

# RALEIGH REGISTER.

## AND NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE.

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

VOLUME XXXV.

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### TERMS.

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### ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

### Agricultural.



Agriculture has been aptly styled the master sinner of every great State; the perennial fountain of wealth. Rural labours are equally conducive to health of body and mind. The mechanic operations hold only a secondary rank: the culture of the fields, constitute the most natural and innocent employment of man. Agriculture, says Dr. Robertson, clothes our land with grass for cattle and with the herb for man. She fills our houses with plenty, and our hearts with gladness, and puts into our hands the staff of life. The ancient Republics afford us several instances of Generals and Statesmen, having exchanged their boisterous employment in war and politics for the more peaceful arts of the field, and the cultivation of the ground; thus adding to the culture of philosophy that of rural economy, and rendering themselves doubly serviceable to their country.

In ancient times the sacred plough employed the kings and awful fathers of mankind; And some, with whom compar'd, your insect tribes Are but the beings of a summer's day. Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm Of mighty war; then with unwearied hand, Disclaiming little delicacies, seiz'd the plough, And greatly independent liv'd.

### DEATH OF AN ATHEIST.

Mr. C. C. Cohen, who was killed instantaneously in New-York, a week or two since, by the explosion of fulminating Mercury, was brought up in the Jewish faith, but had become an avowed Atheist. We copy the following account of the remarkable circumstances attending his death from the Evening Star, edited by M. M. Noah, Esq.

Mr. Cohen, though quite a young man, was an excellent practical chemist, and his readings generally were varied, scientific, and full of interest; but in matters of religion, he took a singular and extraordinary turn, and from being well educated in the Jewish faith, he became an Atheist; and we think we can safely say, almost the only one of that persuasion who, in any change of religion, utterly abandoned and surrendered all belief in a first great cause. Mr. Cohen joined the society of Free Enquirers, and preached atheistical doctrines, and was a correspondent and contributor to their paper; and we now notice this fact to relate a singular circumstance connected with his writings and death.

It is known that the Rev. Abner Kneeland was recently tried and convicted in Boston, of Atheism, and before sentence he published a kind of explanation of his creed, which in a great measure softened, if it did not entirely do away the belief that he was an Atheist. This recantation gave great offence to the Free Enquirers generally, but particularly to Mr. Cohen, who assailed him for so doing through the columns of the Free Enquirer, published in this city. The words of Mr. Kneeland were—"Hence I am not an Atheist, but a Pantheist; that is, instead of believing that there is no God, I believe, in the abstract, that all is God, and that all power that is, is God, and that there is no power except that which proceeds from God."

In an article, which he signs with his name, Mr. Cohen assails such "jargon," as he called it, and makes this emphatic remark:—"For my own part, I should say, I am attached to no idea to the world. God cannot consequently believe in him." This was printed on Saturday, Feb. 16th, although the paper issues on Sunday; and on Saturday, on the very day that such an avowal was made under the deliberate sanction of his name, he was blown to pieces in his laboratory, while making fulminating powder. His head, we learn, by an understanding among the Free Enquirers, was given to the society for phrenological studies; his arm, which was blown off, has not since, we are told been found. Thus, his body has gone one way, his head another, and his limbs another—scattered, we may say, to the winds.

Now, philosophers may smile, freethinkers may laugh, and Atheists may ridicule the idea of Divine interposition or Divine vengeance—all have a right to make their comment. We only state the fact, and say what they may, it is a singular coincidence of profession and catastrophe.

### MR. WIRT—DR. WADDELL.

A writer in the Sunday School Journal gives the following statement relative to incidents in the lives of these distinguished men, which will be recollected with interest:

"Nothing," he remarks, "which Mr. Wirt wrote has attracted more attention than his description of the Communion Sabbath at Dr. Waddell's church. A friend of ours asked Mr. Wirt, a few years since, how far the account might be taken as authentic history. He replied that there was no fiction except in the grouping. He had thrown into one scene circumstances and discourses which had, in point of fact, been scattered through various interviews. Yet he had heard all the sentiments from his lips, and on the retrospect he still considered Dr. W. as inferior to no man he had ever heard, in eloquence.

