

A. J. Murphy

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MISCELLANEOUS

WINTER

"I love thee, all unlively, as thou seemest,
And dreaded as thou art."

COWPER.

Every season has its enjoyments, and its disappointments; but the triumphs and the desolations of Winter are peculiarly and signally its own. Many are the epithets which have fallen upon the bleached head of this "Ruler of the inverted year;" and many are they that reject his dominion, though they acknowledge his power. But the welcome and the hearty deprecators of his approach are fewer all about equally divided; and as true friends and followers as most of the legitimates of our time.

I remember seeing once in an old almanac an emblematical representation of Winter, from a rude wood cut discovered in an ill-dressed female, decorated by the wind, her garments torn, her countenance wild, a stern, her right arm distended, and brandishing aloft the remnant of a pointed icicle. Considering her sex, and mistaking the icicle for a broomstick, I looked upon the picture as an apt though unfinished type of a scold, until my eye was arrested by the inscription (something after the manner of the country-man's sign) "This is Winter." Numerous have been the allegorical representations of Winter; but the brief personification and apostrophe by Cowper, the true poet of nature, are most to my taste:

"O-Winter, ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scattered hair, with sleet-like ashes filled,
The breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapt in clouds;
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding ear, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storm along its slippery way."

There is an aptness and beauty in this that one cannot avoid feeling the force of: and as slightly as I regard the pageantry of royalty in general, I cannot but love the titular monarch of this season of good gifts and good cheer. Though he comes often in storms and tempests; yet he comes rarely—there is a stateliness and grandeur in his whole demeanour, that add wonderfully to the effect of his presence—and there is even in his sternness an unflattering announcement of the ill and the good which we are to brave and to hope for. And then there are the ungratified joys and blessings, and the Mirth and Pleasantry, that ever accompany him; to say nothing of the bright eyes and cheerful minds which reflect so much the more powerfully at his bidding and in his presence. Who then are the haters and the rivilers of winter?

Not the Poet; for although the season of Spring produces more brightness of thought and conduct, there is yet a moral soberness pervading the presence of Winter, which abundantly compensates for feelings of a more rapturous kind, and is not the less allied to the conceptions of poetry. The one produces thought, chastened by moral reflection; the other feelings, heightened and expanded by the external appearance of nature.— Burns wrote best in November, and the imagination of Cowper was more expansive and vigorous in the depth of Winter. The former, in one of his fugitive productions, says:

"The swiftest blast, the sky o'er-cast,
The joyless winter day,
Let others fear—no more dear
Than all the pride of May."

The poets, from Chaucer and Spenser, to Scott and Woodsworth, and Coleridge, have distinguished winter as the season of 'myrths and hilarities,' and when 'the heart of chastened loves to muse.' One of the sweetest of our modern poets (Bernard Barton) has published the following appropriate sonnet to Winter:

"Thou hast thy beauties, stern ones, I own,
Than those of thy precursors; yet to thee
Belong the charms of solesan majesty."

And asked grandeur. Awful is the tone
Of thy tempestuous nights, when clouds are blown
By hurrying winds across the troubled sky:

Passive, when softer breezes faintly sigh
Through leafless boughs, with ivy overgrown

Thou hast thy decorations, too, although
Thou art austere: thy studded mantle gay

With icy billants, which as proudly glow
As erst Goleonda's, and thy purple array

Of regal ermine, when the drifted snow
Envelopes nature, till her features seem

Like pale, but lovely ones, seen when we dream."

Not the husbandman; for to him the season is the quickener of the fruits of his toil, and fond and sure as it sometimes comes unbidden, it brings the promised gladness of a future harvest

Not the student, whose nerves are strengthened to his labours, nor the club, for long and even dull may be the harangue and many the repartee, before the night is waked; nor even the dandy and the lounge, for the season brings a so their unnumbered expedients to "give time a shove."

Not the lovers of innocent pleasure for the little courtesies and a musements, and all those generous immunities, which make up the sum of life, and which tend to soften the asperities and jealousies that arise from unsocial habits and unbending natures, are gathered now in clusters; and unfeeling, indeed, must they be who refuse to partake of them in thankfulness.

Not he who grows wiser and better in the bosom of his family; for it is he who crowns the season.

— "King of intimate delights,
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof

Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterupted evening, know."

And surely not the Christian, who sees in it the appointment and the hand of Him who "crowns the year with His goodness." Melancholy as may now be the face of creation in the eyes of some, the Christian is mindful only of that great scheme which gives to each season its allotment, and brings each in its own proper time. He well knows that it is but the filling up of his own cup of earthly enjoyments; and the arrival of that annual period when Nature rests, that she may again walk forth in beauty. In short, he sees in this season a confirmation of sublime truth, on which rests his hope and his belief—that the eyes of the Almighty are over all his works.

Catbush Recorder.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The speech of Oliver Cromwell, when he dissolved the long parliament, 29th April, 1653, after sitting twelve years, six months, and fourteen days.

"It is high time for me to put an end to your sitting in this place, which you have dishonoured, by your contempt of all virtue, and defiled by your practice of vice. Ye are a pack of mercenary wretches; and would, like Esau, sell your country for a mess of pottage, and like Judas, betray your God for a few pence of money. Is there a single virtue now remaining amongst you? Is there one vice you do not possess? You have no more religion than in horse; gold is your god; which you have not bartered away your conscience for bribes? Is there a man amongst you that has the least care for the good of the common

wealth? Ye wretched prostitutes! have ye not defiled this sacred place, and turned the Lord's temple into a den of thieves, by your immoral principles and wicked practices?—You, who were deputed here BY THE PEOPLE to get grievances redressed, you are yourselves become the greatest grievance. Your country therefore calls upon me to cleanse this Augean stable, by putting a final period to your iniquitous proceedings, in his House; and which, by God's help, I am now come to do. I command you, therefore, upon the peril of your lives, to depart immediately out of this place. God go ye out; make haste; ye wretched slaves, be gone!—So! take away that shining bauble (the mace) there, and lock up the doors."

WHAT EMBELLISHES A WOMAN.

It is not the lustre of gold, the sparkling of diamonds and emeralds; nor the splendor of the purple tincture, which adorns or embellishes a woman, but gravity, discretion, humility and modesty.

A farmer in England who had promised to marry a girl without fortune, afterwards gave his heart to another, who was very rich; and endeavoring to vindicate his conduct to the rector of the parish, the Doctor said, "such an action as you have been guilty of, does not admit of any palliation; for it is wrong; so palpably wrong, that I really do not know any thing like it." "But I do," replied the farmer; "it is like your taking a poor living at first, and leaving it for a richer, as soon as it fell in your way."

AGRICULTURAL.

Mr. Skinner.—Rotation of crops is as important as the cultivation and mixing of the soil; I persuaded that Indian corn had been the crop which ruined the land in Virginia. I regretted it, and cultivated the greater part of my farm in wheat, rye, and oats, and in order to take a bond from fate, that I should succeed, I selected such land for each of those crops, as was best adapted to grow them, and resolved to perpetuate those crops upon the same land, as long as I should be pleased with such a course of cropping. The fourth crop of wheat was so much deteriorated as to be worth little or nothing—he sandy land had more cackle than wheat, and the wheat produced was light and chaffey. The rye and oats did better, I think they improved.—Rye does not degenerate into cackle. Oats depend much upon the humidity of the season, and the time you put them into the earth, the same land will vary the crop from 10 to 15 bushels. The failure of the wheat arrested my experiment; it was necessary that I should return to that crop which was then odious to me. Indian corn was therefore planted upon a part of this land, and I was astonished at the produce, no corn had been cultivated upon this field for three years before my experiment, and all the ploughing of that experiment had been well done. I used plaster of Paris freely in the making of this crop of corn, which was the first experiment of the kind known to me—except those which General Washington had made; he crop was full four times that which the same field produced, when last in corn. I should have told you, sir, that from the beginning of my perpetuation experiment, I had used the largest ploughs, and had opened the earth as deep as we knew how in those days, and that when my experiment failed, my neighbours said they "knew it." For General Washington has destroyed some of his land in the same way, and if I did not quit that mode of ploughing, I should soon be ruined; a "short horse was soon curried," they said. My crops of wheat following those of corn were excellent, and should have convinced me that I was in the right path to profit and agricultural reputation. My feelings however, were at variance with the demonstrations, that I had made in favour of the corn crop.

I had read and heard much of the advantages of a fallow for wheat and clover; I therefore, divided my farm into six lots, three of which were alternately fallowed for wheat, and rested in clover; and three alternately in corn, oats and clover, plaster was used freely upon every crop—the fallow fields were pastured the other three were not. My crops upon the fallow deteriorated every year; blue grass had taken possession of the greater part, and wasted both wheat and clover. My fallow was made by one ploughing with Peacock's first three horse plough, and as many harrowings as appeared to be useful or necessary.

The lots cultivated in corn, oats and clover improved much—ye to this day, I am unable to account for some stagnation in the progress of experiment, I cut part of the field when in clover, & left a part which was well turned in with the plough and never saw any difference in the succeeding crops of grain or grass. Six acres was seeded in clover and mowed every year for six years, and not cut or grazed, the crops were very abundant; at the end of that time this ground was cultivated with the adjoining land, which had been in corn, oats and clover, and no difference seen in the crop, nor has any favourable difference been since seen. A host of poisonous weeds, vines and briars became rooted in this land, which I shall not extirpate during my life. Necessity has made me use corn as a soil for pinner for bearing down and rooting out the enemies of small grain and grass, and preparing the soil for atmospheric improvement—than which I know of no agent more powerfully or less costly; hence it is, sir, that the soil is inexhaustible where it is judiciously cultivated; it is this kind provision of nature, that proclaims to the nations of the earth, the supervision and kindness of their heavenly Father; it is this that has perpetuated from generation to generation, the "seed time and the harvest;" and it is this that will in due time with the healing of its wings regenerate and fructify the broken and desecrated surface of our country. Think not, sir, that I would have man to sit with folded arms and say, "we have Abraham for our father," or "we are the greatest and freest people in the world." No, sir, I would have him act consistently with his belief, that he is a responsible being—that the earth is man's inheritance, and that of course the immediate possessor is nothing more than tenant for life and as such, should be punishable for all injuries done to the reversionary interest: by acting upon a principle like this, the Chinese have made their portion of man's inheritance, carry a population thicker than our's is now capable of carrying sheep.

I beg pardon, sir, for my speculations, as they grow out of my zeal for correcting a bad procedure in agriculture. I hope you will excuse me, for it was not my intention to have departed from mere experience. I heartily tender you the salutations of the season.

A VIRGINIAN.

January 7th, 1821.

Scientific.

WILLARD'S PORTABLE ORRERY.

From the Boston Centinel.
An Orrery, calculated by Doctor LOCKE, has lately been made by Mr. AARON WILLARD, of this town, which we take the liberty of noticing, especially on account of the simplicity of its movements, the neatness of its workmanship, and the moderate price at which it may be afforded. This is the third instrument of the kind made by Mr. Willard, and has been made more complete by having the diurnal rotation of the earth added to its movements. The machinery is made of brass and steel wheel work. This instrument is of the portable kind, the most extreme revolution being in a circle of about two feet diameter. The six planets, Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, represented by ivory balls, are made to revolve horizontally round a common centre, nearly in their proper times. The several satellites are put on moveable sockets to be set by the hand—

underneath them, and covering the wheel-work, is a dial 4 inches in diameter, two circles graduated into months and days, and signs and degrees to point out the exact situation of the several planets as they pass over it. So far the machine represents the revolutions of the primary planets, and constitutes what is called a Planetarium. There is another portion which can be put on at pleasure representing the various motions of the earth and moon. This portion answers the purposes of the instrument called the Tellurium and Lunarium. The globe representing the earth is about an inch and a half in diameter, and has a general map of the world, delineated upon it. It revolves round the common centre, or gilt ball, representing the sun, performs the diurnal rotation on its axis, which at the same time is perfectly inclined, and preserves its parallelism. The moon performs her periodical revolutions, and has its orbit properly inclined to that of the earth. These several movements are very nearly in their proper times. With this instrument the various phenomena of the heavens such as day and night, different seasons, changes of the moon, eclipses, &c. are at once imitated and explained. They are very beautifully exhibited in a darkened room, a small lamp being substituted for the gilt ball or sun.

Although this machine does not represent the elliptical and unequal movements of the planets yet it answers every purpose of communicating general ideas of Astronomy, which is, in fact, all that can be done by any machine. The purpose of accurate calculation in Astronomy can never be obtained by machinery; but must be sought in the use of calculated tables.

The workmanship of this instrument will bear comparison with any English Orrery of the kind, and reflects great credit on the ingenuity and skill of Mr. W. The price being only from 40 to 50 or 60 dollars, according to the movements and style of execution, puts the instrument within the reach of ordinary schools and academies.

We understand that Mr. Willard is about constructing for Dr. Locke a Cometarium, which will show the elliptic, eccentric and unequal motions of the planets and comets. This, together with the portable Orrery just described, will constitute a very complete apparatus for illustrating astronomical movements.

EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

FROM THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

The expediency of cultivating the intellect of man is pretty well settled at the present day, and it seems difficult to imagine why that of women should be neglected. If it have similar powers and equal strength, it is as deserving of care, and will repay care as well; if it be weaker and narrower, it needs the more to be strengthened, enlarged and disciplined. If the purposes of society and of life would be promoted by the establishment of domestic slavery, then every spark of intellectual light in the female flet should be carefully extinguished; just as birds in a cage are blinded, that they may not look upon the forests and fields, the blue heavens and the green earth, and long to be abroad upon the air, till melancholy should stop their song. But religion and policy alike revolt at this. Man's best happiness, like charity, begins at home, and like that is apt to stay there; and home is sure to be just what the wife may make it. Now if it were true that a woman, who can do any thing besides making a Padding or mending a stocking, does these necessary things less willingly and well, than one who can do nothing else; if it were true, as certainly it is not, that a wife submits to conugal authority just in proportion as she is ignorant and uncultivated, how can the great purpose of marriage, the mutual and reciprocal improvement of the moral and intellectual natures of the sexes, be promoted by a union upon such unequal terms, and what must we think of a husband "assez orgueilleusement modeste" to wish from his wife an unquestioning obedience, instead of a sympathy of thought, an feeling? It is sometimes urged that if a woman's mind be much enlarged, and taste refined, she is apt to think the