

VOL. XVII.

FOR THE REGISTER.

Extract of a letter from a citizen of the Tombigby country in the Mississippi Territory, to his brother in England.

To express the wishes which the feelings of a brother dictate with regard to your removal, is a very easy matter. To give solid advice for your guidance and direction, is a far more difficult task. I have seen so many people disappointed, that I feel a reluctance to run the risk of incurring the censure, which disappointment is very apt to lead to. The fact is that people come to America with very false expectations. They hear of a great many encouraging circumstances—on these they fix their minds: and they leave out of the calculation, the shock which their habits will receive from a change of manners, a change of society, a change of popular principles, a change in the mode of travelling, a change in the mode of employment, a change in the way of doing business, a change in the style of living, a change in the very articles of subsistence, a change of climate, of agriculture, of productions, of dress, of laws, of police—in short, of every thing almost but language. The constitution of that mind must be firm which can stand such a shock; or the industry must be so great—the attention to business so unremitting—and the success so encouraging, as in a high degree to counteract the effects of it. But every prudent man will take all these things into view before hand if possible; will try, in some degree, to anticipate future feelings, and thus arm himself against their poignancy. I could easily give an account of America, and tell the truth all the while, which would entirely mislead you; and while telling the truth, it would be easy, according to ones pleasure, either to enamour or disgust you. But one ought not only to tell the truth, but the whole truth; and it is not very easy to do this in the compass of a letter. If I tell you that a poor man may buy his quarter of a section of land from the government, containing 160 acres, and support his family, and pay the four annual instalments, and do all out of the produce of a small part of the very land he buys—I ought also to tell you that he must be really industrious, that he must be blessed with good health; that he must be undisturbed by war—and have a good market for his surplus produce. If I tell you that we can buy a stock of cattle at six dollars a head, & maintain 500 head of them without hay, without corn, without pastures: I ought also to tell you that it requires much attention to hunt them up in the wild woods, over which they are scattered to a distance of 30 miles, that they are often killed or driven off by Indians or dishonest white men, in the winter, when we do not see them for months together; that the cows afford so little milk, it will take forty of them, as I have been told, to make a good cheese—that our beeves, though good, afford but little tallow, and that their habits have so completely fixed their taste to the wild grass of the woods, that they will not eat hay, corn or fodder.

If I tell you, that I can buy a haunch of venison for a shilling, a whole deer for a dollar, a fat turkey for eighteen pence, a fish, large enough for five people to dine upon, for seven pence, and a fresh water turtle for the same, I should also tell you that it is only when the Indians think proper to bring them to me, (for I should deem my time badly spent in hunting and catching them) and that I cannot buy a single joint of veal, of mutton, of pork, or even of beef at any price.

If I tell you that a man who has two or three hundred a year, may afford to keep his carriage—I should also tell you, that if he be a prudent man he will have it so contrived, as that he can sit in it and drive it himself; and that he will not drive it at all, if his horses be wanted at the plough. If I tell you on this 26th day of April, so temperate is our climate, that the thermometer in my house stands at 69; I should also tell you that if it be hung out of doors in the sun, it rises to 98. If I tell you that my garden furnished me, to day, good potatoes for my dinner; I should also tell you that by the middle of July the ground will be so hot that my potatoes will be good for nothing. If I tell you that we have a free, equal and republican government;

I should also tell you that we have a good deal of political ambition, a pretty constant struggle for power and pre-eminence, with all that intrigue, manoeuvring, falsehood, detraction, and, sometimes, open violence, of which ambition is too often the author and harbinger.

