

RALEIGH REGISTER.

AND NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE.

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

VOLUME XXV.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER, 9 (184)

NO. 44.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY.
By Joseph Gales & Son.

TERMS.

Three Dollars per annum: one half in advance. Those who do not, either at the time of subscribing or subsequently, give notice of their wish to have the paper discontinued at the expiration of the year, will be presumed as desiring its continuance until countermanded.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

No exceeding sixteen lines, will be inserted three weeks for a dollar and twenty-five cents for each subsequent publication: those of greater length, in proportion. If the number of insertions be not marked on them, they will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

MY AUNT'S BEQUEST.

From the London Monthly Magazine.

Waiting for a dead man's shoes is commonly considered to be a precarious dependence: be this as it may, no one will deny that it is a tedious state of existence. Waiting for a dead woman's slippers is worse both ways: old men do die; old women *won't*—if they can help it: and then, women are the more capricious. I cannot reproach myself with any lack of duty towards my aunt Susannah, during her blessed life-time, (and a long one it was!) yet — But the sanctity of the grave must be respected, so I will not hint a thought to the dishonor of her memory. Her husband, the Rev. Phineas Wheezy, died in the year 1800. His numerous benefices and appointments, were large; and he being unblest with any children to assist him in the agreeable occupation of diminishing it, it has always been a matter of astonishment that he should have died worth no more than forty thousand pounds. So it was, however; and the whole of this he bequeathed, unconditionally, to his widow: leaving to each of his nephews, nieces, and cousins, a legacy of dependence upon the justice or generosity of aunt Susannah. If I cannot applaud my aunt for acting, on this occasion, with either generosity or justice, I must, at least, admit that she displayed no inconsiderable share of humanity.— Feeling, as she did, that doubt, anxiety, and suspense are painful sensations, she extinguished them in our bosoms by, at once, assuring us, “upon her honor as a lady,” that, were it to save us all from starving, she would not give us a single shilling during her life-time. But she added, that, at her death, we should be remembered, each according to our conduct towards her: thus holding us rigidly to our good behaviour.

At her death! At the period of my uncle's departure (1800) my aunt Susannah was already in her sixty-seventh year: and as she had always been of a sickly constitution, we could scarcely hope that she should live long. Indeed, we had observed, and not without proportionate alarm, a gradual decline in her health ever since the day of her beloved husband's death. Our solicitude, that is to say, of us, the expectant nephews, and nieces, and cousins—was intense; and sharp, indeed, were the struggles, and frequent the quarrels between us, for precedence in affectionate attendance upon the suffering old lady. Kindness has been said to kill: oh! could it have availed to cure! Aunt Wheezy exhibited symptoms of pulmonary consumption: my cousin Robert was anxious that, for the benefit of her health, she should pass a few weeks with him at Blowbluster College, on the top of North Hill. Towards the end of the first year of her widowhood, she had a slight attack of ague: for the benefit of her health, she was invited by my sister Briggs to spend the winter months at her house on the borders of the E-sex marshes. Dr. Drench, apprehensive that the depression of spirits under which my aunt had labored ever since the loss of my poor uncle, might lead to some fatal derangement of the system, recommended a change of scene: my cousin Peter, laudably zealous to carry the doctor's advice into effect, hired a nice apartment for aunt Susannah at the undertaker's, directly opposite to the church yard at Kensington. She was subject to cholera and spasms in the stomach, and, frequently was her precious life endangered by their attacks.— My affection for the old lady was manifested by slight and delicate attentions, rather than by acts of important service, which, indeed, I had neither means nor opportunity to perform: I made her frequently presents of choice or early fruit—chiefly plums & cherries; then I would send her a mould of ice-cream; or, if she complained of thirst, I was instantly at her side, with a goblet of lemonade. It was by such and similar *petit soins*, as the French term these amiable minor services, that I endeavored to please.

