

RALEIGH REGISTER AND NORTH CAROLINA GAZETTE.

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

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JOSEPH GALE & SON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Institutions for Reformation.
FROM PROFESSOR STOWE'S REPORT.

At Berlin, I visited an establishment for the reformation of youthful offenders. Here boys are placed, who have committed offences that bring them under the supervision of the police, to be instructed, and rescued from vice, instead of being hardened in iniquity by living in the common prison with old offenders. It is under the care of Dr. Kopf, a most simple-hearted, excellent old gentleman; just such an one as reminds us of the ancient Christians, who lived in the times of the persecution, simplicity and purity of the Christian church. He has been very successful in reclaiming the young offenders, and many an one who would otherwise have been forever lost, has, by the influence of this institution, been saved to himself—to his country—and to God.—It is a manual labor school; and to a judicious intermingling of study and labor, religious instruction, kind treatment and necessary severity, it has owed its success. When I was there, most of the boys were employed in cutting screws for the Rail Road which the Government was then constructing between Berlin and Leipzig; and there were but a few who could not maintain themselves by their labor. As I was passing with Dr. K. from room to room, I heard some beautiful voices singing in an adjoining apartment, and on entering I found about twenty of the boys, sitting at a long table, making clothes for the establishment, and singing at their work. The Dr. enjoyed my surprise, and on going out, remarked—"I always keep these little rogues singing at their work, for while the children sing, the Devil cannot come among them at all; he can only sit at our doors there and growl; but if they stop singing, in the Devil comes." The Bible and the singing of religious hymns, are among the most efficient instruments which he employs for softening the hardened heart, and bringing the vicious and stubborn will to docility.

A similar establishment in the neighborhood of Hamburg, to which I was introduced by Dr. Julius, who is known to many of our citizens, afforded striking examples of the happy influence of moral and religious instruction, in reclaiming the vicious and saving the lost. Hamburg is the largest commercial city of Germany, and its population is extremely crowded. Though it is highly distinguished for its benevolent institutions and for the hospitality and integrity of its citizens; yet the very circumstances in which it is placed, produce among the lowest class of its population, habits of degradation and beastliness, of which we have but few examples on this side of the Atlantic. The children, therefore, received into this institution, are often of the very worst and most hopeless character. Not only are their minds most thoroughly depraved, but their very senses and bodily organization seem to partake in the viciousness and degradation of their hearts. Their appetites are so perverted, that sometimes the most loathsome and disgusting substances are preferred to wholesome food. The Superintendent, Mr. Wichern, states, that though plentifully supplied with provisions, yet when first received, some of them will steal and eat soap, rancid grease that has been laid aside for the purpose of greasing shoes, and even catch may-bugs and devour them; and it is with the utmost difficulty that these disgusting habits are broken up. An ordinary man might suppose that the task of restoring such poor creatures to decency and good morals was entirely hopeless. Not so with Mr. Wichern. He took hold with the firm hope that the moral power of the word of God is competent even to such a task. His means are prayer, the Bible, singing, affectionate conversation, severe punishment when unavoidable, and constant, steady employment, in useful labor. On one occasion, when every other means seemed to fail, he collected the children together, and read to them, in the words of the New Testament, the simple narrative of the sufferings and death of Christ, with some remarks on the design and object of his mission to this world. The effect was wonderful. They burst into tears of contrition, and during the whole of that term, from June till October, the influence of this scene was visible in all their conduct. The idea that takes so strong a hold when the character of Christ is exhibited to such poor creatures, is, that they are objects of affection; miserable, wicked, despised as they are, yet Christ, the son of God, loved them, and loved them enough to suffer and to die for them—and still loves them.—

