

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE STAR.

The days of an Orator have, in my mind, even shed more lustre on the brow of its wearer, than the laurel of the Conqueror. He who, by the powers of his individual mind, contrives and directs the passions, prejudices and actions of men, more deserves a monument of brass, than the conqueror of an universe. The success of the one is mechanical and fortuitous; that of the other, ever in proportion to the powers of his genius. I cherish in memory the names of Demosthenes and Cicero with honour and respect; but in pity to the world I regret that Caesar or Alexander ever lived.

When I behold a man whose comprehensive and discriminating intellects can call from the confusion of Chaos the proportions of order, construct or seem to construct from incongruous materials, the fair fabric of truth decorated with the rich and fascinating paintings of fancy, my soul thrills with pleasurable admiration, and I involuntarily feel that reverential respect with which superior beings inspire the minds of mortals.

I know no man who possesses in so high a degree the power of inspiring sentiments and feelings of this kind, as an eminent Counsellor of the North-Carolina bar. I never heard Mr. H. on any great and important occasion without feeling an almost irresistible conviction, that his cause was the cause of truth. His eloquence is peculiar to itself. It convinces, but never persuades; it is a deep, rapid and majestic stream, whose waters, though often rushing with irresistible impetuosity, yet never lag into stillness. There is in it a dignified candor, an imposing energy, which, while they establish in the minds of the Jury the independence of the Orator, dispose them to believe him the advocate of truth. It is not by the elegance and harmony of diction, by the splendid imagery of fancy, or the perplexing wiles of ingenuity, that this man excites our admiration and secures the cause of his client; but it is by an honest and luminous exposition of the truth and truth alone of his cause. His mind perceives and comprehends with facility the most intricate case, however involved in the obscurity of legal learning, or lost in the chaotic collision of contradictory testimony; and with a felicity peculiar to itself, discriminates and seizes upon its merits. He seeks not to confound and perplex his hearers by nice and elaborate distinctions; he idles not his time in plastering and white-washing the dark and defective parts of his cause: but he grasps at once the tenable points, and so artfully does he magnify the importance of these; so skillfully does he invest them with light and splendour, that while the fate of his cause seems to rest upon that truth or falsehood, its darkness is lost in their refulgence.

Like a generous but skillful warrior, he amuses not his enemy with delusive motions, nor wastes his strength in defending unimportant holds, and the indecisive skirmishes of small arms.—But he marches undauntedly to the front of the enemy, seizes a post from which he never can be dislodged, and when he battles, 'tis in the thunder of artillery.

Mr. H. never engages the attention of his hearers with any thing which is not essential to his cause. Every word which he speaks conveys an idea which either is, or has the aspect of importance. He never asks for ought but what he has a right to demand; and he seldom asks in vain. The passions he never condescends to address; the weakness of humanity is a tribunal, which the dignity of his genius disdains to solicit. To the throne of reason he appeals, and when that unerring goddess decrees in his favour, he turns in contempt from passion and imperiously demands his right.

As a man of learning, in his profession, Mr. H. is equalled by few and surpassed by none at the Bar of North-Carolina. But the criminal law has been the subject of his particular attention, and as an advocate he stands unrivalled. Altho' ordinary occasions do not call forth that energetic and impressive eloquence for which Mr. H. is so highly distinguished, yet he never speaks without commanding the most deferential attention. In his figure he is inclined to be corpulent, but in his countenance there is (particularly when animated at the bar) an imposing dignity of expression, which, added to the uncommon sound of his voice, leaves upon the mind of the beholder an impression never to be effaced.

When the existence of a fellow-being is in jeopardy, when life or death is the great and interesting question, Mr. H. rises in the majesty of his genius. The subject, the countenance of the advocate, the energy of his manner and the preternatural solemnity of his voice on such occasions, inspire a Jury with a sensation not unlike that of awe, and fix them in the deepest attention. But when his premises are established, when he deduces with irresistible energy and increased animation his conclusions—when he raises his voice, and speaks to them, sometimes in the words of the great Shakespeare, sometimes in the solemn language of holy writ; but above all, when, like the wand of a mighty magician, he stretches forth his right-hand, which at the acme of his argument falls with thunder upon the Bar, the spell is completed; the astonished Jury hear a voice and language which seems not of this world; doubt is dispelled; conviction is stamped on their minds; and even the criminal himself is amazed that he should appear so innocent.

CURIO.

MR. QUINCY.