At the time of my uncle's decease I had just entered my thirty-first year. (It is but from any doubt of the reader's knowledge of arithmetic, or with a view to an ostentatious display of my own proficiency in that exact science, I also inform him that I am now in my fifty-second.) My father had bequeathed me a property producing an income of about a hundred and fifty pounds per annum. This was not sufficient for splendor, scarcely for inde-

pendence; in order, therefore, to increase it, it was necessary that I should assume a profession. I chose the bar, and took chambers in Gray's Inn. I read hard; and my vanity leads me to believe that, had I continued my studies, my labors would have been rewarded with no common share of success. Had aunt Susannah been a much younger woman than she actually was, I should have done so; for the prospect of a legacy I was justified in expecting, by being more remote would have formed a less important item in the catalogue of my worldly considerations, and consequently, have less interrupted, if it would at all have interrupted, my present occupations. As it was, the hope—I should say the probability—of speedily succeeding to a good share of her property, which, by dint of assiduity, I might induce her to make better, was a temptation too obvious and too strong for resistance. There were three other unfortunate circumstances against me. First, of all the expectants, of the Wheezy property, (and we were nine, male and female) I was the only one unmarried; secondly, I was the only one without any evident employment (for being a mere student, and my studies not appearing to be productive, in a pecuniary sense, my time was estimated at no great value); and, thirdly, I was the only one, at that time, living in London: so that if any thing was to be done, whether as a matter of necessity, or to gratify a caprice, it was always—Tom is a bachelor. Tom don't live so far off, Tom has nothing better to do, so Tom must do it.” From what I have here stated, it will naturally be inferred that profitable application to my profession was impracticable.

The distance between the aunt and the nephew was soon to be diminished. After three years widowhood, conceiving the establishment at Putney was too large for a poor lone woman, she sold the villa, dismissed her servants, and rented the parlor-floor of a dark, dingy, black house (one of those dens with twenty-four small panes of glass, set in thick, clumsy frames, to each of the windows, and one solitary poplar growing up in front of them,) in a narrow street at Kensington, where she was waited upon by one maid servant.— It is impossible to conceive any thing more melancholy than was this change; not but that, in one way it was gratifying to us: for it required no Johnsonian grasp of intellect to understand that the less my aunt spent of her income, the more of it must remain for its inheritors. The furniture, the library, the plate, the wines—and such wines!—(I have said my uncle was a Parson)—the carriage, the horses, all, were sold!

Well, although we saw these possessions all sold, there still remained their value in money; and it was a consoling reflection that money bears interest, which would have been lost upon the commodities themselves: for the year, or perhaps the two years our dear aunt might yet live; for she was now seventy, and her health, unhappily, in a more unsettled state than ever.

The anxiety attendant upon the sale of her property, and the investment, to the greatest advantage, of its proceeds, together with the fatigue of moving, could not but operate detrimentally to the health of a person so aged and infirm as my aunt Susannah. It was less to our astonishment, therefore, than our grief, that, on the third day after her removal to the dingy parlor-floor at Kensington, we (the expectants) received intelligence from Dr. Drench, that Mrs. Wheezy was dangerously ill of a bilious fever! Our distress at this announcement was greatly aggravated by the doctor's pressing desire for our immediate attendance, as he could give no hopes of her surviving the next four or twenty hours. Never, surely, was creature blest with a more affectionate set of relatives! Scarcely had we received the afflictive summons ere we were all at her bed-side, each accompanied by a physician and two apothecaries.

“My dears,” said my aunt.—She spoke faintly, and uttered only a word or two at a time.—“My dears, this proof of your affectionate solicitude affects me deeply. I expected no less from you, and of this you will receive a proof.”
Here we wept bitterly; begging her at the same time not to allude to that.
“Ah! my dears! to lose your poor aunt at her time of life—seventy, only seventy! would be a severe blow to you!”
Here we wept more bitterly still.
“But, my children, for as my children I consider you, pray for her—pray for her!”
Here we absolutely roared with grief, and were about to kneel in order to fulfil the solemn task she enjoined us.
“Pray for her—speedy recovery, and long life!”
At this precise instant, Doctor Drench, perceiving that his patient was somewhat exhausted by the fatigue of talking, requested us to leave the room. We instantly assented.
Cousins, nephews, nieces, doctors, and apothecaries, all adjourned to the adjoining apartment.
“Is there no hope, gentlemen?” inquired cousin Robert.