On the other hand, were I to attempt to discourage you, by telling you that I have very few neighbors; I ought also to inform you that I have learnt to do without them. Were I to mention that I sometimes travel 60 miles without seeing a house; you ought to know that I can carry victuals in my saddle bags, and spread my blanket on the green grass, light my fire in the woods, and drink my coffee at supper time, and sleep sound under the canopy of heaven. Were I to tell you how much the Indians are our enemies in war; I should also tell you that in peace they are our friends; that they hunt for us, fish for us, make bowls & baskets for us—and if they are very hungry themselves, cordially embrace us with the soothing appellation of "te ban bin shealy"—"my friend"—and as friends partake of the provisions of our table. Were I to tell you of bears and wolves and panthers, (which we sometimes hear while lying in our beds) it would be childish to attempt to frighten you with the tale—for nobody cares about them. They are rather objects of game than of dread. The bears, to be sure, do destroy some of our corn; but their meat is very good when we kill them. The wolves do sometimes kill our calves and pigs—but they have not yet learnt to kill our sheep! The foxes kill our fowls; but we can catch two or three in a day, & their skins afford a good fur for hats. Were I to complain that we have no good meadows; I should also add, that we have no great need for them.—Were I to lament that wheat is a very uncertain crop, I ought to add that our corn (maize) and cotton will enable us to purchase a little Kentucky flour. Were I to tell you that I have no butcher's market, within 40 miles; I should also tell you that I have pigs, and sheep, and fowls of my own, and bacon cured in the winter—and that if we kill a beef, (as we do every two or three weeks) in the hottest weather; we can, by cutting it up into small pieces and drying it in the sun, prevent any part of it from spoiling. And moreover, after all, and above all—I ought to add, that every thing I say, has relation to West Florida, or that part of the Mississippi Territory in which I reside, in latitude 31 north; and that to take this account as a sketch of New-York or Pennsylvania, would be no less absurd than to read a history of London, as a description of St. Petersburg in Russia.

I know you will be restless and dissatisfied with this strange medley of hints. The fact is, that I wish to keep down enthusiasm; for I know if I excite it, (which I easily could do) it will never last. If an Englishman came hither full of it; our climate, our customs, our state of society, our mode of living, will all conspire to put it down. And yet there are strong & rational grounds of preference. Our government is free, just and liberal minded—our taxes are light—land, with us, is plentiful, cheap, and often fertile. Our products are valuable—the field of industry is extensive—our population is growing—no occupation is overcharged with workmen. A small capital, well managed, will go farther than in an old country. Our products are peculiarly valuable to England, and one half, or possibly two thirds of them will go in exchange for English manufactures. What a man makes is his own: the Priest has not his tenth—for the pauper his twentieth. We have no priests, no paupers.

You speak of resuming your agricultural pursuits. But this southern country is not the part of America best adapted to an English farmer. The objects of culture and the mode of culture would be new to him. His experience would be nearly lost. The climate would be too hot for him to work out of doors. Mechanics, particularly those who work under cover, would do better, provided the object on which their industry is employed, are such as are needed in the earliest stages of society. Of this, however, a stranger cannot well judge. Carpenters, smiths, bricklayers, stone-masons, plasterers, shoemakers, and

even weavers, will all do pretty well. Spectacle and thimble makers, gold beaters and button burnishers, will do much better in England. Tailors have high wages, but the women cut them out of a great deal of business. It is customary to shave the beard here, as it is in England—but every man generally shaves his own; and as to hair-dressing, it is what no body thinks of, but Indians, who have a very curious way of clipping and twisting their hair, and ornamenting it with feathers. I believe, however, they never employ a barber, and hence I do not think that the barber's trade would meet with any encouragement in West Florida.

FROM THE NEW-YORK COURIER.

THE TIMES.

We have heard some men complain of the dullness of newspapers, in consequence of the universal peace which prevails. These people talk as if they depended upon human blood for their daily food. They sleep profoundly over a column in a newspaper, unless there is warhoop or a trumpet in every line, to rouse and keep them awake. Politics are perfectly asoporic, and poetry vastly lulling—wit can only make them "grin horrible a ghastly smile." Because we are unfortunately at peace ourselves, and Bonaparte has left the stage, they seem to think that the play is over, and dry out, "fate drop the curtain I can see no more." For my part, I cannot see that the world is in that state of dull tranquillity, which they seem to think it, tho' Napoleon has finished his part of the tragedy. We have daily accounts of restlessness and discontent in France. She seems rather to be in that equivocal state of quiescence which is sometimes prelude to a political tempest. She has probably felt the shock of an earthquake, whose fires are unextinguished, and whose volcanic energies are regenerating and preparing to shake the world by another convulsion. Although the great Corsican Dragon is cast out and has drawn after him a third part of the Stars of France, yet his demoniac and insurrectionary spirit is still fostered in that country, and may soon produce another explosion, or brew another tempest; & although Napoleon can no more

"Ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm;" yet the destructiveness of its undisciplined fury will not be less fatal to France, or less interesting to mankind. We will inform our readers of the first battle which is imported from France.

