

# RALEIGH REGISTER

## AND NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE.

"Ours are the plans of fair delightful peace, unwarped by party rage, to live like brothers."

THREE DOLLARS Per Annum }  
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**The last moments of a dying Man.**  
From the Diary of a Philadelphia Physician.

The duties of a Physician frequently lead him into scenes of the most solemn and impressive character. When called to visit a patient, affording no probable chance for the success of his remedies, the occasion becomes one of painful interest and anxiety. Perhaps the individual who has entrusted to you his life, may be your neighbor, a companion, a bosom friend, endeared by many social relations, the preservation of whose existence causes the greater solicitude, in proportion to the intimacy of the acquaintance you have had with him. When dissolution is threatened under such circumstances, it fills the mind with deep sensibility, and leads to a train of serious meditation.

At the close of last summer I was called to visit Mr. —, a gentleman of superior mind, and possessing many excellencies of character, who was suddenly taken ill. Without much previous indisposition, he fell down on entering his door, in a sort of fainting fit, which was not followed by any extraordinary symptom at the time. Owing to a preternatural excitability of the nervous system, and perhaps the existence of disease which had not yet manifested itself, he had a restless night. The want of sleep was followed by delirium, and in a short time very unfavorable symptoms were developed. As is not unfrequent when the system is laboring under diseased action, even before it is discoverable by the ordinary indications, the mind seems to participate in the lurking mischief and evinces a consciousness of what is about to take place. In this instance my patient proposed making his will, and gave me to understand that he thought he would not recover, before I was aware of approaching danger. The subject was referred to me for my opinion as to its propriety and concurrence. At the time I really had not been able to detect any thing serious in the case, and believing that all he wanted was sleep, I advised him to postpone sending for a scrivener until morning, with a view of preventing mental agitation, so that he might be benefited by the medicines given to promote rest.

So strong however was the conviction in his own mind that he would not recover, that he summoned his wife to his bed side, and in the presence of myself and another witness, made a verbal disposition of his property. He then enquired of his wife if she were satisfied, and being answered in the affirmative, he turned round and addressed me in a calm, collected manner, as follows:—"Doctor, I am aware that I shall die the hour of my dissolution is at hand. At other times, the certainty of dying would fill my eyes with tears, but now I have not a tear to shed. The uncertainty of our future condition is very awful; no one returns from the grave to tell us what is to take place hereafter."

An expression of regret for misspent time, with a promise of improvement in future, closed his conversation to me.—A supplication to the Almighty occupied the remainder of a lucid interval. Recovering from temporary exhaustion, he proceeded in a familiar manner but with great seriousness, "Doctor, to look back twenty years appears a very short time indeed, but twenty years to come seems little eternity! But it will come round, and you and all my acquaintances, sooner or later, will arrive at the same condition I am now in. And whatever may be the realities of the future, the Christian is always sure."

Words and delarations like these from a dying man, one who, in the fullness of health and spirits, had so often amused by his wit, and delighted by his good humor and amiability all who knew him, came like a thunderbolt to the heart. It was like the voice of the spirit of God upon the ear. To me it was a moment of profound thoughtfulness & solemnity. I noted down the substance of his prayer, which followed these portentous expressions:—

"And now, Oh! God, we commend ourselves to thy care, relying on the merits and promises of Jesus Christ, to deliver us from that state of suffering and torment, of which we have heard, and that flame of which we have read; and

to thy care and protection we commend our spirit through the merits of Jesus Christ, our Saviour, Amen."

This was the last rational effort of his existence. A state of phrenzy speedily supervened, and death closed the scene the following day.

And here let me give a warning to young practitioners, and perhaps others may profit by it—never object nor interfere with a patient about arranging his family affairs at such times. It can do but very little harm to gratify his wishes, and it may be a source of lasting regret to the physician, and much domestic trouble and inconvenience might result to the family by delay. In this case no subsequent opportunity was afforded to execute a formal will.

If ever a prayer were breathed from mortal lips with fervor and sincerity, it was the prayer of this dying man at this awful crisis. All was truth, anxiety and earnestness. It was the communion of the human heart with its Creator. There is no disguise or dissembling at such a moment. I watched over the pillow of the expiring patient, until the lamp of life was extinguished. Sad and overwhelming were the emotions created in my bosom. Constant and indelible are the impressions left upon my memory.

From the history of this case, we are admonished of the only certainty on earth, that is the certainty of death to all living, in a manner calculated to arouse the feelings of our nature, and excite in us an inquiry as to our own condition.—We are warned by it to prepare for the final issue of all created beings. Why led away by ambition, by the love of fame, by the allurements of riches? Will wealth purchase a longer existence, will it smooth our passage to the grave, or make our repose more sweet? These are considerations which become of vital importance to every man, and if I have by this narrative, contributed in the smallest degree to start a serious thought, or agitate a pious inquiry, my object will be attained.

