

RALEIGH REGISTER.

AND NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE.

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

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For the Register.

ADDRESS

To Christians and Friends to the Domestic and Foreign Distribution of the Holy Scriptures. By the Agent for the American Bible Society in the State of North-Carolina.

It is peculiarly interesting to contemplate, at this time, the state of the Christian as well as of the heathen world. We behold the great mass of evangelical denominations of Christians beginning to act in concert, in more abundant labors at home, and arousing to far greater efforts for the conversion of the Mahometan and Pagan world. This is especially true with respect to British Christians, whose extensive commerce has long afforded great facilities for this object—and of Christians in the United States with a rapidly growing commerce, pervading nearly every accessible shore. France too beholds the new dawn of the Sun of Righteousness dissipating the clouds of error and infidelity, and in the true spirit of christianity, while actively diffusing the incorruptible seed of the word, within her own borders, already enlarges the field of her vision towards the destitute heathen. Prussia, Sweden and Denmark are beginning to scatter more extensively Bibles, and the bible principles of moral renovation and eternal salvation in their respective realms. But Great-Britain and the United States have taken precedence of the nations, in the honors and privileges of proclaiming the news of a Saviour to the benighted heathen. The "British and Foreign Bible Society," founded 1804, and the American Bible Society, 1816, are among the noblest institutions based on Christianity. At perfect peace with each other and the world; these two nations, with a common language and origin, at present, seem to indulge no social rivalry, but that which binds truly christian nations more closely in the bonds of peace and charity.... The noble struggle which shall do most to christianize the remaining two-thirds of the habitable globe, which have not yet submitted to the rightful authority of Jesus Christ, "both their Lord and ours."

Meanwhile what are the indications of Providence to encourage their hearts and strengthen their hands for this holy enterprise. The field is the world, our Lord assures us. Is it open for the laborers? It is—and many parts of it "white already to the harvest." China, with her three hundred and sixty millions of souls, is open for the distribution of Bibles and religious tracts. The Chinese are a real people and imbued their idolatrous errors through the channel of Tracts.—The free introduction of the Bible into any nation, accompanied by the living teacher, never has failed, under the blessing of its Eternal Author, to subdue that nation to the obedience of Christ. Nor, with the Divine blessing, will it fail in China. The avidity of the Chinese for our religious books is truly surprising.—In all parts wherever the ardent missionary Gutzlaff travels, they are eagerly received.—Crowds in some places exhausted his supply of books, by wresting them from him, for distribution among themselves. "The friends of Christ in China alone, says he, can draw the Treasury of the American Bible Society."†

India or Hindostan with her dependencies has long been open, and partially occupied; and as a first fruit, numbers already 4000 christian native converts, and 40000 native scholars in christian schools. Burmah is open to the distribution of the Holy Scriptures and Tracts—and American and native Preachers are boldly proclaiming there, "the unsearchable riches of Christ." Greece and Turkey are open, both in the interior and on the borders: and the zealous missionary of the cross, preaches "Christ crucified to the Jew, as well as to the Greek" and Mahometan, on the same soil that echoed to the same sound near 1800 years ago. Indeed, there are few countries in Asia where the banner of the cross may not be now firmly planted. Africa, in many parts of her vastly populous domain, is

literally fulfilling the Scripture, "Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands to God."

Christian brethren and friends, what wait we for? Here are two thirds of mankind that can be reached now, and to reach them now is our present duty and privilege. Do they not need a Saviour as well as we? Do ignorance, idolatry, and every kind of vice promote the present happiness or future interests of any people? Romans 1, 19, 20, 32. They are eager to be supplied with the Bible now, and many of them long for the living teacher. "Can you, sir, give me the Divine communication?" (inquire some of these heathen of the missionaries.) "I am afraid to worship idols any more, but I know not how to worship the eternal God." "We want your sacred Book which you say God has given to you." say the Mahattas of Hindostan.—And shall we not give it to them? It is evident from all experience, that these people will not relinquish the errors of ages, unless they have the record to appeal to, to scrutinize whether the exposition agrees with the record.—Acts 17th ch. 10, 11, 12.

