

# 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, OCTOBER 11, 1836.

VOLUME XXVII.  
NUMBER 48.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY,  
By Joseph Gales & 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.

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

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 MURDERER.

The following description of the murderer, is an extract of the argument of DANIEL WEBSTER, in the case of Knapp, who was charged with the murder of Mr. White, Essex county, Massachusetts:

"Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A faithful old man, to whom sleep was sweet the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft, but strong embrace. The assassin enters through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this he moves the lock by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges; and he enters and beholds his victim before him. The moon was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given; and the victim passes, without a struggle or motion from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the point. To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse; he feels it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done! He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder—no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and he is safe!

Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe no where. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds every thing as in the splendor of noon—such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, "murder will out." True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of heaven, by shedding man's blood, seldom succeeds in avoiding discovery. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch each whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meaning the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment, which it does not acknowledge to God nor man. A culture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance, either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever he will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretions; it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, it will be confessed, there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession.

Much has been said on this occasion of the excitement which has existed, and still exists, and of the extraordinary measures taken to discover and punish the guilty. No doubt there has been, and is, much excitement, and strange indeed were it, had it been otherwise. Should not all the peaceable and well disposed be concerned, and naturally exert themselves to bring to punishment the

authors of this secret assassination? Was it a thing to be slept upon and forgotten? Did you, gentlemen, sleep quite as quietly in your beds after this murder as before? Was it not a case for rewards; for meetings, for committees, for the united efforts of the good, to find out a band of murderous conspirators, of midnight ruffians, and to bring them to the bar of justice and the law? If this be excitement, is it an unnatural, or improper excitement?

It seems to me, gentlemen, that there are appearances of another feeling, of a very different nature and character, not very extensive I would hope, but still there is too much evidence of its existence. Such is human nature, that some persons lose their abhorrence of crime, in their admiration of its magnificent exhibitions. Ordinary vice is reprobated by them, but extraordinary guilt, exquisite wickedness, the high flights and poetry of crime, seize on the imagination, and lead them to forget the depths of the guilt, in admiration of the excellence of the performance, or the unequalled atrocity of the purpose. There are those in our day who have made great use of this infirmity of our nature and by means of it done infinite injury to the cause of good morals. They have affected not only the taste, but also the principles of the young the heedless, and the imaginative, by the exhibition of interesting and beautiful monsters. They render depravity attractive, sometimes by the polish of its manners, and sometimes by its very extravagance; and study to show off crime under all the advantages of cleverness and dexterity.—Gentlemen this is an extraordinary murder—but it is still a murder."

### CHARM OF A RATTLESNAKE.

An extract from "Yemassee," a Romance of South Carolina, by the author of Guy Rivers, &c.

"He does not come—he does not come," she murmured, as she stood contemplating the thick copse spreading before her, and forming the barrier which terminated the beautiful range of oaks which constituted the grove. How beautiful was the green and garnature of that little copse of wood! The leaves were thick, and the grass around lay folded over and over in bunches, with here and there a wild flower gleaming from its green, and making it a beautiful carpet of the richest and most varied texture. A small tree rose from the centre of a clump, around which a wild grape gadded luxuriantly; and with an incoherent sense of what she saw, she lingered before the little cluster, seeming to survey that which she had no thought for at the moment.—Things grew indistinct to her wandering eye; and the thought was turned inward; and the musing spirit denying the governing sense to the external spirits and conductors, they failed duly to appreciate the forms that floated & glided before them. In this way, the leaf detached made no impression upon the sight that was bent upon it; she saw not the bird, though it whirled untroubled by a fear, in wanton circles around her head; and the black snake, with the rapidity of an arrow, darted over her path without arousing a single terror in the form that otherwise would have shivered, but at its appearance. And yet, though thus indistinct were all things around her to the musing mind of the maiden, her eye was singularly impressed with the object peering out at intervals from the little bush beneath it. She saw, or thought she saw, at moments, through the light green of the leaves, a star-like glimmer, a small, subtle, sharp, beautiful: an eye of the leaf itself, darting the most searching looks into her own. Now the leaves shook and the vines waved elastically and in beautiful forests before her, but the star-like eye was there, bright & gorgeous, and still glancing up to her own. How beautiful, how strange, did it appear to the maiden. She watched it still with a dreaming sense, but with a spirit strangely attracted by its beauty—with a feeling in which awe and admiration were equally commingled. She could have bent forward to pluck the gem like thing from the bosom of the leaf in which it seemed to grow, and from which it gleamed so brilliantly; but once, as she approached, she heard a shrill scream from the tree above her, such a scream as the mock bird makes, when angrily it raises its dusky crest, and flaps its wings furiously against its slender sides. Such a scream seemed like a warning, and though yet unawakened to full consciousness, it repelled her approach. More than once in her survey of this strange object, had she heard that shrill note, and still had it carried to her ear the same note of warning, and to her mind the same vague consciousness of an evil presence. But the star-like eye was yet upon her own; a small, bright eye, quick like that of a bird, now steady in its place and observant seemingly only of hers, now darting forward with all the clustering leaves about it, and shooting up towards her, as if wooing her to seize. At another moment, rivetted to the vine which lay around it, it would whirl round and round, dazlingly bright and beautiful, even as a

