

RALEIGH REGISTER.

AND NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE.

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

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SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED FEMALES.

BY JOS. SEAWELL JONES, OF N. CAROLINA.

Miss Flora MacDonald.

The romantic story of this celebrated heroine is not confined to Scotland, nor to the fortunes of the house of Stuart.—The banks of the Cape Fear, in North-Carolina, were for several years distinguished by her residence; and it is this circumstance which will link her name with the history of that State, almost as it already is with that of her own Scotland.

The rebellions of Scotland had contributed to the population of the Cape Fear countries, long before the famous revolt of the Highland Clans, under the chivalrous banner of Prince Charles Edward, in 1745, after which much of the nobility and gentry of the Stuart party sought a refuge amidst the solitudes of our forests. The fatal battle of Culloden annihilated the power and independence of the highland "islands"; and in the year 1747, a colony of five thousand highlanders arrived, and settled on the banks of the Cape Fear. They came originally from hard necessity, but, even up to this time, from ties of relationship, or the still deeper sympathy of mutual origin, the highland emigrants are prone to seek the sandy region of their countrymen. He who cannot go to Scotland may penetrate into the counties of Cumberland, Moore, Richmond, Robeson, and indeed into nearly all the Cape Fear counties, where he will find even the Gaelic tongue, in all its native purity.

Flora MacDonald was the daughter of MacDonald of Milton, in the island of Uist; but her father having died in her infancy, and her mother having married MacDonald of Armadale, in Skye, an adherent of the government, she was thus endeared to both parties, the government and that of Prince Charles, the young pretender. Her more usual residence was with her brother, the proprietor of Milton—but such seems to have been the estimation of her character, that she was beloved by every clan, rebellions or not. She did not see the Prince Charles until after the battle of Culloden, when he was a wanderer, without a home, & without friends and adherents. His forces had been slaughtered and routed, and he himself driven to the hills and caves of his kingdom to find a hiding place: and at such a moment, Flora MacDonald adopted him and his cause. She disguised him in a female dress, and guided him from island to island; and after encountering every hardship and every peril, put him into the way to escape to France, where he had friends on and around the throne.

Flora MacDonald was arrested, confined in prison, and after a year, was released, and then carried into the court society of London, by Lady Primrose, a jacobite lady of wealth and distinction. It is recorded that twenty coaches, of the proudest names of the realm, stood at the door of Lady Primrose, to pay their respects to the heroine of the Scotch rebellion, only a few days after her release. A chaise-and-four were fitted up to take her back to Scotland; and when she was consulted as to who should escort her home, she selected her fellow-prisoner, General Malcolm McLeod, who boasted that he "came to London to be hanged, but rode back in a chaise-and-four with Flora MacDonald."

She afterwards married Kingsburg MacDonald, of Kingsburg, the son of one of her old associates in the perilous salvation of Prince Charles; and he, like all the highland gentlemen, was encumbered with heavy obligations, in the way of private debts, and still heavier oaths of fealty to the house of Hanover. In 1773, Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell visited the house of Kingsburg MacDonald, and were entertained by the generosity and hospitality of the proprietor and his noble spouse.—She was then a fine, genteel looking woman, full of the enthusiasm of her early life; and she was now the mistress of the house in which both the unfortunate Prince had on that occasion slept. In the tour to the Hebrides, it is related that Kingsburg MacDonald was embarrassed in his private affairs, and contemplated a migration to America.

I think it was in 1775, when she arrived in North-Carolina and settled at Cross Creek, the seat of the present town of Fayetteville. It was a stormy period of our history, and those who came among us at that time to seek peace and contentment were disappointed, for they met, at their landing, civil and intestine war.—The policy of the royal Governor, too, was to carry along with him the Highlanders, whom he represented as still liable to confiscation of estate for their former rebellion. The prudent emigrants were too recently from the bloody field of Culloden to run heedlessly into another war of extermination. They measured the strength of the English government by their own experience, and seeing around them no Prince of their own to lead them on to battle, they nearly to a man joined the royal standard.

