

# 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, SEPTEMBER 20, 1836.

VOLUME XXXVII }  
NUMBER 45.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY,  
By Joseph Gates & Son.

### ROMANTIC STORY.

About eight and twenty years ago, a young gentleman, a merchant, in an eastern city, belonging to a very respectable family, became unfortunate in business, and his creditors being very importunate, he was obliged, for personal safety, to leave the place. He finally settled down in South America, sometimes living in Buenos Ayres, and at others in Montevideo and other Spanish and Portuguese cities. He left at home a young and beautiful wife, to whom he had been married a few months only, who became very soon dependent on her own exertions, or the assistance of her relatives, for the support of herself and an infant daughter to whom she had given birth, subsequent to the departure of her husband. His business was not very flourishing abroad, and from long absence he had become, in some measure, at least, weaned from the affections of his wife, who was pining in comparative solitude at home; his remittances, if ever he made her any, became less and less frequent; and his letters few and far between, breathed little or no consolation to her afflicted bosom. He occasionally visited this city and Philadelphia, but if she was aware of the fact at the time, she had not the strength or the financial means to bear her thither, though her love for him remained unalloyed and unabated. It was not till about twenty years after his residence in Buenos Ayres, that it was known or suspected that he was a man of family, and it was only from the fact that one of his townsmen, who met him in his boarding house, and told him that he had recently left his wife in good health at home, that the fact became known. His daughter, who of course had never seen him, frequently wrote him in the most affectionate manner, imploring him once more to visit his family. To these supplications he paid but little heed, either making some frivolous excuse, or paying no regard at all to them. During the past spring, the daughter was assured her father was in Philadelphia, and taking the advantage of a visit which a young gentleman to whom she was attached was about making to Washington, she repaired to the former city, and was quartered in the same hotel with her parent. A message was sent to his room, stating that a young lady wished an interview with him. This was granted, and, in a few moments, the father and daughter were clasped in each other's arms. It is sufficient to say that her elegance and her tears subdued his heart, that he immediately repaired to his long forsaken wife, who received him with all the affectionate feelings of her nature, and they are now living in the same harmony as though he had never abandoned her.—*N. Y. Gazette.*

Ours vs. Mr.—Mr. Slang always used to say, "my horses, my boys," &c. Mr. Slang now invariably says, "our horses, our boys, our farm." This substitution of "our" for "my," by Mr. Slang, was bro't about thus: Mr. Slang had just married a second wife. On the day after the wedding, Mr. Slang casually remarked, "I now intend, Mrs. Slang, to enlarge my dairy."

You mean our dairy, my dear, replied Mrs. Slang. No; quoth Mr. Slang. I say I shall enlarge my dairy. Say our dairy, Mr. Slang. No; my dairy. Say our dairy, say our, screamed Mrs. Slang, seizing the poker. My dairy! My dairy! My dairy! vociferated the husband.

Our dairy! Our dairy! Our dairy! re echoed the wife, emphasizing each "our" with a blow from the poker upon the back of her cowering spouse.

Mr. Slang retreated under the bed. In passing under the bed, Mr. Slang's hat was brushed off. Mr. Slang remained under cover several minutes, waiting for a calm. At length his wife saw him thrusting his head out at the foot of the bed, much like a turtle from his shell.

What are you looking for, Mr. Slang, says she? I am looking, my dear, sniveled he, to see if I can see any thing of our hat. The struggle was over. The next Sunday morning, Mr. Slang asked Mrs. Slang, if he might wear our clean breeches to meeting? And in short, ever since the above mentioned occurrence, Mr. Slang has studiously avoided the use of that odious, singular, possessive pronoun. He stands corrected. Forsooth, he considers Mrs. Slang the better grammarian.

Putting the Best Foot First.—Dr. H. J.\*\*\* was one of the most able, talented and eccentric surgeons of the last century. His practice embraced a large circuit, and his fame extended to every part of the State. The Dr. was one morning sitting in his office poring over some medical work fresh from the mother country, via Boston, when a loud rap at the door aroused him. "Come in?" said the Dr. and an old lady hobbled into the apartment, who seemed the very embodiment of dirt and negligence.

