

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The gentlemen, who have written to me on the subject of taking out manuscript to America, shall receive a notification in next week's Register, if not sooner written by post. It is impossible for me to answer all the letters in writing. In answer to the gentleman, who asks me whether it be lawful to take out printing types, I have to observe that types may be exported to America like any other merchandize. The duty in America is, I believe, about 30 per centum on the value. There are very good type foundries in the United States; but, if a printer has an office completely furnished, it may be worth his while to take it out with him. In answer to the question of a correspondent, who is a mason, whether there be any danger in his going out of the country, or whether any one can stop him, I have to observe, that it is impossible for me to say what may be done to any one; but, that, according to the law, as it now stands, such a person may go out of the country when and how he pleases, without being liable to any questions from any body. In order to save trouble I may as well state here what the law is, upon the subject of emigration. If any person contract with any artificer in wool, iron, steel, brass, or other metal, clock-makers, watch-makers, and other artificers or manufacturers, to go out of the king's dominions, or entice them to go, such person is liable to a fine of 100 pounds, and to three months imprisonment. The punishment has since been raised to 500 pounds and a year's imprisonment, and, for the second offence, 1000 pounds and 2 years' imprisonment. Besides which, there are heavy penalties on masters of ships assisting in such seduction. But, as to the artificer or manufacturer, himself, the law inflicts no punishment, other than that which may arise from being made an alien. Thus: if an artificer, or manufacturer be seen in any foreign country, in America, for instance, by an English Ambassador or Consul, and the Ambassador or Consul warn him to return home, and he do not return home in six months from the time of being so warned, then the said artificer, or manufacturer, is disabled to hold lands in this kingdom by descent or will, he is incapable of taking any legacy here, and is deemed an alien. So that if any artificer or manufacturer be in hopes of having a landed estate by inheritance or by will, or be in hopes of having a legacy, he runs a risk of losing them by emigrating to America. That is the only punishment the law inflicts on him. Indeed, it is impossible to inflict any other; for, until the man be in the foreign country, he cannot have committed the offence. The only persons which the law punishes, are the seducers and the masters of ships; and, as I have no relish for fine or imprisonment, I must beg leave to decline any interview with any artificer or manufacturer upon the subject of going to America, and must beg to be excused from writing to any person on the same subject. I will never, as I have said two or three times before, advise any one to go to America; but I will, from time to time, give to my readers the best, the most useful and most correct information I can obtain relative to that country, the prosperity and happiness of which is without a parallel in the history of nations. Bread does not drop down from the clouds into people's mouths in America. Rusted pigs, with knives and forks stuck in their back, do not run about the streets squeaking "come eat me!" But I assert that any able and sober and industrious common labourer may, by common labour, in the cities, earn a hundred pounds sterling in a year; and I also assert, that all articles of food are at a lower price in America than in England. I assert that such a laboring man may if he chooses, have plenty of meat, butter and cheese every working day in the week, and a goose, a turkey, or a pair of fowls on Sunday. I assert that any such laborer may live thus, and save, besides, thirty pounds sterling a year. But, the fact is, that in a very few years, every such labourer ceases to be a common labourer. A few years put him in possession of property, the just reward of ability to labour, sobriety, and industry. The stupid, the feeble, and the decrepid, are badly off in America as well as here; and the idle, the drunken, and the squandering, are, and ought to be miserable in every country.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

SHANE'S CASTLE BURNT.

From the Baltimore American. Such of our readers as have been in the north of Ireland, and seen the princely mansion of Shane's Castle, will be sorry to hear of its being destroyed by fire about the middle of May last. This noble fabric has been the residence of the ancient family of the O'Neils for many centuries. Every reader of English history will recollect, that the O'Neils, when the Irish were in possession of their own country, were Princes in Ulster; but since Ireland became a province to England, they are only subordinate Lords in the present order of things. Shane's Castle was the work of ages.