The thought that they can yet be loved, melts the heart, gives them hope, and is a strong incentive to reformation. On another occasion, when considerable progress had been made in their moral education, the Superintendent discovered that some of them had taken nails from the premises, and applied them to their own use, without permission. He called them together, expressed his great disappointment and sorrow that they had profited so little by the instructions which he had given them, and told them that till he had evidence of their sincere repentance, he could not admit them to the morning and evening religious exercises of his family. With expressions of deep regret for their sin, and with promises, entreaties and tears, they begged to have this privilege restored to them; but he was firm in his refusal. A few evenings afterwards, while walking in the garden, he heard youthful voices among the shrubbery; and drawing near unperceived, he found that the boys had formed themselves into little companies of seven or eight each, and met morning and evening in different retired spots in the garden, to sing, read the Bible and pray among themselves; to ask God to forgive them the sins they had committed, and to give them strength to resist temptation in future. With such evidence of repentance he soon restored to them the privilege of attending morning and evening prayers with his family. One morning soon after, on entering his study, he found it all adorned with wreaths of the most beautiful flowers, which the boys had arranged there at early day-break, in testimony of their joy and gratitude for his kindness. Thus rapidly had these poor creatures advanced in moral feeling, religious sensibility, and good taste.

In the spring Mr. Wichern gives to each boy a patch of ground in the garden, which he is to call his own, and cultivate as he pleases. One of the boys began to erect a little hut of sticks and earth upon his plot, in which he might rest during the heat of the day, and to which he might retire when he wished to be alone. When it was all finished, it occurred to him to dedicate it to its use by religious ceremonies. Accordingly, he collected the boys together. The hut was adorned with wreaths of flowers, and a little table was placed in the centre on which lay the open Bible, ornamented in the same manner. He then read with great seriousness the 14th, 15th, and 24th verses of the 98th Psalm:

"The Lord is my strength and my song, and is become my salvation."
"The voice of rejoicing and salvation is heard in the tabernacles of the righteous."
"This is the day which the Lord hath made. We will rejoice and be glad in it."

After this, exercises were concluded by singing and prayer. Another boy afterwards built him a hut, which was to be dedicated in a similar way; but when the boys came together, they saw in it a piece of timber which belonged to the establishment, and ascertaining that it had been taken without permission, they at once demolished the whole edifice, and restored the timber to its place. At the time of harvest, when they first enter the field to gather the potatoes, before commencing the work, they formed into a circle, and much to the surprise of the Superintendent broke out together into the harvest hymn:

"Now let us all thank God."

After singing this, they fell to work with cheerfulness and vigor. I mention these instances, from numerous others which might be produced, to show how much may be done in reclaiming the most hopeless youthful offenders by a judicious application of the right means of moral influence. How short-sighted and destructive, then, is the policy which would exclude such influence from our institutions! The same effects have been produced by houses of reformation in our own country. I would mention, as one instance, the institution of Mr. Welles in Massachusetts.

Now, laying aside all considerations of benevolence and of religious obligation, is it not for the highest good of the State, that these minds should be withdrawn from vice and trained up to be enlightened and useful citizens, contributing a large share to the public wealth, virtue, and happiness; rather than they should come forward in life miserable criminals, of no use to themselves or the public, degrading on the property and violating the rights of the industrious citizens, increasing the public burdens by their crimes, endangering the well being of society, and undermining our liberties?—They can either be the one or the other, according as we choose to educate them ourselves in the right way, or leave them to be educated by the thieves and drunkards in our streets, or the convicts in our prisons. The efforts made by some foreign nations to educate this part of their population, is a good lesson for us. All the schools and houses of reformation in Prussia, do not cost the government as much as old England is obliged to expend in prisons and constables for the regulation of that part of her population, for which the government provides no schools but the hulks and the jails; and I leave it to any one to say which arrangement produces the greatest amount of public happiness.

When I was in Berlin, I went into the public prison, and I visited every part of

establishment. At last I was introduced to a very large hall which was full of children, with their books and teachers, and having all the appearance of a common Prussian school room. "What," said I, "is it possible that all these children are imprisoned here for crime?" "Oh no," said my conductor smiling at my simplicity, "but if a parent is imprisoned for crime, and on that account his children are left destitute of the means of education, and liable to grow up in ignorance and crime, the government has taken them here, and educated them for useful employment." The thought brought tears to my eyes. This was a new idea to me. I know not that it has ever been suggested in the United States; but surely it is the duty of the government, as well as its highest interest, when a man is paying the penalty of his crime in a public prison, to see that his offending children are not left to suffer and to inherit their father's vices. Surely it would be better for the child, and cheaper, as well as better, for the State. Let it not be supposed that a man would go to prison for the sake of having his children taken care of, for they who go to prison usually have little regard for their children; and if they had, discipline like that of the Berlin prison would soon sicken them of such a bargain.

