

RALEIGH REGISTER,

AND NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE.

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

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Agricultural.



The task of working improvement on the earth is much more delightful to an uneducated mind, than all the vain glory which can be acquired from reaching to the most uninteresting career of conquests. WASHINGTON.

SCIENTIFIC AGRICULTURE.

The following letter was written by the proprietor of the "Orange Farm," to the Editor of the American Farmer. This farm is situated about two miles from Baltimore, and is under the care of Mr. Underwood, formerly of Roxbury. It is certainly a very encouraging example.

Mr. SMITH—Under an impression that the agriculturists of our country with a few exceptions, do not employ capital enough in their business, I about twelve years since determined to carry my ideas into effect upon my Orange Farm, consisting of 400 acres. After the desired fertility had been given to the soil, 30 acres of it were converted into a garden, and 370 acres into a dairy farm. Of these 370 acres, about 70 are in wood, and about 300 under cultivation.

The cows are in number 100—sometimes more and sometimes less. They are kept in warm but well ventilated stables throughout the winter, and part of the spring and autumn. They are not exposed to cold rains even in summer. They run during the summer on luxuriant pastures, each of which affords a comfortable shade. So much importance is attached to shade, that sheds have been erected over the troughs, where they get their drink. As there is no running water on the farm, we have to depend on pumps. And it may not be out of place here to state, that two dogs, one at a time, pump all the water, and cut all the corn-stalks, straw and hay used for all the cows and other animals of this farm. These cut articles, mixed with corn-meal, bran, shorts and roots, are cooked by means of a very simple steam apparatus for their food during the winter, with occasional variations.

The cows are at all times in the stables clean, by being kept clear of their own dirt, by means of a well constructed drain so fixed as to receive all their dung and urine.

Of the sales of the products of this dairy farm, there has been for a series of years a progressive increase. The account of the sales of last year, as rendered to me by my manager on the 1st January last, you have below; and I am given to understand that it will be more this year. In this statement the proceeds of the garden of 30 acres are not included.

As the expenses of repairs, of buildings, and of every other kind, are paid by my manager, I have not allowed myself to pry into them very closely. I have contented myself with knowing, that he has to deliver to me, and that he does deliver to me, without limitation every day, whatever quantity my family may want of fresh butter, cream and milk; and that he has to pay to me in cash every Saturday, a satisfactory net amount of rent.

Amount of sales on Orange Farm for 1830.

Milk,	\$4,832 20
Butter,	1,779 35
Beef,	1,201 84
Veal,	184 79
Pigs,	73 50
Vegetables,	453 98
Hay,	1,153 06
	\$9,669 73

From the American Farmer.

A GREAT MISTAKE.—Many persons suppose that no more improvements can be made in Agriculture—that every subject has been sufficiently discussed; and therefore nothing more need be said or written. It might suffice, to rebut this notion, to say what is neither more nor less than saying—the agriculture of the

United States has attained a state of perfection. Put it is a great mistake. Agriculture has scarcely passed its infancy in this country. We speak of agriculture in general. There are a few farmers who have made advances far beyond the mass of husbandmen; but they are exceptions which prove the general rule. Pray how many farms in the U. States, of the same number of acres, (250) have sold as much produce as the Orange farm during last year? Are we wiser of the mark in saying, not one in Maryland, not ten in the Union? How many have produced half as much? The Orange farm sold last year nine thousand and six hundred dollars worth of produce. Let it not be asked, "to what kind of produce is the Orange farm devoted?" for all farmers are at liberty to go and do likewise; but let the question how many farms produce as much? be answered. If none, or few, which is the fact, then how can it be said or rationally supposed, that no further improvements can be made in agriculture? The truth is, that by attention to small things, economising in time, making the most of every thing, and gathering up the fragments the proprietor of the Orange farm makes dollars, where most farmers would make cents. Go to that farm; look at its arrangements and management. There you will see nothing lost; neither time, which is money, nor labor which produces money. There every particle of matter that can be converted into food for man or beast is availed of. One half the nutriment of fodder is not lost by passing the stomachs of cattle undigested, in consequence of improper feeding; but the whole is saved, by preparing the fodder by cutting and steaming; so that not only all the nutritive matter is saved, but the food is rendered more palatable to the animals.