The truth is, the countrymen of Flora MacDonald were incapable of appreciating the nature of our revolution. They had come to North-Carolina in quest of fortune and undisturbed peace, and clung to the government from a double sense of interest and fear. The sublime idea of an American Empire, was not within the range of their hopes and anticipations; but Scotland was again to be their home, when King George should have forgotten their rebellion and fortune should again have restored to them wealth and importance.

Kingsburg MacDonald entered with much zeal into the cause of the royal Government, and assisted his kinsman, Gen. Donald McDonald, in his extensive preparations for the famous battle of Moore's Creek. Flora, too, is said to have embraced with much enthusiasm, the same cause, and to have exhorted her countrymen to adhere to their king. The settlement of Cross Creek was the metropolis of the Highlanders, and there they congregated to listen to the counsels of their aged chiefs. The MacDonalds, the MacLeods, the Camerons, the MacNeills, and the Campbells were all represented here, in the person of some beloved and hereditary chieftain.

On the first of February, 1776, Donald MacDonald issued a proclamation, calling upon all loyal Highlanders to join his standard at Cross Creek, and on that day fifteen hundred men mustered under his command. The enthusiastic spirit of Flora forgot that it was not for "her Charlie," she was warring, and tradition says she was seen among the ranks, encouraging and exhorting them to battle. Loyalty seems to have been a strange principle in the bosoms of the Highlanders.—Thirty years before this period, they had fought the battle of Culloden against the cause of freedom.

Kingsburg MacDonald was a Captain in the army of Donald McDonald, and his wife followed the fortunes of the camp. She proceeded with the army towards the camp of Gen. Moore, on Rock fish river, and was with her husband on the morning of the 26th of February, on the banks of Moore's Creek, a small stream in the county of Hanover. The Whig army, under the command of Col. Lillington, was encamped on the other side of this stream; and on the morning of the twenty-seventh the celebrated battle of Moore's Creek was fought, the Highlanders signally routed, Colonels McLeod and Campbell both slain, Kingsburg MacDonald taken prisoner, and Flora once more a fugitive and indeed an outlaw. The Highlanders were a brave and loyal race, but, poor fellows, they had their Culloden in North Carolina as well as in Scotland.

Flora MacDonald returned to Cross Creek, without her husband; and there she found the Whig banner triumphant, under Col. Alexander Martin, afterwards Governor of the State. The sad reverses of her fortune seemed to have begun.—Tradition says her house was pillaged, and her plantation ravaged by the cruelty of the Whigs, and there is too much reason to believe that it is true. The Highland population was for many years, conquered, and kept in subjection by the remembrance of this defeat, and it was only during the latter part of the war, when the contest became more doubtful, that they again joined in the heat of the battle.

The Highlanders, and with them the husband of Flora MacDonald, there is too much reason to fear, shared the fate of the unfortunate rebellions of 1745.—Their estates were ravaged by force, and as soon as a State Government was established, the ravages of the Whigs were legalized by an act of confiscation. Kingsburg MacDonald remained in N. Carolina but a few years, when he embarked in a sloop of war for Scotland. Mr. Chambers in his admirable history of the Rebellion of 1745, records a circumstance that occurred during the voyage, illustrative of her character. The sloop encountered a French ship, and in the thickest of the battle, Flora was on deck, encouraging the crew until the contest ceased. She afterwards philosophized, by saying that she had endangered her life for both the House of Stuart and the House of Hanover, but that she did not perceive that she had profited by her exertions. There is one anecdote connected with the battle of Moore's Creek, and with Donald MacDonald, who was a kinsman

of Flora, the Highland chief, which deserves to be here recorded. He was an old veteran in the art of war, having been engaged as an officer in the army of the young Pretender, in 1745, in which character he appeared in the battle of Culloden. He was sick at the battle of Moore's Creek, and committing the fate of his countrymen into the hands of his Aid-de-camp, Col. McLeod, he remained in his Camp. After his forces had been entirely routed, the Whig commanders found him alone, seated on a stump, and, as they walked up to him, he waved the parchment scroll of his commission in the air, and surrendered it into their hands.

