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The Carpenter's Boy.

"I wish to speak a word to Miss Lelia Vermont!" said a carpenter's boy as he entered a stately mansion in one of the most fashionable streets in the city of New York in 1830.

"Help yourself to a seat in the entry; you will be attended to presently," was the haughty reply. Then turning to an individual with whom she had been conversing, said, with a sneer, (having noticed that the lad desiring the interview had some carpenter's tools in hand.) "I have such a dislike to mechanics. I hate to encounter one."

"Possibly he is on business," said the individual.

"Oh, I never speak to one except on business," was the reply; "he has come to presume to erect an arbour. We applied to Mr. Thomas this morning to have one built, and I take this to be his apprentice."

Mr. Vermont, the father of Lelia, (for this was the lady inquired for) was a merchant of good standing and considerable property, hence Lelia's haughty aristocratic pretensions to respectability. She had, at an early age, imbibed the too prevalent doctrine, that no individual who earned his bread by the sweat of his brow, had the most remote claims upon respectability. Had Mr. Orville lived, the father of the carpenter's boy, Albert, had no doubt occupied as lofty, and perhaps much more prominent position in society, than did the infatuated Lelia. But, alas! Albert was an orphan boy, a desolate stranger in a strange land! He had, now seen but little more than nineteen years of actual life, but his heart in that time had lived an age of misfortune, grief, and endurance. He is alone in the wide, wide world, entirely friendless. But he does not weep. No! he has no tears left for himself—he has shed them all on the far, far off grave of his parents, and his keen expressive eyes are tearless, and dark with unpeppable woe. But, under all this his youthful spirit quails not. Not there is a desperate pride and power within, that will not let him yield. He almost glories in his forlorn destiny, strange and sad as it is for one so young.

"Pity he is only a mechanic," exclaimed Lelia, as she gazed with unpeppable delight upon the green goose of a mechanic, (as she deemed him,) while sitting in the entry. "Had he been a Lawyer, Doctor, or Professor of some sort, he might have been—"

"A noble soul!" interposed Mr. Shirry, (the individual with whom she spoke,) who was a professor, though not an aristocrat.

"I was going to say, from his appearance, he might have merited."

"Be cautious, Lelia."

"Allow me to express my sentiments. He might have merited the hand of one in the higher walks of life. He is a noble looking lad."

"But were he Lawyer, Doctor, or Professor, indulging the views he now doubtless cherishes, my word for it he would aspire to something noble."

"And where should he seek for noble spirits, but among the respectable class of society?"

"Ah! Lelia, many a nobler heart hath throbb'd beneath the leathern apron of the mechanic, than ever swelled beneath the silken vestments of Lawyer, Doctor, or Professor."

"Mr. Shirry, I am surprised to hear you uphold such a low vulgar set of blacksmiths, all of whom you know to be ignorant of refinement as the Aborigines of the far west."

"Not all, Lelia."

"But who has ever heard of a mechanic becoming a great man?"

"I have. The ablest men were mechanics. Name but Arkwright, Fulton, Watt, Franklin, Whitney and a whole list of others I could mention, and where do you find their equals? The greatest men in the annals of the world, the men who have done most to enlighten and advance the prosperity and the liberties of the human race, have been mechanics."

"It is a menial employ, and beneath the station of a true gentleman."

"No, no, Lelia; there never was a doctrine more untrue. They are almost the only professions that have substance, reality, and practical utility."

"I am sorry, Mr. Shirry, to see you endeavor to elevate the mechanic to the level of respectable society."

"Why, Lelia, to the wise they are floodgates of knowledge, and kings and queens are decorated with their handy work."

Here the conversation was interrupted by a gentle rap at the door. The lad had become impatient knowing that his master would require a certain amount of work at his hands. With a modest self-demeanor in one of his next, he requested Miss Lelia to give him the necessary directions relating to the location of the arbour. The Professor left, and Lelia attended Albert to the garden. The arbour was soon finished, and the "Carpenter's boy" was almost as soon forgotten.

