

RALEIGH STAR, And North Carolina Gazette.

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RALEIGH N. C. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1841

NO. 46.

TERMS.

Subscription, three dollars per annum—paid in advance.
For advertising without the State will be charged 25 per cent. higher; and a deduction of 50 per cent. will be made from the regular price for advertisements by the year.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

For every square (not exceeding 16 lines) this size type first insertion, one dollar; each subsequent insertion, twenty-five cents.

Letters to the Editors must be post-paid.

The following lines will be valued as the production of the Missionary to Africa, Rev. Mr. Seys, whose visit to our city has won for himself so much affection, and awakened so great an interest among us in favour of that darkened portion of the Earth to whose spiritual welfare he is so devoted. They were addressed to the Agent of the American Bible Society for the State of North Carolina.

To Rev. Charles M. F. Deems.

I.
We've met, and seen each other's face,
And at the altar kneel,
We've learn'd each other's work and place,
And for each other felt.

II.
Our kindred souls, while they have fed
With Jesus' priests and kings,
Have burn'd the gospel news to spread
With more than seraph's wings.

III.
We part; go thou! the Bible's claim
Urge in the South and West!
In Africa too we'll sound the same—
The book forever blest!

IV.
We'll meet again,—our work all o'er,
Our labors at an end—
We'll meet,—and to our Saviour soar,
Eternity to spend!

JOHN SEARS,

Missionary to Liberia.

Raleigh, N. C. 2d Nov. 1841.

FOR THE STAR.

Lines written in a Church Yard while gazing up on the remains of the grave of Miss C. R. P. DIED 1790.

'Twas noon, but now no relic marks the tomb,
Where all was clad in silent gloom,
No towering spire to point me to thy grave,
No murmuring stream, thy peaceful sides to lave.

'Twas once, but now no marble slab or carved lines to trace
Where thou art gone, sweet spirit of another race;
No sleeping friends are constant 'tendants here
To deck with tears, the spot above thy bier!

'Twas once, but now no weeping tree to shade the sacred spot,
Where all must be one common human lot;
No sister spirit to bend the suppliant knee,
And hold sweet converse with the spirits of eternity.

'Twas once, but now thy spirit oh! where? 'tis flown
Up to God,
No more is it bound beneath the cold sod;
With angels and seraphs beyond the star's ray,
Thy spirit it dwells in one eternal day.

'Twas once, but now thou art gone to the land of thy rest,
And thy spirit it now with the happy and blest,
No more will I incur on in silence and gloom,
For thou art in heaven beyond the dark tomb.
J. S. F.

Raleigh, Nov. 1841.

CARD.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has taken and fitted up the House on the south-west corner of Hillsborough street, in the City of Raleigh, opposite the State Capitol (formerly kept as a Tavern) as a HOTEL and HOUSE OF ENTERTAINMENT, for the accommodation of travellers and others, under the name and title of "THE PEOPLE'S HOUSE."

The undersigned has had considerable experience as an Inn-keeper, both in this State and at the North, and flatters himself that he can please those who shall honor him with their custom. His charges shall be in conformity with the times and the prices of provisions. He has been at much expense in repairing and refitting the same, and therefore earnestly solicits a share of public patronage. It is usual in such accommodations, to make large promises to the public, which are in many instances never realized—the subscriber will make none, for to those who have known him as a Public House-keeper, it is unnecessary; and to those who do not, he would respectfully say, come and try, and judge for yourselves. The Public's humble servant,
JOHN ZEIGENFUS.

Raleigh, May 26, 1841. 22 if
N. B. General regular boarders, with or without rooms, can be accommodated at THE PEOPLE'S HOUSE, on reasonable terms.

FOR SALE, 50 Shares
of Cape Fear Bank Stock, 20 shares of which may be had on very favorable terms.

D. W. STONE.

Nov. 9, 1841. 45 tf

NOTICE.

