

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 }
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For the Register.

MY DEAR DUNCAN:
Your long and very unusual silence has given birth to a variety of speculations, which have very unobtrusively intruded themselves upon me, and which I find somewhat difficult to remove or supplant for others more congenial to my feelings and nature. If I were permitted to assign the cause or causes, out of which your silence has grown, I might attribute it to a peculiar distaste for composition, which you have occasionally avowed, or it might be in consequence of the accumulation of professional engagements, which I readily admit you are bound to attend to at all times, and under any circumstances coming immediately within your control. It cannot be that absence, like the withering hand of time, has erased all recollections of former friendship and kind feelings, and has engendered a cold indifference in the heart of my friend which was once warm and generous, and glowed with that manly benevolence which exalts the human mind and elevates it beyond the reach of mean and sordid considerations. I cannot for a moment indulge the thought that days of absence, however long and dreary, could ever change your course and conduct, or that it could influence you to act cold or indifferent to him or them whom you might deem worthy of your confidence and esteem. Doubtless you have distinct recollection that the time was, when it was your prerogative to edify and instruct, and mine to please and amuse, during the hours of recreation from business, which we then claimed as our own. It was then, that we shared largely in a friendship, mutual in its kind, which none feel or cherish but those whose hearts are susceptible of its bewitching influence, and although we are at this time separated by some hundreds of miles, perhaps never to meet again, yet may that long cherished friendship for each other live while we have an existence, and warm our hearts so long as we are permitted by our Creator to breathe the vital air of heaven.

Often I think of thee, dear friend,
And would rejoice thy face to see,
Oh! yes thy hand to shake, 'twould tend,
To cheer and comfort while with thee.

Often I think of days gone by,
Which were in friendship spent;
Those days are lost to you and I,
The present is but lent.

When I reflect on thy warm heart,
Your absence causes many a sigh,
Once I did hope we never should part,
But wish each other live and die.

There are some people in the world, (and for the honor of human nature I hope the number is but small) who pretend to doubt the existence of true friendship, and in vindication of this absurd principle, unobtrusively assert that the human heart is too fluctuating and visionary to cherish this, or any other virtue which elevates our nature, thereby drawing no distinction between virtue and vice, between what is amiable and praise worthy, and what may be viewed as objectionable in the character of man.

The interesting history of *Damon & Pythias*, the former of whom was condemned to death by the Syracusan Tyrant, is demonstrative that genuine and lasting friendship can live and be nurtured in the breasts of the virtuous, intelligent and refined, and when brought to bear upon the minds of its possessors, a lustre of the most brilliant hue is shed around them which the tongue of envy and malice can never tarnish. Changes in men as well as things not unfrequently occur, and you may be more or less surprised, when I inform you that a great and wonderful change has been wrought in me during the past six or eight years. I am not now what I was, when we were associated together; then, I was fond of the pleasures and amusements of a giddy world, and you well know, when an opportunity presented itself, I would participate in all the fashionable kinds of dissipation practised in that day and time; then the ball room and gaudy card parties were my delight. Now they have become insipid, and all taste and relish for gay amusements of every kind have long since been buried in the grave of forgetfulness. Never I hope to be disinterested, to corrode and contaminate my soul in this, and jeopardize its happiness in the world to come. I am now striving to follow in the train of pleasures more congenial with the principles and character of an evangelical

Christian. I have exchanged the pomp and pleasures of the world for the religion of the Bible, and have enjoyed more real pleasure and happiness in the service of my God during the few years of my Christian pilgrimage, than the whole of my previous life which I spent in the service of the world. You may, as many others have done in this & ages long gone by, doubt the reality of such pretensions, and enquire how do I know I possess the religion of the Bible, and am living within the smiles of God's reconciled countenance? As you doubtless believe in the truths of Christianity, I will answer your enquiry by referring you to the *New Testament* for proof, as that part of Divine Revelation clearly shows us our duty to God and our fellow men, and the way and manner we are to obtain forgiveness for rebelling against his government and laws. In the volume of Nature we have a multiplicity of beauties of the most exquisite kind unfolded to our view which claim our admiration, but my invaluable friend, they will scarcely bear a comparison with those to be found in the Bible, the great volume of Revelation.

