

RALEIGH REGISTER

AND NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE.

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THE LAST DAYS OF LOUIS XVI.

On the evening of the 8th (Count Rœderer stated) I went to the Tuilleries. Every one there was agitated by gloomy presentiments. The King seemed to have lost his senses; for he was laughing immoderately. Madame Elizabeth was silent and dejected. The Queen was calm, proud and indignant; she was the soul of the royalist party. I know not what prompted me to mention the arrival of the Duke of Orleans, whose carriage I understood had been seen in the court yard. The mere mention of his name called forth a general burst of hatred and indignation; so violent, that I feared a terrible scene would ensue, and to avoid it I took my departure. The information, however proved untrue—the Prince did not appear.

I was descending the grand staircase when an ex-body guard (M. de Gaston, if I recollect rightly) who was behind me, said in a low tone of voice, "Sir, the King requests that you will follow me. He wishes to speak to you."

I heard the rustling of a silk dress, and I rose from the arm-chair in which I had seated myself. A lady entered—it was the Queen. I expected the King, and my surprise must have been marked in my countenance. The eagle eye of Marie-Antoinette perceived it, and she said—"You are surprised to see me, Monsieur Rœderer; you expected the King. He is engaged in an audience with M. Mandat, and cannot come to you just at this moment. I feared you would be tired of waiting."

I stammered out some formula about duty, the desire to prove my affection, &c. Another inquisitorial glance from Marie-Antoinette, accompanied by a sigh, and she said—"Duty, affection, respect, even love, are words unsparingly addressed to us; and yet we can put no faith in them. Who is there now can say he loves the King?"

"All France, Madame, I assure you."
"All France, say you? Then why is he left here desolate, without respect, without power; compelled to contend with the vile canaille, and exposed to every outrage? Ah, Monsieur Rœderer, I again ask, who loves the King? Would not they who love him give proof of their affection? Would they not defend him, remove his enemies, and afford him the means of doing good? The King is grateful. He would reward magnificently and promptly any one who might render him an important service?"

The Queen passed. She awaited my answer with visible anxiety. I saw the stare; and I observed that if any coldness was manifested towards the King, it must be because he was supposed not to be sincerely attached to the Constitution. Upon this the Queen exclaimed in a tone of impatience—"Mon Dieu, Monsieur! With the exception of the King, who must regard it as his only safeguard, tell me who is attached to this fine Constitution? Certainly not the traitors who are plotting a Republic. You are a man of sense, Monsieur Rœderer, and you cannot fail to perceive what they are aiming at. Why is this forging of pikes continued? Why are a thousand banditti in reserve at the barriers?—And the Marseillais, who are leading them on? Is it with a view of cementing the Constitution that the national guards are excited against us, and our defenders organized? What is meant, I ask you, by these acts of hostility?—Against whom are they directed? What would the people have? and you, sir, what would you have?"

She stopped short, on hearing a heavy footstep advancing towards the apartment.

"Here is the King, sir: I hope he may be more successful with you than I have been."

Without waiting for my reply, she rose and opened a door leading to another room. She then courtied and closed the

door after her, but not before I had caught a glance of Madame Elizabeth, who was in the adjoining apartment, and who had doubtless overheard every word that passed between us.

The King appeared, and in the most courteous manner apologized for having kept me waiting. In the course of my interview with him, he let fall some remarks which made but little impression on me at the moment, but which created in me a feeling of little uneasiness when I reflected upon them the next day. You must bear in mind, gentlemen, that the interview I am about to describe took place on the evening of the 8th of August. The King observed that M. Mandat had unexpectedly detained him, and added—"The poor Commandant is very melancholy. He is assailed by gloomy forebodings. He assures me that they seek his life."

I protested that such a thing could not possibly be thought of.

"So I have assured him," replied the King. "But reasoning will not overcome fear. For my own part, I have more confidence in the people. They will not renew the horrors of 1789."

"I am convinced they will not, sire."

The King then questioned me about the departments & the members of the Commune. He asked me whether Bailly might not hope for a reaction of public opinion in his favor, and whether the national Guards would do their duty in the event of an attack on the Tuilleries. He urged me to give my sincere opinion on this point. "Certainly," added he, "I will never commence a civil war; but, if they fire into my windows, there is a lawful defence which I may be permitted to maintain." But which would be very painful to a heart like yours," said I.

Here Louis XVI. took my hand, pressed it cordially in his, and said in a tone of deep emotion—"Ah, Monsieur, I cannot sleep, so much am I tormented by the idea of being compelled to shed the blood of my people, who are my children. I would rather a thousand times (should I be pushed to the extremity) shed my own blood, even to the last drop."

