

RALEIGH REGISTER.

AND NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE, UNWARY BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS"

VOLUME XXXIV.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1833.

NO. 49.

THE REGISTER

IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY.

By Joseph Gales & Son,
Raleigh, North-Carolina.

TERMS.

Three Dollars per annum; one half in advance. Those who do not, either at the time of subscribing, or subsequently, give notice of their wish to have the Paper discontinued at the expiration of their year, will be presumed as desiring its continuance until countermanded.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Not exceeding sixteen lines, will be inserted free of charge for a Dollar; and twenty-five cents for each subsequent publication; those of greater length, in the same proportion. The number of insertions be not marked on them they will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

MR. BADGER'S ADDRESS, Concluded.

With the opinions which I entertain, I cannot conclude this address without calling your attention to another subject, which, as it is the most important to you, ought not from any deference to the caprice of fashion, to be omitted here. I wish to urge upon your consideration, the claims of the Christian Revelation. Unless grounded upon this, every system for the government of life must not only be incomplete but radically defective. It is this only which gathers into one, and invigorates with the energy of a single controlling motive, all the detached rules of conduct, and gives harmony, strength and beauty, to the whole. That you should in theory reject it, or even be skeptical touching the truth of christianity, is not readily to be supposed. Such a state of mind, if it exist, is probably no more than a youthful vanity of opposition; and yet it is dangerous, and ought not to be indulged. Opinions, for whatever purpose assumed, when often expressed, acquire a certain influence over the mind; and when supported with the zeal and animation of frequent controversy, altho' at first solely to signalize dexterity in argument, at last grow into a habit of thought nearly akin in its effects to actual belief. At all events, the sacrifice of sincerity to a love of display or desire of triumph, cannot but have an unhappy effect upon the character—diminishing the regard for truth, and the ability to discern it. But the rejection of christianity, or even scepticism concerning it, can be only the result of want of consideration. Let me, then, urge upon you, a diligent examination of the grounds of our faith. It fears, it need fear, no examination, however strict, which is full, fair and intelligent. Such an examination, it is not too much to say, will result in entire conviction. But those who reject, do not generally examine; or, if any examination be made, it is after the rejection, and chiefly with a view to confirm the previous decision. To men unaccustomed to investigation, and either obliged by incapacity, or inclined by indolence, to take their opinions from others, such conduct may be natural; but the great principle of true philosophy is to submit to reason, to subject every matter to careful inquiry and to judge of every fact by its proper evidence. Had this rule of good sense, adopted in every other department of science, been applied to christianity (as in all fairness it ought) universal faith must have been the consequence. But it is much easier to cavil than to reason; a laborious deduction from particulars, tho' a sure, is a slow process for the discovery of truth; and hence a ready and compendious method has been adopted, to dispose of christianity, without the trouble to investigate its evidence or consider its claims. Arguments *a priori* (if arguments they may be called) have been brought forward; ingenious criticism, superficial learning, and above all, delicate ridicule for the refined, and coarse ribaldry for the vulgar, have been made the means to unsettle the faith of men capable of better things; while, all along, the question of christianity, as a question of fact to be tried by a fair and dispassionate examination of its proofs, has been overlooked or forgotten. Hence, at times, it has been fashionable to speak, or at least to think, of our religion; as the fit solace of old wives and ignorant mechanics, but little worthy the attention of the learned and polite. Hence, with too many, it has become fashionable to reject this religion; a religion, which, for eighteen hundred years, has exercised a controlling influence over the affairs of mankind; which, with all the evils made to accompany it, by the vice and folly of its professed votaries, has, by its own energy, elevated the character of man wherever it has come; which has subdued the violence, enlarged the benevolence, and increased the happiness, of the human race; which has numbered amongst its friends and supporters, those most distinguished for high mental endowments; and which proves itself worthy of all acceptance, by the pure and elevated morality it teaches—a morality, which, tho' often sought for, the wit of man could