The town of Fayetteville now covers the spot formerly the metropolis of the Highland clans. There lived Flora MacDonald, and a host of others, whose names appear in the history of Scotland as brave and warlike spirits. To me it is a beautiful spot, as seen in 1828, before its destruction by fire, when the spring time of year contributed to embellish the banks of the stream that winds its way through the very streets of the town. I remember one view which would have been a fit spot, even for the romantic genius of Flora MacDonald. There was a small bridge that spanned the stream, connecting the Court-House and the City Hall, and, standing on this bridge, you had first the office of Mr. Eccles, an accomplished attorney, immediately before you, suspended over the creek, and connected with the street by a bridge; the stream then flowed on through a spacious and richly cultivated garden, and then hid itself amidst a profusion of the richest shrubbery. On the left was the Episcopal church, and, away down the creek, the high steeple of the Presbyterian meeting-house shot up into the air, as if it had been the monument of the spot. A beautiful chrysal stream, with embroidered banks, winding its way through the heart of a city; such an ornament had the Cross-Creek of the Highlanders. There is another creek, that courses along the southern extremity of the town, and just below the city the two streams apparently cross at right angles. The superstition was of old, that the waters actually crossed each other, but, by a little observation, you will perceive, that the streams have, as it were, accidentally touched, and, without farther conflict, separated, and gone off quietly on their serpentine courses. Hence the name of Cross-Creek. The surrounding country is a sandy barren, with but little undergrowth, and, for the lofty pines that cover it, would pass for a Libyan desert. In the midst of this wide waste of sand stands the American home of Flora MacDonald, a city in a wilderness, an oasis in a sandy desert. The life of no female in the history of any country was ever more deserving the attention of the historian. The adventurous deeds in the service of the unfortunate Prince, have been celebrated by almost every poet of the age, and have, more than any single subject, infused a spirit of love and war into the minstrelsy of her own poetical country.

SHOPPING.

The following article, descriptive of the manners of a shop keeper and his female customer in the year 1725, is from a very ancient work. It is left to the parties interested to say how much the example has been improved upon:

Those who have never minded the conversation of a spruce mercer, and a young lady, his customer, that comes to his shop, have neglected a scene of life that is very entertaining. His business is to sell as much silk as he can, at a price by which he shall get what he supposes to be reasonable, according to the customary profits of trade. As to the lady, what she would be at is to please her fancy, and buy cheaper by a great or sixpence per yard than the things she wants are usually sold for. From the impression the gallantry of our sex has made upon her, she imagines (if she be not very deformed), that she has a fine mien and easy behaviour, and a peculiar sweetness of voice; that she is handsome, and if not beautiful, at least more agreeable than most young women she knows. As she has no pretensions to purchase the same things with less money than other people, but what are built on her good qualities, so she sets herself off to the best advantage her wit and discretion will let her. The thoughts of love are here put out of the case; so on the one hand she has no room for playing the tyrant, and giving herself angry and peevish airs, and on the other, more liberty of speaking kindly, and being affable, than she can have on almost every other occasion. She knows that abundance of well-bred people come to his shop, and endeavors to render herself as amiable as virtue and the rules of decency admit of. Coming with such a resolution of behaviour, she cannot meet with any thing to ruffle her temper. Before her coach is quite stopped, she is approached by a gentleman-like man, that has every thing clean and fashionable about him, who in low obeisance, pays her compliments, and as soon as her plea-