Is unquestionably possessed of all the cardinal attributes of an orator. His treasury of classic lore and polite literature is so utterly inexhaustible that, under the guidance of an exact judgment, he strikes on the flint of science those sparks of intellectual fire that elicit the brilliant coruscations of a glowing fancy. His language is remarkably choice and energetic, his style chaste and lofty, his figures rhetorical and his imagination splendid. His action, upon which oratory so much relies, though dignified and impressive, is not sufficiently varied. His gesture is as it ought to be, the auxiliary and not the arbitress of his action. His manners are perfectly well bred, but there is an austerity in his politeness that his address has not suavity enough to correct. A few provincial peculiarities observable in this gentleman's pronunciation, are evident deformities in his classical phraseology. I am well pleased to observe that Mr. Quincy is fast re-

medying the defect of a voice naturally unharmonious, for though his tones are distinct and manly, and well adapted to the deeply-scattered compass of his mind, it may be recollected that anger and commiseration are sounded upon different keys. I could very much wish that Mr. Quincy would form a still closer connection with eloquence. 'Tis through her powers alone he can mount the winds and upon the wings of his towering oratory he may afterwards ride the storm; but eloquence must smooth the way for the figures of fancy, and under such circumstances I predict the orator will be irresistible.

(Wash. Pap.)

MY AUNT CHARITY

Departed this life in the fifty-ninth year of her age, though she never grew older after twenty five. In her teens, she was, according to her own account, a celebrated beauty—tho' I never could meet with any body that remembered when she was handsome; on the contrary, Evergreen's father, who used to gallant her in his youth, says she was as knotty a little piece of humanity as he ever saw; and that, if she had been possessed of the least sensibility, she would, like poor old Aco, have most certainly run mad at her own figure and face, the first time she contemplated herself in a looking-glass. In the good old times that saw my aunt in the hey-day of youth, a fine lady was a most formidable animal, and required to be approached with the same awe and devotion that a tartar feels in the presence of his Grand Lama. If a gentleman offered to take her hand, except to help her into a carriage, or lead her into a drawing-room, such frowns! such a rustling of brocade and taffeta! her very paste shoe-buckles sparkled with indignation, and for a moment assumed the brilliancy of diamonds: In those days the person of a belle was sacred; it was unprofaned by the sacrilegious grasp of a stranger—simple souls!—they had not the Waltz among them yet!

My good aunt prided herself on keeping up this buckram delicacy, and if she happened to be playing at the old-fashioned game of forfeits, and was fined a kiss, it was always more trouble to get it than it was worth; for she made a most gallant defence, and rendered until she saw her adversary to give over his attack. Evergreen's father says he remembers once to have been on a sleighing party with her, and when they came to Kissing-bridge, it fell to his lot to levy contributions on Miss Charity Cockloft, who, after squalling at a hideous rate, at length jumped out of the sleigh plump into a snow-bank, where she stuck fast like an icicle, until he came to her rescue. This latonian feat cost her a rheumatism, which she never thoroughly recovered.

It is rather singular that my aunt, though a great beauty, and an heiress withal, never got married. The reason she alleged was that she never met with any body who resembled Sir Charles Grandison, the hero of her nightly dreams and waking fancy; but I am privately of opinion that it was owing to her never having had an offer. This much is certain, that for many years previous to her decease, she declined all attentions from the gentlemen, and contented herself with watching over the welfare of her fellow-creatures. She was, indeed, as good a soul as the Cockloft family ever boasted; a lady of unbounded loving kindness, which extended to man, woman & child, many of whom she almost killed with good-nature. Was any acquaintance sick? in vain did the wind whistle and the storm beat; my aunt would waddle through mud and mire, over the whole town, but what she would visit them. She would sit by them for hours together with the most persevering patience, and tell a thousand melancholy stories of human misery, to keep up their spirits. The whole catalogue of verb teas was at her fingers' ends, from formidable worm-wood down to gentle balm; and she would decant by the hour on the healing qualities of hoar-hound, catnip, and penny-royal. Woe be to the patient that came under the benevolent hand of my aunt Charity, he was sure, willy nilly, to be drenched with a deluge of decoctions; and full many a time has my cousin Christopher borne a twinge of pain in silence, through fear of being condemned to suffer the martyrdom of her materia-medica. My good aunt had, moreover, considerable skill in astronomy, for she could tell when the sun rose and set every day in the year; and no woman in the whole world was able to pronounce, with more certainty, at what precise minute the moon changed. She held the story of the moon's being made of green cheese, as an abominable slander on her favourite planet; and she had made several valuable discoveries in solar eclipses, by means of a bit of burnt glass, which entitled her at least to an honorary admission in the American Philosophical Society.

