

THE RALEIGH STAR AND NORTH CAROLINA GAZETTE.

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"NORTH CAROLINA—POWERFUL IN MORAL, INTELLECTUAL AND PHYSICAL RESOURCES—THE LAND OF OUR HEROES AND THE HOME OF OUR AFFECTIONS"

[THREE DOLLARS A YEAR—IN ADVANCE]

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DR. HUN'S DOCTRINES CARRIED OUT BY PRACTICE.

Albany, Aug. 17, 1843.

To the Editor of the Patriot.

Sir—the lamentable controversy provoked by Dr. Thomas Hun with E. C. Delavan, Esq., was nearing its close about three months ago, when returning home one evening, I was invited by a much valued friend to partake of an oyster supper with him. The invitation I accepted, and arrived at a place of refreshment, he inquired what I would drink with the oysters. I replied, "cold water, if anything." He said I had better take some brandy, as it would do me good. To this I remarked, "we are temperance men, and must not drink." To my surprise, he ordered the waiter to bring in "oysters for two and brandy for one." On the appearance of the red, dangerous, wicked article, I inquired of my friend seriously if he was a temperance man. "Certainly," said he, "a real temperance man; a Dr. Hun temperance man." Sir, I was surprised. The introduction of the latter gentleman's name, with the apt illustration of his doctrine here occurring, produced a discussion on the merits of the controversy then going on between him and Mr. Delavan; my friend taking Dr. Hun's side of the question, and strengthening his position with occasional draughts from the brandy tumbler, and taking Mr. Delavan's side, with the appropriate emblem of the purity of my cause for aid—a glass of clear spring water. After half an hour's animated argument, in which my friend admitted the superior philanthropy, purity of motive and action of Mr. Delavan, I made a proposition to retire, but he stopped me, and ordered another glass of brandy. I remonstrated with him on the impropriety of the step. He said, as a scholar and philosopher, he felt it due to Dr. Hun to drink his health before he left there, for the ingenuity, learning and tact with which he supported his doctrine. The brandy arrived—he stood up—and with a face beaming a little more than strict temperance would betoken, he exclaimed—raising the insidious, vile destroyer of man's peace in his hand—"Here's to the philosopher—scholar—the true temperance man—Doctor Hun." The violent contortion of features, and red purple hue of the face, on the brandy being swallowed at one draught, told that the burning stuff was scorching the stomach, all Dr. Hun's philosophy and physiology to the contrary notwithstanding.

The person referred to in this communication is an estimable young man, possessing a strong mind, a devout member of a church and a strict moralist; in fact one who will be an ornament and use to society, if principles like these, advocated by Dr. Hun, do not reduce him, as they have thousands—nay, I believe millions—of others to drunkenness, disgrace and an early death. I stated to my companion, on the evening in question, before we parted, that the occurrences of the night were so powerfully demonstrative of the evil and dangerous tendency of Dr. Hun's writings, that I should publish the circumstances, so as to counteract in some measure their future action. To this proposition, after a little thought, he assented, on condition that I would not mention his name. I promised not, but did not fail to remember him at the moment, that if the principles which he advocated were sound and pure, he ought not to be ashamed to endorse them. He laughed, and bid me good night.

I retired to my room that night with saddened feelings, and prayed fervently to Heaven for the preservation of this noble hearted young man, and for the forgiveness and conversion of Dr. Hun. I had fearful suspicions, on reading the controversy between Dr. Hun and Mr. Delavan, that many would take advantage of the Doctor's respectability and connexions, and his plausible arguments for the rum-bottle, to betake themselves to its pleasing but treacherous embraces; but I had no idea—until I had the pain of witnessing it—that the insidious poison could have taken root in a mind so high, so pure, as that of my friend M.

[From the Albany Atlas.]
A THRILLING SCENE, ILLUSTRATING MODERATE DRINKING.

Permit me to illustrate my views of moderate drinking, by relating substantially a thrilling scene, which occurred in a town in a neighboring State, while the people were gathered together to discuss the merits of the license question, and decided informally, whether neighbors should any longer be permitted to destroy each other by vending alcoholic poison.