Where education is estimated according to its real value, people are ready to expend money for the support of schools; and if necessary, to deny themselves some physical advantages for the sake of giving their children the blessings of moral and intellectual culture. In the government of Baden, four per cent. of all the public expense is for education—they have a school with an average of two or three well qualified teachers to every three miles of territory, and every one hundred children; and that too, when the people are so poor that they can seldom afford any other food than dry barley bread, and a farmer considers it a luxury to be able to allow his family the use of butter-milk three or four times a year.—In Prussia, palaces and convents are everywhere turned into houses of education; and accommodations originally provided for princes and bishops are not considered too good for the school-master and his pupils. But, though occupying palaces, they have no opportunity to be idle or luxurious.—Hard labor and frugal living are everywhere the indispensable conditions to a teacher's life, and I must say that I have no particular wish that it should be otherwise; for it is only those who are willing to work hard and live frugally, that ever do much good in such a world as this.

GREAT ORGAN AT FREIBURG.

From accounts written by Lowell Mason, Esq., of Boston, now travelling in Europe, communicated to the Boston Atlas, we gather the particulars of a great mechanical curiosity at Freiburg—an organ capable of imitating a choir of human voices. Mr. Mason relates that he heard of the reputation of this instrument in the course of his journey, and stopped at Freiburg to see it. For this purpose he attended service at the Cathedral, where he heard the instrument, and finished the account of his first hearing by saying, that he found the organ to be nearly what he had expected, a very excellent instrument, but by no means superior to others in Germany and England.—Being introduced, however, to the organist immediately after service, he was invited to go into the organ loft and hear the instrument again, which he did. He describes its external appearance. It has been built only six or eight years. It had four rows of keys and sixty-four registers. "The registers do not draw out, as is common, but slide to the right and left. The outside appearance is very beautiful. The case is of black walnut, very tastefully and richly ornamented with carved and gilt work.—There are about ninety front pipes, all of which retain their natural color, like the organ at the Odeon. It is so with almost all the European organs." The organist played an introduction and fugue by Bach. The rich tones of the noble instrument rolled through the lofty arches of the Cathedral with great power and grandeur.

"After this he played an orchestra piece, in the manner of an overture in which the various powers of the instrument were made to appear to admirable advantage. The flute, oboe, horns, trumpets, violins, &c., all being heard in their turn, and all blending in the richest harmony in the tutti passages."

The rest we quote from the author's own description:—"The third piece was in military style. It was an admirable representation of a military band, in which clarionets, bassoons, horns, trumpets, and trombones are in the band of the most perfect master of those instruments."

But to the fourth piece. This was a Motetto by Haydn—a vocal piece. The moment the introductory symphony commenced, the peculiar style of the inimitable composer was obvious. Haydn is always so tasteful and elegant in melody, and so chaste and rich in harmony, that he cannot be mistaken. It seemed almost a pity that such a piece of music, requiring voices, should have been selected for the organ, and especially as a piece designed to exhibit

the power of the instrument. But when the prelude drawing to a close, the organist came to the vocal passage, what was my astonishment to hear a choir as it appeared at the time to be, commence and sing. It was entirely distinct from the organ which all the while had the accompaniment. The voices were heard—distinctly heard—it seemed as if there could be no mistake. No one was in the organ loft but the organist and myself. I looked around for the choir—removed from one position to another—put my ears close to the instrument, and the key holes of the panels, and endeavored to ascertain from whence came the vocal sounds—but in vain. Mr. Veit saw my surprise and smiled. I repeatedly moved from side to side and listened in every position, not being willing to believe, what at last proved to be true, that the sounds I heard were instrumental only, and not vocal. At the conclusion of the vocal passage the organ was again heard alone in symphony, and at the close of this the voices were resumed again—sometimes in solo, or duet, treble and alto responding to tenors and basses *vice versa*—in figurative, fugato, or plain counterpoint. Still I could be hardly satisfied that there was not deception—that there were not voices concealed in, or behind the instrument.—But the organist having concluded the piece, left the organ, and gave opportunity for others to touch the keys. When I found that the touch of my own fingers produced the same quality of tone, all my infidelity ceased, and I believed that it is possible for an organ to be made so exactly to imitate the human voice, that the difference cannot be easily distinguished. Finally, Mr. Veit played a storm piece in which the elements appeared to rage, and the lightnings to flash, the thunder to roar, the rain to descend in torrents, and the very pillars and high arched dome of the minister to shake. It grew dark, and wet, and cold. We hastened out of the tempestuous cathedral into the open air, and were met by the warm sunshine of a summer's day in Switzerland."