In the first we behold with our natural eyes the omniscience and omnipotence of the Great I AM; in the second, we are clearly taught the plan which he devised in the counsels of his infinite greatness to restore a fallen and degraded race to his love and favor. It was great to speak a world from naught, but greater to redeem, was the language of an eminent Divine, who must have advanced farther in the school of Theology, than most of his associates in that sublime science; he must have been fed bountifully upon the bread, and drank copious draughts of the water of life, during his stay on earth; you, my friend, can eat of this bread, and drink of this water, if you apply with an ardent desire to partake of them. These things are of vast importance, and should interest you much, and cause you to reflect seriously upon your state and condition as an accountable being, who will sooner or later be called on by the universal conqueror to render an account of your stewardship, and whether you will be prepared or not, his errand will be accomplished, his purpose effected, in escorting your soul to the impartial bar of God, to receive a condemnatory or applauding sentence.

Let me assure you there is a reality in religion, which you may live without while an inhabitant of earth; but one truth is undeniable, you cannot die without it and secure a happy immortality; it is indispensable to your peace and happiness in both worlds, and as I am impressed with the belief that your heart is alive to its importance, I beg leave to impress upon your mind the necessity of giving the Bible a fair and careful perusal, and as you turn over its sacred pages, implore the aid and assistance of your God, who will give you a mind to comprehend and understand its contents, or so much thereof as will be needful for you.

Do not distrust, or throw the least shade of doubt upon the promises of the Most High. They are as rich as heavenly love can make them, they are as firm as eternal truth can fix them, and as sure as dependent mortals can wish them; then discard every species of pride and worldly-mindedness, and pray with all the fervency of your soul for those spiritual blessings which will enable you to subdue every evil passion, and protect you from the assaults of Satan, the world and the flesh.

From the hints you have thrown out in the latter part of your letter of May last, no other inference can be drawn than that you would be willing to accept of religion if you knew how to obtain it; as I have already remarked, read the Bible carefully and attentively, remembering that in consequence of the vicarious death of Christ, the mercy of God has been secured to you and all others, whose penitential prayers he will hear, and answer in the pardon of your sins; but on the other hand, if you continue to live a man of the world, he will in the hour of death, and after he has disunited your soul and body, be the Lion of the tribe of Judah, to punish for every act of disobedience.

The hour for retiring to bed has arrived, and I am admonished to close this letter, and in doing so, suffer me, in the sincerity of my heart, to tender you my best wishes for your happiness in this and a future world.

I am your friend, unalterably,
SUMMERFIELD.

For the Register.

UNION IS STRENGTH.

Philanthropists have in all ages of the world disagreed in some points; yet there are others, upon which all can unite, and take hold together. We find that some of the North and South, can unite in the cause of Temperance. They join in saying, that manufacturers, importers, and retailers, are culpable, although not to the same extent. It is conceded, that if the article were not made, none could import it; and consequently there would be no retailers. But inasmuch as it is

manufactured, vast quantities are imported, and retailers are daily dealing it out, and thousands are as daily going to the drunkard's grave, from the too frequent use of it. In this, we all unite. But there are other points, upon which the Philanthropists of the North & South cannot agree. The Constitution of the United States provides that the separate States shall each have their own Constitution, make their own laws, import and export, and hold and own slaves. All this is guaranteed to the separate States, and the Union is pledged for their protection; and ever since the Union sprang into existence, the Northern States have been filling the South & West with slaves, and have enriched themselves by the traffic. And within the last few years, they have been charging the whole evil of slavery upon the Southern and Western States. If this matter was looked into, it would be seen that the South and West had very little hand in bringing this kind of property to the shores of America; but for the most part, the Northerners brought and forced them upon the Southern and Western planters, and now the cry is the evil of slavery. If it is an evil, to what section are the South and West indebted for it? All must say THE NORTH. Who first set apart capital, got plans, and built ships to contain so many souls, had these ships provisioned, manned them and sent them to sea? Let the Northerners answer this question. The very clothes worn by the Northern wholesale merchants—the stock owned by them in Rail roads, Insurance & S. S. companies, and in Banks—the seats they occupy in their respective Churches—the books they hold in their hands during divine worship, will all be found to be the proceeds of slave labor. Look at the wholesale merchants books, all over the Northern country, and it will be seen that ever since we have been a Republic, that they have sold upon time to the merchants of the South and West, upon the faith of *this very property*. This cannot be doubted, for the Southern and Western capitalists have very little other property but land and slaves. Philanthropists ought always to be just, before they are benevolent; and before they raise the cry against others, they ought to get the Achan out of their own camps. It will be advisable for all these benevolent ones, to examine and see how much of these unhallowed gains they have set apart for the support of their families; and, no doubt, but they will find that nearly two-thirds of their treasure is the result of this same slave labor. Their books, that are lying upon their desks, will be swift witnesses against them; and before they can vindicate their own conduct in this crusade against the South and West, they ought to get rid of all their ill-gotten gains, which they have received from the Southern and Western States. And when they have accomplished this, and have humbly repented of this their sin, then they ought to wash their hands of us, from selling goods or merchandise of any kind to any of the slave-holding States. For until they do this, their benevolence will be but as the sounding brass, or the tinkling cymbal—for there can be no compromise. It will not do to engage in evil to accumulate capital, and by acts of benevolence to give it away, no matter for what purpose, that good may come. And to use the language of Scripture, we say, come out from amongst the wicked; touch not, taste not, handle not, the unclean thing. When they have accumulated estates, by trading with the non-slave holding community, then they can, with some propriety, give their property for such objects. But first, let them pick the beam out of their own eye, before they discover so readily the mote in another's.