Within these last twenty years it had received large additions and embellishments of every sort, suitable to the rank and fortune of its noble owner, so that the loss to Lord O'Neil must amount to nearly a million of dollars. It was advantageously situated on the margin of the famous Lough Neagh; had a fine prospect of the lake, a view of a highly cultivated and thickly peopled country, and the extensive and varied scenery was bounded by lofty mountains in the counties of Antrim, Down, Derry, and Tyrone. The mansion was of a large, lofty and constellated form, such as we figure in our imaginations, when we read of the castles of the turbulent Barons in the 12th & 13th centuries, when they tyrannized over both King and people.

From a Belfast paper of May 12.

We never had a more painful duty to perform, than that which this day falls to our lot—namely to announce to our readers the total destruction, by fire, on the night of Wednesday last, of the princely mansion of Earl O'Neil, the ancient, hospitable Shane's Castle, which at this moment, is a heap of ruins. It was discovered, (as far as we can at present gain information) that a fire had, broke out in the apartment about 8 o'clock, on Wednesday evening, and though, as may be well supposed, every human effort was resorted to, yet, we are sorry to say, so rapid was the progress of the devouring element, that in a few hours this magnificent building was literally a flame of fire. We understand that the amiable owner of this so lately celebrated Castle, was on the spot during the entire time of the conflagration, and beheld with a manly fortitude the destruction of that magnificent pile, which for upwards of five centuries past had been the residence of his illustrious ancestors.

We cannot presume to calculate the loss sustained by Lord O'Neil, upon the present occasion, or pretend to say, whether his Lordship had insured all, or any, of his immense buildings—from our hearts we trust he may. We have been informed (we hope correctly) that the family papers, and the plate, which were valuable and magnificent beyond description, have been saved; but we much fear that the library has been destroyed.

We are informed by a spectator that nothing could exceed the awful solemnity, (if we may so express ourselves) of the scene, during the conflagration; the horizon for miles round, presented an appearance, similar to that witnessed in a summer's morning, before the Sun bursts upon the view, while the expansive waters of Lough Neagh, displayed a sheet of living flame, reflecting upon the eye of the beholder the steady blaze of the burning pile.

The entire hills and rising grounds, for miles round, were covered by spectators, who beheld in profound and stupefied astonishment, the terrific devastation of that princely castle, where, for centuries, had resided some of the most illustrious kings of Ulster.

This subject is painful beyond description; for we find, that by the ruin of Shane's castle, the north of Ireland has lost one of its most celebrated ornaments; and, doubtless, a young nobleman, amiable for his virtues, must be plunged into a considerable degree of mental suffering, as well as personal inconvenience.

From the Democratic Press;

THE BARBARY POWERS.

The state of the petty powers on the coast of Barbary for a long period of time and at the present day, is a sort of political phenomenon, which at first view excites surprize. Separated but by a narrow sea from the civilized world, they have uniformly spurned at those laws by which other nations have regulated their conduct. Situated within a short reach of the armies and navies of Europe, they have yet insulted, attacked and plundered every nation in Europe by turns with impunity. They make peace but as a scheme to elude vengeance; they inflict war whenever the opportunity presents of falling unawares upon the defenceless victim.

At the distance at which we are separated from these lawless barbarians, their enterprizes and their depredations, in their worst aspect, form rather a theme in the hands of the poet to amuse our fancy than to alarm our fears. We scarcely dream that the representations of whole families, of every age and sex, suddenly dragged from their homes by bands of freebooters, reduced to the most servile bondage, and rendered victims of a religious hatred and contumely still more intolerable, have been duly realized by the unfortunate inhabitants of the coasts of Italy and Sardinia, and the maritime parts of the Mediterranean. Yet perhaps not a year has occurred for ages in which some of these miserable victims have not ground away their lives amidst the severest sufferings that human nature can endure.