These millions must, in conformity to the Divine command for the conversion of the world, have human instrumentality before they can have Divine power, so far as we can infer from Revelation. The word of truth expounded by the minister of the word of truth, and the Holy Spirit of truth, all intelligent christians admit are the means of grace with which God has endowed the Church, in order to convert the world. Divine efficiency, herein, is clearly made to shine through human instrumentality. "that the excellency of the power may be seen to be of God."—Every conquest the church has hitherto made, has thus been achieved; and the doctrine of the twofold agency of the weakness of man, rendered efficient by the power of God, unto salvation, is so clearly stamped on the pages of Holy writ, that we think it cannot be mistaken. Compare Acts 13th ch. 7, 8 v. with Acts 10 ch. 42, 43, 44 v. The passage in Acts 15 is the more remarkable, because it is a clear statement of facts before the first convocation of the church at Jerusalem, approved by all, and that which ruled the decision of the inspired disciples. Indeed the opinion is gaining ground every day, that, "when the whole Christian Church declare themselves by unity of spirit and action what they really are by institution, a great Bible and Missionary Society, the command of God will be obeyed and "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." Mat. 28, 19, 20. Isaiah 11, 9. "Go teach all nations." But who are to go? We humbly conceive, all are to go in spirit, and to uphold the hands of all who go in letter and spirit both, by their united prayers, liberal support, wise counsel, and persevering constancy. The command is to the whole Church—and that alone can fulfil it, for six hundred millions of souls.

I have said nothing special of the distribution of the Bible at home, which has been progressing to considerable extent for several years, and is now resumed with apparently greater zeal and diligence. Suffice it to say, that already its effects are felt both sensibly and insensibly in making our own people wiser, better and more useful citizens—in enlightening the public conscience—in powerfully aiding the laws in the preservation of peace, social order, and happiness—and in securing the stability of our free institutions. But these are the least of its benefits. To those who meekly receive and obey its precepts, it is a lamp to their feet, to light them in the way to eternal salvation. "In distinct anticipation of the future wants of this country, arising from the extent of territory and the increase of population, and of the dreadful consequences which ensue from a people's outgrowing the word of life," was the American Bible Society founded. Nor was it expected that its beneficial effects would be confined to this country; but that it would endeavor in connection with the labors of kindred institutions in other lands, to scatter the seed of the word into all the destitute regions of the earth. The character of that institution, composed as it is, of members of all denominations of evangelical Christians, entitles it to cordial support and general confidence. It has already issued upwards of one million, six hundred and forty-four thousand copies of Holy scriptures, in this and other foreign lands.—and the Presses under its control are able to print upwards of 350,000 Bibles and Testaments every year. When we reflect that the Bible has been translated into one hundred and fifty different languages, the necessity, utility and importance of such an institution must be apparent to all. In order that it may be the faithful almoner of the contributions of the well supplied churches, voluntarily and cheerfully made, in behalf of the destitute in our own country—and be enabled to dispense out of our abundance, the bread of eternal life, to two-thirds of the human race, whose cries for assistance, by their position, they are the first to hear. Hence, though these millions of our race are far separated from us, they

may be soon reached by our bounty, and called down on our heads countless blessings, in answer to the prayers of those who were once ready to perish.

During the year, now closed, ending May 1, 1834, the Board of the American Bible Society have been engaged, directly or indirectly, in furnishing the Scriptures to Canada, Mexico, South America, France, Russia, Greece, Africa, Bombay, Ceylon, Burmah, Java, China, and the Sandwich Islands. Last year they resolved to raise \$30,000 for the foreign distribution of the Bible, which has been done and divided among the missionary stations most in need of present aid.

The Virginia Bible Society last April, 1834, resolved to raise \$30,000 or more if practicable, to supply that State, and by its surplus funds aid the American Bible Society in the work of Foreign Distribution. The Connecticut Bible Society raised \$3000 last year and resolved to raise \$5000 this year for Foreign distribution. The Middle Tennessee Bible Society resolved to raise for the same object \$10,000.

Fifteen large Ecclesiastical bodies in the United States, of all evangelical denominations, have unanimously voted their approbation to the work of greater effort for Foreign distribution; together with 37 important Auxiliaries to the American Bible Society.

Here are facts sufficient to encourage the prayers and stimulate the efforts of all Christians and to touch every chord of conscience and awaken every emotion of pious feeling. It is the remark of an able writer that "to be instrumental in the conversion of an immortal soul is far more glorious than to found an empire or to liberate a continent." A soul would be cheaply purchased by a world.

The time is short—and experience has demonstrated, that neither nations, nor communities are, at all times, equally accessible to the labors of Missionaries and Bible distributors. A door which is open now, may within a few years, be shut for several generations or even centuries—for aught we know in rebuke of our neglect. Such an event may easily occur by political changes in foreign governments—from a change of rulers—from a state of peace to the confusion of war, civil commotions or revolutions—from the opinions of the heathen fluctuating from a spirit of inquiry to a state of indifference or decided hostility—and from various other circumstances.

