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AND NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE.

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

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THE POST MORTEM COGITATIONS OF THE LATE POPULAR MR. SMITH.

"I died on the first of April, 1823; and if the reader will go to the parish-church of Smithton, ask the sexton for the key, and having gained admission, if he will walk up the left-hand aisle, he will perceive my family vault, where my mortal remains are now reposing; and against the wall, over the very spot where I used to sit every Sunday, he will see a very handsome white marble monument; a female figure is represented in an attitude of despair, weeping over an urn, and on that urn is the following inscription:

"Sacred to the Memory of

ANNE SMITH, Esq. of Smithton Hall, who departed this life on the first of April, 1823. The integrity of his conduct and the amability of his temper endeared him to a wide circle of friends. He has left an inconsolable Widow, and by her this Monument is erected."

The gentle reader may now pretty well understand my position when alive; popularity had always been my aim, and wealth and situation in society enabled me to attain what I so ardently desired. At county meetings—at the head of my own table—among the poor of the parish—I was decidedly popular; and the name of Smith was always breathed with a blessing or a commendation. My wife adored me; no wonder, therefore, that at my demise she erected a monument to my memory, and designated herself, in all the lasting durability of marble, my "inconsolable widow." I had a presentiment that I should not be long-lived, but this rather increased my popularity; and feeling the improbability of my living very long in the sight of Mrs. Smith and my many dear friends, I was the more anxious to live in their hearts. Nothing could exceed my amiability—my life was one smile, my sayings were conciliatory, my doings benevolent, my questions endearing, my answers affirmative. I was determined that my will, unlike most wills, should be satisfactory to every body. I silently studied the wants and wishes of those around me, and endeavored to arrange my belongings so that each legatee should hereafter breathe my name with a blessing, and talk of that dear good fellow Smith; always at the same time having recourse to a pocket-handkerchief. I perpetually sat by my picture, and I gave my resemblances to all the dear friends who were hereafter to receive the "benefits of my dying."

So far I have confined my narrative to the humdrum probabilities of every-day life; what I have now to relate may strike some of my readers as less probable, but, nevertheless, is not one jot the less true. I was anxious not only to attain a degree of popularity which should survive my brief existence; I wanted to witness that popularity; unseen, to see the tears that would be shed—unheard, to mingle with the mute mourners who would lament my death. Where is the advantage of being lamented if one cannot hear the lamentations? But how was this privilege to be attained? Alas! attained it was; but the means shall never be divulged to my readers. Never shall another Mr. Smith self-satisfied and exulting in his popularity, be taught by me to see what I have been, to feel what I have felt.

I had perused St. Leon; I therefore knew that perpetually-renovated youth had been sought and had been bought.—I had read Frankenstein, and I had seen that wonders, equally astonishing and supernatural had been attained by mortals. I wanted to watch my own weepers, nod at my own plumes, and count my own mourning-coaches, and read with my own eyes the laudatory paragraph that announced my own demise in the county newspaper. I gained my point.—I did this, and more than this; but I would not advise any univisally-admired gentleman and fondly-idolized husband to follow my example. What devilish arts I used, what spells, what conjurations, necromancy, and the like, suffice it to say that I was the object of my desires. Two months I had to have at those I left behind me, one exactly a month after my demise, the second on that day ten years.

In some degree my thirst for posthumous popularity was certainly gratified; and I will begin with the pleasantest part of my own "post-mortem examination." My own house (or rather the house that had been mine) looked doleful enough; no wirth, no guests, no music; the servants in deep mourning, and a hatchment over the door. My own wife (or rather my relict) was a perfect picture of misery and mourning, in the extreme of the fashion. She heaved the deepest sighs, she was trimmed with the deepest crape, and wore the deepest hems that ever were seen. The depth of her despondency was truly gratifying. Her cap was most conscientiously hideous, and beneath its folds every hair of her head lay hid. She was a moving mass of crape and bombazine. In her right hand was a pocket-handkerchief, in her left a smelling bottle, and in her eye a tear. She was clothed with a gentleman, but it was no rival—nothing to arouse one jealous pang in the bosom of a departed husband. It was, in fact, a marble masonic meeting.—She was giving directions about my monument, and putting herself in the attitude of lamentation in which she wished to be represented, (and is represented,) bending over my urn; she burst into a torrent of tears, and in scarce articulate accents called for her "sainted Anthony."—When she came a little to herself, she grumbled somewhat at the extravagance of the estimate, knocking off here and there some little ornamental monumental decoration, bargaining about my inscription and cheapening my urn!