Will be sold at the Court House in Whitesville, Columbus county, on the second Monday in December next, the following Tracts of Land, or so much thereof as will satisfy the Taxes and charges due thereon for the year of 1840:

- 160 Acres, the property of Simon R. Bbins, on Mark's Branch.
- 200 Acres, more or less, the property of John Wilson, deceased, on the Beaverdam Swamp.
- 200 Acres, more or less, the property of Shadrach Wooster, deceased, lying on the White Marsh.
- Also the remnant of the Big Survey, lying between Lumber River and Uncle's Branch, lying in the south line to D. Leason's line.
- 275 Acres, the property of William Colby, or, lying on Bear Branch, joining the lands of Nottolum Mead.
- 125 Acres, the property of the heirs of Rachel Colby, do do, on the Beaverdam.
- 150 Acres, the property of the heirs of Rachel Colby, do do, joining Frederick Sasser, it being the year 1840 and all back taxes.

JOSHUA WILLIAMSON, Sheriff

Sept 12, 1841 30 2c.

PAINTING!

The Subscriber respectfully offers his services to the citizens of Raleigh and its vicinity, as a HOUSE PAINTER, &c. He can paint both inside and out—plain and mixed; and flatters himself that he will be able to give satisfaction in the execution of his work; and as his prices will be lower than the lowest, there can be no sort of grumbling.
EDWARD McENUNERY.
August 2, 1841. 20 0c

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It is beautifully printed in new long primer type—handsomely bound in muslin, gilt and lettered; and is, decidedly, the best and cheapest publication of the price, ever issued from the American Press.

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Persons in the country, wishing to act as agents, may obtain all the necessary information, by addressing their letters to the subscriber, No. 122, Nassau Street, New York City.

ROBERT SEARS, Publisher.

Clergymen, Superintendents and Teachers of Sabbath Schools, Agents of Religious News papers, and Periodicals, Postmasters, & Book sellers, throughout the country, are respectfully requested to act as our agents.

No letter will be taken from the office unless post paid.

To Publishers of Papers throughout the United States.

Newspapers or Magazines, copying the above entire, without any alteration or abridgement (including this notice,) and giving it 12 insertions, shall receive a copy of the work (subject to their order,) by sending direct to the Publisher.

ANECDOTE.

ROM DRINKING.—Every day's reflection upon this subject strengthens our feelings of animosity to the habit of drinking liquors. Hourly new and starting cases come up before us, to warn and admonish those who think they are safe enough, until they find themselves in the maelstrom of Intemperance. We heard a most instructive and impressive account from an eminent physician of this city, which we will relate for the reflection of others. And we most earnestly plead with those who feel so sure of their own strength to read and pause over it—to reflect deep and well after they have read it.

The story thus is—Some years ago, a physician and a friend were conversing together in front of the Eagle, when a master mechanic; a man of the most amiable and excellent character; a superior workman, full of business, with an interesting family, respected by every body and bidding fair to be an ornament to the city—came up to them, and laughingly commenced the following conversation:

"Well," said he, "I have just done what I never before did in my life."

"Why Mr.— has owed me a bill for work for a long time, and I dunned him for the pay until I was tired. But a minute ago I caught him out here, and asked him for the money.—Well, said he, I'll pay it to you if you'll step in here and get a drink with me. No, said I—I never drink—never drank in my life. Well, he replied, do as you please; if you won't drink with me, I won't pay your bill—that's all.—But I told him I could not do that. However, finding that he would not pay the bill, rather than lose my money, I just went in and got the drink." And he laughed, at the strange occurrence, as he concluded.

As soon as he had told the story, the physician's companion, an old, discreet, shrewd man, turned to him, and in a most impressive tone, said—

NOTICE.

Will be sold for cash, at the Court House door in Pittsborough, on Monday the 20th day of December next, the following tracts of land, or so much thereof as will satisfy the Taxes due thereon for the years 1837, 1838 and 1839, together with the cost of Advertising, &c. to wit:

