

POETRY.

FOR THE WESTERN COURIER.

JEFFERSON and ADAMS.

While Sol, in his career burns; While Luna, on her axis turns; While Luna and the planets bright, Reflect on us the solar light.

So long shall Freedom's sun sublime, On man, if true to virtue shine; So long, when Columbia's land, Shall Freedom's glorious Temple stand.

So long while they, who rear'd it, In Freedom's "the Father of the free," And he, who drew the noble plan, On which the superstructure rose.

Shall occupy the laurel'd van, With him who vanquish'd Freedom's foes. A louder peal than mortal fame, Is due to his immortal name.

Side in their growth,—swift in decay, Empires have flourish'd,—pass'd away; O Freedom! can record time Produce one parallel to thine? One day gave to thy Empire birth! One glorious day, unmatch'd on earth.

Their swords thy valiant children drew; Thy conscript Fathers drew the pen; To thee they sign'd Allegiance true, Stern Independence, Queen of men.

Al! where is he, whom thou didst train To be thy independent scribe? Thy counsel did inspire his brain; He must have felt thee at his side.

The claims of individual right He weigh'd against despotic might; Acute, discriminating, clear, Replete with hope, devoid of fear, His intellects, with rapid glance, Saw what would civil rights advance! In phrase perspicuous and true, The burning instrument he drew, Stamp'd with the vigour of his mind, The sacred charters of mankind!

The man, the scholar, and the sage, Mature in honour, glory, age, Upon the hour the deed was sign'd, His spirit to his GOD resigned.

Of his compeer, what shall we say? He stanchly stood upon that day, Which tried the head and hearts of men; Few, few will see their like again.

A Roman virtue, Grecian fire! The soul of Adams did inspire; Strong was the language of his tongue, Which through the Hall of Congress rung; Rescuing the weak to purpose firm, Britannia's royal rule to spurn; With steady hand and eye of flame, He on the parchment trac'd his name.

Renov'd, to their eternal home Adams and Jefferson are gone! Of all the Patriarchs band, But One remains to cheer the land.

In vain are monumental fanes To such imperishable names! Let Pyramids to men obscure Ephemeral renown procure; Oblivion's gloom can never hide, In rapid time's remotest tide, The deeds of those, by heaven's decree, Who died on Freedom's jubilee. O.

FROM THE BOSTON AMERICAN TRAVELLER.

The following lines from the pen of the feeble and emaciated bard, indicative of his feelings at the present moment, were recently composed, and politely favoured us for publication.

LOVE OF LIFE.

Man quits not such a world as this, Nor deems his journey brief; For still there blooms a flower of bliss With every thorn of grief.

How glorious from the azure deep Ascends yon orb on high! Why should we its departure weep? We do not wish to die!

The storm is still: an arch appears 'Neath heaven's unsullied veil; Mercy has smiled away our fears— Yet, DEATH! who bids thee hail?

Born I, O world! who sadly sigh, By pain and penury 'prest; Shall leave thee with a moistened eye, And with a heaving breast.

BOSTON BARD.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]

From the Christian Remembrancer for Dec. 1823.

SIR: In the beginning of the present year, I visited the Vaudois, or Protestant inhabitants of the valleys of Piedmonte, for the purpose of ascertaining their present condition.—The severity of the season, and the depth of the snow upon the mountains, did not permit me to find my way into every one of these villages, but I penetrated into several of those which are situated in the heart of their Alpine fastnesses, and I have returned with materials for a volume, which is ready for the press. I am tempted to send you the following extracts, in the hope that they will not be read without exciting deep commiseration for the sufferings of men who have such claims upon our notice. I remain, yours, &c.

WILLIAM STEPHEN GILLY.

"It was my first object to visit Pomaretto, the parish of Roderigo Peyran, the venerable moderator, or pri-

mate of the ancient Episcopal church of the Waldenses, and from Pinarolo, we took the Fenestrelle road, which leads over that part of the Alps called the Col de Sestriere, into France.—At Perrossa we left the high road, and proceeded on foot across the Clusone, or Chisone, to Pomaretto; and seen as it was in its wintry aspect, never did a more dreary spot burst upon our view. The street which we slowly ascended was narrow and dirty, the houses, or rather cabins, small and inconvenient, and poverty stared us in the face at every step. In vain did we look about in search of some more cheerful corner, in which we might see an habitation fit for the residence of the supreme pastor of the Vaudois; but when we arrived at the habitation of Mr. Peyran, it surprised us, as being inferior to the most indifferent parsonage in England, or the humblest manse in Scotland. Neither garden nor bower enlivened its appearance, and scarcely did it differ in construction or dimension from the cottages by which it was surrounded.