The town had suffered greatly from the sale and use of intoxicating liquors. The leading influences were opposed to total abstinence. At the meeting, the clergyman, a deacon, and the physician, were present, and were all in favor of continuing the custom of license—all in favor of permitting a few men of high moral character to sell alcohol for their own use, in the opinion, that alcohol in moderation, when used as a beverage, was a good creature of God, and also, to restrict the sale or moderate use, was an unjust interference with human liberty, and a selection upon the benevolence of the Almighty. They all united in the belief, that the use of alcohol as a beverage, excess alone was to be avoided.

The feeling appeared to be all one way, when a single teetotaler, who was present by accident, but who had been a former resident of the town, begged leave to differ from the speakers who had preceded him. He entered into a history of the village

from its early settlement: he called the attention of the assembly to the desolation moderate drinking had brought upon families and individuals; he pointed to the poor-house, the prison-house, and the grave-yard for its numerous victims; he urged the people by every consideration of mercy, to let down the flood gates, and prevent, as far as possible, the continued desolation of families, by the moderate use of alcohol. But all would not do. The arguments of the clergyman, the deacon, and the physician, backed by station, learning and influence, were too much for the single teetotaler. No one arose to continue the discussion, or support him, and the president of the meeting was about to put the question—when all at once there arose from one corner of the room, a miserable female. She was thinly clad, and her appearance indicated the utmost wretchedness and that her mortal career was almost closed. After a moment of silence, and all eyes being fixed upon her, she stretched her attenuated body to its utmost length, then her long arms to their greatest length, and raising her voice to a shrill pitch, she called upon all to look upon her. "Yes!" she said, "look upon me and then hear me. All that the last speaker has said relative to temperate drinking, as being the father of all drunkenness, is true. All drinking of alcohol poison, as a beverage in health is excess. Look upon me. You all know me, or once did. You all know I was once the mistress of the best farm in this town: You all know, too, I once had one of the best—the most devoted of husbands. You all know I had five noble hearted, industrious boys. Where are they now? Doctor where are they now? You all know—You all know they lie in a row, side by side, in yonder church-yard; all—every one of them—filling the drunkard's grave! They were all taught to believe that moderate drinking was safe,—excess alone ought to be avoided; and they never acknowledged excess. They quoted you, and you, and you, pointing with her shred of a finger to the Priest, Deacon and Doctor, as authority. They thought themselves safe under such teachers. But I saw the gradual change coming over my family and prospects, with dismay and horror; I felt we were all to be overwhelmed in one common ruin; I tried to ward off the blow; I tried to break the spell—the delusive spell—in which the idea of the benefits of moderate drinking had involved my husband and sons; I begged, I prayed; but the odds were greatly against me. The Priest said the poison that was destroying my husband and boys was a good creature of God; the Deacon (who sits under the pulpit there, and took our farm to pay his run bills,) sold them the poison; the Physician said that a little was good, and excess ought to be avoided. My poor husband and my dear boys fell into the snare, and they could not escape, (there were no Washingtonians then,) and one after another was conveyed to the dishonored grave of the drunkard. Now look at me again—you probably see me for the last time—my sand has almost run. I have dragged my exhausted frame from my present abode—your poor-house—to warn you all—to warn you, Deacon!—to warn you, false teacher of God's word!—and with her arms high flung, and her tall form stretched to its utmost, and her voice raised to an unearthly pitch—she exclaimed, "I shall soon stand before the judgment seat of God—I shall meet you there, you false guides, and be a swift witness against you all!" The miserable female vanished—a dead silence pervaded the assembly—the Priest, Deacon and Physician hung their heads—the President of the meeting put the question—Shall we have any more license to sell alcoholic poisons, to be drank as a beverage? The response was unanimous—No! People of the United States, friends of humanity everywhere, what would have been your verdict had you all been there also?

This picture may be thought to be over-drawn, but could the history of families be told in this city, in all our towns and villages, or in our hamlets, tens of thousands of cases equally striking might be recorded here.

I was once a moderate drinker, but now, thanks to the temperance reform a TEETOTALER.

POWER OF MUSIC ON NIGHT-INGALES.

