

# RALEIGH REGISTER AND NORTH CAROLINA GAZETTE.

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

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JOSEPH GALES & SON,  
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## A FAMILY PICTURE.

The following story, so admirably true to nature, which we copy from the "Augusta Mirror," is from the pen of Judge LOVSTREET:

"I describe a Georgia family. It is a fair specimen of Georgia families generally, the heads of which are parents of good sense, good morals, and well improved minds. To be sure, there are in Georgia, as many notions about parental government, as there are in any other country, and the practice as various as the opinions. Some parents exercise no government at all; others confine themselves exclusively to the government of the tongue; and others rule by the rod alone; but by far the larger class, blend these several modes of government, and prefer the one or the other according to times and circumstances. To this class belonged Mr. and Mrs. Butler, the heads of the family which I am about to describe. Gilbert, was the christian name of the husband and Eliza, of the wife. I was intimately acquainted with them both, before their union; and was ever afterwards, admitted to their household, with the freedom of one of its members—indeed I was a connection of one of them.

They had been married about eight months, when a dull November evening found me at their fire side. In the course of the evening, the conversation turned upon raising children. 'By the way Eliza,' said Gilbert, 'I have been thinking for some time past of interchanging views with you upon this subject; and there never can be a better time than now, while Abraham is with us, whose opinions we both respect, and who will act as umpire between us.'

'Well,' said Eliza, 'let me hear yours.' 'If we should ever be blessed with children, (Eliza blushed a little,) let it be a fundamental law between us, that neither of us, ever interfere with the discipline of the other, either by look, word, or action, in the presence of the children.'

'To that rule I most heartily subscribe.' 'When a child is corrected by one of us, let not the other extend to it the least condolence or sympathy.' 'In that also you have my hearty concurrence.'

'Let us never correct a child in a passion.' 'The propriety of that rule I fully admit; but I fear that I shall not always be able to conform to its requisition. I will, however, endeavor to do so.' 'Well if you will do your best, I shall be satisfied.'

'Let us, as far as it is practicable, introduce among our children, the universally admitted principles of good government among men.' 'That is a very indefinite rule husband. I know very little of the principles of good government among men; and much less of those principles which are universally admitted.'

so universally prevalent among parents, and particularly among mothers. It is very silly in the first place, and it greatly retards a child's improvement in the second. Were it not for this, I have no doubt children would speak their mother tongue as correctly at four years old, as they do at sixteen.

Eliza smiled, and observed, that this was such a small matter that it had also better be left to future adjustment. To this Gilbert rather reluctantly assented.

About two months after this conversation, Gilbert was blessed with a fine son; whom he named John James Gilbert, after the two grandfathers and himself—a profusion of names which he had cause afterwards to repent.

Just fourteen months and six days thereafter he was blessed with a fine daughter, whom Eliza named, Ann Francis Eliza, after the two grandmothers and herself.

Fifteen months thereafter, he received a third blessing, like unto the first; which he called George Henry, after his two brothers.

Thirteen months and nineteen days after the birth of George, a fourth blessing descended upon Gilbert in the form of a fine son. This took the name of William Augustus, after two brothers of his wife.

Eliza now made a long rest of ten months, four days and five hours, (I speak from the family record,) when by way of amend, she presented her husband a pair of blessings. As soon as his good fortune was made known to him, Gilbert expressed regret, that he had not reserved his own name until now, in order that the twins might bear his own name and mine. Seeing this could not be, he bestowed my name upon the first born, and gave me the privilege of naming the second. As I consider a good name, rather to be chosen than great riches,' I called the innumerate, after Isaac the patriarch, and a beloved uncle of mine.

In this very triumphant and laudable manner, did Mrs. Butler close the list of her sons.

She now turned her attention to daughters, and in the short space of five years produced three, that a queen might have been proud of. Their names in the order of their births, were Louisa, Rebecca and Sarah. It was one of Mrs. Butler's maxims, 'If you have any thing to do, do it at once,' and she seemed to be governed by this maxim in making up her family; for Sarah completed the number of children.

'Give him to me,' said Mrs. Butler. 'You'd better not take him,' said Gilbert, in an under tone, 'while he is in such a passion.'

'No danger,' said she; 'hand him to me.' As she received him, 'hush sir!' said she sharply; and the child hushed instantly and was asleep in a few minutes.

'Strange,' said Mr. Butler, 'how much sooner the mother acquires control over a child than the father.'