No. of Acres.	Waters.	Adjoining the Lands of	No. of Polls.	Supposed to be the Owner's.	Valued at	Single or Double	For the year 1837	For the year 1838	For the year 1839	Listed or unlisted	Amount of d. lars	Amount of cents.
140	Rocky River	N. Stedman	1	John Burns, Jr.	\$140	Single			1839	Listed	\$1	15
180	D. River	Richard Dowd		Catherine Snelair	300	do			do	do		75
300	B. Creek	H. Tysar		Elijah Stone	375	do			do	do		93 1/2
100	S. Creek	Richard Dowd		Dennis Tysar	250	do			do	do	1	00
100	do	Unknown	5	Dennis Tysar	250	Single	1837			Listed	4	04
81	do	Unknown	3	Unknown	90	do			1838	do	3	04
100	G. Creek	A. Cox		Unknown	90	Double			do	do	2	08
530	G. River	Unknown	1	Kirk Bramley	780	Single	06		do	Listed	2	07 1/2
35	Dry Creek	Jesse Rogers	1	William Stone	75	do			1839	do	2	25 1/2
100	Unknown	Unknown		J. L. Johnston	300	do			do	do	1	00
100	B. River	R. Rives		J. Thos. McDaniel	150	do			do	do	2	07 1/2
125	Lick Creek	Jesse Johnston	1	Daniel Mann	75	do			do	do	1	30
125	do	do	1	Alex. Russell	300	Single			do	do	1	30
175	D. River	Nathan Smith		James Bridges	175	do			1839	do	1	43 1/2
100	Jack Branch	John Holoman		H. Christian	100	do			1839	do		95
175	D. River	A. S. Jackson		Merit Dickens	430	do			1839	do	1	07 1/2
136	Lick Creek	Unknown	1	Albert Seygraves	130	do			1839	do	1	14
100	Unknown	Jenkins' heirs		Baskerville	250	do			1838	do		83 1/2
100	do	do		do	250	Double			1839	unlisted	1	25
150	do	John Stone	1	Gideon Garner	150	Single			1838	listed	1	50
150	do	Unknown		Henry Shattock	75	do			1838	do		25
100	do	Jesse Goodwin		William Lawren	218	do			do	do	1	79 1/2
100	Lick Creek	John Hughes	1	Daniel Hughes	100	do			do	do	1	35 1/2
75	Unknown	Unknown	1	do	75	do			do	do	1	25
530	D. River	County line		German Riddle	900	do			do	do	1	66 3/4
190	P. Creek	Samuel Wilson		A. McBride	94	do			1839	do		02
170	Unknown	Wm. Tomlinson		Charles Penny	275	Double			do	unlisted	3	21
91	R. River	Unknown		Winters' heirs	51	Double	1837		1838	unlisted	6	35 3/4
297	do	Unknown		H. H. Yeargan	1000	Single			1839	listed	4	10
3	Lots in Pittsborough		2	H. Lightfoot	225	do			do	do	2	16 1/2
6	Lots in Haywood		2	A. Strih	400	do			do	do	1	00
3	Lots in Haywood		2	J. L. Johnson	25	do			1838	do	2	08

Chatham County, September 6, 1841. Price Adv. \$18 37 1/2 45 41.

JOHN HARMAN, Sheriff.

"Sir—that was the dearest drink that ever crossed your lips, and the worst bill you ever collected."

And terribly did time verify that admonition. In less than a twelve month he was a confirmed, disgraced sot; a vagabond in society, a curse to those who loved him, a loathing and a shame wherever he went. And that man, within the past year, died a horrible death, at the Infirmary in this city, produced solely by intoxication.

What a spectacle does such a case present. The poor man, in the innocence of his heart, laughed—aye, laughed as he closed his story of his first drink. Could he have turned the eye of a Seer, for a moment, upon the then future, and heard the hellish tones with which fiend-made response, how would he have shuddered and shrunk back with horror. Could he have looked upon the ghastly face of his Fate, could he have seen, but for a breathing space, of time, the awful gulf, over whose brink he had even then plunged, would he have laughed, and been at peace, think you? Alas! no. But he laughed, for he did not fear; and thousands of others laugh, now, because they do not fear—and yet as the skeleton fingers slowly clutched him in the moment of confidence & seeming strength, so it is clutching them; and in some bitter day perhaps they will remember this story, and in sack-cloth and ashes, and hot tears, lament that they did not pause. Reader—do you drink strong drinks!—Rich. Star.

LEARNING AND THE LAP-BOARD.—A tailor down town, who devotes the whole of his invaluable time to mending coats and repair. ing pantaloons, has the following index to his professional pursuits painted on a sign over his door,—"Pant-ology performed here, and Coat-tions carefully adjusted!"

What! What is the refinement of the world coming to!—Pic.

Gen'l Putnam.—The Alexandria Index makes a spirited defence of "Pat," against the article in the Knickerbocker. The Index says:—

We take exceptions, however, to the review of General Putnam's Life, which is the leading article of the number, and can scarcely refrain a smile at the abortive attempt of the elegant writer to prove the fire-eater of the old French war, and of the American revolution, a coward. Romance may have tinged the deeds of olden times with an illusive coloring, and exalted General Putnam far above his contemporaries in the temple of fame; but we think Mr. Fellows had better have let the dead of the revolution sleep out their glorious sleep, than to have cast a shadow of doubt upon the bright page of his country's early history.