The allied powers, who have done their very best to amuse us for several seasons past, seem to be in a state of fearful tranquillity, and it is feared that we have seen their "last night's performance." But I can assure the public, for their comfort, that I do not believe the confederation of the august allies can be of very long duration.—The conflicting opinions and interests; the pride, the jealousy, the ambition and the obstinacy of Kings make the most solemn covenant, the most sacred treaty as "flax that falls asunder at the touch of fire." After the experience of nearly six thousand years of perpetual war, we have but little reason to expect a universal peace long at any time, and much less at the present.

Spain is also in an unsettled and turbulent state. She is full of conspirators. One rebellion has been suppressed, but another seems to be brewing; the fermentation is visible. The despicable Ferdinand is in perpetual fear and danger.

The Spanish dominions in South America are in a state of actual rebellion, from Mexico to Cape Horn.—The standard of rebellion has been successfully planted on the plains of Buenos Ayres, Chili, Peru, and other parts of that extensive region. The wretched slaves of those provinces have had a tantalizing taste of liberty, and cannot rest until they are satisfied, they have had a glimpse of the golden fleece, and will encounter Dragons to obtain it.—The similarity between their situation and our own, during our revolutionary struggle, renders their present efforts peculiarly interesting to Americans, and indeed to every man who is desirous to see the extension of the empire of liberty and the general amelioration of the condition of his fellow creatures. It must, however, be confessed, even by those who are most

anxious for the triumph of republicanism in Spanish America, that it is doubtful whether the Spaniards are fit for popular government; whether their liberty would not degenerate into licentiousness; their republic into anarchy, and thereby prove a curse to them. It is admitted, that virtue, religion, and political & scientific knowledge, constitute the only sure foundation of a republic; that they are essential to its stability and perpetuity; but the Spaniards are notorious for qualifications diametrically opposite to these, and the temple of their liberty must be reared upon a foundation composed of vice the most deformed; superstition the most extravagant, and ignorance the most stupid. The political condition and the views of Spain become still more interesting to us, when we reflect upon the difference which exists between our government and hers. It is the opinion of some of our wisest statesmen, that there will be a war between Spain and the United States. Mr. Clay, who ought to be acquainted with the political relations of the two countries, was so certain of the fact, that he insisted upon having a standing army of twenty thousand men. Indeed the frequent captures of our vessels, the repeated insults & injuries we have received from them, and their late extravagant demands upon us, render Mr. Clay's opinion highly plausible. Why then do we talk of everlasting peace? While we hear daily of insurrections in Old Spain, of battles, revolutions and counter revolutions in South America; of insurrection and slaughter in Barbadoes; of the capture of our own vessels, and the murder of our citizens by the Spaniards, why do we say the times are dull and uninteresting; that the storm of war is laid forever; that our swords shall be beat into ploughshares and our spears into pruning hooks? To come nearer home, were we not told authentically a few days ago, that a considerable body of hostile Savages were actually marching against one of our forts? and have we not reason to suspect that the Spaniards or somebody else have promised, and will render them assistance? Then cheer up, ye lovers of war, ye cannibals who delight in banquet of human carnage.—"I smell the blood of a Spanish man." But let us grant for a moment that the world is at peace and will continue so—yet is peace so very unfavorable to human happiness, and are there no subjects for our contemplation, equally as interesting and far more profitable than those which relate to foreign wars? Do not the people who are their own rulers; whose prosperity depends upon their own wisdom and political knowledge, do they not feel anxious to watch over those who administer their government, and who control their destinies? Will they not scrutinize their measures and ascertain if possible, the true policy of our country.

Are they not concerned for the prosperity of our commerce, our navy, our manufactures, our arts and sciences? or are their minds so absorbed by the fate of Bonaparte, that all their domestic concerns are forgotten, or disregarded as uninteresting and unimportant? But admit for a moment not only that the world is at peace, which is not a fact; but also that our domestic politics are destitute of interest and unworthy of our attention, which is equally untrue; yet is nothing left us, by which to render the press entertaining? Is not "the world of science all before us?" Can we find no entertainment in the ingenious speculations and profound researches of the philosopher; or the useful and wonderful inventions of the mechanic? Are we indifferent to the enchantments of literature, and dead to all the luxuries of intellect? Has the wit lost his power and the poet his inspiration? Cannot the bard, who like Prometheus steals his fire from heaven to animate our torpid minds; can he not animate them?—Can he no longer charm us with his battles without bloodshed;—his splendid feasts without expense;—his horrors without danger; his shipwrecks, his conflagrations, his tempests and his earthquakes without loss or injury?—Is it no pleasure to make incursions with him into the land of visions and of dreams?—To rove with him through the meanders of enchantment; to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, and recline by the waterfall of Elysian gar-

