancy at last that she was dead or dying. Many and many was the time our good Jonathan was summoned from the field to hear the last request, and witness the last sigh of his dying wife. But still she did not die. He always took these things very moderately, carefully putting up whatever farming utensils he might be using, and walking deliberately and slowly to her bedside, and listening patiently to whatever she might say, solemnly promising to obey all her requests and fulfil her desires to the letter. He firmly believed his wife was in some way or other bewitched, how he could not tell, and the idea of cure never entered his brain. He thought it likely she must die some time or other, and further he never troubled himself about it. This insensi-

bility was far from being agreeable to his sensitive wife who often rated him soundly upon his stupidity, her own anger for the time effecting a cure. At length the poor woman came to the solemn conviction that her time was indeed come—she put her house in order. The bonnets and the caps of the children were trimmed with black. Her husband's Sunday hat was brought forward and ornamented with a broad solemn band. Her own clothing was all deposited in the "chest of drawers," and locked up, the key to be left in her pocket. The yarn for a web of "full cloth" was ordered to be sent over to Jane Style's, who could prepare it for the mill; when it was afterwards to be cut into comfortable garments for the family the coming winter. The good woman superintended every thing with the greatest composure and solemnity.—When every thing was prepared she adjusted her cap, and with a tear in her eye, she composed herself in bed; giving directions to her husband and children and the workmen summoned around her.

This done, she addressed each separately giving them appropriate advice and then dismissed them, that she might in secret give her parting injunctions to her husband. When left alone she called to his memory her own many acts of conjugal tenderness; spoke of her children as a mother in like circumstances might be supposed to speak, and finally, distantly and delicately hinted that it was very probable another would at some time be called in to occupy her place by his side and stand in a similar relation to her children. Her tears fell fast. Oar Jonathan's face was drawn to a becoming length for the occasion, but he never thought of crying. In deed it was doubtful whether he comprehended her. His imperturbability was most provoking.—She was compelled to be more explicit.—She pressed her fingers upon her eyes.—"When I am gone," said she faintly, "have you thought of any one to be your second wife?" This was a plain question, and with the utmost simplicity he gave it a plain answer—"Yes, my dear, I have." She wiped her tears. For a woman, her face was certainly very expressive. She held her breath. "Tell me," said she, "who is to be the mother of my children?" "Well, my dear, I have often thought if you should die, Hannah J. would make an excellent wife."

"You have, indeed!" exclaimed the dying woman, bouncing out of bed. "Hannah J. shall never be the mother of my children, I can tell you." Our Jonathan stared. A cure was certainly the very last thing in his mind when he made such a confession. But it wrought one nevertheless. This was many years ago; but she has never since imagined herself any other than the living, and alive like to be, wife of Jonathan.—Portland Courier.

A DAY BEHIND THE FAIR.

A somewhat ludicrous scene occurred yesterday morning, about 8 o'clock, at a boarding house in the Bowery. Two young men arrived there the day previous (one of whom was the nephew of the lady who keeps the house), and engaged a private sitting room and a bed room for two or three weeks. The nephew introduced his companion as a fellow clerk with him in a mercantile house at Hartford, Conn. (which singularly turns out to be the fact), and stated that they had come to New York merely for the purpose of seeing the place and paying their respects to the aunt.—The old lady, pleased with this mark of affection on the part of the nephew, prepared the best bed room in the house for their reception, set before them the best fare she had, and did in all her power to make them comfortable. Being fatigued, as they said, with their journey, they retired to rest very early, and did not rise till near 8 next morning; they had but just set down to breakfast, when a hasty knock was heard at the door, at which the youngest of the two was observed to betray a slight degree of uneasiness. In a minute or two afterwards the room door was entered somewhat abruptly by an elderly gentleman, evidently in a violent passion, who advanced towards the eldest of the two and after applying divers undigested epithets to him was about to try the effects of his cane upon the shoulders of the young man, when the noise brought up the aunt, who flew at the old gentleman like a tigress, defending one of her cubs.

