

It is even wise to abstain from laws, which, however wise and good in themselves, have the semblance of inequality, which rids response in the heart of the citizen, and which will be evaded with little remorse. The wisdom of legislation is especially seen in grafting laws on conscience.

Dr. Channing.

SALISBURY, ROWAN COUNTY, N. C.....MONDAY, JUNE 6, 1831.

[VOL. I.....NO. 574.]

Printed and published once a week, by JAMES B. CRANFORD, at the office of the Western Carolinian, in Salisbury, N. C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. BROUGHAM.

The January number of the New Monthly Magazine, commences a series of "Sketches of the English Bar," with a portrait of Mr. Brougham—a man whom (it is said) no title of yesterday can elevate, and who will be happy if the new position in which his title places him, and the new circumstances with which it causes him to be surrounded, do not so alter the man, as to make Brougham the lord inferior to Brougham the commoner.

The writer gives an interesting view of the struggles and impetuous exertions of Mr. Brougham in the earlier periods of his life, and in reply to the question whether pure philanthropy or personal ambition had the greater share in urging him on to various and numerous toils, admits that Mr. Brougham, like most other men acted from mixed motives, and gives him "credit for an honest society to serve the people, combined with an ardent desire to elevate himself." We copy the annexed paragraph, descriptive of his personal appearance and manner, and shall introduce two other extracts of a different character in another paper.—*Boston Courier.*

If gentlest and most indulgent reader, you had chanced any morning during term to have walked into the Court of King's Bench, you would probably have perceived, near to one of the extremities of the King's counsel seat, a barrister with his brief before him, at which he now and then cast a rapid glance, as if a thought had suddenly struck him respecting some point of which he wished to make himself sure; and then he would appear to relapse again into rather profound reflection. There was no deep quietude in his repose—his position was changed frequently, and the nervous twitchings of his nose and upper lip seemed almost to indicate emotion caused by the forcible suppression of impetuous thought. His face was destitute of all pretension to beauty of feature or elegance of expression; his forehead rather broad, but not lofty; the nose long, and slightly curved upwards; the upper line long, and the mouth close and firm; his complexion of a hardy paleness, and the visage strongly marked with lines of thought; the eyebrow dark and full, overshadowing an eye, which in repose seemed small and incapable of much expression, but in moments of excitement and they were neither rare nor moderate—flashing forth such fierce energy as I have not seen equalled in any other man. On the whole his expression was that of a studious man, and a deep and vivid thinker; and this was Mr. Brougham, as you would presently discover, when some stranger in the crowd, as occurred every moment, asked, "which is he?" I have never heard a speaker more likely to enchain the attention; there was a serious earnestness in his manner, without any of that heavy gravity which sometimes makes seriousness tedious; his voice was clear, his enunciation distinct, beyond that of any other man in the court, and a continued flow and impressiveness in his language gave an interest even to ordinary details, of which in the hands of others, they would have been utterly incapable. He was not loud, yet so clear, distinct, and forcible in his utterance that not a word was lost; even his under tones, his "talking aside," when he was addressing the judges or a jury, fell with palpable distinctness upon the ear; but the distinguishing characteristic of all he said was its earnest clearness; there was no un- evenness, no hesitation, no hurry of words, no difficulty of expression. He seemed as if he spoke from an earnest conviction in his own mind that he was right; and even when he was quite wrong as in points of law he very often was, he discoursed so much with the air of a man who was quite certain about the matter, that the unlearned in the law were astonished when they heard the Judges pronounce that Mr. Brougham's legal positions were altogether untenable. It was, however, in the management of facts before an intelligent jury that his abilities as an advocate shone conspicuously forth. His extensive knowledge of mankind, and of the affairs of life, furnished him with a continued store of observation and illustration, while his matchless facility and force of language made every circumstance which he touched upon, tell with ten times its ordinary weight. His powers of eulogy, and his still greater powers of sarcasm, made his comments upon evidence singularly effective, and if he could have condescended to the