In the impulse of the moment, I was about to throw myself at his feet, and to reveal the plot that was in being. But prudence interposed, and I reflected that as matters then stood, I should only hurl myself to destruction without saving him. I confined myself to general remarks. The King, without much disguise, proposed that I should devote myself to his interest; and hinted that he had in his pay several members of the left side. I feigned not to understand him, and he, becoming weary of the interview, dismissed me.

The whole of the 9th of August was actively employed by our friends. They stirred up insurrection in the faubourgs & held themselves in readiness to march. The night of the 9th was terrific. Terror was universal. Many persons finding it unsafe to sleep in their own houses, procured beds elsewhere. I was one of them. It is impossible to form any conception of the absolute listlessness of Louis XVI. Paris was illuminated in almost every part. The tocsin ceased to sound. The streets were crowded by furious mobs, and few could pass through them with safety. Any one wearing a green coat was sure to be attacked; that was the signal for proscription. Cannon were drawn through the streets and the multitude provided themselves with arms. At length the word was given for the attack on the Tuilleries—thither the assassians marched.

On the morning of the 10th, Petion's prudence forsook him. Being summoned to the Tuilleries he repaired thither, and under some pretext or other was detained as a hostage. He soon perceived his error, and wrote a note to Vergniaud, acquainting him with his situation, and begging to be released with all possible speed. Vergniaud thought that the best thing he could do was to cause the Legislative Assembly to issue a decree, summoning Petion to the bar, where he would have to render an account of his conduct on the preceding evening.

The messenger who was ordered to convey this summons met him in the gardens of the Tuilleries. Petion welcomed him as his deliverer; there was no contending against the will of the Legislature, and the Mayor of Paris, being released from captivity fled to his own house, in which the conspirators shut him up, in order to save him from all responsibility in case of accident. This was a favor which he exacted from them.

Danton came to me early in the morning. He was half intoxicated; he said—"We are going to have an explosion." "Then take care you don't get blowed up in it," observed I.

"There is no danger of that. Every thing is arranged, and we are sure of success. There are some who insist on the death of the King this day; but I do not think it necessary. Indeed it would perhaps be prejudicial to us. Those who sincerely want the Duke of Orleans, would of course be delighted to get Louis out of the way; but I think it would only serve to retard matters, and I am not for striking at the life of the King." "Will you take upon yourself," continued he, "the

task of intimidating him? Preval on him to quit the Tuilleries and to come and seek refuge in the National Assembly. There we can surround him, and get rid of him quietly."

I must confess that I was not over eager to undertake this dangerous task; but Danton fixed his fierce eye upon me; and the colossus, seizing me by the throat, which he grasped almost to suffocation, said—"Mark that in this tragedy each one has his part to play. Should any one who is required to be an actor, show himself disposed to remain a mere spectator, it will cost him his head. Do not hesitate then, or you will have reason to repent of it. I shall keep my eye upon you; and you will be treated according to your deserts."

I cast down my eyes, and promised all he required. It was arranged that, as president of the department, I should proceed to the Tuilleries and do all I could to prevail on the King to leave the castle.

The report of artillery was heard.

"Hark!" said Danton, "the work has commenced. *Abolish!* we will make them dance to a fine tune."

He departed almost in a state of phrenzy. I dressed myself, and proceeded to the office of the department. I was pensive and melancholy, and yet I could not help smiling at the groups of maniacs who every moment stopped me on my way through the streets. I had the password, the card of recognition; and those who happened not to know me personally, suffered me to pass on when my interrogatory was ended.

"I need not relate to you gentlemen," pursued Count Rœderer, "the events of the 10th of August. I have published my justification; I will therefore confine myself to some facts which I had exclusively the means of knowing. The king, in spite of all the queen's entreaties, could not be prevailed on to defend himself. He ought to have appeared in military uniform, with the white plume of Henry IV, booted, spurred, and on horseback. But instead of this; he made his appearance dressed in a violet coat (the color of mourning and of ill omen); small clothes, silk stockings, shoes with diamond buckles, and a rapier by his side. His pale and haggard countenance was expressive only of terror and irresolution. He inspected with an air of indifference the ranks of the National Guard. Some ventured to address to him insulting remarks; but all would blindly have obeyed his word of command if he had had courage to give it. Barbarous assured me, that if the king had only shown himself the citizens would have rallied around him, and the counter-revolution would have been accomplished."