She was interrupted by the entrance of a milliner, who was ordered to prepare a black velvet cloak lined with ermine; and no expense was to be spared. Alas! thought I, the widow's "inky cloak" may well be warm; my black marble covering will be cold comfort to her.—"Just to amuse you, ma'am," said the *merchante des modes*, "do look at some things that are going home for Miss Jones' wedding."

The widow said nothing; and I thought it was with a vacant eye that she gazed apathetically at satin, blonde, and feathers white as the driven snow. At length she cried abruptly, "I cannot—cannot wear them!" and covering her face with her handkerchief, she wept more loudly than before. Happy late husband that I was—surely for me she wept! A housemaid was blubbering on the stairs, a footman sighing in the hall; this is as it should be, thought I; and when I heard that a temporary reduction in the establishment was determined on, and that the weeping and sighing individuals had been just discharged, I felt the soothing conviction that leaving the living mistress tore open the wounds inflicted by the loss of their late master, and made them bleed afresh. My dog howled as I passed him, my horse ran wild in the paddock, and the clock in my own sitting room maintained a sad and stubborn silence, wanting my hand to wind it up.

Things evidently did not go on in the old routine without me, and this was soothing to my spirit. My own portrait was turned with its face to the wall; my widow having no longer the original to look at, could not endure gazing at the more resemblance! What, after all, thought I, is the use of a portrait?—When the original lives we have something better to look at; and when the original is gone, we cannot bear to look at it. Be that as it may, I did not the less appreciate my widow's sensibility.

On the village green, the boys played cricket; they mourned me not—but what of that? a boy will skip in the rear of his grandmother's funeral. The village butcher stood desolately at the door of his shop, and said to the village baker who was despondently passing by, "Dull times, these, neighbor Bonebread! dull times. Ah! we miss the good squire, and the feasting at the hall."

On a dead wall I read, "Smith for ever." "For ever," thought I, is a long time to talk about. Close to it, I saw "Mitts for ever," written in letters equally large and much more fresh. He was my Parliamentary successor, and his politics were the same as my own. This was cheering, my constituents had not deserted my principles—more than that I could not expect. The "SMITH" who was to be their representative "FOR EVER" was now just as dead as the wall upon which his name was chalked.

Again I retired to my resting place, under the family pew in the church of Smithton, quite satisfied that at the expiration of ten years I should take my second peep at equally gratifying, though rather softened evidences of my popularity.

TEN YEARS! What a brief period to look back upon! What an age in perspective! How little do we dread that which is certain not to befall us for ten years! Yet how swiftly to all of us will ten years seem to fly! What changes too will ten years bring to all! Yon schoolboy of ten with his toys and noise, will be the lover of twenty! The man now in the prime of life will, in ten years, see Time's snow mingling with his dark and glossy curls! And they who are now old—the kind, cheerful, looking, as we say so much

younger than they really are—what will ten years bring to them?

The ten years of my sepulchral slumber passed away, and the day arrived for my second and last peep at my disconsolate widow and wide circle of affectionate friends.