THORNTON.

SHOOTING A SOLDIER.

From Campbell's Letters from Algiers.

I made an appointment with Lagondie to meet him in the square near the Kasbah, at half past one next day, and to go out with him to the tragic spectacle, which was to take place at two o'clock, half a mile from town. All that evening and the next morning I felt like a fish out of the water. When I awoke in the middle of the night, I thought to myself, what are the sensations of a deserter? and again, after my morning's sleep, I put the same question. I rose early, as usual, took coffee, rode out, returned to read, and tried to write and study; but neither by coffee, nor riding, nor reading, could I get rid of my thoughts about the deserter, and ever and anon I was pulling out my watch to count the hours he had to live. At the time appointed, I joined Capt. Lagondie, and we set out on foot to the spot of this real tragedy. Troops of cavalry came down from the Kasbah, with trumpets blowing as gaily as if it had been a military triumph, and a regiment of infantry marched beside us out of the city gate. We passed the prison where the victim was confined, and Lagondie pointed out to me the grated window of his apartment, through which he was listening to the last music he was ever to hear in this world.

Shortly we reached the ground where

his fate was to be enacted. We took our stand on the top of the lime-rocks, whilst the troops, one thousand in number, formed three-fourths of a square on the plain beneath. At last, from the prison gate came forth a company—their drums muffled with crepe—and the victim in the centre on foot, followed by the horse and cart which were to carry back his dead body. He was quite unclained, and had no priest with him. At first, they beat a slow march, but we saw him wave his hand to the drummers, and understood that it was a signal for them to beat quick time, which they did, whilst I dare say more hearts than mine quickened their pulsation. When they halted in the fatal spot, the commanding officer pulled out a paper, which was the sentence of death, and he read it with a loud and stern voice. Every syllable that he uttered was audible, though we stood at considerable distance. Meanwhile the sufferer took his station, with his back to the lime-rocks, with twelve musketeers, who were to be his executioners, in front of him; his air was free and resolute, and his step was manly, as I remarked it to have been all the way down from the prison. He threw away the cigar he had been smoking, and I could see its red end fading into blackness, like a forgoing symbol of his life's extinction. He then made his last speech, which was certainly not so audible as that of his sentence had been; but, considering his situation, it was very firm, and its plainness—oh, talk not of Siddons's tones!—was more piercingly and terribly touching than I ever heard from human lips. I cannot pretend that he said in so many, or rather so few words, what follows; but though I may give more point to the substance of his speech, the following was its substantial meaning:

"Comrades, what my sentence of death has told you is all true, except it has unjustly called me the chief conspirator in this late desertion—for I seduced nobody into it; on the contrary, I was persuaded into it by others. The motive of my crime was merely an intense desire to see my father's family in Italy; and now my heart's blood is to be shed, and my brains are scattered on the ground, because my heart yearned for a sight of my brothers and sisters, and because my brain could not forget them! Soldiers who are to shoot me, do your duty quickly, and do not keep me in torment."

He then stepped forward some paces nearer his executioners, and with steady hands and an erect air bound a pellow silk handkerchief round his eyes. Eleven musket shots immediately laid him low, though he jumped up before he fell when the ball pierced him; the twelfth soldier going up to him as he lay on the ground fired close into his head. You will not wonder that my tears at this crisis blinded me—when I dried them I could not see the victim. I said to Lagondie, "Where is he?" "Look there," he answered, pointing with his finger; "don't you see a red stripe on the ground?" And sure enough I saw it; his red pantaloons made one part of the stripe, and his bleeding head and body made the other. All the troops then defiled around him. We came down to the spot, but before we reached it the body had been removed in a cart, and nothing remained but some blood and brains and a portion of his skull. I returned to my lodgings scarcely able to persuade myself that I had seen reality. Oh, God! that man who cannot put life into a fly, can have any excuse for taking it from a fellow-creature!

(From the New-York Gazette.)

