

# RALEIGH REGISTER.

## AND NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE.

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

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### Miscellany.

#### EMIGRATION.

We extract the following article from the Western Monthly Magazine. It is from the pen of its brilliant conductor, Judge HALL, who has written much matter and told many pleasant stories about the West. It is the first-half of a critical review of a work upon Texas, written by Mrs. Mary Austin Holley, being a series of letters from her pen while a resident of Texas in 1831.

In one respect we are the most highly favored people in the world. In whatever part of the wide West, our lot may be cast, we are not only well convinced of the superlative excellence of the country we inhabit, but there is always some still more inviting region, holding out its allurements, and to which we may remove whenever it shall suit our taste or interest to make a change. Wherever the traveler may chance to rest in this great valley he finds a prolific country, and a satisfied people. There is scarcely a spot which does not present its peculiarly important advantages. From the Alleghany mountains, to the sand plains of the west, and from the lakes to the gulf of Mexico, there is scarcely a tract of country of any considerable extent, in which the soil does not yield to the laborer an ample reward for his toil, while the diversities of climate, the facilities of navigation, and the variety of minerals, give distinctive advantages to different points, which raise them in the estimation of their respective inhabitants above all others. It is hardly possible to touch at a place, which the residents do not claim to be the place, where happiness may be best enjoyed, or wealth most easily acquired. We are in this respect, a satisfied people. There are those among us, who abuse the times, or the government, or the bank, but none who quarrel with the country. As the ancients had a long muster-roll of deities, good and evil, from which every man might select according to his taste, so every individual among us has, if not a household god, a family devil, upon whose shoulders he packs all the grievances, real or imaginary, which afflict the land. — But no man has aught to say against the land itself—for it is a good land—a land teeming with milk and honey, and blessed with unrivalled prosperity, in spite of the bank, and the great magician, and all other evil influences which are supposed to be feeding on its vitals, and crushing its growth.

Ours, therefore, is not the patriotism that induces the Scot to love the bleak hills, on which, according to Dr. Johnson, a tree is a natural curiosity—nor that which binds the Swiss to his native rocks—but the rational of those who know when they are well off. We can give reasons for the faith that we have in our country. We can point to our rich lands and long rivers—to our mines of coal, lead and iron—to our abundant harvests, our numerous manufactures, and our widely extended forests. There was perhaps more wit than truth, in the story related of the western preacher, who in describing a better world is said to have declared that it was "a fair Kentucky of a place," but the spirit which would have suggested such a comparison, may be found in every part of the West. Not in Kentucky, but in Alabama, in Ohio, in Illinois, and in all the other States, the people believe their own region to be the garden of the West, which is the garden of the world; and we are far from condemning this spirit, it is an honest spirit, and is founded in just principles; for although the various sections of our country cannot each be best, all are good, and each has advantages which its inhabitants appreciate above those of other places. The people of Pittsburg congratulate themselves on being at the head of navigation, and those of New Orleans, on being at its foot—while those of St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, respectively, would not exchange with either of them, or with each other. One part of the country has rich soil, another navigable waters, and a third minerals; one place is suited for wheat, another for corn, and a third for cotton; here they raise cattle, and there tobacco; every man chooses for himself, and each thinks his own choice best. Now this is what we call comfortable; and we think

it something worth being proud of, that our country is all so good, that every man supposes he has got the best part of it. But we come now to a seeming paradox, which the critical reader may imagine he has detected in the beginning of this article. We are proud of the West, particularly of our own State, and superlatively proud of that spot in the State, which we inhabit—yet there is always some one other place, which is more desirable than our own. A Kentucky farmer will not admit, as an abstract proposition, that there is any better country than Kentucky—yet in the next breath, he will tell you that he is going to Illinois. An Ohio man will demonstrate to-day, from the unexampled rapidity with which his State, and especially his own county, has become populated, that his lot has been cast in the pleasantest of all pleasant places—and to-morrow, he will sell out, and go to Indiana. This propensity for emigration, may be in some degree explained, by a fact which we have alluded to: that different parts of the country possess advantages differing in kind, rather than in degree, and that men change situations, not because their own are inferior, but because others would suit them better. The diversities of taste and judgment are such, that one man may imagine that to be an advantage, which another would consider as a defect, or view with indifference. Two persons may exchange farms, as they exchange horses, and each suppose that he has made the best bargain, which is true, if both remain pleased—but it cannot be true, if the intrinsic value of the property bartered be alone considered.

But there is, besides this, an adventurous and enterprising spirit in a portion of our population—an inborn propensity for roaming to newer lands, which is interwoven with every fibre of their natures, and induces them to change their habitations on the slightest cause. Many have inherited from their fathers, a love for the wilderness, where the soil is fresh, the game abundant, and the tangled forest, or the untrodden plains, afford a wide range for their numerous herds. They have a taste which is almost poetical, if it be not really so.

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet, Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods More free from penury, than the envious court? Here feel we but the penalty of Adam, The seasons difference.

From these various causes, we see the business of emigration going forward, not only with unexampled rapidity, but with a steady action, which continues from year to year; and while every part of the West is increasing in population, some favorite portions are receiving vast accessions. One current is pouring in upon Michigan its crowds from New England and New York—another is filling Alabama with planters from Kentucky, Tennessee, and the Carolinas. A stream of New Englanders is entering Illinois from the North and another from the South brings its thousands of emigrants from Tennessee and Kentucky. Indiana and Missouri are receiving their portions of this great flood, which, like the inundations of the Mississippi, deposits some of its particles upon every land it overflows; while a kind of under current, a sort of supplementary emigration, is carrying off from all the western States, crowds of people, who are destined for Arkansas and for the boundless regions along the whole western frontiers.

Wherever the traveller chancs to wander over the wide West, he encounters the stragglers of this army, moving towards the setting sun. "The cry is still, they come."—Along the whole chain of the Alleghany ridge, they may be seen crossing into our valley, by every pass which nature or art has rendered practicable, they are thrown in shoals upon all the shores of the northern lakes—they ascend in steamboats from New Orleans—and whenever the art of flying shall be discovered, which in the natural order things must be soon, they will be wafted by every eastern wind, and darken the air like flights of pigeons. And let them come. There is room enough for all; and they can never eat us out of house and home. The universal Yankee nation might be conveniently settled upon the plains of the Illinois, and all the free whites that can be spared from the South, would find elbow room in Missouri.

But what has all this to do with Texas? It has a great deal to do with it—we are coming to that presently. We like to do things in our own way. We have already suggested that although every part of the western country is good, and some of it surpassingly excellent, a large portion of our people are continually looking abroad for better land. As a person of sanguine temperament is ever feasting in imagination upon some anticipated pleasure which is superior to all the joys that we are in possession of—so we have still some Eden in prospect, which is more desirable than the prolific fields around us. The whole land is on the *qui vive*—wide awake, and watching for intelligence from some newly discovered *el dorado*, which would be a good place to move to. Sometimes one place is cried up, and sometimes another—and then rush for it. One year it is Alabama, another, Jackson's

purchase, and then, it is the Sangamon country; and no sooner does rumor thus invest a famed region with imaginary charms, than hundreds of farmers mount their horses and ride off to explore it, and hundreds of others who are too impatient to look before they leap, gear up their teams, and move away to the land of promise.

The delightful season at which we are writing, brings these scenes forcibly to our recollection. The weather is dry, the sky serene, and the atmosphere mild; the roads are excellent; the corn is ripe, the cattle and hogs fat, and the land teeming with abundance. It is the season in which the emigrant may travel with the greatest facility and cheapness. We have seen them at this time of the year strung along the roads of Illinois, in such numbers, that there seemed to be no end to the long cavalcade. Here is a little train of waggons, loaded with furniture and farming tools—the owner, a stout, sun-burnt man, walks before—the wife and children are stowed among the baggage—the tall girls, and the great muscular boys, each of the latter with a rifle on his shoulder, are strolling in the rear. They are from Tennessee. At night they halt by a spring on the bank of a stream, a great fire is kindled, the beds and pallets are spread upon the ground, and after a hearty supper, the whole party repose comfortably in the open air. There is another party, the men ride on horseback, the females are in carriages or on horses, and there is a train of negroes—they are going to Missouri. Here is a family from Kentucky—they are very much like those that have just passed, except that they are better 'fixed'—they carry more household goods, and are a grade further advanced in their notions of comfort. All these that we have described are reputable farmers, who will enrich themselves, and do credit to the state. There is a band of a different character. Several families are together—not because misery loves company—for wretched as they seem, they are as happy as others. They are all on foot, except a decrepid matron who is mounted on a lean pony, with a child in her lap, and a half naked, wicker boy behind. Their 'plunder,' is carried in an ox cart. They carry axes, guns, and knives, and are a half-clad, hungry, ferocious looking set, who, in Europe, if not taken up for robbers or gypsies, would be arrested for the crime of poverty. Yet except their poverty, and the indolence which produced it, there is no harm in them. Among them is a widow and nine children, all barefooted and bareheaded—she lost her man lately, and finding it hard to get along in the world, is going to try a new country. These are from North Carolina. A little covered wagon is seen—a creaking, crazy affair, almost worn out, drawn by one horse, whose last debt to nature seems to be nearly due. Within are seated a young man and woman; they are man and wife, and are as like each other as two peas—they have had the age regularly every year, and are as sallow as a dried corn-stalk. They have no property along, nor any baggage—nothing but the horse, the wagon, and their two selves; and they seem to have reached that part of the journey of life which the justice of the peace who married them alluded to when he said 'for better or worse.' They meet a gentleman who happens to be a lawyer in his circuit—the man hails him, and stops his lean pony, who straightway pokes down his head and falls to cropping the tall grass. "Stranger, can you tell me of a good place to settle?"

"Oh yes, it is all good here, you can't go amiss."

"I want to find a good piece of land, that belongs to Congress."

"Then you have come to the right place, for the government owns nearly all the land that you see unimproved."

"Well, I reckon, stranger, it would be no harm to settle down a'most any where, and build a cabin?"

"None in the world—where did you come from?"

"From North-Carolina."

"How long have you been coming?"

"Three weeks."

"Where did you intend to go when you started?"

"No where in pertick'lar. Me and my wife thought we'd hunt a place to settle. We've no money, nor no plunder—nothing but just ourselves and this nag—and we thought we'd try our luck in a new country."

"You are right," said the lawyer, "go ahead, you are just the man for a new country. Take possession of the first good tract that you find vacant, and fall to work."

Sometimes a dozen or twenty of these companies, collect in the evening at the same camping ground. They kindle their separate fires, & circle round them. Whole acres are covered with beds, tents, waggons, horses and cattle. The men mix together, the women interchange civilities, and the whole scene is one of lively and picturesque interest. While the weather is open, there are few hardships to encounter in such journeys; but occasionally it rains. The sun sets behind a cloud, the wind changes, and cold driv-

ing showers pelt the defenceless travellers. They cannot travel in such a storm. Some crawl in their carriages and waggons—some make shelters by suspending sheets and coverlids upon poles—and some fare no better than the domestic animals who turn their backs to the wind, droop their heads, and stand in patient submission, while the rain is dripping from their shivering sides.

In the meanwhile, all the taverns and houses of entertainment are crowded with strangers of another class—gentlemen travelling on horseback; families who are not accustomed to 'camping out,'—merchants, lawyers, and wealthy farmers,—all floating along in the great stream of emigration. They are mostly from the South and West. But where is Jonathan all this while? He is on the way—no mistake about him—wherever there is money to be made by hard labor, Jonathan will find out the place. But he has no notion of 'camping out,' and traveling by land is expensive to those who stop at taverns. He counted the cost, before he came forth to this warfare. He traced the various routes upon the map, read all the books touching the subject that he could borrow, and wrote to divers Post-masters in the West, with whom he could correspond without the expense of postage. He even strained a point, and paid the postage on a few letters of enquiry. We could show some that afford specimens of Jonathan's inquisitive nature, and prudent foresight—one in particular which contained, if we remember right, seventy-six distinct queries, the answers to which would have filled a volume as large as a dictionary. Jonathan therefore, not only knows where he is going, but has ascertained the cheapest route, and the most eligible conveyance. He is floating quietly along the lake, or patiently meandering the Ohio. To look at him, you would not suppose him worth a cent—nor does he care what you think about the matter—he has Nicholas Biddle's passport in his pocket, and knows that no man can stop him. He has sold out all that he had, and put the whole concern into his purse. He might ride in a coach and four if he chose, but has taken a deck passage in a steambot. He is a small, active, grave man—and most probably hath been a deacon. That decent, neat old lady in spectacles, is his wife, and a worthy lady she is. But she is terribly scared. With what earnestness she begs the Captain not to go too fast, nor to let the boiler explode—and with what interest she inquires about snags, alligators, fevers, wolves, and Indians! Poor lady, she will never become morally acclimated, and never like the West a whit better than she does now; she is too old to degenerate, and too good to get better. There is more hope of those rosy girls, with plain, close bonnets, and large travelling baskets in their laps. They have come to the West to do good—and they will succeed—they will teach school for six months, which is a very good thing, and then they will get married, which is better—for them. Those slim young men, so melancholy and gentlemanlike, are going to be lawyers and doctors. They are graduates, and their conversation is of the moral depravity of ignorance, and the intellectual destitution of the West. They are going to supply some of the waste places. The difference between them and the worthy deacon aforesaid, is that he is diligently trying to learn, while they are as zealously attempting to teach. The contrast is that between youth and age, between the young scholar and the old farmer.

Thus they are filling up the West from abroad, and thus they are moving, and circulating, and changing places within the West. But our broad valley is not wide enough for the operation of this enterprising spirit, and there are Alexanders among us, who having overrun every known field of ambition, are sighing for new worlds to conquer. The thousands of square miles that lie yet unbroken by the plough, the league after league of forest which remains unviolated by the axe of the backwoodsman, are insufficient.—Our steamboats have ascended the Mississippi to the falls of St. Anthony; they have traced the meanders of the Missouri to a still more distant region; our traders pass annually over vast deserts to Santa Fe, and the adventurous trapper has sought the haunts of the beaver beyond the Rocky mountains; and yet the lust for newer lands, and for novel scenes of commercial enterprise is undiminished. The limits of the United States have been found too narrow to afford scope for the genius of her sons, and a hardy few have penetrated into the territory of our Southern neighbors.

Sudden Death by Poison.—Died at Vernon, on the 3d instant, Miss Mary Stebbins, daughter of Captain Elijah Stebbins, aged 20 years. This interesting young lady the day previous to her death was in good health, and at dinner manifested her usual sprightliness and cheerfulness. Soon after dinner she walked out towards the river, and visited a miniature saw mill of her little brother, on a small rivulet between Meadow Hill and the river, all within a few rods of the house, and playfully inquired of the lad whether he expected to sit up all night, like other sawyers, to tend his mill, &c. On her return to the house she amused the children of the family by treating them with the bark of birch twigs, which she had procured in her walk, still cheerful and pleasant. Some time after—but how long after cannot be determined, as no attention was paid to the clock—her mother observed a paleness unusual on Mary's countenance, and asked if she was unwell. Mary readily replied, "I do feel sick, and perhaps I have eaten too much birch bark." She soon became much distressed, attended with dizziness, violent retchings, and occasional spasms; and on further inquiry by her mother, respecting the cause of her acute and alarming distress, Mary recollected, and readily stated, that during her walk she plucked some pods of *Apple Peru*, and had eaten some of the seeds, which were discovered in the contents of the stomach, spontaneously ejected. During these scenes her uncle, George R. Stebbins, came in, and joined her mother in stating to her her imminent danger. Her father being absent on business, the uncle went in haste for a physician. The doctor, being at that time over the river, could not be obtained till almost five o'clock, P. M.

At this time she was in agonizing distress—unable to speak—eyes red and surcharged with blood—pupils much dilated—a petechial eruption over the surface, resembling a highly marked case of spotted fever—almost perfect loss of muscular motion, and general stupor—the stomach and bowels not excitable by large and repeated doses of emetics, cathartics and enemata—peristemesis, surface, and breath cold—intense thirst, but on any attempts to swallow, the organs of degl-

LIFE OF ASHMUN.  
In reading this interesting Work of the Rev. R. GURLEY, the able and respected Secretary of the American Colonization Society, we were particularly struck with the beauty and elegance of the following passage, at the conclusion of the 7th chapter, in which is given an account of Mr. ASHMUN's successful and almost miraculous deliverance of the African Colony in its early infancy, by less than forty

men against fifteen hundred armed barbarians.

"And who was he, that 'single white man,' on that distant forest-clad shore, unbroken in spirit, though bowed beneath the heavy hand of sorrow and sickness, casting fear to the winds, directing, and heading by day and night, a feeble, undisciplined, dejected, unfortified band of thirty-five emigrants, against whom the very elements seemed warring, while a thousand to fifteen hundred armed savages were rushing to destroy them? Who was he, that, in reliance on God for wisdom and might, imparted such skill and courage to this little company—so ordered every movement, that the fierce foe retted panic struck before them, and they stood rescued and redeemed from impending destruction?"

Was he a veteran soldier, injured to danger, familiar with suffering, and bred amid scenes of battle and blood? Was he there adorned by badges of military honor, conscious of a reputation won by deeds of 'high emprise,' and stimulated to valor by hopes of glory and fears of disgrace?

That was not tried, no ambitious soldier. He was a young man, bred to letters, of retired habits, educated for the Ministry of Christ, unknown to fame,—the victim of disappointment, burdened with debt, and touched by undeserved reproach. He had visited Africa in hope of obtaining the means of doing justice to his creditors; and impelled by humility and religion, had consented, without any fixed compensation, to give, should they be required, his services to the Colony. He found it in peril of extinction. He failed not to redeem his pledge. He gathered strength from difficulty, and motive from danger. No thronging and admiring spectators cheered him; no glorious pomp and circumstance were there to throw a brightness & beauty even upon the features and terrors of death. He stood strong in duty, covered by the shield of Faith. His frame shaken by disease; the partner of his life struck down by his side; amid the groans of the afflicted and in the shadow of Hope's dim eclipse, he planned and executed, with the ability of the bravest and most experienced General, measures which secured the settlement, and secured for Liberty and Christianity, a perpetual home and heritage in Africa. Raised up and guided by an Almighty, though invisible Hand, to build a city of righteousness on that shore of oppression, before which the makers of idols should be confounded, and those in chains come over\* to fall down in worship, and acclaim as they beheld her light, surely God is in Thee; no weapon formed against him could prosper; no wasting destruction by day, or pestilence walking in darkness, had power to defeat the work."

\* Isaiah, 45th chapter, 14th and 16th verses.

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glutition were thrown into spasms resembling hydrophobia—great difficulty of breathing—in fine, her appearance was that of agony. Although apparently wishing for relief, it was very difficult for her to swallow any thing. Some time in the latter part of the night she had a short lucid interval during which, she with much difficulty, and in a hurried manner talked some; the powers of locomotion appeared returning. She inquired of the Doctor, "Do you think me dangerously sick?" And being answered in the affirmative, she rejoined, "Do you think there is any chance for my recovery?" She said she would be glad to drink and take remedies, but that when she tried to swallow she felt as if choking to death. She passed affectionate salutations with her parents and sisters present. A little before six in the morning she sunk again into a paralytic stupor, and for more than four hours manifested no sensation or motion except from deep and laborious respiration, till death closed the scene at 10 o'clock, A. M. April 3d.

\* *Apple-Peru*, Thorn Apple sometimes called *Jamesson Weed*, or botanically *Stramontium*, is a powerful narcotic. When swallowed it produces nausea and dizziness, even in small doses; but if the quantity be large, it brings on great prostration of strength, loss of muscular power, insensibility of the retina, dilated pupils, tremors, headach, delirium, and some times convulsions, coma, and death. The powdered leaves or extract, are sometimes given in doses of a grain. The Seeds of Thorn Apple are considered more powerful than the rest of the plant, and may be given in half or two-thirds the dose.—(*Dr. Jacob Bigelew's Materia Medica.*)  
Vermont Pharm.

#### WHICH IS MORE PROFITABLE TO THE FARMER, PORK OR BACON?

We are disposed to think that practical knowledge on this subject would be highly acceptable to every intelligent farmer, especially when such knowledge is derived from a source entitled to implicit confidence. Dr. Wilson, of this county, from whom we obtain the subject matter of this article, assured us that he last season personally attended the weighing, salting &c. of the hogs referred to below, and we have no doubt that similar experiments by other farmers will produce like results. The following is the weight of four tolerably fat hogs about eighteen months old, after they were killed and well cleaned:

The 1st hog weighed 136 pounds.	
2d	140
3d	142
4th	154
Total weight, 572 pounds.	
The hams of the four hogs weighed 128 pounds.	
Shoulders,	147
Middlings,	148
423 pounds.	
Heads, feet, back bones and leaf fat, 149 pounds.	
The hams, shoulders and middlings were salted, and in 4 weeks and 3 or 4 days, again weighed:	
Hams,	125 lbs.
Shoulders,	143
Middlings,	143
411 lbs.—Loss 12 lbs.	

They were next well washed, hung up, and smoked two months and 2 weeks and again weighed, after removing the adherent ashes.

Hams,	110
Shoulders,	136
Middlings,	126
272 lbs.—Addit'l loss 49 lbs.	

So the 571 pounds of pork gave 369 pounds of bacon. Is it more profitable then to sell pork or make bacon of it? Suppose, for example, the Doctor had sold his pork at five dollars per hundred pounds.  
571 pounds, at five dollars per hundred pounds—\$285 55.

And suppose a speculator had bought, cured, and sold it, say only at 10 cents per pound.

This shows a difference in favor of making bacon, amounting to \$7, 63 from 561 lbs. of pork. Perhaps you'll say, "there's the expense of salting, smoking, interest &c." which you have not taken into the count? What! have you already forgot that we also omitted to say any thing about the heads, feet, back bones, and leaf fat, which weighed 149 pounds? And were not these amply sufficient to defray all the expenses attending the curing of the bacon? Another may hint that the publishing of such experiments will bring the consumers about our ears. Don't let them be alarmed—there's no occasion. Rather let them consult the matter and determine whether it would not always be to their advantage to purchase a supply of pork at Christmas to furnish a sufficiency of bacon throughout the ensuing year. Our farmers are generally too much prejudiced against what is called back farming to profit by newspaper publications. We frequently quote weighty matters under the Agricultural head, but they are usually passed over in such a manner, that we are under no apprehensions that this article will induce any farmer to believe and act as though *selling his pork were not saving his bacon.*  
W. Huntington Democrat.