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Following article first appeared in the Philadelphia Chronicle, and is attributed to the Rev. Richard P. Smith, Esq., author of several successful plays and poems.

MADNESS.

Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend 'tis in his mighting. HANLEY. The light of reason has elevated man...

Some years ago I entered a receptacle of this description, to gratify my vanity; but time has been unable to efface the impression which it made on me...

Well, Jamieson, what are you about? Casting up the amount of my property, he replied, without raising his head. "A moment and I have done."

My attention was now attracted by a young man reciting Homer in the original. The musical numbers flowed from his tongue with eloquence; his

countenance was animated and his gesticulation impassioned. When he concluded the passage he exclaimed, "Well, that is poetry, and will remain so, let them say of my epic what they please."

"Your epic?" I exclaimed. "Yes; they pronounced me mad for having written a poem that the critics had neither taste to relish nor sense to comprehend. If this is to be the fate of all authors who experience similar condemnation, let them convert the whole world at once into a bedlam—your prison houses will be too small to hold us. And who is there to draw the line between insanity and reason. If my imagination be so vigorous as to soar beyond the reach of those who cannot dissolve the influence of this grovelling world, which draws them back with magnetic power, must I needs be mad!—If their waxen wings fail them in their attempt to follow me through untravelled regions of light and glory, and while I keep on with steady wing and eagle eye, they, for their temerity, share the fate of Icarus—for this may they pronounce me mad! And yet it is so. But who is there to draw the line? Sophocles, in his age, was accused of being insane by his heartless sons, but when before his judges he produced his last tragedy, and asked if a madman could write such verses, he was dismissed with fresh honours, and his sons were punished as madmen for making the accusation—Were I now to write an Oedipus Coloneus, such is the revolution that taste in literature has undergone, that the critics would pronounce it conclusive evidence of incurable insanity. The line between madness and reason changes with the age. I have lived a century before my time, and posterity will enjoy the epic that has consigned its author to bedlam." How many authors do we see at large labouring under similar delusion!

At a short distance from the port was a painter, busily engaged in his art. We approached him, and the keeper enquired of him what he was about.

"Drawing a map of the moon," was the reply.

"And what do you mean by that palace upon which you have bestowed so much care?"

"The residence of the man in the moon to be sure."

"Is the drawing accurate?"

"Ay; even to the smoke that you see ascending from the chimney. Behold, I have laid down with precision, all the rivers, oceans, mountains, and wilderness; and I will stake my reputation that the picture is as faithful as many of the representations of the globe we inhabit." Not being prepared to dispute the point with the maniac, I passed on and he resumed his labour.

He worked with intense earnestness, but in the world we daily see hundreds as busily employed, and to as little purpose.

The next we came to was an astronomer, looking through a telescope.

"What, Lawson, will you never have done with your astronomical researches?" said the keeper to him.

"Never until death puts a period to them.—Had I been created at the time that the wondrous fabric was first put in motion, when each sphere rung forth its first faint note as it slowly moved on its axle; and had I studied daily until the present hour, still the knowledge I might have acquired, compared with that beyond the grasp of the human mind, would have been as the acorn compared with the towering oak of the forest."

"And what has been the result of your researches?"

Inexplicable confusion. I perceive that space is limitless, and that thought alone, is beyond the stretch of the human mind to reconcile with things that are bounded and circumscribed. There is nothing in nature that comes in comparison with this phenomenon. I have thought of it until my brain became bewildered as that of the tenant of an hospital. The keeper smiled at the comparison, and the maniac proceeded—"I have been told that the planets maintain their position by gravity and attraction; that the atmosphere becomes lighter and more rarified as you recede from earth, and that of consequence, the globes poised in this pure element, must be of lighter consistency than that we inhabit. One visionary tells me, that such an orb is composed of matter as light as water, another orb of weight consistency, and that the animal kingdom every where is adapted to the planet on which it is created.—So that where water prevails the tritons and the mermaids, which in this sphere exist only in the poet's brain, have there the functions of vitality. Other and the most remote of the heavenly bodies are nothing more than dense atoms; and these are inhabited by birds; that space is filled by fluctuating nebulae, which are drawn together by attraction, and thus the work of creation is incessantly going on, and will continue until time shall be no more. That the comets are orbs of bituminous matter, which, becoming ignited, burn on for ages, until extinguished for want of fuel; and, as their gravity and attraction undergo constant change, their course is erratic and uncontrolled by the surrounding atmosphere.—I have read un-

til I became like a ship in the midst of the ocean, without compass or polar star to guide it, and then the philosophers pronounced me mad, and expelled me from their fraternity. If they were to deal thus with all mad philosophers, the number would soon be reduced to a choir few.

