

# THE RALEIGH STAR AND NORTH CAROLINA GAZETTE.

THOS. J. LEMAY, (Printer for the State,) EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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

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## THE RALEIGH STAR.

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**WANTED.**—A negro girl about twelve or thirteen years old for her virtuous and clothes. Apply to Star Office.

## THE NEW MAIL COMPANY.

The Philadelphia Gazette of Wednesday evening says: "We learn that the travelling agent for the American Letter Mail Company between Baltimore and this city, was this day prevented from taking passage in the cars on the Baltimore Railroad. The agent, after ineffectual remonstrances with the conductor, who it seems had positive orders to exclude him rode away in a cab with his large package of letters."

**Most Atrocious Villainy.**—The Brooklyn (N. Y.) papers of the 8th inst give some facts in relation to the conduct of a minister of the gospel in that city, which may well cause a christian community to hold up their hands in horror. The wretch's name is Judd—the Reverend Mr. Judd—and it appears that he was the minister of a congregation which worships in a building in the abatement of which building he taught school.—The first intimation of his villainy was the disclosure of the seduction of his servant, an orphan, whom he had procured by indenture from the Orphan Asylum. His wife for he was a married man—was so distressed that he was obliged to call in medical aid, and he informed the physician that "she was overcome with great enjoyment of religious feelings!"

But this affair, bad as it is, may be termed almost venial in comparison of the horrible atrocities with which he is charged. If the allegations in the Brooklyn papers are correct, this incarnate fiend has been guilty of the most revolting conduct toward the female children who frequent his school, and it is said that many parents are almost heart broken at the horrors inflicted on their little daughters.

Judd has absconded, and it is said, has gone to New Brunswick, (N.J.) The Tribune says: "The rumors implicating the church which this reverend villain has wronged are entirely unfounded. His pastoral connexion with that church ceased two months ago, and his crimes were, instantly on their discovery, reported to the Presbytery of Newark (to which alone he is ecclesiastically amenable) for decisive action. Judd himself immediately fled."

## ESSAY ON FORGIVENESS.

Written by Mr. HENRY SHEARS, the elder and father of Henry and John Shears, who were executed, as United Irishmen, in 1798.

It is to be feared that there are some who from considering the Lord's Prayer only as it stands in our Liturgy, have been led into an imperfect idea of the petition for forgiveness. In the Greek of St. Matthew, it runs thus:—"Forgive us our debts as we forgive debtors;" and to this St. Luke correspondent:—"Forgive us our sins for we also forgive those who are indebted to us." Why any deviation should have been made from words so sacred, I do not know.

The literal construction, *debts*, takes in all that is intended by *trespasses*, and more; in its first and immediate sense, it means those obligations relative to property which arise from the intercourse of society, and extends also to the great circle of duties which man owes to man and every man to his Creator.

Existence, reason, immortality, a possession of temporary and an offer of endless blessings, form a debt too great to be discharged. The warmest aspirations of gratitude are faint, and most vigorous exertions of service imperfect; but our efforts may reach to "man, though they fall short of Heaven." The great Universal Creditor takes in payment to himself what we do to others; pity, patience and benignity, are his favorite offerings; and the prevailing petition of his court, and is—that we make each other happy.

He who stooped to instruct us to as forgiveness, makes the remitting of the debts of others the express condition of our hopes. This is the first step of the scale; and the man who will not rise so far above his passions, can never expect to go higher. To remember injuries with kindness, to repay evil with good, and become the cheerful benefactor of an enemy, are heights beyond the reach of our unenlightened ethics. Yet to those must every one aspire, who would avail himself of the intercessions or sufferings of the teacher. But the rudiments of philanthropy must be learned before we feel its elevation: *impartial pity* unbars the heart; refinement can meet no entrance: nor can we dream of soaring to angelic heights while we lie sunk below the common standard of humanity.

To deprive a fellow being of every comfort, and cover him with every misery, merely for his incapacity of paying, would evince a malignity too diabolical, I hope to be human. Yet, little better is the relentless creditor's motive—a wretched pride of appearing acute and prudent

in the eyes of others, mixed with a little grovelling resentment at the idea of a real or intended imposition on his understanding. For these he showers woes upon the head of poverty; and denies to his brother of the dust a little portion of that mercy, which if our common Maker did not unlimitedly possess the only wish of every thinking being would be to shrink out of existence.