In the garden of Dilgusha, at Shiraz, in Persia, nightingales are said to abound, which not only sing during the night, but whose plaintive melody is not suspended by day in the East, as it is in our colored region; and it is said that several of those birds have expired while contending with musicians in the loudness or variety of their notes. It has indeed, been known, according to Pliny, that in vocal trials among nightingales, the vanquished bird terminated its song only with its life.

An intelligent Persian, who repeated this story again, and permitted me to write it down from his own lips, declared that he had more than once been present when a celebrated lutanist, Mirza Mohammed, surnamed Baltab, was playing to a large company in a grove near Shiraz, where he distinctly saw the nightingales trying to vie with the musician, sometimes warbling on the trees, from branch to branch, as if they wished to approach the instrument whence the melody proceeded; and at length dropping from the ground in a kind of ecstasy, from which he assured me they were soon raised by a change in the mode. And in one of Strada's Academical Productions, we find a beautiful poem which tends to con-

firm the Persian report, for it supposed the spirit of emulation so powerful in the nightingale, that, having strained her little throat, vainly endeavoring to excel the musician, she breathes out her life in one last effort, and drops upon the instrument which had contributed to her defeat.

According to Willis's last letter, published in the National Intelligencer, gentlemen of middle age are sadly out of place in the gay circles of New York. He states the case thus:

It strikes me that there is no provision in the gay society of New York for people of middle age. A man between thirty-five and forty is invited to a large party. He finds the two principal rooms stripped of carpets and of most of the sitting down furniture, and the reception-room entirely lined with the mammas and chaperons of the young ladies on the floor. However he might be a "dancing man" in Europe, where people dance till their knees fail them, he knows that in this haste-to-grow-old country it would be commented harshly upon especially if he has a wife, for whom it is expected his overflow of spirits should be reserved. As he don't dance, he would like to converse. The old ladies talk of nothing but their daughters, and the daughters, if not dancing, think it would repel a probable partner to seem much occupied in conversation. He looks around for a sofa and a lady who don't dance. Sofa there is none, and in a chair in the corner perhaps there is one lady who is neither young nor old—*rara avis!* He approaches her, and well nigh jammed against the wall, undertakes a conversation not audible (he stands and she sits) unless kept up at a scream. After a half hour of this, the lady, if she be discreet, remembers that "it looks particular" to be engaged more than half an hour by one gentleman, and looks or says so. The middle-aged man slides along the wall, gets back into the crowded reception-room, talk a little to the chaperons, comes back and looks on at the waltz, and so passes the three hours till supper—oh his legs! The ladies take an hour to sup, and about three o'clock, he gets a corner for some oysters and champagne, and between that and four o'clock gets home to bed. He is a business man and rises at eight, and by three o'clock the next day he looks and feels as a man naturally would who had burnt his candle at both ends—for nothing.

PUSEYISM.

The following is given as a synopsis of the doctrine of Puseyism by a Southern journal:

1. Apostolic succession in both Protestant and Catholic Churches;
2. The regeneration of children by baptism.
3. There is no salvation for those out of the pale of the church.
4. The authority of the church is higher than that of the State, and that the sovereign and Senate are bound to submit to the dictum of the church.
5. The writings of the Fathers are preferred to the narratives of the inspired evangelists, and the letters of the apostles.
6. That the Scriptures ought not to be read by the laity, unless accompanied by the exposition of their meaning to be found in the book of Common prayer.
7. The atonement, requiring the religion of the heart, is virtually rejected.
8. That religion mainly consists in the observance of forms and ceremonies.
9. That the bread and wine in the Sacrament are converted, when consecrated, into the actual flesh and blood of Christ, and that the Sacrament constitutes a kind of continuation of the atonement of Christ on the cross.

From the Charleston Patriot.

STOP THE SWINDLER.

A man calling himself *Candler Brown*, from Lansdale co., Miss., about 35 or 40 years of age, of extremely dark complexion, and about 6 feet in height, purporting to be a negro buyer—passed off in this City, on Wednesday morning last, a large amount of counterfeit \$100 notes of the Northern Bank of Kentucky, dated Lexington, Nov. 10th, 1842, payable at Paris—No. 213, Letter D., signed M. T. Scott, Cashier, and Jno. T. Tilford, President. He left here the same day on horseback with saddle bags, dressed in a long drab colored overcoat, and has probably gone into North Carolina or Virginia. It will be seen by an advertisement in this day's paper, that a reward of \$300 is offered for such information as will lead to his apprehension. The money paid him in exchange for the said notes, were bills of the South Western Rail Road Bank, payable in Charleston. His general appearance is such as would strike the notice of any person, being of a remarkably dark complexion with black hair.