never discover, and yet, when disclosed, is found to be so exactly adapted to the wants of our race, that we wonder it was not discovered by the first seeker—a morality which no man can fail to perceive, if universally practised, would at once banish moral evil from the world, render physical evil inconsiderable, and restore the golden age of virtue and happiness to mankind. A religion, so ancient and so beneficially influential, so attested and so recommended, is not, without great folly and guilt, to be rejected without inquiry: with inquiry there is little fear of its rejection. Let it be tried either by its external proofs, its internal character, or the number and value of the testimonies to its truth; and it will manifest its title to a heavenly origin. You would feel ashamed, that any department of science were entirely unknown to you, and would blush to own, that on a literary question of mere curiosity, you had rejected, or adopted, any hypothesis without examination. How then can you be justified in a neglect of this inquiry? It has every thing to rouse a generous curiosity, to excite a deep interest, to occupy a capacious intellect.

No man who thinks, can fail to observe much in the scene of things around him, to produce uncertainty and disquietude. Upon the stage of life, men appear and disappear, with little apparent reason for their coming or departure, beyond the continuance of a species, for whose continuance no sufficient motive seems to exist. We find ourselves hastening on, like others who have preceded us, full of hopes, eager with desires of distinction and happiness, and with an ever increasing ratio of rapidity, rushing through the brief journey of life. Meantime, we are surrounded by a world containing almost infinite subjects for speculation and inquiry; within, we are conscious of powers to explore it—of a desire of knowledge, to prompt to the research; and we see in it the occupation for many ages of all our capacities. Yet our existence here is so short, and even that short period is so distracted by the necessary demands of our animal nature, that the whole seems incongruous—seems designed to disappoint this natural desire of knowledge, and to render fruitless those vast powers of attainment. What, then, is this death, in which our share in this great universe seems so soon to terminate? Does it indeed annul our powers, and send them in the very infancy of their existence, into annihilation? or does it only transfer us to other scenes, where, in some other modification, these powers are to exist, and find employment? If so, where? and how? In these inquiries, when truly made, the heart is not only interested, but anxious. A consciousness of ill-desert will arise upon our thoughts, and we tremble to commit ourselves to Him, who, we feel, has a power which none can control—a rightful authority which none can call in question.—Upon what principles, we ask, will he exert his power? what is his character and disposition? Can we trace these in his works? Has he made any disclosure of them for our information? These inquiries of an anxious being, the christian religion assumes to solve. She announces herself as a messenger from heaven—she declares that you are immortal, and offers to you information of the means by which that immortality may be rendered virtuous and happy. She promises upon the authority of Heaven, to remove your fears most reasonably excited by a just sense of delinquency; to confirm and strengthen you in all goodness, and to bring you to everlasting life. Sanctioned as her pretensions are, they surely deserve investigation. He who should refuse to examine the grounds on which the Newtonian system of the universe depends, and persist in the belief that the earth is a stationary plain, and the sun a daily traveller over its surface, would be justly considered irrational and absurd; yet he who rejects christianity without inquiry, is a madman, compared with whom the other may be considered discreet and sober. The former rejects in deed a theory of the universe, established to all intelligent inquirers upon sure demonstration; but it is to him of little importance; his virtue and happiness, here and hereafter, may be effectually secured without the discovery or belief of this system. The latter, having every thing at hazard, madly resolves to take no step for securing it; and when the truth or falsehood of this religion involves such tremendous consequences, that all other truths sink into insignificance, he devotes his whole attention to the latter, and declines an exertion to satisfy himself of that on which his all may absolutely depend. One thing is clear, the man who adopts this conduct has little claim to the character of a philosopher.