The gentlemen to whom this melancholy question was addressed, shook, with becoming gravity, their professional heads.
“The lady cannot live through the night,” said one of them; “the case is utterly hopeless; therefore, for us to repeat our visits, would be an act of dishonesty.” He and the rest accepted their fees.
The apothecaries looked astonished and dissatisfied.
“But,” continued the speaker, “we will prescribe something, which, at the worst, can do no harm.”
“Are you certain—quite certain, that she will die?” inquired my sister Briggs; “is there really no hope? Let us know the worst.”
“While there is life there is always hope,” replied Doctor Drench, to whom this question was more particularly addressed; “she may—she may rally a little in the morning.”
“May she?” exclaimed cousin Peter, in a tone more indicative (as I thought) of consternation than of joy; “may she!—For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, do all of you come again to-morrow—for fear of accident.”

On the second day the physicians came again; and on the third, we found notwithstanding this, that aunt was a “*little better*.” Peter now admitted that we might as well throw money into the Thames as spend it on a hopeless case; the extra physicians were dismissed; and Mrs. Wheezy was left entirely to the care of Doctor Drench.
On the fourth day, aunt was “not so well”; on the fifth day she was “*worse*”; on the sixth, “she could not possibly live through the night”; on the seventh, “she had rallied a little”; on the eighth, it was “all but over”; on the ninth—! Doctor Drench met us in the parlor, to communicate to us that, in the course of the night, so wonderful a change had taken place, that he might now venture to give us hopes.

“Hopes, Doctor!” exclaimed Peter; “hopes of what?”
“Of Mrs. Wheezy's recovery; and, should she recover this bout, such a change will have been operated in her system, that—of course I cannot promise it—but (and here he took us all kindly by the hand), but, I say, should she recover, she may creep on for these ten years.”
This Doctor Drench was a tolerably clever man in his profession; yet, I own, he had never been a favorite of mine.— His pleasing anticipations were confirmed: aunt Wheezy *did* recover. What was our joy at this event may be more easily conceived than described! Our joy, however, did not prevent certain little bickerings amongst us, the affectionate relatives of aunt Wheezy. Our assiduous and disinterested attentions to her, in the manifestation of which each of us strove to outdo the other, were productive of mutual reproaches and recriminations; cousin Robert told my sister Briggs, that the object of her extraordinary kindness to the old lady was “not to be misunderstood”; sister Briggs declared to Robert that she positively blushed at his barefaced proceedings; I called Peter a time-server, while Peter bestowed upon me the title of legacy-hunter. I will take this opportunity to mention, that our disputes upon this, and some future occasions of a similar nature, caused a total disunion of one of the most loving families the world had ever beheld.

A few days after my aunt's blessed recovery, I received from her the following note:—
“My dear Tom,
“Pray come and dine with your poor lone aunt on Sunday next, at four o'clock precisely. Be with me at two precisely, as I have something of great importance to you to communicate. Bring ‘The Observer’ newspaper with you.
I remain your affectionate aunt,
SUSANNAH WHEEZY.
P. S. Buy me a cribbage board.”

As I had previously agreed to join in an agreeable party (a certain Miss Anna Maria Brackenbury being one) in an excursion to Richmond, this invitation was somewhat *mal a propos*; but the “something of great importance” was a hint sufficiently significant; so I resolved to sacrifice my pleasure to that which I could not consider in any other light than as my interest.

As the clock struck two, I entered aunt Susannah's dingy parlor. The cribbage-board was deposited in the side-board drawer, and “The Observer” (which I was to read aloud after dinner) on the mantel-piece. After a few preparatory “*ah-hens!*” thus did my aunt unfold the “something of great importance.”
“Thomas, I am a poor lone woman. Though I am but seventy-one, I feel that suffering and ailing as I do, I shall not make old bones; I am not long for this world; but, while I am permitted to live, do you, my dear Thomas, consider my forlorn condition, and be kind to me.— You are a young man and attendance upon a poor creature like me cannot but be irksome to you; yet—ah! had I children! but, alas, I have neither child nor child; my property is all in the funds, every shilling of it is at my own disposal—(Do you attend to what I say, my dear Tho-