The old crane proceeded to divest her understanding of the apology for a horse with which it was covered, and displayed to the astounded Dr. a foot—and such a foot!

"La Dr.—ye needn't be in such a wonderment about it—there's dirtier feet than that in the world—I see warrant ye; and a dirtier foot than that in your own house, as proud as the young ladies, your daughters are—for all that"—and the old hag cackled forth her pleasure at the Dr.'s astonishment.

"Woman! if you can find a dirtier foot than that in my house, I will give you a guinea and cure your foot for nothing."

"Pon honor?"—said the Beilam.

"Pon honor!"—cried the Dr.

The old woman stripped off the other stocking and displayed a foot that beggared all descriptions; grinned in the face of the astonished Dr. exclaiming—"Gee me the guinea! Gee me the guinea! I know'd it—I know'd it! I wash'd 'tother fore I come here!"

Portsmouth Gazette.

We find the following simple but touching story in a French paper, *Le Druit*. Such scenes are not without parallel, in busy, thriving, New-York:

An old man, his age was eighty-two, answered to his name, and, raising himself with difficulty, was supported by his daughter before the tribunal of his judges. To the question of the presiding magistrate, his daughter replied in a trembling voice, "My father does not hear you, gentlemen, permit me to answer for him."

President—Your father is brought before us charged with begging and being homeless.

Daughter—May heaven pardon those who have told you that. Gentlemen, from the day I was born, my father never left me, and while I can work never shall be a burthen to any one. A month since, I fell sick; we were without money; my father rose early and went out. He did not return till evening—then he sat down by my bed side and burst into tears. I asked him what ailed him? He said it was a sad thing to be old. He had applied for a situation as a laborer, but his age was against him; they refused him. I shall have to beg, said he, for how can I let this die for want of assistance.

I told him I was better, and that I would go to work the next morning. The next morning I was unable to move. My father went out without speaking to me.—An hour afterwards I was informed that the guards had arrested him for asking alms. Gentlemen, if he did so, it was not for himself, but for me, when I was sick, too sick to work. If you will pardon him this time, I promise you he shall never offend again. The affecting manner in which the poor girl spoke softened even the magistrates, and justice, or rather law, gave way to feeling, and the octogenarian was discharged.

Cleveland Mag.

Consistency.—In a small town in Vermont, according to the Boston Transcript, there returned a few weeks since, a young man, a native of the place, who had been absent for ten years, having resided in Georgia, where he had accumulated considerable property, about ten thousand dollars of which were invested in slaves. Shortly after his return, he was seized with a fever, and on August 1st died, without family. Of course, his property went to his brothers and sisters, three of whom were members of the Abolition society—and one of them is president of the society. When called upon to know what they intended to do with the slaves, it being intimated that they might now show their consistency, the president of the society replied, "that the laws of the State were so oppressive to free blacks, that it would be a mercy to sell them to some kind master, who, in conformity with the request of his deceased brother, should give bonds, that FAMILIES should never be separated."

Advice of William Penn.—Extracted from one of his Epistles to his Emigrants, which we do not recollect to have seen publicly noticed: "Now, for you who think of going to Pennsylvania, I have this to say to you, by way of caution. If a hair of our heads fall not to the ground without the providence of God, remember your removal is of greater moment. Wherefore, have a due reverence and regard to his good providence. Go clear in yourselves and of all others. Be moderate in expectation; count on labor before a crop, and cost before gain; for such persons will best endure difficulties, if they come, and bear the success, as well as find the comfort that usually follow such considerate undertakings."

Definition of a Gentleman.—Gentility is neither in birth, manner, nor fashion, but in the mind. A high sense of honor, a determination never to take a mean advantage of another, an adherence to truth, delicacy, and politeness towards those with whom you may have dealings, are the essential and distinguishing characteristics of a gentleman.

