

# RAILROAD 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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### THE REGISTER

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### ADVERTISEMENTS

Not exceeding sixteen lines, neatly inserted 3 times for a Dollar, and twenty-five cents for every succeeding publication; those of greater length in the same proportion... CORRECTIONS thankfully received... LETTERS to the Editors must be postpaid.

### TEMPERANCE.

Wherever distilled spirit is found, its slaves will be found; men who have lost self-control; who will drink and rave like madmen; yet, in their sober moments they feel the stings of remorse; resolve, re-resolve, and “seek it yet again.” And the slaves of filthy liquor, too, will be found; men who, not for thirty pieces of silver, but for three pieces of copper, will sell their own souls, and the souls of others, even in defiance of public scorn.

Individuals have public duties to perform, especially in a free republic like ours. We should have all care for our neighbors and for the nation, as well as for ourselves, our children, and our children's children. The citizen who does not assist in guarding public morals does not assist in preserving civil liberty.

It is easy, therefore, to see the extent of the temperance question. The question is, whether distilled spirits shall be banished from the land? and, consequently, whether every good citizen ought not to assist in promoting that great work?

Distilled spirits should be banished from the land, because no definite line of distinction can be drawn between their moderate and immoderate use. All who use them, use enough to produce the desired effect; and in order to do this, the quantity is generally increased. He who uses a gill a day thinks he needs it. He who now needs a quart was once as well relieved by a gill; and he who now needs a gill, (and cannot do without it,) is in danger of needing at some future day, a quart. Do you fear that your friend is in danger?—undertake to warn him of it, and he will probably wonder at your suspicions, and point you (with truth) to some moderate drinking citizen, in good repute for sobriety, who drinks nearly or quite as much as he. Between the most moderate drinker and the most beastly drunkard, there exists a gradation like that of the rounds in a ladder. Every round is occupied, and almost every occupant is descending. He first drinks half a gill, then a gill, then a half pint, then a pint, then a quart. Examine these men—between neither of the two who stands next each other can you discover any alarming difference. But a sober drinker is at the top of the ladder; a ruined sot at the bottom. Where, then, is the line between moderate and immoderate drinking?—Where is the Rubicon that must not be passed? Where is the beacon to warn a man of his danger?

Distilled spirits, therefore, should be banished from the land, because no man can use them with safety. Whoever thinks otherwise is self-deceived, and in double danger. The strongest minds and the most iron constitutions have been overcome. And do you suppose that your mind and your body were framed in a different manner from those of other people, in order that you might be exempted from the effects of distilled spirits? No man would run into the fire unless he imagined himself proof against fire. And no man would use distilled spirits unless he imagined himself proof against distilled spirits. What an astonishing, and yet what a common deception! No sober man would consent to use distilled spirits on condition that he should experience the average amount of their common effects. Will you plead that distilled spirits do not destroy all who use them?—neither does the plague destroy all who are smitten with it; nor does the sword destroy all who rush into the battle. But what madman would talk of safety in such circumstances?—Talk not, then, of the safety of using distilled spirits, when you know that where the sword and the pestilence destroy their thousands, distilled spirits destroy their ten thousands.

No man intends to become a drunkard, or believes his danger, till he is ruined.—This belief of safety is the fatal snare.

Distilled spirits should be banished from the land, because their moderate use and drunkenness are only different degrees of the same thing. They partake of one common nature. This is a relation more intimate than that of mere cause and effect. As an ounce of the poison is as really poisonous as a pound, so a small degree of the effect is as really intemperance as a great degree.

The drunkard uses distilled spirit—so does the moderate drinker. The drunkard is thus enlivened—so is the moderate drinker. Is the drunkard more enlivened than the moderate drinker?—this is a difference only in degree. Does the drunk-

ard need the larger dose to produce the effect?—this difference is in the body rather than in the mind. Does the drunkard enjoy less and suffer more than the moderate drinker?—this, too, is only the difference of their animal faculties. The moderate drinker has not yet ruined his constitution. With a keener relish for the vice, he enjoys a respite from the punishment. Is the drunkard (urged by his ungovernable appetite) plunged into degrees of excess which the moderate drinker is able to avoid?—then he claims more compassion and deserves less censure than the moderate drinker who, without the same impelling cause, seeks the same gratification, and refuses to exercise the self-command he possesses.