mas?)—and when I die—! Ah! there are many who look forward with impatience to that event; not you Thomas; but during my late illness, I remarked that the others—aye, even some of them, seemed anxious for the fatal—
“Why, to speak candidly, my dear aunt,” said I, “I must confess—though it grieves me to say it of them—their behaviour was any thing but what it ought to have been. Heavens! the bare idea of allowing the hope of inheriting a little vile dress so far to overpower the sentiments of nature, the feelings of the heart, the natural affections of the soul—the—short to entertain sentiments so interested as to lead one to form a wish for—! and so good, so kind an aunt too! O, inhuman!” Here my pathetic drew tears from aunt Wheezy's eyes, and my own too.

“Ah! my dear Tom, were they all like you—! But no matter—it will be the worse for them, and the better for somebody else, one of these days;” and as she said this, she patted my hand, which was resting on her arm. At that moment, I felt like a sole legate. “But, to what I wished to say to you,” continued she, in rather a solemn tone, “Thomas—Tom, my dear, Saturday is the day for washing poor little Flora.” (Flora was her Dutch pug dog.) “and although the dear creature has not been washed, since the day I fell ill, yet (would you believe it?) the servant of the house has refused to take the trouble of cleaning the little darling!”
I could not suppress my indignation at such barbarity; yet I was at a loss to understand how this could be considered as “something of great importance” to me.

“Now, Tom, as you have nothing else to do, you must come to-morrow at two o'clock, carry the poor thing to the Park, and give her a nice washing in the Serpentine.”

This was an employment for which I felt no relish; so I told aunt Susannah that it happened, most unfortunately, that I had already engaged myself with a party to the Exhibition, for the very hour she mentioned.

“Very well, sir; I dare say I shall find some one who will be glad of an opportunity of doing me a favor.”
I felt like one disinherited. The sacrifice of a visit to the exhibition was but a trifle (although Miss Brackenbury had promised to take my arm thro' the rooms) in comparison with the putting in jeopardy of a fine legacy; so, since it was not only my duty, but my desire to obey my dear aunt, I consented to perform the ceremonies of Miss Flora's toilette.

I have said, that the change from the villa at Putney to the parlor at Kensington was, to me, a melancholy one. The Sunday dinners of my late uncle used to be as delightful as excellent wine could make them. Now—At four o'clock I was seated opposite to my aunt Wheezy, at a small square table, in her dark, dingy parlor; our repast consisting of a roast peck of mutton (a thing I detest), three potatoes; two sweet dumplings and a pint of Cape Sherry, just purchased at the nearest public house. Such a dinner was soon ended; and the cloth being removed; I was desired to read “The Observer.” I began with some article of news which I thought would be interesting to the old lady.

“Is that your mode of reading a newspaper? If the task be too troublesome to you, I dare say I can find some one who will be glad to take it off your hands. Ah! that I had a child of my own! But I am a poor lone woman; I have neither child nor child; my money is all at my own disposal, and— Well, sir, if you choose to read it, begin at the beginning. I began the first advertisement (which was a long list of patent medicines), and read on till I came to the names of printer and publisher. Ten o'clock being my aunt's hour of retiring to rest, at half past nine I was dismissed without a reminder, however, of my duty for the morning.

The next morning I waited upon Miss Brackenbury; and, telling her that an *important affair* would deprive me of the pleasure of attending her to the exhibition (I took care not to say that I was engaged to wash a dirty pug-dog in the Serpentine), requested she would allow me to accompany her in the evening to the theatre. To this request she kindly consented.
Punctually at two o'clock I was at Kensington; at half past two I was engaged in the pleasing occupation of scrubbing little Flora; and at three I was again in the dingy parlor.
“Can you play at cribbage, Tom?” inquired my aunt.
I answered in the negative: I scarcely knew one card from the other.
“Then come and sit with me and sit this evening, and I will teach you.”
“It happens, most unluckily,” said I, “that I have promised to take a young lady to the theatre this evening; and, as I cannot civilly refuse myself from the engagement, I—
“Very well, sir. Heaven defend us from depending upon one's relations for any thing! I dare say I shall find some one who will be glad to pass an hour or two with me. Only remember—my pro-

perty is all at my own disposal,” &c. &c.