I now directed my steps towards a maniac, who, from an elevation, was addressing about a dozen auditors, who appeared to listen to him with attention. His head was gray and bare, his countenance animated, his gesticulation wild, and he spoke with a degree of vehemence that imparted a corresponding excitement in the minds of his auditors.

"The world is mad! I look abroad, and whatever my eye falls upon goes to establish the truth of my position. Behold you hoary headed father hearing his wealth for his thankless child; depriving himself of proper sustenance to add another mite to the mountain that he has already accumulated.—A little longer and we shall see tears of joy shed upon the old man's grave; the mountain of wealth levelled with the valley; the stream that was formed drop by drop, rush out in torrents.—And yet the world pronounces the dotted fall of wisdom and prudence."

"The world is mad! the world is mad!" wildly shouted the crowd a round him. The preacher continued, "Behold that pallid and emaciated being by the midnight lamp. The sun rises, sets, and rises again, and still we find him in the same position, consuming his life, even as the lamp is consumed that stands beside him. The main object of life is neglected, and the joys that the world presents are spurned as things unworthy of notice. His whole soul is absorbed with one idea but one wish—that succeeding ages may know that he existed, and to accomplish this, he renders that existence a burthen, heavier than the fable Atlas has to bear.—The world will tell us he is a model of human wisdom; but if this be wisdom, why build walls to confine lunatics? Who is there so frantic among us as to sacrifice every enjoyment of life, with the vain hope of attaining that, which, when attained, he will be insensible to, and incapable of enjoying! The world is mad, since wisdom itself is madness."

"The world is mad, the world is mad!" shouted forth his auditors and the exclamation was re-echoed from different parts of the yard.

"Behold that young mother, watching by the cradle that contains her infant child. It is midnight, and not a soul is near her. She bends over him, gazes on his dimple cheeks, and kisses his ruby lips, while tears of anguish flow from her eyes, languid for want of sleep. It is midnight, and her head has not yet reposed upon her pillow.—She has trimmed the lamp to guide the stray one to his home, but it is useless, for the morning sun will rise before he leaves the scene of his heartless debauchery. And yet she clings with the fervency of pure affection to him who has deserted her and her little babe, who has trodden on her heart, and leaves her to want, suffering and shame. It is written, 'If thine eye offend thee pluck it out,' and though he is dearer to her than her eyes, why tamper with a diseased member, that is incurable, and, if not lopped off, must bring her to an untimely grave. The scene is changed. Behold her now. She is still alone in the chamber. Her face is bent down to her lap and buried in her hands. She is still weeping. What is it that lies stretched on the bed beside her? It is the bud of beauty that lately she sprinkled with her tears, now as pale as the lily of the valley, and as senseless as the clod of the valley too. Weep not, thou, stricken one, for no refreshing shower will call the blossom forth again. It is dead, and she mourns her loss in the bitterness of soul—but wherefore should she weep? The child has gone to bliss; it would have been reared in misery and shame; it has died unspotted and in innocence, and yet she mourns that it was not reserved for a life of pollution and a death of guilt. She is mad, for rather should her lips pour forth the song of rejoicing that the innocent has been removed, before it entered upon the guilty path of its father, or tasted of the bitter cup that its mother has quaffed to the very dregs. But say that fortune had strewed its path with flowers, its course had been as untroubled as the sunny stream, that seeks the waste of waters, and its death, the death of the righteous. What then? As there any enjoyment in life to compensate for the misery, even the most prosperous are doomed to endure; any knowledge that will repay for a knowledge of the human race! Blessed are ye who die in ignorance of your fellow mortals, since the good that flows from the purer sources of the human heart is but as a drop, compared with the streams poured forth by the corrupted fountains; and ye who are saved from this knowledge, are as the husbandman who enjoys the harvest without having toiled in the sun. And yet, they who have escaped from a scene of selfishness and ingratitude, who are removed from a state of persecution and suffering, whose spirits return to its presence as pure and unspotted as when he formed them, are mourned as though they had lost instead of having gained a world. The