General Putnam was one of the bravest of men. Like Stark and Knowlton, he was better fitted for the sortie and midnight entrenchment than for the council of war or the festive board. If every man had his proper place in the memory of his countrymen, how many kings would be cobblers, and how many philosophers fools.—Gen. Putnam was a major general of the line; he was, therefore, a shining mark for the juniors, when his old lion heart was cold and his arm powerless. That he was on Bunker Hill, in the thickest of the fight, the court-martial of Capt. Callender shows conclusively. He it was that drove the brave, though unfortunate, Callender back to the lines, with his sword pointing at his breast, when the captain of artillery sought a hollow in the hill to reduce his cartridges to the size of his gun. Putnam, as we said before, was a major general of the American Army. His commission was given to him after the battle of Bunker Hill. Where was Dearborn and Stark and Heath and Wilkinson then? Why did they let a coward wear the laurels of the brave, and lord it over them, when an appeal to facts would have stripped the craven, and driven him forth from the ranks a scorned and unholy thing! Putnam had his Humphrey and his Waldo, and Harrison his Dawson and his Cushing. How for the biographers of early and modern

times have wandered from the truth in their pages we will not say but we aver if Putnam was wanting in courage, the battle of Bunker Hill was the work of cowards, and Gen. Washington was the first to honor the craven who fired the morning gun of the revolution at the Glasgow man-of-war. The post of danger at the battle of Bunker Hill was not at the redoubt, as some supposed, but was upon Charlestown neck, raked as it was by the grape and cannister of two vessels of thirty-two guns each. Across this neck, in his visits to the doubtful Ward, Gen. Putnam galloped amid,

"The iron hail,
And thunders of war."

Across this neck he led the backward militia, and to convince them that the crossing was possible, he passed and repassed several times, amidst the thickest of the fight.

Gen. Putnam a coward! Gracious God! If his acts were cowardly, let us have an army of such cowards, and our country will be secured forever from the spoiler's arm and the traitor's insidious blow.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Why could a man, if a heavy anvil were placed upon his chest, allow a severe blow to be given to the anvil with a hammer and bear it with impunity?

Because the force of the blow, from the hammer, would be diffused through the substance of the anvil, and the men would scarcely feel it.

Why is it that a door standing open, and which would readily yield on its hinges to a gentle push, would not be moved by a cannon ball passing through it?

Because although the ball would overcome the whole force of cohesion in the wood, yet its passage through the door, would be so rapid it would not effect the inertia of the door, so as to produce sensible motion. A cannon ball, having great velocity, passing through a ship's side, leaves but a little mark; while one with less speed breaks the wood to a considerable distance. A near shot will injure a ship less than one from a great distance.

Why is a hollow tube of metal stronger than the same quantity of metal in a solid rod?

Because the particles of matter in the tube stand farther from the centre and resist with a longer lever. Hence, pillars of cast iron should be made hollow that they may have strength with as little metal as possible. Hence too the strength in the hollow bones of birds—in the bamboo, cornstalks, &c.

Why does not water escape from a common water glass for bird cages?

Because the weight or downward pressure of the atmosphere, acting on the particles of water prevents it.

Why is it that champagne wine is so cool when first decanted?

Because the carbonic acid, which it contains in assuming its gaseous form, absorbs a latent heat, a large proportion of the caloric which previously existed in the liquid. It is so also in the aerated waters.

Why is a chimney in a one cottage more likely to smoke than one attached to a house of several stories?

Because in all cases, other things being equal, the draught of a chimney is in proportion to its length. Chimneys quicken the ascent of hot air by keeping a large quantity of it together. A column of two feet high rises with twice as much force as a column of one foot, and so in proportion to all other lengths; just as two cords, strung together and immersed in water, tend upwards with more force than a single one.