I might here present to my Christian brethren, motives drawn from the promises of God, and His well known dealings towards the Church, when they come up fully to the standard of christian duty.—I might appeal to signal examples of the Divine blessing on the Churches in a neighboring State, which have warmly seconded this particular enterprise. But the reflex influence of the labors of christian love, and holy zeal for the honor of God and the diffusion of the Gospel, are too well known to require any detail—suffice it to say, there is a double blessing—on the church and on the enterprise—a hundred fold greater reward here, and the crown of unfading glory hereafter.

In conclusion, we respectfully and earnestly solicit the aid and cooperation of all who love our Lord and Saviour, in promoting the object of re-supplying the destitute in our own State, and sending the lamp of life to the dark corners of the earth. The undersigned, respectfully yet earnestly solicits of all the Editors of public Journals in our own State to aid this enterprise, by such notice of it, as their best judgment and humane affections may dictate. He trusts that there are none, of many respected friends of that corps with whom he is acquainted, that do not consider "the Bible as the only charter of solid human happiness, and Christ the only saviour." The Editors of the Southern Religious Telegraph, Christian Sentinel, Baptist Journal, of Richmond, and the New-York Observer and Prot. Episcopal Churchman, which circulate largely in our State, are also earnestly solicited to give it all the aid in their power.

WM. A. SHAW,
Agent in N. C.

NEW YORK POLICE.

A young man named Lewis Desbro, residing at Barton, Tioga county, came to this city a few days ago with a cargo of lumber, which having disposed of, he determined to gratify his curiosity with a view of the wonders of New York. For this purpose he was yesterday preambulating the city, and gazing with astonishment on all the novelties which presented themselves, when his attention was attracted by a crowd assembled in some street running parallel with Grand street, but the name of which he cannot recollect. On going up to the crowd he found that it was occasioned by nothing new or novel or worth relating, but merely a parcel of blackguards assembled to see two greater blackguards boxing. Having, however, had the trouble of walking half a street to get a view of the rencounter, he wished to see a little more of it, and was looking on with considerable attention, when a very genteel-looking, civil

asked him what occasioned the crowd.—Mr. Desbro having told him as much as he knew of the matter, the stranger then asked him if he was a native of New York.

"No," answered Mr. Desbro.
"I thought so," replied the stranger.
"What part of the country are you from?"

"From Barton, Tioga county," replied Mr. Desbro.
"From Barton," inquired the other—"My dear fellow, I am from Syracuse, and passed through Barton coming here, and intend to go back the same way in a couple of days. Have you seen the city yet?"

"Not all of it," replied Mr. Desbro.
"Have you ever seen the Dry Dock?"
"No," said Mr. Desbro.

"Not seen the Dry Dock?" said the stranger; "well that is extraordinary—there is nothing in the city half so well worth seeing. I am just going up there, and if you will come with me, I will show you the most extraordinary things you ever beheld. The largest ships and steamboats in the whole world are now on the stocks, and I believe that one of them is to be launched to-day."

Quite delighted with having an opportunity of seeing such wonders, Mr. Desbro gladly accompanied his new acquaintance in an easterly direction, until they came to an open space of ground, where they saw another young man walking about twenty yards before them, who took out his pocket handkerchief, and in doing so, let a small box fall from his pocket, apparently without perceiving it, which he left behind him, and walked on. As soon as Desbro and his companion reached the spot where the box was lying, the latter took it up, opened it, and examined what it contained, which was seemingly nothing but one lottery ticket which he gave to Desbro, and told him to hold it until they came up with the man who dropped it. They accordingly hailed him, and on coming to him, asked if he had lost any thing. The man at first replied in the negative; but on carefully examining all his pockets, said he had lost a small box with a lottery ticket in it. "Then this cannot be your box," said Desbro's companion, holding up the box—"for it contains nothing."

"That is my box," said the man who dropped it, "and it does contain a lottery ticket."

"No such thing," said the other.
"I will bet you fifty dollars," said the owner of the box, "that there is a lottery ticket in it."

Desbro thought this a good opportunity of adding to the profits of his lumber, and immediately said "that he would bet \$75 that the box contained no lottery ticket."

"Done," said the owner of the box.
"Done," said Desbro.

"But then," asked the owner of the box, "in whose hands shall I deposit my money, as I don't know either of you?"

"Oh," said Desbro, pointing to his companion, "I think we may safely deposit our money in this gentleman's hands."

