

# RALEIGH REGISTER.

## AND NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE.

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

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### The Register,

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### THE DISINTERMENT.

On a fine day in June, a funeral procession issued from the park gates of Woodley Hall, in the county of Gloucester. The poor inhabitants of the neighboring village hovered about the train with mute reverence, paying the last sad testimony of respect and affection to one who had been endeared to them by many acts of kindness and solicitude. They were following to its cold home, the corpse of Eliza, wife of Sir William Fanshaw.

Never was there a lovelier summer day than the one appointed for this dismal ceremony. The trees looked proudly in the lustiness of their green; the dark blue of the sky was unspotted by a single cloud and the sun shot out its sultry strength, making the birds wanton and noisy with the exuberance of their joy.

Alas! what was all this glory of nature to the sad company who were moving along the road, thinking of the tomb and the premature death of that young, beautiful and virtuous one, whom they were conveying thither? How could they enjoy the quick carols of the birds, when the death-bell gaining in strength as they proceeded, smote their ears and startled their secret sorrowing with its measured and saddening recurrence!—The glad color of the grass and of the leaves was not in harmony with the mourning garments, and the vital sun could scarcely be rejoiced in shining as it did on their tears, and on that dark, slow moving hearse.

The service for the burial of the dead is not easily endured by even an unconnected auditor. How then must our mourners have felt (their loss being unexpected and sorely affecting) when the Priest, meeting the dull coffin at the church porch, walked on before it repeating his solemn words? Then the agony of grief burst forth in sobs and hysterics, and then did the dreary thoughts arise, that there was nothing but corruption and mortification in the world.

But we are slaves of circumstances! for these ideas, which seemed to be fixed immovably in despair, were soon lifted into happy aspirations on the swell of the organ's sound; and the cottagers, who stood moodily in the church yard while the service continued, were also relieved by the music, and blessed as it trembled out into the sunny air.

When the lady of whom I write, was stricken with illness, which was only a week before her death, she begged her husband to bring the gold chain and locket enclosing his hair, which he had given her before their marriage. This she hung round her neck, and solaced her weary hours with contemplating it, and by force of the association of ideas it excited, lived again in time gone by. One evening she beckoned to Sir William, who was sitting in her chamber at her side, and said: "Reach me your hand, my dear husband. I am growing much worse. I feel a perilous sinking in my frame, and death in my thoughts. If this be nothing more than womanly timidity, bear with it; but if it be for my sake, and give me courage by staying by my side through the night."

"Be comforted, my love," replied her husband. "This weakness is common enough. You will be better in the morning; and, in the mean time I shall not stir from your bed. You will talk to me in a different manner, when, after you have had a good sleep, I shall show you the cheerful sun light stealing on the dawn. I see even your eyes are closing; compose yourself, dear one, and sleep."

The chamber was hushed; the patient lay still, and seemed in so profound a repose, that her breathing was not heard. The curtains were softly adjusted around the bed, and Sir William, happy and of favorable omens in the idea that his life had at length a remission of pain, took a book, and fixing as much attention on it as he could command, wore the night hours away.—Every thing within and without continued in deep stillness, broken only towards the morning by the pleasing sounds of awakening nature, which might be heard in so removed a place; the shrill birds, the wheeling hum of the bees darting from their hive in the garden below, and the leaves dallying with the morning breath. These, together with the strong white lines which intersected the shutters, admonished Sir

William, and the nurse of the time their patient had slept.—The light was therefore admitted into the room, and they looked into the bed.

"How is this?" said Sir William. She has not moved a hair's breadth since we saw her last night. Good God! how pale her face and lips are! Heaven grant all may be well; but I tremble under my fears. Go instantly and bring the Physician."

The Physician came: he was alarmed at her appearance; a feather was placed on her lips, and Sir William bent his keen eyes over it.—It did not move. Alas! alas! her spirit had passed away while her husband, sitting close to her, was congratulating himself upon her recovery.

She must have stirred once in the night though it was done with such gentleness as not to be perceived; for one of her hands was found inside her garment, pressing the locket, of which I have spoken, on her naked breast.

I will not attempt to describe the swelling of her husband's heart, and the gush of his tears, when this touching instance of her love was made known to him. His soul brooded over it night and day. He saw in her action the wish she had not strength to utter in words, and determining it should not be violated, gave directions that she should be placed in her coffin without disturbing the locket or her hand.

It will be readily imagined that so affecting a circumstance could not escape being much talked of, and, as in these cases no particulars are ever omitted, the value of the trinket which was set round with brilliants, found a place in the story.

The sexton of the church containing the family vault, was one of the persons to whom this anecdote became known, and he was not long in conceiving a plan by which he might possess himself of the jewels, which glittered so temptingly in his mind's eye. I do not think he would have meditated a common theft—a theft capable of injuring any living creature; nay, although he was in business, he was never known to practice any of the usual tricks of deception in his trade. He was a charitable, well-meaning man; but he could not comprehend the sentiment which ordained these love-tokens to lie in hallowed immovability on a dead breast. It was in his opinion a silly waste of treasure; no harm could come of his appropriating it; and he therefore determined that on the night of the funeral he would enter the vault and remove the jewels. The church was well situated for his purpose; it stood apart from the village to which he belonged, and was a solitary edifice in the midst of fields.

Behold him then in the darkness of night, with his lantern at the lone church door. He unlocks it and passes in. He was at first rather awe-struck by the dead stillness, the sudden cold smell, so different from the genial air without, and the vacant pews standing in deep-shadow-like melancholy in dreary recesses. The nature of his office had given him a familiarity with the building, but had not worn away the idea in his mind of its sacredness, and he quaked to think that it should be the spot where he was to perpetrate the first deed in his life which he would be ashamed to own. As he went along the aisle with his lamp, the white tombstones on the wall glared as it were reproachfully upon him one by one, and his perturbation was increased by the dart of a bat close to his face.—He almost retreated he had come, but he went on nevertheless, and passed into the lady's sepulchre.

Having laid down his lamp upon a coffin close by, he proceeded with his instrument to take off the lid of the one he sought which was soon effected. This was the first moment of real irresolution and terror. The sight of the corpse lying there by that dim light in the heavy stillness of death, with its white placid countenance, made his heart swell and his nerves powerless. The sublimity of the sight made him feel the meanness of his action with double force; he almost fainted; and, with the intention of abandoning the business, he returned into the body of the church. There he supported himself for a time, while the coolness of the air refreshed him, and he was at length about to depart, when recollecting that the lid of the coffin should be replaced, he summoned a strong effort and went again into the vault for that purpose.

But the sight of the corpse was not now so awful to him as before. The consternation had done its utmost. There was an imperceptible return of the original intention in his mind, and by a quick effort, he lifted up the body, drew the chain over the head, disengaged the locket from under the hand, and then lowered the corpse again into its place. As he did this, the arm which before lay upon the breast, fell with strange flexibility over the side of the coffin, and a faint sigh came from the body.

Had a thunder-clap broken upon the silence, the man would not have been more staggered than he was at this little sigh. He rushed hastily forth, left the sepulchre unclosed, and opened the church door to go out, when, as to increase his bewilderment, the first thing that met his eyes was the great moon lifting itself in

the unabated power of its light, over the horizon's edge. It shone right opposite, and seemed looking at, and coming to expose him. He did not dare to lift his eyes again; but, without stopping even to look up to the church, he flew over the fields, pursued by his fears.

It was at this time about eleven o'clock. The domestics at Woodley Hall had not yet retired to rest. Their minds were agitated and unsettled by the funeral; and they found relief in sitting up together, and talking over the circumstances connected with their lady's illness and sudden death. With hearts so full, they could not endure the silence of their chambers, and it would have been vain to try to sleep; therefore, at the time I have just mentioned, they left their room and dull candles, to go out under the portico of the house, and enjoy the balmy night air and the bright moon.

The subject of their talk was the same. The youth of their lady, her gentleness, her unaccountable illness, the sublime testimony she gave of her love even in the grasp of death, and then of what would become of their heart-broken master, who had been secluded in his room all day, scarcely admitting any one even to bring needful refreshment, when one of them, with a low voice, said,

"What can that white thing be, which is flitting about the beach trees there, at the farthest end of the long walk?"

They looked, and nothing was seen.—It was, however, only a leaf-hidden for a time, for presently it emerged altogether from the obscurity of the trees, and they saw it plainly enough.

The walk was about a quarter of a mile in length. The object advanced down it, and soon a fearful sight was seen by the company under the portico; an apparently human figure, with long white garments, staggering and stumbling across the open park at that solemn hour, and under the keen moonlight.

They did not stop to hear any more—but hastening to their master told him what they had witnessed.

He answered them with a faint voice from within—"Go to rest. Your minds are disturbed; and to tell you the truth, my own mind is too much subdued just now to bear the hearing of such things.—Shut up the house—good night."

But they all persisted so strenuously in avouching the truth of what they had stated, that Sir William came from his chamber, and said he would go with them into the park, and see whether the apparition was yet visible. Poor man, he was at this time ill calculated to dissipate the terror which had taken hold of his servants. Sorrow, want of food, long privation of sleep, the dismal business of the day, and then this phantom story, had almost bewildered his faculties, and he descended the stairs-trembling and uncollected.

Before they had reached the bottom, one of the servants cried out with a loud voice, "look sir, look!"

Sir William cast his eyes downwards, and lo! there upon the cold stone floor of the hall, lay a figure entangled in unseemly clothes, moaning and sobbing naturally. The face was partially exposed.—Sir William saw it. His faculties seemed suddenly scattered, for in a confused manner he dropped on his knees by the side of the figure, and there remained a few moments with clasped hands, and vacant and immovable looks. At length, a weak, faltering female voice was heard.

"I am afraid I have done wrong," it said, "but I must have been in a dream; do not be angry with me."  
"Good God! how is this? No, no, no, it cannot be. She is in her tomb! and yet this countenance and these grave-clothes strike away my senses with wonder! Eliza! Eliza!—She cannot speak again. Yes, she is quite cold. What can this mysterious visitation portend?—Eliza! Let me once more hear that voice. Silent! Silent! Lift her up. Look! it is herself, her own self! her lips move; and see her poor face is wet with tears. God alone knows how this can come to pass, but I will thank him for it forever. There, gently lay her in my arms, and some one go before me with a light."

It was indeed his wife whom he embraced. He carried her to her chamber, laid her in the bed, and ordered warm restoratives to be prepared.

On awakening, she said, "Are you there, my dear? Let me hear you speak. Something strange has happened to me, I am sure. Have I been delirious? I wish they had watched me better, for I am certain that I have been wandering out in the open air. It terrifies me to think of it. The dream I have had since I saw you, dear husband, last night, presses on me with an intolerable sense of reality.—It must have been those ghastly visions which scared me out of the house in my sleep. I am full of pain. My feet are sore and bleeding. Reach me your hand and comfort me with your voice. I fancied that I was just now staying obstinately, and yet unwillingly, in a painful dreary dark place, and was startled there by a sudden rush of cold wind. I seemed to fall many times, and to bruise myself exceedingly, in endeavoring to struggle out towards the light. This must have been wandering out of doors in my sleep,

for I thought I should have gone mad when my perceptions came to me, and I found myself barefoot in the wide and silent park stretching far around me. I have endeavored, but in vain, to recollect any circumstance connected with my leaving the house!"

Her husband shook from head to foot at this. The coffin and hearse swam instantly in his eyes. He was sick at heart with the oppression of a mystery, but he looked at his wife again and blessed Heaven.

Having addressed a few cheering words to her, and promising not to leave her side, he exhorted her to compose herself and endeavor to sleep.

In the morning the whole thing was explained. Some rustics passing by the church, had observed it to be open, and going in, saw that one of the family vaults was unclosed, and that there was an empty coffin in it. This information they carried forthwith to the sexton, who, alarmed at the probability of being detected, (as some one might have seen him escaping by moonlight) and fearing that his guilt would seem greater than it was, went to Woodley Hall and confessed the whole business, making a restitution of the locket, but declaring that he knew nothing of the removal of the corpse.

He was readily enough forgiven, and I believe rewarded. It was plain now that Lady Fanshaw was buried in a trance.—It was of the utmost consequence that the subject of the interment should be kept from her knowledge. The sexton was enjoined to silence; but it was not so easy to quell the tongues of the village. Besides, when the lady recovered sufficiently to go out, every object she saw in the direction of the church, perplexed her with some dim and uncomfortable reminiscence. She might some day stumble upon the truth, and Sir William, in the fear of this, sold his estate, and purchased another, in a distant part of the country. In the latter place, Lady Fanshaw gave birth to a large family, and lived many years with her husband in health and comfort.