It might perhaps be some apology to the European powers for the sufferance of those petty powers, that they were occupied in contests at home, and were unable to attend to these less important affairs at a distance. But the sword having been sheathed throughout Europe, and principles friendly to the happiness of man-

kind and the Christian cause were ostentatiously promulgated by cabinets, it was expected that this of all others the most audacious and persevering contumacy against the repose of the world, and the most insulting outrage on our religion would be, without delay, subjected to merited chastisement, or at least be prevented from repetition. We accordingly heard much of the chivalric projects of Sir Sidney Smith, of the league forming at Vienna, no doubt a branch of the famous Holy League: of the ships of the line and frigates of England which were to be instruments to inflict long delayed punishment, and to correct the abuses of ages!

It may be worth while now to enquire how far these fond expectations are likely to be gratified. The British squadron which was to effect this great undertaking, consisting of no less than six ships of the line and other vessels, has, we know, finished its visit to Algiers and sailed thence. We know too that the mode which it has been thought proper to adopt in order to effect even the delivery of the prisoners, then in slavery, has been to pay a stipulated price, as much as 500 dollars each for the Sardinian prisoners, and 1000 for the Neapolitan. Why a Neapolitan is worth twice as much as a Sardinian, or why an overwhelming force, representing the cause of all Europe, has chosen to pay anything, is yet mystery. But the account so far is calculated to damp all expectation of any thing like a change in the system of these Barbarians. Does the thief leave off stealing because when caught and in our power he is not only suffered to escape, but is well paid for his stolen goods? Is it not enough that the infidels have had the labor of these captives, perhaps for years, but they must be well compensated for them besides. The truth is, it looks more like encouragement to the Algerines to go on and steal more, to find that all the threats of the Christian powers terminate in their being paid a large ransom for their captives.

The conduct of England towards these powers has long been marked with so much suspicion, that it is not possible to believe her sincere in her efforts, and this last event is rather calculated to confirm our disbelief. She no doubt keeps them, as she does her Indian allies, as an instrument to carry on a savage war against her foes without incurring the direct odium of it. She has thought it most politic not to break the spirits of these useful allies: nor would it have been grateful perhaps in her to deal too hardly with them. As for other powers, long habit has rendered it so familiar, that they take the subject very little to heart. They feel not the disgrace of paying tribute for the lives of men, nor sympathy in the sufferings of their own subjects. The system has so long made a part of "legitimate government," that they have not courage to lop it off. Nor is it surprising that those who at this time of day cherish the Jesuits and the Inquisition should entertain these notions!

It is only in America that just thoughts are entertained on the subject: it is only here that the happiness or misery of our fellow men are not made a matter of pecuniary calculation, nor adjusted upon principles of political expediency, but are judged of by that sense of right and wrong, and that feeling of humanity that makes the cause of each the cause of the whole community. It is only from the opinions of such a people, and from the gallantry of a navy emanating from such a people, that the correct course to be pursued can be pointed out and followed with constancy and perseverance that will command success.

NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.

The last letters from St. Helena, state, that Bonaparte enjoys very good health, although the great humidity of the climate and the frequent dense fogs, do not permit him to take as much exercise on horseback as he is desirous of. In this execrable island he says, there is neither sun nor moon to be seen and he has given it the name of Isle de Brouillard. He sometimes rides out in the morning—on one of these occasions, in passing a field where some men were ploughing, he alighted, and took the direction of the plough handle for the length of the field, and on returning drove the team the same distance, remarking that it was very fatiguing employment. He received the intelligence of Murat's death with considerable fortitude, and appeared anxious to know whether he had been killed in battle or not—neither was it possible to discover from his manner, whether the information produced any impression on his mind. Notwithstanding the short distance between Longwood and Jamestown, it was commonly reported at the latter place, that he broke out in the most violent invectives on hearing it, and probably such has been the account, forwarded to England. When he was informed of the death of Marshal Ney, he observed that he was a brave man, a very brave man. Such persons as the admiral approves of have now liberty to visit Longwood by applying to Marshal Bertrand, (who resides at Hutt's Gate, about a mile from Longwood) for a pass to enter the gates.—Mar-

shal Bertrand is much esteemed by every one for his great consistency, and the honorable line of conduct he has adopted. Napoleon is now on better terms with the admiral than formerly—he has discovered that the conduct of the latter has been misrepresented. Bost. Eyn. Gaz.