About two years from the period of which we are speaking, Miss Lelia made

a visit to Albany. The Coach company, and those consulting her travelling companions, she was informed by the proprietor, were to consist of Doctor W., Lawyer M., Professor M. B., and a mechanic, all of the city of New York. Lelia, in view of the select company began to anticipate a pleasant journey. Until within sight of Albany, their progress was unimpeded by anything to mar the pleasure of their journey. Just then the whole company was thrown into consternation by a wild shriek from the driver. "Leap! Leap for your lives!" resounded through the coach.

The horses had taken fright. They were descending a long hill. The driver having lost all control over the noble animals, saw that it would be death to remain where he was—it could be but death to leap for life, he leaped. The gentlemen seeing which, burst open the door, threw themselves out in confusion, leaving Miss Lelia, the only female in the coach, and the mechanic, to shift for themselves. Seeing which, the young man, who attracted Lelia's attention, and the only male remaining in the coach, proffered her his assistance, which was most gladly accepted. Taking her in his arms and placing his foot firmly upon the side of the coach, he bounded so clearly upon the banks, as to be entirely beyond the reach of danger. They escaped unhurt. The next moment the coach was dashed to atoms against a tree. The horses were caught soon after by some laborers on the road. Lelia, however, was melted to tears by the unparalleled kindness of this unknown stranger, who had proven himself a genuine friend, in risking his own life to save hers. Such disinterested friendship was beyond her conception. She inquired his name. "The Carpenter's boy," said he, "who built your arbour."

"Take this as the reward of your valor," said Lelia, tendering him her own splendid gold watch.

"I have my reward," said he, respectfully declining the rich and valuable present.

"I pray you then, not to decline accepting my address," said Lelia, as she placed her card in his hand, "that should you ever need a friend, you may know where to find one."

They were now within a short distance from Albany and concluded to walk the remainder of the road. Lelia and Albert were the only two passengers able to walk.

In a few days after this event Lelia returned to New York, and Albert, as soon as he could arrange matters, established himself in business in Albany. His efforts were attended with success, far beyond his most sanguine expectations. In all dealings and association with men, he had a single eye to the promotion of the one grand principle that "all men were created equal," and that inequality of respect should be awarded to men in proportion to their amount of intelligence.

Seven years after the event, Mr. Vermont's name was found among the list of applicants for the benefit of the insolvent laws. This circumstance for a few days produced a slight change in the conduct of Lelia, but it was like early dew, which soon passed away; while she had fine apparel and plenty of money, (for I believe it is generally understood that the men seldom possess more until they have well lined their own pockets,) she was not to be circumscribed in her usual route of pleasure. Retrenchment is perhaps the most difficult part with those who have been reduced in circumstances, at least it appeared to be the most rugged part of the way to Mr. Vermont. How to descend from the lofty eminence of wealth and fashion, and retire to obscurity and seclusion, he knew not. He had been too long the child of prosperity to bear reverses with fortitude. He had no profession. Dig, he could not, to beg he was ashamed.

"Would to heaven," said he, in the anguish of his soul, "I had been a Mechanic."

"La, Pa," said Lelia, "what has come over you? I have frequently heard you say that you would as soon be a boot black as a mechanic of any sort; that it was a menial employ."

"I grant it, Lelia, but I was in error—one of my fashionable errors;—were I a mechanic, now that my fortune is gone—that my riches have taken to themselves wings,—my trade would be a resource."

"Have you forgotten having spoken of mechanics as a presuming set of blockheads, who, you said stalked the street with their tools with as much sang froid as a lawyer would with his books, or a Doctor with his instruments?"

"No! I have not forgotten, but I have forsaken—abandoned—totally abandoned my former erroneous sentiments. I have very recently discovered that there exists no difference between the Books of a Lawyer and the Tools of the Mechanic, save the latter require the exercise of the hand; they equally promote the operator's design, though I believe the mechanic contributes more to the public good, or the public prosperity."

It was deemed expedient by Mr. Ver-

mont to retire with his family from the fashionable street and mansion in which they then resided. Every vestige of former splendor was now gone, and when all was over, it was with a feeling of relief that the husband and wife sat down together to lay schemes for the future. They determined to, and eventually did take lodgings in a plain, but respectable private boarding house, where there was a single transient boarder beside themselves. This gentleman they were informed was from Albany, and would remain but a week, or ten days at most, having merely come to the city to purchase some articles of merchandize which were not to be obtained in Albany.

The dinner bell rang, and the little group assembled in the diminutive dining room; the new comers were introduced collectively to Mr. Albert Orville, who at once recognized Lelia. Dinner passed in a very agreeable manner. Mr. Vermont having just retired from mercantile life could speak of the turmoil attendant thereon, of the losses through failures and the fluctuations of the market, of the restless anxiety of the perturbed state of mind incident to such a life; to all of which Mr. Orville was a total stranger, consequently to him it was an interesting subject, inasmuch as he was preparing to embark in a mercantile career.

To Lelia, 'twas luxury to gaze upon this (self-made) Nobleman of Nature, rather than to feast upon the choice viands before her; his slight but elegant frame, evidently spirit-worn—a pale intellectual face—eyes beaming with the beauty of an ardent soul—a forehead singularly fair and pure—a well formed head—a calm and graceful address;—all, all were objects of the highest admiration to the infatuated Lelia.

"The limits we have allotted to this narrative will not admit of a minute detail of circumstances; let it suffice to know that Mr. Orville's stay was protracted some four or five weeks over the time he at first thought to tarry in the city, in consequence of a mutual growing attachment between himself and Lelia. Day, however, called him to dash away for a time, the cup of sweets he longed to drain to the bottom.

Six months after this period, Mr. Orville returned to replenish his store, but more especially to suggest the following propositions to Mr. Vermont:

First, the union of himself with Lelia; (having obtained her consent by letter.)

Second, to offer Mr. Vermont the management of his store; (having heard of his difficulties.)

The first of which the old man acceded to with evident pleasure; but when he commenced, "and now my purpose is, (if you will accept of it without attributing to me a selfish motive,) to remove your entire family to Albany, where I have a comfortable dwelling prepared for you, where you shall, during life, lack none of the comforts thereof, if they can be obtained by honest industry."

This astonishing intelligence was more than the good old man was prepared to receive; he was completely overwhelmed in a flood of tears—tears of unpeppable gratitude. The old lady sat raving her hands with an occasional ejaculation of "Heaven be praised!" while Lelia sat motionless, too full to articulate a word.

"What oh who?" exclaimed the old man "can this beautiful benefactor be?" as if invoking the inspiration of Heaven.

"Possibly my fond, my faithful Lelia can tell!" said Mr. Orville, as he handed Lelia her own card. A glance was sufficient.

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Lelia, "is it the Carpenter's boy?"

"Yes," he rejoined in accents of love, as he pressed her to his bosom, "it is the Carpenter's boy!"

"And the preserver of my life!" she added.

"May he be the sweetener of it too!" continued the old man.

The scene that followed the above, may possibly be vaguely imagined by the reader, for I shall not attempt to describe it, lest I should do it injustice.

An explanation was immediately granted to the mystified parents, who were still wrapt in wonder. This being dispensed by the explanation, the happy family proceeded to prepare for the nuptials, immediately after the consummation of which, they embarked together for their new home; having learned from the foregoing circumstances, that it was less difficult for a mechanic to become a merchant, than for a merchant to become a mechanic.

"Now Lelia," said her father, "you have learned an instructive lesson. Your judgement has hitherto been of that superficial kind which attaches merit to the flimsy drapery which constituted a covering to the body. You have formed your estimate of the man from his birth, occupation, or appearance."