Hutchins's Improved was her favourite book; and I shrewdly suspect that it was from this valuable work she drew most of her sovereign remedies for colds, coughs, corns and consumptions. But the truth must be told—with all her good qualities my aunt Charity was afflicted with one fault, extremely rare among her gentle sex—it was CURIOSITY. How she came by it I am at a loss to imagine, but it played the very vengeance with her and destroyed the comfort of her life. Having an invincible desire to know every body's character, business, and mode of living, she was forever prying into the affairs of her neighbours, and got a great deal of ill will from people towards whom she had the kindest disposition possible. If any fami-

ly on the opposite side of the street gave a dinner, my aunt would mount her spectacles, and sit at the window until the company were all housed, merely that she might know who they were. If she heard a story about any of her acquaintance, she would, forthwith, set off full sail and never rest until, to use her usual expression, she had got "to the bottom of it," which meant nothing more than telling it to every body she knew.

I remember one night my aunt Charity happened to hear a most precious story about one of her good friends, but unfortunately too late to give it immediate circulation. It made her absolutely miserable; and she hardly slept a wink all night for fear her bosom-friend MRS. SIPKINS, should get the start of her in the morning and blow the whole affair. You must know there was always a contest between these two ladies, who should first give currency to the good natured things said about every body, and this unfortunate rivalry at length proved fatal to their long and ardent friendship.—My aunt got up full two hours that morning before her usual time; put on her pompadour taffeta gown, and sallied forth to lament the misfortune of her dear friend.—Would you believe it!—wherever she went Mrs. Sipkins had anticipated her; and, instead of being listened to with uplifted hands and open-mouthed wonder, my unhappy aunt was obliged to sit down quietly and listen to the whole affair, with numerous additions, alterations and amendments!—Now this was too bad; it would almost have provoked Patient Grizzle or a saint—it was too much for my aunt, who kept her bed for three days afterwards, with a cold as she pretended; but I have no doubt it was owing to this affair of Mrs. Sipkins, to whom she never would be reconciled.

But I pass over the rest of my aunt Charity's life, chequered with the various calamities and misfortunes and mortifications, incident to those worthy old gentlewomen who have the domestic cares of the whole community upon their minds; and I hasten to relate the melancholy incident that hurried her out of existence in the full-bloom of antiquated virginity.

In their frolicsome malice the fates had ordered that a French boarding-house, or Pension Francaise, as it was called, should be established directly opposite my aunt's residence. Cruel event! unhappy aunt Charity!—it threw her into that alarming disorder denominated the fidgets; she did nothing but watch at the window day after day, but without becoming one whit the wiser at the end of a fortnight than she was at the beginning; she thought that neighbour Pension had a monstrous large family, and some how or other they were all men! she could not imagine what business neighbour Pension followed to support so numerous a household, and wondered why there was always such a scraping of fiddles in the parlour, and such a smell of onions from neighbour Pension's kitchen: in short, neighbour Pension was continually uppermost in her thoughts and incessantly on the outer edge of her tongue. This was, I believe, the very first time she had ever fail'd "to get at the bottom of a thing;" and the disappointment cost her many a sleepless night I warrant you. I have little doubt, however, that my aunt would have ferreted neighbour Pension out, could she have spoken or understood French; but in those times people in general could make themselves understood in plain English; and it was always a standing rule in the Cockloft family, which exists to this day, that not one of the females should learn French.

My aunt Charity had lived at her window for some time in vain, when one day as she was keeping her usual look-out, and suffering all the pangs of unsatisfied curiosity, she beheld a little meagre, weazel-faced Frenchman, of the most forlorn, diminutive and pitiful proportions, arrive at neighbour Pension's door. He was dressed in white, with a little pinched up cocked hat; he seemed to shake in the wind, and every blast that went over him whistled through his bones and threatened instant annihilation. This embodied spirit of famine was followed by three carts, lumbered with crazy trunks, chests, band-boxes, bidets, medicine-chests, parrots and monkeys, and at his heels ran a yelping pack of little black nosed pug dogs. This was the one thing wanting to fill up the measure of my aunt Charity's affliction; she could not conceive, for the soul of her, who this mysterious little apparition could be that made so great a display; what he could possibly do with so much baggage, and particularly with his parrots and monkeys; or how so small a carcass could have occasion for so many trunks of clothes. Honest soul! she had never had a peep into a Frenchman's wardrobe, that depot of old coats, hats and breeches, of the growth of every fashion he has followed in his life.

From the time of this fatal arrival my poor aunt was in a quandary—all her inquiries were fruitless; no one could expound the history of this mysterious stranger; she never held up her head afterwards—drooped daily, took to her bed in a fortnight, and in "one little month" I saw her quietly deposited in the family vault—being the seventh Cockloft that has died of aw-him-wham!