management of juries, his assistance would have been invaluable to suitors. But this management, this adapting of himself to the prejudice or ignorance of the people he had to deal with, and thus cajoling them out of a verdict, was an art which is impetuous and commanding tempo, could not submit to learn. His address to the jury was a lecture upon the case or the evidence; he spoke as one having authority, and whose business it was to teach his auditory, by the strongest appeals to their reason, the way in which they should view the case that was before them. His energy always rose with the importance of the circumstances upon which he commented, and gradually proceeded from the vigorous, yet subdued earnestness with which he dwelt upon simple and ordinary facts, to the very highest strain of eloquent fervor, as his topics became more exciting and important. Then it was that he was accustomed to hurl forth his tremendous weapons of sarcasm and invective—and standing in the attitude of St. Paul in the cartoon, with his arms stretched forth, heaving forward, as it were, upon the devoted object of his attack the vast volumes of his wrath, he proved himself by far the greatest forensic orator of his time; and in that particular department of oratory, the philippic, he has probably not been surpassed by any lawyer, since Cicero. Many English lawyers have been noted for their powers of acrimonious abuse; among whom Sir Edward Coke holds a disonorable pre-eminence; but in the lofty strain of vehement indignation the subject of our sketch stands unrivalled. It is to be remarked, however, that in the perhaps less manly, but not less persuasive power of the orator, which addresses itself to the kind feelings and gentler sympathies of the human heart, Mr. Brougham was found wanting. To paint the hideous wrong of tyranny and oppression—to exalt the glory of resisting them—to scourge meanness and cruelty—to overwhelm ignorance and presumption with sarcastic scorn, were tasks congenial to Mr. Brougham's powers. The excellence of knowledge—the nobleness of freedom—the stern grandeur of fixed resolution, all these were things which he spoke of as a man who felt them; but the softness of piety—the subduing power of gentleness and goodness—the fervent love of affection, and the tenderness of love, either found no sympathy with him, or were not thought fit to be made use of in the exercise of his art.

"Impiger, irapudus, inexorabili acer." He seemed to desire to be borne along by the torrent of his indignation, and never stopped for a moment to watch by the fountains of human tears.

FROM AN ENGLISH PAPER. WOLF FIGHT.

The month of December had just set in with all the rigours of a northern winter, which those who had never witnessed it, can form a very inadequate idea of from description only; and those who have, will have it too strongly impressed on their memory, to require any minute detail of its severity. I formed one of a party of five gentlemen who started from Calceona, the principal seaport in his Swedish majesty's dominions, to journey to Gottenburgh; we had with us two men servants and a lad about fifteen years of age, the latter of whom and one of my companions, were my countrymen; the rest of the company were Swedes and Danes, with the exception of one Frenchman. We travelled in four cars drawn each by one horse; and by dint of having the head of the vehicle brought well over, and being wrapped in numberless furs, cloaks, comforters, &c. we were tolerably well able to defy both the frost and the still more keen blast which swept over interminable fields of winter's livery.

Our road was a little diversified for the first three days. It lay chiefly over a mountainous tract of country, with occasional moors extending for some miles and all deeply covered with snow, which had fallen considerably for some days, and had in some parts completely filled various fruitful valleys, which were pointed out by the guides we took from one town or village to another. At length we plunged into a deep forest through which our route lay, and where a good road had been prepared, but which we had great difficulty in keeping, in consequence of the drifted snow. Many hills of the forest had not been passed, before we became acquainted with the hideous forms of the natural

enemies of man and horse. Ever and anon, a wolf would cross our path, and sliding into the thickets of the forest, send forth a terrific howl, which I must confess was any thing but music to my ears. The horses invariably started, snorted, and trembled at every joint, whenever the noise of the wolfish herd betokened the vicinity and numbers of those fearful animals, and it required all the aids which our knowledge of the manege could furnish, to urge them forward, if the wolves, which occasionally appeared, two or three together as evening approached, happened to take their course along the road before the cavalcade. Nothing is more remarkable than the extreme terror displayed by the horse at the appearance of even a single wolf.

As night came on we cleared the main body of the forest, through which we had passed about forty miles, surrounded by the gloom of innumerable fir trees; among which not a living being, either bird or beast appeared to exist, with the single and disagreeable exception of the rapacious wolf. An opening of a mile or two on our right would have cheered us after our monotonous drive, varied only by the affair of changing horses at the solitary post houses on the road side, had it not been that at the distance of a quarter of a mile we observed a herd of about twenty of our enemies bending their way towards us. They suddenly stopped, however, and after an appalling howl, disappeared in the forest. This small band had been evidently alarmed at our numbers. Their appearance gave us timely notice of what we might momentarily expect; and accordingly our guides drew up, and we arranged to drive in a closer body, and immediately prepared our fire arms.