For his day, Dr. Waddell was an eminently learned man. The contents of his library evinced an acquaintance with all the learned languages, and the best works in science and literature which were then and there accessible.

Dr. Waddell was licensed to preach by the old Hanover (Virginia) Presbytery, April 2, 1761. Six months afterwards, five different calls were presented to the same body from different congregations, inviting his services, none of which he would accept. He was ordained at Prince Edward, June 16, 1762. In October, 1762, he settled as pastor of the churches at Lancaster and Northumberland, (Va.) in 1774 and in 1776, removed to other charges, and died September 17th, 1805.

Several of his children still survive; one of whom is the wife of the Rev. Dr. Alexander, of Princeton.

Mr. Wirt had caught from Dr. Waddell an enthusiastic admiration of Robert Boyle, as one of the first who had practically carried out the inductive principles of Bacon, and as eminently a Christian philosopher. It was from a circumstance connected with this fact that the secret of Mr. Wirt's authorship of "The British Spy" transpired. In the Spy he made allusions to Boyle, whose works were then little read, and it was found that they were scarcely ever taken out of the public library at Richmond, except by Mr. Wirt. This led to the surmise that he must be the author of the popular work.

From Dr. King's Literary and Political Anecdotes.

A presence of mind is a very rare, but a very happy and useful talent, and is a certain guard against many mischiefs and inconveniences to which human life is continually exposed. It is something different from impudence or a vain assurance. Presence of mind is always well-bred and is generally accompanied with wit and courage.

In 1715, I dined with the Duke of Ormond, & among the guests was Bishop Atterbury. During the dinner, there was a jocular dispute, concerning short prayers. Sir W. Wyndham told us that the shortest prayer he ever heard, was the prayer of a common soldier, just before the battle of Blenheim, "O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul!" This was followed by a general laugh. I immediately reflected that such a treatment of the subject was too ludicrous, at least very improper, where a learned and religious Prelate was one of the company; but I soon had an opportunity of making a different reflection. Atterbury seeming to join in the conversation, and applying himself to Sir W. Wyndham, said "Your prayer, Sir William is indeed very short, but I remember another as short, but a much better, offered up likewise by a poor soldier in the same circumstances, 'O God, if in the day of battle I forget thee, do not thou forget me!'" This, as Atterbury pronounced it, with his usual grace and dignity was a very gentle polite reproach, and was immediately felt by the whole company; and the Duke of Ormond who was the best bred man of his age, suddenly turned the discourse to another subject.

### FAMILY SCENES.

We know not the origin of an article which we find in several papers, but our readers will probably concur with us in thinking, and in lamenting, that it is but a fair picture of much domestic discipline:

Rumping Sally runs against the corner of the table, raises a bump on her head, and of course begins to cry lustily. The mother comes to her assistance.

"D did it hurt its pretty head! What was it hurt my Sally?"

The sobbing child points to the table.

"Was it the table? naughty table! Beat it well." [Slap! slap! on the offending table.]

"That will teach it to hurt my Sal another time. Beat the naughty table again. It shan't hurt my Sally."

In the mean time Sally's confusion has become less painfully the red eyes are dried, and the child is pacified—at the expense of a practical lesson in revenge. Miss Sally, fifteen years afterwards, throws the blame of every mischance or misfortune, which her own clumsiness or folly has caused, upon her companions and dependants, simply because she must still have a table to beat.

The mother's pet, Tommy, has been playing all the morning with his new toys, has broken up his drum to see what was inside of it, and lost his penny trumpet and his wind-mill into a corner; and now he comes crying to his parent, tired of his play and play things, and expects her to spend her time in inventing new amusements for him.