### STEAMBOAT BURNT AND MANY LIVES LOST.

We have received from our Boston Correspondents, the Editors of the Daily Advertiser and Patriot, the following particulars of a sad disaster which has befallen the steamboat Royal Tar, which plies between Portland and St. John, N. Brunswick.

This fine steamer, 400 tons burthen, commanded by Capt. Reed, which has been plying the last summer between St. John, N. B. and Portland, took fire on her passage to Portland, at 2 P. M. on the 20th ult. in Penobscot bay, within two miles of the Fox Islands, and was destroyed. The fire took under deck, and had got such ascendancy before it was discovered, that the fire engine which was also under deck, could not be got out on account of the intense heat, which also prevented the men below from working the steam engine sufficiently long to run her on shore. The Revenue Cutter from Castine took off the surviving passengers and crew. It is thought that as many as thirty lives are lost.

Since the above was in type, we have received the following from the Messrs. Topliff:

Topliff's News Room, Boston.  
Oct. 19, 9 o'clock, P. M.

Capt. Thos Howes, of the Steamboat Banor, has politely furnished us with the following particulars of the loss of the above vessel, obtained from one of the passengers:

The Steamer, Royal Tar, left on Friday, 21st instant, with about 90 to 100 passengers, including crew. On deck were an Elephant, two Camels, several Horses, and a number of caged animals, comprising a travelling caravan.

On Tuesday, 25th, when crossing Penobscot Bay, and within about 2 miles of the entrance of Fox Island thoroughfare, it was found that the water was out of the boiler, and as the wind was blowing a very heavy gale from N. W. at the time, the boat was anchored for the purpose of filling the boilers; and in about an hour after, (about 2 P. M.) she was discovered to be on fire.

The Engineer, with fifteen other persons, immediately jumped into the largest boat, and made to the nearest land to leeward, which they reached in safety in about four hours. Capt. Reed promptly took possession of the only remaining boat, and took a position at a short distance to the windward. Three gentlemen passengers, good swimmers, committed themselves to the water, and were taken up by Capt. Reed.

The cable was slipped and sail made on the boat with the hope of reaching the shore, but the flames spread so rapidly from aft to forward, that her mainmast was consumed in a few minutes, and her tiller ropes being burnt away, she drifted broadside to the wind, directly out to sea.

A signal of distress had been made, and it was fortunately discovered by the Revenue Cutter, stationed at Castine, then about four or five miles to windward,

and she promptly bore up to her relief. Capt. Reed put on board of her the persons in his boat, and then immediately commenced taking off those remaining on board the Royal Tar.

At this time she was a mass of flames nearly from stem to stern; a small space forward, which had not yet taken fire, with the bowsprit, bobstay, &c. was crowded with the survivors. Those on the quarter deck were driven overboard by the flames, and such as survived were hanging to the davit tackles, chains and ropes attached to the rudder.

Many were suspended by ropes, secured on deck, but as the fire reached them, were precipitated into the sea, and drowned. The cutter unfortunately had no boat of sufficient size to render any assistance in taking off the sufferers, and having gunpowder on board, Lieut. Dyer, in command, did not deem it prudent to approach very near the wreck—so that the work of rescue was unavoidably very tedious.

Capt. Reed, however, firmly and resolutely persevered with his boat, though it was with some difficulty that he could obtain a sufficient boat's crew to approach the wreck, fearing the Elephant would go overboard and destroy the boat.

The last boat left the wreck a little before sunset, with one solitary frantic female, the last on board, whose sister and child had both perished before her eyes. The loss of lives is estimated at from 26 to 32, there being some small children on board which had not been inserted on Capt. Reed's passenger list.—The precise number cannot be ascertained.

The prompt and praiseworthy decision of Capt. Reed, in securing the boat, was the only means by which the life of an individual could have been saved. The Elephant, Camels and horses jumped overboard, and all the animals in the cages were burnt.

None of the passengers' or crew's baggage was saved. Many of the trunks, &c. were thrown overboard, in the hope that they might be picked up.

The Cutter landed the survivors about 8 P. M. at the Isle of Hunt, where they received the most hospitable treatment from the inhabitants. We learn there was a large amount of specie on board the Royal Tar.—N. Y. Com. Advertiser.

The Salem Register, of Monday, gives additional particulars of the dreadful disaster. The accounts are the most afflicting that we ever read.

