RALEIGH REGISTER.
AND NORTH CAROLINA GAZETTE.

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

VOL. XXXIX. MONDAY, AUGUST 20, 1838. NO. 42.

JOSEPH GALES & SON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS.

Subscription, three dollars per annum—one half in advance.

☞ Persons residing without the State will be required to pay the WHOLE amount of the year's subscription in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

For every 16 lines (*this size type*) first insertion one dollar; each subsequent insertion, 25 cents.

Court Orders and Judicial Advertisements will be charged 25 per cent. higher; and a deduction of 33⅓ per cent. will be made from the regular prices, for advertisers by the year.

☞ LETTERS to the Editors must be post-paid.

THE MECHANIC ARTS.

We make the following extracts from an Address recently delivered by EDWARD EVERETT, Esq., before the "Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association," held in Boston, and most earnestly do we reccommend every young mechanic into whose hands this sheet may fall to give it a careful perusal.—It is a glowing picture of the sciences and mechanic arts, such a one as no mechanic can read without feeling justly proud of his profession. Time was when the calling of a mechanic was deemed disreputable; when he was sneered at by a lordling aristocracy; but thanks to an enlightened age, that time is no more; the genius of Franklin and Fulton has elevated the mechanical profession to a height in the moral and intellectual world which any class may be proud to attain.

Maysville Advocate.

"Man, with his unaided strength, can lift but one or two hundred weight, and that but for a moment; with his pulleys and windlasses, he sets an obelisk upon its base,—a shaft of solid granite a hundred feet high. The dome of St. Peter's is one hundred and twenty feet diameter; its sides are twenty-two feet in thickness, and it is suspended in the air at an elevation of three hundred and twenty feet from the ground, and it was raised by hands as feeble as these. The unaided force of the muscles of the human hand is insufficient to break a fragment of marble, of any size, in pieces; but, on a recent visit to the beautiful quarries in Sheffield, from which the columns of the Girard College at Philadelphia are taken, I saw masses of hundreds of tons, which had been cleft from the quarry by a very simple artificial process. Three miles an hour, for a considerable space of time, and with ample intervals for recreation, food, and sleep, are the extreme limit of the locomotive capacity of the strongest frame, and this confined to the land. The *arts* step in: by the application of one portion of them to the purposes of navigation, man is wafted, night and day, alike waking and sleeping, at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour, over the unfathomed ocean; and, by the combination of another portion of the arts, he flies at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour, and if need be, with twice that rapidity, without moving a muscle, from city to city. The capacity of imparting thought, by intelligible signs, to the minds of other men,—the capacity which lies at the foundation of all social improvements,—while unaided by art, was confined within the limits of oral communication and memory. The voice of wisdom perished, not merely with the sage by whom it was uttered, but with the very breath of air on which it was borne. *Art* came to the aid of the natural capacity; and, after a long series of successive improvements, passing through the stage of pictoral and symbolical representations of things—the different steps of hieroglyphical writing, (each occupying, no doubt, long periods of time for its discovery and application,)—it devised a method of imprinting on a material substance an intelligible sign, not of things, but of sounds forming the names of things; in other words, it invented the A B C. With this simple invention, and the mechanical contrivances with which it is carried into effect, the mind of man was, I had almost said, re-created. The day before it was invented, the voice of man, in its utmost stretch, could be heard but by a few thousands, intently listening for an hour or two during which alone his strength would enable him to utter a succession of sounds. The day after the art of writing was invented, he stamps his thoughts on a roll of parchment, and they reach every city and hamlet of the largest empire. The day before this invention, and the mind of one country was estranged from the minds of all other countries. For almost all the purposes of intercourse, the families of man might as well not have belonged to one race. The day after it, and Wisdom was endued with the gift of tongues, and spake by her interpreters to all the tribes of kindred men.—The day before this invention, and nothing but a fading tradition, constantly becoming fainter, could be preserved by the memory, of all that was spoken or acted by the greatest and wisest of men. The day after it, Thought was imperishable; it sprung to an earthly immortality; it seized the new-found instruments of record and commemoration, and, deserting the body as it sunk with its vocal organs into the dust, it carved on the very gravestone, "The mind of man shall shall live forever."

"It is a somewhat humiliating reflection, that, in many things dependent on the human organs and senses,—unaided by the arts,—the savage greatly excels the most improved civilized man. Thus man, with one set of glasses, penetrates the secret organization of the minutest insect or plant, marks the rise of the sap in the capillaries of a blade of grass,—counts the pulsations of the heart in an animalcule a hundred times smaller than the head of a pin; while, with another set of glasses, he fills the heavens with a hundred millions of stars, invisible to the naked eye. To the savage, the wonders of the microscope and the telescope are unknown; but he can, by traces which elude our keenest vision, tell whether it is the foot of friend or enemy which has passed over the grass before his tent in the silence of night; and he can find his way through the pathless and tangled forest without a guide. Civilized man, with his wheels and his steam, runs a race with the winds, but, left to the natural force of his members, soon sinks from fatigue. The indefatigable savage, ignorant of artificial conveyance, outtires, on foot, the hound and the horse; and, while the famished child of civilized life faints at the delay of his periodical meal, a three day's hunger makes no impression on the iron frame of the poor Indian. Civilized man, although surrounded by his arts, with enjoyments that seem to render life a hundred fold more precious, lies drenched in sleep one-third of his precious hours, and may well envy the physical training which enables his hardy brother of the forest, when occasion requires, to bid defiance, night after night, to the approach of weariness.

"But this superiority which the savage possesses over the civilized man, in the discipline of some of the natural capacities of our frame, is turned to little account of human improvement and happiness, for want of those arts which create, combine, and perpetuate the powers and agents by which our wants are supplied. Even the few comforts of which his forlorn condition is susceptible, are mostly derived, not from this superior training of his natural facilities and senses, but from his possession of some few imperfect arts. The savage, needy at best, without his moccasins, his snow-shoes, his dressed Buffalo skin, his hollowed tree or bark canoe, his bow and arrow, his tent and his fishing gear, would be a much more abject being. And these simple inventions, and the tools and skill required by them, no doubt occupied a considerable period in the early history of our race. But the great difference between savage and civilized life consists in the want of those more improved arts,—the products of which we have been contemplating—by which no inconsiderable quantity of human power and skill can be transferred to inanimate tools and machinery, and perpetuated in them; the arts whereby the grasp of the hand, which soon wearies, can be transferred to the iron gripe of the vice, the clamp, the bolt, that never tire; the arts by which stone, and metal, and leather, and wood, may be made to perform the offices of poor flesh and bone. The savage, when he has parched his corn, puts it in a rude mortar, which with infinite toil he has scooped out of a rock, and laboriously pounds it into meal. It is much, if, in this way, he can prepare food enough to keep him alive while he is preparing it. The civilized man, when he has raised his corn, builds a mill with a water-wheel, and sets the indefatigable stream to grinding his grain. There are now two or three laborers at work; one, it is true, with forces which soon weary, and which can only be kept up by consuming a part of the corn as fast as it can be made into food; but endowed with an untiring and inexhaustible invention—the other patient fellow-laborers of wood and iron, the steam, the wheel and the mill-stone, without capacity for head work, are willing to grind corn all day, and not ask a mouthful back by way of sustenance. Civilization is kept up by storing the products of the labor thus economized, and imparting a share of it to those engaged in some other pursuit, who give a portion of its products in exchange for food.

"Take another illustration in the arts employed in furnishing the clothing of man. The savage, when he has killed a Buffalo & dried his skin, prepares it with the manual labor of several weeks for a garment;—a substantial and sightly garment; but it has taken him a long time, and he has made but one. The civilized man, having a world of business on his hands, has contrived a variety of machines, which perform almost all the works required for his clothing. He cuts a mass of curled wool from the sheep's back,—a confused irregular heap of fibrous threads, which would seem to defy the skill and industry of the artificer. How long will it not take the busiest pair of fingers to place those piece of fibres together, end to end, to lay them side by side, so as to give them substance, coherence, dimensions,—to convert them into a covering and defence, excluding cold and wet! The savage, in taking the skin, seems to have made the wiser choice.—Nature has done the spinning and weaving to his hand. But wait a moment;—there is a group of iron-fingered artificers in yonder mill will show you a wonder. They will, with a rapidity scarcely conceivable, convert this uncouth fibrous heap into a uniform mass; they will draw out its short, curly fibres into long even threads,—lay them side by side, and cautiously cross them over with magical dexterity, till they form a compact tissue, covered with a soft down and a glossy lustre, smooth, impervious, flexible,—in quantity sufficient to clothe a family for a year, with loss expense of human labor, than would be required to dress a single skin.

"Consider the steam engine. It is computed that the steam power of Great Britain, not including the labor economized by the enginery it puts in motion, performs annually the work of a thousand men. In other words the steam engine adds to the human population of Great Britain another population, one million strong. Strong it may well be called. What a population! so curiously organized, that they need neither luxuries nor comfort,—that they have neither vices nor sorrows,—subject to an absolute control without despotism,—laboring night or day for their owners, without the crimes and woes of slavery; a frugal, population, that wastes nothing and consumes nothing unproductively; an orderly population, to which mobs and riots are unknown; among which the peace is kept without police, courts, prisons, or bayonets; and annually lavishing the products of one million pairs of hands, to increase the comforts of the fifteen or twenty millions of the human population. And yet the steam engine, which makes this mighty addition to the resources of civilization, is but a piece of machinery. You all have seen it, both in miniature and on a working scale, at the halls. In the miniature model, (constructed by Mr. Newcomb of Salem,) it can be moved by the breath of the most delicate pair of lips in this assembly; and it could easily be constructed of a size and power, which would rend these walls from their foundation, and pile the roof in ruins upon us. And yet it is but a machine. There is a cylinder and a piston; there are tubes, valves, and pumps,—water and a vessel to boil it in. This is the whole of that enginery, with which the skill and industry of the present age are working their wonders. This is the whole of the agency which has endowed modern art with its superhuman capacities, and sent it out to traverse the continent and the ocean, with those capacities which Romance has attributed to her unearthly beings:

Tramp, tramp, along the land they ride,
Splash, splash, across the sea.

"It is wholly impossible to calculate the quantity of labor economized by all the machinery which the steam engine puts in motion. Mr. Baines states, that the spinning machinery of Great Britain, tended by one hundred and fifty thousand workmen, "produces as much yarn as could have been produced by *forty millions of men* with the one thread wheel!" Dr. Buckland remarks, that it has been supposed that the amount of work now done by machinery in England is equivalent to that of between three and four hundred millions of men by direct labor."

"Consider the influence on the affairs of men, in all their relations, of the invention of the little machine which I hold in my hands; and other modern instruments for the measurement of time, various specimens of which are on exhibition in the halls. To say nothing of the importance of an accurate measurement of time in astronomical observations,—nothing of the appplication of time-keepers to the purposes of navigation,—how vast must be the aggregate effect on the affairs of life, throughout the civilized world, and in the progress of ages, of a convenient and portable apparatus for measuring the lapse of time? Who can calculate in how many of those critical junctures when affairs of weightiest import hang upon the issue of an hour, Prudence and Forecast have triumphed over blind causalty, by being enabled to measure with precision the flight of time, in its smallest subdivisions! Is it not something more than mere mechanism, which watches with us by the sick-bed of some dear friend, through the livelong solitude of night, enables us to count, in the slackening pulse, nature's trembling steps towards recovery, and to administer the prescribed remedy at the precise, perhaps the critical, moment of its application? By means of a watch, punctuality in all his duties,—which, in its perfection, is one of the incommunicable attributes of Diety,—is brought, in no mean measure, within the reach of man. He is enabled, if he will be guided by this half-rational machine, creature of a day, as he is, to imitate that sublime precision which leads the earth, after a circuit of five hundred millions of miles, back to the solstice at the appointed moment, without the loss of one second, no, not the millionth part of a second, for the ages on ages during which it has travelled the empyreal road. What a miracle of art, that a man can teach a few brass wheels, and a little piece of elastic steel, to out-calculate himself; to give him a rational answer to one of the most important questions which concerns a being travelling towards eternity! What a miracle, that a man can put within this little machine a spirit that measures the flight of time with greater accuracy than the unassisted intellect of the profoundest philosopher; which watches and moves when sleep palsies alike the hand of the maker and the mind of the contriver, nay, when the last sleep has come over them both! I saw the other day, at Stockbridge, the watch which was worn on the 8th of September, 1755, by the unfortunate Baron Dieskau, who received his mortal wound on that day, near Lake George, at the head of his army of French, and Indians, on the breaking out of the seven years' war. This watch, which marked the fierce, feverish moments of the battle as calmly as it had done the fourscore years which have since elapsed, is still going; but the watch-maker and baron have now for more than three-fourths of a century been gone where time is no longer counted. Frederic the Great was another and a vastly more important personage of the same war. His watch was carried away from Potsdam by Napoleon, who, on his rock in mid-ocean, was wont to ponder on the hours of alternate disaster and triumph, which filled up the life of his great fellow-destroyer, and had been equally counted on its dial-plate. The courtiers used to say, that this watch stopped of its own accord, when Frederic died. Short-sighted adulation! for if it stopped at his death, as if time was no longer worth measuring, it was soon put in motion, and went on, as if nothing had happened. Portable watches were probably introduced in England in the time of Shakespeare; and he puts one into the hand of his fantastic jester, as the text of his morality. In truth, if we wished to borrow from the arts a solemn monition of vanity of human things, the clock might well give it to us. How often does it not occur to the traveller in Europe, as he hears the hour tolled from some ancient steeple,—'that iron tongue in the tower of yonder old cathedral, unchanged itself, has had a voice for every change in the fortune of nations! It has chimed monarchs to their thrones, and knelled them to their tombs; and, from its watch-tower in the clouds, has, with the same sonorous and impartial stoicism, measured out their little hour of sorrow and gladness to coronation and funeral, abdication and accession, revolution and restoration; victory, tumult, and fire:' and, with like faithfulness, while I speak, this little monitor by my side warns me back from my digression and bids me beware lest I devote much of my brief hour, even to its own commendation. Let me follow the silent monition, sustained, perhaps, by the impatience of the audience and hasten to the last topic of my address."

"So numerous are the inventions and discoveries that have been made in every department, and to such perfection have many arts been carried, that we may, perhaps, be inclined to think that, in the arts, as on the surface of the globe, of all the brilliant discoveries in navigation in the three last centuries, there is nothing left to find out. Though it is probable that, in particular things, no further progress can be made, (and even this I would not affirm, with any confidence,) yet, so far from considering invention as exhausted, or art at a stand, I believe there never was a moment when greater improvements were to be expected: and this for the very reason that so much has already been done,—that truth, in its nature, is at once boundless and creative, and that every existing art, invention, and discovery, is but an instrument of further improvement. Even when any particular art or machine seems to have reached the highest attainable point of excellence, nothing is more likely than that it will, by some wholly unexpected discovery or improvement, be greatly advanced: or, that, by accidental or natural association, it will lead to some other very important improvement in a branch of art wholly dissimilar; or finally, that it will be superseded by something quite different, but producing the same result. Take, as an example, the art of printing. The simple process of printing with moveable types, and a press moved by hand, does not seem, in the lapse of four hundred years, to have undergone any very material improvement; but the introduction of solid plates, and the application of artificial powers to the press, are improvements wholly disconnected, in their nature, from the art of printing, and yet adding incalculably to its efficacy and operative power. In a word, the products of art are the creations of rational mind, working with intelligent and diversified energy, in a thousand directions;—bounding from the material to the moral world, and back from speculation to life; producing the most wonderful effects on moral and social relations by material means, and again, in an improved political and moral condition finding instruments and encouragement for new improvements in mechanical art. In this mighty action and reaction, we are continually borne on to results the most surprising. Physical and moral causes and effects produce moral and physical effects and causes, and every thing discovered tends to the discovery of something yet unknown. It rarely, perhaps never, happens that any discovery or invention is wholly original; as rarely, that it is final. As some portion of its elements lay in previously existing ideas, so it will awaken new conceptions in the inventive mind. The most novel mechanical contrivance contains within itself much that was known before; and the most seemingly perfect invention—if we may judge the future by the past—admits of future improvements. For this reason, the more that is known, discovered and contrived, the ampler the materials out of which new discoveries, inventions, and improvements, may be expected.