### FROM THE PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY NEWS.

Eccentricity.—Delaware is not only the smallest State in the Union, but I venture to say has the smallest house of worship and congregation. At Cantwell's bridge, a pretty little village on the main peninsula road, about ten miles this side of Smyrna, is a Friends' meeting-house, built of brick, only about twelve feet square. Small as it is, it has all the appurtenances, outside & in, that usually are found in those of larger dimensions. The congregation consists of one man. He is a respectable farmer, living four or five miles distant, but attends regularly, twice every week, and sits out the usual time alone. I understand he is a bachelor; unless he takes to himself a wife, therefore, need not fear any of those unhappy divisions that so frequently disturb the peace of religious societies, and so recently destroyed that to which he belongs. I looked in upon him a few Sabbaths since, but so intent was he upon his devotional meditation, that he did not observe me until the Meeting was broken up, and then I found him quite a social, though a solitary being.

How different must be the feelings of devotion in this small tenement, alone, from those excited in one of our fashionable churches, "glittering with polished marble and fine gold"—Surrounded by a thousand "waving plumes" and fair faces, dazzling the eyes; while on the ear the "pealing anthem swells with notes of praise."

The Sabbath.—It is no rash assertion, that from that holy institution, the Sabbath, have accrued to man more knowledge of his God, more instruction in righteousness, more guidance of his affections, and more consolation of his spirit, than from all other means which have been devised in the world to make him wise and virtuous. We cannot fully estimate the effects of the Sabbath, unless we were once deprived of it.

Imagination cannot fully picture the depravity which would gradually ensue, if time were thrown into one promiscuous field, without these heaven directed beacons to rest, and direct the passing pilgrim. Man would then plod through a wilderness of being, and one of the avenues which now admits the light that will illuminate his path, would be perfectly closed.—*Bishop Dehon.*

ANECDOTE.—The English correspondent of the New York Star gives the following particulars of the movement in London, of Prynne, the manager of the N. York National Times:

You may have noticed Flynn's remarkable likeness to George IV. The features are nearly similar. A curious incident arose out of this resemblance, while he was in London. He went to Vauxhall in company with Rice, Hugh Kirkman (Tennessee) Pinchon, and others—a jovial crew.—He was dressed, with some taste and even splendor, in a suit from no less an artist than the fashioner who clothes the Duke of Buccleugh, and walked (we may suppose) as he was, "aye, every inch a king." As he was going ahead, Sir Charles Wombwell came up, familiarly took him by the arm, and said, "D-d, come and see the fireworks." Flynn made no reply beyond a bow of assent and they walked on. Presently Sir Charles started, for another "D-d!" was before him! He had mistaken the National for Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence!! and the real Simon Pure seemed struck in a heap by the appearance of his double. Lord Adolphus soon left Vauxhall, but Flynn & Co. remained, and Rice, to humor the joke, kept calling him "My Lord." This, and the remarkable likeness, made every one positive that it was Lord Adolphus, and he was surrounded by crowds anxious to see the king's son. Flynn graciously smiled on them, and the King's Coldstream Band struck up "God save the King," when Flynn came within view of the orchestra! They sat down at supper and Rice asked if "his Lordship would allow an American national air to be played?" His Lordship graciously assented, waved his hand, and the band struck up Yankee Doodle!! The King's Band playing Yankee Doodle!! Every spectator took off his hat, in imitation of "his Lordship." When the band ceased Flynn sent a sovereign to the leader, and half a dozen of Champagne to the band. "Ah," said the leader, "this is not Lord Adolphus, for he never does the handsome thing in this manner."—So much for resemblance.

Clerical Hit.—An old gentleman of eighty-four, having taken to the alter a young damsel of about sixteen, the clergyman said to him—"The font is at the other end of the church." "What do I want with the font?" said the old gentleman. "Oh! I beg your pardon," said the clerical wit, "I thought you had brought this child to be christened."

