

WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

VOL. V.]

SALISBURY, N. C. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1825.

[NO. 248.]

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED, EVERY TUESDAY,

By Philo White.

The terms of the Western Carolinian will hereafter be as follows: Three Dollars a year, payable in advance.

No paper discontinued, (except at the option of the Editor) until all arrearages are paid. Advertisements will be inserted at fifty cents per square for the first insertion, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent one.

All letters addressed to the Editor, must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to.

Miscellaneous.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

NORTH AMERICA.

There is one quality in the North American character which is generally overlooked, and which I have never perceived in that of any other people to the same degree. It is a sort of serious versatility. The French have a greater, or rather a pleasanter sort, and accommodate themselves more readily to circumstances; and the ancient Greek had an excess of what we call versatility in his temper and power. But, in the Frenchman, it is more of a constitutional habit, a more trivial and less respectable property, than it is in the American; although, to my notion, a thousand fold more agreeable. And, in the versatility of the Greek, there was always more of the bright, changeable caprice of genius—more of the spiritual, more of heroic audacity, and less of steady, invincible determination, than in that of the North American.

The Frenchman is never without resources, but then his resources are always of a light and brilliant character. It is the smallest possible coinage that can be made use of, which a Frenchman will contrive to disburse in any extremity. He would maintain himself, though he had been a general officer, or peer of the realm at home, if he was shipwrecked upon a foreign shore, by expedients of which none but a Frenchman would ever dream; nay, give him but one of the silver pennies which are distributed here on his Majesty's birth day, and I would answer for him, in a strange country, if there was no other way, he would maintain himself by making plaster medallions of that little coin.

Throw him among savages, and he will teach them to dance, (not that I believe the story of Chateaubriand;) among wild beasts, and he will find some way of reconciling them to his presence, (where another man would make war upon them outright,) either by pulling thorns out of their feet, or dressing their manes; upon a desolate island, and he will grow old in carving "L'Empereur" upon a cocoon, arranging coloured sea-shells into flowers, and birds, with wings like butterflies; or in making clay models of everything upon the island. The basket-maker in the fable was undoubtedly a Frenchman, and the spider that Robert Bruce beheld in the barn, was as undoubtedly a French spider; no other would ever have repeated the same experiment, precisely over and over again, so often.

We all know what the versatility of a Frenchman is; and when I call to mind what I have actually seen, nothing that could be said of their power to employ or maintain themselves would seem to be extravagant.

I have known a French prisoner spend every leisure hour, for many years, in manufacturing a line-of-battle ship, out of the little splinters of bone which he found in the soup. I have known another, who began by planting coffee trees, in St. Domingo, with his own hands—realized a princely fortune—lost it during some insurrection; began again—became very wealthy—lost that in the same way; narrowly escaped with his life, and a few dollars, to America; began to teach French while he was precisely in the situation of George, in the Vicar of Wakefield, who set off to teach the Dutchmen English, and never recollected, until he had arrived in Holland, that to teach them English, he himself should know something of Dutch—realized a little money, and laid it out in a law-suit—in the purchase of claims, which he spent about eighteen or twenty years in bringing to a determination—himself, a great part of the time, upon the water between Ameri-

ca and France, with testimony which never failed; form any years, to be informal, inadequate, or inapplicable. But he prevailed after all, and is now independent. This was, perhaps the most extraordinary case of what I have called serious versatility, in a Frenchman; that was ever known. That a French prisoner of war, a good seaman, (for a Frenchman,) should employ himself, year after year, in miniature ship building; substituting beef bone for oak timber, and converting what other men would hardly have had the patience or the power to make a tooth-pick of, into accurate and beautiful machinery, is no very surprising matter. There is a sort of serious pleasantry—a kind of busy, industrious trifling in it, altogether French; and very like what one would look for in the occupation of any Frenchman, after the quicksilver of blood was precipitated by misfortune. It was only the mimicry of naval architecture. But that a West Indian, a planter, and, above all, a Frenchman, should venture to lay out the wreck of his whole fortune upon American justice, without understanding one word of American law; and before he could say in English, so as to be understood, "Your humble servant, sir," is a thing so incredible, that, if I did not know the story to be true, I would not repeat it. Yet, such a speculation would have been quite in character for an American; perfectly reconcilable to the presumptuous versatility of his temper; for, when the spirit of adventure is disturbed in a genuine American, he appears to reckon upon miracles and phenomena, as other men do upon chances.