The intelligent manager of that farm allows no animal to be fed on long or raw food. Another peculiarity in his management is worthy of notice. There is not on Orange farm an unproductive animal, or a useless thing. The very dog that basks in the sunshine and barks back the poacher, has his regular hour of duty in the wheel, pumping water, cutting straw, turning the grindstone, &c. If there are no useless animals to feed, neither are there any worthless buildings to keep in repair for show. On passing Orange farm, the traveller would suppose it to be the comfortable residence of some comfort-loving, unambitious farmer, who has enough because he wants no more—being just able to pay his taxes, and "make both ends meet"—yet Orange farm produces nine thousand dollars a year! How, it will be asked, does this farmer produce so much more than any other? We answer emphatically by discarding, as fallacious, the idea of perfection alluded to at the head of this article; by believing, that even his system is far from perfect, and by continually bending his attention to improvements. If, therefore, agriculture in this country is not susceptible of immense improvement, why do not all our farmers produce as much as the skillful one of Orange farm? Take this farm as the acme of perfection, surely it will be admitted that all our farms of equal soil may be equal to it; and if so, has the subject of agriculture been sufficiently discussed? need nothing more be published? are there no more improvements to be made?

EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.

The Annual Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Diocese of Virginia was held last week in the Borough of Norfolk. Having enjoyed the privilege of attendance, a brief account of the proceedings may be expected at our hands. We shall proceed, therefore, to give a few particulars—referring to the next number of the *Episcopal Recorder*, for a detailed statement. The facility of access to Norfolk had induced the expectation that the occasion would attract a great number of citizens from all parts of the State—an expectation which was entirely realised. It is said that never has there been so great a crowd of strangers in that ancient borough.

We made one of some sixty passengers who left Fredericksburg, on Tuesday the 17th inst, in the elegant Steam Boat *New Philadelphia*. Captain Marshall, of Baltimore, chartered for the excursion. At the Hop Yard, we received on board the venerable Bishop Moore and several of the clergy, and continuing to receive accessions as we descended the river, our company had increased, before we reached our destination, to nearly one hundred. The enchanting scenery of the Rappahannock has, on a former occasion, elicited the feeble expression of our admiration. Time and space are now wanting for a reiterated tribute to beauties of nature, which, without much aid from interesting associations, begins to attract the attention of intelligent Tourists.

By remaining in Carter's Creek the greater part of the night, our passage down the Bay, much to the satisfaction of all, was performed in the day-time. The Boat stopped, for an hour or two, at old Point Comfort, thus affording an opportunity for a hasty inspection of the stupendous fortifications now in progress, and hastening to completion. We cannot dwell upon this subject—suffice it to say, that our most extravagant conceptions of the extent of the works, and the difficulty of their construction, fell far short of the reality. At about half past 1 P. M. we reached Norfolk, and were greeted by many friends who had arrived by the James River Steam Boats. The remainder of the day was spent in securing lodgings, and visiting the Navy Yard, Dry Dock, Vessels of War, and other objects of interest.

The Convention met, on Thursday morning, in Christ Church—a new, spacious, and most splendid building—and was opened by a Sermon from the Rev. JOHN GRAMMAR, of Dinwiddie. The attendance of members, Lay and Clerical, was unusually large. There was no subject of especial interest or importance brought into discussion. The ordinary business was transacted, but the proceedings of the body seemed but a secondary object, compared with the spiritual improvement of the occasion which had brought together such a concourse of people. There was preaching—able and faithful preaching—in the morning and at night in both of the Churches. Prayer meetings were each day held at six o'clock in the morning in the old Church, and at five in the evening at three private houses. These meetings were most numerously attended, and constituted perhaps the most profitable—they were certainly the most interesting—of the various services of the season. On Sunday there was preaching in both of the Episcopal Churches, and in the Presbyterian, which, together with the churches of the other denominations of Christians in the Borough, was kindly tendered. The services in Christ Church commenced at an early hour, and in consequence of the Ordination and Communion were unusually protracted. The Sermon was by the Rev. Dr. Bedell of Philadelphia. The name of the preacher is a sufficient guaranty that it was able, eloquent, impressive and evangelical; and never was a discourse listened to with more profound attention or deeper interest. The Rev. Mr. Polk, of Richmond, and the Rev. Mr. Mead, of Albemarle, were ordained Priests; and Mr. P. W. Taylor, of the Theological Seminary, near Alexandria, and Mr. Charles W. Taliaferro, of Fredericksburg, admitted to the order of Deacons. The Holy Communion was then administered, in many instances for the first time, to nearly five hundred persons. On Sunday night the Bishop preached, and as is customary, concluded the services of the Convention by a solemn charge and affectionate exhortation to the clergy. The Assistant Bishop of the Diocese, the Right Rev. Wm. Meade, was not in attendance—being, at present, on a Missionary tour through the States of Kentucky and Tennessee. The Convention will next be held in Alexandria.

On the whole, we trust & believe much good was done. The zealous christian had his soul refreshed—the lukewarm professor was roused from his apathy—those laboring under conviction were induced to abandon their opposition—and the impenitent and careless were in many instances, awakened.

The utility of such annual convocations is not confined to the spiritual improvement—great as it may be—of those who attend them. The formation of pleasing acquaintances—the bringing together of so many respectable persons from widely separated parts of the State—the exercise of the kindly charities of our nature—all have a beneficial tendency—not only in a moral, but even in a political point of view. Thus, of the hundreds who but lately were the guests of the people of Norfolk, there are but few who will not long cherish a grateful recollection of that cordial hospitality and kindness, with which they were received and entertained.

The character of the place was not equivocal. The hospitality of its citizens has been long celebrated from Maine to Florida; but whatever may have been the expectations of her late visitors, we are persuaded that they were more than realized.—*Fredericksburg Arena.*

HURRICANE AT SEA.

"Grog rule (frenzied blustering sailor, Lusty ladsmen all to me—) M'st mate's hear a brother sailor Sing the dangers of the sea.—*Old Ballad.*

The equinoctial storm has been, and always must remain an event of the greatest import in the life of a seafaring man. Crossing the line, bringing two Sundays together, fast sailing—and hard fighting on old ocean, are circumstances continually occurring in the course of things—but as repeatedly effaced by others of later and more astonishing natures. But a hurricane, if felt in its full force, remains a source of continued astonishment to all who endure it. To the sailor it gives an importance of character, that is truly enviable; among his less experienced comrades, he is made on all occasions the oracle without whose decision in matters alluding to severities by sea in storms, it were unavailing to contend.

A few months have only elapsed, and the circumstances are consequently fresh in my mind, since I encountered one of those violent tempests. Our ship mounted thirty guns, and was, although a single decked ship, of a size comparable to a first class frigate; she was well found, and proved herself a good sea boat, in movement and speed. With what pleasure did I survey her long graceful proportions of hull and spars; the former displaying a line of brilliant brass tappings in the muzzles of a saucy battery. Readers, to your imaginations of what constitutes the acme of naval architectural taste and beauty, I have all subsequent descriptions of what our ship was, to describe what, in the opinion of our oldest sailor, seemed the worst gale he had ever encountered. I must beg your pardon for the egotism practised in this narration, and inform you that I filled only the humble station of midshipman, and had the watch on deck, as master's mate of the fore-castle, when the wind freshened so as to cause our shortening sail from royals to single-reefed topsails, foresail, and fore-topmast-staysail, with the sparker in the brails. Eight bells being reported to the Captain, and struck, the last dog-watch expired, and the relief took the deck. The weather overhead looked bad, but I supposed in the morning it would be again fair, as we should be on the Eastern edge of the Gulf Stream, and in warm weather; and that more or less squalls were always attendant on crossing the Gulf, particularly in the Fall of the year, but we little dreamed of any thing dangerous.

The sea combed, and emitted flashes of phosphoric light, whilst the heavens appeared wrapped in folds of black and broken storm clouds, sending forth vivid lightning, which the gloom of night rendered terrific, whilst the distant howling of blasts in passing squalls, accompanied by claps of thunder, seemed to a romantic mind as if the spirits of storm held council. Midshipmen-like, delighted with the pleasing thoughts of escaping a wet jacket, I descended below to my hammock, to dream of comfort and friends ashore, from which I was too soon awakened by our boatswain and his mates calling all hands to reef topsails, a sound not the most pleasing to sleepy Midshipmen, and immediately a quartermaster and refer made their unwelcome appearance to demand our attendance on deck, leaving us a light to turn out by, secured to the table by forks to prevent its being extinguished by a fall on deck.

The motion of our ship was violent; she rolled and pitched as if her spars were in immediate danger of going over the side or bows, and the rush of water as she cleaves away through the seas came gurgling on our drowsy sense of hearing like desolation. What confusion in the steerage! "Give me my hat," cried one, "who's got my pea jacket?" shouted another, "my clothes are wet," cried our Mid. who slept in the wake of the hatch; "gentlemen hurry on deck," say some of our luffs who descended to see if all hands were on deck; "we are going to have a blow, my hearties," says a half-drowned refer who came below for a fresh hat, his former one having taken its sudden departure in going aloft; "loan us a watch bill," cried several (who never possessed any) ones are lost—stand by the topsail hauls," cries the first lieutenant; "ease off the hauls," "clew down, round in the weather braces—haul up quartermaster," "hard up;" and down heeled the ship, over went tables, campstools, and out went the steerage lights, and on deck scrambled your servant with his messmates. "Rig out your conductors, carpenters," "fore top there, is Mr. Skylark aloft?" "Yes, Sir, yes," "see the men lay out and light up the sail to windward, tie your points men clear of top gallant sheets," "haul out to leeward," exclaimed the Captain of the top on the weather yard arm—"tie and lay in," shouted the mid., "lay down men to the hauls, haul well taught—walk away"—and the fore and main top sail yards with the sails close reefed, resumed their stations on the topmasts.

Hurry and furl that sail, mizen topmen!" "After guard lay up and pass a gasket over the foot of the sparker and haul taught the vangs, and sheet and lay up your rigging ready for running." "Get top gallant yards ready for running down"—"aye, aye," "mind your helm," "hard up," and down heeled the ship to the gale. "Man fore clew garnets and buntlines, up foresail"—"let go the fore bowline," cried Fid the boatswain. "Let go the fore top sail hauls, yards, round in the head braces, clew down, ease off the fore sheet in the waist"—"waisters lay forward," "furl that topsail sir" cried the first lieutenant. "luff and brace up the main yard," "bring her by the wind, Quarter master"—this done we once more felt snug.

Our deck presented a scene of confusion, the shot had rolled out of racks to the windward, wads and shotboxes were flying about the decks, to the great annoyance of a half-drown'd gang of afterguard boys, mizen, topmen and marines stationed by the mizen top gallant yard rope. The poor hogs were racing round, receiving kicks and curses in every direction, whilst the poultry stowed in coons amidst screams and quacks

their dislike to the jars received from occasional slips of feet and bodily intrusions of passers by, accompanied by a profuse saucy of salt water as the seas broke along side and distributed their sprays over the bulwarks on deck. "Hurry those men aloft," exclaimed our Captain to the first Lieutenant—"Bear a hand top-men!" "already!" "send down your trippinglines—trice up the jack blocks—away!" When on came the hurricane down heeled the ship, away went her spars and royal masts, topgallant masts, foretop masts, yards, head of the foremast, half the foretop, along with one poor fellow, who was standing holding on to the life lines of the bowsprit; his cries were faintly heard in the leeward as he passed the ship, for success—but in vain, we never saw him more. Our ship lay with her lee rail under water when the maintop-sail and forestaysail, with one accord, left their respective bolt ropes, and betook themselves to flight over the expanse of stormy waters. The forestail blew loose in spite of all the extra gaskets, and flapped itself in pieces in such a noisy manner as resembled the firing of battalions of musketeers. "Clew down from aloft," was frequently cried out—but such was the violence of the storm, one person, though six feet distant from another, could not comprehend an order. At this moment our maintopmast went by the cap. "Call the carpenter," says the first Lieutenant, to me, and he was forced to put his speaking trumpet almost against my ear before I heard him, "and bid him bring a set of sharp axes from the store rooms, for cutting away the lower masts"—that worked so violently as to threaten their being every moment in danger of falling on the decks and killing our men, who from dismay were collected in groups about the ship's spar deck, expecting death from each passing sea, by the probability of its knocking the ship over, as she lay with the water three feet in leeward, and making violent pitches, burying her bowsprit, knight heads, and half the top gallant fore-castle each time, and rolling tons of water down the hatches on to the birth-deck, to the imminent danger of foundering the ship before the main-hatch gratings could be shipped and tarpaulins spread to prevent it.

"Clear the wreck boys," cried our captain, taking the speaking trumpet—"cut away briskly the rigging"—for our topmasts they lay thumping the ship along-side in such a manner as to make us dread her bilging; our quarter boats were blown in pieces from the quarter cranes, and strewn the decks with their fragments. On sounding the pumps, six feet water was found, which considering our ship was on her bilge, would at least give eight feet when upright. It was with great difficulty and incessant pumping we prevented the water gaining on us, nor was it until the gale was over we entirely freed her. At the same time the weather main brace binnacle was torn up and the main yard swung to and fro, and parting the lifts, dealt blows on the hammock rails until it was literally in splinters. "Volunteers for cutting away mast yard," exclaimed the first Lieutenant—two brave fellows sprung forward with hatchets in hand, headed by the gunner, ascended the rigging, and cut it away—down came the young man athwart ships on the bottom of the barge, and broke it in and then launched itself to sea. "Man overboard—leave him a line in the waist—but Providence remedied this mishap—the ship rolled to leeward and swooped him on board again uninjured. The fore yard by a strong & efficient lashing, was secured to the lee cat-head, and all seemed once more likely to be as comfortable as circumstances would admit of, when the weather relieving tackle in the gun room parting, she came head to wind, throwing a dozen men or more injured variously, over the decks and giving thirty or forty below a merry tumble. To clap on a sirap around the circle on which the iron tiller played, was now to be done. "Down with the help quarter master, hard down." The ship fell off and ranged in the trough of the sea, it was the work of a few minutes; a fresh relieving tackle was hooked on and the helm righted. I was ordered below to attend the tackles and see that the men held on the cabin; where all was confusion—broken bottle necks made their appearance—the floor was strewn with chairs upset and some were lashed around the table legs to prevent their being broken to pieces in rencontre. The day was spent by me below, wet, chilly, and hungered as we could not cook any food from the galleys being continually inundated. I scarce knew what to do; however, to the well fed with what grub the bread room furnished seemed better than to fast; and after a search, I was enabled to discover some biscuit and a bottle of gin, which, without any wish to wound the sober feelings of my readers, a Lieutenant and myself were immediately employed in emptying.

Nothing material further occurring, and the sea abating, it was resolved by the unanimous vote of weary self to adjourn & look for a dry bunk, where I might indulge in a nap; but the timely entrance of a brother refer, who relieved me, gave me permission to do so without skulking; so

creeping into the state room of our nobly captain, it being the only dry place I found, as all the other apartments of the ship were knee deep in water, and all the etiquette from our shattered state being dispensed with, I threw off dull care, along with a wet pea jacket, which I laid under my head as an apology for a pillow and slept. At early daybreak I awoke, and going on deck to make a few kinks out of my aching bones, I could hardly realize the scene. Our ship, under the storm-stay sails, rolled a huge wreck on the ruffled face of the mighty deep; the storm clouds fled in fragments before the north-west wind, and the bright cheering rays of a summer's sun smiled upon the havoc of the past hurricane.

LIFE LINE.

SWISS RIFLEMEN.

From the New-York Standard.

A correspondent of a London paper gives the following account of the Swiss Riflemen. We dare say the narratives of skill here detailed will excite the attention of our country readers, many of whom can make as good shots—and some better. Rifles are the eyes of our western youth, and not a few will be found, who not only have them, but know how to use them.

Of all the means which the Swiss have to repulse their enemies, none is more formidable than the skill they possess in the art of shooting with rifles. They are, no doubt, the best marksmen in the world; besides the riflemen belonging to the Army of the Confederation, who have all been at the Military School, and who have been regularly trained and drilled for the purpose, there is not a parish in the land which has not one or more societies of riflemen, whose prizes are yearly contended for. During the whole of the summer, their journals are filled with advertisements for public firing matches all about the country. This is truly a national exercise, & enjoyed by the greatest part of the population. One of these meetings was held last year in Bern. The prizes to be fired for amounted to 1179/10 sterling; the Government and town of Bern, and various societies, added gifts to a large amount, consisting of silver cups, and other articles of silver plate. Eight thousand of the marksmen of Switzerland met to try their skill; the targets were placed at two hundred yards distance, the riflemen could only fire one shot at each of the seven first targets, and no shot was inscribed to pretend to a prize which struck farther than six inches from the centre; there were thirty other targets where the marksmen could fire many shots, but where no shot was inscribed to pretend to a prize which struck further than one inch and a half from the centre. This description will give an idea of the marksmen. How often have I been a spectator of these firing matches; and I have found on examination that on an average, 100 balls out of 106 struck a square of 18 inches, and it appears to me by what I have seen, that out of 110 balls fired by these marksmen against the single figure of a man placed as a target, above 100 would strike it; from which I conclude, that if they fired against ranks of the enemy's columns of troops, few would be the balls that missed them. It may be said that it is quite another thing to fire in battle than against a target. It may be so; but the skill of the Swiss riflemen is a fact which cannot be denied, and the war of 1798 affords many proofs of the dreadful havoc the Swiss mountaineers of the small cantons, though so few in number, made in the ranks of the best French army, which perhaps, France ever set on foot. Few of the cantons acted in concert; partial engagements only took place, in all of which the Swiss showed their skill; and we do not hesitate in affirming, that if the Swiss are fairly united, they would by no means fear a power like Austria and its numerous Armies. In order to form an idea of the firing of the musketry, when compared with that of the riflemen, let us bear in mind that in the last long war of France against all the Powers of Europe, between two hundred and three hundred musket shots were fired to kill or wound a man! The Tyrolean riflemen, called les Chasseurs du Loup (Tyrolean wolf hunters), were on the contrary, the terror of the French soldiers; and when afterwards the Tyrolean peasants rose against the French, though the army which was sent against them was ten times more numerous, the peasants protracted the struggle, and would not have submitted, had not their Chiefs fallen into the hands of the enemy.

AN AFFECTING SIGHT.—In the autumn of 1832, the small pox commenced among the Massachusetts Indians. Winter checked, not the disease, yet the English endeavored to visit their sick wigwags, helping them all they could, but as they entered one of their matted houses, they beheld a most sad spectacle, death having smitten all save one poor Indian, which lay on the ground sucking the breast of its dead mother, seeking to draw living nourishment from her dead breast.

Johnson.

Johnson.

Johnson.

Johnson.