No account, or even conjecture, is given of the actual and proximate cause of this terrible calamity, but its extent seems to have been aggravated by the culpable negligence of the engineer; perhaps it were no injustice to use a harsher expression, and say his wilful misconduct. He suffered the boiler to become exhausted of water, which may possibly have caused the fire, and it is reported that when warned by a boy, instead of seeing to the deficiency, he harshly told the boy to mind his own business, and paid no attention to the warning.

His subsequent conduct was still more reprehensible. He did not give the alarm, it is said, until he and his fifteen associates had got into the long boat and removed so far from the Steamer as to prevent others from joining them; and then they made at once for the shore, instead of lending what assistance they could, in saving the lives of others.

The number of passengers on board was eighty-five, of whom 27 were drowned, and one, an aged Irish woman, perished in the flames. Four also of the crew were drowned, making 32 in all. Among the 27 passengers drowned, were four men attached to the Menagerie.

The Royal Tar was a fine boat of four hundred tons. The loss of money is supposed to be from \$50,000 to \$100,000. One gentleman lost ten thousand dollars in bills and drafts.

One of the passengers, Capt. Waite, of Portland, held by a rope until it was burnt; he then swam to the rudder, got his arm into the chain, and there held on for an hour and a half, sustaining a lady and gentleman. Another trusted himself to a plank, having a considerable quantity of specie about him, the weight of which proved fatal to him.

The whole loss is estimated at two hundred thousand dollars.

Joseph T. Sherwood Esq. British Consul at Portland, was a passenger on board, and saved himself by swimming to the boat. He was also a passenger on board the steam brig New York, when she was burnt, about thirteen years ago, and nearly at the same place.

### DOMESTIC.

From the Greensboro's Patriot.

"An Odorous County.—SALEM is the name of a place in the 'Far North,' twenty miles west of the Mississippi, and three miles south of Skunk River. This reminds us of some places in Carolina, relative to which a Preacher wrote that there had been a sweet revival at Pole-cat springs, and a great ingathering of the Cat-fish brethren."

We cut the above sweet scrap from a New York paper. We always admire a good joke—a pointed joke. This, to be sure, is rather a cursory affair, but it comes very near home to us, and awakes in our minds quite an association of ideas. The head 'springs' of 'Polecat' creek rise in Guilford county, a few miles south of this place. Reckoning in all the crooks—or sinuous windings, to speak more pompously—we should judge it to be something like 20 miles long, more or less,—passing into Randolph county where it disgorges its waters into Deep River.—And we venture to say there is no stream in Western North Carolina, of its length, breadth and bottom, that can show more indubitable signs of industry and enterprise on its banks, than this same Polecat creek. There are on this stream 7 occupied sites for machinery. Besides the improvements in preparation, there are in operation two excellent grain mills, two wool carding machines, one fulling mill, several saw mills and a cast iron foundry. Job Reynolds' Iron Foundry, situated in Randolph, with his machinery for turning iron, and for various other useful purposes, would do credit to the ingenuity and enterprise of any man.—Any one who sees the mechanical powers which (though not a scientific man) he has put in full and easy play, will say there is no necessity of applying to the Yankees for 'every thing.' Persons may there find as good mouldboards, cog-wheels, wagon-boxes, stoves and skillets as brother Jonathan can make "to save him."

So much for the topography of the 'Polecat' country. And so much the more to its credit—these are all *clean* facts. As to the 'Cat-fish brethren' above spoken of, we wot not where they have had all their meetings, but we have had some of them.

We can but smile at the singular caprice of our hunting and frolicking fathers, in bestowing such 'odorous' and unseemly names on creeks, rivers, and particular tracts of country. Now Polecat creek, for anything we ever saw—or smelt—to the contrary, is naturally a very sweet stream. We have seen a score or so of little streams, each known as Muddy creek,—all remarkably clear and limpid. And if you wish to find a water course flowing placidly along, over a smooth bottom, go to Stony creek or Rocky river. There are two New Rivers in North Carolina which are in all probability as old as any rivers in the world. The meaning of the Indian proper names seems to be more appropriate than ours. We will give a couple of instances which it is said may be found in Judge Murphy's incipient history of our State: The appellation Deep River is derived from an Indian name of the same import originally given from the circumstance of the river having so many deep holes in its bed. The name of Tar river—though more appropriate in the present signification of the word *tar*—is corrupted from the Indian *Taw*, signifying health, the country through which *Taw* river flowed being more salubrious than that nearer the sea. There is something in the very sound of the Indian names wild and expressive. *Yadkin* is soft, undulating with a placid magnificence, like the river which bears the name. *Catawba* sounds wild with a twang of the patriarchal. One would almost fancy something savage and romantic on hearing *Illinois*, which in the native tongue signifies 'A man in the vigor of his years.' There is a river in Ala. called *Tombigbee*. We are not sufficiently skilled in aboriginal lore to determine whether this appellation is of purely Indian origin, or whether some leather trowsered, riproarious hunter called *Tom Bigbee*, squatted on its banks and originated the name.—But however, this is straying too far from home. We might return into our own State and expatiate upon Cape Fear, and why this name is by common consent adopted instead of the more sounding one of the chivalrous *Clarendon*—why the scriptural *Dan* was applied to the N. C. prong of Roanoke—and the reason why *Haw River*, is as it is. But we trust we have already sufficiently 'branched off' on this part of the subject.