torch waving hurriedly by night in the hands of some playful boy; but, in all this time, the glance was never taken from her own; there it grew fixed, a very principle of light; and such a light, a subtle, burning, piercing, fascinating light, such as gathers in vapor above the old grave, and binds us as we look—shooting, darting directly into her own, dazling her gaze, defeating its sense of discrimination, and confusing strangely that of perception.

She felt dizzy, for as she looked, a cloud of colors, bright, gay, various colors, floated and hung like so much drapery around the single object that had so secured her attention and spell bound her feet. Her limbs felt momentarily more and more insecure: her blood grew cold, and she seemed to feel a gradual freeze of vein by vein, throughout her person. At that moment a rustling was heard in the branches of the tree beside her, and the bird, which had repeatedly uttered a single cry, as it were of warning, above her, flew away from its station with a scream more piercing than ever. This movement had the effect, for which it seemed really intended, of bringing back to her a portion of the consciousness she seemed so totally to have been deprived of before. She strove to move from before the beautiful but terrible presence, but for a while strove in vain. The rich star-like glance still rivetted her own, and the subtle fascination still kept her bound. The mental energies, however, with the moment of their greatest trial, now gathered suddenly to her aid, and with a desperate effort, but with a feeling still of most annoying uncertainty and dread, she succeeded partially in the attempt, and leaped backward against the neighboring tree, feeble, tottering, and depending upon it for that support which her own limbs could entirely denied her. With her movement, however, came the full development of the powerful spell and dreadful mystery before her. As her feet receded, though but for a single pace, to the tree against which she now rested, the audible articulated ring, like that of a watch wheel wound up with the verge broken, announced the nature of that splendid yet dangerous presence, in the form of the monstrous rattlesnake, now but a few feet from her, lying coiled at the bottom of a beautiful shrub, with which, to her dreaming eye, many of its own glorious hues had been associated.

She was conscious enough to discriminate and to perceive, but terror had denied her the strength necessary to fly from her dreadful enemy. There still the eye glared beautifully bright and piercing upon her own; and, seemingly in a spirit of sport, he slowly unwound himself from his coil, then immediately the next moment, again gathered himself into its muscular masses; the rattle still slightly ringing at intervals, and giving forth the paralyzing sound which, once heard, is remembered forever. The reptile all this while appeared to be conscious of, and to sport with, while seeking to excite her terrors. Now, with its flat head, distended mouth, and curving neck, would it dart forward its long form towards her, its fatal teeth unfolding on either side of its jaws, seeming to threaten her with instantaneous death, while its powerful eye shot forth glances of that fatal power of fascination; malignantly bright, which, by paralyzing with a novel form of terror and of beauty, may readily account for the spell it possesses of binding the feet of the timid, and denying to fear even the privilege of flight. Then, the next moment, recovering quickly, it would resume its folds, and with arching neck, which now glittered like a bar of brazen copper, and fixed eye, continue calmly as it were to contemplate the victim of its secreted venom, the pendulous rattle still ringing the death note as if to prepare the conscious mind for the fate which is at hand. Its various folds were now complete—the coil forming a series of knots; the muscles now and then, rising rigidly into a hill, now corded down by the pressure of another of its fold into a valley. These suddenly unclasping, in the general effort to strike its enemy, give it that degree of impetus which enables it to make its stroke as fatal, at the full extent of its own length, as when, suddenly invaded, its head is simply elevated and the blow given.