I required no plainer hint. I trotted off from Kensington to Somersetstown, made an awkward apology to Anna Maria for this second disappointment, and at six o'clock I found myself enjoying the luxuries of black tea and cribbage with my aunt Wheezy.

“You are an apt scholar, Tom,” said my aunt, after having made me play seven and-hirty at penny cribbage with her; “come again to-morrow at six, and take your revenge.” (I had lost sevenpence.)
“To-morrow, aunt? Impossible! I am going with my friend Wilkins to the Opera.” This objection was met by the usual hint at her property being entirely at her own disposal; so at six on the following evening I was again in the dingy parlor.
By dint of the application of this threat respecting her property, aunt Wheezy contrived, within three months, to render me her slave. Every Saturday was I compelled—setting all other affairs aside—to wash Flora in the Serpentine; to eat roast neck of mutton, drink Cape Sherry, and read “The Observer” through every Sunday; and to play at cribbage, from six o'clock till half past nine, every evening in the week. To assert that I did not dare say my soul was my own, would be ridiculous;—for, to confess the truth I doubt, when I reflect upon my past subserviency, whether I had a soul!

In the midst of these avocations, which entirely diverted me from a profession, I yet found time to pay a daily visit to Anna Maria. At the end of three years, Mr. Brackenbury, her papa asked me if I entertained any serious intentions respecting his daughter. My intentions respecting her were serious indeed, for I contemplated marriage. I loved Anna Maria, and my “love” was exactly of that “*sweet*” quality which “*meets return*.”
“Sweet is the love that meets return.”

“Well,” said old Brackenbury, “I have no objection to you for a son-in-law, you have a rich aunt; if she will give you four thousand pounds, I will give you a like sum, and Anna Maria into the bargain.”

That same evening, at cribbage, I ventured to break to aunt Susannah the matter of my intended marriage.

“What!” exclaimed she, “marry! and what is to become of me? Who will pass the evenings with me? who will wash Flora in the Serpentine? Who will—? But do as you please—leave me to die alone. I require only one and a last favor of you: Call upon Mr. Quirk, my attorney, and desire him to be with me to-morrow early, he must make some important alterations in a certain paper.”

This was sufficient for me. I assured my aunt I would rather expire than marry without her consent. “That's well,” said she; “wait till I die; that will be time enough. Ah—me, I shan't be a trouble to you long.”

At the end of another three years, aunt Wheezy not exhibiting the slightest propensity to dying, Mr. Brackenbury bestowed his daughter's hand on my rival, Dick Dexter, the conveyancer.

I lost my mistress; one by one I lost my friends. Aunt Wheezy was all in all to me. Years rolled on; aunt Wheezy did not die; Sunday brought its neck of mutton, Cape Sherry and “Observer”; Saturday, its washing the pug-dog in the Serpentine, (not Flora, for she and a long succession of dogs had gone the way which my aunt would not go,) and every evening in the week its eight and-thirty games at penny cribbage. On the 2d of June, 1830, my dear aunt was still alive! She was in her ninety-seventh year; I in my fifty-second. My fellow expectants were all dead: I remained the only one possessing a claim to the Wheezy property. On the morning of the 3d of June, aunt Susannah was found dead in her bed.— Her will was opened. She left every shilling of her money to public charities: to me she bequeathed—the cribbage board!

A LOCK OF HAIR.

Few things in this weary world are so delightful as keepsakes. Nor do they ever, to my heart at least, nor to my eye, lose their tender, their powerful charms. How slight, how small, how tiny a memorial, saves a beloved one from oblivion; worn on the finger; or close to the heart, especially if they be dead. No thought is so insupportable as that of entire, total, blank forgetfulness—when the creature that once laughed, and sung, and wept to us close to our side, or in our arms, as if her smiles, her voice, her tears, her kisses, had never been. She and them all swallowed up in the dark nothingness of the dust.
Of all the keepsakes, memorials, relics—most dearly, most devotedly do I love a little lock of hair; and oh! when the head it beautified has long mouldered in the dust, how spiritual seems the undying glossiness of the sole remaining!—All else gone to nothing, save and except that soft, smooth, burnished and glorious fragment of the appalling that once hung in clouds and sunshine over an angel's brow.