The same fellow, it is believed, passed through this city a few days ago.

THE NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

It has been decided to publish this Magazine for one year, and to issue the first number in the early part of February, 1844. The publisher is willing to risk its publication for the period above named, on the condition that every subscriber pays in advance, on or before the receipt of the first number. And it must now be distinctly understood, to prevent cause of offence hereafter, that no reason will receive more than one number until the terms are complied

with. Non-subscribers will be received after the work commences, except those who take from the first number. Copies will be struck off to supply this demand. The object is to have the subscription year of all to expire at the same time, so that if there should not be sufficient patronage to continue a second year, there may be no difficulty about returning balances, &c.

We cannot suppose this enterprise will be defeated for want of patronage. The efficiency and strength of the Editorial Corps, and the talents otherwise committed to the undertaking, give this work a higher claim to the attention of the citizens of North Carolina and adjacent States, than any that has ever been offered to public favor. The gratuitous supply of Editorial matter and conduct, enables the publisher to commence the work with a limited subscription; and though there is some hazard attending the enterprise, he feels willing to encounter it believing that the chances are greatly on the side of success.

Those who have not seen the Prospectus are informed that the Magazine will comprise 48 octavo pages—published every month, at \$3 per annum.

Editors desirous of an exchange with the Magazine, and who have not inserted the Prospectus, are requested to copy this article.

THOMAS LORING.

Raleigh, N. C., Jan. 8, 1844.

We hear, says the National Intelligencer that Gen. WADSWORTH, Minister of the United States to Mexico, has forwarded his resignation of that trust, and may be expected to arrive in the United States very shortly.

STEAM BOAT ON THE NEUSE.

We have seen a letter from a gentleman of Waynesboro, containing some interesting particulars respecting the Steam Boat "WYNE," recently put upon the waters of the Neuse by Messrs. Deble, of Newbern. The writer states that he had gone down to Newbern in her, a distance of 120 miles, in 11 hours and 7 minutes. In returning, she towed up several flats, has a great deal of freight already engaged and may be regarded as having made a very successful beginning. She is propelled by a wheel in the stern, has an engine of 36 horse power, and draws only 21 inches—a fact which adapts her peculiarly to such rivers as the Neuse: It is believed, that with a very little work on the river she may run 10 months in the year. We trust that the merchants and planters of that part of the State will realize great good from this enterprise.

Pay. Obs.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

One of the merriest fellows the day is the gallant Col. Carter, of the Locoming Gazette. The following are his grave and profound remarks upon the important science "Popping the Question."

Girls are queer little animals—angels—we intended to have said; and we love 'em all, in spite of their faults folly and flirting. We have "popped the question" at least a dozen times, and a dozen times, have been refused. These frequent reverses have not engendered a feeling of despair; strange as it may sound, were on as good terms with ourselves as ever. We rather attribute this want of success to a want of taste and discernment on the part of certain fair ones, and dark as the prospect now is, we entertain a faint hope that, perhaps at some distant day we may yet woo and win some young, middle-aged or even old lady, worthy of our small means, but extensive prospects; worthy of our high standing, (six feet in our socks) and worthy of those graces of mind and person which we are supposed by many to possess. But, dear "Maria," that the decision of this momentous question has been left to a person who has had some experience in the wayward, strange, queer, perplexing, incomprehensible and capricious ways of lovely woman! Now to the text.