The glance of Bess Matthews at this moment upon her enemy, assured her that the sport of the deadly reptile was about to cease. She could not now mistake the fearful expression of its eye. She strove to scream, but her voice died away in her throat. Her lips were sealed; she sought to fly, but her limbs were palsied; she had nothing left of life but its consciousness, and in despair of escape, forced from her by the accumulated agony, she sunk down upon the grass before her enemy; her eyes, however, still open, and still looking upon those which he directed forever upon them. She saw him approach—now advancing, now receding—now swelling in every part with something of anger, while his neck was arched beautifully like that of a wild horse under the curb; until, at length, tired as it were of play, like the cat with its victim, she saw the neck growing larger and becoming completely bronzed when about

to strike, the huge jaws unclosing almost directly above her, the long tubulated tongue, charged with venom, protruding from the cavernous mouth—and she saw no more! Insensibility came to her aid, and she lay almost lifeless under the airy folds of the monster. In that moment the copse parted, and an arrow, piercing him through and through the neck, bore his head forward to the ground, along side of the maiden while his spiral extremities, now unfolding in his own agony, were actually, in part, resting upon her person. The arrow came from the fugitive O'Connell's, who had fortunately reached the spot in season, on his way to the Block House. He rushed from the copse as the snake fell, and, with a stick, fearlessly approached him where he lay writhing upon the grass. Seeing him advance, the courageous reptile made an effort to regain his coil, while shaking the fearful rattle violently at every evolution he took for that purpose; but the arrow, completely passing through his neck, opposed an unyielding obstacle to the endeavor; and finding it hopeless, and seeing the new enemy about to assault him, with something of the spirit of the white man under like circumstances, he turned recklessly around, and striking his fangs, so that they were rivetted in the wound he made, into a susceptible part of his own body, he threw himself over upon his back with a single convulsion, and a moment after lay dead upon the person of the maiden.

*Behaviour of Females in Company.*—One of the Chief beauties in a female character is modest reserve: that retiring delicacy which avoids the public eye, and is even disconcerted at the gaze of admiration. When a girl ceases to blush, she has lost the most powerful charm of beauty. The extreme sensibility which it indicates may be considered as a weakness and incongruity to the other sex; but in females is peculiarly engaged. A blushing is so far from being necessarily attendant on guilt, that it is the usual company of innocence. That modesty which is so essential to the sex, will naturally dispose them to be rather silent in company, especially in a large one; people of sense and discernment will never take such silence for dullness. A person may take a share in conversation without uttering a syllable; the expression of the countenance shows it, and this never escapes an observing eye. Converse with men with that dignified modesty which may prevent the approach of the most distant familiarity, and consequently prevent them feeling themselves your superiors.

Wit is the most dangerous talent which a female can possess. It must be guarded with great discretion and good nature, otherwise it will create many enemies.—Wit is perfectly consistent with softness and delicacy; yet they are seldom found united. Wit is so flattering to vanity, that they who possess it become intoxicated and lose all self command. Humor is a different quality. It will make your company much solicited—but be cautious how you indulge it; it is often a great enemy to delicacy, and a still greater one to dignity of character. It may sometimes gain you applause, but will never procure you respect.

Beware of detraction, especially where your own sex are concerned. You are generally accused of being particularly addicted to this vice, perhaps unjustly; men are fully as guilty of it when their interest interferes. But as your interest frequently clash, and as your feelings are quicker, your temptations to it are more frequent. For this reason be particularly careful of the reputation of your own sex.

Consider every species of indelicacy in conversation as shameful in itself, and highly disgusting to modest men, as well as to you. The dissoluteness of some men's education may allow them to be diverted with a kind of wit, which yet they have delicacy enough to be shocked at when it comes from the mouth of a female. Christian purity is of that delicate nature that it cannot even hear certain things without contamination. It is always in the power of women to avoid these; no man but a brute or a fool will insult a woman with conversation which she sees gives her pain; nor will he dare to do it if she resent the injury with becoming spirit. There is a dignity in conscious virtue which is able to awe the most shameless and abandoned of men. You will be reproached, perhaps, with an affectation of delicacy; but, at any rate it is better to run the risk of being thought ridiculous than disgusting. The men will complain of your reserve; they will assure you that a frank behaviour would make you more amiable; but they are not sincere when they tell you so. It might, on some occasions, render you more agreeable as companions; but it would make you less amiable as women, an important distinction, of which many of the sex are not aware.

