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POETICAL.

From the Utter a Patriot and Patrol.

Jolly young farmer we use new married wife,
and just taken residence with him for life,
drew, early one morning, so sturdy and smart
the roof of his cottage the rope of his cart.

When in accents of home: "Sweet Molly," he said,
For a month had not pass'd since the parties were wed;
Sweet Molly, 't' th' back of de cottage repair,
so sooner he said it than a jolly was there.

Now draw down that rope that hangs over the roof;
Draw harder, cries Ned, 'you don't draw hard enough."

Will harder she drew, but he w evilt the case,
tho' she pull'd it and twirl'd it, it still kept its place.

To the front of the cottage, sweet Molly with me,
saw gently now love, for 'tis coming you see."
gently they drew, and the rope soon was sprawling,
Now let's have hereafter one way in our hauling.

Onward, while passing the journey of life,
you pull against Ned, or Ned p ills against wife,
the rope of contention will always hang over us,
there's nothing but discord and jarring before us.

But let us forever, as time rolls along,
and cares and vexations 'gn'rou'hd us to throng,
whatever the tide be, the wind & the weather,
both choose the same end, and then both pull together."
Clinton, Feb. 28, 1816.

RELIGIOUS.

FOR THE STAR.

I have long thought it required a noble spirit or a man to acknowledge his faults. For want of this many have, I fear, persisted in known error. In my collection of Hymns, I feel it incumbent on me to acknowledge that from my zeal in that I deemed a good cause, I have fallen into an error. In one of those Hymns, beginning "Come Christians all I pray give heed," &c. I have perhaps, insisted too strenuously on some of my opinions which do not correspond with those of my baptist friends, although they appeared to me to be both scriptural & rational. I find by experience that love is the most effectual means of winning their hearts: some things are lawful that are not expedient. I wish not to give offence to my saint on earth, and I should rejoice to know that all preachers of the Gospel, and all professors of Religion had learned, what I think I have learned on this subject. "For when envying and strife are, there is confusion." "But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated; full of mercy & good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy." I believe that all Christians have a principle of love in their hearts, towards God and man: and I hope I am not departing from this principle when I offer it as my opinion that every Christian ought to be a Baptist. This I am admonished to believe from the confession of Mr. Wesley, who says, in his note on Romans, 6, 4, that immersion was the ancient mode of Baptism—that it was a figure of a death to sin, and resurrection to newness of life. Burket says, "the apostle alludes, no doubt, to the ancient manner and way of baptizing in those hot countries, which was by immersion," &c. We are credibly informed the Greeks followed the same way in cold countries, (see Benedict's history of the Baptists.) I also believe it to be my duty (as the Lord works by means) to do what lies in my power, to make as many Baptists as I can. What I mean by Baptist is, one who is dead to sin, and buried with Christ by Baptism. I believe that Moses had a strong impression that he was to be God's instrument in delivering Israel from bondage; but he made a wrong start, in slaying the Egyptian. And I think preachers of the Gospel are too apt to start wrong; and some, I fear, do harm in a good cause, and from good motives—having a zeal not sufficiently tempered with love. It is to be lamented that some young preachers, for want of other matter, spend too much of their time in the pulpit, in condemning other denominations. I do not assert that preachers ought not to contend; for Paul had to preach with much contention; and we are commended, earnestly to contend; but I think the error is mostly in the manner. It ought to be done in love and meekness: sentiments contrary to our own could then be borne without wounding the feelings. Different denominations ought occasionally to converse lovingly and openly on controverted points, and instead of reading only our own books, and shutting our eyes against all others, we should deal liberally and candidly with each other, or we cannot expect to be united in love. I think Meeting houses ought to stand open to all ministers who are in good standing in their own churches. Not only ministers, but all Christians ought to remember they are the light of the world, and should oppose the kingdom of darkness. Of the Methodist denomination I believe there are many Godly people, who do much good in the cause of religion; but I think they would prosper more if they were to desist from that rule of Mr. Wesley's (who was but a man) of shutting themselves up, excluding respectable people from the houses they had assisted in building, as if they were Jews or barbarians who wished to stone them.— This practice is the more intolerable to free born

Americans (and in this day of civilization) as the example was set by a British subject.