At a subsequent hearing, Mr. Mason was confirmed in his high opinion of the instrument, and closes his account of it with the following statement:

"This organ was built by Moser, now about 75 years of age. He will not make another or suffer this to be examined.—The King of France lately sent to Moser to build an organ for him on the same plan, but he declined, saying that he wished his own native city of Freiburg to possess the only instrument of the kind in the world."

"Fore god they are both in a tale," as honest old Dogberry says—Nelson Shannon, the V. B. candidate for Governor in Ohio has been making a speech in Cleveland, which sounds amazingly as if it was stolen from the Globe or Argus. If it was not—their unanimity is wonderful.—The Cleveland Herald reports it, and so comprehensive is its character, that it would suit any Van Buren gathering, this side of sundown. The Cleveland Herald reports it—*Ad. Dai. Adv.*

"I thank you for your good voices—I would be Governor—bank—bank—Biddle; Bank or no bank—bank—bank—Veto; (applause)—a U. S. Bank—the U. S. Bank—Biddle's bank—State banks—bank reform; (applause.) bank—bank—broken banks—people shaved—(loud applause) bank—bank—800 local banks—vast machine—running riot—no regulator needed;—bank—U. S. Bank—deposit banks—expansions—contradictions—no security—bank;—bank—175 banks HAS BEEN FAILED!—(shade of Murray! we quote verbatim.) banks suspended—shavers thrive; (immense applause from office-holders.) banks—U. S. Bank—bought a recharter—Jackson vetoed the monster; (applause) bank—bank—bank reform or no bank reform—bank; I approve of banks—our party-like banks—we have been misrepresented—bank; bank sub-treasury scheme good—has been recommended to Congress by the President—debated on and failed!—(office holders hiss—Whigs applaud) bank—bank—bank, Biddle bank—make me Governor—you are tired—I am done!—(thundering applause.)

Statue of Washington.—Four years ago, Congress ordered that a Statue of Washington should be made, to be placed in the splendid rotunda of the Capitol at Washington City. The work was committed to the hands of the celebrated Sculptor, Mr. GREENOUGH, who since the death of Canova, stands first in his profession.

Mr. F. Cooper has recently received a letter from Mr. Greenough, giving the information that the Statue is in rapid progress, and will soon be finished. It must certainly prove a most splendid specimen of the sculptural art. The block of marble from which it is making, weighed, when it first came under the hands of the artist, 130,000 lbs. or more than sixty tons. It was not an easy job, the heaving this block out of the mountain some 20 miles from Rome, conveying it in its rough state to the studio of the artist, where it receives its form and figure.

When finished it will be conveyed down the Tiber to its mouth, and there embarked for the United States.
Western Carolinian.

A fearful Contrast.—While our papers have been teeming with the best accounts of the London press, descriptive of the coronation of Queen Victoria, with all its accompanying luxury and splendor, the following heart-rending scene is worthy of attention, as affording the painful and bitter contrast of starvation in the midst of plenty. It is from the London Globe of July 31.—*Phil. Inquirer.*

Horrible Destitution.—Four wretched looking boys, each under twelve years of age, were brought before Mr. Rogers on the charge of being houseless vagrants. Inspector Perry said that at three o'clock in the morning he found the prisoners and two other boys living in a vault on the Woodbridge estate, Clerkenwell, and they were so faint that it was with the greatest difficulty those now in the office could walk to the station-house. Their two unfortunate companions were utterly incapable of exertion, and it was found necessary to remove them to the work house, where they were still; and it was expected that, ere twelve hours had elapsed, death would relieve them of their sufferings, as they could not take nourishment of any kind.

