

## N. C. CHRONICLE.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY  
**JAMES M. HILL,**  
Nearly opposite the Market-house.

### CONDITIONS.

**THE N. C. CHRONICLE** IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, and furnished to subscribers on the terms of two dollars and fifty cents in advance, or three dollars payable at the expiration of six months.

No paper will be discontinued unless at the option of the editor.

No Subscription will be received for a less time than six months.

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All transient persons wishing advertisements printed, must in every instance, enclose the money with the advertisement, otherwise they will not be attended to.

All communications addressed to the editor on business of the writer must be post-paid.

## MURFREESBORO.

FRIDAY, APRIL 7, 1827.

— We earnestly solicit the patrons of the Chronicle to come forward and pay their subscriptions, as our pecuniary affairs will not admit of longer delay; and, as we have to send on for a fresh supply of Paper, we trust, that our early call on our Subscribers, will not be otherwise than acceptable.

For the N. C. Chronicle.

"Ox tremum hunc, Arcthusa, mihi concedere laborem."

"Rejoice O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things, God will bring thee into judgment."  
[ECCLES, c. xi, v. 9.]

Mr. Editor: The eloquent, fascinating and dissolute Rasseau adapted his feelings as the standard of his moral actions, & with the plenary powers of an apostle of infidelity declared the following motto to be an epitome of his creed: "I have only to consult myself" said he "concerning what I do. All that I feel to be right is right; whatever I feel to be wrong is wrong." We had hoped that the Trans-Atlantic licentiousness plainly avowed the creed just quoted, had found a common grave with the philosophy of Voltaire, Diderot, D'Alembert, Frederick II, Hume, Bolingbroke, and their coadjutors, in that memorable vortex of human depravity and wickedness, the French Revolution. But we are no less surprised than mortified to observe those infidel principles unblushingly advocated in a concealed form in the last number of the Chronicle, by a nameless communication on the subject of dancing.— How far the writer understood himself, we shall not pretend to determine; but were we to venture an opinion, we should indulge a charitable hope that he did not design what his language implies, but had unwittingly fallen into a *lapsus mentis*; and that he did not intend gravely to introduce to the belief and adoption of his readers, either the religion of nature, or the heathen mythology; although the reader is at liberty to make his election between them, as the writer is equally the champion of both. After belaboring a party-colored exordium of learned length, made up of Politics, Morals, and Religion in which he interlards with wonderful skill, a great deal about the President, Congress, the Emperor of Russia, free-thinking, &c. &c. he then proceeds with a marvellous degree of self-confidence to the Herculean labour before him. His ostensible object, if he had an object at all, is to prove that all the passions and affections of human nature are designed to be the standard of both frugality and morals. Having combatted many an ideal wind-mill in his arduous march through the regions of Ethics, this redoubtable knight of the Cotillion comes to premise, when

more than half through his essay, "that the recreation is natural to man," and "that all will agree that what is implanted by nature, nature's God never forbade." This he lays down as the foundation of all that preceded or followed this curious effusion of an untutored and unfiled logician.

If we do not misunderstand your correspondent, he designs to be considered as the advocate of sensual pleasure in extense, as he thinks we are justifiable in gratifying every natural passion implanted in the human breast. He says the amusement of dancing is natural and instinctive in man. Covetousness, concupiscence, idolatry, injustice, treason, slander, murder, incest, and a host of other nefarious crimes, are no less the legitimate offspring of dame nature than the obstreperous song and the noisy dance of clamorous mirth. But if the position and reasoning of your correspondent be correct, the incorrigible foot-pad who plunders the defenceless traveller; the ruthless extortioner that rifles a scanty substance from the unprotected widow and the fatherless; the unprincipled miscreant, who, by the Syren voice of seductive insidiousness, lures the unsuspecting victim of his unbridled appetites, into utter ruin and disgrace; and the outlawed desperado that assassinates at midnight are immaculate from the imputation of crime. The jockey and the swindler may boast in plundering the inexperienced and unwary both of their fortune and honest principles; and the shameless gambler, by the juggling tricks of his art, ravage the fairest prospects of connubial bliss, and blast the happiest endearments of domestic felicity; and yet, if such logic be true, he may be the King of good fellows, an honorable man, and free from the palpable blot of reproach among honest men, and the fearful chastisement of the avenging and uplifted rod of Divine justice: Because forthwith these disposition are "implanted by nature;" and therefore they cannot be offensive to God or man!! By a bold flourish of learning, the essayist carries us back to the corrupt ages of Greece and Rome, and assures us that, that this amusement was cherished among these nations. It doubtless was practised in the deteriorated periods of their history, before the shrines of their idols with all that shameful obscurity that characterized the festivities of Bacchus, Venus, Par, and indeed the whole family of Heathen Deities.— But does your correspondent intend the sentimental ladies of modern times to imitate the impure orgies, and detestable ceremonials of a *centaur* on the Arcadian God of *Sylvan* memory? When applied to many arts, and to the principles of civilization in general, the past is doubtless right,

"Ingenus didicisse fideliter artes  
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feroces."