"This," continued Mr. Orville, "is the great evil we should combat. I most ardently believe that no such thing as respectability can exist aside from an honest and useful life. I contend that no branch of industry is degrading—that no employment that contributes to the general good and comfort of society is disreputable. I would tolerate no other

aristocracy than that of merit. I fearlessly declare it a false system that would exclude the honest, upright mechanic from the pale of genteel society."

And in time, we may predict, without precautions to prophesy, these will be the sentiments of the great mass, and men will be judged like deeds—by their effect—and those alone will be considered good and great, which have a tendency to improve mankind. He alone is great who rises by his moral force above the chance of fate; who builds himself a pedestal, against whose base the surges of misfortune waste their strength in vain, and on whose surface sleep the rays of melting temptation without effect.

Those men are great who leave behind them immortal monuments of high, generous deeds, or of their genius, which may serve as beacon lights to prosperity. And those who by acts, however bold or renowned, endeavor but to aggrandize themselves at the cost of virtue, honor, religion, and human life, are never great, but stand as giant models of deformity.

The latest accounts from Albany are highly favorable; every thing goes on swimmingly under the new arrangement. The old gentleman is in the store; Albert superintends an extensive business; and Lelia's first born although named after his father, seldom gets any thing but THE CARPENTER'S BOY. DAVID.

Lancaster, May 30, 1832.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

"To the acquisition of extensive knowledge, incessant application and industry are necessary. Nothing great or good has ever been achieved without them. Be willing then to labor—be not satisfied with superficial attainments, but accustom yourselves to habits of accurate and thorough investigation. Explore the foundations and first principles of every science. It is observed by Locke that 'there are fundamental truths that lie at the bottom—the basis upon which a great many others rest—and in which they have their consistency: there are towering truths, rich in stores with which they furnish the mind; and like the lights of heaven, are not only beautiful and interesting in themselves, but give light and evidence to other things, that, without them, could not be seen or known.' These are the truths with which we should endeavor to enrich our minds. Be select in your reading—become familiar with the writings of the great master spirits of the world, who will enrich your minds with the profound, enlarged and exalted views; and who, while they form you to habits of just and noble thinking, will also teach you to cherish pure and generous feelings. If you would make these thorough acquisitions, you must guard against the immoderate indulgence of your passions, and the seductions of evil companions. A life of dissipation and pleasure is death to superior excellence. A body invigorated by habits of temperance and self denial, and a mind undisturbed by unwholy passions, serene and cheerful in conscientious rectitude are most powerful auxiliaries in the pursuit of science.

It will be equally important for you to guard against self sufficiency and vanity. This temper is an effectual barrier to high intellectual improvements. Frequently reflect upon the small extent and imperfection of your attainments—on the vast regions of science that are yet unexplored by you—on the hidden stores of learning which are contained in the ten thousand books that you have never read or seen, or of which, perhaps, you have not even heard. Remember too, the lofty attainments that have been made by some profound scholars both of ancient and modern days. I would recommend to you to read, in early life, a few well-selected biographies of men who were distinguished for their general knowledge. Read the lives of Demosthenes, of Erasmus, of Newton, of Locke, of Hale, of Haller, of Doddridge, of Johnson, and of such accomplished and illustrious scholars. Observe the ardent attachment and intense industry with which they cultivated science, and the astonishing acquirements which they made,—their high valuation of time and careful improvement of it—compare your attainments and habits with theirs—not to repose in sluggish despondency—but to rouse yourself from apathy and sloth to a noble emulation of rising to an equality with them. It was by no secret magic that these mighty scholars attained to distinction and fame—it was by patient—persevering—untiring industry. If the eloquence of Demosthenes shook, with its thunder, the throne of a Philip—and ruled the fierce democracy of Athens—and if the vehement denunciations and powerful appeals of Cicero drove Cataline from the senate house, and made Caesar tremble, it was by the private studies and profound meditations of the closet, their minds having been invigorated and expanded and enriched and enabled with diversified knowledge, lofty sentiment and generous feeling. If Newton, with a flight more adventurous than the eagle's, soared to the very boundaries of creation,—if he explained the laws that governed the universe, and let in a new