dens? Or can our ears but palates relish nothing but blood; our ears nothing but the cries of human agony; our tumultuous spirits nothing but tales of moral depravity, political disorganization and military horror? I hope the people of the United States have not become so much denaturalized and insensated. But again, the present era is eminently interesting in a religious point of view. All christianity have united for the purpose of extending the empire of Christ to the ends of the earth. An enterprise so vast and so infinitely important in its aim was never before undertaken. A crusade is on foot, a Christian warfare is commenced, more interesting and important than those which deluged with blood the plains of Austerlitz, Borodino and Waterloo. The advantages which are to result are infinite, the laurels which are to be won are immortal. And is no one anxious to watch the progress and hasten the result of this grand enterprise? View every quarter of the globe, and consider each quarter in every point of view, and you must acknowledge that the world was never in a more interesting situation. Then how can the press be uninteresting, when like a concave mirror it reflects in miniature, all the intellectual and corporeal transactions of mankind? Though Bonaparte is lost, "all is not lost." The arts and sciences were not crushed beneath the ruins of his fall. The interests of Christianity, did not suffer; nor were the Muses slain; and who can be so dull as to slumber in the groves of Academus; to grow weary in the paradise of the poet, or to hear with indifference the sound of that trumpet which calls the nations of the earth to the battle "of the great day of the Lord!"

OFFICE OF CLAIMS.

For property lost, captured or destroyed, whilst in the military service of the United States, during the late War.

WASHINGTON, June 24, 1816.

Explanatory supplemental rule. In all the cases comprised in the notice from this office of the 3d instant, the following supplemental regulation must be observed by every claimant, viz:

Whenever the evidence, on oath, of any officer of the late army of the United States, shall be taken, or the certificate of any officer, in service at the time of giving it, shall be obtained, such evidence or such certificate must expressly state, whether any certificate or other voucher, in relation to the claim in question, has been given, with the knowledge of such officer. The claimant must also declare, on oath, that he has never received from any person any such certificate or voucher, or, if received, must state the cause of its non-production. In every case the name of the officer furnishing such certificate or voucher, together with its date, as can be ascertained, will also be required.

RICHARD BLAND LEE, Commissioner of Claims, &c.

WHITE OAK ACADEMY, Rutherford, N. C.

THE Trustees of the Seminary announced to the Public that the Institution is now established, and in full operation. The semi-annual session terminated on the 24th instant, when the Students, in the exercise of the day, performed a number which gave general satisfaction, and reflected the highest credit on themselves, and afforded ample proof of the intrinsic value of the Institution, and of the faithful performance of its duty by the Principal thereof. The Academy, distant 9 W. of Rutherfordton 12 miles, and one mile from White Oak Post Office, on the road leading from Columbus, S. C. by Mills Gap, to the Warm Springs, is situated on an eminence, within view of a beautiful cataract of White Oak Creek. The site on which the building stands, was one regular and gradual descent through a grove of Oaks, impervious to the sun, to a Spring of purest water, issuing forth within a few yards of the cataract, and the pleasing roar of the same, dropping discordant distant sounds, and inviting to meditation, all conspire to render the spot the most eligible to be conceived, for the purposes of Education. The surrounding mountains afford a view, romantic and picturesque; and while the eye is delighted with the sight, and the imagination pleased with the contemplation of these stupendous cloud-capt mountains of nature, the heart is cheered with the almost certain prospect of health, which a proximity to them affords.

The Exercises of the Institution will be resumed on the 29th of the present month; the Academic year consists of two sessions, of five months each, the price of Tuition per session is, for the Classics and French, \$10; English Grammar, and Geography, \$7 50; Rudiments of English, with Arithmetic, \$6. P. S. Decent Board in the vicinity at \$25 per annum.

JOSEPH M. CARSON, JOHN MOORE, JOHN MILLS, GEORGE JONES.

July 6th, 1816.

Trustees. 78-8t