Thus, I have known two American partners in a large mercantile house. One had been educated for the bar; had practised at the bar; and was believed to be in the way to great authority in his profession, when he married, fell sick, consumed all his property, and went into business with another adventurer, who had made and lost, already, about half a dozen fortunes; the other (of the two first named) had no education at all; had been put apprentice to a retail shop-keeper, at the age of twelve; and had grown up to manhood, in a course of adventures, that, in any country but this, would have been thought romantic and wonderful—as well as a complete disqualification for every kind of serious business.

These two, as I have said, were partners in the same house. They soon extended their operations all over the U. States; made money—speculated—and failed. A council was held between them. The younger of the two—he who had no education—spent several hours in determination whether he should become a soldier, (for he was weary of mercantile affairs)—go to India, and upset the British power there; or to South America, and help to revolutionize two or three empires in that quarter; a clergyman; (but upon that profession he hardly bestowed a second thought, after the reflection occurred, that, in America, there was neither rank, revenue, nor dominion, for the clergy;) a physician; a lawyer; an actor; an auctioneer; or a politician. The result was, that he concluded to become a lawyer—the law in America being the highway to the highest honours of the government—while his partner, at the same time, resolved to become a divine.

The first went forthwith to his room; laboured night and day for several years (supporting himself, in the meantime, by what nobody but an American, in such a situation, would have thought of—in America,—his pen;) became distinguished; and is now a counsellor-at-law in the Supreme Court of the United States. And yet—hardly eight years have passed since he was a broken merchant, wholly uneducated, and apparently helpless.

In the mean time, his partner pursued his own studies in his own way; and is now one of the most distinguished clergymen of the United States.

These are not solitary examples. If they were, they would not be worth mentioning. They are, in reality, things of common occurrence. Most of the distinguished men of the Uni-

ted States have gone through a "course of education," more or less, of the same kind. I could mention several, in various professions, at this moment; but as my object is only to show, by others have never seen or not mentioned, in the character of our transatlantic brethren.

LORD BYRON AND SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Perhaps no work, judging from the extracts we have read, will be of a more interesting character, (excepting the conversations of Napoleon, which were published after his confinement at St. Helena,) than the conversation of Lord Byron, by Captain Medwin. The political remarks of the one and the literary gossip of the other, are equally interesting, because they both treat upon subjects and individuals, in which the reading world (and that in the present day is happily almost all the world) have a deep interest. In Mr. Medwin's work, Lord B. speaks in the most flattering terms of Walter Scott, as the author of the Waverley novels. The following remarks, of Lord B., although coming to us second hand, go far to support the belief in the authorship of Sir Walter Scott in those charming works. M. Medwin says:—

"Lord Byron was devouring, as he called it, a new novel of Walter Scott's 'How difficult is it,' says he, 'to say any thing new! Who was that voluptuary of antiquity who offered a reward for a new pleasure? Perhaps all nature and art could not supply a new idea. This page, for instance is a brilliant one. It is full of wit; but let us see how much of it is original.— This passage, for instance, comes from Shakspeare; that *bon mot* from one of Sheridan's Comedies; this observation from another,' naming the author; 'and yet the ideas are new modelled, and perhaps Scott was not aware of their being plagiarisms. It is a bad thing to have too good a memory.'

"I should not like to have you for a critic," I observed. 'Set a thief to catch a thief,' was the reply.

"I never travel without Scott's Novels," said he 'they are a perfect library in themselves; a perfect literary treasure. I could read them once a year with new pleasure.' I asked him if he was certain about the Novels being Sir Walter Scott's.

"Scott as much as twined himself the author of Waverley to me at Murray's shop. I was talking to him about that novel, and lamented that its author had not carried back the story nearer the time of the revolution. Scott, entirely off his guard, said, 'Aye, I ought to have done so; but—there he stopped. It was in vain to attempt to correct himself; he looked confused, and relieved his embarrassment by a precipitate retreat. . . . He spoiled the fame of his poetry by his superior prose. He has such extent and versatility of powers in writing that, should his novels ever tire the public, which is not likely, he will apply himself to something else, and succeed as well. His mottoes from old plays prove that he at all events possesses the dramatic faculty which is denied me, and yet I am told that his Halidon Hill did not justify expectation. I have never met with, but have seen extracts from it.