To the misplacing of our passions, we owe most of our errors. Ambitious of eminence, when, in fact, we are most restrained, we are more jealous of our intellectual than our moral merit. We are content to be thought cruel, provided we are thought sagacious; and to support the fancied staidness of worldly wisdom, descends below the rank of the common executioner; we catch at a revenge, not palliated by the plea of provocation, nor dignified by the show of spirit—a revenge within the reach of the most abject being in the community—at which a man should blush and a christian tremble. Real pre-eminence is bestowed by the hand of generous forbearance; and the most thrilling flattery is the voice of misery relieved. To see the tear of gratitude swelling in the eye; and the features throbbing with the emotions of a blessing heart; to see happiness, like a new creation; brightening up at our touch, and feeling ourselves rising in the estimation of the source of being these create a pride which humility may avow, and a superiority which will survive the fleeting phantom of distinction.

The eye that reads this paper must close; the hands that hold it must rot—nor is the time far off. Business in vain endeavors to subdue, or levity to expel the thought. It has a voice of thunder, and will be heard. When that which is dreadful is also inevitable,—to disarm it of all its terrors is all that is left us. Religion points to the means, and reason urges us to embrace them.

When aid is vain, and joy is fled; when the soul begins to disentangle, and feels the prestiges of the approaching future from a consciousness of the past; when the stage of life is darkened and the great, much talked of scene begins to realize, and open on the view, the debris we have remitted, the wrongs we have forgiven, and the miseries we have relieved will play with cherub faces round the faney, and turn to rapture the pangs of dissolution.

To such joys and prospects, some hearts have made themselves insensible, but from the dominion of fear, there are none exempt. Others, however, are our nature, therefore, intimidates while he allures and denounces a reverse from which the imagination revolts in terror. In the catalogue of transgression inexorability stands dreadfully distinguished. To every other offender, though he may shudder at the justice of the mighty,—there is still some resource remaining in his mercy. But he who denies mercy, forfeits mercy. He disclaims the saving attribute, which softens the terrors of Omnipotence, and quits the last hold that hangs from Heaven over the gulf of eternity!

Death and judgment be not chimeras; if the son of God knew the will of his Father; if that will be founded on immutable truth,—he who does not forgive, will not be forgiven.

## INDIAN WIT.

The *Caddo Gazette* relates an anecdote told to the editor by Gov. Butler, who lately returned from the Indian country, which shows in strong light the natural wit and penetration of the Red Man of the forest. It appears that Gov. Butler, in order to show the good feelings and friendship existing between the United States and the Western tribes of Indians, requested Mr. Stanley, the young artist who accompanied him on his late visit to the Indian country, to sketch two hands embracing each other—the one of a red man and the other a white man, with the "calumet of peace" above them—which was done in the most exquisite style. After its completion, the young *Caddo* chief, to whom he was about to present it, proposed, very appropriately, an addition to the picture, by drawing, under the hands, and in immediate proximity the head of a bull-dog, to bite, as he said, the hand which proved treacherous. The group was finished and transferred to the Indians, to their great amusement and gratification.

Willis Hall, the distinguished New Yorker, sustained a paralytic attack for the benefit of his health, it is stated, his entire recovery, and the prospect is fair for the future.

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## ONE DROP TOO MUCH OF THE MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS.