From the Washington City Gazette.

THE JESUITS.

The celebrated society of Jesuits having recently made some noise in Europe, the emperor of Russia, on the one hand, discountenancing them, and his holiness the pope, on the other, encouraging them; I have thought that it might be instructive and amusing to your readers to be made, in a brief manner, acquainted somewhat with their history.

The society was established about the year 1540, by a bull, or decree of Pope Paul III. Its founder was a Spanish officer of the name of Ignatius Loyola, who, in the year 1521, was wounded in the leg at the siege of Pampeluna. During his confinement he read the lives of the saints, and, from the smart of his wound and the reproaches of his conscience, he became mad. He afterwards went to the Holy Land, and, returning thence to Spain, he began to learn latin and philosophy at the age of thirty-three. He chose four disciples, all Spaniards, to wit: Lagues, Salmeron, Bobadilla, and Rodriguez; and then composed the rules and constitutions of their order, which in the year 1547, was called the order of Jesuits, from the church of Jesus, in Rome, which was given them. Ignatius died in 1556, aged sixty-five, thirty-five years after his conversion, sixteen years after the establishment of his society. He was canonized in the year 1609. Their religious and moral principles have been much criticised, but the wisdom of their political principles has been greatly admired. They have, in one way or another, at different times, governed the consciences and the councils of all the catholic princes in Europe. They almost governed China in the reign of Cang-ghi, and were, not long ago, in a kind of independent possession of Paraguay, in South America. As a collective body, they have many enemies; but as individuals they are generally loved and respected.

EASTERN FEDERALISM.

The following character of the Federalism of Massachusetts is neither tame nor flattering. If it is a fault, it is that sometimes found by partial friends with a good portrait, that it is too correct a likeness. We extract it from an Oration delivered by Asher Ware, Esq. before the Washington Society of Boston on the late anniversary.

"On the commencement of the war, the government of this commonwealth was placed in the hands of vain glorious and boastful federalism. The leaders of the party, while the thunders of war were heard rolling at a distance, were not sparing of their censures of the general government, for want of courage and military talent. The close of the war gave them an opportunity of exhibiting their prowess in the field, as well as on paper. It is vain for them in this case to plead conscience. Their political Nestor had gravely announced to his admirers, that it was lawful to defend the soil, even against the armies of Britain; & happy would it have been for our honor, if the energies of the "Washington of Massachusetts," had not been exhausted in discovering and giving utterance to this great truth. One good effect, however, resulted from it, it removed from scrupulous federalism, the restraint of conscience, and now was the time to shew her gallant bearing. Never was men placed in circumstances where honor called more imperiously for action. But where shall we look for the monuments of federal prowess? Shall we go to Eastport, or shall we stop at Castine? Where was the spirit of federal chivalry when the sacred rights of the soil were violated by hostile feet? Where the might of her chosen hero, who was called from retirement by the exigencies of the times and retired again when the tumults of war had subsided? Did he return to the quiet of domestic life covered with laurels, and seamed with honorable scars? No—his prudence suggested that the better half of valor is discretion, and he kept at a respectful distance from the hazards of battle. The prowess of our military chief was not displayed in the din of arms and triumph of victory. He did not thunder in front of the enemy's lines at the head of his Northampton cavaliers. He did not array for our defence the far famed terrors of the "silver greys." He did not meet the advancing foe with hostile banners, and angry cannon, & dangerous steel. More peaceful feats were better suited to his courage and capacity, and beset Mr. Madison and Congress with a din of syllogisms, he scoured the field of negotiation with a cloud of metaphors; and if he did not gain the reputation of a good captain, he at least came off with the credit of a bad declaimer. And was this enough to satisfy the pride and lofty spirit of a party that, with such singular modesty, claims all

the talents and patriotism of the country? Were the chiefs of that content with harmless manacled high sounding declamation, and gasconade? Not so. The unprinted records of the Hartford Convention that fist born of the Junto, and the told tale of the mission to Washington may fill up the chapter. And the glories of federalism terminate in the mighty fallen!—Nat. Int.