This precaution was taken in a fortunate moment, for we had just got a glimpse of the smoke of the village of Minesprach at which we intended to pass the night, and was about two miles off, when a tremendous howl, which came like a peal of thunder in the mountains of Switzerland, announced a herd of wolves in our rear.

The horses were already fatigued, but fear gave them renewed strength, and they fled at a dangerous rate towards the village. Their speed was in vain. A discharge of fire arms from the hindmost car bespoke the superior fleetness of wolves. And in a few moments the second in the line, in which I drove, was arrested by at least nine or ten of the largest and most powerful wolves I have ever beheld. My companion, the Frenchman exclaimed, c'en est fait de nous. And I really considered that he spoke the truth. I had already discharged three pistols and disabled as many wolves—the Frenchman had done his part, and we had jointly put the greater part of our assailants hors du combat; but our horse was dragged on his knees, and while three of these monsters were lacerating the poor animal's neck, a fourth, an immense creature, with glaring eyes and extended jaws, darted up, and would have infallibly had the poor Frenchman by the throat, had I not luckily at the moment seized my carbine rifle, which fortunately had a bayonet screwed on. I caught the creature at the point, while my companion, with admirable readiness, coolly put a pistol to the wolf's eye, and sent a brace of balls through the savage creature's head. The slaughter we had committed would not have saved us from the fangs of the herd, which I believe consisted of a hundred wolves, had not our guide, by firing a large rocket as a signal of distress to the villagers, given the savage animals alarm. The glare of the rocket drove off the greater part of the herd, and having wounded two, and slain the third of our remaining foes, we alighted, and found our companions had ridden themselves of their ferocious assailants.

We instantly collected the straw from the bottom of the cars, and kindled a fire to prevent the renewal of the attack, intending to wait the arrival of the villagers, whose torches we perceived approaching the scene of action. On examining our forces

we found that, though each car had been surrounded, ours had been the severest conflict, with the exception of that in which the two men servants and the lad were. Their horse had reared, and in the struggle overthrown the car. The unfortunate men were each wounded, and the boy dreadfully lacerated, one of his thighs being completely torn away. We bandaged the boy's limb, and placed him in one of the other cars; but although every thing possible was done for him, he died from exhaustion before daylight.

The horse in the servant's car was already dead, and as ours was evidently dying, we despatched the poor animal. We counted nineteen dead wolves, and had no doubt there was as many more wounded. A crowd of villagers had arrived, and attended by a dozen torches, we soon reached a comfortable inn, where a good supper, and some wine brought from Carserona, would, but for the melancholy fate of the poor lad, have induced us to laugh at the terrors of a wolf attack.

No men labor harder than printers—no men are more scantily paid in proportion to the wear and tear of mental and physical constitution—no men in this community, we are quite certain, are called upon for so large an amount in proportion to their means, of gratuitous services—and we believe that no men perform those unpaid services with more cheerful alacrity. The boldness or indifference with which some people lay an assessment upon the newspaper proprietors would justify the inference that they suppose types and presses to cost nothing, journeymen and apprentices to labour and live without need of food or clothing, and paper-makers to furnish a costly material without ever asking for payment. We have no doubt that each of the proprietors of the daily papers in this city, gives enough annually, in the way of gratuitous advertising for persons or Societies who are able and ought to pay, and in newspapers for which he gets neither credit nor thanks, to defray the expenses of educating his children, even though he might have a son or two at college. If some rich fellow, who inherited his money without earning it, were to give away half as much he would be lauded "sky high," as the prince of philanthropists, and his name would ring along the Atlantic from Maine to Mexico, and be echoed from the Rocky Mountains, as a benefactor of his race. A few hundred dollars, given in a lump is something to tell of; six pence at a time, a dozen times a day, is never thought of.

Bost. Cour.