"No, I'm busy. The clothes have just come in from the washing, and I must put them away. I can't play with you to-day, Tommy; indeed I can't."

But Tommy knows better. He has been told fifty times before, that his mother was busy and could not attend to him; and he remembered well, that a little teasing gained him the victory. Like a good General, he tries the same manoeuvre again:

"Come and play with me, Ma! I don't know what to do. I can't play alone, and Dick won't be home from school till two o'clock."

A fresh denial provokes a second fit of crying, and Tommy's perseverance triumphs. His mother plays at hare and bound with him, makes a cat's cradle for him, tells him ghost stories, and mends his drum, till the clock strikes two. The father comes home, sees no dinner ready, looks for his wife and finds her at the nappery press. "My dear, how is every thing so late to-day?"

"Oh, that teasing Tommy would have me play with him this whole livelong morning; and I have not been able to do a thing since breakfast."

Thus a petted child's whims are allowed to derange the economy of a whole family; and the good mother never dreams that she is bringing up her favorite to be a selfish, self-important being; a burden to himself, and a plague to society.

Even the odious vice of lying is most unconsciously, but most effectually, inculcated by the weakness and inconsistency of parents.

"Frank, you shall not go outside the garden wall again, to play with these dirty boys in the street. I have told you fifty times I would not have it; and I won't. If you ever go again without my leave, I'll never speak to you afterwards. I'll sell you to the gypsies, and they may do what they like with you."

They say man would leap over the wall of a paradise, even though it were surrounded by a desert, to escape confinement. At any rate, Frank does not choose to be coddled up; so he leaps the garden wall next day, and is the merriest and noisiest among his rough companions.

His Mother finds him; does she cease all intercourse with her own child, as she promised? Does she sell him to the gypsies, as she said she would?

Yet she expects him, when he grows up, to consider his word, once given, sacred, inviolable. If she detects him in a lie, she wonders how on earth he learnt such wickedness; and were you to suggest that her own example, (at all times more powerful with children than precept) was the cause, it would be considered an insult never to be forgiven.

### FOLLY OF MONKEYS AND MEN.

From the Glasgow Chronicle.

The natives of the Indian Archipelago have a very peculiar mode of catching monkeys. They make an opening in the top of a cocoa nut large enough to admit a monkey's paw; through this opening they extract the kernel and introduce lumps of sugar into the shell, which they fasten to the branch of a tree, leaving a person to watch it. As soon as the monkey perceives the shell, it proceeds to examine it, and on ascertaining the contents inserts a hand, grasps a piece of the sugar, and although it finds it impossible to withdraw the hand with sugar in it, yet such is the avidity of this greedy animal that it will not let the sugar go to save itself, but actually perseveres in its efforts to extract it, until it is taken by the person on the watch. Are there not bipeds in this country, who resemble the monkey in their unwillingness to let go the lump of sugar?

### COLD WATER.

From the Education Reporter.

I have known a swelling upon a child's forehead, as big as a pigeon's egg, occasioned by a fall; and because there happened to be no camphor in the bottle, the sympathising mother had nothing to do, but sit down and cry over her child. Now she should know that cloths dipped in cold water, or if in winter when it can be

obtained, a snow ball wrapped up in a cloth and held upon the swelling, will do more good than a gallon of camphor.

I have known persons heat rum to wash the head with, in violent head-aches, when showering it with cold water, or a cap of snow, will do a great deal of good, as we might expect.

I have known a good nurse put on bruised wormwood, steeped in boiling vinegar, to a sprained ankle, to keep the swelling down, but according to the laws of our nature, all hot applications in such cases do hurt. We must apply cold to do any good. Let pitchers full of cold water be poured from a height upon such an ankle, and the inflammation will be very soon subdued.

### ORIGIN OF SURNAMES.

Surnames were first imposed for the distinction of families in which they were to continue hereditary. It is not more than eight hundred years since they were first introduced among our English ancestors. They were unknown among ancient nations, excepting the Romans, who used them after the league with the Sabines. They were called *Nomina* and *Nomina Gentilicia*, as the former were called *Prænomina*. By the French and English, they were termed *surnames*, not because they are the name of the sire, or father, but because they are superadded to Christian names.