The monument already mentioned opened "its ponderous and marble jaws" for the last time, and invisibly I glided to the gates of my own domain. The old Doric lodge had been pulled down, and a Gothic one, all thatch and rough pulls, little windows and creepers, (a sort of cottage gone mad,) had been erected in its stead. I entered and could not find my way to my own house; the road had been turned, old trees had been felled, and new plantations made; ponds had been filled up, and lakes had been dug; my own little "Temple to Friendship" was not to be found, but a temple dedicated to the blind God, had been erected in a conspicuous situation. "Ah!" thought I, "her love is a buried love, but not the less dear. To me—to her dear departed—to her 'sainted Anthony'—this temple has been dedicated."

So entirely was the park changed that I did not arrive at the mansion until the hour of dinner. There was a bustle at the hall door; servants were assembled in gay liveries, carriages were driving up and setting down, and lights gleamed from the interior. A dinner party!—no harm in that; on the contrary I deemed it fortunate. Doubtless my widow, still in the sober grey of ameliorated mourning had summoned round her the best and dearest of my friends; and though their griefs were naturally somewhat mellowed by time, they remembered me in their calm yet cheerful circle and fondly breathed my name! Unseen I passed into the dining-room—all that I beheld was new to me—the house had been new built on a grander scale—and the furniture was magnificent! I cast my eyes round the table, where the guests were now assembled. Oh! what bliss was mine! At the head sat my widowed wife, all smiles, all loveliness, all pink silk and flowers—not so young as when I last beheld her, but very handsome, and considerably fatter. At the foot (oh! what a touching compliment to me!) sat one of my oldest, dearest, best of friends, Mr. Mitts, the son of a baronet who resided in my neighborhood; his father too was there, with antiquated lady, and the whole circle was formed by persons whom I had known, and loved. My friend at the bottom of the table did the honours well (though he omitted to do what I think he ought to have done—drink to my memory,) and the only thing that occurred to startle me before the removal of dinner was my widow's calling him "my dear."

But there was something gratifying even in that, for it must have been of me she was thinking; it was a slip of the tongue, that plainly showed the fond yearning of the widowed heart.

When the dessert had been arranged on the table, she called to one of the servants, saying, "John, tell Muggins to bring the children." What could she mean? who was Muggins? and what children did she wish to be brought? I never had any children! Presently the door flew open, and in ran eight noisy, healthy, beautiful brats. The younger ones congregated around the hostess; but the two eldest, both fine boys, ran to Mr. Mitts, at the bottom of the table and each took possession of a knee. They both strongly resembled Mitts; and what was my astonishment when he exclaimed, "addressing my widow, 'Mary, my love, may I give them some orange?'"

What could he mean by "Mary, my love"—a singular mode of addressing a deceased friend's relict! But the mystery was soon explained. Sir Marmaduke Mitts filled his glass, and after insisting that all the company should follow his example, he said to his son, "This is your birthday Jack, here's your health, my boy, and may you and Mary long live happy together! Come, my friends, the health of Mr. and Mrs. Mitts."

So then, after all, I had come out on an exceeding cold day to see my widow doing the honor as Mrs. Mitts."

"When is your birthday?" said Mr. Marmaduke to his daughter-in-law.

"In June," she replied, "but I have not been in the habit of keeping birthdays till lately; poor Mr. Smith he could not bear them to be kept."

"What's that? about poor Mr. Smith?" said the successor to my house, to my wife and my other attendants. "Do you say Smith could not bear birthdays? Very silly of him then; but poor Mr. Smith had his oddities."

"Oh!" said my widow and Mr. Mitts' wife, "we cannot always command perfection; poor, dear Mr. Smith meant well but every man cannot be a Mitts." She smiled and nodded down the table; Mr. Mitts looked, as well he might, particularly pleased; and then the ladies left the room.

Talking of Smith said Sir Marmaduke, "what wretched taste he had poor man! This place was quite thrown away upon him; he had no idea of his own capabilities."

"No," replied the gentleman to whom I had bequeathed a legacy—"with the

best intentions in the world, Smith was really a very odd man."

"His house," added another, who used to dine with me three times a week, "was never thoroughly agreeable; it was not his fault, poor fellow!"