The Whitakers.—The tragedy which happened last spring in New-Orleans, is probably fresh in the minds of our readers. But the particulars attendant on it, which we give below, have never been published, probably for the substantial reason, that the lives of the editors of that city, had they published them, might have been the forfeit.

The Whitaker family, noted desperadoes, reside at a considerable distance from New-Orleans, on the Mississippi, and are the terror of that part of the country. Young Whitaker, the convict and suicide, is said to have been obnoxious to the censure of his brothers, on account of his *timidity*, although he had committed at least one murder previous to that of which he had been convicted. The latter was perpetrated in a bar room, on the person of the keeper, because he did not wait on him quick enough. Whitaker drew his knife, and stabbed him to the heart.

He was arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to death. The family, consisting of the father, mother, two brothers and a sister, repaired to New Orleans with the determination of effecting his rescue, or putting him to death with their own hands. Our informant states that the elder brother told him that he had paid the keeper of the prison \$6000 to be instrumental in his liberation. It is true that he sawed off the bars of his prison window, and was in the act of running off, when he was taken and carried back to jail, where he was more closely confined than before. The day of execution draw-

ing near, and little chance being left that he would gain his freedom, his family determined that the gibbet should lose its victim. They therefore furnished him with laudanum, which was either not taken by him, or failed in its intended effect. He was afterwards visited by one of the family, who put into his hands a knife of peculiar construction, (a pattern of which we have seen,) such as are carried by the assassins of that portion of country, with an injunction to use it on himself; and the whole family have been seen on their knees at prayers, invoking God that he might not die a coward.

A short time previous to the day on which he was ordered to be hanged, he made two attempts on his left breast with the instrument given him, but his courage failed. He was goaded on to the fatal deed by his brother, and he plunged it between his ribs seven inches in depth, perforating his heart. This knife, covered with his blood, is now held by his family as a trophy of honor. The body was delivered up to the family, taken home, and buried with military honors.

To show the utter recklessness of this horrible crew, they have sworn that the Governor who refused to pardon him, the Jailor who confined, and the Judge who sentenced him, shall die by their hands; and even the sister declares that if these deeds are delayed, she will train her little boys up for the purpose of putting them to death. This fiendish woman had armed herself for the purpose of assassinating her brother on the way to execution, had he failed himself to perform the deed.

But the whole of the story is not told. The family, immediately on hearing the death of the young man, employed a gentleman of this city to take a cast of his face in cement, and procure a bust to be made from it. The cast was taken while the body was yet warm, and a young man who accompanied him executed the bust, which was considered an admirable likeness, for which they agreed to pay him a hundred and ten dollars. After repeated applications for the money, which was not paid, the family having returned home, he left the city, repaired to their residence, and demanded the amount promised him. The elder brother bade him be off or he would kill him, and drew his knife, but his purpose was prevented by the interposition of his mother. The young man mounted his horse, and was returning to New Orleans, but was intercepted next evening on the road by two of the Whitakers, painted and disguised. They first insulted him by asking him who he was, whence he came, &c.; but he, knowing their object, drew a pistol, and shot one of them dead on the spot. He fled, soon after abandoned his horse, and took to the woods, where he secreted himself during the day, and travelled by night. An hour after his arrival at New Orleans, he had been pursued by the remaining Whitaker and another person, who inquired for him at his lodgings. His landlord kindly informed him of the fact, and placed him on board a ship bound to Mobile, at which place he arrived in safety.

Attachment of a Swallow.—The Chiff swallow is not, we believe, a regular sojourner in these parts. His visits are believed to be only occasional—few and far between. At any rate we are informed that he has no regular haunts. The farm, that he gladdens this year, may not be again cheered by his presence for many coming seasons. We have an excellent anecdote to tell of a pair of these interesting birds. It is related to us, if not by an eye witness, by one who received it from an undoubted source. These birds, as do nearly all the birds of this latitude, take their departure hence for warmer skies. Several years since, a large number of them had their nests built upon a barn in the south part of Deersfield. At the usual period their northern dwellings were abandoned, and the tribe took its flight for the tropics.