sure is known that she has a mind to come, hands her into the shop, where immediately he slips from her, and through a by-way that remains visible for only half a moment, with great address intrrenches himself behind a counter; here facing her with profound reverence & smothered phrase, he begs the favor of knowing her commands. Let her say and dislike what she pleases, she never can be directly contradicted; she deals with a man, in whom consummate patience is one of the mysteries of his trade, and whatever trouble she creates, she is sure to hear nothing but the most obliging language, and has always before her a cheerful countenance, where joy and respect seem to be blended with good humor, and altogether make up an artificial serenity, more engaging than "untutted" nature is able to produce. When two persons are so well met, the conversation must be very agreeable, as well as extremely insensibly, though they talk about trifles. Whilst she remains irresolute what to take, he seems to be the same in advising her, and is very cautious how to direct her choice; but when once she has made it, and is fixed, he immediately becomes positive that it is the best of the sort, extols her fancy, and the more he looks upon it, the more he wonders he should not have discovered the pre-eminence of it over any thing he has in his shop. By precept, example, and great observation, he has learned, unobserved, to slide into the inmost recesses of the soul, sound the capacity of his customers, and find out their blind side unknown to them; by all which he is instructed, in fifty other stratagems to make her own judgment, as well as the commodity she would purchase. The greatest advantage he has over her, lies in the most material part of the commerce between them, the debates about the price, which he knows to a farthing, and she is wholly ignorant of, therefore he no where more egregiously imposes upon her understanding; and though here he has the liberty of telling what fits his pleasure, as to the price, and the money he has refused, yet he trusts not to them only, but, attacking her vanity, makes her believe the most incredible things in the world, concerning his own weakness and her superior abilities. He had taken a resolution, he says, never to part with that piece under such a price, but she has the power of talking him out of his goods beyond any body he ever sold to; he protests that he loses by his silk, but seeing she has a fancy for it, and is resolved to give no more, rather than disoblige a lady he has such an uncommon value for, he will let her have it, and only begs that at another time she will not stand so hard with him. In the mean time the buyer who knows that she is no fool, has a voluble tongue, is easily persuaded that she has a very winning way of talking, and thinking it sufficient, for the sake of good breeding simply, to disown her merit, and in some witty repartee retort the compliment, he makes her swallow very contentedly the substance of every thing he tells her. The upshot is, that with the satisfaction of having saved sixpence per yard, she has bought her silk exactly at the same price as any body else might have done, and often gives sixpence more than, rather than not have sold it, he would have taken.

"SO WAS FRANKLIN"

"O, you're a 'prentice!" said a little boy, the other day, tauntingly to his companion. The addressee turned proudly around, and while the ring of injured pride and the look of pity were strangely blended in his countenance, he jolly answered—"So was FRANKLIN!" This dignified reply struck me forcibly, and I turned to mark the disputants more closely. The former I perceived by his dress, was of a higher class in society than his humble yet more dignified companion. The latter was a sprightly, active lad, scarce twelve years old, and coarsely but cleverly attired. But young as he was, there was visible in his countenance much of genius, manly dignity, and determinate resolution—while that of the former showed only fostered pride and the imagined superiority of riches. That little fellow, thought he, gazing at our young hero, displays already much of the man—though his calling be an humble one; and though poverty extends to him her dreary, cheerless reality—still he looks on the brightest side of the scene, and already rises in anticipation from poverty, war, and wretchedness! Once, "so was Franklin!" and the world may one day witness in our little "prentice" as great philosophy as they have already seen in his noble pattern! And we passed on, buried in meditation. The motto of our infantile philosopher contains much too much to be forgotten—and should be engraven on the mind of all. What can better cheer men in a humble calling, than the reflection that the greatest and best of the earth—the greatest statesmen—the brightest philosophers—the proudest warriors—have once graced the same profession? Look at CINCINNATUS! At the call of his country he laid aside the plough, and

seized the sword. But after wielding it with entire success—when his country was no longer endangered, and public affairs needed not his longer stay—he beat his sword into a ploughshare, and returned with honest delight to his little farm.