We cannot find it in our hearts to wind up this savory article without observing that there is a fine section of country bordering on the counties of Guilford, Orange, Chatham and Randolph, called Stinking Quarter. And 'thereby hangs a tale.' The manner in which this district of country acquired so unfortunate a name is somewhat interesting. A more nauseous, beastly appellation could not have been devised by the primitive taste of our fathers—and one, more significant or better fitting the occasion, could not have been applied by any body. It was thus named because a certain hunter wantonly shot down a great number of deer, merely for their skins, leaving their carcasses to rot in the woods till 'the land stank!' He was in the habit of this at that season of the year when the does rear their fawns, and the venison is of course useless.—This circumstance, for aught we know, was in part the origin of the statute law yet existing, which prohibits the killing of deer at certain seasons. The heart-

less hunter constructed a simple instrument—well known to the foresters of that day—styled a *deer-call*, with which he so naturally imitated the bleating of a fawn that he enticed the affectionate dams within gunshot, when he killed and skinned them, but left the carcasses to decay and infect the forest air. The tender progeny were left to perish of hunger in the woods; and the little fawn has been found lying with its head by its side resting in death. The end of this man was miserable. He told those around his death bed, that he constantly heard the piteous bleatings of the young deer he had made motherless—it was like their wild cry as it used to come upon his cold ear in the forest pathway! The departing soul felt a bitter pang which the merciful never know.

"Conscience, sly informer, minutes every fault!"

The Anecdote of a Dog, which we copy from the U. S. (Philadelphia) Gazette, may seem incredible, as it certainly is extraordinary, to many readers. Yet every one, conversant with the nature and habits of that fine and faithful animal, knows how sensible he is to shame and contrition—how keen his moral perception—how strong his natural affections.

A friend stopped at the door of our office a few days since, to tell us an anecdote of a dog, and to assure us of the entire truth of the narrative.

A gentleman known to many of our citizens, who resides near the Philadelphia and Norristown Railroad, has for a long time prided himself upon a splendid dog, which, to fine spirits and great docility, was united with a most comfortable

the house, who was not partial to dogs. In the good graces, then, of the ladies, and the entire confidence of his master, Cæsar had grown up to dog's estate, with perhaps as few faults as fall to the share of any four legged animal; and he was enabled to look back with as much consciousness of a life well spent, as any other dog in the neighborhood, and forward to respect and comfort.

Cæsar (so we call him, having forgotten his real title) lived at his ease; twice a day he gazed at the locomotive, having ceased to bark at it, and thrice a day, he shared the spoil of his master's table, and the shakings of his mistress' table cloth. One day Cæsar was eyeing the chickens at their sport, and whether the whim of showing off his agility, or some uncurbed appetite predominated, we cannot tell; but he pounced down upon the feathered favorites of his mistress, and killed one outright, and sent the rest squawking to every point of the compass, as if a flock of hawks had popped down among them.

The noise of the hens and chickens brought the females to the door, and among them was the mistress of the house. Cæsar stood in the midst of his victory—for a moment he wagged his tail in triumph—but only for a moment. He saw that though he had gained a victory, he had lost a friend—and he turned from his place of triumph, smitten with a deep sense of shame. It was enough to cure him of a thirst for such glory, and had no word been spoken to him, he never would again have transgressed the unwritten law. But who is so lowly as to have no friend? Even the miserable half-grown hen that lay stretched out had a vindicator of her rights, and the mistress of the house sallied forth with a broom, and took vengeance upon the repentant dog, until he howled for very pain. The flogging over, it was thought that Cæsar would return to his ordinary habits—but alas! his spirit had been wounded more than his flesh—he wandered round the house, an unquiet and disturbed animal, denying himself to every call, and regardless of caresses, which had hitherto been his life. Even his mistress, struck with the poor dog's sensitiveness, sought to make him amends, but the disgrace had entered into his soul—he refused comfort. A few mornings afterwards, Cæsar was seen walking slowly towards the railroad—there he stood, as if conscious the cars were near at hand. At length the noise of the engine announced the approach of the train of cars. The movements of Cæsar had attracted attention—he stood near the rail, as the cars came thundering on, he gave one look towards the house, the scene of so many delights, and of one irredeemable disgrace. There was an eloquence and pathos in his look, not to be forgotten. He turned round, stretched his neck upon the rail—the train passed on, and Cæsar was beyond the reach of shame or insult.