If a gentleman should meet with a repulse a refusal—it is wholly and solely his own fault. It is in his power to ascertain the state of the lady's feelings before he "unbosoms" himself. But how? Of course, she will never make a tender confession in tender words or tender looks. Oh no! She will use every little artifice to convince him that she does not care two straws for him, but if she really loves, she betrays the existence of the tender passion in a hundred different ways in the presence of the "dear object." If she meets the "object" in the street, she tries to look cold and composed but blushes to her temples. If they should be left alone, and are in close proximity, they become excruciatingly embarrassed; have a sort of choking sensation of the throat—trembling of the limbs—faltering of words—changing of colors, &c. &c. If he admires any peculiar mode of wearing the hair, any peculiar style of dress—he will discover that she innocently and unconsciously enough accommodates herself to his fancy. If, on entering, she is the last to greet his approach, he may set it down as a very favorable symptom, an *infirmitas*; but we have furnished enough for all useful purposes.

If then, a gentleman finds a lady in the state which we have attempted to describe, he may propose with safety. But he must be careful as to time and place. The season of sunshine and flowers is the time—when mountain and hill plain and valley are clothed in the richest verdure—when the

birds carol forth their songs of joy and love when the balmy winds of the South give color to the cheek and life to the step, when the sweet murmuring of the brook breaks upon the silence of the forest—when the rosy goddess of the morn bathes the smiling landscape in one bright stream of golden effulgence—when the eyes become soft, tender, dewy, and the lowing of herds proclaims the close of day—when each field speaks of joy and plenty—when every trembling leaf whispers of love—Oh, then, then is the time!

As to the place—in some secluded walk where there is no possibility of interruption Tremblingly place her delicate, white, soft hand within your own mutton fist, pop the question, and murmur into her expecting ears vows of love and constancy. If she is a sensible, candid off handed sort of a girl, she will say "Yes," and thank you. If she is a timid, loving girl, she will probably burst into tears hide her head in her bosom, and refer you to her "pappa." If she is a foolish girl she will say "Yes," eagerly, and jump up and kiss you. If she is a coquettish girl, she will look pleased, but pretend to be astonished and it will require many succeeding interviews before you are able to make her "define her position."

True love, we all know, is diffident and the question is frequently "popped" without the "popper" knowing what the complexion of the answer will be from the "poppee." If the lady hears you coldly and unmoved betrays no alarm, no embarrassment, no soft fluttering of the heart; hand and voice and blasts your hopes by the polite utterance of the terrific, terrible monosyllable "No." We advise you immediately to get on your feet again carefully brush the dirt off your knees, take your hat in your hand, bow politely and indifferently to the lady, as if the disappointment was not so great as she expected, walk yourself off to your lodgings, light a cigar, dwell on the imperfections of the sex, the blessing of a bachelor's life, and it is probable that you will soon forget her. It must be evident that she don't care a copper about you. It is true, by dogged perseverance you might eventually obtain her consent; but in nine cases out of ten, hearts do not accompany hearts won in that way. But if the lady say "No!" (when her looks and actions "Yes.") do not, I beseech you, tear your hair and fly off in a tangent. The hook has caught, and by giving her plenty of line, and playing with her delicately and scientifically, you can in good time draw her to your arms as she blushing confesses the power and potency of your charms.

A booby of a fellow now may spoil all, in this stage of the proceedings, by his haste or his tardiness, and let the fair one escape from his unskillful hands, to be caught in the net of some old sportsman.

THE WOOD WITH THE BARK OFF.

Some rogue of a wag has been telling the editor of the Sporting Chronicle a story of his exploits while in Canada, engaged in the lumber business, in which he says he should have made a fortune had he remained another year. He says there was a great deal of "rough gambling" (that is *stealing*) going on all round; but while other people were only able to steal the raw logs, he was smart enough to steal the boards ready sawed! He concludes his story by relating that things had at length come to such a pass, that at all the saw-mills a watch was set to prevent stealing logs; but he had got so wide awake in the business that he could "back a yoke of oxen up to a log with a man sitting on it, and twitch it clear, leaving the man sitting on the bark."

A man is lecturing on artificial memory in New York. He is so capable in his business that he has taught children to perform the following feats, according to the Mobile Advertiser's correspondent. One little girl about ten years of age, wrote down on a black-board the rate of the diameter to the circumference of the earth carried out to 154 places of decimals. She wrote the solution of this problem as fast as she could make her little fingers fly, with but one error. It nearly covered a black-board five feet by three. She also answered a great number of questions, taken at random, from a table containing several thousand dates, events, names, &c., without making a mistake. A boy still younger, about six years of age, possessed equal powers of memory.