Desbro and the owner of the box accordingly placed 75 dollars each in the hands of the young gentleman whom Desbro met at the fight, and the young man then opened the box, and to Desbro's utter astonishment, he beheld a lottery ticket in the box, which appeared only the moment before entirely empty. The owner of the box instantly snatched the money from the stake holder's hands, which the latter appeared very willing to part with, and then addressing Desbro, told him that there had been two valuable lottery tickets in the box, and that he suspected Desbro of having stolen one of them, and would immediately run after an officer and have him arrested. He accordingly went off, leaving Desbro dumb-founded with astonishment, and his acquaintance seemingly in the same situation. In a few minutes their powers of speech returned, and Desbro's companion began to console with him on the loss of his money, and express his astonishment how there could have been two lottery tickets in the box, which he had taken out and given Desbro the only one that seemed to have been in it. Desbro however by this time began to suspect what was of course the fact, that the box had two covers, with a partition in the middle of it, and that he had been duped by his new acquaintance, and the owner of the lottery tickets, who were confederates. Before, however, he had time to make any observation to his companion, the latter addressed him in pretended alarm, and said, "my dear fellow, it will never do for you and I to remain here any longer together; an officer will be after us immediately about the lottery ticket I gave you. Do you run that way, and I will run this;" and suiting the action to the word, Desbro's acquaintance from Syracuse ran away as fast as he could, and left Desbro to meditate on the perfidy of man, and the loss of his lumber profits. He immediately proceeded to the police office, and gave information of his loss, but as he was totally ignorant of the swindlers' names, and could only give a vague description of their persons, there was but little chance of his ever seeing his money again.

Journal of Commerce.

INDIAN SCENES.

The following instance of firmness and resolution in the hour of danger (says the Zanesville Gazette) occurred in 1793, and is worthy of being remembered for ages. No General in the hour of battle could display more firmness than did these little fellows in the dark, dreary night, while battling with their savage foe. We extract the incident from Withers' "Border Warfare":

"Among the few interesting incidents which have occurred in the upper country during this year, was the captivity and remarkable escape of two brothers, John and Henry Johnson—the former thirteen; the latter eleven years of age. They lived at a station on the west side of the Ohio river just above Indian Shoet Creek; and being at some distance from the house engaged in the sportive amusements of youth, became fatigued and seated themselves on an old log for the purpose of resting. They presently observed two men coming towards them, whom they believed to be white men from the station, until they approached so close as to leave no prospect of escape by flight, when to their grief they saw that two Indians were beside them. They were made prisoners and taken about four miles, when, after partaking of some roasted meat and parched corn given them by their captors, they were arranged for the night, by being placed between the two Indians and each encircled in the arms of the one next him.

Henry, the younger of the brothers, had grieved much at the idea of being carried off by the Indians, and during his short but sorrowful journey across the hills, had wept immoderately. John had in vain endeavored to comfort him with the hope that they should be enabled to elude the vigilance of the savages, and to return to the hearts of their parents and brethren. He refused to be comforted. The ugly red man, with his tomahawk and scapling knife, which had been often called in to quiet the cries of his infancy, was now actually before him; and every scene of torture and of torment which had been depicted, by narration, to his youthful eye, was now presented to his terrified imagination, heightened by the thought that they were about to be re-enacted on himself. In anticipation of this horrid doom, for some time he wept in bitterness and affliction; but

"Is like the dew drop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by
And waves the bush, the flower is dry."

When the fire was kindled at night, the supper prepared and offered to him, all idea of his fate was merged in their present kindness; and Henry soon sunk to sleep, though enclosed in horrid hug, by savage arms.

It was different with John. He felt the reality of their situation—he was alive to the anguish which he knew would agitate the bosom of his mother, and he thought over the means of allaying it so intensely, that sleep was banished from his eyes. Finding the others all locked in deep repose, he disengaged himself from the embrace of the savage at his side and walked to the fire. To test the soundness of their sleep, he rekindled the blaze and moved freely about it. All remained still and motionless—no suppressed breathing, betrayed a feigned repose. He gently twitched the sleeping Henry, and whispering softly in his ear, bade him get up. Henry obeyed, and they both stood up by the fire. "I think," said John, "we had better go home now." "Oh! I replied Henry, they will follow and catch us again." "Never fear that rejoined John, we'll kill them before we go." The idea was for some time opposed by Henry; but when he beheld the savages so soundly asleep, and listened to his brother's plan of executing his wish, he finally consented to act the part prescribed him.