flood of light upon the world,—it was ardent attachment to science; it was intense opinions of his mind, that vigor which elevated and sustained him at so lofty a height. If Locke and Reed have dispelled the darkness that has for ages settled on the human intellect, and have freed the sciences of the mind from the intricacies and subtleties of the schools, it was not merely by the force of their own genius, but by deep, patient and repeated meditation and study. If Burke charmed listening senators by the masculine strength and brilliancy of his thoughts; if Mansfield and our own Hamilton illuminated the bar by the splendor of their learning and eloquence; if Hall and Chalmers proclaimed, from the pulpit, immortal truth in their loftiest strains, it was not only because they ranked amongst the first scholars, but also among the most laborious men of their age. Contemplate the character of these illustrious men—imitate their industry—their eager love of learning, and the zeal with which they pursued it, and you may equal them."

O HOW IT STINGS!

STORY OF LITTLE LOLLONNE.

Once, as I was returning home from France, there was on board the ship a little French girl, named Lollonne. She had five fingers on each hand.

We were all very much interested in little Lollonne; but one reason was, she was the most disobedient child we ever knew. She gave her mother constant trouble, and would not mind any thing she told her.

One day we saw, close by the ship, a Portuguese man-of-war. This is a kind of fish that can swim on the top of the water.—It looks, in shape, as an egg would when floating, only it is about three times as long. It has a little sail stretching over the top, and long strings, of various colors, hanging down from the bottom in the water. One of the ladies wished to examine this curious little creature. So a sailor let down a bucket and caught it. When it was laid on the deck all the passengers gathered round to see it; and little Lollonne broke away from her mother's hand, and ran close up to it.

Her mother cried in her not to touch it; and the sailor said, "No, no, don't touch it, for it will sting." Hardly had this disobedient child heard the warning before her hand was upon it. In an instant her cries of agony filled the ship. "O, how it stings! O, how it stings!"

For a long hour every ear was pained with her distressing cries, "O, how it stings! O, how it stings!"—And there was not one on board who pitied her. All felt that she deserved it all for her disobedience.

My young friends, sin will at last bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder. You may disobey your parents, be unkind to one another, and use wicked words; but by-and-by you will cry, "O how it stings! O how it stings!"

Will not each of you, my young friends, offer the prayer of David, "Remember not the sins of my youth," and come and make the Saviour your friend? G. Abbott.

The London Spectator relates a story out of an old author in this wise: "A famous Critick, having gathered together all the faults of an eminent Poet, made a present of them to Apollo, who received them very graciously, and resolved to make the author a suitable return for the trouble he had been at in collecting them. In order to this, he set before him a sack of wheat, as it had been just threshed out of the sheaf. He then bid him pick out the chaff from among the corn, and lay it aside by itself. The Critick applied himself to the task with great industry and pleasure, and after having made the due separation, was presented by Apollo with the chaff for his pains."

Now we make a very pretty little political allegory out of this—one quite timely. We suppose then the people of N. C. to be in the place of Apollo, the opposition newspapers to be like the famous Critick, and Governor Morehead to stand for the sack of Wheat. These opposition papers are all now excessively busy, as was their prototype of old in picking out the chaff from the Wheat and in August next the people Apollo, will give each one his pile of chaff for his present trouble. W. Chronicle.

GOV MOREHEAD, we learn, is carrying a wide row in the west; and sweeps away the delusion about free trade especially, where it goes: He shows to the satisfaction of the people that we cannot be so unwise and unjust to our selves as to admit British Goods free of duty so long as England prohibits many of the products of the United States and taxes others six hundred per cent—supporting her lords and nobles on the labor of American farmers! She draws a revenue from our tobacco of nearly six times the amount of the original cost of the article! and it amounted in our year to upwards of \$35,000,000! Star.

The present lord mayor of London is said to have been a journeyman mason in Nashville, Tennessee, some forty years ago.

