THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

—THE POWERS NOT DELEGATED TO THE UNITED STATES BY THE CONSTITUTION, NOR PROHIBITED BY IT TO THE STATES, ARE RESERVED TO THE STATES RESPECTIVELY, OR TO THE PEOPLE. — *Amendments to the Constitution, Article X.*—

Number 1 of Volume 22. { SALISBURY, N. C., DECEMBER 10, 1841. { *Whole Number* 1,095.

NEW TERMS
OF THE
WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.....CHAS. F. FISHER,
Editor and Proprietor.

The WESTERN CAROLINIAN is published every *Friday*, at $2 per annum, *in advance*, or $3, if not paid at the time of subscribing, or on the receipt of the first number of the paper. ☞ No paper will be discontinued except at the Editor's discretion, until all arrearages are paid, if the subscriber is worth the subscription; but the failure to notify the Editor of a wish to discontinue, at least ONE MONTH before the end of the year subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement.

☞ *Advertisements* conspicuously and correctly inserted at $1 per square (of 340 *ems*, or *fifteen lines* this size of type)—for the first insertion and 25 cents for each continuance. Court and Judicial advertisements 25 per cent. higher than the above rates. A deduction of 33⅓ per cent. from the regular prices will be made to yearly advertisers. ☞ Advertisements sent in for publication, must be marked with the number of insertions desired, or they will be continued till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Letters addressed to the Editor on business *must be* FREE OF POSTAGE, *or they will not be attended to.*

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
North Carolina Temperance Union.

THE state Temperance Society of N. C. at its annual meeting, directed its Executive Committee to take measures for the establishment, at this place, of a journal, devoted to the cause of Temperance

In obedience to their wishes, and impressed with the importance of such a publication, the Committee have determined, if sufficient encouragement can be obtained, to issue the first number of such a publication, to be called the NORTH CAROLINA TEMPERANCE UNION, on the first of January next.

The leading object of the Union will be, the dissemination of Temperance principles. We shall endeavor to present in its pages, a full record of the progress of the Temperance cause in our own and in foreign lands—of its effect upon individuals and communities—and original articles in defence of its principles, and in reply to the various objections urged against it.

While, however, the promotion of Temperance will be the first and leading object of our Journal, it is our intention, that its pages shall be enlivened by a general summary of the most important events of the day, and particular attention to the interest of Agriculture.

In carrying out this object, the Committee look with confidence to the friends of Temperance, particularly in North Carolina, for aid and support. A new impulse has been given to the cause in this State. Were this the proper occasion, we could tell a tale of what has been passing under our own eyes, which would send a thrill of joy through every benevolent heart. The reformation of the inebriate has commenced, and is still going on with a power and success, which the most sanguine never dared to anticipate. Give us but the means of communication, and we trust that an impulse will go forth from the Capitol of the old North State, to its remotest boundary, that will tell upon its happiness and prosperity through all future generations. Permit us, then, most earnestly to appeal to every friend of Temperance, Morality, and good order, to aid us promptly. As the object is to commence with the new year, delay on the part of its friends may be fatal. Let every individual then, who feels an interest in our success, and every Temperance Society, become responsible, *at once* for the number of copies, which they may wish to be circulated, in their vicinity, and forward their names immediately, for 10, 20, or 50 copies, as they may think the demand of their neighborhood may be. In this way only, can we hope for success in our effort.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the N. C. Temperance Society, the following resolution was adopted: Whereas, arrangements have been made to commence the publication of a Temperance Journal in the City of Raleigh, on the first week of January next, provided one thousand Subscribers can be obtained.

Resolved, That it be most earnestly recommended to each of the Officers of the State Temperance Society, and to the members of the late State Convention, and to any who are friendly to the cause, immediately after the receipt of this resolution, to become responsible for from 10 to 50 Subscribers, so that the publication may commence at the time contemplated.

By order of the Executive Committee of the North Carolina State Temperance Society.

TERMS:

The North Carolina Temperance Union will be published weekly on a medium sheet, (say 26 by 18 inches,) at One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum, payable IN ADVANCE. Letters containing Subscribers names and remittances, must be directed, postpaid or free, to the Treasurer of the Society, JAMES BROWN, Raleigh, North Carolina.

All the newspapers in the State are respectfully requested to give this Prospectus one or two insertions.

Duties of an Editor. The Philadelphia Saturday Courier, from which we are accustomed both to glean and instruct, has the following remarks touching the various and varied duties of those who direct the Public Press."

"The proprietors of Editorials of right tone and influence, is a small part of the duty of those who direct the Public Press. The selections of articles are quite as indicative of intelligence and correctness, and quite as potent for good or evil upon the mass of readers, as the most carefully elaborate productions of its own pen and brain. And yet this latter sort of labor is least apt to be appreciated by the unthinking reader, and often overlooked among his responsibilities, by the Editor intent upon popular gratification. The best papers that come into our hands, are not those which obtain the longest leaders. Dry and pointless as most of them are, we look for interest and refreshment to the garnered scraps and fragments of a just Editor's table."

Modern poets put a good deal of water in their ink.—*Goethe.*

He who can take advice is sometimes superior to him who can give it.—*Von Knebel.*

Keep me from my friends. M. J. J. in his journey went to a camp and as his appearance was anything but respectable, he borrowed a pair of breeches of a friend. In the course of the evening the latter called out to him, "J——, don't sit down in the damp there in my breeches." A friend who condoled with the embryo critic upon his escape, offered to lend him a pair of unmentionables for the next meeting—he did so, and J—— had hardly entered, when his benefactor exclaimed aloud, "J——you may sit down wherever you like in my breeches.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NEWSPAPERS.

It is an astonishing fact, that in a country free as ours is, and where every voter once or twice a year is called upon to discharge a duty at the ballot box, there are many, very many persons, who never read a newspaper, and who know but little more what is going on in their own country than in the dominions of the Grand Mogul. What they learn of their own political affairs, they learn from verbal communications, subject as it is to various perversions colorings and misconceptions—and acting upon such, and such communications only, they venture to attempt to discharge the high and holy, and, of course, responsible duty of a judge over other men's actions and principles. They venture upon attempting to settle the affairs of a great nation, extending through various degrees of latitude, and embodying an immense variety of interests and prejudices—and this without the study or qualifications demanded even in the teacher of a common country school, extending not over 20 feet square! What a judge!

New-papers are in this country one of the necessaries of life, second only to food and clothing, and as imperiously demanding the attention and forethought of men as fire and habitations. Think of living in this world, and of knowing nothing of what is going on within it! Think of a revolution here, and an earthquake there—of a grand discovery here, a sublime invention there—of movements and agitations in one place, influencing the destinies of nations and the world for years, and of improvements and advances in another place, elevating and ennobling the condition of man—and yet a *freeman*, in a free country, standing amidst all, affected by all, and yet *ignorant* of all! What a blank, a cypher, is such a man! how little above a mere animal, who eats as he eats, breathes as he breathe, and above whom he is, only in the faculty of speech! For what is intellect without facts, information, direction, calculation? What but a mere slumbering, raked up, smothered ember, needing the *fanning breeze* of what is going on in the world, what the world does as inspired by what it knows—and that *breeze*, the news of the day, the hurry, the bustle and excitement of the time in which we live, move, and think? Talk of *past* knowledge! It is a good foundation on which to build. But the superstructure is to be reared now. This moment's knowledge, is worth all past knowledge, as time *present* is worth more than time past. And he who would benefit mankind, or do honor to himself, must come forth into the world, and know what the world is doing, and shape and embody its energies.

History is important, every body grants. Science is important in all estimation. Politics are Government,—and as a Government is good or bad, so is a people prosperous or wretched, generally speaking. But here, in a newspaper, we have the History of the very day, all spread before us with a vitality and freshness no historian can equal. The very things themselves, not their images, not their shadowy ghosts, flit before you. The substance out of which history is to be woven is upon the table. Men talk for themselves—and no historians talk for them. You are living among all, and are interested in all—and will ye refuse to buy, to read, aye, to study, what ye are so much interested in? But newspapers are more than historians. They parade before you all the inventions and discoveries of the times;—they trifle with you, sport with you, and amuse you, and condole with you, as well as instruct you. By your own fireside, far from the scenes of interest, no matter whether you are in the crowded city or in a remote country house, yet they bring all before you, and to the very life:—and you are as well and better informed by them than he who has seen and participated in all. You need not stir from your farm, or your own chair, from your own tea-room; and yet these little messengers, silent and speechless as they are, will take you into the wide world and show forth all that is going on.—*Portland Adv.*

Chinese Jest.—A man lately deceased appeared for trial before the king of the infernal regions. The king adjudged that, as he had, during his previous state of existence, lived in excessive luxury he must return to life on earth in the character of a scholar. A demon lawyer remonstrated saying—"this has been a great transgressor, and deserves not such kind treatment." The king, laughing, said, "his having been a great transgressor is the very reason why I decide that he should return to life to be a poor scholar, with many small children of his own, raising a killing cry to his ears all the day long. That will be punishment enough.

Germany by a German writer.—The following descriptive and admirably drawn outline of the German country and people is from Mrs. Austin's translated "Fragments:"

"A country more than twelve thousand square miles in extent; fruitful, yet rather in what ministers to the necessities than to the luxury and voluptuousness of mankind; fostering the growth of an active and industrious spirit by her numerous towns, and of high culture and education by her many capitals; sufficiently furnished with coasts and rivers for commerce, yet not to such a degree as that the mercantile spirit can ever become national and predominant; living under a climate neither enervating from heat, nor painful from cold but of a healthful mean, and thence producing an organization of the human species equally removed from the extremes of rigid apathy and effeminate sensibility; a country peopled by men vigorous both in labor and in enjoyment; apt and intelligent in invention, inclining always to the useful and rational in improving and perfecting; full of feeling for the beautiful, and in the fine arts second to none, yet still more successful in the investigation of the true, and in the accomplishment of the great; remarkable for good sense and for unwearied perseverance; obedient even to the most rigid military subordination, yet ardent at the name of freedom, and worthy to enjoy it; a people capable of any thing, if they have but sufficient pride to throw aside all imitation, and be content to be German. Such is our people—such is Germany."

Into them a Feet.—A northern paper tells a good 'un the sum and substance of which is this: Two gentlemen disputed so loudly on the subject of banking, that they awoke a big dog which had been sleeping on the hearth before them, and he barked most furiously. An old gentleman present, who had been quietly sipping his wine while the disputants were talking, gave the dog a kick, and exclaimed, "hold your tongue you brute! You know no more about it than they do!"

"There's not a day but to the man of thought betrays some secret."

"WHAT HATH TIME TAKEN AND LEFT."

What hath Time taken! stars that shone,
On the early years of earth,
And the ancient hills they looked upon,
Where a thousand streams ha' birth;

Forests that were the young world's dower,
With their long unfading trees;
And the halls of wealth and the thrones of power—
He hath taken more than these:—

He hath taken away the heart of youth,
And its gladness, which hath been
Like the summer's sunshine o'er our path,
Waking the desert green.

The shrines of our early hope and love—
And the flowers of every clime—
The brave, the beautiful, the brave,
Thou hast taken from us, Time.

What hath Time left us! desolate
Cities and temples lone,
And the mighty works of genius, yet
Glorious, when all are gone;

And the lights of memory lingering long,
As the eve on western seas—
Treasures of science, thought and song;—
He hath left us more than to see:

He hath left us a lesson of the past,
In the shades of perished years—
He has left us the heart's high places waste,
And its rainbows fall'n in tears.

But there's hope for the earth and her children still
Unscattered by woe or crime,
And a heritage of rest for all—
Thou hast left us these, O time!"

The heart of man is older than his head. The first-born is sensitive, but blind—his younger brother has a cold, but all comprehensive glance. The blind must consent to be led by the clear-sighted if he would avoid falling.—*Fred. Will. Ziegler.*

The Mind.—The mind of a thinking man resembles the earth, beneath whose surface lie many precious seeds. Every rain calls forth buds, and every beam of the sun produces flowers.

Whoever has gone through much of life, must remember, that he has thrown away a great deal of useless uneasiness upon what was much worse in his apprehension than in reality.

Men spend their lives in trying to understand each other, and, at the close, are compelled to acknowledge that they cannot even understand themselves.

A Wonderful Preacher.—A country woman, whilst on a visit to a large manufacturing town in the West, went to hear a celebrated divine, whose field of labor lay there, and whose fame had often been sounded in the ears of the worthy dame. On her return, she was asked her opinion of "the star of the West," as he was often called.