"When Walter Scott began to write poetry, which was not at a very early age, Monk Lewis corrected his verses;—he understood little then of the mechanical part of his art. The Fire King in the minstrelsy of the Scottish Border was almost all Lewis'. One of the ballads in that work, and except some of Leyden's, perhaps one of the best, was made from a story picked up in a stage coach—I mean that of Will Jones:

'They boiled Will Jones within the pot,
And not much fat had Will.'

I hope Walter Scott did not write the review of 'Christabel,' for he in common with many of us is indebted to Coleridge. But for him perhaps the Lay of the Last Minstrel would never have been thought of. The line

'Jesu Maria, Shield us well!' is taken word for word from Coleridge's poem. Of all the writers of the day, Walter Scott is the least jealous. He is too confident of his own

fame to dread the rivalry of others. He does not think of good writing as the Tuscans do about fever, that there is only a certain quantity of it in the world.'

SATAN'S MISREPRESENTATIONS.

Satan misrepresents good men by suggesting that they are melancholy, gloomy, miserable, uncomfortable beings. Allow me to tell you, in what manner young people and others express themselves, who believe the lies of the deceiver—that God's servants lead lives of the most forbidden gloom: "What, shall we turn religious, and give up our attendance upon theatres, and refuse ourselves the gratification arising from merry songs and dancing parties. What, turn religious, and shut ourselves up in churches or chapels, to the loss of a ride in the country on the Sabbath, or an exhilarating excursion upon the river, with the associates of our joy!—What, shall we turn religious, and torment ourselves with painful restraints upon the appetites and desires! Let others do as they please, religion is not for us." Thus thousands speak—thus thousands act—and thousands hurry themselves to dreadful destruction!

They who pretend to believe that religious men are not happy, do not put themselves to the trouble of inquiring carefully, as honest men, whether it is the case. The way to find it out is living with good men. Let those, who deny the happiness of good men, spend a month with him who has no religion, and a month with him who has; and then he will be able to determine, whether it is the first or the second, who possesses the greatest share of happiness. Let them ask those who seek their enjoyment in the realities, and exercises, and hopes of religion, the nature of their joys; and the following answer will be given them; It is unspeakable and full of glory.

If a man changes from one situation to a worse, do you imagine that he will remain in the worst situation, whilst it is in his power to return to the better, the one he left? Surely not; and no man in his senses would. Now, great numbers of those who are religious, and who are denominated gloomy and miserable, once sought their happiness in the pleasures, pursuits, and amusements of the world. If they have changed to the worse, by becoming religious, they have it in their power to return to the state they left.— And, if they have changed to the worse, can they remain as they are? It is impossible. They tell us, they have changed to the better—that they never tasted true joy till they tasted the pleasures of religion—and that, if they returned to the state they left, it would bring upon them the very consummation of misery. It is then, certain, that good men are happy men; and it is as certain, that to charge them with being more miserable than those who serve their lusts, is a lie.

Evangelical Intelligencer.

Atheism cured by irresistible evidence.

A respectable writer of the present day relates, that a young gentleman of his acquaintance, who, at a certain period of his life, professed himself to be an unbeliever, once informed him that the various and admirable mechanism displayed in the human wrist at a public lecture, excited his admiration and dispelled all his doubts.

The same author adds, that he knew a similar effect produced by the discourse of a late divine, on the wonderful sympathies of the human mind, which impel, as it were, in spite of themselves, the most selfish, and often the most timid creatures, to defend and protect that offspring which, without such superintendence, must inevitably perish. The power that could establish an influence at once so absolutely necessary and so irresistible, must be omnipotent, superintending and benevolent.

Newspaper thieves.—Three persons have been fined, by the Boston police court, for stealing newspapers from the doors of some of the citizens.

Southern Preacher.

THE subscriber has received a few copies of this admirable collection of sermons, which he offers for sale. The volume is well printed and neatly bound. It contains an animated and interesting view of the great outlines of the Gospel. All the sermons are above mediocrity; and, most of them eloquent and nervous. They are equally interesting to the Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist, as they are the productions of these different denominations, and advance nothing that can be offensive to either. The desire to encourage the literature of our own state, we hope, will unite, with respect for the authors, clergymen of our own and the southern states, and, a wish to possess this animated and interesting epitome of evangelical truth, to produce a speedy sale. The industrious, pious and enterprising publisher has a claim on the patronage of a generous and enlightened public.