FROM THE BOSTON PATRIOT.
The Oregon Territory. Columbia River, &c.—We have conversed with Capt. Dominos, of the brig Owhyhee, which arrived last week from the Pacific Ocean, who informs us that in February 1829, he entered Columbia River, and remained until April. He revisited the River also in August, 1830. He describes the climate as delightful, free from the vicissitudes of heat and cold experienced on the Atlantic side of N. America. In August the heat was not nearly so great as with us; and through the winter, he saw no snow, nor was there any ice seen in the river. He is of opinion that two crops of potatoes, and of different kinds of grain could be raised without any difficulty. The navigation at the mouth of the Columbia is rather dangerous, as there are breakers upon the Bar, where there is 41-2 fathoms at low water; and indeed the British Hudson's Bay company lost two brigs there, one in 1829 and the other in 1830; but from the mouth, for about 120 miles, as far as the Great Falls, the river is deep enough for the largest merchant vessel.

About 80 miles from the mouth of the Columbia the river Wallameth enters it, a large river which is navigable to about 20 miles from its mouth, where there are Falls of 20 feet, and a most eligible site for manufactories. From its source it runs a N. W. course to the Columbia. A smaller river,

called the Gaulz, empties into the Columbia from the north about 20 miles below the Wallameth.

The soil of these rivers, not far from the mouth of the Columbia, he represents to be of the best quality, especially around the Wallameth, where the country is well watered, and abounding with extensive forests of hard wood. These rivers abound in salmon, sturgeon, herra, and other fish: the season for herra commences in February, and salmon in May. The natives are not numerous, but are very peaceable, by no means like those at Nootka Sound, &c. and at no time felt any apprehensions from them.

"Though now so cheap, the fear, Will, in the end, prove monstrous." But of all cheap things that we find prove dear, Razors and Safety Razors are the most abominable. One will mangle your flesh, the other will mangle the education and morals of children. In two many neighborhoods the price and not the quality of a master is looked at. The difference of three dollars a year, a man of sense and learning will be displaced, to make way for a booby. Listen to old Robert. The usefulness and desirability of your children, depend, in a great measure, on their education and early habits. Their education and their morals depend greatly on their tutors. If their master be illiterate and vicious, how can he impart knowledge & virtue to your children? A man of learning will not—cannot devote his time and talents for little or nothing. No man deserves a liberal support better than a school-master. When therefore, a man offers to teach your children cheap, suspect him. A child will learn more in one quarter at a good school, than in two at a poor school. It is cheaper, therefore in the end, to have a good schoolmaster at twenty-five dollars a month, than a poor one at fifteen dollars, for you save half the time.

A GOOD SHOT.

One of the best shots I ever heard of was made with a percussion gun. About ten or twelve years ago, an Eastern shore vessel was frozen up in the river and her provisions exhausted, the Captain went on shore to see "how the land laid;" in other words to make a reconnaissance of her coast. Old Mrs. ———, who was celebrated for the number of her domestic fowls, could not bargain with the Capt. for any of his "assorted cargo;" at length he agreed to give a silver dollar for a shot among the poultry, and a greed to shoot a gun without a flint—this was accepted by the old lady, provided she loaded the gun, which she stipulated to do fairly. Captain Bobstay, who was up to a thing or two, when on board, took down old blue trigger, (just altered to the percussion principle) a large silver-sighted trumpet muzzled gun, imported before the revolution to shoot swans on the Potomac, put in six fingers clear of the wads, then cut off the ramrod level with the muzzle, and returned on shore reinforced by his mate and cook. The old lady, after trying the ramrod, very deliberately took off a small thimble which she used as a charger, and having loaded with a thimble full of powder and an equal quantity of shot, delivered the gun to capt. Bobstay, who then placed six fence rails in two rows at a foot distance, and bating with corn between them; so soon as the poultry mounted the rails and began to feed with their heads between the rows, Bobstay took a position so as to enfilade the whole defile—slap bang went Old Blue Trigger, with a most horrid explosion.—Huzza for old blue trigger shouted the Captain—huzza shouted the mate—huzza shouted the cook—God have mercy on me," said the old lady—his went the geese—gobble, gobble, gobble, went the turkeys—quack, quack, quack, went the ducks. Seventeen turkeys, nine geese, five ducks, thirteen chickens, and the house pig, were the fruits of Captain Bobstay's exploit.

SPORTING MAGAZINE.

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