Look at WASHINGTON! What was his course of life? He was first a farmer—next a commander-in-chief of the host of freedom, fighting for the liberation of his country from the thralls of despotic oppression—next, called to the highest seat of government, by his ransomed brethren, a President of the largest republic on earth—and lastly a FARMER again!

Look at FRANKLIN! He who "With the thunder talked, as friend to friend, And wove his garland of lightning's wings, In sportive twist!"

What was he? a printer! once a menial in a printing office! Poverty stared him in the face—but her blank, hollow look, could nothing daunt him. He struggled against a harder current than most are called to encounter; but he did not yield. He pressed manfully onward—bravely buffeted misfortune's billows—and gained the desired haven!

What was the famous BEN JOHNSON? He was first a bricklayer or mason!—What was he in after years? 'Tis needless to answer.

What was BURNS? An Ayrshire ploughman! What was he in after life, in the estimation of his countrymen, and the world? Your library gives the answer!

But shall we go on, and call up in proud array all the mighty host of worthies that have lived and died—who were cradled in the lap of penury, and received their first lessons in the school of affliction? Nay, we have cited instances enough already—yea, more than enough to prove the point in question—namely, that there is no profession, however low in the opinion of the world, but has been honored with earth's greatest and her worthiest.

Young man! does the iron hand of misfortune press hard upon you, and disappointments well nigh sink your despairing soul? Have courage! Mighty ones have been your predecessors—and have withstood the current of opposition that threatened to overwhelm their fragile bark! Do you despise your humble station, and repine that Providence has not placed you in some nobler sphere? Murmur not against the dispensations of an all-wise Creator! Remember that wealth is no criterion of moral rectitude or intellectual worth—that riches dishonestly gained are a lasting curse—that virtue and uprightiness work out a rich reward, and that

"An honest man's the noblest work of God!"

And when dark disappointment comes, don't wither at her stare—but press forward—and the prize is yours! It was thus with Franklin—it can be thus with you! He strove for the prize and he won it! So may you! 'Tis well worth contending for—and success may attend you! and the "stars" will be brighter than the "stripes."—*Utica Record of Genius.*

Letter from the late Sir James Mackintosh on the Death of his Wife.

Allow me in justice to her memory, to tell you what she was, and what I owed her. I was guided to my choice only by the blind affection of my youth, and might have formed a connection in which a short lived passion would have been followed by repentance and disgust; but I found an intelligent companion, a tender friend, a prudent mistress; the most faithful of wives, and as dear a mother as ever children had the misfortune to lose. Had I married a woman who was easy or giddy enough to have been infected by my inattentiveness, or who had rudely or harshly attempted to correct it, I should, in either case have been irretrievably ruined: a fortune, in either case, would, with my habits, have been only a shorter cut to destruction. But I met a woman, who by the tender management of my weakness gradually corrected the most pernicious of them, and rescued me from the dominion of a degrading and ruinous vice.—She became prudent from affection; and, though of the most generous nature, she was taught economy and frugality by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life, she preserved order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me; she gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful and creditable to me; and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and inprovidence. To her I owe that I am not an outcast to her what ever I am; to her what ever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest, she never, for a moment, forgot my feelings or my character. Even in her occasional resentment—for which I but too often gave just cause (would to God I could recall those moments!) she had no sullenness or acrimony; her feelings were warm and impetuous but she was placid, tender and constant; she united the most attentive prudence with the most generous and guileless nature, with a spirit that dis-

claimed the shadow of meanness, and with the kindest and most honest heart. Such was she whom I have lost; and I have lost her when her excellent natural sense was rapidly improving after eight years of struggle and distress had bound us fast together, and moulded our tempers to each other; when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship, before age had deprived it of much of its original ardour. I lost her, alas! (the choice of my youth and the partner of my misfortunes) at a moment when I had the prospect of her sharing my better days. This my dear sir, is a calamity which the prosperity of the world cannot repair. To expect that any thing on this side of the grave can make it up, would be a vain and delusive expectation. If I had lost the giddy and thoughtless companion of prosperity, the world could easily have repaired my loss; but I have lost the faithful and tender partner of my misfortune; and the only consolation is in that Being, under whose severe but paternal chastisement I am cut down to the ground.