"Perfect as the steam engine seems, it is a general persuasion that we are in the rudiments of its economical uses. The prodigious advances made in the arts of locomotion, teach nothing more clearly, than the probability that they will be rendered vastly more efficient. The circulation of ideas by means of the press is probably destined to undergo great enlargement. Analytical chemistry has within the last thirty years, acquired instruments which enable the philosopher to unlock mysteries of nature before unconceived of. Machinery of all kinds, and for every purpose, is daily simplified and rendered more efficient. Improved manipulations are introduced into all the arts, and each and all of these changes operate as efficient creative causes of further invention and discovery. Besides all that may be hoped for by the diligent and ingenious use of the materials for improvement afforded by the present state of the arts, the progress of science teaches us to believe that principles, elements & powers are in existence and operation around us, of which we have a very imperfect knowledge whatever. Commencing with the Mariner's compass in the middle ages, a series of discoveries has been made connected with magnetism, electricity, galvanism, the polarity of light, and the electro-magnetic phenomena which are occupying so much attention at the present day, all of which are more or less applicable to the useful arts, and which may well produce the conviction that, if in some respects we are at the meridian, we are in other respects in the dawn of science. In short, all art, as I have said, is a creation of the mind of man—an essence of infinite capacity of improvement. And it is of the nature of every intelligence endowed with *such* a capacity, however mature in respect to the past, to be at all times, in respect to the future, in a state of hopeful infancy. However vast the space measured behind, the space before is immeasurable; and though the mind may estimate the progress it has made, the boldest stretch of its powers is inadequate to measure the progress of which it is capable.

Let me say, then, Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Mechanic Association,—PERSEVERE. Do any ask what you have done, and what you are doing for the public good? Send them to your exhibition rooms, and let them see the walls of the temple of American Liberty,† fitly covered with products of American art. And while they gaze with admiration on these creations of the mechanical arts of the country, bid them remember that they are the productions of a people whose fathers were told by the British ministry they should not manufacture a hob-nail! Does any one ask in disdain for the great names which have illustrated the Mechanic Art? Tell him of Arkwright, and Watt, of Franklin, of Whitney, and Fulton, whose memory will dwell in the grateful recollections of posterity, when the titled and laurelled destroyers of mankind shall be remembered only with detestation. Mechanics of America, respect your calling, respect yourselves. The cause of human improvement has no firmer or more powerful friends. In the great Temple of Nature, whose foundation is the earth,—whose pillars are the eternal hills,—whose roof is the star-lit sky,—whose organ-tones are the whispering breeze and the sounding storm,—whose architect is God,—there is no ministry more sacred than that of the intelligent mechanic!"

† The exhibition was held in Faneuil Hall.

"I WISH I WAS A KITTEN."