Aye, a lock of hair is far better than any picture—it is a part of the beloved object herself; it belongs to the tresses that often, long ago, may have been dishevelled, like a shower of sunbeams, over your beating breast! But now solemn thoughts sadden the beauty once so bright—so rufulent; the longer you gaze on it, the more and more it seems to say almost upbraidingly, “weep'st thou no more for me!” and, indeed, a tear true to the imperishable affections in which all nature seemed to rejoice, bears witness, that the object to which it yearned is no more forgotten, now that she has been dead for so many, many long, weary days, months, years; than she was forgotten during one hour of absence that came like a passing sound between us and the sunshine of one living—her loving smiles.

SHAME.

The subjoined Report is from the Journal of Commerce:

“Fear of the Newspapers—A laughable illustration of how much newspaper notoriety is dreaded, even by the most dissolute characters, occurred at the Police Office on Saturday evening. A little grey-headed old woman, appeared in the most wretched rags, and whose appearance was altogether the very personification of poverty and drunkenness, was brought up by one of the marshals, for having committed some misbehaviour in the street. The magistrate having heard the officer's complaint, took up a commitment to send her to prison, and asked her her name in order to fill it up. For some time she made no answer, until after being asked her name several times, she at last, with much seeming reluctance, said it was Mary Somers.
Magistrate—Is that your real name?
Prisoner—No, sir.
Magistrate—What is it then?
Prisoner—Ann Simmons, sir.
Magistrate—Well, is that your real name?
Prisoner—No, sir.
Magistrate—My good woman, do not be tritling with me, tell me your name.
Prisoner—Yes, sir.
Magistrate—What is it?
Prisoner—Mary O'Connor.
Magistrate—Is that your real name?
Prisoner—No, sir?
Magistrate—Will you or will you not tell me your real name?
Prisoner—Yes, sir.
Magistrate—What is it?
Prisoner—Judy Fitzsimmons.
Magistrate—Well, I suppose I have your name at last?
Prisoner—No, sir.
Magistrate—What do you mean by such conduct?
Prisoner—Why, sir, I am afraid that if I give my real name, it will be put in the newspapers.
As the magistrate could not get her to tell her real name, he was obliged to commit her as Mrs. —, and she went off to prison comparatively contented, as she knew her name could not be put in the newspapers.”

And let not one think lightly of the objections of Mrs. —; there is hope of her while one spark of shame, one remnant of regard for public estimation, one little grain of early feeling, not to say principle, is left; there is hope. Affectionate attention, wholesome discipline, careful seclusion and religious ed, might save the woman who, though smitten with drunkenness and consequent squalid poverty, yet has sensitiveness enough to startle at the public registration of her name among the outcast dissolute. This is the ground of the hope, that though the root wax old in the earth, and the stock die in the ground, at the scent of water it will bud. But where are they who, for the love of virtue and the soul of this almost abandoned one, will minister to her in prison, and fan within her bosom the last diminishing spark that glows in the ashes of her principles?—U. S. Gaz.

We find the following in the N. York Courier and Enquirer:

Another Book from the South.—Hitherto the Southern States, full as they are of talents have done much less than their share towards the establishment of our national literary character. Why this has been the case, we are not prepared to say—but whatever the reason may be, the reproach seems now in a fair way to be removed. South-Carolina has lately produced one book of very great merit, in the novel of *Guy Rivers*; and we hear that another is to be forthcoming of which great expectations are formed. We know nothing of it except from report, which speaks of it as a collection of tales and sketches in two volumes; but the high reputation of the author, Professor Nott, of Columbia, S. C. we do know right well. In his own State he is ranked with the very highest, both for talents and acquirements.—There was an article of his in one of the numbers of the *Southern Review*, which alone proves him to be a man of first rate abilities and a very superior writer.