'Not at all,' said Mrs. Butler. 'You would have controlled him as easily as I did, if you had given him the same lesson beforehand that I gave him. He got in just such an uproar the other day, and finding nothing else would quiet him, I spanked it out of him; and I have had no trouble in quieting him since.'

'I begin to think Butler,' said I 'that Eliza was right in the only points of difference between you, touching the management of children. I observed that you addressed the child just now in the gibberish which you so much condemned before you became a father; and though it seemed ridiculous enough, especially in you, I think it would have appeared still more ridiculous, if you had said to a child so young, 'John, my son' do not put your fingers into the flame of the candle, it will burn them.' And your experiment has taught you the absolute impossibility of governing children of very tender years, by prescribed rules.'

I am half inclined to your opinion,' said Butler. 'Eliza's discipline has performed several good offices. It has relieved us of John's insufferable noise; it has taught him to control his temper at its first appearance, and it has learned him the meaning of a word ('hush'), which will often supply the place of correction, and always forewarn him of desires unlawful.'

Long before the second son arrived at the reasoning age, Gilbert abdicated, unreservedly, in favor of his wife; contenting himself with the subordinate station of her ministerial officer; in which he executed her orders in cases requiring more physical strength than she possessed.

Passing over the intermediate period, I now introduce the reader to this family, after most of the children had reached the 'age of reason.' In contemplating the scene which I am about to sketch, he will be pleased to turn his thoughts occasionally, to Gilbert's principles of good government.'

Sarah was about two years and a half old, when Gilbert invited me to breakfast with him one December's morning near the Christmas holidays. It was the morning appointed for his second killing of hogs; which, as the southern reader knows, is a sort of family carnival in Georgia. I went, and found all the children at home, and Gilbert's mother added to the family circle. John and Anna had reached the age when they were permitted to take seats at the first table; though upon this occasion John being engaged about the pork did not avail himself of his privilege; the rest of the children were taught to wait for the second table. Breakfast was announced, and after the adults and Anna had despatched their meal, the children were summoned. As they had been taught not to seat themselves to the table until they were bidden, and there were some preparatory arrangements to be made, they all gathered round the fire, clamorous with the events of the morning.

groes giving these children any more of these poison pig-tails. They are a source of endless torment. And now young gentlemen—one and all of you—the next one of you that brings one of those things into this house again I'll box his ears as long as I can find him. Now remember it. Come along to your breakfast.'

In a little time after some controversy about places which was arrested by the mother's eye, they were all seated; John who had dropped in the mean time, taking his father's seat.

'Is-s-sp!' said William, 'sassaidges, that's what I love.'

'Hoo!' said Isaac, 'Spare-ribs!' that's what I love.'

'Well cease your gab, and eat what's set before you without comments. No body cares what you love or what you don't love.'

'Ma, said he as he retired, 'I wish you'd make Bill quit laughing at me.'

'William, 'I've as great a mind as I ever had to do any thing in my life, to send you from the table, and not let you eat one mouthful. I despise that abominable disposition you have, of rejoicing at your brother's misfortunes. Remember sir, what Solomon says: 'he that is glad at calamities shall not be unpunished.'

'Ma, said Abraham, 'may'nt I come to my breakfast?'

'Yes, if you think you can now behave yourself with decency.'

please make Miss Louisa come out of the kitchen—say if you dont make her come out o' the fire she'll git burnt up presently—say every time she tell her to come out o' the fire she make mouth at her.'

'Why sure enough, where is Louisa! Go and tell her to come into her breakfast this instant.'

'I did tell her ma'am: and she say she wont come, till she gets done bakin' her cake.'

Mr. Butler left the room, and soon re-appeared with Louisa sobbing, and crying: 'Aunt Dorcas jerked me jist as hard as ever she could jerk, 'fore I did any thing 'tall to her.'

'Hold your tongue! She served you right enough: you'd no business in there. You're a pretty thing to be making mouths at a person old enough to be your grandmother. If I'd thought when I gave you that little lump of dough, that the whole plantation was to be turned up-side down about it, I'd have let you do without it.'

'Miss Louisa, after a little sobbing and pouting, drew from her apron, a small dirty, ashly, black, wrinkled, burnt biscuit, warm from the kitchen shovel, which would have been just precisely the proper accompaniment to Miss Rebecca's dish; and upon this, in preference to every thing on the table, she commenced her repast.'