The Hebrew nation, in reference to their tribe, used in their genealogies, instead of surnames, the name of their father with *Ben* signifying son, as Melchior Ben-Addi, Addi Ben-Cosam, Cosam Ben Elmadam, &c.

A similar practice prevailed among our ancient English ancestors, as Ceonred Clotwolding, Ceonward Cluthing, Cuth Cluthwing, &c. In the same sense, the Welsh Britons used *Ap* for Mah; the Irish, *Mac*, as Donald Mac-Neale, Nial Mac-Con, &c. and the Normans, *Fitz*, as John Fitz-Rogew, &c.

Surnames began to be used by the French nation about the commencement of the eleventh century. In England they were introduced about the time of the conquest. [A. D. 1066] though according to some antiquaries, they were used under Edward the Confessor, who began his reign in 1042. In Scotland, they commenced about the same time, although in the opinion of Buchanan, they were not used in that kingdom for many years after. In England, they were introduced gradually, being first assumed by people of the "better sort," and it was not until the reign of Edward II. [A. D. 1307] that they were settled among the common people fully. For some time, they varied according to the father's name, as Richardson, if the father were Richard, Hodgson, or Rogers, if the father were Roger. From the reign of Edward, names of families began to be established, either by statute or the common consent of the nation in general.

### YARM BATHING.

It is a common notion that bathing is of importance to Health only in the summer. But this is a great mistake. It may indeed, be of more importance for the single purpose of cleanliness, for dust & perspiration, to require more frequent ablutions in hot weather than in cold. But this is far from being the most important use of bathing. To clear the pores of the skin to soften the contractions produced by cold, to open the small vessels and tubes that are designed to carry the circulation to the very surface, are the great and salutary effects of bathing. In producing these effects we perceive at once how bathing promotes health, especially at the season of the year, when we are exposed to autumnal fevers, and how it prepares the body for the rigours of winter. It is, also, obvious that the bath should be hot not merely tepid or lukewarm, but considerably warmer than the body. Heat is a very subtle fluid, and like all other fluids seeks a level, or an equilibrium. If you go into a bath somewhat colder than your body, your body loses heat; it imparts its warmth to the water till both are at the same temperature. The chill which is felt upon coming from such a bath is evidence of this fact, and shows that the system has been injured rather than benefited. But if the Bath be warmer than the body, the balance of heat is produced by the water's imparting heat to the body, and the operation of it is to give a grateful impulse to the action of the system, and send the blood briskly to the surface, and the extremities, opening the channels, clearing away obstructions and diffusing a glow over the body, and a quiet joy over the mind, which are the unapproachable witnesses of health, and the perception of which is luxury.

Wise men say nothing in dangerous times. The Lion called the Sheep, to ask her if his breath was unpleasant; she said aye; and he bit off her head for a fool. He called the Wolf, and asked him: he said no; he tore him in pieces for a flatterer. At last he called the Fox, and asked him: "Truly," said the Fox, I have caught a cold and cannot smell."

### MOST EXTRAORDINARY FOLLY AND KNAVERY.

From the New-York Journal of Commerce.