After a time a solitary individual was observed lingering among the forsaken habitations. Various conjectures were started to account for his tarrying. It might be, that he had not strength enough for so distant an expedition, or he might have been accidentally left behind in the general emigration, and feared to encounter the perils of the journey alone. The autumn passed away, and still that solitary stranger remained, braving the frosts and the pelting of the storms of winter. Spring came and yet he was there. An occurrence so singular and contrary to the habits of the emigrating tribes, caused his motions to be watched with more attention. At length another bird was observed protruded from one of the nests, which seemed to be the particular abode of the bird which had been marked with so much interest. On examining the nest the mystery was beautifully solved. A mother swallow was found there a prisoner. One of his legs had become entangled by a thread or a horse hair, which had been used in the lining of the nest, and held it there a captive. Yet it was not deserted by its faithful mate. Through all the long and dreary winter, his patient, self-devoting love, supplied her wants. He saw, without regret, but for his hapless consort, the deepening gloom

of the fading year; he felt, without feeling, but for her, the advancing rigour of winter, and if he, at times, remembered the sunny skies of the South, and the pleasures his tribe were there enjoying, it was only to sigh that she could not partake them. By night and by day, in sunshine and in cloud, in the calm and the tempest, he was with her, ministering to her wants, and cheering the hours of her hopeless captivity by his caresses, and untiring devotion. Now do you suppose that the vulture is capable of such heroic constancy and generous self sacrifice.—Or did you ever hear a-y thing like this authenticated of the featherless vulture—the "animal bipes implume?" Instinct is a wonderful thing, and perhaps the noblest characteristics of humanity are nothing more than instinct. But what is instinct? is an inquiry—not to be pursued at the tail of a story about swallows. [Greenfield Ado.]

Ned of the Todden.—An affecting Story of an Idiot.—From the interesting letters of Esprilla, just published by Dearborn, we make this extract:—"A long time ago there was in these parts a poor idiot, who, being quite harmless, was permitted to wander whether he would and receive charity at every house in his regular rounds. His name was Ned of the Todden, and I have just heard of a tale which has thrilled every nerve in me from head to foot. He lived with his mother, and there was no other in the family: It is remarked that idiots are always particularly beloved by their mothers, doubtless because they always continue in a state as helpless and dependent as infancy. This poor fellow in return was equally fond of his mother: love to her was the only feeling of which he was capable, and that feeling was proportionate y strong. The mother fell sick and died; of death, poor-wretch he knew nothing; and it was in vain to hope to make him comprehend it. He would not suffer them to bury her, and they were obliged to put her into the coffin unknown to him, and carry her to the grave when, as they imagined, he had been decoyed away to a distance. Ned of the Todden, however suspected that something was designed, watched them secretly, and as soon as it was dark, opened the grave, took out the body and carried it home. Some of the neighbors compassionately went into the cottage to look after him: they found the dead body seated in her own place in the chimney corner, a large fire blazing, which he had made to warm her, and the idiot sat with a large dish of pap offering to feed her. "Eat, mother!" he was saying, "you used to like it!" Presently wondering at her silence, he looked at the face of the corpse, took the dead hand to feel it, and said "Why d'ye look so pale, mother? why be you so cold?"

APPEARANCES.—Some years since a merchant on Long Wharf advertised for Spanish milled dollars. The premium was high. A Roxbury farmer, who came into town for manure, and who took pride in appearing like a beggar, with a shovel on his shoulder, called at the counting-room of the man, and asked him if he wanted silver dollars. "Yes," said the merchant; "have you got any?" "Not with me," replied the farmer, "but I think I have a few at home. What do you give?" "Four per cent," said the merchant; and added, "I will give you seven for all you have." "Well," said the man, "I should like to have you just clap down on paper how much you give, and the number of your shop, or I will be puzzled to find it." "Yes," said the merchant, "that I will do: what is your name?" "Edward Sumner," said he.—The merchant then wrote as follows, and gave it to him:

"Edward Sumner, of Roxbury, says that he thinks he has some Spanish dollars at home, but don't know. I hereby agree to pay him seven per cent. premium for all such dollars as he may produce."
G—A—

"If I find any," said the dung-cart man, "I will call with them to-morrow morning, at nine o'clock; if I don't you won't see me." The appearance of the man satisfied the merchant that his dollars would be scarce. At nine o'clock the next day, however, the man appeared, and stacking full after stacking full was carried up and emptied on the table, till seven thousand were counted. The merchant, somewhat restive, but honorably caught, took the silver, gave a check for the amount, with seven per cent. added, and pleasantly remarked, "I did not really suppose, from your appearance, that you could have more than half a dozen dollars."

Mr. S. took up his check, and replied in his own peculiar emphatic style, "Sir, I'll tell you a truth which a man of your standing in the world ought to know, and it is this—Appearances oftentimes deceive us."

Near Edinburg a farmer who was troubled with Rats, recently caught 400 by placing a large copper kettle in the corn loft, filling it about half full of water and throwing a thin sprinkling of chaff over it. By a few boards extending from the wall to the kettle the rats could jump among what they thought to be a fine lot of grain, and died the death.