world is mad, the world is mad!" The preacher ceased, and his auditors showed forth his last words. They were re-echoed from distant parts of the yard, and even in the cells, amid clanking of chains might be heard the exclamation, "The world is mad! The world is mad!" I hurried away, glad to escape from the wild scene to the bustle of society—a change from one scene of madness to another. I have since often reflected on the words of the maniac, and am more than half inclined to believe that I heard the plain truth spoken within the walls of bedlam.

R. P. S.

Traits of Irish Character.—A Memoir of THOMAS ADDIS EMMET by the late Charles G. Haines, has issued, within a few days, from the press of the Messrs. Carvill, New York. It is a rapid outline of the life and character of the distinguished subject of the Memoir, sketched under the pressure of severer occupations but nevertheless creditable to the author and interesting to the public. We allude to it however, at this time, less for the purpose of speaking of the work, than to abstract some of the anecdotes contained in it, illustrative of the Irish character.

The Rev. Dr. Jackson is said by the author of the Memoir to have been the first man who opened negotiations with the French government, about the year 1793, for aid in the liberation of his country from oppressions and excommunications which had then become intolerable. He did so with the zealous co-operation of all her patriot and many of her most eminent sons.—He was betrayed by the infamous Cockayne, the British spy and assumed friend; and was arrested, and finally convicted, of high treason. Mr. Emmet described him as a man possessed of distinguished talents and acquirements, and a high sense of honour; and he illustrated his character by the following fact: While Dr. Jackson was preparing for his trial, and while his fate was more than probable a friend was admitted to his room in prison, and remained there on business till a late hour at night. Dr. Jackson, conducted him to the outside door of the jail—expecting there to find the jailer, ready to turn the key. The key was in the door and the jailer in a profound sleep, probably intoxicated. His escape was now in his own hands. He first looked at his friend, then at the jailer, with an intense gaze. He became agitated and pale as he looked.—After a pause of a moment, he said "No; I will not abuse the poor fellow's confidence in me!" he turned the key, opened the door, resisted the advice of his friend, closed the door after him, awoke the jailer, and retired to his cell.

I cannot follow my inclination in closing this little notice, (says gen. Haines) without committing to writing some anecdotes which Mr. Emmet has related to me. I will mention two or three which reflect great credit on the fidelity of the Irish people: The first has a relation to the celebrated Mr. Rowan, already spoken of. It will be recollected that he was convicted in that celebrated trial where he was defended by Mr. Curran. He was cast into prison, and his sentence was hard and severe. While incarcerated in the cells of one of the dungeons of Dublin, Mr. Emmet and two or three others contrived a plan for his escape.—It was successfully executed: A small vessel was to take him to France. It was an Irish schooner, manned by Irish sailors, who knew nothing of the person whom they were to transport to the continent. His name, character, and every thing were concealed.—They agreed to take a person to Havre for a certain sum, and to go with all possible expedition. In the night time Mr. Rowan boarded the little vessel, directly from his jail. The wind changed, and instead of sailing the next morning as it was expected, she was detained some five or six days in port. The government discovered Mr. Rowan's escape the next morning subsequent to his deliverance from captivity. A proclamation was instantly issued, and three thousand pounds sterling were offered as a reward for his detection.—There were but four or five seamen in the whole crew of the Irish vessel. Mr. Rowan's situation may now be well imagined. All Dublin rung with the news of his breaking from prison. The sailors were daily on shore. The proclamations were posted upon the market cross and every where else, and scattered in the streets. The seamen picked up several copies and brought them on board their vessel, and read them aloud in Mr. Rowan's presence; for he had never left his place of concealment. At length one of the crew cast his eyes on Mr. Rowan, and quick as lightning, comparing him with the description contained in the proclamations, exclaimed, "You are the man! This is Archibald Hamilton Rowan!" Mr. Rowan, with that firmness incident to his character, replied, "I am the man; I am Rowan—and I am in your hands; act as you think proper." Instantly every one of the crew answered, "Mr. Rowan; you are safe. By us you shall never be given up. We have agreed to carry you to France, and there you shall be landed." The next day the schooner sail-