One of the most extraordinary cases that ever came before the public of folly amounting almost to idiocy on the one side, and knavery on the other, was yesterday investigated at the Police Office. A man named Patrick Ellis, who keeps a Grocery store, No. 51, corner of Prince and Mott streets, has his mother-in-law residing with him, who has been for some time past afflicted with the dropsy. A woman of color named Diana Williams, who works for Ellis, frequently told him within the last two months that she knew an Indian Doctor who could cure all sorts of diseases, and particularly dropsies. Ellis, however, did not put much faith in her accounts of the Indian Doctor, and consequently did not consult him relative to his mother-in-law. The Doctor, however, who is a colored man, named Sydney Screamer, and who has been formerly for some years a seaman on board the Brilliant—without being consulted or sent for, came a few days back to Ellis's house, and offered to cure his mother-in-law of the dropsy, without asking fee or reward for his services, or any thing but the more ingredients necessary to compound the cure. "Oh, being further questioned by Ellis, the Doctor gave him an account of so many and such extraordinary cures which he had performed, that Ellis could no longer doubt of his skill, and consented that he should try it on the old lady's dropsy. The Doctor then named and obtained from Ellis the following ingredients to make the cure—half a pint of brandy, half a pint of cider, half a pint of gin, and as he understood the patient was from Ireland, he said he should have half a pint of whiskey. Along with these articles he got a quart of beer and half a pound of soap, and having mixed them all together in a saucepan, he then told Ellis it would be necessary for him to put 95 pieces of silver coin, tied in a blue flannel bag, into the saucepan along with the other ingredients, and boil the whole of them together. As Ellis had no idea that the cure would require such an ingredient as this, he at first hesitated to supply it, until the Doctor assured him that the money would receive little or no injury from the process. It might, he said, be thinned and discolored a little by the boiling, but not so as to prevent its being negotiable. On this assurance, Ellis sent several dollars out and got them changed into small money, until he made up the 95 pieces, and then put them into a blue bag, which the Doctor put in the saucepan. After boiling it for a short time, he took it off, and left it to cool until the ensuing morning, when he again called at Ellis's, and after looking at the mixture in the saucepan, and stirring it with his fingers, told Ellis it was yet too thin, and that it would require twenty-five pieces of silver coin more, to put in the blue bag, and to be better boiled. Ellis supplied the additional 25 pieces, which were put into the bag with the others. How much the sum amounted to, which was put in the bag altogether, Ellis could not exactly say; it was not however much less than 15 or 20 dollars. When the last 25 pieces were put in, the mixture became fit for use, and the doctor applied it to his patient, externally, twice on Wednesday, once on Thursday morning, and was to have called on Thursday evening, to apply it again. When leaving Ellis's house on Thursday morning, he asked Ellis's mother-in-law to lend him 6 dollars, which however she declined doing, and he went away. Thursday night came, but no Doctor made his appearance, and his patient and Ellis's wife began to wonder why the doctor did not come. After wondering till they were tired, it occurred to Mrs. Ellis to look to the saucepan which contained the cure, and lo! the cause of the doctor's not coming was fully explained. He had contrived to steal the blue bag and every shilling that was in it. Ellis was not at home when his wife made this discovery, but when he returned and was informed of it, he procured an officer, who took the Indian doctor into custody yesterday morning, and brought him to the Police office. Ellis attended to prosecute, and evinced such extraordinary ignorance and simplicity whilst telling his story, as to keep the entire office in a roar of laughter. A amongst other things he said that the doctor confessed he had stolen his money.—The poor crest fallen doctor seemed terribly dismayed at the scrape he had got into, but managed his part so admirably, that whilst every one in the office was laughing at Ellis's folly, the Doctor popped out and made his escape.

Bathism, like the crackling of thorns under a pot, makes more noise than heat—pure religion, like the glow of a furnace, is intense but still.

The passions are the gales of life; and religion only that can prevent their rising into a tempest.

Court of Appeals.—A Justice in—ately sentenced two men to be whipped for stealing Oysters, and after the operation was performed, he, they might if they chose, appeal from the decision of the Court.

Napoleon on Suicide.—In the Journal of Dr. Wadding, English Surgeon on board the Northumberland frigate, which conveyed Bonaparte to St. Helena, we find recorded the following sentiments of the imperial prisoner, as expressed to Wadding:

"In one paper I am called a liar, in another a tyrant, in a third a monster, and in one of them, which I really did not expect, I am described as a coward, but it turned out, after all, that the writer did not accuse me of avoiding danger in the field of battle, or flying from an enemy, or fearing to look at the menaces of fate and fortune; it did not charge me with wanting presence of mind in the hurry of battle, and in the suspense of conflicting armies;—no such thing. I wanted courage, it seems, because I did not coolly take a dose of poison, or throw myself into the sea, or blow out my brains. The editor most certainly misunderstands me; I have at least too much courage for that."