Why did he not conduct to the more illustrious epochs of the history of those celebrated countries when the laws of Lycurgus, Solon and Socrates; of Scipio, Fabius, and Cato banished effeminary from their respective Republics? He directs our attention to the savage rites of the war-dance among the western barbarians, and the frantic revels of the Owhyean and Otaheitan, where every passion is most brutally sensualized; the noble traits of our nature utterly obscured and nothing but their form remaining, to distinguish them from the foulest families of the animal Kingdom. From the sanguinary and horrible ceremonials of the untutored savage of America, and the cannibal pagan of the Pacific isles, he derives examples for polite and genteel circles in one of the most enlightened and happy nations on the globe. He would have us under pupilage at the kral of the Hottentot, and the wigwam of the Indian. O tempora! O mores!

This, your correspondent says, is "nature in her pure state." If the dark and cruel combination of barbarism, superstition, and ignorance with all their concomitant debauchery, bloodshed and wickedness, exhibit nature in her pure state, then, the essayist is right. We are persuaded that he was not aware of the

dilemma in which this ignis fatuus of youthful indiscretion would involve his argument, or he would have guarded it with more disciplined caution.

We are not more surprised than amused with the far-fetched and paradoxical attempt of the essayist to prove the propriety of a village dance from that sublime Oracle, which render the most fearful sanctions, teaches erring humanity every thing perfectly derogating to what is heard and seen at those scenes of noise and dissipation. He tells us that Miriam, David and others among the Israelites, danced. This is true: But only on extraordinary occasions, and then with a view to testify their gratitude to Heaven for some signal favor bestowed on them. It will be granted on all hands that any thing else in the world but religion and modesty may be seen in some of our modern dancing parties; and from all the fear of God and piety are excluded. Nothing but the coldest infidelity or the most unpardonable ignorance can justify the advocate of guilty pleasure in profaning the Bible so far as to garble its sacred pages to countenance what it so plainly condemns. And we would seriously counsel your correspondence either to advise himself of the nature of the scriptures, or become an honest man, before he quotes them again in support of a desperate cause; they are designed for nobler purposes than to be made the derrick resort of Infidels in disguise.

We will close our remarks by a few interrogations. Is the amusement of dancing calculated to render a lady more amiable, modest, intelligent or interesting? Does an indiscriminate assemblage of the vulgar and the polite, the plebeian and patrician have a tendency to refine the fair damsels of our country? I would ask my young country woman who are neither belles nor fortunes, whether they meet with equal attention with the Circean fair who are possessed of the round sum of 10 or \$20000? Are not such young ladies sometimes rather invited to fill up a gap in a Cotillion than to enjoy equal honors with their richer competitors? Are there not some balls of which it may be said, *Dux femina facti*? Does not this amusement continued till after midnight, vitiate moral sentiment, and gradually impair the health? Would not our beaux and belles be better employed in treasuring up useful knowledge? In fine, we would ask our nocturnal pleasure takers whether they think a review of these unsatisfying amusements will afford them any real consolation in the hour of death?

### MELANCTHON.

[From the National Gazette.]

#### LAFAYETTE CORRESPONDENCE.

I have intermitted my usual avoidance of publishing private correspondence, and send, for the Gazette, a letter lately received from my old and highly valued revolutionary friend, General La Fayette. It will put an end to many idle tales propagated to his disadvantage, and rescue American travellers from imputations hastily cast upon them.

It would be affectation in me to deny the gratification I feel in the long and uninterrupted friendship of this singularly meritorious man, both on a public and private consideration. No one had such opportunities, as well in official as private intercourse in most critical and dangerous situations, of intimately knowing his distinguished merit and attachment to our cause, when it stood in need of every assistance which individuals as well as nations could afford, and none gave us more substantial and effecting aid, both personal, pecuniary, and powerful, in every thing that our critical and often destitute circumstances indispensably demanded. I can truly aver that his talents were much underrated, and his services but partially known; whilst we were enjoying their invaluable benefits. All the manifestations of gratitude shewn to him are richly merited, and do honor to our country, whilst they are received by modesty and thankfulness rarely evinced by a-

ny individual either in ancient or modern times.