The only gun which the Indians had, was resting against the tree; at the foot lay their tomahawks. John placed it on a log, with the muzzle near to the head of one of the savages; cocked it, and leaving Henry with his finger on the trigger, ready to pull upon the signal being given, he repaired to his own station.—Holding in his hand one of their tomahawks, he stood astride of the other Indian, and as he raised his arm to deal death to the sleeping savage, Henry fired, and skimming off the lower part of the Indians jaw, called to his brother, "lay on for I've done for this one," seized up the gun and ran off. The first blow of the tomahawk took effect on the back of the neck, and was not fatal. The Indian attempted to spring up; but John repeated his strokes with force and so quickly, that he soon brought him again to the ground; and leaving him dead, proceeded on after his brother.

They presently came to a path which they recollected to have travelled the preceding evening, and keeping along it, arrived at the station awhile before day.—The inhabitants were, however, all up and in much uneasiness for the fate of the boys; and while they came near and heard a well known voice exclaim in accents of deep distress, "Poor little fel-

lows, they are killed or taken prisoners," John replied aloud,—"No mother, we are here again."

When the tale of their captivity, and the means by which their deliverance was effected, were told, they did not obtain full credence. Piqued at the doubts expressed by some, John observed, "you had better go and see." "But can you again find the spot?" said one. "Yes, replied he, I hung my hat up at the turning out place, and can soon shew you the spot." Accompanied by several of the men, John returned to the theatre of his daring exploit; and the truth of his statement received ample confirmation. The savage who had been tomahawked was lying dead by the fire—the other had crawled some distance, but was tracked by his blood until found, when it was agreed to leave him, "as he must die at any rate."

Somewhere it is written that the very hardest words to pronounce in the English language are these—I HAVE DONE WRONG.

It requires a much greater mind to confess the mistakes and errors that are incident to frail humanity than it does to continue in the practice of wrong, long after the conviction of the error has been brought home to the understanding.

The man who subdues his prejudices and thus conquers himself, has wrought a victory over his worst & most powerful enemy. No matter how humble and obscure the lot or the life of the individual who comes boldly out upon the world with a frank confession of his errors, that individual can never fail under such circumstances to command the admiration of every pure heart: he exhibits a greatness of soul which the conquerors of the earth have very seldom possessed; procures himself a solace for the most trying afflictions of his mortal career, and a consolation that will sustain him firmly in the dark hour of his dissolution.

When Colonel Washington was stationed at Alexandria, in 1754, there was an election for members of the Assembly, when Mr. W. Payne opposed the candidate supported by Washington. In the course of the contest, Washington grew warm, and said something offensive to Mr. Payne, who at one blow extended him on the ground. The regiment heard that their Colonel was murdered by the mob, and they were soon under arms, and in rapid motion in the town to inflict punishment on the supposed murderers. To their great joy, he came out to meet them, thanking them for such a proof of attachment, but conjuring them by their love for him, and their duty, to return peaceably to their barracks. Feeling himself to be the aggressor, he resolved to make honorable reparation. Early next morning he wrote a polite note to Mr. Payne, requesting to see him at the tavern. Payne repaired to the place appointed, in expectation of a duel, but what was his surprise to see wine and glasses in lieu of pistols. Washington rose to meet him, and smiling as he offered his hand, began, "Mr. Payne, to err is nature; to rectify error is glory. I believe I was wrong, yesterday; you have already had some satisfaction, and if you deem that sufficient here is my hand, let us be friends." An act of such sublime virtue produced its proper effect, and Mr. Payne was from that moment an enthusiastic admirer of Washington.

A Toast helped out.—At a 4th of July celebration, in Delaware county, where Gen. Root presided, a militia colonel, who was sitting next to him was called upon for a toast. Not having prepared himself beforehand, he was a little puzzled what to give. He thought a minute and finally concluded it should be some, thing of a military nature; but precisely what he had not fully determined, when he arose and thundered forth.

"The military of our country—may they never want?"—here he hesitated—"may they never want?"—here he bogged—"may they never want?"—and here he came to a full stop, and looking imploringly at the President, whispered "What the devil shall I say next?"

"And never be wanted," whispered back the General.

"And never be wanted," roared the Colonel.

"The Military of our country—may they never want, and never be wanted."

Excellent Toast.—By Thomas Stephens, of Pennsylvania:—He who preserves or rescues the Constitution from threatened or perpetrated violation, deserves more glory than the victor of a hundred battles.

Master and Apprentice.—At the conclusion of the War between Great-Britain and the United States, Gen. Washington having taken leave of the Army, addressed the late Marquis de LAFAYETTE, who was then only 28 years of age, and had been serving in America during the Revolution, as follows:—"My young friend, you have served an apprenticeship to Liberty, now go home and set up for yourself." He did set up for himself and became so excellent a boss that his workmanship is recognised in all civilized countries on the globe.