RALEIGH REGISTER,

AND

NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE,

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

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THE REGISTER

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BROUGHAM AND CANNING.

The following fine sketch of the most distinguished British Orators of the present age, is taken from a work entitled "Attic Fragments," by the author of "Babylon the Great." It is somewhat too gorgeous, but we think it a pretty just estimate of the respective merits of these great men. The chasm which one of them has left by his death, it will be difficult to fill.—*Wash. Chron.*

The men who, during the session of 1823, were foremost in eloquence, if not in influence, in the hostile ranks of the opposition and the administration, were Mr. Brougham and Mr. Canning; and to them not only their respective parties, but all who took an interest in the proceedings of the House of Commons, looked for some great trial of strength.

So much was this the case, that it is important to show wherein they were alike, and how they differed. They had this in common, that their wealth and their ancestry stood them in little stead, and they had not been remarkable for political consistency; yet each was, in his party and his style of eloquence, not only absolutely without peer, but almost without follower. Yet, though they resembled each other in standing foremost and alone in their respective parties, they were in every other respect opposed, as the zenith and nadir, or as light and darkness.

This distance extended even to their personal appearance. Canning was airy, open and prepossessing; Brougham seemed stern, hard, lowering and almost repulsive. The head of Canning had an air of extreme elegance; that of Brougham was much the reverse; but still, in whatever way it was viewed, it gave a sure indication of the power of the inhabitant within. Canning's features were handsome; and his eye, though deeply ensconced under his eye brows, was full of sparkle and gaiety: the features of Brougham were harsh in the extreme; while his forehead shot up to a great elevation, his chin was long and square, his mouth, nose and eyes seemed huddled together in the centre of his face—the eyes absolutely lost amid folds and corrugations; and while he sat listening, they seemed to retire inward, or to be veiled by a filmy curtain, which not only concealed the appalling glare which shot away from them when he was aroused, but rendered his mind and his purpose a sealed book to the keenest scrutiny of man. Canning's passions appeared upon the open champaign of his face, drawn up in ready array, and moved to and fro at every turn of his own oration, and every retort in that of his antagonist: those of Brougham remained within, as in a citadel, which no artillery could batter, and no mine blow up; and even when he was putting forth all the power of his eloquence, when every ear was tingling at what he said, and while the immediate object of his invective was writhing in helpless and indescribable agony, his visage retained its cold and brassy hue; and he triumphed over the passions of other men, by seeming to be wholly without passion himself. The whole form of Canning was rounded, and smooth, and graceful; that of Brougham, angular, bony and awkward. When Canning rose to speak, he elevated his countenance, and seemed to look round for the applause of those about him, as a thing dear to his feelings; while Brougham stood coiled and concentrated, reckless of all but the power that was within himself. From Canning there was expected the glitter of wit, and the glow of spirit—something showy and eloquent; Brougham stood up as a being whose powers and intentions were all a mystery—whose aim and effect no living man could divine. You bent forward to catch the first sentence of the one, and felt human nature elevated in the specimen before you; you crouched and shrunk back from the other, and dreams of ruin and annihilation darted across your mind. The one seemed to dwell among men, to join in their joys, and to live upon their praise; the other appeared a son of the desert, who had deigned to visit the human race, merely to make it tremble at his strength.

The style of their eloquence, and the structure of their orations, were just as different. Canning chose his words for the sweetness of their sound, and arranged his periods for the melody of their cadence; while, with Brougham, the more hard and unmouthable the better. Canning arranged his words like one who could play skillfully upon that sweetest of all instruments, the human voice; Brougham proceeded like a master of every power of reasoning, and of the understanding: the modes and allusions of the one were always quadruple by the classical formulæ; those of the other could be squared only by the higher analysis of the mind; and they soared and ran, and pealed and swelled on and on, till a single sentence was often a complete oration within itself; but still, so clear was the logic, and so close the connection, that every member carried the weight of all that went before, and opened the way for all that was to follow after. The style of Canning was like the convex mirror, which scatters every ray of light that falls upon it, and shines and sparkles in whatever position it is viewed: that of Brougham was like the concave speculum, scattering no indiscriminate radiance, but having its light concentrated into one intense and tremendous focus. Canning marched forward in a straight and clear track—every paragraph was perfect in itself, and every corruscation of wit and of genius was brilliant and delightful—it was all felt, and it was felt at once; Brougham twined round and round in a spiral, sweeping the contents of a vast circumference before him, and uniting and pouring them onward, to the main point of attack. When he began, one was astonished at the wideness and the obliquity of his course, nor was it possible to comprehend how he was to dispose of the vast and varied materials which he collected by the way; but as the curve lessened, and the end appeared, it became obvious that all was to be efficient there.