"Oh," said she, "he's a wonderfu' preacher—a great preacher."

"Well, well, that's all true," said the other; "but what do you think of his views of doctrinal points, and his powers of expounding the scriptures?"

"Oh," said the worthy critic, "I dinna ken; but he's just a wonderfu' man."

"But what did he say?"

"Oh, he just gaed on, and clappit on the Bible, and raised his two hands above his head, and then gaed on again; and then he swat and rubbit his brow, and when he stoppit, he looked as if he could have said mair than when he began—oh, he's a wonderfu' grand preacher."

A Counsellor, after he had retired from practice, being one day where the uncertainty of the law became the topic of conversation, was applied to for his opinion, upon which he laconically observed "if any man were to claim the coat on my back, and threaten my refusal with a law suit, he should certainly have it, lest in defending my coat, I should too late find myself deprived of my waistcoat also."

Catalini and Goethe.—Catalini was almost entirely uneducated, even in music. Her want of literary attainments, joined to her vivacity in conversation, sometimes produced ludicrous scenes. When at the court at Weimar she was placed, at a dinner party, by the side of Goethe, as a mark of respect to her from her royal host. The lady knew nothing of Goethe; but, being struck by his majestic appearance, and the great attention of which he was the object, she inquired of the gentleman on the other side what was his name. "The celebrated Goethe, Madame," was the answer. "Pray, on what instrument does he play?" was the next question. "He is no performer, Madame; he is the author of 'Werter.'" "Oh, yes, yes, I remember," said Catalini, addressing to the venerable poet, she addressed him, "Ah, sir, what an admirer I am of 'Werter!'" After which was the acknowledgement for so flattering a compliment. "I never," continued the lively lady, "I never read any thing so laughable in my life. What a capital farce it is, sir!" "Madame," said the poet, looking aghast, "the 'Sorrows of Werter' a farce!" "Oh yes, never was anything so exquisitely ridiculous!" rejoined Catalini, laughing heartily as she enjoyed the remembrance. And it turned out that she had been taking all the while of a ridiculous parody of "Werter," which had been performed at one of the minor theatres of Paris, and in which the serious parts of Goethe's tale had been unmercifully ridiculed. The poet did not get over his mortification the whole evening; and the fair singer's credit at the court of Weimar was sadly impaired by the display of her ignorance of the "Sorrows of Werter."—*Memoir of Madame Catalini.*

An Extensive Swindling Shop.—The Bank of England covers five acres of ground, and employs over nine hundred clerks. Every thing in the use of the Bank is made on its own premises, and the printing of its notes is a large item. A note once returned to the Bank is never reissued, but is filed away, and at the end of ten years burnt. The workmen are busily at work every day in the year, save Sundays, in printing notes. At the annual burning, two days are required, with a large fire to destroy the old notes, and it employs two men constantly in feeding the fires.—*New Era.*

From the Army and Naval Chronicle.

NAVAL RANK.

There seems to be much ignorance prevailing among the editorial fraternity, respecting the several grades of rank, in our navy, and the duties pertaining to each. The titles of *Commodore* and *Commander* are frequently confounded, and one improperly used for the other.

The title of *Commodore* is merely one of courtesy; it is unknown in our naval laws. The highest grade established by law is that of *Captain*. When a Captain is ordered to the command of a squadron, he is styled by courtesy 'Commodore;' and Judge Thompson, when Secretary of the Navy, ordered that a Captain should only be addressed as Commodore when actually in command of a squadron. When he relinquished that command, he was to be addressed by his original title of Captain. It has now, however, become customary to address Captains in command of navy yards, who have never had the command of squadron as 'Commodore.'

There is another very common, though erroneous practice in our service, of calling our Captains 'Post Captains,' and it is even recognized in the laws of Congress. The act, establishing the Board of Commissioners for the navy, says that it shall be composed of three *post* Captains. The term is also found in several other laws. It is derived from the British service, and means there that a *post* Captain is one that shall *take post* in order of battle, in a ship of the line.

Captains in our navy command squadrons, navy yards, ships of the line, and frigates; and in the three principal ports, Boston, New York, and Norfolk, the Receiving ships, for enlisted sailors and apprentices, are commanded by them.