"No, no," said a very old friend of mine, at the same time taking snuff from a gold box which had been my gift, "he did every thing for the best; but between ourselves, Smith was a bore."

"It is well," said Mr. Mitts, "that talking of him has not the effect which is attributed to another inflexible personage! Let him rest in peace; for if it were possible that he could be re-attached, his re-attachment here to claim his goods and chattels, and above all, his wife would be attended with rather awkward consequences!"

So much for my posthumous curiosity! Vain mortal that I was, to suppose that after a dreamless sleep of ten long years, I could return to the land of the living, and find the place and the hearts that I once filled, unoccupied! In the very handsome frame of my own picture, was now placed a portrait of Mr. Mitts. Mine was thrown aside in an old lumber room, where the sportive children of my widow had recently discovered it, and with their mimic swords had innocently poked out the eyes of what they were pleased to denominate "the dirty picture of the ugly man." My presumption has been properly rewarded; let no one who is called to his last account, wish, like me, to be permitted to revisit earth. If such a visit were granted, and like me he returned invisibly, all that he would see and hear would be his spirit; but were he permitted to re-appear *visibly* in propria persona, mortifying indeed, would be his welcome!

It is not my intention to bequeath to my reader, a lecture or a sermon ere I return to my family vault; yet THE POST MORTEM COGITATIONS OF THE LATE POPULAR MR. SMITH are not without a MORAL. T. H. B.

THE GRASS AND THE FLOWER, BY J. K. PAULDING.

A lovely flower stood blooming on a bush alone. It was the admiration of all, but most of itself. It unveiled its painted leaves in the sun; it glittered with the dew of morning, and breathe its pleasant fragrance upon the air. Thrown amidst the fresh green leaves, which sheltered it as well as ornamented it, nothing could be more charming and graceful. Every passer by said, "look! what a beautiful flower!"

Beneath this pretty and delicate creature of Providence, there spread a green meadow, here swelling into gentle undulations, and here sloping all its fringed bank of a running stream. The flower looked down on the lowly grass, and with a sneering air and in a haughty tone, gave utterance to her thoughts.

"Behold this insolent grass; what does it so close to me? how mean—how homely! Never does it hear the admiring murmurs which I excite. No rainbow views streak its plain surface. It emits no fragrant odors but remains to be trodden under foot by all who list, unvalued and unnoticed. I should like to know for what it was created."

"Ignorant and conceited flower," replied the grass, "that question might be better asked of thyself, for thou art useless, idle, and fleeting as thou art pretty. True the scent which arises from thy sickle leaves is grateful, but were will it be to-morrow? The gleaming of thy soft colors too, amid the verdant leaves, is agreeable; but how soon will they fade on the ground? Evanescent child of vanity? I have witnessed the brief existence and death of a thousand such as thou, living unvalued and perishing unregarded; and dost thou sneer at the because my stem is not so slender and brittle, my blade so fair as thine? know that the wise regard me even for my beauty, more than they do thee. I spread over the earth a carpet of velvet—I clothe the upland hills in mantles of verdure. I furnish food to hundreds of animals, who derive from me the power to gratify man with the most delicious luxuries. The wind blows over me and hurts me not. The sunshine falls on me and I am not weighed down. The snows of winter cover me and I am not ready to beautify the earliest spring. Even the steps of the many who tread upon me, do not prevent my growing ever bright and cheerful, and heaven has blessed me with a colic of all other the most grateful to human eyes."

The saucy flower was about to reply, when a passer-by struck it, admired its pretty hues, and drew it away.

MAJOR DOWNING.

The following story, told by Major JACK DOWNING in favor of the Bank, in his last letter, is very good.

"It is a plucky curious piece of business when one comes to think of it, to see how things have got twisted round right round first on the Bank question—and to understand it, I must tell you that story about old Squire Peabody.

