

RALEIGH REGISTER,

AND NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE, UNWARP'D BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS."

VOL. XXII.

THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1831.

NO. 28.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,
By Joseph Gates & Son,
Raleigh, North Carolina.

TARMS.

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

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Not exceeding sixteen lines, will be inserted three times for a Dollar; and twenty-five cents for each subsequent publication: those of greater length, in the same proportion. The number of insertions be not marked on them, they will be continued until ordered to, and charged accordingly.

Agricultural.



The task of working improvement on the earth is much more delightful to an undebauched mind, than all the vain glory which can be acquired from rearing it by the most unintermitted career of conquests. WASHINGTON ROS.

THE AMERICAN FARMER.

The following beautiful and eloquent passage is from Mr. Biddle's Address before the Philadelphia Society for promoting Agriculture:

"If I have failed to prove that the pursuits of Agriculture may be as lucrative as other employments, it will be an easier task to vindicate their pleasures & their importance. I need not dwell on that retirement, one of the purest enjoyments of this life & the best preparation for the future, on those healthful occupations, on the calmness of mind, on that high spirit of manliness and independence which naturally belong to that condition. These are attractions which must have deep root in the human heart, since they have at all times fastened at once on the imagination and won the judgment of men. But it may be allowed to say, that in this nation agriculture is probably destined to receive the highest honors, and that the country life of America ought to possess peculiar attractions. The pure and splendid institutions of this people have embodied the brightest dreams of those high spirits who in other times and in other lands have lamented or struggled against oppression; they have realized the fine conceptions which speculative men have imagined, which wise men have planned, or brave men vainly perished in attempting to establish. Their influence in reclaiming the lost dignity of man, inspiring the loftiest feelings of personal independence, may be traced to every condition of our citizens; but as all objects are more distinct by insulation, their effects are peculiarly obvious in the country.

"The American Farmer is the exclusive, absolute, uncontrolled proprietor of the soil. His tenure is not from the government; the government derives its power from him. There is above him nothing but God and the laws; no hereditary authority usurping the distinctions of personal genius; no established church spreading its dark shadows between him and heaven. His frugal government neither desires nor dares to oppress the soil; and the altars of religion are supported only by the voluntary offerings of sincere piety. His pursuits, which no perversion can render injurious to any, are directed to the common benefit of all. In multiplying the bounties of Providence, in the improvement and embellishment of the soil, in the care of inferior animals committed to his charge, he will find an ever varying and interesting employment, dignified by the union of liberal studies, and alleviated by the exercise of a simple and generous hospitality. His character assumes a loftier interest by its influence over the public liberty. It may not be foretold to what danger this country is destined, when its swelling population, its expanded territory, and its daily complicating interests, shall awake the ardent passions of men, and reveal the vulnerable points of our institutions. But whenever these perils come, its most steadfast security, unfailing reliance, will be on the column of landed proprietors, the men of the soil and of the country, standing aloof from the passions which agitate the denser part of communities, well educated, brave and independent, the friends of the government without soliciting its favors, the advocates of the people without descending to flatter their passions; these men, rooted like their own forests, may then interpose between the factions of the country, to heal, to defend and to save."

A northern papers says—Six cents worth of Copperas, soaked in water one night, with half a bushel of seed corn, will prevent worms, Blackbirds, or vermin of any kind from destroying it, after planting, & not

injure the corn. So says a number of papers on the authority of persons who have tried it.

ENGLAND AND ITS PROSPECTS.

The Englishman's Magazine, edited by Thomas Campbell, Esq. is a work of great merit, and is supposed to be the organ of the present British Whig Ministry. We copy from the number for April, the following eloquent article which cannot fail to be read with deep interest by all who feel a concern for the amelioration of the condition of their fellow-men, and the advancement of liberal principles throughout the world.

