

RALEIGH REGISTER

AND NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE.

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

THREE DOLLARS Per Annum }
ONE HALF IN ADVANCE.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1836.

VOLUME XXXVIII.
NUMBER 2.

THE REGISTER
IS 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.

SMALL MATTERS.

From the Genesee Farmer.

These are the very things about which Farmers in general are far too negligent. The great things are allowed to engross the whole time and care, while the important fact, that every thing great is composed of parts, is wholly overlooked. If the parts are taken care of, the whole is safe; but a neglect of items frequently causes serious or total loss. It is the neglect of small matters in farming, that makes such an annual reduction in the profits of the farm; and more agriculturalists fail of securing competence in consequence of this fault than any other, or perhaps all others put together. A few kernels of chaff, or a little smut in your seed wheat; are small matters of themselves, but the influence they exercise on the crop is generally a serious affair; yet too many deem their presence so small a matter, that an hour or two of fanning and liming is considered as thrown away. A single from the roof of the barn is a small matter, so small that many farmers think it unworthy of notice; yet that shingle opens a place through which the rain falls on the wheat or the hay, and does sufficient damage in the mow to pay for a thousand shingles, and the expense of putting them on in the bargain. A rail fallen from the top of the fence, a board knocked off the gate, a hole made under the fence by the pigs, are also among the small matters, that too many farmers pass by as unworthy of notice. Yet when he gets up some fine morning, and finds his herds pasturing in his wheat, occasioning the loss of some half a dozen head—when he sees some unlucky stroller in the highway take advantage of the defect in his gate and demolish the remainder—and when he finds that his pigs have destroyed half an acre of potatoes, and made a feast of his garden vegetables, then he begins to think five minutes spent in preventing such accidents, springing from pure carelessness, would be better than a week spent in remedying or regretting them. The man who never pays attention to small matters, is precisely one of those who suffers most from unruly cattle and horses, who spends the most money in paying, and the most time in repairing damages, and who will, unless he turns over a new leaf, most assuredly find that the whole cannot be greater than the parts, and that he is running on a rock which has been the ruin of thousands.

There are other small matters not so intimately connected perhaps with success in farming as those we have hinted above, yet which are equally, and perhaps more indispensable to the real comfort of the farmer. The mode of life which a man leads in his family—the manner in which the articles he provides for the use of his family are disposed of—the training and education of his children—and the taste he acquires and cultivates, may be numbered among these. Separately they are too generally considered of little consequence, yet united as their influence is, and must be, to be right in these things is very important.

The appearance of the farm dwelling, the skill shown in planning, and the taste in embellishing, are often ranked among the small matters of the farmer. Too many seem to imagine, that the farmer has no business with any thing but the plough and the hoe—that it is of no consequence whether his taste, and his moral and intellectual qualities are properly cultivated and trained, forgetting that in the farming population resides the Government—that they in reality make and unmake Governors and Presidents—and that as they are well or ill-informed, so will their conduct be judicious or injurious.

Planting a tree for ornament or for use—a rosebush for fragrance and its beauty—the lilac and the snowball for their agreeable appearance—the bed of strawberries for the gratification of the palate—the training the clematis or the bitter-sweet over the windows, to temper the light and refresh the mind by their vivid green and waving foliage, are all ranked among the small matters by many farmers, and the few minutes required to accomplish all this, is deemed by such, time thrown away. On the contrary, we think those very things of great consequence—every tree and shrub planted adds to the value of the farm, for there are few men so insensible to natural beauty as not to be willing in purchasing a farm, to

pay something for its gratification; and no idea of agricultural comfort can be formed, in which some or all of these things, do not make part. Wealth is composed of parts of dollars—the longest life of seconds—happiness of single sensations—and the prosperity of the farmer very much depends on the strict observance of small matters. Dr. Franklin's advice was to take care of the pence, and the pounds, as a matter of course, would take care of themselves. G.

Scenery of North-Carolina.

We copy the following Letter from the Greensboro' Patriot, to the Editor of which it was addressed by Mr. A. S. WAUGH, formerly of this City—a gentleman of fine literary taste, and acknowledged merit as an Artist:

BETHANIA, STOKES CO. N. C. }
October 30th, 1836. }

MY DEAR SIR:—I am now on my way home, having prolonged my visit far beyond my greatest expectations. When I left Hillsboro' last June, it was with the intention of being absent only about a fortnight; but so many splendid views presented themselves to me that I was compelled to go on, from one magnificent scene to another, until the present moment.