Distilled spirits should be banished from the land, because their moderate use is the crime, of which confirmed drunkenness is the punishment. It is often said that the ruined drunkard is less to be blamed than pitied, because his appetite is irresistible so that he cannot refrain. But how came he in this condition? Alas! he indulged in moderate drinking when he might have refrained. This was the deed that ruined him, and in this lies principally his guilt. Moderate drinking, therefore, becomes the chief crime. A broken constitution, an ungovernable appetite, palsied limbs, poverty, disease, disgrace, and death—these are the punishments—the punishments which the framers of our bodies has connected with the crime of moderate drinking. To say that the act is innocent, is virtually saying that the punishment is unjust. “He that reproveth his Maker, let him answer it.”

Distilled spirits should be banished from the land on account of their demoralizing effects. Whatever subjects reason to the appetite, or conscience to passion, bursts at once the strong barriers of moral obligation; and this is done by distilled spirits. No moral restraints can reach the drunkard. Neither the love of virtue nor the dread of pollution; neither self-respect nor shame can save any existence in him. Hope cannot light his despair. Fear of punishment cannot urge him into the present misery of a thwarted appetite. That hell within him annihilates all his other conceptions of torment, and disarms the rack and gibbet. His appetite is his life; and all that he hath, even more than life, will he give for it. It is an impulse that must be followed at all hazards, and will be obeyed at every expense. He tramples upon himself, and upon the laws of his Creator. He sinks beneath the brutes! Can he be restrained by men?

Such are the effects of distilled spirits; and in their moderate use they blunt the moral sensibilities. An ounce of poison is poison still. A small degree of the effect is intemperance still; and a small degree of mental and moral subjection to passion and appetite, is a moral evil still. Look at the demoralizing effects of moderate drinking. See that moderate drinking Christian. Bone of his bone flesh of his flesh are ruined by distilled spirits, and he knows it; and he knows that the practice of total abstinence would put a stop to it; and yet he will not practice total abstinence. He cannot forego his harmless glass! He calls it a harmless glass that obstructs the march of a nation's reform! And this is the tone of moral principle produced by moderate drinking.

He that is learning to drink is a scholar in the seminary of crime. Nearly all the twenty thousand criminals condemned to the several penitentiaries in the twenty years previous to 1826, committed the crimes for which they were arrested under the influence of distilled spirits! The same fact respecting criminals is attested by judges and grand jurors in every part of the country.

### THE PANTHER HUNTER.

BY WILLIAM PLATT.

On the banks of the beautiful Susquehanna lived, some years ago, an individual whose life seemed to have been devoted to the woods and the stream. He had grown old in the forest, but like the aged and knotty oak a vestige still remained of his antiquity and hardihood. When I saw him first, he reminded me of a dilapidated and deserted fortress, decaying, but still strong. I courted his acquaintance, and many is the time that I have warmed myself, during the dreary winter months, at the bright fire the industry of age had kindled. I loved this old man, but that love could not have originated in pity from his misfortunes—no, he was happy as the spring birds; the only regret he ever expressed was that the “clearings” around had driven away the game. He was himself the pioneer of the forest, and civilization had deprived him of half its charms, yet he would tell over the tales of his eventful life, and weep and laugh as he recounted them. “Oh,” said he once to me, “I have seen the foot-prints of the Indian and the panther, where now the fields are white with the harvest; they have both passed away with the wilderness, and my own grey head will soon lie down in the dust—I must not murmur—yet I shall be the last who has witnessed Nature on this spot in her simple and solitary grandeur, but if I could once again exhibit a panther skin as the trophy of my age,

could forget even that.” There was something so pathetic in the manner this was uttered—something so melancholy in the idea, that it was in vain I attempted a reply; it was an all-absorbing thought, and I gave the wings of fancy to the reflection—it might have been prophetic of the old man's end, for on the next day the villagers were aroused by a report that a panther had been seen in the neighborhood.—His eyes brightened at the intelligence—he seemed to have shaken off his years, and I shall never forget the firmness of his step as he shouldered his rifle with the hope of gaining the trophy he desired. “I'll find the creature,” said he, “I can go to the spot, and if an old man's eyes do not fail him, I shall have an easy task—but there's no knowing what may take place, they are dangerous animals.” I wished him success, and he departed, accompanied only by his dog.

The day was waning fast away, and the shade of surrounding trees enveloped the watchful hunter as he paced the margin of an almost inaccessible ravine, eager to discover his prey; but the panther appeared not, and he began to fear he was doomed to watch in vain. At length he leaned his rifle against a tree, and commenced partaking a scanty repast he had provided; all was still around him—his dog lay quietly by his rifle—a few yards beyond him the clear and sparkling waters of the West Branch might be seen meandering in loveliness beneath a craggy bank or precipice, lifting itself toward the sky more than a hundred feet. Thitherward the hunter strayed, looking upon the stream and the valley below crimsoned with the rays of the setting sun, while through a of other days chased one another across his brain as summer clouds cast their flickering shadows over a harvest field. He was aroused from his lethargy by a rustling in the shrubbery near him, and turning, he beheld a panther cross his path. He shuddered, for his rifle still leaned against the tree where he had left it, and the panther was between him and the tree. “Oh God!” he cried, “be thou merciful to me.” The animal seemed to have observed, and springing into a tree, with a growl now surveyed the horror-stricken hunter, while its fierce and fiery gaze made him recoil to the very brink of the precipice. He cast his eyes over the abyss—there was no retreat—death stared him in the face on either side, and he gave himself up to the hopelessness of despair. Yet there might be a hope: he held his knife open in one hand, whilst unconscious of what he did, he firmly grasped a small sapling in the other; his dog however, instead of relieving his fears, only excited them, irritating his foe by an angry bark, as it lay crunched upon the limb like a cat ready to spring upon her prey, but still that spring was delayed as if it felt conscious that its prey was sure, and a pleasure in holding its victim in terrific suspense. At length, ripping up the bark, with a ferocious & quick growl, expanding itself, sprang through the air towards its victim. The hunter, who had eagerly watched its motions, with a shriek of horror sprang aside, but fortunately held to the sapling with an almost convulsive grasp. The sharp claws of the animal fixed in his clothing seemed high to have carried him headlong with it over the dread abyss—for a moment it seemed that the panther would recover its footing, but with an intuitive presence of mind the old man with his knife ripped asunder his clothing, and it fell from crag to crag marking the sharp projection of the rocks with its blood, till the welcome sound of its fall to the earth struck on his ears as joyfully as the sounds of liberty to a captive. He rushed forward to his rifle, fearful perhaps that life was not yet extinct in his enemy. Soon, however, the contents of his piece was lodged in the head of his foe, while a prayer went up to heaven from his lips in gratitude for his preservation.

The hunter exhibited his trophy, but the terror and toil had been too great—his age could not endure it, and his remains now rest in the earth near the scene of his terrific achievements.—Pittsburg Mercury.

### MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.

At Sandy Hill, Washington county, on the 8th instant, a grievous catastrophe occurred, by which the municipality and a large portion of the population of the place together with several living and dead worthies had nearly been destroyed. We have classical authority for using this phrase.—Byron says, in the siege of Corinth: “All that of living or dead remained In one wild roar expired!”

It appears from the Washington County Post, that the magistrates of Sandy Hill, together with a hundred men, women and children, of all ages, had got together in an upper room of a tavern kept by Mrs. Doty, to see some wax figures. Their ears were regaled by some exquisite airs from a hurdy-gurdy, and perhaps they were so much inspired as to practice salutary gymnastics. However this may have been, the floor gave way, and the dignitaries, men, women and children, wax-work and hurdy-gurdy committed a bathos; being thrown in one unintelligible & miscellaneous mass of people and things, from which came a variety of indescribable noises, blending into one awful uproar, which appalled the

ear of the lonely traveller at a mile's distance. The witch of Endor, who was supposed to be at the bottom of the business, was indistinguishable after the affair; and we regret to add “President Jackson's head was smashed to atoms.” Happily no lives were lost, nor were there any fractures or contusions of the live people, worthy of record. There were some mistakes of identity, as they were so mixed up that they could scarcely tell which were themselves; but on being extricated, and after shaking themselves, they gradually recovered from this metaphysical embarrassment.—N. Y. Com. Adv.

### BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

THE PARSEE, THE JEW & THE CHRISTIAN.  
By Dr. F. A. Krummacher.

A Jew entered a Parsee temple, and beheld the sacred fire; what! said he to the Priest, do ye worship the fire? Not the fire answered the Priest; it is to us an emblem of the sun, and of his genial heat.—Do ye then worship the sun as your God? asked the Jew. Know ye not this luminary, also, is but a work of that Almighty Creator.

We know it, replied the Priest: but the uncultivated man requires a sensible sign, in order to form a conception of the Most High. And is not the sun, the incomprehensible source of light, an image of that invisible Being, who blesses and preserves all things?

The Israelite thereupon rejoined:—Do your people, then, distinguish the type from the original? They call the sun their God, and descending from this even to a baser object, they kneel before an earthly flame! Ye amuse the outward but blind the inward eye, and while ye hold to them the earthly ye withdraw from them the heavenly light! Thou shalt not make unto thee any image or any likeness.

How then do ye designate the Supreme Being, asked the Parsee. We call him Jehovah Adonia, that is, the Lord who is, who was, and who will be, answered the Jew.

Your appellation is grand and sublime, said the Parsee, but it is awful too!

A Christian then drew nigh and said—We call him FATHER.

The Pagan and the Jew looked at each other and said—Here is at once an image and reality; it is a word of the heart, said they.

Therefore they raised their eyes to heaven, and said with reverence and love—Our FATHER!—And they took each other by the hand, and all three called one another brothers.

### TO THE PUBLIC.

THE Wardens of the Poor for the County of Wake, will attend at the Poor-Houses of said County on the first Saturday in November next, for the purpose of receiving Proposals for furnishing the Paupers with food and raiment for one year—to commence from the first day of January next. There are between 30 and 40 paupers, well provided with houses and furniture. There is also, a good house, plantation and grist-mill, for the use of the contractor. A sufficiency of cash will be paid in advance to enable the contractor to lay in his provisions.—Contractors are desired to state their terms by the head. Bond and approved security will be required for his faithful performance.

W. CLEMENTS, Clerk  
of the Court of Wards.  
October 4, 1830. 18 3w

### MAMMOTH SCHEME.

“333,000 DOLLARS CAPITAL.”  
VIRGINIA STATE LOTTERY,  
NO. 16.  
To be drawn in Richmond on Friday,  
29th October.

### EXAMINE FOR YOURSELVES.

25,000 Dollars  
11,690 Dollars  
Two prizes of 5,000 Dollars  
Five do 2,000 Dollars  
Eleven do 1,250 Dollars  
Fifty prizes of 1,000 Dollars  
Fifty do 500 Dollars  
Fifty six do 100 Dollars  
Tickets \$10 Shares in proportion.

Packages and Shares of Packages for sale in a variety of Lucky numbers, which are through necessity compelled to draw nearly half the sum paid for them. The risk therefore is small.

♣ Clubs dealt with upon liberal terms, and the CASH always ready for the prizes as soon as drawn.

Orders enclosing Cash or prize tickets (post paid) will meet with prompt attention. Recollect and direct to

B. W. HEWSON,  
Petersburg, Va.

### The Celebrated Race Horse and Stallion.



### WASHINGTON.

BY Timoleon, out of the celebrated Race Mare Ariadne, by Citizen, will stand again in this place the ensuing season, at my stable. The particulars will be made known in due time. JNO. C. VANHOOK.  
Leasburg, Caswell, N. C. Oct. 6th, 1830. 23

### NOTICE.

At the last August Term of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions for the County of Wayne, the subscriber qualified as Administrator on the Estate of Isaac Thompson, dec. late of said County.

All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment immediately. And those having claims against the estate are notified to bring them forward legally authenticated within the time prescribed by law, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.  
BRYAN THOMPSON, Adm.  
Wayne county, Oct. 6, 1830. 19 4w

### PIANO FORTES.

W. WHITAKER, Piano Forte Maker, respectfully informs the Public, that he has on hand at his Ware-Room, several instruments of his own manufacture, with that fullness of tone and excellent touch, not to be excelled by any. The lovers of Music, and especially those who feel interested in the prosperity of Domestic Manufactures, are respectfully invited to call and examine them.

W. W. begs further to observe, that he still continues to String and Tune Pianos as heretofore, and will promptly attend to those who may wish his services, at any distance within 75 miles of this City.

Also, on hand, a second hand Piano—so hire or sell.  
Raleigh, Oct. 19. 22 3t

### FOR SALE.

THAT well known and eligible situation, in the town of Warrenton, N. C. occupied now, and for many years past, as a

### Female Academy.

It is in a high, healthy, and wealthy section of country. The buildings are large, commodious, and in good repair, and well adapted to the purposes for which they were designed; or they might be converted into a desirable private residence for a large family. A more minute description is deemed superfluous, as it is presumed that none would purchase without viewing the premises. The furniture belonging to the Establishment will also be disposed of. Should the property not be sold before the 1st day of December next, it will on that day be offered at public sale on the premises, when those desirous of engaging in this line of business would do well to attend, as it is seldom that such an opportunity as the present is afforded.

The Terms which shall be liberal, and such as to accommodate purchasers, will be made known on the day of sale.

Letters on the subject addressed to the subscriber, postage paid, will be promptly attended to.

CAROLINE M. PLUNKETT.  
Warrenton, 28th Sept. 1830. 17 1ds

♣ The Columbia Telescope and Richmond Enquirer will insert the above advertisement for six weeks, and forward their accounts to his Office for collection.

### Fall & Winter Goods.

### PATRIDGE & HARDFORD,

Merchants Tailors.

INFORM their friends and customers that they have taken the stand formerly occupied by Mr. JAS. LYONSON, and have lately received the following articles in their line of business:—

Super. Blue & Black Broadcloths,  
do. Botte Green, Brown, and Olive do.  
do. Steel and Oxford Mixt do. (very fine).  
Blue, Grey, and Light Grey Cassimeres,  
Blue and Black, Veil Vestings,  
Valencia and Marselles do.  
Stocks, stiffeners, suspenders, Collars, Cravats & Handkerchiefs.

They have constantly on hand, an assortment of

### READY MADE CLOTHING, Viz:

Over, Frock and Dress Coats,  
Pantalions and Vests,  
Linen, Cotton, Flannel and Net Shirts,  
Cotton, Flannel and Net Drawers.

All orders for Clothing, will be attended to with punctuality and despatch, and the work executed in a neat and fashionable manner.

They invite their customers to call and test the old adage—“trying is the naked truth.”  
♣ They receive semi-annually, the New-York Fashions.  
Raleigh, Oct. 4, 1830. 18 1aw6w.

### JUST RECEIVED

BY J. GALES & SON,

Specimens of American Poetry,  
With Critical and Biographical Notices,  
In 3 Vols.

### BY SAMUEL KETTEL.

“The above Work is the result of an attempt to do something for the cause of American Literature, by calling in notice and preserving a portion of what is valuable and characteristic in the writings of our native Poets. Under the persuasion that the American public will look with indulgence upon this effort to turn the attention to the literature and talent of our own country, the Author submits these volumes to their inspection. The undertaking is one which he thinks they cannot but contemplate with interest. With what degree of credit he has acquitted himself of the charge, it remains for them to determine.”

### 2,000 SACKS LIVERPOOL

### FILLED SALT.

Warranted 10 to the Ton.

FOR SALE, by the quantity or single Sacks, at \$2 1/2 per Sack, by

F. DURKIN,

Petersburg, October 1. 2m.

1 Grand capital of \$25,000 is 25,000  
1 11,690 11,690  
50 1000 50,000

Besides \$500 200 100, &c.  
Tickets \$10. Halves 5. Quarters 2.50.  
Eighths 1.25.

Tickets for sale in the above schemes—all under the management of Yates & Mintyre.  
Address your orders to

YATES & MINTYRE,

NO. 16.

To be drawn at Richmond, October 25th.