ed, and then Mr. Rowan was landed by three poor sailors. Let the souls of the world be consulted, let the noblest traits of human nature which ages have unfolded be displayed in their most comprehensive form, and where would a nobler instance of disinterestedness be found? The reward was great to Mr. Rowan these poor men were allowed by no political sympathy nor by any other peculiar tie they had never seen nor known him before.—Their compensation to carry him to France was a mere trifle; he made them no splendid offers of money, and yet he was protected by their generous feelings—their sense of humanity, honour and justice.—Albany Argus.

Handwriting.—W. L. Mackenzie, the intelligent and capable editor of the Colonial Advocate, printed at York, Upper Canada, visited the principal cities of the United States the past season.—We know that, unlike Capt. Hall, he returned with a just estimate, if not with a high admiration, of our country.—We shall take an occasion, when we are less pressed with political matters that we are now, to extract from letters written during his life.—The following is an extract from a more recent publication in the Advocate, doubtless from his pen, entitled "Recollections of Washington."—Albany Argus.

In the department of state, I was shown the original "Declaration of Independence," with the signatures of the members of congress thereto attached; it framed, and in a good state of preservation. I examined the writing and signatures with care, and found them to resemble closely the copper plate fac-simile published some years ago. I think, in Philadelphia. In the same suite of rooms are many other curiosities, such as swords, snuff boxes, medals, &c. presented to United States ministers by Russia, South America, Sweden, &c. In the library attached to this department are deposited copies of all books for which an exclusive right of publication has been taken out by the authors or proprietors, besides many other works, some of them very interesting and rare. Having expressed some curiosity, I was politely shown the originals of the treaties made by the United States with several foreign powers. His majesty king George writes his name in nearly as good a hand as myself, and the national seal of Britain attached to the treaty is a piece of an elegant workmanship as any thing of the kind I ever beheld. There are the records of not less than three treaties made with Bonaparte. I examined his signature to each carefully. Once his name is tolerably well written, but in a hurried manner, another time I could trace the four first letters, and might guess the rest, from knowing before hand who wrote them. The third, he scribbled when on horseback (the Louisiana cession treaty, if I mistake not,) is almost illegible. It is said of Napoleon, that he never wrote a good hand; and latterly it had become so illegible, as only to be deciphered by his secretaries. If it was as bad as his signatures to treaties with America, I should not have envied his clerks (their situation), especially if he wrote as much as his historians say he did. There is a negotiation with the emperor of Morocco among these pledges of peace, but as it was written in Arabic, I could not understand a syllable of it, it might have been old Ebonny's Chaldee. M. S. I thought I could tell to the contrary. An award of the late Czar of Russia is also deposited here, having his autograph annexed. The king of Prussia writes an excellent hand, and should "crowns and coronets be sent" from their wearers on the European continent in his time, he will be able to follow the example of Dionysius of Syracuse, and turn country schoolmaster. I had an opportunity of seeing a treaty with the emperor of Brazil, which is a handsome silken document, but the Don affixes his name in a scrawly, clumsy unkingly manner. The seal of the U. States is beautiful, has a goodly device, & must have cost "a power of money" to unclasp Sam.—It affords an opportunity for an instructive contrast, when placed beside Mr. Madison's plain small signet with some 13 or 15 stars in it, which signet is preserved in the same place, attached to some commercial document or other.

Commodore Porter.—This much injured and gallant officer has retired in disgust from the Mexican service. We are informed by a respectable gentleman, who arrived in this city, in the brig William, on the 19th ult. in company with Dr. Boardman, the surgeon, friend and companion of the Commodore, that Com. Porter, with his family, sailed from Vera Cruz for Philadelphia, on the 26th Aug. three days previous to the sailing of the William, never more to return to the service of a country, which treated his best effort for its welfare and honor, with marked neglect and ingratitude.

Our informant states, too that Com. Porter had received a letter from President Jackson, (of which he had the perusal,) inviting his return to his native country, and we trust to roam his native element beneath the stars and stripes of his own beloved land of freedom, and to the grateful affections of his fellow countrymen. This recall of the exiled Porter is what was expected by the friends of the President; indeed, what was devoutly wished for by his fellow-citizens almost to a man—the brave alone know how to treat the brave. Commodore Porter resided in the

house of our Minister, Mr. Poinsett, in the city of Mexico, nearly four months, during which time he was successful in his applications to President Guerrero for a passport to enable him to return to the sea coast. Every respect and attention was shown by the Mexican government, from this President downwards, to Com. Porter and Mr. Poinsett, and in fact by all men of sense, who possessed a correct knowledge of the true interests of their country; but these we regret to say are so comparatively few in that still unhappy country, that the tide of popular opinion, wrought upon by Spanish and other foreign influence, runs counter to every thing American. In truth, our informant states, that the Americans are hated even more, if possible, than the natives of Old Spain. The people, in the blindness of their ignorance, & through the intrigues of foreign interest, heap the blame of the Spanish invasion on Mr. Poinsett, and labor under the infatuated idea that the United States are about invading their country by open warfare, or encroaching step by step on their territory, with the express purpose of wresting it from them by piecemeal.

Such is the danger attending Mr. Poinsett's movements, and such the care of President Guerrero for his personal safety, that he offered and requested him to accept of a body guard, which Mr. P. in the consciousness of the rectitude of his own actions and those of his government, and disclaiming all fears for the safety of his person, politely refused. He rides about the city and its environs alone and unprotected; and such is the regard of the general government for him and the country which he represents, that whenever he passes, the national band strikes up "Hail Columbia," or some other national air. Yet, still, we are told, that such is the infatuation of the masses, he must either return, or his assassination is inevitable. We sincerely hope, that the recent failure of the Spanish invasion will enlighten the darkness of these benighted republicans, and that they will be enabled to distinguish their real friends from the enemies of their internal repose, under the mask and guise of friendship.

The following extracts from a letter of a distinguished townsman, now in France, dated Paris, Sept. 13, will not be without interest to a large portion of our readers. The doubtful terms, in which the prospect of a liquidation of our claims on France is mentioned, is not a little discouraging; the fetes in honor of La Fayette fill the French papers, but the pleasing occasion of his journey is mentioned only, we believe, in this letter, the justice of the writer's remark on the opposition to the present French ministry is confirmed by the tone and bearing of a great majority of the French journals.

Newburyport Herald. "Mr. A. H. Everett is here, on his way home. Paris is thronged with Americans, who are constantly going and coming, or are temporarily fixed here for the purpose of instruction. A large proportion of them are New Englanders, who, here as at home, are distinguished for their love of information and their diligent use of the means of employing their time to advantage, which Paris affords in such abundance.

Mr. Kives is daily expected; and much is anticipated from the positive instructions of which he is supposed to be the bearer; and from his own talents and character. The present conjuncture, however, is unfavorable to the ministry of the country; it is a precarious situation, passed without mercy by a powerful opposition, which comprises five sixths of the wealth, talent and energy of the nation; and so much occupied with the questions forced upon them by the internal condition of the country, the public discontents and the questions growing out of the conquest of Turkey, it is very unlikely they will be willing to open their ears to anything coming from the opposite side of the Atlantic.—Had the late ministry remained in office, our prospects would have been better; for they had assured Mr. Brown that the subject of our claims should be taken into consideration, and disposed of in one way or other.

La Fayette has lately come into possession of a large property under the indemnity law, being the fortune of his son and his wife's family, of which the revolution had deprived them. This affair took him to the south of France, where he had not been since 1797; and he was feted just as he had been in America. The people took occasion of his journey to manifest their hostility to the new ministry, by rendering homage to him, as the consistent representative of the moderate party of the Revolution.

Nothing can exceed the violence of the press and of public men here in general, in their denunciations of the ministry formed under Prince Polignac. What the result will be it is difficult to predict; but a crisis seems to be at hand for the liberal party composes the bone and muscle of the nation. From the American Farmer. Pride of China Tree.—Antidote to Fleas. Mr. Skinner.—Believing that whatever contributes to the comfort of the dog, affords pleasure and interest to the