

# RALEIGH REGISTER,

## AND NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE.

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

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### COMMUNICATION.

FOR THE REGISTER.

#### THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE.

A Tale by the author of "John Bull in America &c."—2 vols.—New-York: J. & J. Harper, 1831.

This Book, the reading of which I have just finished, has already gone through three editions, and the fourth is nearly ready for press. The author is understood to be J. R. Paulding of N. York, who so completely ridiculed in his "John Bull" the proud and sneering hypercriticism across the Atlantic. The Tale is founded somewhere about the time of the old French War, and the scenery is laid mostly on the Hudson and Mohawk rivers. The Hero is described to be "a bashful young gentleman" in the company of females, old-fashioned in his dress, but when counsel he shows himself to be a man of education, honesty, and undaunted courage. The Heroine is a young lady of Dutch parentage, educated at a boarding school in N. York, rather coquettish, fond of novelty and "red coats" (British Officers) but upon the whole, she proves to be a woman of a grateful and affectionate heart, firm disposition, and unobtrusive conduct. The work contains some as thrilling descriptions as I ever met with, and take it throughout, it does great credit to the author, and to our country. The *itching* principle to discover what is behind the curtain, is kept up throughout; and when a description is made from the real plot of the Tale, the author introduces matter, almost as interesting to the reader, as the pursuit after the hero and heroine.

I have selected the following extract from the work for publication as a fair specimen of the whole, which I will thank you to insert:—

But a plague of Nature! she is a female, after all, and there is no trusting her. As thus they sat unheeding all but themselves and the present moment, Nature had been at work unnoticed by the little crew, gathering into one great mass a pack of dark rolling clouds along the western horizon. The banks of the little island were, as we said before fringed all around by trees and shrubbery, and tangled vines, that quite hid the opposite shores, making it a little world within itself. The dark tempest gathering in the west had therefore escaped the notice of the party, until the moment when a burst of mercurial wind interrupted by a flash of lightning, and a quick, sharp crash of thunder. When the Creator speaks, all nature is silent; and if, as some suppose, the leaping lightning is the quick glancing of his angry eye, the thunder the rattling of his voice, no wonder if every sound is hushed when they break forth from the pitchy darkness of the heavens. The laugh ceased; the birds became silent in their leafy bowers; the trees stilled their sweet whisperings; the insects chirped no longer, and the river murmured no more. There was a dead pause in the air, the earth, and the waters, save when the Creator of them all spoke from the depths of his vast obscurity.

The merry makers looked at each other in silence, and in silence sat, until Ariel ventured to clear his voice with "a hem!" which, to say the truth, lacked much of the wanted vigorous energy and clearness. Sybrandt gained a position whence he could overlook the island barrier, and came back ruminating to announce that a thunderstorm was coming on rapidly—so rapidly that it would be impossible to cross the river and gain the nearest house of time to escape its fury. The damsels looked at the young men, and the young men looked at the damsels. One had on her best hat, another a new shawl, a third her holiday chintz gown, and each and all wore some favorite piece of finery, which, though peradventure Dolly the cook and Betty the chambermaid would scorn to wear, even on week-days, in this age of rapid unparalleled improvement, was still dear to their simple, innocent affections. The boys too, as they were called, and still are called among the old lords of the land, had on their Sunday gear, which, as they never ran in debt to the tailor, it behoved them to parse with special care. What was to be done in this sore dilemma; for now the quick keen flashes, the equally keen dashes that came with them, and the dull calm that intervened, announced that the rain and the tempest were

Ariel was as busy as an assistant-alderman at a fire, and about as useful.— Being a man that was always in a hurry when there was no occasion, it may be naturally supposed, that when there was occasion he would be in such a great hurry that his revolvers would tread upon one another's heels, or impede their operations by running athwart each other, and breaking their heads. And so, indeed, it happened; he was ten times more busy than when he had nothing to do; swore at the lads for not doing something; suggested a hundred impracticable things; and all concluded, good man! by wishing with all his soul they were safe housed in the old mansion.

Catalina had been brought up at the boarding-school in the fear of thunder.— The school-mistress, indeed, always encouraged the young ladies by precept not to be frightened; but she never failed to disappear in a thunder storm, and was one time discovered between two feather beds almost smothered to death. It is to be regretted that this natural and proper feeling of awe which accompanies the sublime phenomena of nature should degenerate into abject fear or irrational superstition. Divested of these, the approach of a thunder-storm is calculated to awaken the mind to the most lofty associations with the great being who charges and discharges this vast artillery, and to exalt the imagination into the highest regions of lofty contemplation.— But fear is an abject, soul-subduing sentiment, which monopolizes the mind, debases the physical man, and shuts out every feeling allied to genuine piety and faith.

Suddenly an idea struck Sybrandt, which was instantly adopted and put into execution. The boat, a broad, flat skiff, was drawn up the bank, and placed bottom upwards, with one side supported by sticks, and the other reclining on the ground towards the west, so that the rain might run off in that direction. The few minutes which intervened between this operation and the bursting of the torrent of rain were employed by the young men in covering the open spaces about the sides of the boat with grass and branches, as well as the time would admit. There was only space enough under this shelter for the young women, though Ariel managed to find himself a place among them. He was in the main a good-natured, kind-hearted man, but he did not like being out in a storm any more than his neighbors. The young men stood covering under a canopy of thick vines, which shaded the boat and a little space besides. It was observed that Sybrandt placed himself nearest that end of the boat under which Catalina was sheltered, and that he was particular in the disposition of the grass and branches in that quarter.

The party that found shelter under the boat fare indifferently well; but the others were in a few moments wet to the skin. The little flexible willows bent down to let the storm pass over them; but the sturdy elms and plane trees stood stiff to the blast that wrung their arms from their bodies, and scattered them in the air like straws and feathers. The rushing winds the roaring of the troubled waters, were mingled with incessant flashings of lightning, accompanied by those quick, sharp explosions of thunder that proclaim the near approach of the electric power. At length the little party was roused by a peal that seemed to have rent the vault of heaven, and beheld with terror and dismay a vast plaptree, within a hundred yards' distance, directly in front of them, shivered from top to bottom like a reed. The explosion for a moment stilled the tempest of rain, during which interval the vast dissevered trunk stood trembling and nodding, like one suddenly struck by the hand of death.— Another moment, and the winds resumed their empire, the vast monarch of the isle fell to the ground with a tremendous crash, and the force of Omnipotence was demonstrated in the instantaneous destruction of a work which long ages had brought to maturity.

The young women screamed, and the youths shuddered, as they beheld this vast giant of nature yielding in an instant to a mightier power. But soon they were drawn off to the contemplation of a new danger. It is well known how sudden, nay, almost instantaneous, is the swelling of our rivers, especially near their sources, and where they traverse a hilly or mountainous region. The little isle where our scene is laid was but a few feet above the ordinary level of the stream itself, which now began to dash its waves beyond the usual barrier, until at length the situation of the little party became extremely critical. The land had become less safe than the waters, and immediate measures were taken to prepare for the inundation, by turning the boat upon her bottom again.— The party was arranged on the benches to the best advantage, and the young men stood prepared to ply the oars the moment the boat was floated off. Soon the tremendous torrent rolled over the surface of the whole island in one mighty mass of dark waters, speckled with white foam; and the boat was carried down the stream with the swiftness of an arrow. The difficulty was to escape the trees and bushes,

which still reared their heads above the waters since it was obvious that nothing could preserve the boat but her being kept from the slightest interruption in her course. The great object, therefore, was to avoid every obstacle, and to keep their head directly down the stream till they met with some little nook, or cove, where the current was less violent. In times of danger the master spirit instinctively takes the lead, and the lesser ones instinctively yield obedience.

Ever since the coming of the storm Sybrandt had seemed a new being, animated by a newly-awakened soul. The excitement of the scene had by degrees caused him to forget his shyness; and now the presence of danger and the necessity of exertion roused into action those qualities which neither himself nor others were conscious he possessed. He who had trembled at the idea of being introduced into a drawing room, and shrunk from the encounter of a smiling female eye, now stood erect in the composure of unwarmed manhood, with a steady hand and a steady eye, guiding the little skiff through roaring whirlpools and angry currents, furiously conflicting with each other, almost as skillfully as a veteran Mississippi boatman. All else sat still in the numbness of irrepresible apprehension. Even the busy Ariel was motionless in his seat, and his active tongue silent as the grave. But neither human skill nor human courage could struggle any length of time with the power of the waters, every moment aggravated by new accessions. In turning a projected point, round which the current whirled with increased impetuosity, the boat struck the edge of an old stump of a tree, just beneath the surface, and was upset in a single instant. Fortunate for some, though alas! not for all, the current made a sudden inflexion immediately below the projecting point into a little shallow cove, where it subsided into repose. It was in making for this harbour that the boat unfortunately encountered the stump, which, as I stated, was not visible above the waters. It is with sorrowful emotions I record that the accident was fatal to two of the innocent girls and one of the young men, who sat in the bow of the boat which unfortunately, as she overturned, sheered out into the stream, and launched them into the whole force of the current. They were carried away and their bodies found a day or two afterwards many miles below. The others with the exception of Catalina, were shot directly, and in an instant, by the sudden angle made by the current, into the little shallow, quiet cove, where they were all preserved.— Catalina was not one of these. Less strong and less inured to the sports and perils of rural life, she became insensible the moment the accident occurred, and would have quickly perished, had not Sybrandt swam into the edge of the turbulent whirlpool where she was floating and brought her safely to the land.

Sadly the remnant of our little party returned to their respective homes without their lost companions, and sadly they contrasted the beauty of the quiet genial morning, and the happy anticipations that beckoned them forward to sportful revelry, with the uproar of nature, and the gloomy shadows of the evening, which closed in darkness, sorrow and death.

#### HENRY BROUGHAM.

The following sketch of the "Life and Character of HENRY BROUGHAM," is taken from the last number of the North American Review:

"From his youth up, he has shunned no toil however severe. His whole life has been a life of intense labor, a series of great exertions. He has evinced on all occasions, a large and comprehensive benevolence; a sound and practical judgment; united with a genius of the loftiest and most universal character. We do not know that a single one of the numerous schemes of momentous importance, which he has originated, can be said to have finally failed. It may be added, and it is a far nobler tribute to his character, that there is not one of them all, which has not for its object, an improvement in the condition of some large portion of the community. Of the universality of his genius, the universality of his attainments furnishes sufficient evidence. He is one of the most profoundly scientific men of his day. Long and severe study has familiarized him with the teachings of the dead and of the living. He has succeeded, if we may so speak, in transfusing into himself the spirit of ancient literature; and no considerable portion of the modern is his own work. He seems to know the history of past ages as if he had lived in them; and his published writings show how thoroughly he understands the condition of the present. He is a master of the English law, the most complicated and difficult of all the sciences; a science, to ascend whose heights and fathom whose depths, demand strong powers strongly exerted. These are his attainments.— The sun so far outgoes the ordinary reach, even in cases where no little talent is combined with no little industry, that we should suspect ourselves of over-statement, did we not find, that other writers with better opportunities, more than bare us out. The author of "Attic Fragments,"

who cannot be said to be over-partial to Mr. Brougham, says, that "one would imagine that he had realized the ancient Scythian fable, by killing the foremost man in every department of knowledge, and possessing himself of all their intellectual inheritances." It matters not what the subject is, however sublime or however common-place, however abstruse or however practical, Brougham knows it, and knows it completely.

But what deserves our more especial notice and admiration is, not the splendor of his natural endowments, not the vast extent and rich variety of his acquisitions; but the use to which he has devoted them all. He has set them apart for the service of mankind. He has a title more glorious than Kings can give or schools bestow,—a title conferred upon him by the unsolicited suffrage of the world. He is the advocate of human liberty. It cannot be said of him, as of Burke, that he narrowed his mind,

And to party gave up what was meant for mankind. No; what was meant for mankind, he has given mankind. We have adverted to his exertions in behalf of the suffering slaves; but it is not in this poor sense alone that he deserves his glorious title. He would not emancipate the body only; he would set free the mind, and he would set it free by making it capable and worthy of freedom. His great principle seems to be, let an enslaved nation be enlightened, and there is no power on earth that can reduce it to bondage. And, therefore it is, that he has labored so earnestly to diffuse knowledge far and wide. The old Roman cry was, "Give the people Tribunes, to guard their rights." Mr. Brougham exclaims, give the people knowledge, and they will guard their rights for themselves. He said long ago, "Tyrants may well tremble now, for the school master is abroad." And more than any man, he has aided in sending him abroad. He prepared the way in England, by his laborious investigations into the condition of the public charities; and, though those who fear the power of the school master have, as yet, by clamorous appeals to interest, and ignorance, and prejudice, greatly obstructed his efforts to induce Government to take a share in the glorious work of instructing the people, there is now no longer reason to apprehend, that this part also of his great plan will not finally be adopted. In the meantime, as if he thought life not long enough to study in, he has recommended and promoted the establishment of infant schools, that instruction may begin with the very first development of the capacity to receive it. At his suggestion, too, a society has been formed which is as a school master, not only to England, but to France and to America. To him, likewise, may be referred the origin of most of those numerous associations, which, under different names, have for their common object self-instruction and mutual improvement. The united influence of all these agents is like that tree of the East, whose branches, after spreading on all sides, bend to the earth, and take root again and spread still further; yet again to take root at a still greater distance from the parent stem, and to spread yet wider still. Its effects are already visible in the increased demand for useful information, in the augmented and augmenting number of new publications to satisfy that demand, and in the generally improved character of the periodical press. He would be a bold man who should venture to say when or where, or by what boundary, the operation of the influence is to be circumscribed.

And all this Mr. Brougham has accomplished white yet in the vigor of life.— What, then, may not be expected of him, should he be spared to the green old age of Franklin? Hitherto, he has neither had official rank or official influence to aid him. Now he has both. And we cannot believe that he will do less, because he has power to do more. He has hitherto been an independent man. To secure his independence, he has labored hard in his profession. We cannot think that he will cease to be so; that he will approach the throng without carrying his principles along with him. It seems to us little less than absurd, to say of a man, whose hours devoted to the advancement of the best instruction of mankind, have been frequently stolen from needful rest; that he will not devote to the same great cause, the accidental influence of office; or that he, of whom we are told that "he has hung over the lamp of study, till not all the bloom of life merely, but even the energy of life itself, seems on the very verge of extinction," will now turn away from his glorious work, and so blast the splendid fame and the lofty self-approbation, for which he has made all this sacrifice. No; we find ourselves utterly unable to believe, that he has made such an oblation to the lust of power. And we look to see him laboring strenuously as heretofore, in the same great cause; and finding an abundant reward for his toils in the applause of his own heart and in the admiration and gratitude of mankind.

We would here conclude our remarks; for we have spoken of all the most prominent incidents of his life and of the public character of the man, if not as we would,

yet as we could; but our readers will expect some account of the orator, and we are not willing to disappoint their expectations. Mr. Brougham's figure is said to be any thing but graceful. His features are almost harsh and repulsive; yet so strongly marked, that no man can see him, though but once, and go away under the impression that he has left an ordinary man. His action is not very elegant;—but if we include under that name the whole of delivery, gesture, the tone of the voice and the expression of the countenance, then his power in this department is probably not inferior to that which is displayed in his reasoning and language. The action of his mind, and especially the tremendous talent of invective, by which he is eminently distinguished, have never been better or more forcibly described than by the author of the Attic Fragments. We shall make no apology, therefore, for laying an extract before our readers, and with it we shall conclude.— It is taken from a description of Brougham's terrible attack upon Canning in the year 1823. The cause of the attack will be explained in the quotation. The two men are first exhibited in contrast:

"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 unthoughtful 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 figures and allusions of the one were always quadrable by the classical formulae; 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 connexion, 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, & 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 in itself, and every coruscation of wit and 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 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 of 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 begun from the moment that Canning, Robinson, & 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 to the vanity or the lucre of place; but still there was no illusion to Canning, and no connexion, 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 & about with the corals of illustration and argument; and 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 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 collision; 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 toward the orator, and then toward 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 staring in the

faces of all parties the scroll of their personal and political sins. A pen, which one of the secretaries dropped upon the counting, 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 an 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 able to utter only the unguarded words, "It is false!" to which followed a dull chapter of apologies."

From the Danville Reporter.

It is at all times a painful duty to announce the departure, "to a world of spirits," of those who possessed our esteem and affection, and it is doubly so, when unsupported by the reflection, that they have left behind them a posterity to whom they have transmitted both their name and nature; and in whom we hope to see developed, all the virtues and excellencies of him who has gone before them. It is in obedience to a sense of duty which we conceive each individual owes the society in which he lives; a duty which prompts us to portray virtue and vice in their true colours, which constrains us on the one hand to hold up the disciples and objects of the former, as worthy the regard and affection of mankind; and those of the other, as deserving their censure and contempt, and not through an idle desire of puffing him who is now insensible to praise, that it becomes our melancholy task to record the death of one of our best citizens. Jonathan Honyest, who expired on the 6th inst. Possessing a name of itself sufficient to endear him to every lover of correct principles, we cannot restrain an expression of our feelings at so sad an event, or withhold that eulogy which he so eminently deserves. The subject of this notice, emigrating to this town many years ago, and taking up his abode in an obscure part of it, being almost entirely unacquainted with any of its inhabitants, giving no information of the objects of his visit; telling no one from whence he came, or who or what he was, threw around his character such an impenetrable mystery as could not fail to excite in our citizens, that curiosity and idle speculation which men naturally manifest on such occasions. Rarely it ever mixing in society; cautiously secluding himself from the busy haunts of men; he was regarded by that portion of mankind which is always disposed to look upon the worst side of every picture, as a refugee from justice—as an outcast—wishing to hide and screen himself from the penalties of violated laws; others, again more charitable, considered him as one who disgusted with the follies and vices of those whom he had left, or who, discarded and despised by them, for the stern rigidity of his principles, had sought a place of abode, more congenial to his feelings, where he might mourn in sorrow, for the ingratitude, the uncharitableness and degradation of those from whom he naturally expected support. A few weeks residence, however, in our city, seemed to dispel the doubts of the former and to strengthen the opinions of the latter. It only required an acquaintance with him who had been an object of curiosity to excite the admiration and win the praises of men. Instead of being an outcast upon society, he was recognized as the firm pillar and support of the Law, and the undeviating friend of justice. Such an individual could not fail to ensure the esteem of all who knew him; and the necessary consequence was that every human being in the community of which he was a member, professed the most ardent attachment for him. All sounded his praises, from the infant to the hoary-headed father. All were enthusiastic in their expressions of admiration—all dwelt with ardor upon the excellence of his principles and acknowledged the benefits necessarily flowing from a strict adherence to the doctrines he inculcated.

The prominent characteristics, of the deceased subject of this notice, were, that in Politics he uniformly pursued the convictions of his own judgment; he never espoused an opinion, merely because others espoused it; he never sacrificed the privilege of thinking for himself, and acting accordingly, purely for the sake of flattering and pleasing others; he never believed and not believing never said that a thing was so, right, or not right only because the multitude around him said so.— He never permitted himself to doubt the honor, virtue or patriotism of those, whom he knew conscientiously differed with him in opinion, and whenever convinced of the unreasonableness or falsehoods of his own conclusions, whether by the argu-