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer.] An old gentleman with an old wife, and no children, who lived on Longworth-st., was aroused from his bed one night about four weeks ago, by a loud knocking at the street door. The ancient pair had always manifested a great fondness for children; and not being blessed with any of their own, were on the best terms imaginable with those belonging to their more fortunate neighbors; and whenever a chubby little boy or girl chanced to be in their company it was stuffed with sweet-meats, and overwhelmed with their unpractised, and consequently awkward, endearments. The neighbors loved the old couple, because the old couple loved their children, and enabled them to save many a Christmas penny, that would otherwise have been uselessly buried in the bowels of gingerbread houses. And for many squares around, the peculiar propensities of the ancient pair furnished inexhaustible material for gossip. The venerable pair had long since committed themselves to the arms of Somnus, on a December night, from which they were disturbed by a loud rap at the street door. The old gentleman did not know what to make of the knock; but knew that it made a noise not usually heard in his house at one o'clock in the morning—so he pinched his wife's ear and asked her what it was. The old lady thought he had better get up and see. He slipped out of the bed into his slippers and pants, and went down stairs to the door which he opened, and in it, traced a dark shadow on the lighter darkness, a female form with a bundle in her arms. The gentleman asked her what she wanted, and the young lady, (for such, by her voice, she seemed to be,) said she was an unfortunate woman, the modern meaning of which, the old gentleman did not understand—of course. He said he felt sorry for her—read her a brief moral lecture from memory and said that Heaven would never desert the virtuous. The night was cold—the old man was thinly clad—he shivered, and his voice was tremulous, which caused the unfortunate woman to sob, believing that the goodness of his tender and pitying heart the old man was weeping too. She said she had a child—a lovely boy—just five months old; that she was poor; that her seducer, (the old gentleman said oh!) a drunken, heartless villain, on whose head the vengeance of Heaven would one day fall, had returned with a pistol and three bowie knives, like Herod, to massacre the innocent—that she escaped while he slept; knew where to carry the child any further, and she said she would bless the old gentleman if he would take it. He was overjoyed—said he would get a light; and was about doing so when the unfortunate girl faintly shrieked, and said "I hear him coming! Take the poor babe! Bless you!" Hurriedly placing the infant in the old man's arms, she started swiftly off, and in a few minutes, the last echo of her rapid foot-steps had died away.

The old man closed the door, and hurried upstairs, pressing the tender blossom to his bosom. "Wile," cried he, "We've got a little son at last." The old lady was astonished, and she wanted to know what meant her ancient lord by we—as, according to her limited ideas of things in general, the introduction of a "young'un" into the family was a matter of which she had a right to know something. But this was no time for argument. The baby was put to bed, and the old lady hugged it to her bosom; "little der" expressing its gratitude by a gentle and comfortable grunt, which the old gentleman swore, as he rubbed a match upon the wall, sounded more like *pa*, than any thing that ever came from the lips of a mortal baby. The candle was lighted, and the happy couple proceeded to the examination of the innocent and long-desired sharer of their domestic comforts. First a blanket was removed—then an old shawl—then a flannel unmentionable—and then—then a handkerchief was raised, and the head of a pig appeared, half choked with a wad of shavings which the "unfortunate woman" had evidently crammed into its mouth to prevent a squeal. The old gentleman, victimized and humbugged, dropped the candle; the old lady jumped out of bed, and ran down stairs in a fright, and the little pig rooted itself into a warm place, and went to sleep. With this disposition of the characters in this ridiculous drama, we drop the curtain.

This actually occurred; and we know the young man who represented the "unfortunate woman" on that eventful night.

## BEAUTIFY HOME.

Men will say that appearance is nothing and that the pleasures of the sight are not to be valued and cultivated! I say that appearance is always to be regarded, that we cannot render our homes too beautiful and attractive. Our first object should be to make our dwellings as convenient and comfortable as art can make them; our second object should be to render them to an equal extent tasteful and elegant. Do what we can, and all we can, we shall fall far short of rivaling even the simplest forms and combinations of nature.

We should do this on the ground of self interest. Separate from the pleasures, which we ourselves derive from it, it essentially increases the value of our estate. The beauty of a place, the ornamental trees and shrubs, even the garden flowers which embellish it, are always objects of attraction to