From Bell's Weekly Messenger. LONDON, MAY 19.

It will not admit a doubt that all every class of people partake in general distress of the times. The farmers and landlords, from the depression of landed produce, have sunk a degree at least in the standard of life; the manufacturers, from an overstocked market, perfectly at a stand; and the trade, from the diminished consumption rendered necessary by the diminished means, is nearly as stagnant as our foreign commerce. Thus the branches of our national industry, national maintenance, and national revenue, are, for the present, almost at a stand. Agriculture lives upon the soil rather than the harvest; the manufacturer consumes his capital instead of his profit; and the tradesman, through all branches of our internal trade, lies upon his stock in the hope of better times. But as the condition of the laborers, whether peasantry, manufacturing hands, or journeymen, necessarily follows that of their masters, no work is to be procured. Hence (as we understand from our country reports) scene of things in the remote counties, which no one remembers even in time regarded as the worst—whole families whole villages thrown upon the parish; rates up to the rate of rents, farmers abandoning their lands because they are unable to pay rates and taxes.

But this state of things, as far as respects the poor, is very recent among us. It is not two years since English laboring class were more plentifully paid than the same condition people in any other kingdom of the world. In this town, the ordinary wages of journeymen did not fall much short of two pounds per week; and with these employed in the fabrication of luxuries three and even four pounds the country, the wages of laborers were nearly a pound. Even, according to the price of provisions at that period these wages were more plentiful and abundant. How bitterly, therefore, must all these classes now feel the difference. How must they regret that in the plenty of those times, they made no reserve for the poverty of the present. Their waste, or at least their thoughtless extravagance, is now visited upon them. They repay the idleness of those times by the less industry—the scanty livelihood of the present.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Camden, S. C. to his friend in Philadelphia, July 4, 1816.

"Our village and neighborhood have been in great confusion for two days past, owing to the fear of an insurrection of the blacks, and nothing but the interposition of that Being, to whom we are indebted for all our mercies, has saved us from destruction. "This was the fatal night which was to have accomplished a plan, which they had in agitation since last Christmas; it was their intention to have set fire to one part of the town, and while the attention of the people was taken up with that, they meant to have taken possession of the arsenal, which is filled with arms and ammunition, and proceeded to murder the men, but the men they intended to reserve for their own purpose; this is their own confession. Our jail is filled with negroes. They are stretched on their backs on the bare floor, and scarcely move their heads, but have a strong guard placed over them: their trials have been going on to-day, and some of the ring leaders are to be executed to-morrow. "This is really a dreadful situation to be in. I think it is time for us to leave a country where we cannot go to bed in safety. "Their thirst for revenge must have been great—it was the wish of some to spare some of the whites, and they mentioned an old gentleman who is a preacher—he never owned a slave, and has devoted much of his time to preach to them on the plantations; but even him they would not spare. "I much fear that the execution of those who are now in custody will exasperate the others to do a great deal of mischief. We are indebted to a slave for a discovery of this plot, but we shall never know who he is, as he requested his master, when he told him, never to tell his name—he said he did not wish to leave this country, and he knew the negroes would not let him live here. "The negroes will never know who betrayed them, for they tried to engage for a great distance round."

VERMONT ELECTION.

The venerable JONAS GALUSHA is again nominated for Governor of Vermont, the Hon. PAUL BRIGHAM for Lt. Governor, and a list of officers, who have been proved and found faithful public servants, at the approaching election in September next.