MR. GRAHAM'S CIRCULAR.

To the Friends of the Twelfth Congressional District of North Carolina.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:

I am informed some persons are endeavoring to excite public prejudice, and make political capital out of the appropriations which Congress made to defray the funeral expenses of President Harrison, and to pay the balance of one year's salary to his aged and afflicted widow.

To prevent misapprehension and misrepresentation I will briefly submit the facts and reasons which induced me to vote for those appropriations. The history of Congressional legislation abounds with similar instances, approved and noted for by all parties, from the foundation of the Government down to the present session. I will mention a few prominent precedents, taken from the journals of Congress—and now for the law and the testimony.

Gen. Washington was President of the United States from the 4th day of March, 1789, until the 4th day of March, 1797—eight years. He died in December, 1799—nearly three years after his Presidential term expired, and when he was a private citizen—and yet, on the 3d day of May, 1800, Congress passed a law appropriating three thousand two hundred dollars to defray the expenses incurred in doing honor to the memory of Gen. Washington. (See the 3d volume of the laws of the United States, page 397.)

Congress likewise authorized, by joint resolutions, that a marble monument should be erected by the United States, in the Capitol, to the memory of Gen. Washington, and a copy of those resolutions were directed to be transmitted to Mrs. Washington, entreating her to assent to the interment of the remains of Gen. Washington under that monument. (See the same volume, page 401.)

George Clinton, the Vice President of the United States, who served during the last of Mr. Jefferson's and the first of Mr. Madison's administrations, died at Washington in the year 1812, and he was buried at the public expense.

Elbridge Gerry, another Vice President of the United States, died at Washington in the year 1814, while riding in a carriage from his lodgings to the Capitol, and he too was buried at the public expense, and a monument was also erected over his grave by a special appropriation of Congress.

In the year 1812, the city of Caracas, in South America, was nearly destroyed and annihilated by an earthquake; and on the motion of Nathaniel Macon, who was remarkable for strict economy and strict construction, a resolution passed Congress by a unanimous vote, which caused an appropriation of fifty thousand dollars of the public money to relieve the distressed and sufferings of hundreds and thousands of human beings in that distant and devoted city, who were homeless and

homeless and starving for daily bread. Well, if Congress had power to give and appropriate fifty thousand dollars of the public money to relieve suffering humanity among distant strangers in a foreign country, I presume it was right and proper, at least, to provide one year's allowance for an aged and distressed widow in our own country, who was the wife of a good and true old soldier.

From the first establishment of the Seat of Government in this city down to the present time, whenever a member of Congress dies here during the session, he is, at the public expense, buried in the Congressional cemetery, or burying ground, and a monument is erected over his grave to mark the spot where the remains of the deceased repose, and to indicate to near relatives and pilgrim strangers the tombs of those who died in the service of their country, far distant from friends and home. The death and funeral of each member of Congress in this city costs the Government about nine hundred dollars. Living is dear in Washington, but dying is much dearer. Not only Presidents and members, but the officers of Congress, have been buried at the public expense, when they died in the public service. I will state two instances which appear upon the public journals, and are fresh in my own recollection. I allude to the cases of Overton Carr, Doorkeeper of the House, and Stephen Haight, Sergeant at Arms of the Senate. They were political friends of President Van Buren, and died during his administration, when he had a majority in both branches of Congress. The salary of each of these officers was fifteen hundred dollars per annum, to be estimated from the first Monday in December of every year. Overton Carr died in March, 1838, before the fourth month of his duties had been performed, and yet Congress directed, not only that he should be buried at the public expense, but that his widow should be paid the balance of his salary up to the end of the session, just as though he had lived to perform his year's work for the public. The case of Mr. Carr is a strong one, but the case of Mr. Haight is much stronger, to illustrate and sustain the appropriations now the subject of investigation. Stephen Haight, a citizen of Vermont, was the Sergeant at Arms of the Senate; his annual salary