"We were conducted up a dark and narrow staircase, and through a very small bed-room, whose size was still further contracted by several book-cases. This led into a second bed-room, more amply provided still with shelves and books; low, and without any decoration of paint or paper hanging, and about fourteen feet square. At a small fire, where the fuel was supplied too scantily to impart warmth to the apartment, there sat a slender, feeble looking old man, dressed in a suit of time-worn black, and having his shoulders covered with what had once been a cloak, but now a shred only, and more like the remains of a horse cloth, than a mantle. The sickly and infirm sufferer, in this humble costume, this garb of indigence, was the Moderator Peyran, the successor of a line of prelates which extends to the apostles themselves; the high-priest of the church, which is beyond every shadow of doubt the parent church of every Protestant community in Europe, and which ten centuries of persecution has not been able to destroy. It is indeed 'a vine which has stretched out her branches to the sea, and her boughs to the river;' but while her branches are flourishing, 'the wild boar out of the wood doth root up the stem, and the wild beasts of the field devour it.'

"Mr. Peyran was upwards of 71 years of age: the whole of his income did not exceed nine hundred francs, or about thirty six pounds a year; and with this pittance he was obliged to meet the demands of a family, the calls of charity, the incidental expenses of his situation as moderator, and the increasing wants of age, sickness, and infirmity. A dreadful accident, occasioned by the kick of a mule, had added much to the ill of his condition. The welcome which we received from our venerable host was expressed with all the warmth and sincerity of one whose kindly feelings had not been chilled by years or sufferings, and the manner in which it was delivered displayed a knowledge of the world, and a tone of good breeding, which is not looked for in Alpine solitudes, or in the dusty study of a recluse. He entered readily into conversation, and the animation of his discourse had such an effect upon his frame, that the wrinkles seemed to fall from his brow, the paleness of his cheeks was succeeded by a hectic colour, and the feeble and stooping figure which first rose before us, seemed to elevate itself by degrees, and to acquire new strength and energy. There was nothing querulous in his manner, and I might have forgotten that he had exceeded the usual limits of man's short span, or had drank to the very dregs the bitterest cup of human sorrow. Mr. Peyran's book shelves were loaded with more than they could well support; and when I noticed the number of volumes which lay scattered about the room, he told me, that if he were still in possession of all that was once his, the whole of his house would be insufficient to contain them. He had bought many of them himself in his early days, but they were principally collected by his father, grandfather, and more distant ancestors, and among them were some valuable folios and curious old manuscripts. I asked what had become of them? They had been sold, he said, from time to time, to buy clothes, and even food for himself and family!—Upon my inquiring if there had not formerly been bishops in the Vaudois church,

properly to called, he answered, 'Yes, and I should now be styled bishop, for my office is virtually Episcopal, but it would be absurd to retain the empty title, when we have not the means of supporting the dignity.' He added another reason why the title of bishop is dropped, and substituted by that of Moderator. The Vaudois, or Waldensian Protestants of the valleys of Piedmont, were formerly much more numerous than they are now. Persecutions have reduced their numbers in an alarming degree, and whereas they once extended into the provinces of Susa and Saluzzo, and occupied all the mountainous regions of that of Pinarolo, they are now confined to the three valleys of San Martino, Perrossa, and Lucerna, and have but thirteen parishes within their limits. So small a flock can hardly confer the title of bishop. Mr. Peyran felt evident satisfaction in explaining, how closely the doctrines of the Vaudois church assimilate to those of the church of England.—He pointed to the works of Tillotson, Barrow, and Jeremy Taylor, which still enriched his book-case, and declared that he never read them without being more and more gratified by the light which these English divines had thrown upon truths, for which his own simple race had so often been obliged to conceal themselves in their mountain retreats. 'But remember,' said the old man, with conscious and becoming pride, 'remember that you are indebted to us for your emancipation from Papal thraldom. We led the way, we stood in the front rank, and the baying of the blood-hounds of persecution were heard in our valleys, while you were yet in darkness.—They hunted down our ancestors, pursued them from glen to glen, and obliged many of them to take refuge in foreign countries. Some of these wanderers fled into Provence and Languedoc, and from them were derived the Albigenses, or Heretics of Albi, as they were called.—The province of Guisnon afforded shelter to the persecuted Albigenses: Guisnon was then in your possession. From an English province our doctrines found their way into England itself, and as Thomas Walden and Cardinal Bellamine, the historians of heresy, will tell you, your Wickliffe himself preached nothing more than what had been advanced by the ministers of our valleys four hundred years before his time.—Whence, continued my aged informant, with increased animation, 'whence came your term Lollards, but from a Waldensian pastor of that name, who flourished about the middle of the thirteenth century? And the Walloons of the Low Countries were nothing more than a sect, whose name is easily found in a corruption of our own. As for ourselves, we have been called disciples of Peter Waldo, when we have records to shew, that Waldo did not begin his career till many years after we were known to exist as an independent church. We have been styled, in derision, Heretics, Arians, Manicheans, and Cathari; but we are like yourselves, a church, with all that discipline and regular administration of divine service which constitutes a church. The Roman Catholics have departed from us, not we from them. We are the ancient church of Christ. Our's is the apostolical and episcopal succession, which the Roman hierarchy has corrupted.' I ventured to ask Mr. Peyran, if the Vaudois clergy urged the doctrine of absolute predestination and election. He replied, that the nicer points of controversy were not often discussed in their pulpits; and that for his own part, he did not give his assent to absolute predestination. 'If God infallibly predestines some to happiness and others to misery, I do not see the use,' said he, 'of the moral law.' I mentioned Calvin. 'Calvin,' said Mr. Peyran, 'was a good man, I must believe, but I cannot account for his judicial murder of Servetus. He tried to be a faithful servant of God, but many of his tenets convey a

strange notion of the Almighty's attributes.' "It was with extreme regret that we found the hour was come when we had to part with the venerable Peyran." His good humor, cheerfulness and resignation, his perfect recollection of events and conversations that had taken place years before, his profound erudition and general information, lent such charms to his discourse, that we caught with eagerness every word that dropped from him. To my young companions he appeared like a being of a different order to what they had been accustomed: all that they heard and saw had more the air of romance than reality, and as they gazed out of the little window upon the wild mountain scenery that surrounded Pomaretto, and caught the sound of the torrents running below, and then listened again to the gray-headed old man, whose richly stored mind and elevation of spirit raised him so high above the indigent condition to which he had been consigned, they were lost in wonder and admiration.

Voltaire made his last journey to Paris at a very advanced age, and having expressed a great desire to be acquainted with Doctor Franklin, who was then at Paris, this celebrated American was introduced to him.—Voltaire conversed with him some time in English, till Madame Denis, his niece, interrupted him by saying that Doctor Franklin understood French, and the rest of the company wished to know the subject of their discourse; "Excuse me, my dear," replied Voltaire, "I have the vanity to show that I am not unacquainted with the language of a Franklin."

A few weeks since, we noticed the opinion of an English agriculturist with respect to the quantity of milk required for a pound of butter and cheese.—A woman in a neighbouring town, who has for many years superintended an extensive dairy, says the Englishman's rule is exactly right. She has ascertained by long experience that nine quarts of milk are requisite to produce one pound of butter, and a little more than four quarts for a pound of cheese.

A dairy farmer informs us, that the skimmed milk and whey of his dairy, employed in feeding hogs, are worth about three dollars a year for each cow.

He says skimmed milk given to swine will not yield half a cent per quart, when pork is only five or six cents per pound.

The encyclopedist says "the herbage that would be sufficient to add 112 pounds to the weight of an ox, would, if employed in feeding cows, afford 450 gallons of milk." According to this statement one pound of grass fed beef costs the farmer as much as four gallons of milk. Hampshire Gaz.

MAID vs. WIDOW.

An article of traffic very prevalent among the Turcomans will strike the reader as curious and unique. The Turcoman buys his wife, and it is said will give in the proportion of 10 to 1, more for a widow than a maid. A lady that has been married, and acquired any degree of celebrity for skill in housewifery, will fetch from two to four thousand rupees. The average price of a maiden, unskilled in the economy of a household, is from two to four hundred only.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

We have been a long time in the habit of speaking of Oliver Cromwell in the language of Hume and other British historians. Cromwell (remarks a correspondent) governed England with great prudence and justice. He united Scotland and Ireland with England. To him the English owe the rich island of Jamaica, and the successes of Admiral Blake in the Mediterranean. He gave to their commerce the famous navigation act, and while he reigned monarch of England, under the title of Lord Protector, he never stained his hands with blood, but governed mercifully and righteously. He was a religious man after the manners of that day, which was called by the opposite party puritanical, or, as they conceived "righteous over much." Boston Patriot.

The Rev. Jasper Adams, President of the Charleston College, was, on the 2d ult. elected President of the College at Geneva, in the State of New-York.

To Builders.

To be let to the lowest bidder, at the Town of Waltham, on Saturday the sixteenth day of September next, to be long Superior Court week, the building of a Court-house for the county of Wilkes: To be forty feet square, or forty-five by thirty-five feet; two stories high; the foundation to be of stone, and the walls of brick. The particular description of the building, with a plan of the same, will be exhibited at the time of letting out. Bond and security will be required of the contractor.