When the Squire first went down to Socco, he bought a considerable of a farm, and seen it was more than he wanted to fence in at first, he let a good piece on't go out into commons, and all the neighbors used to pasture their cattle on't; but the Squire's family began to grow up, and one of his sons, who had been studying with lawyer Joslyn, he come home, and just about that time the neighbors had called a town meeting about this commons, and passed resolutions, and one of those resolutions said that seen Squire Peabody's farm lay right along side of this commons, and other folks had to drive their cows over three miles to pasture them on't—Squire Peabody ought either to pay the difference for pasturing his cattle, or ought not be allowed to have any cattle at all on't, and Ezra Glessing, that squint eyed chap you've heard me tell on before, and a rale politician, he went so far as to give a toast down in the Bar-room arter the meeting broke up, saying—"Eternal hostility again old Squire Peabody and his cows, and that the honor of all the cattle in the neighborhood requir'd it."

The Squire was a peaceable critter as ever was, and never did nothing without Law on his side—and his son bein now alongside on him, as soon as they heard of this they began to muster up old deeds, and got the cumpus and surveyin chains, and the next day there was a terrible to do all about Socco, when folks began to see the posts and rails goin up round every acre of that commons, for there warn't an acre on't that the Squire hadn't paid for years ago. So arter the Squire showed 'em what his right was, and they all had to nuck under, he let 'em pasture their cows on the commons as before—but to keep 'em from takin too many liberties, he used to turn in a few of his old ring-tail roasters just to keep the rest in some kind of order, and so that all should have fair play."

THE DRUNKARD'S WILL.

"I, ———, beginning to be enfeebled in body, and fearing I may soon be palsied in mind, and having entered upon that course of intemperance from which I have not resolution to flee, do make and publish this my last will and testament:

"Having been made in the image of my creator, capable of rational enjoyment, of imparting happiness to others, and of promoting the glory of God, I know my accountability; yet such is my fondness for sensual gratification, and my utter disposition to resist temptation, that I give myself entirely to intemperance and its associate vices, and make the following bequests:—My property I give to be dissipated, knowing it will soon fall into the hands of those who furnish me with ardent spirits. My reputation, already tottering on a sandy foundation, I give to destruction. To my beloved wife, who has cheered me thus far through life, I give shame, poverty and sorrow and a broken heart. To each of my children I bequeath my example, and the inheritance of the shame of their father's character. Finally, I give my body to disease, misery, and early dissolution; and my soul, that can never die, to the disposal of that God whose commands I have broken, and who has warned me by his word, that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of Heaven."

INDIAN VENGEANCE DELAYED.

Two Indians once had a quarrel, in which one killed the other. Among Indians it is the custom if one is killed for his nearest relative to revenge his death. According to this custom, the brother of the deceased no sooner heard of his death than he went to the wigwam of the murderer.

"You have murdered my brother," said he, his eyes beginning to roll with fury. "You must die. My brother's blood calls for vengeance!"

The Indian's tomahawk was raised as he advanced; but just as he was preparing to strike, several little Indian boys shrieked and clung to their father.

"Whose children are these?" asked the avenger.

"They are mine," replied the murderer.

"Yours? ha! I must not kill you then at this time," said the avenger. "Your children are too young to take care of themselves. They will need a father's as well as a mother's care. Live till they are grown—but blood for blood—the day of vengeance will come."

Upon this he turned upon his heel, and was soon out of sight.

The murderer knew he must die. It was a custom among his people, and with them custom was law. But he now rested in peace. The word was passed that his adversary would wait until his children were grown.

But these Indians belonged to the same tribe. They often saw each other—often met. But they had no quarrel, no angry words. No one would have known of the malice which lurked in the bosom of the avenger.

Time went on, and the murderer's children grew.

At length his oldest son was able to hunt. One day he started a deer. He drew his bow, and laid him dead. He carried him home to his father. When

he saw it, he knew it was a signal to be ready.

The avenger soon heard of what the son had done. Taking his tomahawk, he went to the lodge of the murderer.

"I have come," said he. "Your son has killed a deer. He can now take care of the family. The blood of my brother calleth for vengeance."