As all hold Baptism a pre-requisite to communion, I think all intelligent persons at least, ought to cease to upbraid us (Baptists) for not inviting other denominations to the Lord's table, unless they prove to us that infant sprinkling is believers Baptism, or that God has left us in the dark on this subject. The Methodists ought to be the last to complain, since we with pleasure admit them in our meeting houses to preach, and love to see them set in conference with us. All we can do in our own name, we do cheerfully. I earnestly wish all denominations would act up to their profession, that all bitterness and backbiting was out of fashion, and I wish all preachers of the Gospel in particular would set their faces against them, by precept and example; and exert themselves more to put down that pernicious practice of Drunkenness. 1st. By example—2. by purging their churches—3. by sharply reproving those of their society who mix themselves with grog-drinkers in high places—4. by crying from the pulpit against it, and showing the many curses that attend it—5. preachers would do well to set their faces against those candidates who treat to gain their election, to the great encouragement of drunkenness. Who would vote for a man whose professed object was to make a law for every man to become a drunkard. Yet we make no conscience of voting for a man who goes all in his power to make every man drunk and a drunkard. I make to the candidates of my county this fair and liberal proposal. If any one, two or three of them will give me the money they propose to spend in their ensuing electioneering campaign, I will exert myself to procure their election, and they may stay at home and take care of their domestic affairs, which I know must be far more agreeable to them than to be under the necessity of going about, making people drunk.— The money thus obtained I will give to the Missionary Society, to send the Gospel to the poor drunken heathens, (that Mrs. Judson tells us about) and shew them that drunkenness is the road to hell. If a similar offer was made by the Missionary board, and extended to the several counties the money would be more honorably spent, and some of our counties would probably be better represented. The Yankee Tin Pedlar, who complains so much against public men, would probably then see cause to settle among us—for we should then have men of public spirit and independence enough to risk their popularity in the support of a Penitentiary, and other works of public utility. I rejoice to find that an association is formed at Statesville, whose sentiments are in unison with my own on some of these subjects. It is hoped God will prosper this laudable attempt.

To conclude these remarks, (which I am sorry I could not confine in a smaller compass) I earnestly wish the great men, the mighty men and the chief captain's would think more of these things; that they would more respect the preaching of the Gospel; for their conduct has great influence on the minds of others. The great men of the nation, like King Solomon, ought to bow before the God of Heaven, and make prayer and supplication for the poor little Christians; we have long been praying for them, 'tis time for them to begin to pray for us, that all the people may say Amen!

How short is our time! and how unwise we act when we think more of it than of eternity! how much better to lay up a treasure in heaven than on earth, for we must soon leave it, and a few feet of earth hold all our ambition.

How loved, how valued once avails thee not;
To whom related or by whom begot,
A heap of earth alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.

ELISHA BATTLE, JR.

Extract of a letter from the Rev. Benjamin Davis, to his friend in Raleigh—dated St. Francisville, March 6, 1816.

The committee of the Louisiana Bible Society has chosen me agent to the institution, to visit each county in the State; to explain our designs, to offer subscriptions, to receive donations, distribute Bibles and appoint agents in each county; to aid us in our endeavors to obtain and distribute the word of life—for which I receive sixty dollars per month. The Catholic priests now permit their people to read the scriptures and I have given some of them Bibles. They received them as they ought a book from Heaven, and declare them to be the first they ever saw. I likewise meet with the same encouragement from the Spanish. I have distributed hundreds in a day, and have received \$140 in a day, by way of donation to the society. They strictly attend my preaching though not more than half are able to understand. I never was treated more kindly: This is the most beautiful and plentiful country I ever saw. * * * What shall I say! The harvest is great and the laborers few. Pray the Lord to send his ministers here—they will be received—they have nothing to fear. * * *

Make known to the North-Carolina Bible Society our intention of supplying the French people here with Bibles and Testaments. Ask them to help us. * * *

THE SABBATH DAY.

A late writer concludes his essay upon the Sabbath Day, in this manner:—"How erroneous is the opinion which worldly men have of the happiness of the children of God! Because they themselves cannot find any pleasure in piety, they conclude that there is none to be enjoyed. But this is just as absurd, and irrational as if those who were born blind were to say that there is no

pleasure in seeing; or if those who were born deaf were to say there was no pleasure in hearing. Those who see the beauties of nature, and hear and relish the harmonious sounds of music, have a witness in themselves that there is a pleasure in seeing and hearing.

"It is true, the observation of the sabbath may not produce the same degree of pleasure to all believers. But the diminution of their happiness bears an exact proportion to their faith. If their faith be lively and in strong exercise, their happiness will be great; but if their faith be weak & wavering, they cannot expect to reap an abundant harvest of joy. Looking with a steadfast eye to Christ, & a strong faith in him in the careful observance of the sabbath, will fill the soul with a joy which is actually participated by all who joy, until we shall commence the celebration of that everlasting sabbath in the heavens, which God hath prepared as the eternal rest for his children."

MISCELLANY.

THE LADIES FRIEND.

Historical Extract—and application.

The Roman Republicans were plain men and women, accustomed to daily labor, and quite unaccustomed to finery of apparel, or luxury of living. A Roman of even noble blood tilled his little field with his own hands, and was proud of tilling it with superior industry and skill; whilst his lady if lady she might be called, made either chief ambition to be an excellent house wife. While this state of things lasted, and a very long time it did last, the Romans were eager enough to get themselves wives. They married generally, and they married young; for they thought, and well they might, that who so found a wife, found a good thing—a real help-mate, as well as a dear and faithful companion. And what is singularly remarkable if true, it is recorded by a Roman historian, that there had not been known, in the city of Rome, a single instance of divorcement during the whole space of five hundred years; tho' the law had put it in the power of the husband to repudiate his wife almost at pleasure.

Unfortunately for the Roman republic and more especially for the female part of it, a great and splendid event quite changed the morals, the taste the habits, of the whole of the country. One hundred and ninety years before the Christian era, the Romans for the first time, entered into Asia with an army, which under Scipio, defeated and conquered Antiochus the Great king of Syria! and from thence they brought home such a taste for the luxuries of the East, as promoted and hastened the ruin of their commonwealth, and in no away more directly, than by a practical forbiddance of marriage.

The Roman woman, once so plain, frugal and industrious, became enamored of the costly finery that was brought from the East. One of them named Lullia Paulina, when dressed in all her jewels is said to have worn to the value of three hundred and thirty two thousand pounds sterling. And though this was the most extraordinary instance of the time, yet it is reasonable to suppose that, of the rest of the ladies every one strove to get as near to the top of the fashion as she could; and that, with all the females who thought any thing of themselves, the rage was to be fine and fashionable.

This new order of things, while it precipitated the republic into the abyss of ruin, brought marriage almost into disuse; inasmuch that Augustus, the first Roman Emperor, finding among the men a general disinclination to marry, was fain to pass severe penal laws, to force them as it were into the bonds of matrimony. But it was all to little purpose. Despot and tyrant as he was, he found it impossible to compel the bachelors to marry, as Peter the first, long since did, to compel the Russians to shave off their beards.— Was it owing to the licentiousness of the men? Considerably, it was no doubt; but not altogether. It was partly owing to their prudence. A Roman Bachelor naturally enough would commune with himself thus:—"these extravagant firlts of whose attire a single article costs more than one of them would earn in her whole life time, are fit only for show. I like mighty well to be in their company at routs and assemblies: but to the gods save me from an union with any of them! If I marry, unless she bring me a fortune with her she will quickly devour mine. Wherefore I will look out for number one only, in spite of the edicts of the Emperor."

Consider, ye American fair, that in all times and countries, the like causes will produce the like effects.

HORRID SUICIDE.

On the evening of Tuesday the 7th instant, the body of a man was found about fifty yards from the road leading from Petersburg to Richmond, about 7-12 miles from the former place, by a negro boy looking for cows, who run directly to a gentleman hard by and informed him of it. He went to the spot, and found the body of a man about 5 feet 6 inches high, with large black whiskers. On the body (which was perfectly whole) there was a coat of fine brown cloth, and a waistcoat of white Marseilles. His pantaloons were so bloody, that it was difficult to tell what they were made of. He was shot in the groin, and a pistol was lying just between his legs. He had on an elegant pair of gilt spurs, and from other appearances had been an officer of artillery. On examining his pockets, there was found a pocket book of read morocco, with the letters E. B. stamped on it, with a small piece of paper in it, on

which was written,— "that no one may be suspected of having murdered me, I do certify, that I have killed myself on account of unreturned love." On another piece of paper was written,— "O! Elizabeth, if I thought you would even pity me, I would die contented."—There will be an inquest over the body, as soon as the coroner can procure a sufficient number of men to form a jury.—Pet. Rep. May 14.

BIOGRAPHY.

From the National Intelligencer.

THE LATE SAMUEL DEXTER.

"Justum et tenacem propositi virum."

"Surely a great man has fallen in Israel!"

writers; but if we can make our estimate of private worth by public character, as we can judge of character by minor actions, his must have been estimable indeed.—For, as a public man, he has left scarcely his equal. His decease has left a void in the moral, the intellectual, and the political world, which will remain long unoccupied.

If we view him as a moralist, we must give him the highest grade; for he practised morality before he preached it. He established his principles after long and severe investigation, and not until he had turned every side upon the light of reason. When once established, he never deserted them—he never left them for a moment.

His mind was strong, sound and capacious.—No brilliant flashes of genius,—no dazzling rays to cross his steady light. The march of his mind, like his natural gait, was deliberate and firm. He adopted no opinion till it had been accurately weighed, and then (in his own words) "he would struggle to maintain it."

As an advocate at the bar, (and here, almost entirely, was he known to the writer) he developed himself completely. He never sacrificed to his client the respect which was due to his country and to himself. Honesty was his polar star. He never even conceded an opinion which he believed to be right. I shall never forget the solemnity of his tone, the expression of his countenance, and the firmness of his manner, when he lately commenced an argument—"May it please your honors—In every great constitutional question I consider that there are two distinct duties of an advocate—one which he owes to his country, and the other which he owes to his client." He spoke from the heart to the hearts; his arguments were solid and convincing, because we were certain that what he said he believed himself. He seemed to spurn all ornament, lest it should dazzle the understanding; but when he did attempt it, we were convinced what he could do, were he to pursue it further. Particularly he disdained to use it, as others sometimes do, to supply material deficiencies, or to conceal radical faults. He always seemed proud to throw open his whole mind, conscious that it could support the strictest scrutiny. His manner was governed by the dignity of his mind. And, to sum up his merits as an advocate at the bar, he never ceased to recollect, that he was a man, a citizen, and a moral agent.

As a politician, what shall I say of him? Who does not remember that important moment when a whole host was arrested by his single arm!—Who has not heard of the man, who threw himself before the spear which was levelled at his country. We cannot enough admire that moral courage which he displayed, and that noble attitude which he assumed, when, with almost a magic influence he held faction immovable, even after she had vaulted into her chavot, while the dogs of war, "leashed in like hounds," were crouching at his feet. It has been said, and by some believed, that Mr. Dexter deserted his party—that when he discovered the direction which they had taken, and the lengths to which they tended, he withdrew from them and stood aloof, that he might secure the votes of all of the other party, as well as of the moderate of his own, in his advancement to the post of governor of Massachusetts.

"If it were so, it was a grievous fault, and grievously hath Caesar answer'd it." Let it rest in his grave. But no, this is not to be supported. His mind and all his feelings were above it. When a politician is accused of seceding from his party, we smile to hear him answer, that his party has deserted him. But is not this more often true than the former? An honest politician establishes his principles, and by them graduates his rule of conduct. So did Mr. Dexter. When his party had degenerated into faction—

"When judgment had fled to brutish beasts, and men had lost their reason—"

then he refused to accompany their mad career—then it was, that he retired within his principles, and opposed their progress. He never joined his opponents, he never changed even his opinions. He was always a federalist, and openly avowed it in the last speech which he ever delivered at the bar. Such is the honest politician. Such only is the politician who can ever be a statesman—and such was Mr. Dexter—he who preferred to be great in himself, rather than in the opinions of others. Perhaps it will be long "ere we shall look upon his like again," unless it may be some one, who inspired with admiration of his character, shall keep constantly before him this illustrious example.

The epoch of his political life, when he was summoned from the world, forcibly reminds us of that elegant disquisition of Burke, in his speech at Bristol, declining the election—when he alludes to the sudden death of one of the candidates. "Gentlemen, the