Commanders are the next grade known in our service. They command sloops of war, rendezvous for the enlistment of seamen, and are attached to navy yards as second or executive officers. Sometimes they are attached to ships of the line, as executive officers, where they perform the duties usually allotted to the first Lieutenant.

In two of the principal Baltimore papers we find the following paragraph:

"Commodore G. N. Hollins, at present sojourning with his family and friends in this city, has been appointed *to the Command* of the navy yard at Pensacola."

The fact is not exactly as here stated. Commander Hollins was ordered on the 28th October, (as appears in the Army and Navy Chronicle of the 4th instant,) to the navy yard at Pensacola, as *second or executive* officer. Commodore Dallas is the *Commandant* of that yard. All our navy yards are commanded by *Captains* and it is only during their temporary absence that the command devolves upon the next in rank—i. e. the commander.

The next and lowest grade of commissioned officers who exercise command, is that of *Lieutenant*. These are attached to all cruising and receiving vessels, the number varying according to the size of the vessel; to navy yards, two or three to each; to rendezvous, two to each; and they also command schooners, and the receiving vessels at Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Surgeons, Assistant Surgeons, Pursers, and Chaplains, are commissioned officers, but are non-combatants.

Passed Midshipmen, Midshipmen, Masters, Boatswains, Gunners, Carpenters, and Sailmakers, are *warrant* officers. Professors of Mathematics and Teachers of Languages receive a letter of appointment merely.

All these matters go to prove the necessity for an organization of the navy, and the establishment by law of proper distinctions and an appropriate division of duties between the several grades.

U. S CENSUS OF 1840—ABSTRACT.

WHITES.—Males	7,249,266	
Females	6,939,844	
		14,189,110
BLACKS.—Slaves	2,487,213	
Free	386,246	
		2,873,459
Total population		17,062,567

EMPLOYED

In Agriculture	3,717,756
In Mining	15,203
In Commerce	117,575
In Manufactures and Trades	791,945
In Navigation of the Ocean	56,025
In Navigation of Lakes, Rivers, and Canals	33,067
Learned Professions, Engineers, &c.	65,236
Deaf and Dumb	7,559
Blind	6,816

EDUCATION.

Universities and Colleges	17
Academies and Grammar Schools	3,244
Primary and Common Schools	47,249
Number of Students in Colleges, &c.	16,233
Number of Students in Academies and Grammar Schools	164,159
Number of Pupils in Primary Schools	1,845,351
Number of Pupils at public charge	468,702

Physical necessity of the Sabbath.—A correspondent of the English Railway Times says Dr. Parr, one of the first Physicians of this or of no other age or country, pledged (before a committee of the House of Commons,) his professional character to the declaration, that the most extensive research he had been able to make into what great nature had brought him to the conclusion that the Sabbath law is stamped no more imperishably in the Decalogue, than it is on the constitution of man and beast; and that though of course, no mere physical investigation could determine the precise amount of the particular times and seasons, much less the day of suspension, there was wrought into the fabric and frame work of organized life, a necessity for periodical suspension even of healthful toil; and that the suspension actually ordained by the Sabbatic law, or its equivalent, could never in the long run be violated without present retribution.

The cry for Bread.—A "Working man" has addressed a series of letters to the Queen of England, through the London Morning Chronicle, which have excited much attention. In one of his letters we find this startling paragraph:

"It is not unknown to you, madam, that amongst the landholders of my fellow subjects there prevails an ill defined, but strong opinion, that Whigs and Tories are alike their natural enemies; that, in fact, all the middle and upper classes are in one grand conspiracy to trample upon and oppress them. Let an attempt be made to pass through the fearful approaching winter, without some grand legislative effort made to relieve the industry of the county, and the spirit of Chartism, aye, and something more, will once more raise its head, and neither churches nor yeomanry, neither bayonets nor sabres, will put it down. We have had Jack Cades and Wat Tylers in England, and these have been put down; we have had great gatherings in Birmingham; riots at Bristol, Loddism, Radicalism, and physical force Chartism; and all these have been appeased or subdued. But we have yet to see another spectacle which comes as surely as the sun rises to-morrow, should the corn laws be maintained. In the midst of a "run for gold," and the fear of a national bankruptcy, thousands of starving men, rising up like grim and appalling shadows; men hunger worn, with savage hatred in their hearts, demanding not bread alone, but their rights and trampling alike upon public credit, national honor, and general safety. Oh, let not good easy souls persuade you that to England such a thing is impossible. It is perfectly possible. The materials for such a frightful catastrophe are ready; the train is laid, and wants but the lightning's flash to set it on fire. England is strong in that national spirit which regards "order" as "Heaven's first law;" but when danger and hatred are combined, and these concentrated in masses, the public opinion which respects the law falls powerless before them. Are these, we ask, vain forebodings?"

The game of the British money power.—* * * How comes it that this young and athletic Republic stands a trembling debt slave before dotard, rotten, gin drinking BRITANNIA? It is because England, being the great centre or heart of our paper system, can and does "regulate" it as she feels. When she would buy our cotton and other produce at low rates, she has only to bring about a "contraction," and force her debtors to sell. When she would have us buy the fabrics of her factory slaves at high prices, she makes money easy," allows cotton to take a brief rise, and then stimulates our banks into an "expansion" of currency and prices, which is made to last until she has sold off her wares. Thus is our measure of value kept alternately expanding and contracting like a blacksmith's bellows, and poor, raw Jonathan kept toiling and toiling, mortgaging and mortgaging apparently quite unconscious that he is all the while giving to the gin drinking dame aforesaid two days work for one!—*New Era.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

To His Excellency, JOHN TYLER, President of the United States.

SIR: Your friends and old constituents in New Kent, beg to avail themselves of your visit to their county, to tender to you a public dinner, to be given at New Kent Court house, on any day that may be your pleasure to name, as a manifestation of their long cherished *love* and *respect* for you, both as a man and politician; which, they trust to be pardoned for saying, have been greatly enhanced by the *firmness of purpose and devotion to principle*, which you have recently exhibited under circumstances of a greatly embarrassing nature.

We hope, sir, that it may suit your convenience, and be entirely compatible with your views of propriety, to accept an invitation, and we flatter ourselves that we can give you a reception at a festive board in old New Kent, that will in some measure, we trust, compensate you for the invective you have received at the hands of another portion of your old constituents.

With wishes for your long continued health and happiness, we subscribe ourselves, truly your personal and political friends.

ED. G. CRUMP,
GEORGE WILLIAMSON,
JOHN G. CRUMP,
W. R. DOUGLASS,
CHILEY JONES,
Committee.

CEDAR HILL, NEW KENT C. H., November 8 1841.

GENTLEMEN: Few things would afford to me more pleasure than to greet my friends and old constituents of this county at the festive board, in pursuance of your polite invitation; but the necessity which exists for my speedy return to the seat of Government, prevents it out of my power to do so. I can, however, do no less than return to you, and those you represent, my grateful thanks for the kind sentiments of regard and confidence, which you have been pleased to express towards me. Such I can be justified by the people of this ancient county, to the declaration, that, when as long ago as twenty five years, they did me the honor to confer their almost unanimous suffrages upon me, as their representative in Congress, the political principles which I then avowed, have been the same, which, since my accession to the Presidency, I have dared to vindicate and maintain, at the expense of the bitterest denunciations which have heretofore assailed a public functionary?

The same opinions as to the power of Congress to charter a National Bank when I then avowed to the presence of your fathers, and of many who still survive among you, and which, as your representative, I declined only urged in 1819, are still maintained with abiding and undiminished conviction. I was then sustained by the people of this district, with almost entire unanimity, and I therefore take leave to say, that if any of them are converts to new opinions, they might, at *least*, have granted to me, as the Chief Magistrate, bound by oath to support the Constitution, the benefit of the new lights of reason which have been shed upon them, before they united with others, in a spirit of unqualified denunciation. What would they have me do? Would they have me sacrifice the consistency of my past life, for party ends? Or, what is of far more importance, both morally and politically, would they require of the Chief Magistrate of this glorious Union, to surrender all claim to *their* respect, by violating his oath of office, in order to gratify the Moloch of party? If they would have so great a sacrifice, then I am proud to say, they will not receive it at my hands. I censure no man for his opinion on this or any other subject—but while I award to him the right to think for himself, should he not exempt me from *his* denunciations because I cannot think as he does?

I beg you to be assured gentlemen, that the invectives to which I have subjected, have in no degree disturbed my equanimity. Amid the torrents