On the arrival of three or four of the boarders, something like order was restored; when the youngest of the two strangers was discovered to have fainted away. The youth was lifted on to a sofa, his stock was removed, and the collar of his shirt unbuttoned to facilitate his breathing—when (oh, shade of chaste Diana! tell it not to Gath!) there was revealed to sight the snowy bosom of as pretty a lass as ever brushed due from lawn.—"The lovely stranger lay confessed! A wisp in all her charms." It seems that the young lady was the daughter of the old gentleman, who with a view of economy, had caused her to assist his clerk in keeping his books; the young couple, thus thrown, nothing loth,

in each other's way made such good use of their time, that the old gentleman, on entering the counting room rather unexpectedly in the morning, found them keeping tally with their lips instead of their pens; upon which he sent his daughter to reside with her grand-mother at Wethersfield.

She contrived, however, to send to and receive letters from her lover, in which they planned the elopement. How successfully it was put in execution, our readers are already aware. They left Hartford so as to get several hours the start of the father who did not reach New-York until 6 o'clock yesterday morning, and suspecting that they would put up at the aunt's house made his way there immediately on arriving in the city. He was however, too late; the young couple had contrived to have the hymeneal knot tied in the afternoon of their arrival. We presume this step was taken to avoid the risk incurred in publishing their intention to marry, which mode of procedure is required by the laws of the State of Connecticut. How the affair will terminate we know not as the parties all left New-York for Hartford yesterday afternoon, but as the father was in a double sense, "a day behind the fair," we would advise him to pocket the affront and put the best face he can on the matter.

N. Y. Transcript.

Speaking of the business before Congress, the New-York Daily Advertiser makes the following remark: "We cannot but think it strange that the affairs of the Post Office are suffered to remain unexplored and undisposed of, until this late period of the session." It is, at first thought, strange that a Department, in which there has been admitted mismanagement and assumption of illegal power, should have been permitted to go on, during nearly six months of the session, without a full and proper investigation of its affairs. The reader should be aware, however, as we now remind him, that, if one branch of Congress could find it expedient to send a Committee to Philadelphia to look up the correspondence which members of their own body have held with the gentlemen connected with the Bank, and yet have not found time or inclination to examine the confessed delinquencies of one of the most important and delicate parts of the Governmental machine under its peculiar charge; if, we say, a proper scrutiny of the conduct of the Post Office has not been undertaken by one of the Houses of Congress, the other must be exonerated from blame on that score. The heavy debates on very momentous questions which have so constantly occupied the Senate, have not prevented the proper Committee of that body from looking into the affairs of the Post Office. That Committee is now steadily pursuing the object of ascertaining the true state of the Post Office Establishment; the causes which have produced, and the means by which it is to be extricated from, its present embarrassments. A full report from that Committee may, no doubt, be expected some time before the rise of Congress.—Nat. Intel.

The debate in the Senate on Monday was highly interesting. After Mr. Calhoun's concise, condensed, but powerful and unanswerable argument against the Protest, Mr. Forsyth took occasion in reply, to comment in a sportive way upon the name adopted by those opposed to the present Administration. "If he might be allowed," he said, "instead of the Whig party, he would call them the 'Punch Party;' for as that beverage is composed of a variety of discordant materials, so is the Opposition; there is the sugar of Louisiana; the acid of the South; the rum of New-England, &c. &c. and a dash of pater, to make it palatable to the countrymen of Dr. McNeven." This drew out Mr. Preston, who, after answering most satisfactorily all the argumentative part of Mr. Forsyth's speech, turned round and upset his punch bowl as handsomely as we ever saw any thing in our lives. "True," said he, "we are of discordant materials; but Executive tyranny has pressed us into the mixture; and I am quite sure that the political compound thus prepared is not half so palatable to the President as the real liquor is to the honorable gentleman from Georgia." The Senate was in a roar of laughter. Mr. Preston went on to pursue his advantage in the same playful way, to the amusement of the audience, and the complete discomfiture of Mr. Forsyth, who very good humoredly joined in the laugh against himself.—Alex. Jd.

Whiskey—A Brattleborough paper says that a woman in the western part of the State called on a neighbor not long since to borrow a few pounds of flour. The neighbor told her, he thought it would be better if her husband would take some of his wheat to mill, instead of going to the store every morning to buy a gallon of whiskey—what in the world, says he, do you do with so much whiskey? "Oh," says the woman, "a gallon of whiskey is nothing in a family of small children like ours, considering that we don't keep a cow."