It has been gained at last—gained after a weary season of patient vigilance and half hopeless supplication, when the prayer of the petitioner was met by ribald jests and intimations, not illly uttered, of dungeon, steel and scaffold—it has been gained at last—the position on which, like that which Archimides sighed for, the lever of opinion may firmly rest, and upon from its foundation the fabric raised by the accumulated corruptions of above a hundred years.

To the wise and the good this must assuredly be a day of triumph—an occasion of thankfulness—yet one on which they will "smile trembling with their mirth." Joyous emotions will be tempered by a solemn sense of a great deliverance, and the conviction that there is more, much more, to be done ere the citizen can return to the haunts of commerce—the husbandman to his fields—the knight to his old hall—the man of letters to his fellowship with the forgotten dead—and raise their voices in glad acclaim to the newborn liberties of their country. It was a principal of action worthy of all remembrance that counted past deeds as nothing while aught remained to be achieved; and this principle we would impress upon the mind of every well-wisher of the general cause, as emphatically as men can impress it whose utmost energies shall be freely and fearlessly exerted to aid in placing the cause above the chances of time and tide.

If there be in Britain a single individual, out of the pale of the interested few, who labors under such an opacity of vision as to survey the rank fens of collective misrepresentation, and say to himself this is truly a fair garden, and blessed with excellent fruits, we would recommend him, if he be not deaf as well as blind, to suspend his ejaculations, and sitting himself down in the shadow of the ancient thorn which relieves the desolation of the venerated mound of Old Sarum, then and there to lend an ear to the muttering of the unclean things which the rank fens have engendered, as, creeping from their lurking places, they croak and hiss their last in the face of the glorious sun, now abroad in his might; to dry up the pestiferous sources of their existence.

Arguments it has been our lot to hear and see put forth in many forms and guises of absurd and audacious inefficiency, but the dying dialectics of the borough-mongers surpass beyond the limits of comparison every display of the kind that ranges within the sweep of our experience. Never were the dictates of decency and common sense more outrageously defied than they have been within this memorable month, by those who, owing to the multitudinous fictions of our matchless Constitution, are presumed to be guardians of the one, and oracles of the other. The sagacity of our ancestors—that mystery of small meaning so frequently resorted to as the appeal in the last instance by the proficients in the nomenclature of argumentation—the cunning of our Saxon or Norman forefathers, could hardly have anticipated the transitory change which it now appears has fallen upon the beloved protectress of their social system. O that they might rise in their shrouds and behold their Constitution incarnate in a corporation of Parliamentary Stock Jobbers!—their knights of the shire planted side by side with the dignified representatives of Gaton, or the magnanimous vassals of Sir Massey Lopez!

When Napoleon called us a nation of shop-keepers, he scarcely contemplated the full applicability of his words. He in all probability referred exclusively to that branch of shop-keeping which is the right arm of our strength, which levelled his throne to the dust. But the other branch—the source of our weakness, the cause of our reproach—"the sign of our shame and the seal of our sorrow"—very likely came not within the intended scope of his remark; yet the old sub-lieutenant of the regiment of La Fere had too little of the stolid leaven of legitimacy in him to be altogether ignorant of this branch of our internal commerce. The trade in Legislators, by which he, or the Grand Turk or the Prince of Darkness himself, might, through the proper employment of the ways and means, have dispatched their deputies to the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain, doubtless passed within the field of his eagle vision. To the crowning quality, however, of this interesting species of traffic, he must have been a stranger. He could not have been aware of the astounding fact made mani-

fest within the last few weeks; a fact which has been thrown as an ægis over the bloated form of things as they are—that the trade in Legislators is our ancient and excellent Constitution, and our ancient and excellent Constitution the trade in Legislators—the disease the body, the body the disease! Such is the chief defensive proposition which the patrons of abuses have in their hopeless extremity chanted through "all the compass of the notes!" Let our countrymen attend to it.