'Well Lou,' said the mother with a laugh as she cast her eye upon the unsightly biscuit, 'you certainly have a strange taste!'

Every body knows, that the mother's laugh is always responded to with compound interest by all her children. So was it in this instance; and good humor prevailed round the table.

'I'm sorry,' said Abraham, 'for Louisa's b-i-s, bis, k-i-t, kit, biskit.'

'Ma just look at Abe!' cried out William, 'he saw me going to take a biscuit, and he snatched up the very one I was lookin' at.'

'Abe,' said the mother, 'I do wish I could make you quit nicknaming each other; and I wish more that I never set you the example—put down that biscuit sir, and take another.'

Abraham returned the biscuit, and William took it up with a sly, but triumphant giggle at Abraham.

'Ma,' said Abraham, 'Bill said 'God darn.' 'Law, what a story! Ma, I declare I never said no such thing.'

'Yes you did, and Chaney heard you.'

William's countenance immediately showed that his memory had been refreshed; and he drewled out 'never none now,' with a tone and countenance that plainly imparted guilt to some extent. His mother suspected he was hinging upon technics, and she put the probing question—'Well what did you say?'

'I said, I be teta'tly 'od'urn.'

'And that's just as bad. Mr. Butler, you positively will have to take this boy in hand. He evinces a strong propensity to profane swearing which if not corrected immediately will become unconvertible.'

'Whenever you can't manage him,' said Butler as before, 'just turn him over to me, and I reckon I can cure him.'

'When did he say it?' enquired the mother, returning to Abraham.  
'You know that time you sent all us children to the new-ground to pick peas?'  
'Why that's been three months ago at least; and you've just thought now of telling it. Oh you malicious toad you, where do you learn to bear malice so long! I abhor that trait of character in a child!'  
'Ma,' said Bill, 'Abe ha'n't said his prayers for three nights.'  
Abe and Bill now exactly swapt places and countenances.  
'Yes,' said the mother, 'and I suppose I should never have heard of that, if Abraham had not told of your profanity.'  
'I know better,' dragged out Abraham, in reply to William.  
'Abraham,' said the mother solemnly, did you kneel down when you said your prayers last night?'  
'Yes ma'am,' said Abraham brightening a little.  
'Yes ma,' continued Bill, 'he kneels down and 'fore I say 'now I lay me down to sleep, he jumps up every night and hops in bed and says he's done said his prayers, and he ha'n't had time to say half a prayer.'  
During this narrative, my name sake kept covering under the steadfast frown of his mother, until he transformed himself into the perfect personification of idioecy.  
'How many prayers did you say last night Abraham?' pursued the mother in an awfully portentous tone.  
'I said one, and—' (here Abraham paused.)  
'One and what?'  
'One and piece of t'other one.'  
'Why ma, he could'nt ha' said it to save his life for he had'nt time—'  
'Hush sir, I dont ask for your assistance.'  
'I did,' muttered Abraham, 'I said t'other piece after I got in bed.'  
'Abraham,' said his mother, 'I declare I do not know what to say to you. I am so mortified, so shocked at this conduct, that I am completely at a loss how to express myself about it. Suppose you had died last night after trifling with your prayers as you did; who can say what would have become of you! Is it possible that you cannot spend a few minutes in prayer to your Heavenly Father, who feeds you, who clothes you, and who gives you every good thing you have in the world.' You poor sinful child, I could weep over you.'  
Poor Abraham evinced such deep contrition under this lecture, (for he sobbed as if his heart would break,) that his mother deemed it prudent to conclude with suaves; which she did in the happiest manner.  
Having thus restored Abraham's equanimity in a measure, with a gently encouraging smile, she continued:  
'And now Abraham, tell your mother how you came to say a part of the second prayer?'  
'I could'nt go to sleep till I said it ma'am.'  
'Well that is a good sign at least. And what part was it?'  
'God bless my father and mother.'  
Mrs. Butler felt quickly for her handkerchief. It had fallen from her lap, and she was glad of it. She depressed her head below the table in search of it—dismissed the children before she raised it—and then rose with a countenance suffused with smiles and tears.  
'Poor babes,' said she, 'what an odd compound of good and bad they are!'  
The grandmother returned just at this time, and discovering some uneasiness at Mrs. Butler's tears, the latter explained. As she concluded—'The Lord bless the poor dear boy,' exclaimed the venerable matron, raising her apron to her eyes, 'that shows he's got a good heart. No danger of the child that can't sleep till he prays for his father and mother.'