A blacksmith of Milan, named Ponti, has discovered that, by suspending a length of chain to one of the corners of the anvil by means of a ring, the noise of the hammer may be entirely deadened. This discovery is of great importance in large towns, where the noise of the hammer is so serious a nuisance.

The ladies, when they essay to be witty or pointed, effect their object with a peculiar grace. At a dinner given to a company of Volunteers, on their return from Florida, the following toast was received from a lady:

"By Miss Cornelia A. Wingfield.—The private soldier, whose common lot is to bear the burden of the battle, while his officers bear away its honors; the fair of the land will extend to him a more righteous judgment, and a more equal reward."

Three Great Physicians.—The bedside of the celebrated Dr. DUMOULIN, a few hours before he breathed his last, was surrounded by the most eminent physicians of Paris, who affected to believe that his death would be an irreparable loss to the profession. "Gentlemen," said Dumoulin, "you are in error—I shall leave behind me three distinguished physicians." Being pressed to name them, as each expected to be included in the trio, he answered, "WATER, EXERCISE, and DIET."

The following paragraph is copied from the Railway Magazine. "A gentleman left Manchester in the morning, went to Liverpool, thirty miles off, purchased & took back with him to Manchester on the rail road, 170 tons cotton. This he immediately disposed of; and the article being liked, an offer was made to take another such quantity. Oil he starts again, and, actually, that evening, delivered the second 150 tons, having travelled 120 miles in four journeys, and bought, sold, and delivered, thirty miles off, at two distinct and consecutive deliveries, 300 tons of goods in twelve hours!"

How people live in Town.—A very honest-hearted Dutchman, who had seen but little of the world, took it in his head to visit the metropolis, a place he had never before seen; but, among all the wonders which perplexed him, he "couldn't see how de people all got a liffen upon de town; they all stands or walks about, and doesn't work at all." One of his own experienced neighbors explained the mystery thus: "I tells you, Hans; dey loof shreuten one another, and dat dey calls piziness, and dat's de way dey kits dere liffen!"

A fight between a Porpoise and an Alligator.—A few days ago, some gentlemen standing on the shore at St. Andrew's Bay, had an opportunity of witnessing a singular contest between a porpoise and a large alligator. The combat lasted about half an hour, at the end of which time the alligator gave in, and soon after floated on shore in a dying condition. He was found to have been literally bruised to death by the strokes which the porpoise was seen to inflict upon him with his tail.

Pensacola paper.

Singular Circumstance.—The Barnstable Journal says that a child six years old, who was in the habit of playing about the house, situated in the woods at West Harwich, was heard to utter some distressing wailings and cries, which gradually ceased until they became almost extinct. On going to the child it was found that a black snake, two feet and a half in length, had wound itself around the child's neck, and nearly suffocated it. In removing the snake it was so closely entwined that the skin was also removed. The child, however, recovered.

There is something in the subjoined notice from a Portland paper, that tickles our fancy amazingly. Mrs. Elizabeth is one of the right kind of women to manage some men. "This is to certify, that I, Elizabeth Wright, wife of George Wright, have left his bed and board, on account of his misconduct. I do, therefore, give up all right and title to him for life, as I flatter myself that I can take care of myself, as I have always done, ever since and before marriage?"

Missouri.—The collar papers will endeavor to make it appear that Missouri is going for Van Buren. No western State we doubt if Illinois itself, on the Presidential election—will vote for any other than a western man. This will be the final result. Van Buren having declared himself against the dividing the Surplus Revenue among the States, fixes his firm in every State sustaining that just distribution. Had his letter to Sherrard Williams appeared two months ago, he would have been in a very meagre minority in all directions.—*N. Y. Star.*

Melancholy Disaster.—The Ferry Boat which plies between the Navy Yard, New York, and Brooklyn, was run down and immediately sunk by the Steam Boat Boston, on the 23d ult. Ten or twelve of the passengers of the Ferry Boat were picked up and taken on board the Boston. One was a female, whose husband and son were drowned. In addition to these, four other persons climbed up the bows of the Steam Boat. Six or seven persons were drowned and fourteen horses.