Mr. Rogers remarked that it was a most heart-rending tale, and he asked the defendants to give some account of themselves.

Each stated that he was an orphan and houseless, and that he obtained the bread that kept him alive by holding horses and other such vagabond employments. One of the poor fellows added that he had been foraging the streets the greater part of the night for bits of bread for the two lads then in the work-house, as he says they were dying for food, and he returned with a few scraps just as the inspector entered the vault, and was trying to feed them, but they could not swallow.

The magistrate committed them to prison for twenty-one days, as they would be admitted into the infirmary, and have medical attention; and during their incarceration the visiting magistrates would find out their parishes, and pass them home.

The poor fellows were very grateful for the shelter thus given them.

THE DYING PATRIOT.

An incident of thrilling interest, moral sublimity and beauty, occurred, upon the last Fourth of July. JOHN CAMPBELL of Piqua, in the State of Ohio, one of the few remaining veterans of the Revolution, had been lying for several days previous to the Fourth, dangerously ill. His neighbors and friends, and those around his dying bed, plainly perceived that he was fast wasting, and each hour added an additional shade of death to his relaxing features. Judging from appearances, it was supposed he would die upon the first or second of the month. The old soldier, however, negated the idea.—He calmly assured those around him that he had but one wish, and that, under the Providence of God, he believed it would be granted. This wish was, that he might look his last upon the cloudless sun of the approaching anniversary—that he might yield up his spirit upon the Fourth of July, the birthday of Freedom, a day made sacred to the greatness of his country, the happiness of mankind, and the destinies of the world. Numerous instances are upon record, where the dying have been sustained by the intensity of some absorbing thought; where the fleeting spirit still sheds its vital influence upon the decaying frame, upholding exhausted nature, and giving light and life until a particular hour. It was so in this instance. The spirit of the dying patriot, as if moved by the glorious recollections of the past, hesitated to leave its tenement of clay—its broken residence—clinging with the fondness of old associations to its ruined home. The light of the dawn, commemorative of Freedom's natal day, broke forth in all its beauty upon the patriot's spirit, still domiciled in its ancient residence. The King of Terrors, as if sensible of the purity and beauty of the patriot's piety, or awed by the exalted aspiration of the patriot's spirit, stood a powerless spectator of the invincible majesty of a freeman's mind. The Fourth of July had come, and still the old man lived; between his desire and the immortality to which he was fast hastening, there appeared to be a spiritual communion. The morn, which was ushered in by the roar of cannon and the martial strains of military music, found the old gentleman better than he had been for many days; his heart beat more freely, the light of life was reflected more brightly from his eyes, and his whole countenance gave manifestations of a sublime triumph achieved by the purity of an honorable and patriotic mind over the dull and earthlike struggles of decaying matter. Hour after hour passed, and he still lived. Repeatedly, when the loud huzza of the people pierced the soldier's chamber, he raised himself, and with fervor breathed a prayer to heaven. At length the procession reached the old man's dwelling—it was about to pass—the spirit-stirring air of Hail Columbia wafted on the breeze, and the joyful sounds of the happy people entered the open case—ment—the light of other days beamed in the veteran's face; he raised himself in his bed, and made his dying request. It was that the flag of his country might be placed

before his aged eyes, that he might look once more on freedom's starry banner. His wish was gratified—the procession stopped, the star-spangled flag was displayed—he gazed upon it a moment, turned his eyes in peaceful gratitude to heaven, fell back and expired. Thus died the aged Revolutionary, the brave John Campbell, of Piqua.