If then, this inquiry has not been made with the zeal and diligence which its importance demands, let it now be commenced, and daily prosecuted to its termination; for he who has not settled this question for himself, is not prepared either to live or die. Be not deceived by any notion that your present existence being indefinite, the inquiry may be safely postponed. If you were certain of life, (a certainty which cannot be obtain-

ed) the postponement would little correspond to the dictates of wisdom. It is evident, that those things which are most important, should be first attended to—besides, in this case, the present is of all seasons the most desirable for prosecuting such an inquiry. When you shall be immersed in business, or devoted to pleasure, neither opportunity nor desire will often recur; and but still more rarely, both together; and it should be remembered, that it is an inquiry for which time and thought and leisure are necessary; and how shall these be commanded amidst the bustle of active life? Act then, with your wonted intelligence, and now commence, and vigorously pursue this most interesting investigation. It is a noble one; it has already occupied the powers, and expanded the understandings of those who, in moral and physical science, are your teachers, and the teachers of the world, and with whom, it is no disparagement to scepticism to say, the most elevated of her votaries cannot compare.—How absurd, how preposterous, then, that the young, the ignorant and the profane, should presume to overlook, or contemn, as unworthy to engage their attention, that science which the world's masters in knowledge loved to explore and honor, from whose pages they drew the choicest intellectual treasures, and by whose precepts they sought for purity of principle, and correctness of life and manners! To such a puerile conceit, such a miserable affectation—such a base degradation of intellect, I flatter myself no one here will descend.

But it is not sufficient, that its proofs should be examined, and its truths upon enlightened conviction admitted—christianity requires the surrender of ourselves to its authority. The mere belief of its facts, however clear and well grounded, is nothing, if that belief remain a mere barren proposition in the understanding; a speculation only of the intellectual man, arranged in the mind with other truths of science. To such a destination christianity cannot submit; her heavenly origin gives her the right to demand a loftier place, a profounder homage. You must realize that the system of our religion immediately concerns yourselves; that its teachings, reproofs, warnings and commands, are directed to each one of you; and that, as truly as if the volume containing them, were directly addressed to him by name. Your belief must be operative and influential—must tend towards the heart, and incline you to regulate your life by its precepts; otherwise, its truths will no more affect favorably your condition, than those of Algebra or Geology.

I fear, my young friends, there is something nearly akin to shame associated with the thought of this acknowledging christianity; and though you are willing from whatever motive, to pay a decent external homage to a religion professed by your countrymen, yet it is with a sort of protestation, generally understood, sometimes even expressed, against its being supposed that you take any serious interest in its doctrines or its precepts. I fear that you would look upon the imputation to you of serious piety, as a reproach, and the destination to be a christian, as a punishment while you still intend, when you leave the world, in some way by no means accurately understood, because but slightly considered, to be saved by the Christian's God; to be acknowledged at your utmost need by him, of whom, throughout life you were in truth ashamed. My friends, if there be indeed any such feeling at your hearts, pluck the base thought away, and remember that this faith holds out promises, not to modes of dying, but solely to modes of life; that you must, now accept or reject it with all the consequences which Heaven has authoritatively annexed to your determination. Accept, I beseech you, that religion; and now, even now, begin to frame your lives by its precepts. It will exert a salutary influence over the whole moral character; what is good will be confirmed; what weak strengthened, what evil corrected; what defective, supplied; and you will find yourselves thoroughly furnished with every good word and work.

The duty of gaining here, and improving in after life the rudiments of knowledge which I have upon inferior motives, set before you, will, under the teaching of religion, assume its true character of higher consequence. You will see, in your present opportunities, the gifts of a great benefactor, who as a judge will require an account of his benefactions, and with the most evident equity, demand improvement in proportion to your talents; who while he graciously considers every benefit conferred upon you fellows by your agency, as conferred upon himself, will likewise consider a disregard of what you owe to yourselves, to your country to your friends, as ingratitude for his kindness and contempt of his authority;—and will punish it accordingly.