Such were the rival orators, who sat glancing hostility and defiance at each other, during the early part of the session for 1823:—Brougham, as if wishing to overthrow the Secretary by a sweeping accusation of having abandoned all principle for the sake of office; and the Secretary ready to parry the charge, and attack in his turn. An opportunity at length offered; and it is the more worthy of being recorded, as being the last terrible personal attack previous to that change in the measures of the Cabinet, which, though it had been begun from the moment that Canning, Robinson and Huskisson came into office, was not at that time perceived, or at least admitted and appreciated. Upon that occasion, the oration of Brougham was at the outset, disjointed and ragged, and apparently without aim or application. He careered over the whole annals of the world, and collected every instance in which genius had degraded itself at the footstool of power, or principle had been sacrificed for the vanity or the lucre of place; but still there was no allusion to Canning, and no connection that ordinary men could discover with the business before the House.—When, however, he had collected every material which suited his purpose—when the mass had become big and black, he bound it about with the cords of illustration and of argument; when its union was secure, he swung it round and round with the strength of a giant, and the rapidity of a whirlwind, in order that its impetus and its effects might be the more tremendous; and, while doing this, he ever and anon glared his eye, and pointed his finger, to make the aim and the direction sure. Canning himself was the first that seemed to be aware where and how terrible was to be the collission; and he kept writhing his body in agony, and rolling his eyes in fear, as if anxious to find some shelter from the impending bolt. The House soon caught the impression, and every man in it was glancing fearfully, first to the orator, and then towards the Secretary. There was, save the voice of Brougham, which growled in that under tone of muttered thunder which is so fearfully audible, and of which no speaker of the day was fully master but himself, a silence as if the angel of retribution had been flaring in the faces of all parties the scroll of their personal and political sins. A pen, which one of the Secretaries had dropped upon the matting, was heard in the remotest part of the House; and the *voting* members, who often slept in the side galleries during the debate, started up as though the final trump had been sounding them to give an account of their deeds. The stiffness of Brougham's figure had vanished; his features seemed concentrated almost to a point; he glanced toward every part of the House in succession; and, sounding the death-knell of the Secretary's forbearance and prudence, with both his clenched hands upon the table, he hurled at him accusation more dreadful in its gall, and more torturing in its effects, than ever had been hurled at mortal man within the same walls. The result was instantaneous—was electric. It was as when the thunder cloud descends upon the giant peak—one flash—one peal—the sublimity vanished, and all that remained was a small and cold pattering of rain. Canning started to his feet, and was only to utter the unguarded words, "It is false!" to which followed a dull chapter of apologies. From that moment the House became more a scene of real business than of airy display and angry virtuperation.

WESTERN ODDITY.

At another time we will endeavor to introduce to the reader, the greatest oddity in literature, with which we have ever met, who lately crossed our path. If we could convey to the public the impression which he gave us, it would allow that nothing strange or unaccountable could be met with afterwards. We allude to a person to whom we were lately introduced by the name of Ashcraft. He was born in England, trained and reared on the Muskingum, and had received, he states, just six weeks' school instruction, such as he there found in the course of his life. He calculated an eclipse without ever having seen an example of the mode. He writes verses, not very correct, but some of them of great and thrilling power. He is all nerve, and kindles to tears while reciting his own verses. He often meets with beauties on the western waters, in comparison of whom Laura, as painted by Petrarch, was but a common lady. His most exalted flame died the lady of another husband, though he ineffectually sued for her hand. One of his flames, to whom he was wedded, lives like lady Byron, in separate establishment.—He seemed entirely amiable, and though talented, as simple as a child, and deeply imbued with religious feeling. He had practised law in a remote village of Indiana—had been, as he said, every where as harmless, and as timid as a cricket, and yet he added, he knew not why, he was very unpopular, always in hot water, and could not make enough of the law to pay his board! Yet this man, we suspect, under different circumstances might have been an American Robert Burns.

Flint's Rev.

LONG LIFE.

