

RALEIGH REGISTER AND NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE.

"Ours are the plans of fair delightful peace, unwarped by party rage, to live like brothers."

THREE DOLLARS Per Annum
ONE HALF IN ADVANCE.

TUESDAY, JULY 26, 1836.

VOLUME XXXVII.
NUMBER 37.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY,
By Joseph Gates & 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.

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Not exceeding sixteen lines, will be inserted three times 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.

THE MILITIA.

Gov. EVERETT, of Massachusetts, at a late anniversary dinner of the ancient and honorable Artillery Company in Boston, being called up by a sentiment offered in compliment to himself, made a very neat and beautiful speech, in the course of which he expressed his views in relation to the Militia System as follows:

"Perhaps, sir, there is no subject in regard to which the principles of our fathers are better entitled to respect than the military defence of the country. The more I turn over the pages of our early colonial history, the more I am struck with the all-pervading traces of a sort of providential watchfulness for the establishment of free institutions; and in nothing more than in this important respect. I need not repeat, what is well known to all who have read the early history of the colony, that it was left to itself—a handful of pious adventurers, self-exiled to the distant and savage shore—slut out by the ocean from the civilized world—open through the fearful pathways of the forest to the inroads of fierce and remorseless tribes of savages, spurred forward to the work of destruction by the subjects of the French monarchy, the hereditary foes of England. In this state of things, nothing would have seemed more desirable than the presence of a military force; a regiment at least of British troops scattered up and down New-England, to preserve the feeble settlement from destruction. It might have been thought that our fathers, from the instinct of self-preservation, would have implored the mother country for some such protection; especially under the Commonwealth, when the civil and military power had passed into the hands of men whose religious and political opinions harmonized with their own. Whether our fathers desired it or not, it might have been thought that the Government of England, royal or republican, would have looked after its own interests in this quarter. It would have seemed natural that the King of England would not have been wholly indifferent to the secure possession of these colonies; and that Cromwell, after thundering with the fleets through the Antilles, and capturing Jamaica, should take measures to hold fast to the Continent. We all know what the colonial system of England has been. Wheresoever the British jurisdiction is established, in either hemisphere, from the rocky towers of Corfu to the burning latitudes of Hindostan and Australasia, the British flag is its symbol; and within dark and frowning tiers of artillery is the hiding place of its power. They never pretend to hold a foreign colony by any other tenure than an ever-present military force. Their Government is as mild and paternal, perhaps, as a colonial Government can be; but from the Rock of Gibraltar, round to the Rock of Quebec, it encompasses the globe with an iron belt of glittering bayonets; it speaks in the voice of the morning drum, and stalks with the nightly sentinel along the battlements of impregnable castles. What an escape for the British colonies that form the United States! Had this system, which seemed equally required by the interest of the mother country and the safety of the colonies, been introduced here at the foundation; had a regiment, a battalion of English troops been stationed from the first on Boston common, who cannot perceive that the republican institutions of the country never could have grown up. No, sir, we not only grew up by the neglect of the mother country, as Col. Barre said in the House of Commons, but such neglect was absolutely necessary to the growth of liberty. For this reason, all solicitation of aid from the mother country was studiously avoided. They never asked for a war. A patriotic militia, amounting sometimes to a draught of almost every able bodied man in the community, was the dependence of our fathers in peace and in war. With this they fought through the Pequot war and King Philip's war. With this they went to the aid of the British forces in the wars on the frontier. With this they conquered Louisiana and shared in the glories of Quebec. Thus they grew up a really warlike people, wholly unacquainted to standing armies; so that, when the British system, after the seven years war, was changed; when regiments of troops were encamped on Boston common; when fourteen ships of war were moored in Bos-

ton harbor, with springs on their cables, and broadsides ready to open on the town; the spectacle carried no terrors to a brave population, who had learned the secret of their own power, and readily joined in the appeal to the God of battles.

These are now changed. We are grown up into a great people. A sum of human interests and blessings of untold amount—an incalculable moral and social treasure, is committed to our charge. With the advantages of a powerful State, we have its duties and its exposures. We are subject to insults from abroad and disorders at home. The cloud of foreign war has just rolled away. Had it burst, how would it have found this great and rich metropolis? Without one gun mounted for its defence. I suppose it is pretty generally admitted that a foreign enemy, even so polite an one as France, would pay but little respect to the white staff of our sheriff, though he should go with all his constables, and read the riot act in their hearing; and whether these same peaceful emblems are requisite to sustain the majesty of the law, when threatened in moments of popular convulsion, we can all judge. Then, sir, there are two resources for protection and safety in the first outbreaking of war and in times of civil commotion. One is a well organized, patriotic militia—ever present, rarely seen, stationed among us, not in camps and forts, but at the fireside, in the counting room, the workshop, the place of business—this is one. The other resource is, a standing army, encamped on Boston common or stationed on Castle Island. One or the other we must have. And the man who sets himself to ridicule the militia—to exaggerate the defects of the institution—to embarrass its administration—to bring it into discredit—wishes one of two things: he either wishes the country to be wholly exposed to insult from abroad and a prey to anarchy—to mob law, club-law, and a general scramble; or he wishes to see a flag-staff planted in front of the State-House; a couple of cannon pointing down State street; to hear the morning gun at day-break, and to hold the exercise of his daily rights as a citizen at the discretion of a military commander.

In a free country this is a pretty serious alternative. I have, sir, for the last six months, thought much and deeply upon it. It has been my duty to do so; and I have come to the conclusion that, if we intend to hand down unimpaired to our children the inheritance of republican liberty, which we have received from our fathers—if we mean that the civil shall control the military arm, alike in peace and in war, in prosperous and adverse times—the militia must again receive the deepest respect of the community.

I give you, sir, as a toast—
A well-organized, efficient, and patriotic militia: in time of peace, the bulwark of the law; in war, the basis of defence. May it be restored to the public favor.

BECHTLER'S GOLD COIN.

Mr. Bechtler has politely furnished us with the subjoined statement of the amount of money coined by him from the 18th January, 1831, to the 12th December 1836, together with the amount of Gold fluxed during the same period.—Most of this Gold was taken from the mines in Rutherford and Burke counties although much of it is stamped Georgia Gold. This, we are informed by Mr. Bechtler, has been done rather to distinguish the different qualities of Carolina Gold than for any other reason. The greater part of the Carolina Gold is about 20 carats fine, and in coining it is all brought to that value. The Georgia gold is about 22 carats, much of which has been coined by Bechtler. Whenever, therefore gold is brought in to be coined of the fineness of 22 carats, it is stamped Georgia Gold.

An impression was produced abroad some time since, that the coin of Mr. Bechtler was not as valuable as it purported to be, and it was, in consequence, not as readily received as it had been before. Upon enquiry, we find that this is not the fault of Mr. Bechtler. The assaying has very frequently been tested at the United States Mint, and has invariably, as far as our information extends, proved to be strictly correct. Sometimes, however, the coins have been deficient in weight. This arises from the fact that by being handled and carried in the pocket they are worn off, as gold is easily worn, and not because they are originally, not of the proper weight. We are inclined to believe, too, that some persons amuse themselves occasionally by filing off the edges. From the precaution we know to be used by Mr. B. and from information derived from Merchants who have very recently passed large quantities at the North at par, we are convinced that all of the pieces, if not worn or filed, will hold out according to the stamp. Mr. Bechtler informed us that he sent on \$400 in his coin to the mint in Philadelphia this Spring, and obtained the same amount in eagles for it. The five dollar piece 20 carats fine, weighs 140 grains—21 carats, 128 grains.

It will be seen that the subjoined statement extends no later down than 12th

December, 1835. Since that time, instead of being a falling off, there has been an increase of business. We paid him a visit on last Saturday, when he had just polished off the last of \$3,000, for a days work. Mr. B. has promised to furnish us with a statement of the amount coined and fluxed since that period, at as early a date as possible.

STATEMENT of the amount of Gold coined and fluxed by Christopher Bechtler, near Rutherfordton, N. C.

Amount coined in \$5, \$2½ & \$1 pieces, from the 18th January, 1831, to 22d December, 1834,	\$109,732 50
Amount coined in \$5, \$2½ & \$1 pieces, from the 22d December, 1834, to the 12th December, 1835,	695,896 00
Total,	805,628 50
Number of dwts. fluxed from 18th January, 1831, to 22d December, 1834,	395,804
Number of dwts. fluxed from the 22d December, 1834, to the 12th December 1835, 711,583½	
Total,	1,107,387½

These statements prove the immense extent of the mining interests in this section of the State. We do not know what proportion this forms to the amount actually collected from the mines; perhaps a half, perhaps it is not one fifth. Yet mining has not fairly commenced with us. Deposite mining is perhaps more profitable than ever, and vein mining, though it has been but barely tested, yet sufficiently so to induce several large capitalists to embark in the experiment extensively.

Rutherford Gazette.

LITERATURE VERSUS GINGER-POP.

From the New York Mirror.

A tall, impudent looking fellow entered our closet this morning, with "I want to stop my paper."

"Certainly, sir. But why do you discontinue?"

"Because you have raised your price from four to five dollars."

"We have done that from necessity, sir; partly because the price of rent, paper, printing, &c. is raised to us; and partly, to be enabled to pay literary men adequately for the best articles producible, by the talent of the country, and to awaken that spirit of literature, of which foreigners have denied the existence among us."

"Can't help literature, sir," replied the other; "can't help what foreigners say. Literary men must take care of themselves. Won't pay five dollars for a paper; can't afford it."

"Excuse me, sir," we ask are you fond of oysters?"

"Certainly."

"Of theatres?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you like soda water?"

"And mint juleps?"

"Indubitably."

"And ginger-pop?"

"An excellent drink."

"And you often partake of the luxuries?"

"To be sure."

"How often?"

"Every day."

"What do you spend a year in such amusements? It may be somewhat an impertinent question; but you are obviously a good natured fellow, and will pardon what is not intended as an offence."

"Oh, certainly, sir; certainly. Let me see—theatres twice a week; one hundred dollars. Soda water, mint juleps, oysters, pies, coffee—say a dollar a day."

"Well, sir; that is three hundred and sixty five dollars for soda-water, oysters, pies, etc., and one hundred dollars for theatres; that is four hundred and sixty-five dollars for the stomach, etc., besides board, rent, &c.—and yet for the pleasure of encouraging the literature of your country, to support an established journal of fourteen years standing, and acknowledged by its enemies to be improving every year, to aid us in our determination to pay literary men adequately for their time, industry and talents; to foster taste and good morals—for all these laudable purposes; for this motive of patriotism and philanthropy; for a liberal appreciation of the toils of others; you shrink from contributing one dollar per annum."

"Why, sir, the fact is—"

"This dollar per annum is less than 2 cents on each number."

"Why, to be sure, sir—"

"Are you married, neighbor?"

"Yes, and have two sons and three daughters grown; and the truth is, they are the readers more than myself—I've no great taste for reading."

A TALE OF POLAND.

"God tempests the wind to shorn lambs," said a Polish captive as she was led by a menial to her master's palace. This girl was one of those patriotic females enrolled as a corps, to provide food and raiment for the valiant, suffering sons of degraded Poland. Eighteen years had not kissed her cheek, yet to her discretion paid homage. The sword of the oppressor had already drank the blood of her father; the yawning gates of a Russian prison had interred her only brother, and grief for the loss of those whom she so justly beloved, had made her motherless. Still her spirit drooped not, nor did she bend when the storm passed over her. She considered it a necessary offering to purchase the emancipation of her country, and stifled each selfish feeling. I need not say she was beautiful; but she was incomparably so.—Virtue, beauty, and the graces, it would seem, had struggled for supremacy. Like a guardian angel she appeared to preside over the destinies of her country, and in the hour of danger she was ever near, nerving with new energies the sinking soldiers, by her energetic appeals to that God, by whom their weak are made strong. "I would," said she, "that the helmet were fitted to a woman's brow, that I might become a more active participator in this glorious achievement—that I, too, might gather unfading laurels for my country in the struggle that awaits her. Again the prowlers for prey, commanded by the fell tyrant, are at our frontiers. Hitherto God has wrought wonders for us. The most sanguine expectations of our friends have been more than realized, while our enemies have witnessed the destruction of their fondest hopes. Our wives and daughters determined to share our dangers, are already equipped, armed with faith and hope in heaven. They go forth to administer consolation to the sick and dying, and to bind up their wounds. Let the effort then sweep from the winds of our feeble expectation of our country's downfall. Then wronged, insulted Poland, will be registered among the independent nations of the earth."

This appeal to the hearts of the officers was received, not in the usual manner with loud cheers. Every knee was bent, and every eye raised to heaven, and harmoniously did their voices blend in supplicating the protecting arm of Omnipotence, in behalf of themselves, their country, and this heaven-born spirit, veiled in mortality.

The day dawned, and they were ready to receive their enemy; they met, and dreadful was the conflict. Often were the Poles repulsed, and as often did they return to the contest, shouting "Liberty or death." Their soil was enriched by the blood of her dearest sons, but the cry of victory mingled with the songs of the convoy that beckoned them away. The enemy fled in wild disorder, after a protracted struggle.

Waried with the toils of war, the soldiers retired to the camp; nor were their women less in want of rest. The fair Adelia was alone insensible to fatigue, and as she was still wandering about the field of battle, intent on her errand of mercy, "Life," said she, "may still linger in some of the fallen; and even in death's last agony, I may point them to a crucified Saviour." Superstitious feelings she had none; but in the midst of her humane exertions, her arm was suddenly grasped by a ruffian, who in the hour of danger had fled from the enemy's posts. This offering he knew would insure his pardon, and procure for him future favors from the Russian commander, whose watchword was "beauty and booty"; and to this monster did he hasten with this defenceless but invaluable girl.

During this trial her fortitude was invincible and the dignity of her manner awed even those to whom she was presented. The Russian officers had assembled, under pretence of concerting measures to renew the engagement; but in fact to spend the night in riot and dissipation. The commander-in-chief of his Majesty's forces, struck by the beauty of his captive, ordered her into confinement; secretly determined on a private interview, to convince her of his power. For this purpose, even before the fumes of wine had passed away, he was at the door of her cell. She was kneeling in prayer. In behalf of Poland did she fervently and humbly ask that her captivity might in some mysterious manner aid her countrymen. She was concluding by imploring fortitude to bear the repeated insults of her enemies, and by entreating protection from the snares of the wicked.

"Be mine," said he, and my arm shall afford that protection you will seek in vain from any other power." She arose, saying: "I worship neither fronts of brass nor feet of clay; my trust is in Israel's God." "Prating fool! your life is in my hands, and dare you defy me?"

"True, you may kill me, but the Christian fears no death, and in that you will only restore me to those sainted parents of which Russian butchery has deprived me. Go, pander for a baser monarch, and no longer disturb my devotions." Threats and persuasions were alike fruitless. "There is no deed," said she,

"from which you or your nation would shrink; but my brother would think lightly of his life, purchased at the expense of his sister's virtue. Your deeds are written in blood, and every triumph but deepens the stain. Your glory may dazzle for awhile, but it will set in the starless night. Begone I command you, nor think to bribe a Polish maiden!" He left her, swearing vengeance; and in the execution of which, he ordered a menial to bring her forth for the amusement of the soldiery, well knowing that female delicacy shrinks from the public gaze. She entered the camp calm and collected, for if she had female gentleness, it was fortified with masculine firmness. Tauntingly she was asked to sing. "I used to sing," said she, "for my father: his spirit it may be permitted to hover near and respond to the song of his child." She sang a little ballad composed by herself in prison. The words were as follows.

The sun has tinged the west-ruby sky,
And cast his shadows far around;
To God I'll raise the orphan's cry
He hears the sound.

When through the gloomy cell I tread,
I raise my feeble voice and sing,
To him who is the orphan's God—
He knows their wrong.

And there is hope for misery's child,
Where despot's banner never waved—
Where monsters, virtue ne'er beguiled—
God's power can save.

She ceased. The demon was convulsed with rage, and ordered her back to await her wretched fate. Silently she followed her conductor; but in passing a dark hall, her hand fell upon a sleeping sentinel's sword. She grasped it—he awoke not—and in her own dungeon it drank the blood of the same being who first deprived her of her liberty.

Woman's imagination is ever fertile. Quick as thought she was arrayed in the garb of the fallen soldier, and presented herself before the common jail, demanding certain prisoners for the gratification of his master. The names were given, and some of Poland's bravest officers were again at liberty, and among them fair Adelia's brother.

The honest boy.—A gentleman from the country placed his son with a dry goods merchant in—st. For a time all went on well. At length a lady came to the store to purchase a silk dress, and the young man waited upon her. The price demanded of her was agreed to, and he proceeded to fold the goods. He discovered, before he had finished, a flaw in the silk, and pointing it out to the lady, said, "Madam, I deem it my duty to tell you there is a fraction in the silk."

Of course, she did not take it. The merchant overheard the remark, and immediately wrote to the father of the man to come and take him home; for, said he, "he will never make a merchant."

The father, who had ever reposed confidence in his son, was much grieved, and hastened to the city to be informed of his deficiencies. "Why will he not make a merchant?" asked he.

"Because he has no tact," was the answer. "Only a day or two ago, he told a lady, voluntarily, who was buying silk of him, that the goods were damaged; and I lost the bargain. Purchasers must look out for themselves. If they cannot discover flaws, it would be foolishness of me to tell them of their existence."

"And is that all his fault?" asked the parent.

"Yes," answered the merchant. "he is very well in other respects."

"Then I love my son the better than ever, and I thank you for telling me of the matter; I would not have him another day in your store for the world."

We make no comments on the above. Whether such a trade as the merchant would make, or rather taking advantage of the purchaser's ignorance, is making the best of one's knowledge, we leave our readers to decide.—N. E. Galaxy.

THE WHITE INDIANS.

It is a fact, perhaps not generally known, that there does exist, in the far west, at least two small tribes of white people. One of these bands is called Mawkeys. They reside in Mexico, on the south-west side of the Rocky Mountains, and between 300 and 500 miles from Santa Fe, towards California; and in a valley which makes a deep notch into the mountain, surrounded by high and impassable ridges, and which can only be entered by a narrow pass from the south-west. They are represented by trappers and hunters from the south-west known to the writer of this to be men of veracity, to be an innocent, inoffensive people, living by agriculture, and raising great numbers of horses and mules, both of which are used by them for food. They cultivate maize, pumpkins and beans in large quantities.

These people are frequently depredated upon by their more warlike red neighbors, to which they submit, without resorting to deadly weapons to repel the aggressors.

A trapper on one occasion arrived at a village of the Mawkeys. He was armed with a rifle, a pair of belt pistols, knife and tomahawk; all of which were new to them, and appeared to excite their wonder and surprise. After conversing some time by signs, he fired one of his pistols, instantly the whole group around him fell to the earth, in the utmost consternation; they entreated him not to hurt them, and showed in various ways that they thought him a supernatural being. He saw vast numbers of horses and mules about the village.—Western Democrat.

Ingenious Spy.—It was customary with Marshal Bassempire, when any one of the soldiers were brought before him for heinous offences, to say to them, "Brother, you or I will certainly be hanged!" which was a sufficient announcement of their fate. A spy who was discovered in his camp was addressed in this language; and the next day, as the wretch was about to be led to the gallows, he pressed earnestly to speak to the Marshal, alleging that he had something of importance to communicate. The Marshal being made acquainted with the request, said, in a rough manner, "It is always the way with these rascals; they pretend some most frivolous story, merely to relieve themselves for a few moments; however bring the dog hither." Being introduced, the Marshal asked him "what he had to say?" "Why, my lord," said the culprit, "when first I had the honor of your conversation, you were pleased to say, that either you or I should be hanged; now I am come to know whether it is your pleasure to die so, because, if you want, I must, that's all. The Marshal was so pleased with the fellow's humor, that he ordered him to be released."

A Joke.—The first patron of Edmund Burke was Gerard Hamilton, who, in a moment of anger, said to him, "It was I who took you from a garret and introduced you into life." "It appears clear," said Burke, "from your own confession, that I descended to make your acquaintance."

A black-mith brought up his son, to whom he was very severe, to his trade.—The urechin was a most audacious dog.—One day the old gentleman was attempting to harden a cold chisel which he had made of foreign steel, but he could not succeed. "Horsewhip it, father," exclaimed the young one—"if that will not harden it, I don't know what will."

The Woodcutter's Wife.—Some years ago, says a foreign journal, the Captain of a large corsair carried off the wife of a poor woodcutter, residing in the neighborhood of Messina. After detaining her for several months on board his vessel, he landed her on an island in the South Sea, wholly regardless of what might befall her. It so happened that the woman was presented to the savage monarch of the island, who became enamored of her. He made her his wife, placed her on the throne, and at his death, left her sole sovereign of his dominions. By an European vessel which recently touched at this island, the poor woodcutter has received intelligence of his wife. She sent him presents of such vast value, that he will be one of the wealthiest private individuals in Sicily, until it shall please her majesty, his august spouse, to invite him to her court.

BRANTOME, a respectable French author, states as an evidence of the gallantry of ancient times, that in the reign of Francis I. a young lady who had a very talkative lover, laid her commands upon him, to observe an absolute silence for an unlimited time. The lover obeyed the order for two years, during which space it was thought, that by some accident or other, he had lost the use of his speech. He happened one day to be at an assembly, where he met this young lady to whom it was not known that he was attached, love being conducted in those days in a more mysterious manner than at present. The lady boasted she would cure him instantly, and did it with a single word—SPEAK.

What more could the Pythagorean philosophy have done with all its parade and boasting? Is there a lady now, that could depend upon so exact an obedience, even for a single day? But the times of chivalry, in particular, afforded examples almost incredible, of an attachment, carried even to adoration, which the knights and other military heroes of those ages constantly evinced for their lady love, to whom, indeed, they were in the literal sense of their amorous professions—their devoted slaves.

Let Population Thrive.—A lady of this county was delivered, we understand, a short time since, of three fine, plump, healthy daughters, at one birth. The young ladies, we are glad to learn, are all living and expected to do well. The father of the babes, as is generally the case with those whom Providence blesses after this manner, we are sorry to learn, is in extremely indigent circumstances. Can't Congress give the girls a section, or two of the public lands, and put a tax on bachelors to pay for it?—Harrisonburg Register.

CLEVELAND, (OHIO), JUNE 30: Sudden and melancholy death.—Two days since we recorded the marriage of Rev. Jarvis Gregg, Professor of Sacred Rhetoric in Western Reserve College, to a lady of New Hampshire, niece of the Hon. Daniel Webster; and now we are called upon to note his death. He arrived at Hudson last week; on Sunday morning had a sudden and severe attack of bilious fever, and on Tuesday night sunk in the sleep of death. It is a great loss to his friends, to the institution with which he was connected, & to the Christian ministry, in which he gave great promise of usefulness.