On another occasion, he expressed himself on Suicide in the following terms:

"Suicide is the crime most revolting to my feelings, nor does any reason suggest itself to my understanding by which it can be justified. It certainly originates in that species of fear which we denominate *poltronerie*. For what claim can that man have to courage, who trembles at the frowns of fortune? True heroism consists in being superior to the ills of life, in whatever shape they may challenge him to the combat."

"Would not the uses to which the bitter enemies of the President pervert every thing which falls from his lips, justify him in closing his doors against the intrusion of the vulgar herds that daily infest his apartments?"—[*Pennsylvanian*.]

We are opposed to these delegations. We cannot see with patience the People bringing humble memorials for relief to the foot of any individual, when they should be thundering their demands for redress in the ears of their representatives. Our country has seen no such proceedings heretofore, and will not we hope in future. We would not have the sovereign People exposed, in the person of their Delegates, to the possibility of being treated like the serfs of the Autocrat, or the slaves of the Grand Porte. What, shall we see the personal application of the People to their servant received with a haughty disdain, and an overbearing contumely?— Shall we hear that application characterized as the "intrusion of vulgar herds that infest his apartments." Who are these "vulgar herds" that are thus spurned by the foot of power? It should be sufficient to say that they are the Delegates of the People, but they are if possible, more. They are among the most intelligent, respectable, useful, and patriotic citizens in our community.— The country cannot produce a body of men more enlightened, disinterested, and devoted to the honor and welfare of their country than the Delegation sent by the citizens of Philadelphia to the President. Yet these are the vulgar herds that daily infest his apartments."—[*Phila. Int.*]

### Episcopal Convention.

THE Eighteenth Annual Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of North Carolina, will be held in St. Peter's Church, Washington, commencing on the 1st Wednesday in May next, that being the 7th day of the month.

EDWARD LEE WINSLOW, Sec.

April 28. 21st

### COMMISSION AGENCY.

L. & W. WINSLOW continue their Agency in Fayetteville, for the transaction of Commission Business generally, the Collection and Settlement of Claims, Discount and Renewal of Notes, at either of the Banks, Purchase of Stock, Investment and Transfer of Money, &c. &c.

March 25. 21 3t

To the Justices of the Peace appointed to take the List of Taxables, in each County in the State, and the Clerks of the County Courts respectively:

GENTLEMEN,

At the last Session of the General Assembly, it was made my duty to prepare and have printed, in addition to the particulars now required to be stated, in separate columns, the number of Acres of Land, with the valuation thereof, together with the value of Town Property separate and distinct from the Land valuation: Also, to discriminate between the number of White and Black Poll, as well as the Free Black Poll. Some of the Clerks return the value of the Lands without any regard to the number of Acres, and make no distinction between the White, Free Black, and Black Poll or Slaves.—The number of Acres, with the valuation thereof, the number of White Poll, the Free Black, as well as the Black Poll, or Slaves, should be distinctly marked. Whether this omission originates with the Justices who take the List of Taxables, or the Clerks who make their returns to this Office, it is all the same. Without a concert of action it is impossible for me to comply with the wish of the Legislature; and for the want of proper Returns being made, much valuable Statistical information is lost to the State.

This Notice may appear strange to such Justices and Clerks as make the proper Returns. Some ten or fifteen returns in each year, are deficient in these particulars; perhaps none note the difference between the White and Free Black Poll. The object of this notice is to produce a uniformity in the returns made to this Office, whereby the Legislature may arrive at some correct data in regulating the Finance of the State.

J. GRANT, Compt.

Raleigh, April 1, 1834. 21 4v