I scarcely know how to make an apology for my absence from my friends. I will only say, in my own behalf, that I have been spell-bound, and hope to prove it by the drawings I have made of the most glorious scenery ever presented to the eye of mortal man. I know very well, when I shall have the pleasure of seeing you, that you will readily acquit me of the charge of neglect. My sketch-book now contains upwards of 50 views, never before delineated by any one—and I feel not a little pleased at the idea of being the first artist to portray North-Carolina's splendid but unknown beauties.

In a future letter I will convey to you my 'first impressions' (as the phrase goes) of the Pilot and Saura Town Mountains—but above all, a view from the top of Yellow Mountain, of a chain of hills, which for true grandeur is not excelled by the famous scenery of Switzerland itself. As soon as I reached its top, I was surprised to find a barren of great extent, from which the whole horizon could be seen basking in the warm rays of an Autumnal sun. I had made my way up to this elevated spot alone (I am told it is upwards of 6,000 feet) and now declare that it is not in the power of man to paint or describe its sublimity. For a long time my faculties were stupified with amazement. On every hand, wheresoever I turned, I saw one unbroken chain of Mountains, like an Ocean suddenly congealed after a violent storm—each curl of the wave keeping its place as at the command of some mighty magician. The sun was beaming from an unclouded sky—a calmness of the most baffling sweetness, lay like a rich mantle on the bosom of creation—and the soft sighing of the wind, as it swept mildly past me, sounded like the first breathing of an anthem, arising in silent adoration to kiss the new born day. "Is there a man with soul so dead" who could look on what then lay before me, and not feel true Religion burning within him? I believe not: for Heaven's high majesty is there shown in awful splendor. In the south arose the Black—or Mount Mitchell, as it is now very properly called—towering above all others, like a lone Island smiling at the impatience of the waves.

I sat down and filled eighteen pages of my sketch book with this grand natural Phenomena.

By the time I got down, the sun had retired, and I found my friends somewhat alarmed at my delay. Next morning we all made the ascent; but this day was not as favorable for observation, and one of the party loudly complained of the partiality shown to me by the mountains, as they would not take off their night caps. The clouds had raised themselves only about half way, and the Black looked like a splendid Theatrical Scene with the curtain half raised—the yellow rays of the sun gilding his various ridges. The human mind cannot conceive any thing more gorgeous than this,—and this very circumstance, added to the taunts of my friends, caused me to pencil the following lines to the Black Mountain:

Proud monarch of a cloud clapp'd race
Why hide from us your royal face
And be but seldom seen?
Why do you thus in sullen mood
Around us dash the vap'ry flood
As if you ne'er had been?

Why o'er your sides the screen let fall
Why shroud yourself in mystic pall,
And hide your height from view?
Is it that conscious of your size
You lift your head above the skies
To bid the world adieu?

Or that you fear the painter's art
Might from you take in whole or part,
Your glories newly known,
That thus from public gaze you flee,
And show yourself to none but me,
From top of yellow Roan!

On Saturday last, I made a drawing of the Head quarters of Lord Cornwallis

in this place, on the 9th of February, 1781, after he had crossed the Shallow Ford. And I have also likenesses of some Revolutionary heroes, such as Gen. Lenoir, &c. and in the course of my tour I have collected a goodly number of Anecdotes connected with the Revolutionary history of the State. In a future letter, I will give you some extracts from my journal.

I am, with sincere regard,
Your Friend,
ALFRED S. WAUGH.
Greensborough.

C. N. B. EVANS, Greensborough.
P. S.—I have several specimens of Marble with me.

The following Extract is the Peroration of Mr. ADAMS's Eulogy on Mr. MADISON:

"This Constitution, my Countrymen, is the great result of the North American Revolution. This is the giant stride in the improvement of the condition of the human race, consummated in a period of less than one hundred years. Of the signers of the Address to George the Third in the Congress of 1774—of the signers of the Declaration of Independence in 1776—of the signers of the Articles of Confederation in 1781, and of the signers of the Federal and National Constitution of Government under which we live, with enjoyments never before allotted to man, not one remains in the land of the living. The last survivor of them all was he, to honor whose memory we are here assembled at once with mourning and with joy. We reverse the order of sentiment, and reflection of the ancient Persian King—we look back on the century gone by—we look around with anxious and eager eye for one of that illustrious host of patriots and heroes, under whose guidance the Revolution of American Independence was begun, continued and completed. We look around in vain. To them this crowded theatre, full of human life, in all its stages of existence, full of the glowing exultation of youth, of the steady maturity of manhood, the sparkling eyes of beauty, and the grey hairs of reverend age—all this to them is as the solitude of the sepulchre. We think of this and say, how short is human life! But then, then, we turn back our thoughts again, to the scene over which the falling curtain has but now closed upon the drama of the day. From the saddening thought that they are no more, we call for comfort upon the memory of what they were, and our hearts leap for joy, that they were our fathers. We see them, true and faithful subjects of their sovereign, first meeting with firm but respectful remonstrance the approach of usurpation upon their rights. We see them, fearless in their fortitude, and confident in the righteousness of their cause, bid defiance to the arm of power, and declare themselves independent States. We see them, waging for seven years a war of desolation and glory, in most unequal contest with their own unnatural stepmother, the mistress of the seas, till, under the sign manual of their King, their independence was acknowledged—and last and best of all, we see them toiling in war and in peace to form and perpetuate a Union, under forms of government intricately but skillfully adjusted, so as to secure to themselves and their posterity the priceless blessings of inseparable Liberty and Law.