H. STOKES, JOHN FINLEY, WALTER H. LENOX, JOHN BRYAN, JOHN MARTIN, Commissioners.

August 3rd, 1825.

The celebrated American JACK-DON PIZARRO,

Will stand the coming season, commencing the 15th instant, and ending on the 15th October, at my stable in the town of Salisbury, JUNIUS SWED.

Salisbury, August 14, 1825.

\$50 Reward.

STOLEN from the subscriber, on the night of the 31st of July, last, by JOHN ST. J. FORD a negro boy by the name of Jacob, and a Bay Horse and a Bay Mare. STANFORD is about eighteen years of age; five feet seven inches high, round shouldered, and with a slight stoop in his back; black hair, which on his forehead nearly meets his eyebrows; his eyes inclined to a squint; tolerably stout made; his complexion of dark brown; one blue broadcloth round-about, with large uniform buttons; a pair of pantaloons, viz: two pair coarse whitemosses, one pair blue cassinet, one pair striped do. one pair light jeans, black hat, tolerable good shoes, no stockings. The black boy he took with him is about 18 years of age; quite dark complexioned, about 5 feet 7 inches high. He has a star on his right hand, occasioned by a burn. The Bay horse is 17 years old, about 15 hands high, black with a white blaze up to the knees, and a star in his forehead. The mare is about 4 feet 5 inches high, with two white marks round her neck, occasioned by the rubbing of a halter. With the horses he took a single reined bridle with large bones, a saddle considerably worn—quilted in front of the skirts.

Any person who will take up the said negro and horses, and deliver them to me, or lodge them in safety so that I can get them, shall receive the above reward.

CHRISTOPHER HAND.

August 5, 1825.

State of North-Carolina, Cabarrus county. COMMITTED to Concord Jail, on the 19th Aug. a Negro man, who calls himself PHILL, about 25 years old, dark complexion, has one upper tooth out, is about 5 feet 10 inches high; says he is a blacksmith by trade, and belongs to a Mr. Richard Coleman, of Edgefield District, S. C. The owner is desired to prove property, pay charges, and take him away.

GEO. KLUTTS, Jailor.

Aug. 31, 1825.

Pocket Book Lost.

MISSING from the subscriber, while in, somewhere near, the house of Thomas Holmes, on Friday evening, the 28th inst. a small red morocco pocket-book, a good deal rubbed, with a \$2 South-Carolina bank bill, with one syllable written on the face of it, and a 75 cent bill; and a number of receipts and other papers. A reasonable reward will be paid for the pocket-book, money and papers, by me.

LEEROY HIGHTOWER.

Aug. 26, 1825.

Heirs of Henry Brickhouse.

NOTICE is hereby given to the heirs of Henry Brickhouse, dec'd. that application will be made to the Court of Equity for Rowan county, at the Fall term, 1826, for an order to dispose of the real estate of said Brickhouse, in Rowan county; when and where they can appear, and object, if they think proper.

WILLIAM JARVIS.

August 24, 1825.

NOTICE.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, July 15, 1825.

TO obviate the risk and delay incident to the return of the Bank Notes from the Department, not receivable at the Treasury of the United States, in payment for Patent Rights, all persons desirous of taking out Patents are requested to transmit, with their applications, such Notes or Drafts as they may know, or be advised, will be available at the Treasury.

July 15.

Estate of John P. Hodgson.

THE subscriber having qualified as administrator on the estate of the late John P. Hodgson, dec. desires all persons indebted to said estate, to come forward and make settlement; and all those having claims against said estate, will present them for settlement, properly authenticated, otherwise this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

MESHACK PINKSTON, adm'r.

Nov. 24, 1825.

State of North-Carolina, Cabarrus county.

COURT of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, July Term, 1825. George Ury vs. Ann Thompson: Original attachment, levied on Tan Yard, &c.—It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the defendant in this case is not an inhabitant of this state: Ordered, therefore, that publication be made six weeks in the Western Carolinian, notifying said defendant that unless he appear at our next court of pleas and quarter sessions, held for said county at the court-house in Concord, on the third Monday in October next, then and there reply, plead or demur, otherwise judgment will be taken by default, and execution awarded accordingly.

DAN'L COLEMAN, C'K.

Price adv. \$2.

State of North-Carolina, Montgomery county.

COURT of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, July session, 1825. Thomas Pemberton vs. Daniel McGill: attachment levied on land. Ordered by the court, that publication be made in the Western-Carolinian for four weeks, that unless the defendant appear at the next county court, to be held for the county of Montgomery, at the court-house in Lawrenceville, on the first Monday in October next, reply or plead, judgment will be entered for the amount of the plaintiff's demand. J. B. MARTIN, C'K. Price adv. \$1 50.

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