"I am ready," replied the murderer, "and I heartily thank you that you have waited so long."

The mother burst forth into lamentations, the children wept around and clung to their father.

"Come," said he, "my time is come; I am ready to die; strike!"

The avenger advanced, raised his weapon of death, and, with a single stroke, laid his adversary in the dust.

SAGACITY OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

The Asia was one of the fastest ships in the fleet, and we stretched away to the westward for several miles, till the gun from the Commodore gave us notice to close. We had seen nothing of the boat, but we saw a strange schooner, Yankee-rigged, that was standing towards the rocks, and we hoped that if the long-boat was yet in existence, there would be a chance of her being picked up by the schooner, though the general idea was that she had gone down, and every soul had perished. We had scarcely wore ship for the purpose of joining the convoy when a dense haze obscured them from sight, and as evening was closing in fast, every officer was stationed in different parts to keep a lookout. We had retraced about half our distance, and the persons were conversing in melancholy mood upon the events of the past night, and the probable fate of the long boat, when a noble Newfoundland dog that had been sleeping on deck, suddenly raised his head, and gave a short growl. The Captain was passing to and fro with the chief mate, but stopped near the animal, and addressing it, said, "Hallo, Nep! what's the matter with you, old boy?" The creature wagged his long bushy tail at hearing his master's voice, and then composed to slumber again; but in less than a minute he resumed his growling, and raised himself upon his forepaws. "He hears something beyond our knowledge," exclaimed the Captain: "Up, Nep, up my boy, and see to 'em!" The animal at first rose lazily, stretching his limbs and shaking his coat; but in an instant he stood immovable in the fixed attitude of attention, and then sprang away upon the poop-ladder, running from side to side, and barking most vehemently, till at last he took his station to windward, and seemed perfectly furious. "We cannot be within six miles of the fleet," said the Captain, "and yet I am confident there is something near us. W-ather cathead there, do you see or hear any thing to windward? Silence, Neptune—down, boy! down!" and the animal became perfectly tranquil, wagging his fine tail, and rubbing his head affectionately against his master's hand. The officer on the look-out replied in the negative, as did also several others who had cautiously looked round, and attentively listened. "I'll stake my existence on the dog's sagacity," said the Captain, addressing the chief mate. "By heavens! it may be the missing boat!—haul up the main sail, and square the after yards; keep her course quarter master till I tell you to luff to the wind, and let there be silence fore and aft." The orders were immediately and punctually obeyed, and then the Captain patting the head of the huge animal, exclaimed, "Now Nep, we must trust to you old boy; look for 'em Nep! seek 'em out!" The dog whined with a languid playfulness, as if satisfied that he had awakened attention, when there arose a low hollow moan, that seemed like a heavy groan, issuing from the very bowels of the ocean. The ship, though moving through the water, was greatly retarded by the shivering of the after-sails, and the dashing noise occasioned by her velocity had ceased. "Folk-sile, there," cried the Captain, "do you see any thing on the weather-beam?" "No, sir," replied the officer, "but there was a sound came down upon the wind just now—tho' I fear—" he stopped short, but added in a whisper—"it was no living creature uttered such a groan as that!" "The boat—the boat, Nep!" said the Captain patting the dog, "look out for the boat, sir!" "The animal raised his fore-paws, laid them on the rail, and crouching his head upon them, looked intensely to windward, moving his ears rapidly. In a few seconds, he gave a shrill howl, and then barking, jumped down, and then fawned upon his master. "Lanterns in the fore and main rigging!" shouted the Captain; clear away a gun there forward! and Mr. ——— burn blue lights," when, carrying the dog, he added, "There my good Neptune, see to 'em, lad—look to 'em." Neptune appeared to comprehend what was said to him, for jumping on a crows' nest he snuffed the wind and fixed his eyes about a point abast the weather-beam. The lanterns were displayed, and blue lights sent forth their clear blaze, when again that hollow moan was heard, and the dog, with loud barking, leaped from