The Senses.—The finger of God himself has marked out the line which separates the impulses, the habits the character of the two sexes.—Man has vigor—Woman refinement: man has the reasoning faculty best developed—woman the perceptive: man has the power of abstraction—woman rarely possesses it: man is capable of deep research,

he proceeds slowly and cautiously, measuring every distance and counting every step of his progress—woman bounds a long with rapid foot observing the most prominent objects in her path, and from them forms conclusions often erroneous. The intellectual faculty in man is usually concentrated—in woman it is diffused: men of genius commonly devote themselves to some one favorite pursuit—women of genius are remarkable for their versatility. Man has the more correct judgment—woman the more correct feelings. He has knowledge of right which he often forgets—she a consciousness of it which never forsakes her, even in the midst of crime: man possesses the stronger passions—woman the stronger affections: man has the more physical daring woman the more moral courage: man controls others by the force of his character—woman influences by the gentleness of hers. In a word my dear Frank, the relative position of the sexes is fixed beyond all change; their respective duties are well defined. Man has been given the weapons of moral and mental warfare, that he may go out into the world, and do battle with and for his fellows—while on woman is bestowed that skill in moral and mental culture which enables her to improve the field of duty at home."

Musical Anecdote.—We heard the other day, of an incident in the life of Mr. Horn well worth recording. During the great popularity of the song of "Cherry Ripe," in London, some sapient critic made the discovery that the words were by an old master, (Herriek) and forthwith an outcry was raised that the music was of a date equally ancient. A melody was found that resembled it in several particulars, and straightway the copyright of the publisher was infringed by a musical pirate, who issued an edition of the song on his own account. The purchaser of the melody commenced a suit for damages, and Mr. Horn was summoned as a witness. While on the stand, the old tune from which the composer was supposed to take the new one, was produced in evidence, and Mr. Horn saw it for the first time. He declared it to be a very different thing from his own melody—in short, quite another affair. But as neither court nor jury were musicians, it was difficult to make them understand the essential difference between the copies submitted to them. In this dilemma Mr. Horn was requested to sing both to the jury, which he did to the delight of all present, and his publisher consequently cast his opponent, and heavy damages were awarded in the case—when the whole audience burst out into the most vociferous applause, and an encore of "Cherry Ripe" was insisted upon. "Silence in the court," however, from the clerk, soon restored order, and the composer and the other parties left the halls of justice on the best possible terms with themselves, and all the rest of the world.

WOMAN AT THE COUCH OF SICKNESS.—I love to see her at the couch of sickness, sustaining the fainting head—offering to the parched lips its cordial—to the craving palate its simple nourishment—treating with noiseless assiduity around the solemn curtains, and complying with the wish of the invalid, when he says—

"Let me not have this gloomy view
About my room, about my bed;
But blooming roses set with dew,
To send my burning fever listless."

Disposing the sun-light upon the pale forehead—bathing the hair with ointment and the light settling upon it from the summer casements that breathe of heaven. How lovely are such exhibitions of ever-during constancy and faith. How they appear to the soul, like the lover in Canticles, whose fingers, when she rose to open the door to her beloved, were "dropping with sweet smelling myrrh upon the hands of the lock."

SINGULAR.—The Newbern (N. C.) Spectator says—"We have been informed that dame Nature has been performing a most

singular freak among the testaceous tribe in the county of Carteret. The scallops, oysters and clams have taken the scarlet fever, and are all found, upon being opened, to contain a quantity of blood and bloody gelatinous matter. This is a singular fact in the natural history of these marine productions, and deserves investigation. Our informant states that a similar affection seized them just before the last war, and from its occurrence now, the old ladies think that we are to have a war with England shortly. We hope the clams will be false prophets this time."

PUBLIC SPEAKERS.—The following hint is not only pertinent to the exhibitions of the Forum and the Bar, but of the Pulpit. We generally observe that the application of the speaker's fist to his Bible increases in frequency and force just in proportion to the tardiness and feebleness of his thoughts. The less he has to say the more noise he makes about it. To such orators the author of Lacon refers in one of his pungent paragraphs:—"Those orators who give us much noise and many words, but little argument and less wit, and who are most loud when they are the least loud, should take a lesson from the great volume of Nature; she often gives us the lightning even without the thunder; but never the thunder without the lightning."

IF I WERE.

It is apt to be the case that a man would do a great many good things if he were so and so situated, but that troublesome word "if" is apt to interfere with his good intentions. His professions are of the most patriotic and praiseworthy kind, and he would be the most kind hearted, the most benevolent man in the world; if it were not for certain things which intervene to prevent the fulfilment of his noble designs.