He who knows not what it is to labour, knows not what it is to enjoy. The felicity of human life depends on the regular prosecution of some laudable purpose or object, which keeps awake and enlivens all our powers. Our happiness consists in the pursuit, much more than in the attainment, of any temporal good. Rest is agreeable: but it is only from preceding labours that rest acquires its true relish.—When the mind is suffered to remain in continued inaction, all its powers decay. It soon languishes and sickens; but the pleasures which it proposed to obtain from rest, and in tediousness and insipidity.—To this let that miserable set of men bear witness, who after spending a great part of their life in active industry, have retired to what they have fancied was to be a pleasing enjoyment of themselves, in wealthy inactivity and profound repose. Where they expected to find an elysium, they have found nothing but a dreary and comfortless waste. Their days have dragged on with uniform langour; with melancholy remembrance, often returning, of the cheerful hours they were engaged in the honest business and labors of the world.

THE GIPSY TRIBES.

Bishop Heber makes the following observation respecting this singular race of people:—"On the other side of the river (the Ganges) was a large encampment of wretched tents of mats, with a number of little hackeries, panniers, ponies, goats, &c. so like gypsies, but on asking what they were, I was not much surprised to hear Abdullah say they were gypsies, that they were numerous in the upper provinces, living exactly like the gypsies in England; that he had seen the same people both in Persia and Russia, and that in Persia they spoke Hindoostanee the same as here. In Russia he had no opportunity of ascertaining this fact; but in Persia, by Sir Gore Ouseley's desire, he had spoken with some of the wandering tribes, and found that they understood and could answer him. I told of Lord Teignmouth's conversation in Hindoostanee with the old gypsy who spoke it, only old people. He said they were so like each other in all the countries where he had seen them, that they could not be mistaken, though in Persia they were of much better caste, and much richer than here, or in England, or Russia. But he added, "I suppose in Russia, before Peter the Great, all people were much like gypsies." There were many curious circumstances which I deduced from his information; first, the identity of the gypsy race in Europe and their connecting link seemed established by a very observant witness, and certainly one unprejudiced by system. Secondly, on further enquiry, I found the people whom he identified with our gypsies in Persia, were the wandering tribes of Louristan, Curdistan, &c. whom he described with truth as being of "good taste," valiant and wealthy. It therefore follows that these tribes, whose existence in Persia seems to be traced down from before the time of Cyrus, and whose language in generally understood to differ from the Persians of the plains and cities, resemble in countenance and person the gypsies, and that their ancient language has been a dialect of Hindoostanee. The probability is indeed that Persia, not India, has been the original centre of this nomadic population."

State of North-Carolina.

PITT COUNTY.

Court of Equity September Term 1828.

Warren Wallace, admr. of James English dec'd. *vs.* John Surmon & wife & others.

WHEREAS suit had been brought by Bill o complaint in the Superior Court of Law and Equity for the County of Pitt by James English against John Surmon and Euphamia his wife, and Gatsey, Sally, and Ira Ledon, which suit at September Term 1825 abated by death of said James English, and at last March Term of said Court, Warren Wallace, the adm'r. of said James English, filed his Bill praying to have said suit and proceeding thereon revived against said defendants, which was granted, and it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that John Surmon and Euphamia his wife, Gatsey, Sally, and Ira Leadon, defendants in this suit, are not inhabitants of this State, it is ordered by the Court that publication be made for six weeks in the Raleigh Register that the defendants appear at the next term of said Court to be held in the County of Pitt at the Court House in Greenville, on the first Monday in March next, and plead, answer or demur to the Bill of the complainant, or the same will be taken pro confesso and set for hearing ex parte.

W. HANRAHAN C. M. E.

Sept. 30 7 6w

Office of the Agent of the Breakwater,
Philadelphia, 22d Oct. 1828.

IN conformity with instructions from the Navy Department, SEALED PROPOSALS will be received at this office, until Monday the 24th of November next, for the supply at the site of the Breakwater, near *Cape Henlopen Roads*, of one hundred and twenty thousand perches of Stone, of twenty-five cubic feet to the perch; each stone to weigh from one quarter of a ton to two tons and upwards.

The quality of the material must be of the following description;—Traprock, Hornblende, Granite, compact Gneiss, Marble or Limestone; and be deposited within certain prescribed limits, according to the directions of the Engineer, between the months of April and December of the ensuing year.

No proposal will be received for the supply of a less quantity than ten thousand perches.

The proposals must, in addition to the names of the *Bidders*, contain those of their *Sureties*, and the places of their respective residence.

The proposals will be examined and decided on, by the Engineer who may be appointed by the Executive and by the subscriber;—the decision to be submitted to the approval of the Navy Department.

CLEMENT C. BIDDLE,
Agent, &c.

Oct. 23.