A bugbear has long been in repute for quieting the distempered spirits of the nursery; and our constitutionalists who are skilled in the varied arena of coercive government—those sublime mysteries which, according to Sir Robert Peel, are sealed from the narrow capacities of the conductors of the press—have also got their bugbears, their rawhead-and-bloody-bones, with which they make tough endeavor to affright the dissatisfied genius of the age from the prosecution of its claims. But the genius of the age has burst its leading strings—in the dignity of manhood, it has fixed its step upon the high road of improvement: and those who ginsay it, do so at their peril—"Let them sin on and tempt the fatal hour." Their devices are threadbare; and if judicial blindness had not fallen upon them, they must have perceived that nothing remains but to submit, or perish amid the whirl of a revolution very different from the idle phantasy conjured up by the besotted imagination of political bigots.

Those who have attached the damnatory name of Revolution to the most popular measure that has been for generations introduced into Parliament, are the very men who would have affixed the brand of heresy on religious reformation; with fat seas, and abbeys, and benefices in their clutch, they would have shuddered at every whisper of change as ominous of ruin to the whole fabric of organized society. But the prosperity of England did not cease with pious Queen Mary, nor, mangle the predictions of the constitutionalist, will it receive its death-blow, under the patriotic Monarch who now fills our island's throne. It belongs only to "children of a larger growth" to hold a controversy about words. To us, Revolution is as welcome a phrase as Reformation, supposing the salutary end we aim at to be accomplished. That it will be attained, provided "England to herself prove true," is as certain as the sun will shine in the summer—despite the clustered opposition of all the locusts of the land.

The enthusiasm which has been displayed at this glorious crisis by every member of the empire, near and remote, must be cheering to the heart of a Briton. Scotland has awakened from her feudal slumbers, Ireland has consigned the torch of discord to the waters, and England, with a majestic hand, has unrolled the records of her early freedom, and demanded the restoration of her rights—"Reform! Reform! is the prayer of seven hundred petitions already in the Bureau of the Sovereign, or on the tables of Parliament—and many more will come—seven thousand if required. Still there is a party which remains unconvinced that the people desire a change—for "None so blind as he that will not see."

We would beg these persons to remember, that they are not the first who were incredulous—until too late—of the warning voice of truth. Sacred history relates, that the vitiated inhabitants of a pristine world scoffed at the prediction of a deluge.

While the nation averts its face from Wellington, Peel, and their followers, it greets with smiles of gratitude and pride, those truly noble men who have spontaneously returned into the Treasury of Public Liberty, a portion of the precious deposits which never can pass into private keeping, without bringing detriment and disgrace on the commonwealth.—Jealous as we shall always be of ministers and ministerial measures, we should think ourselves niggards in acknowledgment, if we withhold from Earl Grey the lofty meed of approbation so peculiarly his due. Ye thank the Premier for his just explanation of the relations of the Commons and the Aristocracy; we thank him for his admirable remedy for the country's grievances, and yet again we thank him for the manly avowal which pledges him to administer that remedy in its original potency, or not at all. He may well be envied the glory of an act that will solace his declining years, and impart to his memory a hallowed and undying radiance. Nor has he been without fitting compeers in his high-minded career. The Duke of Norfolk and Devonshire; The Marquis of Cleveland; Lord Grosvenor; Lord Radnor, Graham Smith, and Russel, have each acquitted themselves after the fashion of the best days of England. If to him who saved the life of a Roman citizen was granted a civic crown, how much more is a similar tribute due to those who generously interpose to rescue twenty-two millions of people from the perils of internal strife! If these be aristocrats, let us have many of a similar stamp—"Such chairs as their's are sure to bind."

The King is with his subjects; and it is the solemn duty of the country to maintain its ground unrelaxingly, until the last iota of its rightful claims shall have been conceded. Let electors purify their minds for the conscientious exercise of their powers, in the event of a dissolution of Parliament. Honest and unsuspecting men may be quietly despoiled of their property; but plunderers rarely disgorge until the grasp of retributive justice is upon them. A general election may fairly be anticipated: and if the healthy constituency keep to its post, the last cheer at the hustings will be the death-knell of the borough mercenariness. Should, however, an untoward event, or the dying desperation of corruption baffle our expectations—should the odious oligarchy again muster their dense phalanx in St. Stephen's, then, and in that case, it will be for the King, and the untainted Aristocracy—and the People, with whom all power originates, to PROVIDE FOR THE EMERGENCY, according to the usage of the Constitution, when the privileges of one of the estates have suffered from the encroachment of others. We shall make an appropriate extract from De Foe's "Original Power of the Collective Body of the People of England examined and asserted"—a work dedicated to King William III.—which proceeds upon the presumption of a parallel state of affairs.

"The good of the people governed is the end of all government, and the reason and original of governors; and upon this foundation it is that it has been the practice of all nations, and of this in particular, that if the mal-administration of governors have extended to tyranny and oppression, to destruction of right and justice, overthrowing the constitution, and abusing the people, the people have thought it lawful to reassume the right of government in their own hands, and to reduce their governors to reason.

"The present happy restoring of our liberty and constitution is owing to this fundamental maxim:

"That kings, when they descend to tyranny, dissolve the bond, and leave the subject free.

"If the people are justifiable in this procedure against the King, I hope I shall not be censured if I say, that if any one should ask me, whether they have not the same right, in the same cases, against any of the three heads of the constitution—I dare not answer in the negative.

"I may be allowed to suppose any thing which is possible; and I will therefore venture to suppose, that, in the late King's reign, the House of Commons, then sitting, had voted the restoration of popery in England, in compliance with the King's inclination.

"I doubt not but it had been lawful for the grand juries, justices of the peace, and freeholders of any county, or of every county, to have petitioned the House of Commons not to proceed in giving up their religion and laws.

"And in case of refusal there, they might petition the House of Lords not to have passed such a bill.

"And in case of refusal there, they might petition the King, and put him in mind of his coronation engagement.

"And in case of refusal to that petition, they might petition the King again, to dissolve the Parliament, or otherwise to protect their liberties and religion.

"And if all these peaceable applications failed, I doubt not but they might associate for their mutual defence against any invasion of their liberties and religion."

"Salus populi suprema lex." When either King, Lord, or Commons shall have inverted the end for which these estates were instituted, then "the public good ceases to be in the same public capacity," and

"Power retreats to its original."

Law or power that is repugnant to reason, is, ipso facto, void in itself.

But the bill, we are all but morally certain, will pass through the House of Commons by a triumphant majority. It is not possible that an opposition of any consequence can be mustered insane enough to attempt to arrest its progress.

The Duke of Wellington, who holds that the unanimous prayer of the community is an insufficient plea for the grant of Reform, deprecates the measure because it would lead to a total alteration of the men chosen for the discharge of parliamentary duties. The people are debtors to his Grace for the argument.

Assuredly Reform will at once sweep away the rubbish of representation, and give us, instead, a body of men capable of comprehending the national interests, and amenable to the public for their parliamentary conduct. The sooner this "alteration" takes place the better.

Nothing can be done to ameliorate the general condition of the people, until the Reform Bill has become incorporated with the great charters of the land. To it, and it exclusively, should attention be directed. When the Royal assent, which awaits its advent to the throne, shall have made it part and parcel of the statutes of the realm, then will be the time to speak of subordinate grievances. A full and free representation will produce a new and magnificent era in the history of

Great Britain—Her wounds will be healed—her energies increased an hundred-fold, and she will assume, in a more commanding form, her proper station as the protectress of the liberties of Europe.

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES.

We are indebted to a Pennsylvania paper for the following anecdotes of Baron Steuben. They are characteristic of the old soldier. The last anecdote relates to our worthy townsman, Major James Gibbons [metamorphosed in this account into Gibbons] the Collector of the port of Richmond, and familiarly known by his numerous friends as "the Hero of Stony Point." We understand that this anecdote is substantially correct; and that all the circumstances of the transaction were most honorable to the Baron. Gen. North of New-York, who was one of his aids at the time, has also a distinct recollection of the scene. Baron Steuben, though sometimes irritable in a high degree, and withal accustomed to the Prussian discipline, was easily made sensible of the error which he had committed, and as ready to atone for it, which he did before 5000 troops in the most ample manner.

Richmond Compiler.

BARON STEUBEN.—After Gen. Arnold treacherously deserted his post at West Point, the Baron never failed to manifest his indignation and abhorrence of his name and character, and while inspecting Col. Sheldon's regiment of light-horse, the name of Arnold struck his ear. The soldier was ordered to the front; he was a fine looking fellow, his horse and equipments in excellent order—"Change your name brother, soldier," says he, "you are too respectable to bear the name of a traitor." "What shall I take, General?" "Take any other name, mine is at your service." Most cheerfully was the offer accepted, and his name entered on the roll as Steuben. He or his children now enjoy land given to him by the Baron in the town of Steuben.

This brave soldier met him after the war, "I am well settled, General," said he, "and have a wife and son, I call my son after you, sir."—"I thank you my friend, what name have you given the boy?" "I called him Baron what else could I call him?"

At the siege of Yorktown, the Baron was in the trenches at the head of the division, and received the first overtures of Lord Cornwallis to capitulate. At the relieving hour the next morning, the Marquis de la Fayette approached at the head of his division to relieve him. The Baron refused to quit the trenches, assigning as a reason the etiquette in Europe, that the offer to capitulate had been made during his tour of duty, and that it was a point of honor of which he would not deprive his troops, to remain in the trenches till the capitulation was signed or hostilities recommenced. The dispute was referred to the Commander-in-Chief, and the Baron was permitted to remain till the British flag was struck. While on this duty the Baron perceiving himself in danger from a shell thrown from the enemy, threw himself suddenly into the trench; Gen. Wayne in the jeopardy and hurry of the moment fell on him; the Baron turning his eyes saw it was his brigadier. "I always knew you were brave, general," said he, "but I did not know you were so perfect in every point of duty; you cover your General's retreat in the best manner possible."

The Baron was rough as the ocean in a storm, when great faults were committed; but in a sudden gust of passion, he had injured, the redress was ample. I recollect, that at a review near Morristown, a Lieut. Gibbons, a brave and good officer, was arrested on the spot, and ordered into the rear, for a fault which it afterwards appeared another had committed. At a proper moment the commander of the regiment came forward and informed the Baron of Mr. Gibbons' innocence, of his worth, and of his acute feelings under this unmerited disgrace. "Desire Lieut. Gibbons to come to the front, Colonel." "Sir," said the Baron to the young gentleman, "the fault which was made by throwing the line into confusion, might in the presence of an enemy have been fatal. I arrested you as its supposed author, but I have reason to believe that I was mistaken, and that you are blameless; I ask your pardon, return to your command; I would not deal unjustly by any, much less by one whose character as an officer was so respectable." All this passed with the Baron's hat off, the rain pouring on his venerable head! Do you think there was an officer, a soldier who saw it unmoved by affection or respect? Not one.

The following description of Gen. Diebitsch is from "Major Keppel's Journey across the Balkan," lately published. It smacks of the prejudice of a British traveller:

"Field Marshal Count Diebitsch is a little, fat, plethoric looking man, something less than five feet high; he has a very large head, with long black hair, small piercing eyes, and a complexion of the deepest scarlet, alike expressive of his de-

termined to cold punch, and of a certain irascibility of temper, which has elicited from the troops, his proud title of *Zabolkansky*, (or the Trans-balkanian,) the additional one of the *Semovar*, or tea-kettle. I have said that Diebitsch owes his fortune to his face; the sequel will show how. He is the second son of a Prussian officer who was of the staff of Frederick. At an early age he entered the Russian army, and obtained a company in the imperial guard. It was at this time that the King of Prussia came on a visit to the Russian autocrat, and it so happened that it was Capt. Diebitsch's tour of duty to mount guard on the royal visiter. The Emperor foresaw the ridiculous figure the little captain would cut at the head of the tall grenadiers, and desired a friend delicately to hint to him that it would be agreeable to his royal master if he would resign the guard to a brother officer. A way goes the friend, meets the little captain, and bluntly tells him that the Emperor wishes him not to mount guard with his company; for, adds he, "l'Empereur dit, et il faut convenir que vous avez l'exterieur terrible." This delicate hint that his exterior was too terrible to be seen at the head of troops not remarkable for good looks, so irritated the future hero of the Balkan, that, with his natural warmth of temper, he begged to resign, not his tour of duty only, but the commission he held in the Russian army; and being a Prussian, and not a Russian subject, desired to be allowed to return to his native country. The Emperor Alexander, who appears to have formed a just estimate of his talents, easily found means to pacify him, by giving him promotion in the line. He has subsequently made himself so useful in that part of the service where beauty was not indispensable, that the late Emperor placed him at the head of the general staff, which situation he held when the reigning Emperor appointed him to succeed Count Wittgenstein in the chief command. Diebitsch is a Protestant."

BURSTING OF BOILERS.

The last number of Silliman's Journal of Science and Arts contains the following valuable information on this subject, which will probably lead to a prevention of accidents of this kind in future; or at all events, be a means of lessening their frequent occurrence:

It seems, according to Mr. Renwick's treatise upon the Steam Engine, that one of the most common causes of the bursting of boilers, is the too low surface of the water in the boiler, the consequent heating to redness, and the sudden addition of water or the casual splashing of the water upon it. The rapid & sudden production of steam in this way, is greater than can escape through the safety valves. Mr. J. L. Sullivan, of New-York, has invented an apparatus within the boiler which will alarm the Engineer and passengers, when the surface of the water is as low as can be safely permitted. By a number of little bells within the boiler, placed at small distances above one another, and having wires extending to the outsides, the Engineer can always tell the depth of the water; because the bells will not vibrate when they reach the surface of the fluid; on the contrary, when the lower rim of the bell is above the surface of the water, the bell will sound when the Engineer draws the wire to which it is attached. In addition to this apparatus, Mr. S. has invented an 'alarm bell float', which rings spontaneously when the water shall happen to fall so low as to make bare and expose the boiler or flue to the action of the fire. With this view, he proposes a float of heavy plank of the specific gravity of about 900; or of metallic plate or lead, made buoyant by attaching cork to it, so that when it is raised in some degree above the surface of the water, it will operate as a weight upon the short end of a lever, with which it is connected by a rod from its centre. There is also within the boiler a bell of steel, or some other sonorous metal, as large as the space above the water or occupied by the steam will admit. The tongue is fixed without the bell to an arm extending towards the float, and acted upon by the long arm of the lever; so that when the water subsides beyond a certain depth, the float pulls down the short arm of the lever, raises the long arm, and the arm to which is attached the tongue of the bell with a contrary motion; so that the arm of the tongue being liberated, the tongue falls upon the bell at the very moment, when the danger arises. By a spring upon the long arm of the lever, it falls into its place below the arm of the tongue, and after the boiler has been supplied, is ready to give warning another time. Thus, independently of constant human agency and care, the water in the boiler will itself, by its motion, give notice of its own undue and dangerous diminution; which is of the most importance, as steamboats have to run by night, as well as by day, and the practice of placing the boilers on the guard platforms, makes it less likely that a secret leak would be seasonably discovered in any other way.

The same principle can also be applied by means of a packing-box, to a bell without the boiler, and a rod acted upon by the lever within, and acting upon the bell without. In this arrangement, the alarm