Their days on earth are ended, and yet their century has not passed away. Their portion of the blessings which they thus labored to secure, they have enjoyed—and transmitted to us their posterity. We enjoy them as an inheritance—won, not by our toils—watered, not by our tears—saddened not by the shedding of any blood of ours—the gift of Heaven through their sufferings and their achievements—but not without a charge of correspondent duty incumbent upon ourselves.

And what, my friends and fellow-citizens, what is that duty of our own? Is it to re-monstrate to the address' ear of a King beyond the Atlantic wave, and claim from him the restoration of violated rights? No. Is it to sever the ties of kindred and of blood, with the people from whom we sprang? To cast away the precious name of Britons and be no more the countrymen of Shakespeare and Milton, of Newton and Locke, of Chatham and Burke? Or, more and worse, is it to meet their countrymen in the deadly conflict of a seven year's war? No. Is it the last and the greatest of the duties fulfilled by them? Is it to lay the foundations of the fairest government and the mightiest nation that ever floated on the tide of time? No. These awful and solemn duties were allotted to them; and by them they were faithfully performed. What then is our duty?

Is it not to preserve, to cherish, to improve the inheritance which they have left us—won by their toils—watered by their tears—saddened but fertilized by their blood? Are we the sons of worthy sires, and in the onward march of time have they achieved in the career of human improvement so much, only that our posterity and theirs may blush for the contrast between their unexampled energies and our nervous impotence? Between their more than Herculean la-

hors and our indolent repose? No, my fellow citizens—far be from us; far be from you, for he who now addresses you has but a few short days before he shall be called to join the multitudes of ages past—far be from you the reproach or the suspicion of such a degrading contrast. You too have the solemn duty to perform, of improving the condition of your species, by improving your own.—Not in the great and strong wind of a revolution, which rent the mountains and broke in pieces the rocks before the Lord—for the Lord is not in the wind—not in the earthquake of a revolutionary war, marching to the onset between the battle field and the scaffold—for the Lord is not in the earthquake—not in the fire of civil dissension—in war between the members and the head—in nullification of the laws of the Union by the forcible resistance of one refractory State—for the Lord is not in the fire; and that fire was never kindled by your fathers! No! it is in the still small voice that succeeded the whirlwind, the earthquake and the fire. The voice that stills the raging of the waves and the tumults of the people—that spoke the words of peace—of harmony—of Union. And for that voice, may you and your children's children—to the last syllable of recorded time, fix your eyes upon the memory, and listen with your ears to the life of JAMES MADISON.

AMERICAN CHURCH HISTORY.

Dr. Hawks, one of the most eloquent and impressive Clergymen of the Episcopal Church, and favourably known to the literary world by his "Contribution to the Ecclesiastical History of the U. States," was in a magnificent manner commissioned by the rich Vestry of Trinity Church, to go to England for the purpose of exploring the vast manuscript collections relative to this subject, in the libraries of the Bishop of London—formerly spiritual head of all the colonies in North America—the Archbishop of Canterbury, and of the Society for propagating the Gospel in foreign parts. He sailed for this purpose, last Spring, and returned not long since, having been laboriously and diligently engaged in his researches, all the time. His mission has been most successful. The Churchman says, that the result of his labors has been even more important than he could have expected or hoped. He has secured a treasure of historical information; and that treasure of such magnitude as to cause much wonder how he could discover and obtain it in the short time he has devoted to the work. He kept forty clerks constantly employed in transcribing, and has brought back with him, eighteen folio volumes, closely filled with fair copies of the old and valuable letters found in these repositories, possessing for his subject a very peculiar interest. These letters are for the most part, from the several missionaries and clergy to the venerable society above mentioned, furnishing from time to time, the history of their several parishes. There are, also, numerous letters to the several Archbishops of Canterbury and Bishops of London, from colonial Governors, Judges, Clergymen and gentlemen of influence; giving information of the ecclesiastical condition of this country from a very early period, and not unfrequently presenting also the narrative of important events in its civil history. Among the writers are names of note—John Locke, Barlett, the Expositor, George Whitefield, and nearly all the Colonial Governors. Many private gentlemen likewise furnished him with manuscript letters and documents of importance. Dr. Hawks experienced the kindest reception possible from all the Clergy whom he met, who did every thing in their power to facilitate his researches.