SNUFF TAKING.

Snuff taking is an old custom; yet, if we came suddenly upon it in a foreign country, it would make us spit our sides with laughter. A grave gentleman takes a little casket out of his pocket, puts a finger and thumb in, brings away a pinch of a sort of powder, and then, with the most serious air possible, as if he was doing one of the most important actions of his life, (for even with the most indifferent snuff-takers there is a certain look of importance,) proceeds to thrust, and keep thrusting it, at his nose, after which, he shakes his head, or his waistcoat, or his nose itself, or all three, in the style of a man who has done his duty, and satisfied the most serious claims to his well-being. It is curious to see the various modes in which people take snuff. Some do it by little fits and starts, and get over the thing quickly. These are epigrammatic snuff-takers, who come to the point as fast as possible, and to whom the pungency is every thing. They generally use a sharp and severe snuff, a sort of essence of pipe-points. Others are all urbanity and polished demanory they value the style as much as the sensation, and offer the box around them as much out of dignity as benevolence. Some take snuff irritably, others bashfully, others in a manner as dry as the snuff itself, generally with an economy of the vegetable; and others with a luxuriance of gesture and lavishness of supply that announces a moister article, and sheds its superfluous honors over neckcloth and coat. Dr. Johnson's was probably a snuff of this kind. He used to take it out of the waistcoat pocket, instead of a box. There is a species of long-armed snuff-taker, who performs the operation, ending with a sudden activity, but smaller and rounder men sometimes attempt it. He puts his head on one side; then stretches forth his arm, with a pinch in hand; then brings round his hand; as a snuff-taking elephant would his trunk; and, finally, shakes snuff, head, and nose together, in a sudden vehemence of convulsion. His eyebrows all the while are lifted up, as if to make the more room for the onset; and when he has ended he draws back to his perpendicular, and generally proclaims the victory he has won over the insipidity of the previous moment by a snuff and a great "Ha!"—*Leigh Hunt's Journal.*

State Bank of North-Carolina.

Raleigh, 2d Sept. 1854.
At the adjourned meeting of the stockholders of this Bank, held on the first Monday in this month, a Dividend of the Capital Stock of Ten Dollars per Share was declared, which will be paid to the Stockholders, or their legal Representatives, at the Banking House of the said Bank in the City of Raleigh, on and after Monday, the 8th day of September next, under the same rules and regulations as the former Dividends of Capital have heretofore been paid.
44 4t
D. W. STONE, Cash'r.

BANK AGENCY.

OFFER to resume my service of presenting Notes for discount or renewal, at our new Bank, for the price of 50 cents each. My past experience in this business will enable me to give general satisfaction to those who may choose to employ me. *Expenses (post paid)* will be immediately attended to, and where discounts are effected, the money will be disposed of according to instruction.
WILLIAM PECK.

A GREAT BARGAIN!

I WILL SELL my present Residence at a very reduced price, if applied for before the 1st November next. It is situated on the Stage Road leading from Raleigh to Newbern, 54 miles from the City; contains 304 acres, a comfortable Dwelling House and every necessary out Building; and offers in many inducements to a family as any place in the county.—Health, fire wood and excellent water, abound there.—Terms will be made easy.
A purchaser may be supplied with Provisions, Horses, Cattle, Hogs, and Farming Utensils of every kind, and in various Household and Kitchen Furniture. Persons wishing comfortable homes at a low price, are requested to view the premises before the Crop is harvested; they would then be better judges of the value of the land. Apply to Weston R. Gates, Esq. at Raleigh, or on the spot, to
BARBARA DE GR-