Christianity will step in and shed her influence over your duties as citizens; she will teach you submission to the powers that be, not from the fear of present punishment, or hope of temporal reward but because those powers are ordained of Heaven. Should you at any period of political agitation, be pressed with inge-

nious discussions which you may not be able to disentangle and refute, you will enquire for what course of conduct these discussions are intended to prompt you; and if you find the issue will probably be either in the gasconade, or armed resistance to the laws you will ask yourselves in what part of your religion is found the command, or the permission, thus to threaten or resist the government of your country? Should you be taunted with your obedience as a degrading submission, you will reflect, that obedience is not dictated in particular to man, but is the necessary condition of every virtuous creature in the universe; that universal good can only be secured by a voluntary submission to every appointment of Him who comprehends all events by his foresight; provides for all by his wisdom and brings to pass what he determines by a power which cannot be resisted; that no such thing as a right of capricious action can exist in the universe; that those every where who command others, if virtuous, do, in the command itself, but themselves obey—that he that saith to one "go and he goeth, and to another come and he cometh, and to a third do this and he doeth it," is himself, in all this, "a man under authority"—that the commencement of sin is the first omission to obey; and that wherever we are and whatever we do, whether we dispose of our god, or our time, or receive or give or repose or labour, or live or die, we are pursued by our Creator with the irresistible claims of a rightful authority.—These reflections will not only put to flight this suggestion of disgrace; they will do more; they will teach you the honor of obedience. Raising your contemplations upwards, you will perceive myriads of intelligent beings of diversified gifts and attainments—all happy and glorious—and possessing this character solely from the principle of unlimited obedience—and you will see it as a necessary truth, that this happiness and glory must cease with this obedience. Your hearts will glow, while you contemplate this glorious assemblage continually tending, in moral and intellectual beauty towards that infinite perfection, which they cannot either reach or approach unto, brightening more and more throughout the age of eternity with ever increasing splendor and virtue; while, immeasurably above them, remains forever the eternal source of glory and happiness, shedding abroad of its fulness upon the universe, a light springing up in them to eternal life.

If these thoughts were often in our minds, and had a resting place in our hearts, how would our pride be rebuked, that proud source of all our ills! We should feel, that obedience only is suitable and safe for us—we should desire to obey, and when the heart is once engaged in behalf of duty, evils have lost their power.

Under the influence of this principle, you will commence the course of obedience at true honor, here, in your days of pupilage. You will be punctual in your observance of every regulation of the college, every injunction of your directors—nothing will be too difficult to be performed, nothing so minute as to be forgotten.—This noble habit you will carry with you into the active business of life. There you will daily learn wisdom and practice virtue—will both adorn and dignify every relation you may bear in public and domestic life; and death will only transfer you to a higher scene, where the virtuous principles, the cultivation of which will have been here commenced, shall be prosecuted with nobler powers and complete success, and where the day of eternity shall see you at once glorious and humble, obedient and happy forever.

MAJOR DOWNING'S CORRESPONDENCE.

From the New-York Daily Advertiser.

[We are much gratified in having it in our power to give our readers another letter from our faithful friend, Major Downing. It is peculiarly interesting to hear from him at the present time, when the Globe maintains such a silence respecting recent events at Washington. Indeed, if it were not for the Major, the public would know nothing of what is going on inside the Cabinet. His communications are invaluable, because they may be implicitly relied upon. Every body will believe the man who sleeps in the same bed with "the General."] To my friend Mr. D. Night, of the Daily A. Advertiser.

Washington, Sept. 22, 1833. I sent a letter to you by Zekel Bigelow, just a few days ago. I left New-York; and I was off as soon as you had the steamer up.—When I got to Philadelphia, I only had time to take a run round to see Squire Biddle, and then I found him pretty busy, but as good natured as ever. Well, says he, Major, the General has opened his battery, but I'm afraid he'll kill as many friends as enemies. Well, says I, that's no matter, he's got enuff on em.—But, says he, Major, I thought you told us, he'd do nothing till you got back again. Well, says I, he's kindly cornered me and made me a little wrothy; and so says I Squire,

I would like to know what you mean to do about it. And so I thought this would kinder corner him. O, says he, Major, I'll tell you, and with that he turned round and picked up a bundle of letters he was just going to send off to the Branches, and he read some on em, and I read some on em; and they were all pretty much alike, tellin his folks to do all they could in relieving the money market, and not let people suffer; and jest to carry as much sail as they could without scuttlin em, for now, as the storm had come on, they could tell more about it than when it was only rumblin and lightenin.

Well, says I, this is a curious piece of business. The General went like this, says I, and I should like to know your notion. Why, says he, Major, we hope the people will decide against him when Congress meets. What, says I, do you call Congress "the people"? How you talk, says I.—and if that is your notion of the Government, then, says I, Squire, you are a bigger fool than I took you for.—Why, says I, I and the General dont care no more for Congress than we do for the Legions. Well then, says he, there is the Cabinet—perhaps they will have something to say about it. Well, says I, that's worse yet. What has the Cabinet to do with it? do you think that we are going to appoint folks to tell us what to do?—No, no, says I, Squire—you know a good deal, but you dont know nothin about the Government yet. The General didnt fight that New Orleans battle for nothin. And when the people made him President they knew he was the most knowin man gin; and ever since I've been with him they are more and more sartin nothin more is wantin, unless it is Mr. Van Buren to cut in, when we give out and go to the Hermitage. And with that I streaked it to Washington.

It was nigh upon midnight when I got to the White House and the General was abed; and as I knew he wanted to see me dreadfully, I went right into his room and woke him up. Why, says he, Major, is that really you? for I've been dreaming about you. I'm glad you're back agin, for things are gittin pretty stormy here. So do you come to bed and well talk about it. As soon as I got a long side of the General—there now, says he, Major I dont care for all the rest of the Government except Mr. Van Buren; and if we three aint a match for all creation, I'm mistaken. Says he, Major haint you seen my Proclamation agin Biddle? Yes, says I, I saw it in Baltimore. Well, says he, what do you think of it? Why, says I, General, I've been thinkin a good deal about it, and I'm thinkin about it all the while. Major, says he, that Proclamation will kill Biddle and the Bank as dead as that one agin the Nullifiers killed Calhoun and his party. There is nothin like a Proclamation. And I have been thinkin, says he, Major, to get you to write one too, for there is a good many things yet, I didnt say nothin about. I want you to read over Mr. Van Buren's late letters and you'll find a good many things wants attendin to. We have killed Calhoun and Biddle; but there is a raft of fellows to put down yet, such as Webster and McDuffly and Clay and Bingsy, and Everett, and Sargent and Burgess, and a hundred others; and as the most on em are in Congress, I'm thinkin the best way would be for you and I to git up a Proclamation agin Congress; and that's what I was dreaming about jest now. The most on em I reckon I have been borrowing money of Biddle or wanted to, and if they haint its no matter. And Mr. Van Buren thinks it would be well to call a Convention to nominate a President, and you and I can manage to slip that in the Proclamation too, and if things dont go right for him I'll hold on till it does.—Well, says I, General, you know I tell'd you I'd stick to you thro thick and thin, and I am to be depended on. I know it Major, says he, and I was only sorry you want here a few days ago; but Mr. Van Buren said there was no time to lose, & the first shot is worth a dozen afterwards. And so I come out agin Biddle at once. And it was jest so at New Orleans, if I hadnt gone down and gin the English a thump on the 23d December, they might have licked me on the 8th January. And jest so it might be now, if we waited till Congress met, them fellows might recharter the Bank in spite of us. But I recon my Proclamation has done up that business; and if it haint, yours will.—"Do you know," said he, "Major, that some of these fellows about me here, had the impudence to tell me tother day, I was runnin the risk of being turned out of the White House." Why, says I, you dont say so? "Yes," says he, "it's a fact; but they dont know nothin about Raccoon hunting." No, says I, nor skunking neither. And then he and I turned to, and told stories one after another about raccoonin and skunkin till almost day light; and then we went to sleep. I expect my next will be a Proclamation—but I dont know. We are pretty busy about every thing.

Your friend,
J. DOWNING, Major
Downingville Militia,
2nd Brigade.

"THE LAST LINK IS BROKEN."

We have tried as hard as ever a poor fellow did, to be a good Jackson man; and when the Proclamation came out, we thought we were safe enough!—There we fully imagined we had the old General by too firm a hold ever to be loosened. And how faithfully we have supported him ever since, every body knows!—We have battled against the Nullifiers—fired away at Mr. Calhoun and Mr. McDuffie—and hurraed for the Proclamation. It is true, we every now and then, from a bad habit we had gotten into and some foolish old fashioned principles we could not shake off, spoke evil of the Kitchen Cabinet—derided "the great republican party"—contended for the supremacy of the laws—opposed arbitrary power, &c. all of which we knew was not approaching within a hundred leagues of Jacksonism;—but then, as soon as we grew faint hearted, we would turn to the Proclamation, and there it stood—a beacon for our guide—shedding its cheering rays over the waste of politics, and shining in the night of false doctrines and opinions.

Memory would always re-kindle the star that blazed on the breast of the billow. But not to change the figure, even at the hazard of running into the bathos, some of them are fellers, as Major Downing would say, have lately most unmanly "doused that glim," and left us entirely in the dark. The Globe, at the instigation of our good old friend and mentor the Richmond Enquirer, has declared, "by authority," that the Proclamation means "Virginia State Rights—and the Resolutions of '98!" Now this is too bad! We believe it's all a design to shake us off. And when we had laid hold with all our strength to Gen. Jackson's words, behold the Globe laughs in our face, and says, "Why you are all wrong—the President didnt mean what he said—he only intended to make—a Proclamation!"

So that, in deed and in truth, the last link is broken." And that it is no fault of ours must be apparent. We want to be a Jackson man, but they wont let us. Alex. Gazette.

A patent method of Electioneering.—

The following is copied from the Indiana Weekly Messenger:—

"Friends and fellow-citizens—I am a candidate for school commissioner. I reside in Pleasant township; have lived in your county seventeen years—was a soldier in the Revolutionary War—bore arms in defence of my country before my opponents for this office was thought of."

"Methinks I can hear my fellow-citizens with united voices say, 'Let's to the polls, and vote for the old veteran, John Shaddy.' How cheering the sound; how gratifying in old age to receive a unanimous vote, for the only office I ever seriously wished for."

"My wife, who has been jogging on through the last fifty years with me, expresses much solicitude for my success; it would do your hearts good to see the old body, when I come in from my daily labour, take her white napkin, and wipe the sweat from my face, accompanied generally with a stanza or two of an old song altered by her:

Oh! Johnny Shaddy, dear John,
When first we were acquaint,
Your looks were like the snow, John,
Your bonny brow was bright,
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow,
Yet blessings on your frosty brow,
Dear Johnny, old my Jo.

Gentlemen, permit me to subscribe myself, your humble servant,
JOHN SHADDY."

Hamilton's "Men and Manners in America," contains sketches of character of several of our leading men. The following is an extract from that of Mr. Webster:

"DANIEL WEBSTER.—The person, however, who has succeeded in rivetting most strongly the attention of the whole Union, is undoubtedly Mr. Webster.—From the Gulf of St. Lawrence to that of Mexico, from Cape Sabine to Lake Superior, his name has become as it were, a household word. Many disapprove his politics, but none deny his great talents, his unrivalled fertility of argument, or his power, even still more remarkable, of rapid and comprehensive induction. In short, it is universally believed by his countrymen, that Mr. Webster is a great man; and in this matter I certainly make no pretensions to singularity of creed.—Mr. Webster is a man of whom any country might well be proud. His knowledge is at once extensive and minute, his intellectual resources very great; and what, ever may be the subject of discussion, he is sure to shed on it the light of an active, acute, and powerful mind."

Mr. Jenks, of the Nantucket Inquirer, says—"A hearty laugh occasionally is a mark of wisdom; it shakes the cobwebs out of a man's brain, and the hypochondria from his ribs, far more effectually than either champagne or blue pills."