Have a sacred regard to truth. Lying is a mean and despicable vice. Some who possess excellent parts have been so much addicted to this, that they could not be trusted in the relation of any story, especially if it contained anything of the marvellous, or if they themselves were the heroes of the tale.

There is a certain gentleness of spirit and manners extremely engaging in young women; not that indiscriminate attention,

that unmeaning simper, which smiles on all alike. This arises from an affectation of softness, or from perfect insipidity.

Our young female friends may perhaps think that by persuading them to attend to the preceding rules, we wish to throw every spark of nature out of their composition, and to make them entirely artificial. Far from it; we wish them to possess the most perfect simplicity of heart and manners. They may possess dignity without pride; affability without meanness; and simple elegance without affectation. Milton had the same idea when he said of Eve, "Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye, In every gesture dignity and love."

*The way to cure a Bad Husband.*—One farmer Potter, of the parish of Bow, in Devonshire, a man much inclined to softness, having occasion to sell a yoke of oxen, drove them to Crediton fair, about six or seven miles distance—and meeting with a good fair, agreeable entertainment, and jovial companions, he was mightily in his element, and did not cry to go home, but tarried there some weeks, singing the songs of the drunkard, until at last he was disposed to set out for Bow, and taking his Landlord with him, they soon arrived at the farmer's house, where he expected to meet with a warm reception from his wife; but the good woman had formed a better resolution.—Upon the sight of his wife, who came to the door, he accosted her with "So, Grace I am returned?" to which she answered, "I see you be, my dear; you are very welcome." "But," said he, "I have brought another man with me." Quoth she, "He is welcome too for your sake." "But, my love," said he, "I have sold my oxen." "My dear," replied she, "you went to the fair for that purpose." "I've spent the money." "If you have," quoth she, "it was no more than your own." "But farther than that, said he, "I have gone a score to the amount of forty shillings, and there is my landlord come for it." "If so," said she, "I'll go up stairs and fetch it for him," which she immediately did and afterwards treating the landlord with a pitcher of cider and a pipe of tobacco, in an amicable manner he took his leave.—The farmer being so charmed with the good economy of his wife Grace, told her, with tears in his eyes, he would never do so any more and declared her his darling, and the best of women; and from that time lived temperate and happy with Dame Grace to the day of his death. But had she stormed him in the manner too many women are wont to do on such occasions, there is the greatest probability in the world, he would have pursued his vicious course of life, and brought down poor Dame Grace's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

*Bargains.*—It was Dr. Franklin, or some other sensible man, no matter who it was, that said, "any thing purchased which is not wanted is dearly purchased," and he is right, for the accumulation of useless articles, either in dress or furniture, involves what may be termed total loss. Thus, take into account the purchase of young housekeepers, and we shall find three distinct classes; necessary, useful and ornamental. In the scale of purchases, one is positive, the other probable, the third very doubtful. "One of my particular grievances," said a friend to us a day or two ago, "is the untiring inclination of my wife to buy bargains. She is the most amiable woman in the world, and this very amiability inclines her to lend a willing ear to the gossip, she daily hears of new stores and great bargains. She reads the auction sales, particularly of furniture, with nearly as much pleasure as the psalms of David, and my pantries are crowded with glassware, plated ware, chandeliers, fish knives, china jars, tea and dinner sets, ottomans, fire screens, window curtains and candlesticks, in sufficient quantity to set up a third cousin in a furnishing warehouse, and all of which was purchased at an average of ten per cent above the store price; and the fact is, my friend, she is so well known as an arrant jobber at these furniture auctions, that a young couple who wish to be in the world with economy cry out "no bargain to-day; here is the indefatigable Mrs. Marall before us, and she is the very life and soul of competition." When I go home to dinner, somewhat fatigued with some operations, she is sure to meet me with a smile and hearty welcome and after these domestic amenities conclude she usually breaks out thus "My dear I have just heard of a very cheap store in Canal street of burnt goods—very cheap indeed—very little if any burnt—painted muslin beautiful for four shillings, only half price—blond lace edging at two cents a yard—think of this and a variety of things uncommonly cheap—some wet goods too—I must go and see them—" "But my dear why go and see them—you want nothing—you have all your summer and great part of your winter dresses already." "Yes love, but I may want them hereafter you know—next summer probably, and they are so cheap—I'm sure to pick up bargains." "The next day before I had time to put off my frock coat and slip on my linen jacket, I had taken a cool glass of claret and water, and am requested to take a seat on the sofa and look at the purchases. Gracious me! Linen with burnt edges quite rotten—

damask towelling and table cloths duff-painted muslins with the colors running out—wet stockings—lots of belts—cotton balls—cards with rusty scissors—old-fashioned Tuscan hats—cotton umbrellas stained and spotted—such an assortment of unnecessary and damaged articles and at high prices, under the mask of economy, was never before spread on a parlor carpet for inspection.