"In memory of Andrew Ellison, who departed this life January 12, 1824." The deceased was an eccentric but fortunate man. He was one of the first settlers in the western country, and hewed down the woods with his own hand. He left about two hundred thousand dollars to his widow, on condition she buried him according to his direction; she is required to move the coffin to any place in which she may take up her abode. By marrying again she forfeits the whole estate.

"A Sister's Love."—There is no purer feeling kindled upon the altars of human affection than a sister's pure uncontaminated love for her brother. Unlike all other affections; so disconnected from selfish sensuality, so feminine in its development! so dignified, and yet, withal, so fond, so devoted. Nothing can alter it, nothing can suppress it. The world may revolve, and its revolutions effect changes in the fortunes, in the character, and in the dispositions of her brother; yet if he want, whose hand will so readily swell in his advocacy. Next to a mother's unquenchable love, a sister's is pre-eminent. It rests so exclusively on the tie of consanguinity for its sustenance; it is so wholly divested of passion, and springs from such a deep recess in the human bosom, that when a sister once fondly and deeply regards her brother, that affection is blended with her existence, and the lamp that nourishes it expires only with that of existence.

"A Mathematician's idea of Honor."—A Graduate of Cambridge gave another the lie, and a challenge followed. The mathematical tutor of the College, the late Mr. V., heard of the dispute, and sent for the youth, who told him he must fight. "Why?" said the mathematician. "He gave me the lie!" "Very well, let him prove it; if he proves it, you did lie, and if he does not prove it he lies. Why should you shoot one another? Let him prove it."

"Well, Jake, what do you ask?"
"Why, only three-quarters, General."
"Three d—ds! I'll not pay it."
"But stop a bit, General, it isn't much considering all the trouble, I don't ax for the skinning alone, but then such a work as I had to catch—"
"Fire, and furies! Jake!—catch him!—was Roney alive!"
"Aye, General alive and kicking; and a pretty hot chase I had to give him round the field, before I got a chance to knock him down."
"What, you infernal scoundrel, did you kill him?" exclaimed the veteran, bursting with rage.
"Yes Sir; you know I could not skin him alive!"
"You diabolical villain, I'll kill you."
"O! don't General," cried Jake, effecting a retreat; "there's no law, as far as I know, agin killing your horse, though it might be murder if you kill me. Besides you know, I always obey military orders."

"A Deed of Noble Daring."—Mr. James D. Garland, of Newark, publishes in the Daily Advertiser of that city, the following account of the rescue of his only son during the recent conflagration:

"My son, a boy of eleven years, led by curiosity or boyish hardihood, ascended to the second story of a wooden building in the rear of, I believe, a trunkmaker's shop, in Market street, the roof of the building at the time being nearly destroyed, and one end in the flames. Some of the bystanders told the boy to come down, as the chimney tottered. He immediately attempted it, but the flames had reached the stairs, and he pushed back to the window; the garret floor had now burnt through, and the fire was falling around and upon him.

"The people now beckoned to him to jump, as the only means of saving his life; terrified at his situation, nearly suffocated by the smoke and flames, he sunk down on the floor. At this moment a young man sprang through the crowd, and rushed up the burning stairs to rescue him.—The moment he reached the top the stairs fell, leaving no egress but a leap from a second story window among the burning brands beneath. Nothing daunted, he caught up my son, and sprang from the blazing building unhurt, bearing with him the object of his noble efforts! With the true modesty of his daring spirit, the preserver of my child disappeared from the crowd, and not, until last evening, could I learn his name. And it was then with admiration that I learned my son is the fifth fellow-being he has been the instrument, in the hands of a gracious Providence, of saving from a violent death.

"If there is an individual possessed of the noble and lofty attributes of man, that being is Henry Moore, of Ferry street."