The subscriber has, also, just opened a package of standard Classical and school books.— Among them are the very excellent geographies of Morse and Woodbridge. These works have received the unqualified approbation of the most celebrated teachers and literary characters, in the United States. They have each their peculiar excellencies, and are accompanied by atlases, of a superior kind. The geography by Morse, is an entire new work; the joint effort of the father and his son. It is an admirable work for schools, academies and colleges, and the teachers will find most of the defects of other works, here supplied. He has, also, Whelpley's compend of history, with notes and questions, by the Rev. Mr. Emerson; Blair's Rhetoric, with questions, at the close of each chapter, by Rev. Mr. Blake; Conversations in Natural Philosophy, with notes and questions, by the same; a beautiful epitome on the Elements of Astronomy, by Wilkins; Valpey's Greek Grammar; cheap, yet neat editions of Milton's Paradise Lost; Cowper's Task; Thompson's Seasons; and Wilbur's biblical Catechism.

These works he will sell as low as they can be purchased, singly, in any of the northern capitals.

He continues his Classical and English school at the old Academy. Parents and guardians may have their children and wards instructed in such branches, as they please, of classical or common literature. JON. O. FREEMAN. Salisbury, Jan. 17, 1825.

The fine, young, thorough bred Horse

AERONAUT,

DECIDEDLY the finest looking horse of his age, ever produced in the western part of the state, will stand the ensuing season at my stable, in Rowan county, ten miles north east from Salisbury, and seven south-west from Lexington, at fifteen dollars the season; ten dollars, cash, the single leap; and special contracts will be made for insurance, suited to particular cases and circumstances.

The season will commence on the 15th of February and continue until the 1st of August. He will be found constantly at his station, except when taken to be shown at public places, and especially during the terms of the Superior and County Courts at Salisbury and Lexington, at which places he will stand several days each term, if convenient, for the accommodation of gentlemen who have not seen him.

Description.—Aeronaut is a beautiful mahogany bay, with black legs, mane and tail, a star and blaze in his face, four years old next spring, nearly sixteen hands high, remarkably heavy made, uniting in a high degree, the size, elegance and grandeur of his sire, the imported horse Eagle; with the great substance, symmetry and compactness of his grand-sire, the imported horse Dion. The great strength and weight of body which he will acquire at full age, will entitle him to stand higher as a horse of power, than any imported horse that ever stood in the county, except the imported horse Clown, and to him in that respect he will be at least equal.

He had a few mares last season, from which it appears that he promises fair to attain the reputation of a sure foalgetter; and from his youth, the excellence of his constitution, the fine size, figure and performances of the stock from which he descended, he cannot well fail to produce as fine colts as any horse in America.

Pedigree.—Aeronaut was got by the imported horse Eagle; his dam by the imported horse Dion; gran-dam by Expectation, one of the best sons of the imported horse Diomedes, out of a Medley mare, uniting the blood of the imported horses Medley, Fearnought and James, and the thorough bred horse Celer, from which it appears that he must be very nearly, if not entirely, thorough bred, and descended from an ancestry, the most renowned of any horse that has ever appeared in England or America, as will be seen by the following statement:

Eagle was considered the finest and fleetest horse in England, since the days of Chloster, and his winnings amounted to ninety-three thousand dollars; he was got by Volunteer; Volunteer by Eclipse, Eclipse by Marsque and Marsque by the Devonshire or Flying Childers, the fleetest horse ever known in England. Eagle's dam was got by Highflyer, a horse little, if any, inferior to the above celebrated Eclipse, generally admitted to be the best horse that ever was in England, or perhaps in the world, as appears by the statement made in his recommendation and pedigree now in my possession; his gran-dam by Enquirer, &c. Dion was got by Spadille, one of the best sons of the same celebrated Highflyer; his dam by the Pauslet, &c. He was famed for his great speed and bottom, having run with such unusual honesty as to win four mile heats twice in one week; he was the sire of Gattalin, Don Quixotte, and many other capital racers, all of which united with the blood of the above famous horses in America, viz: Diomedes, Medley, James, Fearnought and Celer, constitute a pedigree inferior to few, if any, horses ever bred in America.

All reasonable measures will be directed to prevent unfortunate accidents, but no responsibility will be admitted for any that may occur. ROBERT MOORE.

January 20, 1825. 4145

Sheriff's Tax Deeds.

DEEDS for land sold by Sheriff for arrears of Taxes, for sale at the 'Carolinian' office: