

RALPH REGISTER.

AND NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE.

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

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TRAVELLING HORSES.

From the Southern Agriculturalist.

The following most excellent directions for the management of Horses whilst travelling, were written for us by a friend, at our request. Being unwilling that we should alone be benefited, we have inserted them in the Agriculturalist, not doubting but that they will prove as acceptable to a majority of our readers, as they have been to us:

April 24, 1834.

DEAR SIR—As it is your request, I will now endeavor to say something about the treatment of a horse upon a journey, though I assure you, that you have travelled much more than I have. I will, however, say how I would treat my nags.

It is of great importance that the horse be in good condition before the journey commences—not very fat: he should eat nothing but the most solid food for some time before you start, nothing light or green; for nine out of ten will founder if fed on green food. Early in the morning give a few swallows of water; for some horses will not eat without, particularly if feverish at night. Give three quarts of corn soon after the water; he should not be limited in fodder, but let him have it before him from the time he is put up at night till you start. Give him as much water as he will drink before you start, travel very slow for the first hour, for many horses are foundered from the body becoming suddenly hot when full of cold water when it is hot. Give about a gallon of water frequently, for by giving a small quantity often, the stomach is kept more cool, and there is less danger. Twice or three times during the day, put about a pint of corn meal and a little salt into the water, and stir it well. Whenever you water on the road, move off the horse immediately; to stand still after drinking is very wrong. When you stop for any time, say an hour or so, do not water until you are going off. I never give corn during the day—three or four quarts of oats may be given, and fodder or hay, for the quantity he will eat will not injure him. In hot dusty weather it is very gratifying to the horse to wash or wipe the face, and the inside of the nostrils with a sponge and cold water, and if you add a little vinegar, it is better;—do this at the time of and before watering. When you stop for the night let the horse go into a lot to wallow and walk about for half an hour, then let a few bundles of fodder or hay be given him while he is rubbed, carried and brushed, and afterwards as plentifully as can be given. When cool have his legs washed with soap and cold water, and the feet picked out, and then let him have his fill of water, but without salt. Be careful that the horse always eats some fodder before he gets his corn: give a strong large horse eight quarts of corn at night, or as many ears as are equal to it—it is better to feed on the ear than to shell it, as the horse eats not so fast, and will perhaps eat less. If the corn is new, give but half the quantity; always give oats in the morning if to be got, six quarts will not injure a horse. If the horse gets galled, wash the parts with strong whiskey and water. If your horse becomes dull and heavy on the journey, or loses his appetite, tie a lump of gum assafetida on his bit, covered or wrapped in a strong rag. This may be continued for the whole journey, and I believe prevents his taking any distemper if put with sick horses, or in stables where they have been: it also is a preventative of founder. Horses sometimes get lame on the road without any apparent cause. It is generally from being improperly shod. There are such various notions as to the treatment of a horse when foundered, that it is difficult to know what to say on the subject. I would bleed freely from the neck—give a pint of whiskey with a little warm water and molasses, with a lump of alum about the size of a nutmeg dissolved in it, and urge the horse on his journey.

I have now, my good sir, said what I would do with my horse on the road, and if any part of it is worth your consideration, you are welcome to it. Hoping that you will excuse great hurry and blunders, and with my best wishes for your having a safe and pleasant time of it.

I remain, yours, with regard,
B.

INDUSTRY.

The late Rev. John Heckewelder, of Bethlehem, was a worthy missionary to the Indians of Pennsylvania, during forty years. He published a history of their Manners and Customs, from which the following anecdote is extracted:

"Seating myself once upon a log by the side of an Indian who was resting himself there, being at that time actively employed in fencing in his cornfield, I observed to him that he must be very fond of working, as I never saw him idling away his time, as is so common with the Indians. The answer he returned made a very great impression on my mind. I have remembered it ever since, and I shall try to relate it as nearly in his own words as possible.

"My friend," said he, "the fishes in the water and the birds in the air, and on the earth, have taught me to work. By their example I have been convinced of the necessity of labor and industry. When I was a young man I loitered about a good deal, doing nothing, just like the other Indians, who say, that working is for whites and negroes, and the Indians have been ordained for other purposes—to hunt the deer, and catch the beaver, otter, racoon, and such other animals. But it one day so happened, that while hunting, I came to the bank of the Susquehanna, and having sat myself down near the water's edge to rest a little and, casting my eye on the water, I was forcibly struck when I observed what industry the sun fish heaped small stones together, to make secure places for their spawn: and all this labor they did with their mouth and body, without hands!

"Astonished, as well as diverted, I lighted my pipe, sat a while smoking and looking on, when presently a little bird not far from me raised a song, which enticed me to look that way. While I was trying to distinguish where the songster was, and catch it with my eyes, its mate, with as much grass as it could hold in its bill, passed close by me, and flew into a bush, where I perceived them together, busily employed in building their nest, and singing as their work went on, I saw the birds in the air and fishes in the water working diligently and cheerfully, and all this without hands. I thought it was strange, and I became lost in wonder. I looked at myself, and saw two long arms, provided with hands and fingers and with joints that might be opened and shut at pleasure. I could, when I pleased, take up any thing with these hands, hold it fast, or let it loose, and carry it along with me. When I walked, I observed, moreover, that I had a stout body, capable of bearing fatigue, and supported by two stout legs, with which I could climb to the top of the highest mountains, and descend at pleasure into the vallies.

"And it is possible, said I, that a being so wonderfully formed as I am, was created to live in idleness; while the birds which have no hands, and nothing but their little bills to help them, work with cheerfulness, and without being told to do so? Has then the great Creator of Man, and of all living creatures, given all these limbs for no purpose? It cannot be. I will try to go to work. I did so, and went away from the village to a spot of good land, where I built a cabin, enclosed ground, sowed corn, and raised cattle. Ever since that time I have enjoyed a good appetite and sound sleep—while the others spend their nights in dancing, and suffering with hunger. I live in plenty. I keep horses, cows and fowls, I am happy. See, my friend; the birds and fishes have brought me to reflection, and taught me to work!"

TOOTH DRAWING.

The following ludicrous account of a Student's first attempt at Tooth-drawing, is an extract from a forth-coming volume entitled "The Life and Adventures of Dr. Dodimus Duckworth, A. N. Q." which is added the history of a Steam Doctor," by Dr. Green, the author of a Yankee among the Nullifiers:

"Dodimus, after seeing sundry exhibitions of his master's skill, began to be very anxious to try his own hand at a cast of practice. An opportunity was not long waiting; for one morning, as he was exercising the pestle in his master's absence, and longing for a chance of attempting something by his own ability, a man entered the shop with a handkerchief round his jaws, and with a countenance more rueful than if he had lost all his relations.

"Is the Doctor at home?" said he.

"No sir."

"Where is he?"

"He's gone over to Crincumpaw."

"To Crincumpaw!—I came within an inch of swearing. How soon will he be back?"

"Why, I spon—course of two or three hours, if you can wait so long."

"Two or three ages you might as well say; I can't wait a minute."

"Who's sick?"

"There ant nobody sick. But I'm mad as I can live. I've got the jumping

tooth ache; and I want the Doctor to pull it."

"I can do that myself," said the Student, beginning to take the instrument from a drawer.

"You!" said the man eyeing him suspiciously. "did you ever pull a tooth?"

"Did I! I wonder if I haint now?" resumed the Student, in such a tone, as to carry with it a conviction to the mind of the hearer, that he was expert in the business. Then desiring him to take a seat, he began to examine the offending tooth.

"Do you see it," said the patient.

"I wonder if I don't," said Dody.

"Oh, how it jumps!" said the patient, at the same time springing on his feet and raving round the room like a bedlamite; "I believe in my soul it'll jump out of my head."

"Shut your mouth then," said the Student, "do, and keep it in, till I can get ready to pull it." He seated the man once more and desiring him to extend his jaws as wide as he could, he introduced a horse fleam by way of gum-lancet, and began to cut round the tooth.

"What are you about there?" roared the patient, as well as he could articulate with the fleam in his mouth.

"I'm cutting the goom," replied the Student.

"You've got the wrong tooth," roared the man; and seizing the hand of the operator, he wrenched it violently away; when springing up and spitting out the blood, he exclaimed—"You've cut my tongue half off!"

"Why didn't you keep your head still then?" said Dody.

"Still! you blundering toad you; and let you pull the wrong tooth? The one I wish to have drawn is on the other side of my mouth, and in the upper jaw instead of the under one."

"Very well, how should you know which one I was cutting? you couldn't see it, and I could."

"Yes, but I could feel it though."

"Feeling is nothing at all to be compared to seeing," said the very scientific Student. "I could see what I was about, while you was only feeling."

"Well, one thing I know," persisted the man, "you've got the wrong tooth."

"Very well," returned Dody, "just as you say. I'll pull any tooth you like; I ant at all particular about that."

The patient was presently seated once more, and opening wide his jaws, designated with his finger the particular tooth he wished to be extracted.

"I see it," said the Student, beginning again to flourish his horse fleam; "I'll get the right one now, if there's any right to it." Then cutting freely round the tooth he took the extracting instrument and began to make a demonstration of applying it when the patient charged him anew to be sure and get the right tooth.

"Don't put yourself in a pucker," replied the youth; don't you think I've pulled a tooth before to-day?" Then applying the instrument, he began to twist, but presently resting on his oars, he asked if it hurt.

"Out with it!" said the man, angrily stammering with the instrument in his mouth.

"Very well, sir," said Dody, and began to twist once more; but stopping again, while the patient writhed with pain, he enquired a second time with singular humanity, if it didn't hurt.

When the patient, ungrateful for all his attention to his feelings, instead of replying civilly, drew his fist and taking the operator on the side of the head, very nearly knocked him down. Then imitating the language of the Student, he asked in turn, "does that hurt?"

Dody now raised his fist, and was about making a rejoinder in similar terms, but suddenly recollecting himself, he forbore to strike, saying it was his business to cure and not to kill; and that if the patient would allow him to apply the instrument once more, the tooth should come out pretty darn quick.

The patient acquiesced; but swore if he stopped again to ask whether it hurt, he would break his good-for-nothing numskull for him.

"I meant it all in a civil way," returned the Student, "and had no idea you'd be affronted about it. But I'll do the job to your liking now; I'll make the tooth hop like a parched pea, if I don't then darn me! With that he applied the instrument, and giving it a sudden and forcible wrench, out came two teeth—

"There," said he, "wasn't that done slick?"

"Oh! you have pulled my head off," exclaimed the man, springing upon his feet, applying his jaw, groaning, roaring and raving like a mad bull, which had just shaken a mastiff from his nose.

"Well, 'twas done plagy slick, wasn't it," said Dody, "for the first one?"—thus in his exultation, betraying the ignorance which he had before had the cunning to conceal.

"The first one," roared the man, with mingled rage and astonishment; "didn't you just now tell me you had pulled many a one?"

"I wonder if I did!" returned the prudent youth.

"Yes you did," said the patient.—Then looking at the spoils of his mouth, which his pain had prevented his examining before, he broke out with new rage.

"Confound your awkward soul! you've pulled two teeth instead of one!"

"Well, you needn't be so mad about it," returned the Student, coolly, "I shan't charge you for more than one."

"Shan't charge! no, I guess you wont. I wouldn't had it pulled, that sound tooth, for a bright silver dollar. Its enough to loose a rotten one."

"Its no use to loose a rotten tooth though," replied the Student, "and as for the sound one, that would have been rotten some time, if I hadn't pulled it. I think it is best to make a business of it, and have a good number pulled at once. They come cheaper that way."

"You hadn't ought to ask any thing for pulling either of these, seeing you've made such a fist of it."

"Well, I told you I shouldn't charge you for more than one."

"I'll be darned if I ever pay you that."

"Its no concern of mine," returned the Student, "you may settle it with Doctor Whistlewind."

The patient again bowed up his jaws with his handkerchief; but his two extracted teeth in his pocket, to keep as a memorial of his sufferings, and bidding the Student good day, left the shop.

L. D.

SUBTERRANEAN VILLAGE.

A subterranean Indian village has been discovered in Nacoochee Valley in Georgia, by gold miners, in excavating a canal for the purpose of washing gold. The depth to which it is covered varies from seven to nine feet; some of the houses are embedded in a stratum of rich auriferous gravel. They are 34 in diameter, built of logs from six to ten inches in diameter, and from ten to twelve feet in length.—The walls are from three to six feet in height, forming a continuous line or street of 300 feet. The logs are hewed and notched as at the present day. The land beneath which they were found, was covered, at its first settlement by the whites with a heavy growth of timber, denoting a great antiquity to these buildings, and the powerful cause which submerged them. Cané baskets and fragments of earthenware were found in the rooms. The account is contained in a letter to the Editor of the Southern Banner, from which the following further particulars are extracted.—American.

The houses are situated from 30 to 100 yards from the principal channel of the creek; and as no further excavations have been made, it is more than probable that new and more interesting developments will be made when the land is worked for gold.

A great number of curious specimens of workmanship have been found in situations which preclude the possibility of their having been moved for more than a thousand years. During my mining operations last year, I found, at one time, about one half of a crucible of the capacity of near a gallon. It was ten feet below the surface, and immediately beneath a large oak tree, which measured five feet in diameter, and must have been four or five hundred years old. The deposit was diluvial, or what may be termed table land. The stratum of quartz gravel in which the vessel was embedded, is about two feet in thickness, resting upon decomposed chlorite slate.

It is not difficult to account for the deposit of those substances in alluvial soil, for the hills are generally very high and precipitous, and from the immense quantity of rain which falls, the streams are swollen to a great height, sweeping every thing with them, and frequently forming a deposit of several feet in thickness in a season; but some of the diluvial land is from 10 to 50 feet above the present level of the streams. These deposits exhibit appearances of as great attrition as those recently formed.

There was a vessel, or rather a double mortar found in Duck's Creek, about five inches in diameter, and the excavation on each side was nearly an inch in depth, basin-like and perfectly polished. It was made of quartz, which had been semi-transparent, but had become stained with the iron which abounds in quantity in all this country. In the bottom of each basin was a small depression half an inch in depth and about the same in diameter.—What its use could have been, is difficult to conjecture. Some suppose it was used for grinding paint &c. or in some of their plays or games. The high finish, and its exact dimensions, induce me to believe it the production of a more civilized people than the present race of Indians. Respectfully, yours.

HAPPY ILLUSTRATION.

I remember that, on my return to France in a vessel which had been on a voyage to India, as soon as the sailors had perfectly distinguished the land of their native country, they began, in a great measure incapable of attending to the duties of the ship. Some looked at it wishfully, without the power of finding any thing else;

others dressed themselves in their best clothes, as if they were going that moment to disembark, some talked to themselves and others wept.

As we approached, the disorder of their minds increased. As they had been absent several years, there was no end to their admiration of the hills, the foliage of the trees, and even the rocks which skirted the shore, covered with weeds and mosses. The church spires of the villages where they were born, which they distinguished at a distance up the country, and which they named one after another, filled them with transports of delight.—But when the vessel entered the port, and when they saw on the quays their fathers, their mothers, their wives, their children and their friends, stretching out their arms with tears of joy, and calling them by their names, it was no longer possible to retain a man on board; they all sprung on shore, and it became necessary, according to the custom of the port, to employ another set of mariners to bring the vessel to her mooring.

What, then, would be the case, were we indulged with a sensible display of that heavenly country, inhabited by those who are dearest to us, and who are worthy of our most sublime affections? The laborious and vain cares of this life would from that moment come to an end. Its duties would be forsaken, and all our powers and feelings would be lost in perpetual rapture. It is wisdom, therefore, that a veil is spread over the glories of futurity. Let us enjoy the hope that the happy land awaits us, and in the meantime let us fulfil with cheerfulness and patience what belongs to our present condition.—St. Pierre.

SERIOUS READING.

SELF EXAMINATION.

"Be greatly wise to talk with our past hours—Their answers form what men experience call."

But not more wise than difficult. The habit of strictly scrutinizing, or analyzing our motives, and searching through the windings of the heart, is one that finds no countenance from our love of self flattery and ease. If conscience is honest, and in an hour of calm reflection, it endeavors at least to be so, there is much to appear the best, in reviewing themselves. When we behold the crowd of passions, the poisoning leaven of selfishness which spreads its taint throughout—when we recollect time misused, talents wasted, opportunities neglected, or duties omitted—when we contemplate the evil we have done, outweighing so far the scanty measure of good, it is not surprising that we shrink back with dismay, and, shaking off such irksome thoughts, relinquish the task in disgust. Was the moralist too severe when he said,

"Heaven's Sovereign saves all beings but himself.

Thy hideous sight—a naked human heart."

If, when veiled by partiality, gilded over by the excusings of self-love, we avert our sight so pertinaciously from the survey of our seer character, with what emotions would a full unbiassed view of every latent fault—each cherished vanity and unsuspected foible fill our bosoms.—But why, it may be enquired, disturb ourselves with this displeasing subject? Effort has always been the price of enjoyment, and in no instance is it more abundantly repaid, than when, boldly persevering, we dare to search out, and look out our errors in the face,—the great step towards correcting them. And mind in vigilant exertion, thought well disciplined, and a generous zeal for truth, are some of the golden fruits to be reaped from intimate self-acquaintance. Whoever wishes to form a consistent character—whoever wishes for true and lasting pleasure, must cultivate the habit—I had almost said, the science—of reflection: Not the passing thoughtfulness of an idle, or a sad moment—not the careless retrospect of the past, in which we lightly skim over by-gone events, but that deep persevering meditation—that impartial spirit of investigation into motive and character, which never fails to establish the mind, to strengthen virtue, and invigorate every right resolution. An ancient writer has said, "a man is seldom or ever unhappy for not knowing the thoughts of others, but he that does not attend to the motions of his own, is certainly miserable."

It is surprising how much the generality of men live at random; destitute of a fixed principle—any purposed end of life, they become the sport of impulse, and are ever seeking to satisfy the natural cravings of the soul with petty excitements, or they wander listless through the world complaining that all is barrenness. Surprising indeed that a being, who feels the immortal principle glowing within him, who is conscious of such ardent graspings for some indefinite good, should not pause often amid the lesser cares of life—break through their thrall, and analyse himself.—Strange, that a creature of two worlds, the inheritor of such destinies, should slumber over his prospects—that encircled as he is by mysteries, the more solemn secrets of futurity impending over him, he should feel so little curiosity to explore, or de-

sire to contemplate them. When we consider the important truth, that the character we now form, we will take with us into another state of existence, we must be convinced of the necessity of ascertaining well what is that character. Do we desire to know what we shall be through countless ages? Let us know ourselves now. Are we yielding submission to a worthy appetites or malignant passions,—let us be assured that they will tyrannize over us forever. We are forging chains of eternity will rivet. But if virtue be enthroned in our hearts,—if reverencing conscience, we obey its dictates,—if the flame of benevolence warms,—the influence of purity hallow our spirits, what an issue does it give to every spring of action. That our happiness is not the evanescent gift of a capricious world, that these buds of goodness, struggling against the adverse atmosphere, of this life, shall bloom and ripen in a more congenial state. Let it be observed too, that the habit of reflection, while it strengthens, the powers of the mind, and brings us acquainted

with that mysterious world which lies within us, whose extent is commensurate only with the flight of thought, will give us insight into the workings of the hearts of others and afford us that knowledge which forms to the best account.—We shall the better judge when and where to trust our fellows—have more sympathy with their infirmities, and more forbearance towards their faults.

The benefit of often conversing with our past hours, and listening to the answers they give,—if being on terms of intimacy with our own heart—not strangers where we are most concerned, will be valuable not only amid the clashing of life, but will assist us in contemplating its end. It is the uncertainty of the future which helps to render death terrible. Self acquaintance will dispel that doubt in a great degree.

"Dying is nothing—but 'tis this we fear,

To be—we know not what—we know not where."

The unknown world must be a fearful one. It is also an unconsidered scene; and there will be anxieties enough to weigh upon our spirits when we "walk thoughtful on the silent solemn shore of that vast ocean we must sail so soon," without adding, by wilful self ignorance, the gloom of doubt and distrust to the solemnities of the hour.—Mobile Register.

"What is it that pleases Woman?"—In the "Fables of Puck," a new work, in two volumes, the solution to this question is given in the lines below. Puck, an exile from the Court of Queen Titania, of the Fairies, in obedience to the sentence which is made the condition of his return, sets out on an early pilgrimage to endeavor to find a solution of this riddle, which proved a task even for a Fairy. An old woman would persuade him that "money was the supreme object of female delight," but the gallant Puck remains incredulous to such a reproach to the tender sex.—Two silly girls incline him to believe the "love of pleasure" to be woman's ruling passion, and a romantic one that "it is her lover." After passing through various adventures, however, he returns to the Fairy Court with the following answer—

"Pleasure? Woman loves it well,

For she was not made for the hermit's cell, Gold? It sparkles in her eyes, And grows more bright as youth's morning flies.

Love? She is the soul of love,

'Tis her heaven below and above. None of these Can woman please,

Like

"Like what?" asked the Queen impatiently.

"Be she young, or be she old,

Warped or formed in Beauty's mould;

Be she widow, wife or maid,

By whatever temper swayed,

Woman's master passion still,

Is—to have her sovereign will."

"He has found my riddle," said the Queen smiling.

"Methinks he needed not have travelled far or long for it," exclaimed the King with unwonted gravity.

The Philosopher outdone.—A learned philosopher being very busy in his study a little girl came to ask him for some fire. But (says the Doctor) you have nothing to take it in, and as he was going to fetch something for the purpose, the little girl stooped down to the fire place, and taking some cold ashes in one hand, she put live embers on them with the other. The astonished Doctor threw down his books, saying, "With all my learning I should never have found out that expedient."

In this Religious age, it is not goodness of heart and purity of life which most commonly form a line of separation between those who are received as good men, or rejected as bad; but it is speculative faith. In the balance in which characters are weighed, the creed in the head, and not grace in the heart, turns the scales."

The New-York Constellation, in speaking of the present fashion of ladies' dresses, says—"They are like the Dutchman's rope—a little too short at both ends."