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[We found the following lines in the American reprint of an English periodical called the "Metropolitan," and they appear so appropriate to lead the Letter from the accomplished daughter of the late lamented Mr. W. on the last illness of her father, that we cannot do otherwise than insert them here:]

THE LAND OF THE BLEST.

"Dear mother, I ask for my father in vain— Has he sought some far country, his health to regain? Has he left our cold climate of frost and of snow, For some war'n sunny land, where the soft breezes blow?"

"Yes, yes, gentle boy, thy loved father has gone To a climate where sorrow and pain are unknown; His spirit is strong then, his frame is at rest, There is health, there is peace, in the Land of the Blest!"

"Is that land, my dear mother, more lovely than ours, Are the rivers more clear, and more blooming the flowers?"

"Does summer shine over it all the year long, Is it cheered by the glad sounds of music and song?"

"Yes, the flowers are so fresh, and so bright, The well-springs of life are so pure and so bright, And by exquisite voices sweet hymns are address'd, To the Lord who reigns over the Land of the Blest!"

"Yet that land to my father will lonely appear, He shrunk from the gaze of a stranger while here; From his foreign companions I know he will flee, And sigh, dearest mother, for you and for me."

"My darling, thy father now rejoices to gaze On the long-erected friends of his earliest days; His parents have there found a mansion of rest, And they welcome the son to the Land of the Blest."

"How I long to partake of such meetings of bliss— That land must be, surely, more happy than this, On you, my kind mother, the journey depends— Let us go to my father, his kindred and friends."

"Not on me, love; I trust I may reach that bright clime—"

And in patience I stay till the Lord's chosen time, But must strive, while awaiting His gracious best, To guide thy young steps to the Land of the Blest."

"Thou must toil through a world full of dangers, my boy—"

Thy peace it may blight, and thy virtue destroy; Nor wilt thou, alas! be wretched from his shores By a father's kind counsel, a father's fond prayers.

Yet fear not—the God whose direction we crave, Is mighty to strengthen, to shield, and to save; And His hand may yet lead thee, a glorious guest, To the home of thy father, the Land of the Blest."

THE LATE WILLIAM WIRT.

In their transit through life, many have shown with more splendor, but few have shed a more steady and benign light than the late William Wirt.

It was not Mr. Wirt's fortune—it is the lot of very few—to extend the boundaries of science; but he cultivated with enthusiasm, and embellished with taste, the wide domains of science and literature, bringing to light beauties which escaped the observation of intellects more comprehensive, probably, in their grasp, but less minute in their investigation. He certainly was endowed with an intellect of a high order; but, altho' it may with truth be said of him that "he touched nothing which he did not adorn," still the attributes of his mind were hardly as prominent as the amiable affections of his heart.

For one so highly gifted, and so justly distinguished, he was in a remarkable degree exempt from the ordinary crosses and vexations of genius. It can scarcely be supposed that he had no enemies: for no man, who possesses the talents to excite envy or jealousy, can exert his capacity without incurring the animosity of some—but malignity was either occulted by his mildness, or rendered impotent by the invincibility of his spotless character, turned away from the attack, with a consciousness that every attempt to inflict a wound upon Wirt would recoil with violence upon itself.

He is now no more!—But he has left behind him a reputation equally distinguished for talents, for patriotism, for glowing benevolence, and spotless integrity.

Fascinating as he was in the palmy days of his literary and forensic distinction, the last scene of his life was, of all, the most interesting and affecting. We shall give it as it is beautifully represented in the following Letter from one of his daughters, to his surviving sister.—Those who are conversant with the style of Mr. Wirt, will discover in this letter of the daughter the genuine impress of the father's feelings and talents, modified only by the delicacy of the sex.

We shall not, by apologizing for its insertion, do injustice to the taste of our readers, to the incidents it narrates, or to the unaffected pathetic simplicity of a bereft daughter.

"Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven—
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way:
There's nothing calm but Heaven!"

THE LETTER.

[Addressed to Mrs. Eliza Clarton, of Augusta, Georgia.]
WASHINGTON, February 22, 1834.
Saturday Afternoon.

My Dear Aunt:—This is the first time my pen has ever traced this epideictic appellation in reference to yourself, but, believe me, it is not the first time, by very many, that my heart has felt drawn towards you, with the yearning which would naturally feel towards the only near surviving relative of my precious and sainted father; and now there is a sacredness in this feeling, which no other tie can give, and which will be enshrined in my heart until it shall cease to beat.

Your dear son, Judge C., who has indeed been to us the kindest of friends in this season of our deep affliction, interested us all very much, some few weeks ago, in an evening visit to my father, by narrating with how much care you treasured up every thing relating to your much loved brother, particularly every thing which threw light

on his religious views and sentiments—and it is in the hope of affording you gratification and comfort, under this irreparable loss, that I sit down to give you as minute and detailed an account of the last illness and death of our dear and departed one, as the present confused and collapsed state of my mind will permit.

I cannot, dare not, dwell on the loss which his family has sustained in their Head, Husband, Father, and Household Priest; for when my thoughts revert to this aspect of the case, I feel as if my heart would break; I press my hand on it to still its rebellious risings, and raise my eyes and soul to the Hills whence cometh all our help; and indeed, my dear aunt, this help has been extended to us almost miraculously, for had I been told, two short weeks ago, that he who was the dearest and most absorbing object of our earthly affections, was so soon, so very soon, to be taken from us, methinks the sudden shock would have made us quit our hold of our Almighty Refuge, and driven us into wailing and despair. And yet, when the fiat came, and we knew it to be inevitable and irrevocable, God held us up, and dried our tears, and hushed our lamentations, and enabled us to stand around the dying bed, to speak and to receive the words of consolation.

He whom we loved, and whom the Lord loved, (precious thought) was a picture of renovated health on the morning of Sunday the 9th inst.—so much so, that dear mother, at the breakfast table, said to him playfully—"You are looking so much more like yourself, my dear husband, than I have seen you for years, that I really think you ought to have your picture taken." On the previous evening, Saturday, he had been preparing himself for an argument on the following Monday, in a very important case, and had been in the Capitol library, examining authorities, in addition to those of his own office; and altogether expressed himself better satisfied with his preparations, than he had been for a long time; for in this, as in every thing else, his humility often made him undervalue himself so as to distress us.

Directly after breakfast, Sabbath morning, 9th inst., he assembled us as usual, in his chamber, at family prayers; and never did I bear a more solemn and fervent outpouring of the soul at the foot-stool of the Merry Seat. He prayed "for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, with a holy earnestness; for his children present and absent; for his enemies if he had any; and for his friends every where; especially those who had not yet been brought to know and love the Saviour; finally, he prayed, that his own soul and that of those so dear to him, might be sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood, and that the ascended Saviour would, through the influence of his Holy Spirit, keep him and all of us in His fear, and enable us to walk in his commandments through life; sustain and cheer us in the hour of death, and at last receive us to himself, a re-united and blessed family, to worship forever around his throne, to the glory of God the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit."

His heart being thus attuned to worship God in his public ordinances, he walked with my sister Ellen, Alex'r. Randall of Annapolis, (the brother of my brother-in-law, Judge Randall, of Florida) and myself to the Capitol, to hear the Chaplain, Mr. Stockton, preach. It was not actually raining, but so exceedingly damp, that some persons had their umbrellas up, to turn the drizzling moisture. It is to this walk that the cold, which terminated in his death, is attributed. Yet he had sometimes walked in as bad and even worse weather before, without serious injury; and the physicians had urged upon dear mother the absolute necessity of his taking exercise in all weather, except frost-falling; especially after breakfasting upon meats, instead of his usual diet of rice and milk, which was the case that morning. Therefore, altho' it was damp, yet, as the exercise seemed to be advisable, and he was anxious to go to church, (the very inclement weather having prevented him from doing so for three previous Sundays that we had been here,) it was decided that he might venture. And, though bitter pangs of self-reproach for having been necessary to his fatal cold, gave my beloved mother one of the most violent and agonizing nervous paroxysms I ever witnessed, yet she and all of us have, I trust, been brought to feel that this could not have happened without the special design and interposition of God, who accomplishes the most mighty ends by the instrumentality of means apparently totally inadequate to their fulfilment.

Mr. Stockton's text that morning was 1st Cor. 1st chapter, 33d, 24th verses: "We preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God." And he did, indeed, prove most convincingly, that it was the wisdom of God, in falling upon the only plan which could, at the same time, satisfy and be concordant with his equal attributes of justice and mercy.—And the power of God, in accomplishing, by the instrumentality of One who was "despised and rejected of men," and of his few obscure and illiterate followers, the salvation of a world,—a work which no earthly monarch, however universal his empire, could ever accomplish. The subject was a sublime one; and it was treated with a force of argument, and a pathos of eloquence, which I have rarely if ever heard equalled.

My dear father sat immediately behind my chair, so as occasionally to rest himself upon it, and I heard him more than once sob, in a sort of convulsed *sotto voce*, as was his habit when deeply affected; he ejaculated several times, too, his approbation and admiration of parts of the discourse; and on rising, when the service was closed, said to the gentleman next him—"A most capital preacher, sir—one of Nature's orators—he is a great favorite of mine, and goes straight to my heart." He stopped and shook hands with Mr. Stockton as we came out, making some kind inquiries about his health, which were reciprocated. He and Ellen walked fast, and got home before me; and I found, when I went to his cham-

ber, that he had taken off his coat, and put on his wrapper, not feeling well. By Mr. Randall's desire, however, he came down to the parlor, and shook hands with him, as he was to leave town the next day; and said "God bless you, sir—farewell!" This was the last time he ever left his room.

On returning from church, he asked mother to "look if he had cut his ear in shaving, as it felt painful." Mother examined it, and found no such mark, but a hard knot in the glands of the throat, just below the right ear—a swelling, as she presumed, from cold—and advised him to lie down and cover himself up warm, hoping that he would be relieved by perspiration. This was between two and three o'clock, and we then went down to dinner. A little before three o'clock, I came up, with my bonnet on, to go to church again, and kissed him. He said, "Tell your mother, my dear, that I feel very chilly, as if I were going to have an ague." She immediately ordered hot bricks to his feet, and additional covering, and sent for Dr. H.—When I came home he had a fever, but talked cheerfully; when I gave him a description of Mr. Stockton's evening discourse. After remaining silent a few moments, he said—"Wife, it will do for me to expose myself in church as I do; I am a mere baby in the command of my sensibilities and nerves: I can scarcely refrain sometimes from tears, and indeed, I have frequently been obliged to relieve myself by giving way to them;" and, as he spoke, the same feeling seemed to over-come him. I said, what I think true, that "no Christian ought to be ashamed of intense feeling at the review of his own unworthiness, and of the vivid emotion of gratitude and love to the Saviour, which caused tears."

"But it is so unmanly, and people around don't know what to make of it." His fever continued to be higher and hotter, and seemed to be aggravated rather than relieved by the warm applications which were prescribed, in the hope of forcing a perspiration—steaming his face, and bathing his feet in hot water, and, as a genuine vapor-bath could not be procured, laying hot bricks all along on both sides of him in his bed, from his feet upwards. His fever raged all night with its usual violence, which, mother says, she never known with him; certainly for fifteen years, if ever. Next day, the whole right side of his face was much swollen.

On Thursday night I sat up with him; he rose twice in the night, with the assistance of dear mother and a servant, thinking it would make him feel more comfortable to change his posture a little while, and have his bed made: in doing so, he expressed his surprise at his extreme weakness, which was greater, he said, after those few days' illness, than after his long and exhausting attack at the springs last summer. The last time he rose, as he sat in the easy chair, he asked mother if she would read the Bible to him? She did so; and it was the 56th Psalm. In reading this, she omitted all those passages which relate more particularly to David's enemies, and read all the rest, which you know, was particularly applicable to himself; he seemed to feel it deeply, and after she had finished reading, she saw his lips moving in prayer. This was the last time he was able to listen to this precious volume, or to rise from his bed. Towards morning he became slightly delirious, and it was deemed advisable to call in another physician; and Dr. H.—, a young physician here, who has great reputation for skill and talent in his profession, was sent for. Father, himself, said at first it was not worth while to consult another physician, but at last consented. That morning (Friday morning) he called mother to his bed-side, and, in the presence of my sister Ellen, gave certain directions "in case of his sudden death." He then seemed to speak with some difficulty, and in the course of that day, and throughout the next, talked wildly at intervals. His mind seemed chiefly to dwell on his law cases. He would call us to him by name, and then begin, as if he were addressing the Judges of the Supreme Court, carrying on a continuous argument for several sentences together.

The two Physicians consulted together, at 9 o'clock Monday morning, and decided to blister him around his right ear, which they did; afterwards, on both wrists and both limbs, from the ankles upwards; and finally his head was shaved and blistered. Forty leeches, also, were applied, two or three different times, to the left temple, and behind the left ear; yet these and all other remedies, were of no avail.

On Sunday and Monday he lay in a kind of lethargy, from which it was difficult to arouse him to swallow his medicine and food. Both eyes, too, were closed from the inflammation, and the right eye covered with a blister; but we continued bathing the left with warm milk and water, in hopes that it might possibly open.

When asked if he would swallow any thing, he always answered, "Yes, I'll try"—though it was with difficulty that he swallowed, towards the last, from the swelling and soreness of the mouth, tongue, and mucous membrane. His sense of hearing, however, never lost its acuteness until Monday evening. Dr. H.—, thinking it must have done so, spoke to him in a loud tone of voice, and was gently rebuked by his saying, "Doctor, you are not speaking to a regiment of soldiers." He distinguished our voices easily, though his eyes were closed, and when one of his attached young friends and students, James C.—, asked him, "Mr. Wirt, do you know James?" He replied, "To be sure I do."

Ellen's twin-sister, Ross, now Mrs. Dr. Robinson, of Baltimore, came down with her husband on Saturday, having been informed by letters from us of his alarming illness. When she first kissed him, he said—"Why, my dear, how came you here?—High, high!" But at that time made no other remark.—The next day, however, (Sunday, the 16th,) he asked, with some difficulty, for "his Rose." And when she came to him, said, "My darling, God bless you!" On Monday morning, we thought him dying;

and dear mother, unable any longer to control her pent up feelings, retired to another room and gave vent to them. The thought that he was indeed to die without looking on his family any more, vying leave of them, and expressing his own resignation, was insupportably agonizing.

But, as if to show the power of God, while she was thus abandoning herself to grief, the eye that had been so long closed, opened suddenly, as if hung over him, and fixed itself on me with a kindling intelligence which I had not seen since his first wanderings. "My father, do you know your Catharine?" "Yes." "Do you trust in God?" (raising my own eyes to Heaven, to make the question more significant.) "Yes," with solemnity, and raising his own eye in the same direction. I flew into the next room to communicate the intelligence to dear mother, and she calmed herself and returned with me. She approached the bed-side—he looked at her, and said, "Wife I am going before you!" I feared this would overpower her; but God upheld her, and she answered meekly, "Yes, my beloved, you are going before me, and you will see our dear angels in Heaven, sooner than I shall. There are five of our children in Heaven now, waiting to receive you, and you leave five more on earth under my care—it will only be for a little while, and we, too, shall come and join you. Do not fear for us, who are left behind—God will take care of your widowed wife, and fatherless children!" There was struggle in his frame and heart, but he sought strength where he had never failed to find it, and it was given him. His eye next lighted on me—I kissed him, and asked—"My beloved father, is your soul at peace now, stayed on Jesus?" "Yes." "Do you now feel the truth of the promise, 'When thou walkest through the valley of the shadow of death, fear not—God will be with thee. His rod and his staff they shall comfort thee?'" "Yes, oh yes!" raising his eyes to Heaven, with a mingled expression of faith, gratitude, and submission. His eye then fell on Rose—She kissed his hand, and bade "God bless you, my beloved father." Then on Ellen; and she did the same. He looked alternately once more on each of us as we stood around his bed, then raised his hand and eyes to Heaven, as if invoking a farewell blessing.

During this solemn and affecting scene, all had left the room, except his own immediate family.—At this crisis, however, our former Pastor, when we lived here, Mr. Post, (a meek and holy man, to whom father always bore a strong attachment, and for whom I had dispatched a hurried messenger, at the first sign of returning intelligence,) arrived; and with him there entered several of father's friends, old and young, to the number of fifteen, including the family. Mr. Post took his hand, and asked him, "if he was resigned to die now, if it pleased God to take him?" He answered, unhesitatingly, "Yes." "Then," said mother, "we resign you, my beloved, into the hands of God—He will take care of us in your absence, and not suffer us to want; and, at last, will re-unite us all—all, I trust, in Heaven." He struggled hard to speak, but the utterance was denied. Mr. Post then asked him several other questions, as to "the composed and happy state of his soul?" "His views of the plan of redemption through the Saviour?" "His faith in the atoning merits of Jesus for the pardon of all his sins, and for his salvation?" To all of which he replied in the affirmative. Mr. Post then asked him, "if it would be agreeable to him, that we should unite in offering a prayer for him?" He replied, with great vivacity "Yes," and nodded his head affirmatively, three times in quick succession; thereby signifying the great pleasure the proposition afforded him.

We all instantly knelt down, as with one impulse, while the solemn appeal ascended to the Throne of Grace. It was a spectacle so sublime, that Angels might contemplate it with delight and awe. My father's eyes were raised to Heaven with the prayer. At one time Mr. Post prayed that, "if it was consistent with the intentions of the Almighty, his sick and suffering servant might be raised up from that bed of languishing, to the enjoyment of health, to be a further blessing to his family and friends, and an honor to his country and to the cause of God on earth." Immediately the eye was withdrawn from its imploring gaze upwards, a shudder passed over his frame, and he shook his head negatively, and, Mr. G.— insists, very audibly said, "No." But when Mr. Post closed with the prayer, that, "if God should take him now, he might be received into the mansions of Glory, to dwell forever and ever, at the right hand of his God and Saviour; and that his family might be sustained and comforted in his departure," his hand and eyes were raised once more, and for the last time, to Heaven; and thenceforth motionless and at rest. Mr. Post pressed his hand in taking leave, saying he "would not fatigue him farther than, as the result of that interview was perfectly satisfactory to him; but would see him again."

It did seem as if God had, at that very moment, unclosed his eyes, once more, to look, for the last time on earth, upon his assembled family; to witness their resignation, and to cheer them by his own; and that the pressure upon the brain was, during this brief half-hour, removed for the same benevolent purpose. The expression of his eye was not dim and wandering; but clear, firm, intelligent, beaming, heavenly. The voice, too, distinct and full of feeling, and the motion of the head and of the hand, as it was raised with an effort from the bed, and then dropped, not lifelessly, but reverentially, spoke in a manner not to be mistaken by those who witnessed it—"Thy will, Oh God, thy holy will be done—Lord Jesus into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

Throughout this lingering and painful sickness, uncomfortable as he must have felt from the pressure of the disease, and the severe remedies, (for all the blisters drew,) he never uttered a repining word. Once, when his feet were immersed in hot poultices, he said, "Is this not enough to drive a man mad; to be between two fires, one at his head

and the other at his feet?" Yet, when I asked him, not long afterwards, how he felt, He simply said, "Not well."

Such child-like submission I never witnessed, and such unarmoring patience. On Monday morning the 17th, Dr. R.—, after some efforts, succeeded in making him understand that he wished him to take another dose of medicine. His reply was, *I am a child, you may do as you please with me.* But the last time they teased him to swallow some nourishment, he gently, and almost inaudibly, whispered, "Let me be." My mother says she has often heard him express the opinion that "dying persons ought not to be disturbed in their last moments, by the importunities of their friends to bring them back to life; for that most probably the souls of such persons were then absorbed in the contemplations of eternity, and holding communion with the inhabitants of Heaven." We know not but his half emancipated soul was at that moment thus engaged, and it seemed almost cruel to awaken his wrapt spirit to consciousness.

When, with the restlessness of pain, he would throw the cover from his hands, and make an effort to reach far back with them, perhaps to indicate, by this mute gesture, the seat of pain, and dear mother would say, "For wife's sake, my beloved, do try to keep your dear hands warm," he would patiently resign them to be covered, sometimes saying, "Well, if it must be so"—but most generally in silence.

After the farewell interview with us, and with Mr. Post, which I have so minutely described, and which took place on Monday the 17th, he did not again unclose his eyes or speak. Once, afterwards, that night, as I sat by him holding his hand, and moistening his mouth with wine and water, and watching his very regular, but gradually diminishing breathing, he whispered, "The door is open." I thought he might feel oppressed, (though there were not, at the time, more than two other persons besides myself in the room, which was large, airy, and cool,) and threw open the door to admit the air. But I think it highly probable that at that moment he had a glimpse of that Heaven upon which he was about to enter—the thought struck me at the time, that then he stood

—When Moses stood,
And viewed the landscape o'er;
Nor Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Could fright him from the shore."

All night we watched, expecting every breath to be the last; and yet, altho' his hands were cold and clammy, and his pulse almost, and sometimes quite, imperceptible; yet the hot bricks seemed to keep his feet warm to the last, and his breathing was as tranquil as that of a sleeping child.

There was a favorite bird of dear mother's in his room; (a young mocking-bird,) which she had brought with her from Baltimore. It is, you know, the habit of this bird to cease singing all winter; and it is only when the bright spring sun disperses the clouds and glooms of winter, that he begins once more to tune his voice. Monday was a dark, rainy day, and the corner of the chamber in which the bird's cage hung, was also dark. No sooner had Mr. Post concluded his solemn prayer, than we were all surprised to hear a strain of the sweetest melody warbled by this little bird; and this continued, at intervals, for the space of an hour. It did, indeed, sound like the music of Heaven, in answer to our prayer; and was as soothing as it was novel and unexpected.

It was not until 11 o'clock, Tuesday morning the 18th, that the last breath was drawn. We all stood around him, and I held his left hand between both of my own. So faint and so interrupted was his breathing for the last five minutes, that it was difficult to know when it did cease. Once I held my breath, thinking it was all over; but, after a short interval, there came one more feeble flickering respiration, and then—there was rest until the resurrection morn! At that instant, the sun, which had been all the morning veiled in clouds, burst into the room with full meridian splendor; and the same little bird, which had been, since the thrilling music of the preceding day, hanging silent and unobserved in his cage, struck up a requiem note, so subdued and so sweet, that it might well nigh be mistaken for the rustling of an Angel's wing.

My poor dear mother threw herself into our arms, and exclaimed, "The seal of happiness to him, but of misery to us!"

SUNDAY MORNING, February 23.

In my father's late memorandum book, are copied these two verses—the first in his own handwriting, and the last in that of dear Ellen's, who wrote it, at his request, last summer, at the White Sulphur Springs of Virginia, where he was lying sick on his bed:

First verse.—"Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth. Keep the door of my lips."—Palm exil. v. 8.

Second verse.—"Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord."

His pocket-book also contains, instead of bank-notes, many little pieces of paper, on which he had, at different periods, written extracts from the sacred volume, of precept and of promise, which he always wore near his bosom as his treasure. And it was to him, and it ever shall be, "a treasure laid up for him in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and whose thieves do not break through and steal," and this treasure may no man take from him.

It was often one of his Sabbath delights to put down on paper the pious emotions of his soul; and these effusions do not fall very far short of those of his prototype, the sweet psalmist of Israel. These, and all his other writings, as well those which have been published, as his letters of advice to his family and friends, his descriptive letters, (written at Niagara, Boston, the mountains of Virginia, &c., which are beautifully graphic and pictorial;) his essays, &c. &c. it is the purpose of my dear mother to collect together in some enduring form, which may, perhaps, by an extensive circulation, contribute to the benefit of present and future generations, and thus, even after death, re-