"I wish I was a kitten," said little Mary E. to her mother one day, "I do wish I was a kitten, then I could play all the time, jumping and running, and rolling a ball: oh! how pretty she does look! see, ma, only see her play." Mary E. was a very good girl, but excessively fond of play. Her mamma thought that all little girls should sew a part of the time, and she fitted her some nice work that day, and had seated her on a stool by her side. For a while she worked very well; but pretty soon she grew tired and began to wish she was a kitten, as I told you. Her mamma thought she would teach her a lesson, so she said, "well, Mary, you may be a kitten a week, if you will finish that work first." "Be a kitten," said Mary, laughing, "how can I be a kitten?" "Why, I mean you may act just like one, play all the time and not sew, and we will call you kitty." "Oh, ma, I wish you would, it would be so nice and funny; but do let it be more than a week, a week is not half enough." "Well, my dear, be a kitten a week, and then if you like it, I may let you be longer." "You are very good," said Mary, and soon she finished her work and went to play. First she rolled her ball and marbles about the room; then she played in the garden and chased butterflies until she quite forgot it was tea time. When she went in she found her little sister Emily had gone to bed, and she had to go to Betsy, the domestic, to get her supper as all "kittys" do. The next day she frolicked as much as ever. At noon some ladies called, of whom she was very fond. She heard them ask for her and was very much disappointed, though she could hardly help laughing, when she heard her sister tell them that "she was a kitty that week, and her mamma could not let her come into the parlor." That night she went to bed so tired that she could hardly rest. She began to think if kittens were always so tired, and why it was that her mamma did not hear her say her prayers as she did Emily. Then she recollected that kittens and such things had no souls, and could not go to heaven when they died, and she almost wished that she had not chosen to be one. The next morning was very bright and sunny, and when Mary awoke she found her sisters almost ready to go to the Sunday School. She watched them eagerly some time, and listened to the beautiful chime of the church bells, then she thought of her beloved teacher and class, and could hold out no longer. Bursting into a flood of tears, she threw her arms around her mother's neck, and besought her that she might go, saying she did not wish to be, or do any thing that would keep her from the Sunday School.

The lesson was a very good one, for Mary became an industrious little girl, and she would tell you now, that she feels very grateful to God for giving her a kind mother that can direct her what to do, and that every little girl and boy ought to thank him for giving them souls, that may be constantly increasing in knowledge and happiness, and then dwell with God, and that he has not made them like brutes that can frolick for a few years, and then die and nothing more be known of them.—*S. S. Visitor.*

Negro gallantry.—The buck negroes of the North are coming on pretty fair in paying their addresses to the white ladies. A person who was present at the burning of the Abolition Hall in Philadelphia, tells of a dark Lothario who spruced up to a beautiful white young lady, apparently of the first respectability, who happened to be unattended—and, making his most condescending kind of bow, he addressed her thus: "Miss Sally, me hab de generous honor to company you to de home ob your fathers, and purtect you from de fierce rocity of dese children ob de debil. I ar a belieber in de union ob colors, and shill always go for de noxious principle of malgation. Your arm Miss; I be desended from de bery fust famelies ob de St. Baboons in Floridy." True to her principles, Miss S. resolutely took his arm, held on to it "like grim death to a dead nigger," and they stalked off from the crowd, as much pleased to all appearance with each other, as old mother Eve and the Ourang Outang were.—*Picayune.*

Riot.—The sons of "*Erin's green isle,*" to the number of forty or fifty who are engaged on the public works in this city, had a nice bit of a row on Friday evening last, much to the annoyance of many of our good citizens, and the discomfort of sundry heads. About twilight a fight commenced between some of the laborers of the grade and some strolling *loafers*, which soon grew into a general battle between the laborers on one side and *loafers* and citizens on the other; sticks, stones, brickbats and other missiles were in great request for about an hour, when the affair began to assume a very serious aspect and the Mayor deemed it prudent to order out the military. Capt. Steel's company of infantry promptly responded to the call, and were soon on the ground with muskets charged with *ball* cartridges; they surrounded the quarters of the rioters and after a parley, some half dozen of the ring-leaders were surrendered to the police officers, and the balance quietly dispersed.

Those who surrendered were brought up before his honor the Mayor the next day and severally fined.

Maysville (Ky.) Advocate.