We must confess that this ardent attachment to bargains is an evil which should be eschewed by every thrifty housewife. If a dress is really wanted, go to a store, buy a good article and pay a fair price for it—you then have pleasure as well as profit. Instead of filling up bureaus and pantries with trash which is useless and costly, nothing will be purchased unless required, and what is required will be durable, useful and satisfactory.—[N. P. Star.]

*The Female Soldier.*—Mary Jones was a soldier's daughter; her mother died when she was a child, and she accompanied her father in his campaigns, habited in boys' apparel. Her father was killed in battle, and she being left forlorn in a strange country, enlisted at the age of twelve years in the 74th regiment of foot, where she served seven years as a drummer and was in several engagements, when she received a sabre wound across the nose, and a bayonet wound in her left leg. At the period of this servitude her sex was discovered, and she was discharged with a pension of nine pence a day. At the age of nineteen, on her discharge, she married a soldier in the seventh dragoons, the Marquis of Anglesey's Regiment—her husband was killed in the memorable battle of Waterloo. After the action she went over the field of battle in search of spoil. Amongst the slain she discovered her Captain, dreadfully wounded and apparently gasping for breath, lying among the dying and dead; she immediately applied a cordial to his mouth, removed him from his situation, and hastened to procure him assistance, and he finally recovered; he now lives in Sloan Street, and out of gratitude to her for saving his life, he allows her a shilling a day pension in addition to her pension from the King. She was lately married to her present husband, who is a soldier in the Guards, with whom she now lives.

*Magnanimity and gratitude of a Lion.*—Prince, a tame lion, on board his majesty's ship Ariadne, had a keeper to whom he was much attached; the keeper got drunk one day, and, as the captain never forgave the crime, the keeper was ordered to be flogged; the grating was rigged on the main deck, opposite Prince's den, a large barred up place, the pillars strong and cased with iron. When the keeper began to strip, Prince rose gloomingly from his couch, and got as near to his friend as possible; on beholding his bare back, he walked hastily round the den, and when he saw the boatswain inflict the first lash, his eyes sparkled with fire, and his sides resounded with the strong and quick beating of his tail; at last, when the blood began to flow from the unfortunate man's back, and the "clotted cats" jerked their gory knots close to the lion's den, his fury became tremendous, he roared with a voice of thunder, shook the strong bars of his prison, and if they had been osiers, and finding his efforts to break loose unavailing, he rolled and shrieked in a manner the most terrific that it is possible to conceive. The captain fearing that he might break loose, ordered the marines to load and present at Prince; this threat rebuked his rage, and at last the captain desired the keeper to be cast off and go into his friend. It is impossible to describe the joy evinced by the lion; he licked with care the mangled and bleeding back of the cruelly treated seaman, caressed him with his paws, which he folded round the keeper as if to defy any one renewing a similar treatment, and it was only after several hours that Prince would allow the keeper to quit his protection and return among those who had so ill used him.

*An assortment.*—A few days since I was amused by observing, on the corners of the streets, advertisements containing a notice of a "church for sale or to let." This announcement reminded me of a joke connected with old S—, of Burlington, who was noted for keeping in his store the most incongruous assortment ever offered for sale. A wag once bet with a friend that he would inquire for some nick-nack which Jenny could not supply. The bet was clinched, and the two proceeded to the shop of the old antiquarian.

"Friend S—," said the quiz, "have you on hand a good second hand pulpit?" "Yes, sir," replied the unsuspecting shopkeeper, without the least idea of there being any thing uncommon in the question—"yes, sir, I bought one yesterday from the trustees of the Methodist church, who are fixing up the interior of their meeting-house."

"So saying, he showed them to the bar where this most curious article of trade had been deposited. The winner laughed, the loser bit his lip and paid the wager, while Jenny's character for keeping an assortment of goods became more firmly established than before.