Meanwhile the decisive moment approached—Fouquier Tinville, who was that day aid-de-camp to Danton, came on the part of the latter to desire me to repair to the Tuilleries with my colleagues. We proceeded thither at half past 8 o'clock.

The King was surrounded by his family. He asked my advice. I observed to maintain the conflict would be a fearful extremity, and that it would be better for him to seek the protection of the National Assembly, who would quell the tumult.

"The King will do better," said Marie-Antoinette. "He will punish the factious; his lenity, encourages them to outrage. Here, Monsieur," she added, presenting to him a pistol, "take this, and God will aid you."

The King looked at her with a piteous air.

A member of the department addressed some words to the Queen which I did not hear.

"Silence, sir!" she exclaimed, "you have no right to speak here. These disturbances would not have taken place if you had done your duty. We do not want talkers at this time; we want men who can act."

"I cannot attempt to describe gentlemen the effect which these words produced: all who heard them were electrified.—*Mon Dieu!* how easily sovereigns may preserve their crowns! If they lose them it must be by their own weakness: I then addressed myself to Marie-Antoinette, and asked her whether she would take upon herself the responsibility of what was about to ensue: the destruction of so many faithful servants of the king, and possibly even of the Royal Family.—The Queen turned pale. Ministers consulted together, and it was determined that the King should go to the Assembly.

"You have prevailed, Mons. Rœderer, and the King is lost."

"I have saved him, Madam."

"You have sacrificed him, Ah sire!" she added, turning to the king, "you promised me better than this."

Tears and sobs prevented her from continuing. She asked for a glass of water, but shook so violently that I thought the goblet would break between her teeth.—We left the Tuilleries and proceeded to the place of destination. The rest is known. I need not repeat it. But I may mention that as we passed through the streets, I twice saved the life of Louis XVI.—One of the assassians from whose hands I forced a musket which he had

presented at the king, said to me in a tone similar to that in which he would have addressed an accomplice.

"But you know it has been agreed on!" "No, no!" replied I not to-day. The plan is changed."

Here Count Rœderer ended his recital. He had interspersed it with some very curious particulars, which as they had not been published, I determined to note down among my memoranda.

THE INFIDEL MOTHER.

How is it possible for a woman to be an atheist? What shall prop up this reeling religion does not sustain her? The feeblest being in nature, even on the eve of death or loss of her charms, who shall support her if her hopes be not extended beyond an ephemeral existence? For the sake of her beauty alone, she should be pious. Gentleness, submission, suavity, tenderness, constitute part of the charms which the Creator bestowed on our first mother, and to charms of this kind infidelity is a mortal foe.

Shall woman, who takes delight in concealment, who never discloses more than half of her graces and her thoughts, whom heaven formed for virtue, and the most mysterious of sentiments, modesty and love—shall woman, renouncing the engaging instinct of her sex, presume with rash and feeble hands, to attempt to withdraw the thick veil which conceals the divinity? Whom does she think to please by an effort alike absurd and sacrilegious? Does she hope by adding her pretty and her frivolous metaphysics to the imprecations of a Spinoza, and the sophistry of a Bayle, to give us a higher opinion of genius? Without doubt, she has no thoughts of marriage, for what sensible man would unite himself for life with an impious woman?

The infidel wife has seldom any idea of her duties. She spends her days either in reasoning on virtue, without practising its precepts, or in the enjoyment of the unmitigated pleasures of the world.

But the day of vengeance approaches; time arrives leading age by the hand.—The spectre with icy hair and silver hands, plants himself on the threshold of the female atheist; she perceives him, and shrieks aloud. Who shall hear her voice? Her husband? She has none: long, very long, has he withdrawn from the theatre of dishonor. Her children? Ruined by an impious education, and by maternal example, they concern themselves not about their mother. If she surveys the past, she beholds a pathless waste—her virtues have left no traces behind them. For the first time, she begins to be sensible how much more consolatory it would have been to have religion. Unavailing regret! When the atheist, at the term of his career, discovers the illusions of a false philosophy—when annihilation, like an appalling meteor, begins to appear above the horizon of death—he would fain return to God; but it is too late.—The mind, burdened by incredulity, rejects all conviction.

How different is the lot of the religious woman! Her days are replete with joy: she is respected, beloved by her husband, her children, and her household; all place unbounded confidence in her, because they are firmly convinced of the fidelity of one who is faithful to her God. The faith of the Christian is strengthened by her happiness, and her happiness by her faith; she believes in God because she is happy, and she is happy because she believes in God.—*Chateaubriand.*

TO YOUNG LADIES.

BY SARAH E. SEAMAN.

In the formation of our habits, there are certain requisites which please every one, such as good humor, kindness, benevolence, and sympathy; but if we are desirous to please certain individuals, we must endeavor to assuinate all our views and customs to theirs; and as it seldom happens that we have much care to make ourselves agreeable to those who are totally unlike ourselves, the task is not a difficult one, for those who agree in sentiment soon learn to love each other.

We must take our persons as nature formed them. If we have beauty, it is necessary to have goodness, in order to keep up the admiration that it excites; but we must never suppose that beauty is improved by ornament. If we have ugliness of person, superfluity of dress only renders that ugliness more conspicuous; whereas true goodness banishes the disagreeable impression of it altogether.

But every form, whether beautiful or otherwise, is endowed with a mind susceptible of vast improvement. It expands and flourishes by cultivation; it becomes admirable by the development of its capacities, and secures for its possessor love and esteem. But the uncultivated understanding when age robs it of the vivacity which once made it supportable, becomes insipid and despicable.

I will not insult your taste by mentioning neatness of person, as I am very sure no young lady for whom I write will ever be deficient in that particular. Cultivate feelings of kindness towards

others. Be constant in your attention to those about you, and let that attention be respectful, even to children and servants. Do not get angry when you express your disapprobation of any thing; and when you have expressed that disapprobation, let it pass, that no enmity be harbored towards you.

I have always observed that young ladies bear prosperity with less dignity and consideration than any class of people. In their "whirl of folly and fashion," they forget that they are liable to all the "ills that flesh is heir to," and often enveloped in a superabundance of gaudy attire, flutter like the butterflies of summer, unconscious that the shadow which it attracts is transient as the rainbow.

If you should be rich, do not think yourself any the better for it, for fortune does not always choose the meritorious for her favorites; and if you should be poor, never feel degraded or even mortified on that account, for poverty has its advantages; it brings some moments of leisure, (being unlooked after by the world,) and in leisure we improve our minds—while the relaxation which riches gives us, are only hours of idleness, and idleness debases the very soul.

New Use of Electricity.—The Electric Telegraph, spoken of in the following article, it appears by the Journal of Commerce, is an invention of our countryman, Mr. S. F. B. Morse, President of the National Academy of Design, and Professor in the University of New York. The general idea was made known by him five years ago in France, and he has a plan now in operation at the University, and is making arrangements to secure a patent.

FROM THE BOSTON MERCANTILE ADVERTISER.

A New and beautiful Invention.—An English paper contains the following description of a new and highly ingenious mode of applying the principle of electricity, or galvanism, to the communication of intelligence—or, in other words, to the construction of an electric telegraph. The theory is probably correct, but we fear that serious obstacles will prevent its application on an extended scale, as appears to be contemplated by the writer.

When in London, a few days ago, we learned that an eminent scientific gentleman is at present engaged in maturing an invention which promises to lead to the most astonishing results, and to exert a vast influence on the future progress of society. It is an Electric Telegraph, the powers of which as much surpass those of the common instrument bearing that name as the art of printing surpasses the picture writing of the Egyptians. The telegraph consists of five wires, enclosed in a sheath of India rubber, which insulates them from each other, and protects them from the external air. A galvanic trough or pile is placed at the one end of the wires, which act upon needles at the other; and, when any of the wires are put in communication with the trough, a motion is instantly produced in the needle at the other extremity which motion ceases the moment the connection between the wire and trough is suspended. The five wires may thus denote as many letters; and, by binary or ternary combinations, the six-and-twenty letters of the alphabet may easily be represented.

By a simple mechanical contrivance, the communication between wires and the trough may be established and stopped, as the keys of a piano forte are touched by the hands of a practised musician, and the indications will be exhibited at the other end of the chain of wires as quickly as they can be read off. In the experiment already made, the chain of wires has been extended to a length of five miles, (by forming a numerous coils within a limited surface,) and the two ends being placed near each other, it is found that the transmission of the electric action is, so far as the human sense can discern, perfectly instantaneous. Little doubt is entertained that it may be conveyed over a hundred or a thousand miles with the same velocity, and the powers of the instrument promise to be as great as the action is rapid. It will not be confined, like the common telegraph to the transmission of a few sentences, or a short message, and this only in the day time, in clear weather, and by repeated operations; each consuming a portion of time; for while it works by night or by day, it will convey intelligence with the speed of thought, and with such copiousness and ease, that a speech slowly spoken in London might be written down in Edinburgh; each sentence appearing on paper within a few minutes after it was uttered four hundred miles off!

Beauty.—The following is an extract from Dr. Howe's address before the Boston Pharmaceutical Society, and contains a beautiful idea, on a beautiful subject, beautifully expressed:

"Most heartily do I agree with the sage who said, with a sigh—'Well, philosophers may argue, and plain men may

fret, but beauty will find its way to the human heart.' And it should be so, for so hath the Creator wisely and kindly ordained it. He hath vouchsafed to man the faculty of perceiving beauty. He hath made the perception a source of delight to him, and he hath filled the earth, the sea, and the skies, with bright and beautiful objects, which he may contemplate and admire. Else, why is the earth, and every thing upon it, so varied of form, so full of beauty of outline? Why are not the hills, the rocks, the trees, all square? Why runneth not the river canal-like to the ocean? Why is not the grass black? Why cometh the green bud, the white blossom, the golden fruit, and the yellow leaf? Why is not the firmament of a leaden changeless hue? Why hang not the clouds like sponges in the sky? Why the bright tints of morning, the splendor of the noon, the gorgeous hues of sunset? Why, in a word, does the great firmament, like an over-turning kalidescope, at every revolving hour present to man a new and beautiful picture of the skies? I care not that I shall be answered that these and all other beauties, whether of sight or sound, are the results of arrangements for other ends. I care not, for it is enough for me that a benevolent God hath so constituted us, as to enable us to derive pleasure and benefit from them; and, by so doing, he hath made it incumbent upon us to draw from so abundant a source."

Titles of old Books.—The following are the titles of the books which were in circulation in the time of Cromwell. The authors of those days must have thought there was "something in a name."

Godly Books.—"A most delectable sweet perfumed Nose Gay, for Gods saints to smell at."—"A pair of Bellows, to blow off the dust cast upon John Fry."—"The Snuffers of Divine Love."—"Hooks and Eyes for Believers Breaches."—"High heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness."—"Crumbs of Comfort to the Chickens of the Covenant."—"A sigh of sorrow for the Sinners of Zion, breathed out of a hole in the wall of an Earthen Vessel, known among men by the name of Samuel Fish."—"The Spiritual Musard Pot to make the Soul Sneeze with devotion."—"Salvation's Vantage Ground; or, a Looping Stand for heavy Believers."—"A Shot aimed at the Devil's head-quarters, through the tube of the Cannon of the Covenant."—"A Reaping Hook well-tempered for the Stubborn Ears of the Coming Crop; or, Biscuits baked in the oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, Sparrows of the Spirit, and the sweet Swallows of Salvation."—"Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin; or, the seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David, whereunto are also annexed Wm. Humnis' handiwork of Honey Suckles, and divers Gods' and Pithy Ditties now newly augmented."

There is a man in Vermont who is said to be so tall that he does not know when his toes are cold!

This is the same individual, perhaps, who is so long that it takes him the whole night to get to sleep all over!

A constant member of the Democrat Republican family was asked which party schism he belonged to in the Democratic Republican ranks. Answer:—"I intend to be on Van Buren's side as soon as I can find out which side he is on?"

A Steam-boat incident—not accident.—A lady on board the Narragansett, on her way from Providence to New York, a few days since, became the mother of a fine boy. It was proposed by the passengers to christen him after the name of the boat, which was agreed to by the mother.

Seven Women shall take hold of one Man.—[Scripture.]—A fellow lately advertised for a wife in a Western paper, and received seven letters of acceptance the next day.

NOTICE.

Town Property and Land for sale.

BY virtue of a Decree of the Court of Equity of Franklin county, made at Spring Term, 1837, in the cause Wm. Farrier and others, Petition for sale of Land—I shall sell to the highest bidder, at the Court House in the Town of Louisburg, on Monday the 9th day of October next, the following valuable Property, lying in the said County of Franklin, belonging to the Estate of James Farrier, deceased, late of said county, to-wit: THE TAVERN LOTS and BUILDINGS in the Town of Louisburg, now occupied as a Tavern, by Davis Young, Esq. and known and called in said Town as the Lower Tavern; and also a TRACT OF LAND, lying near the said Town in the County of Franklin, containing about three hundred acres, adjoining the lands of Wm. P. Williams, Nathan Patterson and others.

The Tavern and Lots will be sold on a credit as to \$500, until the 1st day of January next; and as to the balance of purchase money on one and two years credit, the purchaser to give bond with approved security to the Clerk and Master, and the bonds to bear interest from 1st of January next, and the Tract of Land on a credit until the 1st of January next, the purchaser to give bond with approved security to the Clerk and Master for his said purchase.

SAM'L JOHNSON, C. M. E.
1st August, 1837. 46 to
Star, till sale.