### RANDOLPH'S LETTERS.

Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard have just issued a well printed octavo of 254 pages, entitled *Letters of John Randolph to a Young Relative*, through a series of years from early youth to mature manhood. This collection, made by the young relative himself, is entirely authentic. The letters were selected from among several hundred, as most fit for publication.—Every one of them is strongly characteristic. They are made up of excellent instructions to his relative, respecting personal conduct and the culture of his mind; philosophical remarks; accounts of his own situation and feelings; notices of his acquaintance, and so forth. Annexed to Letter CLIX. is the following note of the Editor:

"This letter was written during a lucid interval of alienation of mind; which for the first time, amounted to positive delirium. Fits of caprice and petulance, following days of the deepest gloom, had for years previously, overshadowed his mind, exciting the existence of some corroding care, for which he neither sought, nor would receive any sympathy.  
"For many weeks, his conduct towards myself, who was the only inmate of his household, had been marked by contumacious indignities, which it required almost heroic patience to endure: even when aided by a warm and affectionate devotion, and an anxious wish to alleviate the agonies of such a mind in ruins. All hope of attaining this end, finally failed, and when he found that I would no longer remain with him, the above letter was written; it is almost needless to say with what effect. I remained with him two years longer.

"The truth and beauty of the Eastern allegory, of the man endowed with two souls, was never more forcibly exemplified than in his case. In his dark days, when the evil genius predominated, the austere vindictiveness of his feelings towards those that a disordered fancy depicted as enemies, or as delinquent in truth or honor, was horribly severe and remorseless.

"On the contrary, when the benevolent genius had the ascendant, no one ever knew better how to feel and express the tenderest kindness, or to evince, in countenance and manner, gentler benevolence of heart."

We annex some impressive extracts from the Letters; and our readers will, we are sure, welcome such specimens.

"Do not undervalue the character of the real gentleman, which is the most respectable amongst men. It consists not in plate, and equipage, and rich living, any more than in the disease which that mode of life engenders; but in truth, courtesy, bravery, generosity, and learning, which last, although not essential to it, yet does very much to adorn and illustrate the character of the true gentle-

man. Tommy Merton's gentlemen were no gentlemen, except in the acceptance of it keepers, (and the great vulgar, as well as the small,) with whom he who rides in a coach and six, is three times as great a gentleman as he who drives a post-chaise and pair. Lay down this as a principle, that truth is to the other virtues, what vital air is to the human system. They cannot exist at all without it; and as the body may live under many diseases, if supplied with pure air for its consumption, so may the character survive many defects, where there is a rigid adherence to truth. All equivocation and subterfuge belong to falsehood, which consists, not in using false words only, but in conveying false impressions, no matter how; and if a person deceive himself, and I, by my silence, suffer him to remain in that error, I am implicated in the deception, unless he be one who has no right to rely upon me for information, and, in that case, 'tis plain I could not be instrumental in deceiving him."

"To form good habits is almost as easy as to fall into bad. What is the difference between an industrious, sober man and an idle drunken one, but their respective habits? 'Tis just as easy for Mr. Harrison to be temperate and active, 'tis for poor Knowles to be the reverse with this great difference, that, exclusive of the effects of their respective courses on their respectability and fortune, the exercises of the one are followed by health, pleasure, and peace of mind, those of the other engender disease, and discontent—to say nothing of misery, and the contempt of the contrasted with affluent plenty, facility, and the esteem of all. Perhaps you cannot believe the being who would hesitate two lots to choose.

"I have seen a young man, whose looks are so seducing, that, (I repeat) he revels while he endures, and for a few hours' temporary relief, he pays the price of perishing their old age. The industrious man, by setting a just value on his time, and disregarding present pleasures, secures an honorable and comfortable old age. All nature, my son, is speaking comfort and offering to the good and wise. But 'tis in his heart, There is no God; 'tis his eyes to the great book of nature, lies open before him. Your father, dear Theodorick, is in your own Like Hercules, every young man has choice between pleasure, falsely so called, and industry, or laborious virtue and a fame. In old age, indeed long before, begin to feel the folly or wisdom of one's selection. I confidently trust that you, my son, will choose wisely. In several years from this time, you will repent or rejoice at the disposition which you make of the present hour."

Roanoke, June 10, 1831.