Daring Feat—Considerable attention has been excited for a few days past, by the daring feats of a painter, who, it is said, was formerly a sailor, and who has been engaged in painting the roofing on the steeple of the Dutch Reformed Church. Not content with the task required of him, which was comparatively safe and easy, he, on Monday last, ascended to the figure of the Fish, which is at an elevation of 150 feet from the ground, and standing upon it, placed his cap upon the ball which surmounts the spire. The fears of a large body of spectators were now sensibly excited for his safety; but their apprehensions were doubled, when he deliberately stretched himself at full length upon the Vane, holding by one hand to the upright bar of iron on which it is supported. To a landsman, it was a terrible sight. To him, however, it doubtless only brought to mind the recollections of the dangers of the Sea. He descended in safety.—Frederick Examiner.

The Poor and the Rich.—A son sitting on the tomb of his father, who had left him an enormous estate, observing a poor boy at the grave of his deceased father, addressed him in the following unfeeling and heartless manner: "The tomb of my father is of marble—his epitaph is written in letters of gold, and the pavement round about it is of mosaic work—but how is your father's tomb constructed? Two bricks, one at the head and another at the feet, and a few handfuls of earth upon his body." The poor man's son replied: "Hold thy peace; it may be, that at the resurrection, ere thy father shall be able to remove the vast pile of stones under which he lies buried, my father will arrive in paradise."

An attorney attempted to invalidate the testimony of a witness, by declaring him to be too ignorant to be competent.—Said he to the Judge, I can convince your Honor of the incompetency of the witness in a very few moments; he has been reared in the country—he has never been out of the sight of his father's barn—never saw a school house, and your honor permitting, I will propound a few questions, and upon his answers your honor can decide.

The Judge assenting, he turned to the witness, and asked, who made you?

Witness.—I reckon 'twas Moses.

Attorney.—There, your Honor, to the satisfaction of yourself and the Jury, I have proved the witness a non compos mentis, totally unqualified to decide on the serious nature of his oath.

Witness.—Now, Mr. Lawyer, may I ask you one question, I'm answered yours?

Attorney.—A thousand, Sir, a thousand, if you please.

Witness.—Who made you?

Attorney.—I reckon Aaron made me.

Witness (turning to the Jury).—Well, now I have read in the good book, that Aaron made a calf, but I don't know how the darned fool got here.

The Court was convulsed with laughter.

Montagu, in his "Reflections on the Rise and Fall of the Ancient Republics," remarks, "There cannot be a more certain symptom of the approaching ruin of a State, than when a firm adherence to party is fixed upon as the only test of merit, and all the qualifications necessary to a right discharge of every employment are reduced to that single standard."

A little man observed, that he had two negative qualifications—which were, that he never lay long in bed, or wanted a great coat.

More Lime.

JUST RECEIVED,

In addition to my former stock, by the Henrietta, 204 GASKS of unslacked Thomaston LIME, in good order. I will sell low for Cash.

JOHN E. PATTERSON.

Fayetteville, April 27. '25

University of North-Carolina.

THE Public Anniversary Examination of the Students of the University of N. Carolina, will be held at Chapel Hill, on Monday, the 16th of June next, and continue from day to day until Thursday, the 26th—which last mentioned day is appointed for the Annual Commencement of the College.

The following Trustees form the Committee of Visitation:

His Ex'cy D. L. SWAIN, ex off. Pres.
Rev. Dr. Joseph Caldwell,
Geo. E. Badger, Esq.,
Dr. Simmons J. Bakr.,
John Bragg, Esq.,
John H. Bryan, Esq.,
Hon. Duncan Cameron,
James W. Clarke, Esq.,
Col. Isaac Croom,
John R. J. Daniel, Esq.,
Daniel M. Fowey, Esq.,
John D. Hawkins, Esq.,
Louis D. Henry, Esq.,
Maj. Charles L. Hinton,
Col. Edward Jones,
Hon. Willie P. Mangum,
Hon. James Martin,
Arch'd M'Queen, Esq.,
Hugh M'Queen, Esq.,
Hon. Thomas Settle.

All other Trustees of the University, who may attend, will be considered members of the Committee, and their attendance is hereby solicited under an ordinance of the Board.

CHAS. MANLY,
Secy to the Board of Trustees.

Raleigh, May 15, 1834.