Take warning, my fair country-women! and you, oh ye excellent ladies—whether married or single, who pry into other people's affairs and neglect those of your own household—who are so busily employed in observing the faults of others that you have no time to correct your

own—remember the fate of my dear aunt Charity, and eschew the evil spirit of curiosity.

FROM THE BOSTON MIRROR. [The Hon. Doctor Mitchell of New-York lately favoured the Editor with a poetical version of some Ojage and Cherokee Indian Songs, from the Interpretation of a French Missionary. They were sung at an entertainment given to the Chiefs who some time since made a visit to President Jefferson. A translation of ours, when reading the French translation, hastily turned two of these songs into English prose, & left his work with the Editor. Alas! this, we are sorry to say, Dr. Mitchell's translation was mislaid. But rather than withhold these rarities entirely from the curious, we will publish the two songs which remain in our possession.]

OJAGE SONG.

" Brave Companions, Friends renowned in Battle, we have come to hear the wise talk of our High Father. To see him we have passed over rivers and lakes, traversing the long valleys, and climbing the lofty hills between this & our dear native land.

" The great Spirit has preserved us, the mighty Master of Life and Breath hath turned from us the arrow of accident, has saved us from hunger and cold, that here we might learn the lessons of wisdom. Red Men! You have beheld this great White Father! You have seen how a good Chief gives happiness to his Children, and how his children love him in their hearts.

" And thou, great chief of our Nation, who at this moment ranges through the forests that lie far beyond those hills of the west, shalt come without fear, and smoke a calumet with him who is good like thyself. The path is open. No Enemy lurks in the bush. We will form a file behind thee. We will guide thee, dauntless, to our new White Father, that thou mayest hear the wisdom of his talk.

WAR SONG OF WANAPISHA.

" Why, Warriors, when the Battle comes the screams of the foe echo among the hills—Why stay to think that death may lay you on the field?

" Whether you chase the foe as he flies from you, or whether you fly from him in fear, death is the lot of all.

" Confide in your chief—He will shew you the ambush where the enemy lurk—He will lead you on to glory & victory—His arm alone will meet their strength—Drive them back while in fear—or stretch them, bloody, on the field of Battle.

" Unite! March on my warriors, We will to the foe as the fury of the tempest. They know we are terrible in Battle. They fear to meet our rushing attack. They tremble. They are routed. They fly away.

INDUSTRY.

The character of Queen Mary, written by Bishop Burnet, is a delineation of every female virtue, and every female grace. He makes her say, that she looked upon idleness as the greatest corruptor of human nature; that if the mind had no given employment, it would create some of the worst to itself; and she thought that any thing which might amuse and divert, without leaving a dreg or impression behind, was to fill up those vacant hours, which are claimed by diversion or business. "When my eyes," says the Bishop, "were engaged in reading too much, she found out the amusement of work—and in all those hours that were not given to better employments, she wrought with her own hands, and that sometimes with so constant a diligence, as if she had been to earn her bread by it. Her example soon wrought on, not only those that belonged to her, but the whole town, to follow it; so that it was become as much the fashion to work, as it had been to be idle."

THE GREEK LANGUAGE.

" As I am speaking of philosophy," says the learned author of the Pursuits of Literature, "I may be excused if I say a few words of that language, in which its powers have been most conspicuous. I see no more pedantry in the knowledge and study of the Greek tongue, than of the French or the German. But when I consider that every subject in philosophy, in history, in oratory, and in poetry, whatever can dignify or embellish human society, in its most cultivated state has there found the richest treasures; that the principles of composition are better taught and more fully exemplified, than in any other language; that the Greek writers are the universal legislators in taste, criticism and just composition, from which there is no appeal; I would, with a peculiar emphasis and earnestness, recommend the study of it."

A School

FOR the instruction of young men in the Latin and Greek Languages, English Grammar, Geography, &c. will be opened on the first of March next, in Rowan county, about fifteen miles above Salisbury, under the immediate direction of the Rev. JOSEPH D. KILPATRICK. The price of Tuition will be Twelve Dollars, and of Boarding, Forty Dollars a year. Boarding may be had in good neat houses in the neighbourhood, and tolerably convenient. The utmost care will be taken to preserve the morals of young men who may be sent to this place for instruction. February 20th, 1809.

Seine Fishery.

The Subscriber has a FISHERY on HERRING River, five miles below Norfolk's Ferry, in Scotland Neck, Halifax county, where he will barter Fish for Tobacco, Cotton, Flour, or Brandy, &c. JAMES SMITH, Junr. February, 20, 1809.