"You do not overrate the solitariness of the life I lead here. It is dreary beyond conception, except by the actual sufferer. I can only acquiesce in it, as the lot in which I have been cast by the good providence of God; and endeavor to bear it, and the daily increasing infirmities, which threaten total helplessness, as well as I may. Many long weeks have passed since you heard from me." And why should I write? To say that I had made another notch in my tally?—or to enter upon the monotonous list of grievances, mental and bodily, which egotism itself could scarcely bear to relate and none other to listen to. You say truly: "there is no substitute" for what you name, "that can fill the heart."—The bitter conviction has long ago rushed upon my own, and arrested its functions. Not that it is without its paroxysms, which, I think Heaven, itself alone, is conscious of. Perhaps I am wrong to indulge in this vein; but I must write thus or not at all. No punishment, except remorse, can exceed the misery I feel. My heart swells to bursting, at past recollections; and as the present is without enjoyment, so is the future without hope; so far, at least, as respects this world."

"The true cure for maladies like yours is employment. "Be not solitary; be not idle" was all that Burton could advise. Rely upon it, life was not given to be spent in dreams and reverie, but for active, useful exertion; exertion that turns to some account to ourselves, or to others—not laborious idleness, (I say nothing of religion, which is between the heart and its Creator.) This preaching, I know, foolish enough; but let it pass. We have all two educations; one we have given to us—the other we give ourselves; and after a certain time of life, when the character has taken its ply, it is idle to attempt to change it."

Monday Morning, Jan. 21, 1832.

"I have just received your letter of Saturday, which I read with much pleasure; although I can't think you are right in giving up exercise altogether. You know my opinion of female society.—Without it we should become brutes.—This observation applies with ten fold force to young men, and those who are

in the prime of manhood. For, after a certain time of life, the literary man may make a shift (a poor, one I grant) to do without the society of ladies. To a young man nothing is so important as a spirit of devotion (next to his Creator) to some virtuous and amiable woman, whose image may glow in his heart, and guard it from the all-sidedness of fondness; not robbery devoted professing not to be a danger! temporary your old? tion wo as sh o

it, that to love a woman, although a delicate de-oxication far surpassing the e, is altogether unessential, us, in the choice of a wife; ought to set about in his so-choosing her, as Mrs. Primer wedding-gown, for qualities ar well." I am well persuaded, love-matches are happy ones.—g at least, is true, that if matrimony its cares, celibacy has no plea-A Newton, or a mere scholar, and employment in study; a man erary taste can receive in books a rful auxiliary; but a man must have som friend, and children around him, nish and support the dreariness of age. Do you remember A. V.? He did neither read nor think; any wife, even a scolding one, would have been a blessing to that poor man. After all, "suitability" is the true foundation for marriage. If the parties be suited to one another, in age, situation in life, (a man, indeed, may decide, where all else is fit,) temper and constitution, these are ingredients of a happy marriage—or at, a convenient one—which is all people of experience expect."

"Can't you get it done?" said a good old man, some years ago, came into a office in the country.

"I can't," said a man at the case, labbing at the types like a hen corn—"certainly, madam; 'twill take some

"The old lady,"—for "eat hurry"—any

"er, in as a dont

ing her k not. and I. "I'll get it done."

"What'll print a Bible in one. Why, ma'am, it would take me a devil a whole year to print a bible."

"Oh, my gracious!" exclaimed the old lady, starting up in astonishment—"You dont have the Evil one to work for you do you?"

"Evil one? Yes he's evil enough, the lazy dog."

"I would'nt have him to print a bible for me on no account. I should'nt believe a word on't, if he did—for he's a liar and the father of lies."

"I don't know whether he's the father of lies or not. But he is, true enough, a lying little devil—there's no trusting him. I mean to cancel his indentures."

Well, good bye Mr. Printer.—I could not think of having a good book done in such a bad office. Employ the devil! O dear!"

The old lady made her way, with all haste, out of the Office; and when it is considered that she was unacquainted with the technical language of typographers, and did not know the difference between the Printer's devil and Old Nicholas himself, it must be owned that her horror was very natural.

A Mouthful.—Mr. S. Coleman, of No. 20 Division street, had a very valuable small gold French watch stolen from him on Tuesday; and suspicion falling upon a Spaniard named Barretas, who slept in the same room with Mr. C. an officer was sent for, and Barretas was searched, together with his trunk, which operation lasted about an hour, which he cheerfully submitted to. During all this time he was not out of Spark's (the officer's) sight. Nothing being found to justify suspicion, Spark was about leaving the room, and the Spaniard very politely opened the door to let him out, when just as he was passing Barretas, he fancied he heard a ticking, and turning suddenly round, he looked the Spaniard full in the face, and observing something suspicious in the shape of his mouth, he pulled upon his jaws, and there it discovered the watch. Barretas stands committed.—N. E. Times