a purchaser. We should do this from considerations of benevolence. Buildings, erected in good taste and proportion and exhibiting a refined judgment and skill, and grounds highly cultivated and embellished, charm the eye of the traveller or passer by and allow us to impart most bountifully without diminishing our own stores. But there is another influence not to be overlooked. Habits of order and neatness, mere personal cleanliness, still more the cultivation of a taste for beauty in ourselves and in everything which surrounds us and come under our control, are in themselves promoters and securities of virtue. They become so by inspiring self-respect, and exalting our sense of character. The man who is known to respect himself, is always, in a measure, for that reason alone, secure of the respect of others. He finds, in that fact, a protection from incitements within to wrong and unworthy actions, or against degrading and dishonorable propositions from without. There are likewise a natural sympathy and connection between the love of natural beauty and the love of moral beauty. Respecting that in the physical world which is neat, useful, regular, symmetrical and elegant, we come naturally to love and venerate in the moral world that which is of a corresponding type and character. Whatever tends in the best sense to inspire or strengthen a sentiment of the dignity of our nature, serves to secure us from that which is degrading, unworthy, and dishonorable. Personal appearance and personal manners are of vastly more importance, in a moral view, than men in general are willing to consider them. Vulgarity and slovenliness lead to low taste and pursuits. I am not anxious to see the race of gentlemen farmers technically so called, increased, though I feel no prejudice against them, but I am very anxious that all farmers should be gentlemen. I have no partiality for the king-glove style of farming; but, on the other hand, I cannot see why the farmer should go with his hands unwashed. I have not a little contempt for a farmer, who would consider himself above performing any labor which the business of the farm might render necessary, whether it be standing in the ditch, or treading down the manure-heap, but I cannot think it necessary to his proper character, as a farmer, that he should carry about him, when his services are finished, the badges of his employment to the discredit of his own appearance or to the offence, and discomfort of others.

Yours, very respectfully,  
EDWARD CHAPLIN.

## SALTING HORSES.

A curious fact is mentioned in Parker's Treatise on salt.—A person who kept sixteen farming horses, made the following experiment with seven of them which had been accustomed to eat salt with their food. Lumps of rock salt were laid in their mangers, and these lumps, previously weighed, were examined weekly, to ascertain what quantity had been consumed, and it was repeatedly found that whenever these horses were fed on hay and corn, they consumed only about 2 1/4 or 3 ounces per day; but that when they were fed with new hay, they took six ounces per day. This should convince us of the expediency of permitting our cattle the free use of salt at all times; and it cannot be given in so convenient a form as rock salt, it being much more palatable than the other article in a refined state, and by far cheaper. A good lump should always be kept in a box by the side of the animal, without fear that it will be taken to excess.

## NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Esq. died at Andalusia a few days ago.

Some birds never make a noise but at the approach of foul weather; so there are persons who never cry to God, but when his chastening hand is upon them. This is selfish; what can God think of your religion, if you never seek him but in trouble?—Jay.

A gentleman was asked why he called another smart. He replied: "Why, he has been living two years, to my certain knowledge, without earning the first red cent and had no capital to commence with. If that is not an evidence of smartness, I don't know what is."

A friend, wishing to praise the accommodations of a new hotel in the West, says "Our old friend Swan draws a crowded house, watering and roosting folks."

We are right down glad that Mr. Wise of Virginia has been nominated and appointed Minister to Brazil. Let him go, and joy go with him. We hope that some good Whig may, and the Petersburg Intelligencer says no doubt will, supply his place in Congress from the Accomac district.

There is a man down east who celebrates his birthday by paying for his newspapers.

The last New verbal coinage we have seen is made by Willis. He speaks of the *ante-periodicity* of Shakespeare, meaning that period of his life before he emerged from obscurity, as the butterfly from the chrysalis.

A wag has informed the editor of the Nantucket Inquirer that while journeying lately he was put into a stage sleigh with a dozen persons, of whom, he did not know a single one. Turning a corner shortly after, however, the sleigh was upset "and then," said he, "I found them all out!"—in the snow, we suppose.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.  
A discovery has been made of a way of hardening wood, so as to give it almost the compactness of iron. This, it is said, is done by exhausting the air from the wood by an air-pump, and then saturating it with iron and lime in solution. Wood submitted to this process, has been used for some time on railroads in England, and found so firm as to have been scarcely marked by the wheels of the cars.—*Ex. Paper.*

About as good a joke as we have heard for some time, was lately played off upon a constable, who started out to arrest a person who had often evaded pursuit, but whom he was informed was at that time engaged in a neighboring corn-field. The constable, wishing to take him by surprise, took a roundabout direction, scaling the barns, sheds and fences until opposite, when, "squinting low," he crawled stealthily along, and at last pounced upon the victim, clenching him firmly round the waist, exclaiming "you're my prisoner!" Imagine his mortification, when, upon a more minute inspection, his prisoner proved to be a *scarecrow*!

## SMUGGLED GOODS.

The United States Marshal formerly labelled yesterday 50 old bales and trusses of cloth, &c. which were smuggled into this port in the ships Oxford and Montezuma. The latter vessel has not been seized. The Oxford still remains in custody. [New York Express.]

**EMANER STILL.**  
The man who refused to be buried, on account of the expense of a funeral was certainly a mean specimen, but a meaner has recently come to light in the person of an individual who died in country. He said he was willing to be buried, yet insisted upon walking to the graveyard to save hearse hire!

Twenty of Cochrane's Steam Excavators are now employed on the railroad between Rouen and Havre.

We don't know what the editor of the Boston Post will do next. The following atrocity, in the shape of a dialogue, we find in his last received paper:—  
JOHN.  
I see by the papers, aunt, that Mr. Carrington's gin has been destroyed by fire in Louisiana.

**AUNT POLLY.**  
Well, I'm dreedful glad of it now I hope your father's brandy'll be destroyed by fire or something else.

**MISS LUCY LONG IN CREDIT.**  
A maiden lady, who rejoices in the name of Lucy Long, has desired the proprietors of the Detroit Advertiser to send her their paper, promising to cash up after harvest. The editor says in reply:—  
"The paper shall be sent, of course, for we never could find it in our heart to refuse a lady anything—and as to the payment—why, 'Take your time, Miss Lucy. Take your time, Miss Lucy Long.' So, it would seem that Lucy's credit is still good, and that she is allowed, as usual, to take her own time.

The following is a copy of a letter which was left, by the late Gov. Reynolds, of Missouri, and it is supposed was written a few moments before he shot himself:—  
"In every situation in which I have placed I have labored to discharge my duty faithfully to the public; but this has not protected me for the last twelve months from the slanders and abuse of my enemies which has rendered my life a burden to me. I pray God to forgive them and teach them more charity. My will is in the hands of James L. Miner, Esq.

Farwell, TH. REYNOLDS, Col. W. G. Miner, Esq. Feb. 9, 1844

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 17, A. M.  
**SHOCKING OCCURRENCE.**  
As one of the city watchmen was going his rounds this morning about five o'clock he discovered a female lying in front of 117 Spruce street, with both of her lower limbs fractured and bruised, her head awfully bruised. She proved to be the wife of Monsieur A. Frontin, a French teacher,—they had been married but a few weeks, and the woman stated that she was so much frightened by her husband's threats as to induce her to throw herself out of the window to escape being murdered. She is not expected to survive the injuries. The husband has been arrested and sent to prison.

**GOD EVERYWHERE.**  
The Deity intended we should see him everywhere. He is in all places, at all times. All is not God—but God is in all. He holds these central suns, and rolls around the poisonous planets. Seasons come and go he directs. God speaks; the north winds retire, and zephyrs come; general rays unlock the earth's long bound bosom; the fettered streams break loose their bonds; the bird returns from its winter retreat; the wild beast comes out of his den, and goes forth to his toil; the air is filled with no of prison, and heavens seems descending to the earth.

It is God that awakens into life, at the return of each spring, myriads of happy songsters; He sets in tune numberless voices of musical tribes, from the cricket that chirps under the window, to the chief bird-singer that fills the air with her melodious strains.

Under the watchful eye, and ceaseless care of the Almighty are reared the plants of summer. He imparts to the pink its fragrance—paints the colors of the rose—gives fingers to the vine, and spreads a beautiful carpet over the face of the earth.

In the autumn God ripens the apple, mellows the pear, and gives flavor to the peach.

God speaks in the cold winter. Every chilling blast of wind admonishes the living that the cold night of death and the winter of the grave are near. The sifting snows suggest the winding sheet—the shut up away points to the end of life. God commands the morning, and causes the day-spring to know its place; He sends forth the leading star—and flushes the sky with the presages of the King of day are we come "rejoicing in the east." His are

"The clouds that seem like shrouds of sadness By fery couriers drawn as brightly bent As if the glorious, busy, golden locks Of thousand cherubim had been shorn off, And on the tempesty bosom of some a soft breeze"