What a subject for the painter! How noble a theme for the poet! The orator, the statesman, the warrior, may find a moral here. In that veteran's life was comprised an age of glory—glory to his country, mortality to himself. In infancy and boyhood he had struggled beneath the weight of oppression and thralldom. In the sinewy strength and pride of manhood, he had thrown that thralldom off, and struck a triumphant blow for the liberty of the world. He had lived to see his country free, had enjoyed the fruits of that freedom, had grown old and full of years and honors, and when at last he lays down to die—to depart for the eternal realms—he looks his last upon the honored flag of his country—the last sounds he hears are those of joyful freedom—and when his spirit takes its leave, it is borne to its immortal home upon the grateful aspirations of the free—aspirations offered up at freedom's altar to the throne of God, Sublime departure! Glorious death, and enviable hour to die! At the death of such a man, and at such a time, how truly may we say—

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest."
"Their dirge shall be the freeman's sigh,
Their monument the myrtle tree,
While truth and virtue, weeping high,
Shall close the patriot's obsequy—
Nor shall one tear less sacred fall
Upon the grave of worth,
Because unburied it is its fall,
And tidless its birth."

The State Prison at Sing Sing.—On the 18th instant there were in this prison 789 men and 28 women—total 817. During the month ending as above, there were 7 pardoned, 13 discharged whose time had expired, and 2 died. Yesterday 14 persons were sent up, who were sentenced at the late general sessions.—*N. Y. Times.*

September Prizes.

78 No. Lottery—15 drawn ballots.
STATE OF VIRGINIA
RICHMOND ACADEMY LOTTERY,
Class No. 5, for 1838.
To be drawn at Alexandria, Va. on Friday,
September 8, 1838.
CAPITALS.
Highest Prize \$30,000,
\$10,000—\$4,000—\$3,000—\$2,500—\$1,787,
50 of \$1,000—50 of \$400—50 of \$300, &c.
Tickets \$10—Halves \$5—Quarters \$2 50.
Certificates of packages of 26 Whole Tickets \$140
Do do 26 Half do 70
Do do 26 Quarter do 35

BRILLIANT SCHEME.
\$50,000—\$15,000—\$10,000,
ALEXANDRIA LOTTERY,
CLASS NO. 6, FOR 1838.
To be drawn at Alexandria, Va. on Saturday,
September 15, 1838.

PRIZES.
1 Grand Capital of \$50,000
1 Capital of 15,000
1 do. 10,000
1 do. 5,000
1 do. 2,080
100 Prizes of 1000 DOLLARS.
10 Prizes of 500
20 do. 300
85 do. 200
&c. &c. &c. &c.
Tickets only \$10—Halves \$5—Quarters \$2 50.
Certificates of packages of 25 whole tickets, \$140
Do do 25 half do 70
Do do 25 quarter do 35

CAPITAL PRIZE \$30,000 NETT.
Virginia State Lottery,
For the benefit of the Petersburg Benevolent
Mechanic Association.
CLASS NO. 6, FOR 1838.
To be drawn at Alexandria, Va.
On Saturday, Sept. 22, 1838.

GRAND SCHEME.
CAPITAL \$35,295,
\$10,000—\$5,000—\$4,000—\$3,500—
\$3,292 1/2—\$3,000,
40 Prizes of \$2,000—50 of 200—60 of 150
Ticket \$10—Half \$5—Quarter \$2 50.
Certificates of Packages of 25 Whole
Tickets \$150
Do do 25 Half do 65
Do do 25 Quarter do 32 1/2

100 of \$1,000.
13 Drawn Nos. in each Package of 26 Tickets.
VIRGINIA STATE
LOTTERY,
For ending the Leesburg Academy,
and for other purposes.
CLASS NO. 6, FOR 1838.
To be drawn at Alexandria, Va.
On Saturday, Sept. 29, 1838.

GRAND SCHEME.
CAPITAL 30,000 DOLLARS.
\$10,000—\$5,000—\$2,820
100 Prizes of 1,000 Dollars.
50 of \$300, 50 of \$200, &c.
Tickets only \$10—Halves \$5—Quarters \$2 50
Certificates of Packages of 25 Whole
Tickets \$140
Do do 26 Half do 70
Do do 26 Quarter do 35
Orders for Tickets and Shares, or Certificates of Packages in the above Magnificent Schemes, will receive the most prompt attention, and an official account of each Drawing sent immediately after it is over, to all who order from us. Address
D. S. GREGORY & Co. Managers,
Washington City, D. C.