An Arabian proverb assimilates men of great loquacity and moderate intellects, to grist mills, of which we only hear the annoying clatter, without ever carrying away any flour.

### From the Albany Evening Journal.

#### GEN. WASHINGTON'S VISIT TO ALBANY.

The reminiscences of the Revolution are always read with pleasure, and those particularly which have connection with the memory and the virtues of the illustrious Washington. The following beautiful and interesting correspondence will be read with much gratification by the citizens of Albany, as it exhibits the good feeling and patriotism of his predecessors in the great struggle for liberty, and their affectionate regard for the Father of our Country.

The letters were found among the archives of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church, in this city, and are published by permission.

The humble address of the Minister, Elders and Deacons of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church, in Albany, to his Excellency George Washington, Esq., General and Commander-in-chief of the American Army, &c. &c. &c.

Sir.—The auspicious visit of the illustrious Commander in chief, fills the thankful hearts of the patriotic inhabitants of this city with extraordinary joy; whilst it indicates, in the most pleasing manner, your Excellency's famous and justly celebrated attention to all, even the remotest corners of your extensive command, and your friendly intentions to faithful citizens who have been in former days and dangers, and are yet so remarkably preserved, under the benign influences of a gracious Providence, by your prosperous direction of our victorious Arms, from threatened and impending ruin. We, the Minister, Elders, and Deacons, of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church in this city, beg leave to address your Excellency, on this joyful occasion, deeply impressed with sentiments of sincere gratitude and respect for your exalted merits, and justly dignified character; uniting our humble and earnest prayers to the God of all mercies and Grace, that He will be pleased further to honor and crown your Excellency with the choicest of His blessings; and to prosper your generous, distinguished and disinterested attempts to restore and establish to this injured and oppressed land of your nativity, that liberty, prosperity and happiness, which the Supreme Possessor and Ruler of the Universe shall judge most subservient and conducive to the high purposes of His own Glory, and the perpetual happiness of the United, Free, and Independent States of America.

May your Excellency's precious health and inestimable life be graciously preserved and prolonged; and your Excellency, ere long, enjoy the happy era, when your unremitted zeal for the common prosperity of this bleeding country shall be crowned with never-fading laurels of a triumphant and glorious peace.

By order of the Consistory,  
E. WESTERLO, V. D.  
et Minister.

Albany, the 23th June, 1782.

To the Reverend, the Minister, the Elders and Deacons of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church in the City of Albany.

Gentlemen.—I am extremely happy in this opportunity of blending my public duty with my private satisfaction, by paying a due attention to the frontiers and advanced posts of this State, and at the same time visiting the ancient and respectable city of Albany.

While I consider the approbation of the wise and the virtuous as the highest possible reward for my services, I beg you will be assured, gentlemen, that I now experience the most sensible pleasure from the favorable sentiments you are pleased to express of my conduct.

Your benevolent wishes and fervent prayers for my personal welfare and felicity, demand all my gratitude. May the preservation of your civil and religious liberties still be the care of an indulgent Providence; and may the rapid increase and universal extension of knowledge, virtue and true religion be the consequence of a speedy and honorable peace.

GEO. WASHINGTON.

Albany, June, 1782.

#### MR. VAN BUREN'S LETTER.

The Albany Daily Advertiser gives the following short and pithy synopsis of the six-column letter of Mr. Van Buren to Mr. Williams, of Kentucky. According to the Advertiser, any one who reads this long letter attentively, will find that Mr. Van Buren is opposed to any distribution of the surplus revenue.

He is opposed to any division among the States of the proceeds of the Public Lands.

He is for a reduction of the revenue, and consequently a reduction of the Tariff.

He is opposed to a National Bank.

He is in favor of Benton's Expunging Resolution, and considers the practice of destroying and falsifying the National Records as Constitutional.

An Irishman recommending an excellent milk cow, said that she would give milk, year after year, without having a calf, because it ran in the breed, as she came from a cow that never had a calf.