Moderate Drinking a losing business, or one reason why some are always poor.—Poor Richard says "A small leak will sink a ship;" but of all leaks, that which is made in a man's pocket by ardent spirit, is the worst. A few simple details will render manifest the want of many comforts brought upon a family, by the use of strong drink. Able-bodied, industrious, laboring men receive, one day with another, 75 cents per day,

for 300 days out of the 365. This will be \$222 50. Now if a man spends 12½ cents per day for liquor, and few drinking men spend less, it will amount to \$3750.

Let us see what this would do toward making a family comfortable, taking advantage of the best season for laying in supplies. With it, a man might buy

2 bbls flour at \$5,	\$10 00
20 bushels potatoes, at 25 cts.	5 00
2 cwt. pork, at \$4,	8 00
2 cwt. beef, at \$3,	6 00
50 lbs. sugar, at 7 cts.	3 50
4 lbs. tea, at 75 cts.	3 00
10 lbs. coffee, at 18½ cts.	1 87½

\$37 57½

Here, then, is a small list of supplies which, though not all that a family requires, will, as far as they go, greatly add to their comfort; and for the want of which many families suffer. And why? What need of suffering? The money the above articles cost, expended by little and little, goes for that which not only does absolutely no good, but a great deal of hurt. The effect of this liquor is to make men less kind, less affectionate, less attentive; and if he does not become decidedly intemperate, his moral sensibilities are blunted, and he is rendered a less valuable member of society. And if this course be continued ten years, three hundred and seventy-five dollars will be thrown away—enough to buy a good farm in Michigan.

Reader, are you a laboring man, and do you drink ardent spirits? Peruse the above statement again, sit down and calculate your losses, and commence at once the work of reform, and hereafter you will now paid for liquor, and

Useful Discovery.—A discovery was made at an important discovery was made at Copley, Medina county, by a lady. Mr. Vail, his son and another person were digging a well, and the son having gone down first, was prostrated on breathing the noxious damps below. His father descended to his relief, and the third started for a physician. In the meantime several ladies assembled at the place and one threw down a pail of water, most of which fell on the face of Mr. V. who caught breath, rose and seized the senseless body of his son, got into the tub and was drawn up by the ladies. Water was immediately applied to the young man, which in a short time produced symptoms of returning life. Mr. V. in a few hours attained his usual health & strength, and the young man by medical aid had so far recovered as to be able to walk about, the succeeding day. The experiment of letting down a lighted candle was made, which went out at the distance of six feet from the top of the well. A live chicken was also let down, and at the depth of six feet animation became suspended; but by pouring down water upon it, animation was immediately restored. From this it appears, that upon inhaling this gas, life is only suspended, and that the application of water will restore it either by conveying atmospheric air contained in the water, or from some other cause.

The following extract from a recent publication, by the venerable American Lexicographer, deserves the attention of the Public, and especially of the conductors of the Newspaper press:

"The press, when judiciously managed, is one of the greatest blessings of a civilized people; when abused, it is the most powerful instrument of mischief. Probably no civil privilege in this country is so much perverted and abused. In no country is reputation held so cheap. Slander, like the scythe of death, levels all worth and distinction; the press, one of the noblest instruments of improvement, is converted into an instrument of deception, and the means of making citizens hate and oppress each other. The moral effect of this abuse is lamentable; for it seems to have become a ruling belief of partisans that a man has a right to defame those who differ from him in opinion.

"If such is to be permanently the effect of popular elections, we shall pay dear for the privilege in the loss of morals. At present, no reputation is safe, especially that of a man in public life, or one who appears before the Public for the most laudable purpose. The scrambling for office keeps the public mind in continual agitation; generating evil passions and enmities among citizens, who, even when they are wrong in their opinions, are entitled to the enjoyments of their reputation and their social rights. What a noble improvement, in our public prints shall we witness, when facts shall be carefully collected, judiciously selected and fairly published, without conjectural inferences; and when principles shall be discussed with ability and candor, without assailing character and motives."  
NOAH WEBSTER."

A Southern lady, aged 37, has abandoned the Shakers, for the purpose of marrying Mr. Benj. Bean, aged 81.—She must be fond of dried beans.