

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 }
ONE HALF IN ADVANCE }

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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 the year, will be presumed as desiring its continuance until countermanded.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Not exceeding sixteen lines, will be charged One Dollar for the first insertion; 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.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS, and Sheriff's Sales will be charged 25 per cent. higher than the usual rates.

A deduction of 33 1/2 per cent. will be made to those who advertise by the year.

Recently, Mr. Lewis Hornedy, an aged and respectable citizen of Orange county.

THE DUEL.

From Bentley's London Miscellany for July

I was educated, said a French gentleman whom I met in quarantine, at Poitiers, though Lusignan is my native town. Poitiers is well known to the antiquary as having possessed a Roman amphitheatre, of which, however, when I was at that University, only a vault, supposed to have been a cage for wild beasts, remained. This cage, from the solidity of the masonry and the enormous size of the blocks, seemed indelustrable, but was not so; for when I last visited Poitiers, and asked for the key of the cavern, I found it no longer existed, and that on the site had been constructed the inn of the 'Trois Perleins.'

It is a stone's throw from the Salles d'Armes, a place with which I have been better acquainted than with the schools. To revive my ancient recollections I entered the salle, and found there an inhabitant of the town whom I had known at college. He proposed that we should dine together at the 'Trois Perleins'; and, after drinking as good a bottle of wine as it afforded, he related to me what a few days before, in the very room where we were sitting, had happened at a dinner of the collegians. It was ordered for 12, but one of the party having invited a friend, the number swelled to thirteen. It is said that superstition supplies the place of religion. I have observed this to be the case with the most sceptical of my acquaintance; and thus this number, thirteen, occasioned some remarks, and the stranger was looked upon with no very favorable eye, and considered as a supererogatory who brought with him ill-luck.

One of the set at length summoned resolution enough to say,

"I do not dine thirteen."

"Nor I," said another.

"Nor I," was repeated on all sides.

The guest, embarrassed at this rudeness, got up and was about to retire, when Alfonso, to whom he came as an *umbra*, proposed an ingenious expedient for doing away with the evil augury, and said,

"There is one way of annulling the proverb, that threatens death in the course of a year to one of a party of thirteen; the way is to decide which of us shall fight a duel this evening or to-morrow morning."

"Done," cried all the students at a breath.

"Shall it be among ourselves?" said one of them.

"No," replied the author of the proposition; "for then two of us would have to fight, whereas it ought to be the thirteenth."

"Right," said all the young men.

"Then let it be with one of the officers of the garrison."

"Be it so," said Alfonso; we will make a pool as usual at the *cafe*, all thirteen of us, and—

"The first out," said the student—

"No," interrupted Alfonso, "that would be a bad omen, it shall be the winner."

"Agreed," replied all; and they sat down to table with as much gaiety and insouciance as if nothing had been said.

The stranger, just as the soup was being put on the table, got up, and, with a magisterial tone of voice, addressed the assembly.

"Gentlemen, (said he) I feel suddenly inspired with a sublime idea—

We are about to eat in the ruins of Roman greatness (alluding to the amphitheatre.) Let us imitate that people in every thing that is great. Nothing could be more splendid than the games of the gladiators which were celebrated over the tombs of the mighty dead—nothing more sumptuous than the festivals held at their funerals. This is probably also a funeral feast, with this difference, that it is held before, not after death. Let Poitiers therefore, rival Rome in her magnificence—let this *Cena* be in honor of the mighty remains over which we are sitting; let it be *mortuario*, sacred to him who is about to perish."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the guests, one and all! a splendid idea by Jove! a splendid *cena* be it!"

"Open the windows," cried Alfonso.

The windows were opened. As soon as the soup was served smash went all the plates into the yard, and shivered against the pavement. So, during the rest of the dinner, every plate as fast as it was cleared, every bottle as soon as emptied, followed their fellows.

One might perceive by the practised dexterity of this feat that it was not the first time they had played the same game.

During the first course nothing particular occurred to disturb their harmony; but it so happened that the roti, which, as you know, in France always served last, was burnt.

Then there arose a general burst of indignation.

"Send the cook!" exclaimed they all to the waiters.

"Order up the cook! Here cook! cook!" was the universal cry; but the chief was not forthcoming.

Alfonso, the President, then said, "Must I go myself and fetch him?"

This menace had its effect; *pauvre chef*, pale as death, and all cotton cap in hand, crawled into the room. He was greeted with deafening shouts.

"Come here!" (said Alfonso.) Do you take us for the officers? What do you mean by serving us in this manner—*eh?*"

The man of the spit stammered out an apology. Alfonso looked at him askance.

"If I served you right (said he) I should make you eat this detestable roti of yours; but as it is the first time of happening, my chastising shall be a parental one—Hold your cotton cap."

The *chef* obeyed, and Alfonso turned out of a dish into an enormous clouded cream (*amelet suffle*) and said, "Come now, with the cap, and see you don't first spill a drop."

He was forced to comply, and the unhappy Ude, (*tides*), his face and white jacket streaming with the contents of the *plat*, was followed out of the room with hisses and bursts of laughter.

Thus went on the dinner, and with its concert of broken plates, dishes, glasses, and bottles, accompanied by noises of all sorts, which rose to *fortissimo* as the wine, of which they drank to excess, got into their heads.

The dessert, which succeeded the second course, was ended by what they called salad. This salad was thus mixed: They turned up the four corners of the tablecloth, and rolled therein all the fragments that were left. At this juncture the waiters disappeared, conjecturing shrewdly, that if they stayed any longer, the feast might be too grand for them. In short, when all that remained of the dessert was bundled well up, the collegians got on the table, and, at the risk of cutting their feet with the fragments of the crockery, and the splinters of the glass, danced thereon, till every thing was pounded, smashed and broken. Then the tablecloth, with all it contained, (the salad,) was thrown out of the window; after it the table, then the chairs, then the rest of the furniture; and when there was nothing more to destroy, the frenzied youths thought they could do no better than throw themselves out; and all thirteen followed the leader." Alfonso, and jumped from the first floor in the court.

There is a saying, that over drunkards, watches an especial Providence. But there are, it seems, two; for the students on this occasion, found one of their own, which doubtless befriended them in this mad leap. Certain it is, that none of the party met with the slightest accident, and gloriously drunk, they rushed out into the street, after the most remarkable orgie that had taken place for some time at Poitiers.

They made brilliant *entree* into the *cafe*—a general place of rendezvous for the students and officers when they were not at daggers drawn.

Two of the latter were playing at billiards when they entered. But Alfonso, without waiting till the game was ended, asked, or rather demanded, in an authoritative tone, that the table should be given up for a single pool to the thirteenth.

Thinking that the object was, as usual, to decide who should pay for the dinner, or the *demi-tasse et chaise*, the players did not seem inclined to comply with this requisition; but when they learned that a momentous affair, a duel, was on foot, they hastened to lay down their cues. A duel! every thing must yield to that.

There were but few military men present; for that very day there was a *soiree* at the general commandant's of the garrison; and those few consisted of veterans, who preferred passing the evening at the *cafe*, to putting on silk stockings and shoes, or of *chenevans*, who in the regiment, went by the name of *crane* or *borreaux des cranes*. The old *grogards*, however did not quit the room. The *chenevans* interchanged glances with each other; and one or two of the sub-lieutenants, who had come to take their *demi-tasse*, before they went to the ball, also remained. They had all more or less formed a shrewd guess of what was to happen; and for the honor of the service, wanted the quarrel to break out.

In our schools and garrisons at Paris, we are totally unacquainted with the *es-*

prit du corps which engages a whole regiment, and an entire body of young men, in a duel, where two only are concerned; nor can we form any notion how slight a thing a duel is considered, where it is the custom to decide all questions sword in hand. Habit is all in all; and people soon learn to think no more of fighting than of going to breakfast.

It becomes a general endemic; and a person who, lost in the world of Paris, where he is unknown, might hesitate about demanding satisfaction for an insult however gross, would, in that atmosphere, any day, or hour of the day, call a man out for merely looking at him.

The pool was begun. Never did a party, when a large sum of money depended on the issue of the game, play with more care and caution than those thirteen, to decide which of them was to fight. By degrees the players lost their three lives, and the number was at last reduced to two; these two were the stranger guest and Alfonso.

The lookers-on watched anxiously every stroke. Those balls, that, as they rolled, carried with them the fate of a man, were followed with earnest looks. The officers came nearer and ranged themselves round the billiard. They were not a little interested to know whether they, or rather one of them, (which they knew not,) was to enter the list with a freshman, no doubt unpractised in fencing, or with the most adroit and terrible duellist of the University.

The chances were against them. The stranger lost.

A singular excitement was occasioned by the disappearance of the last ball in the pocket. Some faces grew pale; but no one stirred from the spot where he had been standing as a spectator. Alfonso looked steadily round him, and made two or three times the circuit of the room, as though he were in search, but in vain, of some one worth quarrelling with. At last he perceived a sort of sub-lieutenant originally drum-major and *maitre d'armes* and who boasted of having killed his thirty perquins, setting quietly in a corner. Alfonso walked straight up to him, and saluting him with a politeness that elicited the company said, in his cool way,

"Monsieur, I am exceedingly distressed at the situation in which I find myself placed; but my honor is concerned, and you will allow me to engage yours.

Without further preliminaries, he gave him a severe hit in the face.

The officer, who little expected so abrupt and unanswerable a mode of provocation, sprang like a madman from his chair; and had not Alfonso, with the activity and nimbleness of a cat, leaped with one bound upon the table, the ex-drum-major would probably have strangled him on the spot.

He was quick at the aggressor's heels, when his own comrades stopped him of their own accord, saying,

"Come, come! no child's play or boxing! the thing is too serious! C'est un combat a la mort!"

"Where shall I find you to-morrow?" said one of the officers, addressing Alfonso.

"Fix your ground," was the reply.

"No to-morrow!" (said the officer who had received the blow,) "this instant!"

"This instant be it, if you please," replied Alfonso, with the utmost indifference.

"I shall not sleep to-night until that blow is avenged!" said the other, foaming with rage.

"I, too, want to unnumb my hand.—I have hurt my knuckles against your cheek-bones," said Alfonso.

"Where would they fight at such a time of night as this?" observed some of the officers.

"In the garden behind the *cafe*," cried the ancient *maitre d'armes*; "a sword in one had and a billiard lamp in the other."

"But," said Alfonso, "I am tired. I know your style of fighting men, *cranes*; you want to make me break ground, and drive me step by step round the garden. Don't think it, my lad. Besides, the lamp may go out. But, if you have no objections, the billiard table will be a good arena. We shall be well lighted, and there will be no means of drawing back a foot."

"Be it so," said the other.

The doors were closed, and they laid hand on the waiters and the proprietor of the *cafe*, who were going to the police. The swordsmen were then brought. The two adversaries cast lots for them, and then pulled off their coats and waistcoats and unbuttoned their shirts to show that there was nothing under.

Both then took their swords.

The officer wrapt round his hand a handkerchief, leaving both ends dangling. Alfonso neglected this practice, the object which was to distract the attention of the adversary by the perpetual flutter of their two white points, thus to turn away his attention from the sword. But Alfonso had a manner of fighting of his own; and cared little for these petty proceedings. He never looked at the steel; but fixing his eye on that of his antagonist, anticipated every motion that he made.

The two wrestlers, or gladiators, I might say, got on the table together, and

according to the terms or conditions agreed on between the students and the officers, rested their swords on the toes of their boots. A traveller from a commercial house who happened to be present, and could have no interest in the scene, other than what its novelty excited, was fixed on to clap his hands three times; and at the third the swords were upraised in the air, and the two combatants came to guard.

A terrible silence reigned through the room, and for some seconds it was only broken by the clashing of the steel; for both parties, as they skirmished, were well aware that a single *faux pas* was death. The slightest stepping back, shrinking of the body, or leaping on one side, must inevitably prove fatal.

The officer was a head and shoulder taller than Alfonso, and looked as though he could crush him; but he little heeded this advantage, if advantage it was, for he by degrees lowered his body till he was right under the sword of his foe, and almost bent himself down upon the bed of the table. No other change in his attitude then took place.

All at once, the officer, taking his posture for the effect of fear, made a furious lunge, which was parried with the greatest sang froid and skill, and Alfonso allowed the officer to return to his ground, without attempting to return. His adversary was deceived by this sort of timid defence, and becoming more adventurous, attacked him again with increased fury—so much so, that, thrown off his guard, his left foot quitted the cushion of the table, against which it had been fixed. Then it was that Alfonso made a rapid lunge at the officer's face. He endeavored to regain the ground he had lost to resume his position. The student would not give him time, and charged with impetuosity his disconcerted enemy, who could only avoid his thrusts by keeping his body bent backwards. Alfonso forced him to the edge of the table, when his foot tripped, and at that moment droveth sword up to the hilt in his heart.

The unhappy officer cried out—Hit! hit! then he raised himself to his full height, and fell backwards from the top of the table to the floor.

Awful was the sound that the weight of that body made upon the boards of the room! There was mixed up with it a feeling—a dread lest the dead man should hurt himself in falling. Never did I see, for I was present, so dreadful a contest! Never did I experience anything so frightful as the silence of those two men—as the flashing of their swords by the light of the lamps—as the fall of the vanquished, who disappearing behind the table, seemed at once to have been engulfed in a tomb that opened from behind to receive him!

THE CONSUMPTION.

We give place to the following at the instance of a medical gentleman of high reputation, who has been for twenty years afflicted with a pulmonary complaint, and who thinks so well of the remedy here proposed that he is about to try it upon himself.—*Nat. Int.*

For the Commercial Advertiser.

The late lamented death of Dr. Bush, from that form of consumption known as chronic bronchitis, painfully reminds me of a duty the subscriber owes to his profession & to society, of making known a simple form of treatment that has never failed him in curing this form of consumption, so destructive to the clerical and literary professions; its treatment is of nearly equal efficacy in catarrhal phthisis, and is a valuable remedy for consumption in all its forms when in its chronic stages, and free from any inflammatory symptoms. This treatment is based on the pathology of consumption, as a generic name for disease.

Under the name of consumption are included that variety of diseases of the lungs, attended with expectoration of purulent matter from the breathing surface of the lungs, connected with emaciation, hectic fever and its concomitants, night sweats, colliquative diarrhoea, &c. All the forms of consumption act on the general health from one common cause—presence of matter acting upon absorbing surfaces, & thus producing those symptoms known as *hectic fever*. It is the presence and violence of this symptom of consumption that prostrates the patient, until it more or less slowly ends in death. It is the consequence of this hectic fever, and not the immediate disease of the lungs causing it, that forms the source of fatality from consumption.

The treatment I now with reluctant diffidence submit, I have successfully used for more than twelve years, and during that period of medical practice, I am not aware of having lost more than four or five patients from all the various forms of consumption; and these were mostly passed to that stage of disease where the structure of the lungs had become so extensively diseased as to preclude the use of more than palliative treatment. Cases of chronic bronchitis were in every instance cured by it, even

when the purulent expectoration amounted to pint's daily, with hectic fever, diarrhoea, cold sweats, and entire physical prostration.

The treatment is the administration of sulphate of copper in nauseating doses, combined with gum ammoniac, given so as to nauseate but not ordinarily to produce full vomiting; the usual dose for this purpose is about half a grain, & five grains of the respective ingredients, in a spoonfull of water, to be taken, at first twice, and in the convalescent stages once a day.

In cases of chronic bronchitis a gargle of the sulphate of copper alone is super-added. In this latter form of consumption this treatment almost invariably suspends the hectic symptoms in a few days, and the disease rapidly advances to its final cure.

In cases of the more proper forms of consumption the treatment must be intermitted frequently, and again returned to; and whenever soreness of the chest or other symptoms of inflammatory action, exist, the treatment should be suspended; as it is in the chronic state alone that the remedy is indicated, or useful—that state in which the condition of the general system as sympathetically involved becomes the more prominent symptom, and the success of the treatment depends chiefly on the breaking up the sympathetic action of the diseased lung, on the more healthy tone of the stomach, & increasing its digestive powers, and likewise causing, during nauseating action, a more active and healthy circulation of blood through the lungs.—Its curative powers are more immediately attributable to these effects of its action. But theory apart, the treatment is presented, based on more than ten years' experience of its curative advantages, in the proper treatment of diseases of mucopurulent and purulent expectoration.

Having left a profession that nearer than any other, approaches the pure duties of humanity, but which has nearly ceased in this country to be honorable or profitable, I have little motive in exposing myself to that certain ridicule that follows the announcement that consumption may be cured, but the assurance of practical experience, and the desire of making public a means of saving life, in one of its most frequent and unwelcome exits.

ED. C. COOPER, M. D.

Sabbath Thoughts.—To think that a benevolent and powerful Being has thrown around us the guards of protection, and that, until the appointed moment of our dissolution, we are as invulnerable as the strong-winged angels.—To think that ten thousand sweet blessings of light, earth, water, sound, memory, association play upon the harp strings of our bodily or mental pleasure. To think that most of the unhappiness we actually feel is forced upon ourselves by a craving dissatisfied state of mind, and that little of it comes from Him whom we call our heavenly Father. To think that the same care which has watched and even now watches over our rising being, will still watch over it down through the years of infinite duration.—To think that all the works of God are progressive—not from good to worse, but from better to better—so that we may never fear that the life to come shall not be in a more radiant sphere than this, laden with higher pleasures, bursting upon senses of the soul more refined, appreciated by a more perfect child-like thankfulness, and assailed by no demon of remorse, forever accusing us here of neglect of duty and lost opportunity.

These are the thoughts of the Sabbath. These are the gushings of the wells of salvation, at which we carry every seventh day of our weary pilgrimage to that better land.—*Natchez Free Trader.*

Capital Punishment.—The State of Maine and New Hampshire have refrained their laws in regard to capital crimes, so that, although they have not positively abolished the punishment of death, yet the practical operation of the late enactments, in both these States, will probably be to save the feelings of the community from a repetition of the shocking exhibition which have occurred in each within a few years past. In New Hampshire it is at the discretion of the jury to convict capitally, or so as that the punishment of death will not be executed; and this without any evasion of the law or neglect of duty. In Maine, when sentence of death is passed, it is not to be executed within one year, nor then, unless the Governor, in view of all the circumstances of the case shall order it; otherwise, the convict is to be subjected to perpetual solitary imprisonment, with hard labor and civil death.

Gloucester Democrat.

Woman.—Why was woman made from the rib of a man in preference to any other bone? She was not taken from the head lest he should rule over her, not from his feet, lest he should trample on her—but she was taken from his side, that he might protect her—and from near his heart, that he might cherish and love her.

Mr. Fox and the Methodist.—The following high complement was paid to Methodism by Mr. Fox in his Finsbury lectures. "The first circumstance which I think operated to the amelioration of the poor of this country—England—was the rise of Methodism; and this was a heart-stirring influence. Whatever flaws a severe critic may find in the supposed aims or real proceedings of John Wesley, there can be no doubt that he deserves to be classed among the benefactors, among the illustrious benefactors of the nation."

French Flour.—Among the other curious things that of late have arrived among us is the article of French Flour, in barrels, as ground and put up in France, lately imported at New York. A friend has shown us a lot he has for sale, which appears to be equal in quality to the best Western flour, and in perfect good condition.—*N. Y. Star.*

The Way to please your Friends.—Go to Mississippi—stay there ten years—work hard—get money—save it—get a diseased liver—call on your friends as you go to the Virginia springs—make your will—provide for them—and die.—This will at least ensure you a marble slab and a Latin epitaph.

American Character.—"We are born in a hurry," says an American writer, "we are educated at speed. We make a fortune with the wave of a wand, and lose it in like manner, to remake and relose it in the twinkling of an eye. Our body is locomotive, travelling at ten leagues an hour; our spirit a high pressure engine; our life resembles a shooting star, and death surprises us like an electric stroke."

The Paris Bride.—When the princess Helena departed from her own residence of Mecklenberg, the whole population turned out *en masse*, and for the first four miles the young lady was greeted with songs from the peasantry, and her path was strewn with flowers.

A school-master in New-York has been fined one hundred dollars for kissing one of his fair pupils.—*Jeffersonville Courier.*

So it seems, that notwithstanding the general pecuniary distress, the price of one little luxury has actually risen in the New York market.—*Louisville Journal.*

Advertising.—"The New York News says: 'A wealthy merchant of that city, who has given more advertising to the press than any other in that city, once told the editor of that paper that he commenced business with a determination to expend, in advertising, all his profits for the first two years, but that he soon found it impossible to do so. The faster he paid out the more he received; and could he have monopolized all the advertising columns of all the papers in that city, he would have been repaid fourfold.'"

Rise early, was an injunction of Dr. Franklin, and he never advised us, to our injury. An hour in the morning is as good as an hour at night, and no expense is incurred for candles. As it respects health, a man may safely calculate to live ten years longer, for rising betimes and the effect upon the beauty is equally great. The bloom given to the cheek of a lady by the fresh and pure air of the morning, is a bloom that will not fade away every time she washes her face; and the flashes which her eye will catch from the rising sun will out-shine all the light which can be caught from the midnight chandeliers.

Gen. Hunt, the Texian Minister.—We take a hearty pride in the successful career of this distinguished native son of North Carolina, and congratulate the people of Texas upon his being presented at the Court of the United States. We are gratified to learn that he has taken a high and leading stand among the diplomats near our Government; and that he is a warm advocate for that great Southern measure, the annexation of Texas to the Union of these States.—*Star.*

Temperance and Abolition.—"When I came into the pulpit, and for years after," says an eccentric minister of the old school, "Religion used to be the principal topic preached upon; now, it is all rum and niggers!"

Love.—"The editor of the Methuen Gazette makes the following sweeping assertion: 'What a man! and never love! Pshaw! Such a man must have a heart of ice, a soul as lifeless as a corn-cob, the gizzard of a goose, and a head as sappy as a cocoa-nut.'"

A Problem for Politicians.—If General Jackson by his endeavors to restore a hard money currency, in eight years increased the number of banks from 320 to 825, how long will it take Mr. Van Buren, by following in the footsteps of Jackson, to abolish the policy of General Jackson, to abolish banks altogether.—An answer is requested.—*Illinois Patriot.*