The Professor states that any thing once fixed by his system can never be forgotten. He keeps the process a secret as yet, but the key is some kind of an association of letters and numbers.

THRILLING INCIDENT.

Revelation.—A young lady belonging to a Jewish family in St. Louis, died on the 5th inst of a nervous disease, and on the 6th her friends started with her remains for interment. The Republican says that according to a Jewish custom, the body is taken to the graveyard in a square box, in which some covering which the deceased person has expired, and there, in a house appointed for that purpose, the female friends of the family unrobe the body, wash it with cold water, and anoint it for its last resting-place. While performing this ancient custom upon the body of this supposed inanimate corpse, a healthful warmth evaporated from it, and evident signs of life, became manifest. The fact was an-

nounced by the ladies, physicians were sent for, and the sorrowful certainty of death, which overshadowed the countenances of her friends, gave place to a gleam of hope. On the arrival of the physicians the certainty of her being alive was established, and means were taken to fan the spare into health, in which, adds the Republican we earnestly hope they will succeed. How providential that she was a Jewess. This fact should caution the public against hasty burials.



AGRICULTURAL.

TREATMENT OF HORSES.

No animal is more subject to ill treatment than the horse. Some from ill temper abuse this noble animal, and ruin him utterly, before he has come to maturity, others through lack of judgment induce disease and death, before he has lived out half the days which nature has assigned him.

We find but very few indeed, who exercise good judgment in breaking, in feeding, and in driving the horse. Vicious tricks are learned at an early age, and it is often impossible to correct bad habits when they are once formed.

We find some horses of very fine appearance that will insist on setting their own time for starting. Others will refuse to draw until the load is fairly under way. Some will kick the best friends, and some will bite the hostler when he comes to do him an act of kindness.

These are the fruits of education, and most of the ugly tricks of horses are learned in breaking. The first step to be taken in training a horse is halter breaking. It is quite important, when you first undertake to control a young horse, that you let him know that your power is supreme. If he breaks his first halter, he will never forget it, and should he afterwards find himself confined by a cable he will try its strength, because his memory is better than his judgment.

The young animal should be repeatedly made fast in different positions; and he must have repeated opportunities to test the full virtue of a rope about his head. He should be very carefully tided till he is fully convinced that there is a power above his own strength. When this is once properly done a single brown thread will hold him, and a child may lead him.

When you first require him to move he will not be likely to understand you, and you must get very cautious how you undertake to get him into motion. Your most prudent course would be to invite him to accompany another horse that has been trained. After he has been led repeatedly by his side he will be more willing to follow you alone. The first saddle that is put on his back should not be held up and made to clatter like a scare-crow. A padding that he has been allowed to see and to learn that it is not a wild beast, will be more suitable than a common saddle.

The first load that a young horse is put to draw should be a very light one. If he gets set at the first trial, he will remember it as long as he will the weak halter; he will suppose that every load is too heavy and that all halters may be broken.

A well trained horse is a rare chattel, yet nothing but plain common sense is necessary to qualify any man to break a horse. Some horsemen prefer to let a young animal have his head till he is four years old and then bring him to the bit & collar at once, but horses that are suffered to have their own way till they are four years old are likely to prefer the sweets of freedom which they have so long tasted to any discipline which can be contrived. The kindest horses are those that were haltered broken when they were quite young.—Maine Cultivator.

CABBAGE AS FOOD FOR HOGS.

A gentleman remarked in our hearing a few days since, that cabbage was a valuable food for hogs. The idea was new to us, and we inquired the manner of feeding. In reply, he gave us the following as the result of his experience the last summer. Having a fine patch of plants and observing the bottom leaves beginning to decay, he directed his farmer to procure a watertight cask, and gather a bushel of the lower leaves from the cabbage plants and deposit them in the barrel, with a handful of salt and one quart of corn meal. On this was poured the contents of the swill-pail, and the whole was suffered to stand undisturbed for 23 hours when the process was repeated; with the exception of the salt—and so every day, until the cask was filled with a mass of wilted leaves, about six quarts of corn meal, potato peelings, crumbs of bread, &c. from the kitchen all in a state of partial fermentation. He now commenced feeding it to the hogs and