"A Grave above Ground."—On the bank of the Ohio river between Maysville and Wheeling, there is a cast iron coffin, supported by pillars, about two feet above the surface of the earth with the following inscription:

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FRESH GROCERIES, &c.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has received a large and well selected assortment of

GROCERIES,

which comprises every article usually kept in a Grocery Store. His assortment consists, in part, of the following articles: Cognac, Apple, Peach, Champagne and Raspberry Brandy; Jamaica Rum; Pure Holland Gin; Cherry Bounce; Old Rye Whiskey; Country Do; Madeira, Port, Canary, Tenerife, Sherry, Malaga, Muscatel, and Champagne Wines; Perfect Love; Noyeau and Cinnamon Cordial; Loaf, Lump and Brown Sugar; Rio, Laguiria, and Java Coffee; Fresh Rice; Allspice; Pepper and Ground Ginger; Table Salt; Imperial and Hyson Tea; Soda; Sperm and Tallow Candles; Anchovies, Olives and Pickles, with a general assortment of West India Spices; Canton Ginger, Syrup of Roses, Raspberry & Lemon Syrup, Raisins, Currants, Almonds, Pecan Nuts, and Fresh Prunes, together with many other articles too tedious to mention. I also have on hand a choice article in the way of Tobacco and Segars, and I would particularly invite those persons, who like an article No. 1, to give me a call.

G. W. LIGON.

P. S. My Eating Establishment will be open on the 10th November. I shall not make many promises, but if any one will call and see me, I will say, I think they will not leave dissatisfied. Members of the ensuing Legislature and Strangers visiting the City, are informed I loan Jugs, Decanters, &c. free of charge during their stay, and will have them filled with good stuff. Give me a call.

G. W. L. }
Just received, a quantity of GOSHEN BUTTER. }
Raleigh, Oct. 26, 1836. } 14w

JAMES MITCHELL,
Fashionable Merchant Tailor,
DEGS leave to inform his friends and the Public, that he has just returned from the Northern Markets, where he laid in A MOST ELEGANT SUPPLY OF THE NEWEST SHADES OF

Broadcloths, Pantalon Stuffs, VESTINGS, &c.

And, as he has in his employ workmen of ability and experience, he will be enabled, out of the best materials, to execute all orders with promptness and despatch.

Gentlemen will please call and look over his assortment before purchasing, as all he asks to insure a sale is a fair examination.

Country orders thankfully received and punctually and faithfully attended to.
Raleigh, Nov. 1, 1836. 52

Valuable Tract of Land for sale, In Warren County.

PURSUANT to an Order of the Court of Equity for the County of Warren, made at October Term, 1836, upon the petition of the Heirs at Law of Marmaduke Johnson, deceased, I shall expose to Public Sale, at the Court-House, in the Town of Warrenton, on the 30th day of December next, on a credit of twelve months,

A TRACT OF LAND,

lying in the County aforesaid, about one mile South of Warrenton, containing about one thousand acres, belonging to the said Heirs; it being the Land allotted to the late Mrs. Jane Johnson, widow of the said Marmaduke, as her dower. Said Land has on it a good Dwelling House and necessary Outhouses. Bond, with approved security, will be required of the purchaser. JAMES MAXWELL, C. M. E. Warrenton, November 7, 1836. 16t Pr. adv. \$3

FRENCH SULPHATE QUININE.

A Large Supply of Auguste Deland's Sulphate Quinine—manufactured at Nugent sur Maine, near Paris. Just received, and for sale by WILLIAMS, HAYWOOD & CO.

SPLENDID NEW STORE!!



BERNARD DUPUY

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public generally, that he has opened his new WATCH, JEWELRY, SILVER WARE, AND PERFUMERY STORE, At No. 10, Fayetteville Street, With a most magnificent and extensive assortment of GOODS, which he will sell at NEW YORK PRICES.

The assortment consists in part of Superior Gold and Silver Watches, rich Jewelry, Silver Coffee and Tea Sets, Silver Dining and Dessert Forks, Plated Ware, and Britannia do. Mantle and Astral Lamps, Plated & Japanned Wares, fine Guns, with and without cases, do. Pistols, Walking Canes, Whips, Rogers' Razors and Knives, Guitars, Flutes, Accordions, and Music Boxes, Fancy & Toilet Boxes, &c.—Perfumery in abundance, among which he has the genuine Francis Marie Farina's Cologne Water—and a great variety of other articles.

Having endeavored to erect an establishment worthy the Capital of the State, he solicits the continuance of the very liberal and extensive patronage he has ever enjoyed, hoping by his unremitting exertions, still to merit it.

Clocks and Watches repaired in a superior manner. Gold and Silver manufactured to order.
Raleigh, November 14, 1836.

JOB PRINTING
EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE
WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.