R. PETERS.

Belmont, March 13th, 1827.

Paris, Jan. 18th, 1827.

MY DEAR FRIEND.—Your kind letter of December is the last in date I have received. Those by Mr. Chancellor and Dr. Ralston have been since delivered. I am happy in every opportunity to hear from you, and to talk of you with persons who have lately been in your company.

Our family has had to mourn a very afflicting loss. One of my sons-in-law, Lewis Lasteyrie, husband to my daughter Virginia, father to four children, nephew to the agricultural author, has been taken from us after two months illness. The unhappy circumstance has made of late, LaGrange less hospitable than I would have wished; and has delayed till next Tuesday, the pleasure we have in town to pass a weekly evening with our American and other friends, a meeting I resume as soon as it can be done without impropriety; fixed days being the best way to see each other; particularly for our young American gentlemen, who are most assiduously devoted to their studies. It is, indeed, gratifying to see the conduct, manners, fellow feeling, and ardor for improvement, which are observed here, and by every body acknowledged, in those honorable specimens of the youth of the U. States.

I see from your letter, my dear friend, there has been a great deal of mistake on account of American travellers to Europe, even with respect to me. It is something like the leak of the Brandywine. To be sure every citizen of the United States, with or without an epistolary passport, has a right to my attention; not that I assume the privilege of an American public officer, but because your kindness has given me some of its duties; nor do I know why I ought to refuse my hand, in my own house, to any one whose hand I had the pleasure to shake at Independence Hall. So in case any American citizen was in distress on this side of the Atlantic, and I could do him some service, I would think it incumbent upon me. But the fact is, that no improper visit, that I know of, has taken place; no improper application has been made, and of those ascertained instances that have given you a kind feeling of pain, the explanation will be as satisfactory as that of our perils from a leak in the Brandywine.

You will not consider as American impositions the visit of a French seaman, who pretended he was a Louisianese, and indeed knew much of New-Orleans; or two letters from a pretended son of General M. and a pretended son of a member of Congress, which, although written in good English, were probably an European cheat, as those who were charged with the enquiry found no trace of an American in the mentioned places. Those trifling anecdotes can only be mentioned in jest. Nor will you find fault of me for having felt an interest for a young man and his mother, who had made a silly plan of European travels when you will know their introduction to me had been to call themselves, as they have since been ascertained, in New-York, to be descendants of my friend and brother General L.

I dwell on these circumstances, my dear friend, not only as an answer to your kind letter, but because inaccurate rumors have been spread which I beg you occasionally to explain. I have been sorry to see, in the Philadelphia papers, the account of a visit to LaGrange, very friendly indeed and well intentioned, but where, among a few trifling mistakes, there is an assertion that I am every day harassed with applications for money by American travellers, and that the fact has been confined by Mr. Brown.—The kind author has totally misunderstood the Minister, who, on the contrary, said that, from the few cases that have occurred to him, he might judge of those which may have come to me, and so far are they from having any thing to do with the description of persons who seem to be meant by the letter, that in these rare instances, such as the French widow of an American (a strayed native who

wants to be helped in getting his passage) a subscription has been raised, under the good care of the Consul, to which the American gentlemen in town generally become contributors.—Be assured, my dear sir, that the utmost propriety and delicacy in every thing, namely in pecuniary matters, has been observed by the American travellers; that Mr. Brown and myself are daily congratulating each other on the compliments we receive from the Professors, and other respectable members of the French circles on the exemplary conduct and amiable manners, of the young American citizens who come to Europe for improvement; the best of which improvements, in my opinion, is the increased love and respect which a comparison with the institution and habits of every country, on this side of the Atlantic, cannot fail to inspire in their own home.

In the publication I have alluded to, I see my opinion relative to your new Penitentiary, has been divested of the expressions of affectionate regard for the directors of that experiment, of my high sense of their admirable philanthropy, of the superiority of their knowledge and general experience in matters of that kind, which have ever accompanied my own observations I regret it, and beg you to express my feelings to them. Yet I cannot help persisting in my wishes that the enlightened, humane, planners and managers of the New Penitentiary, instead of making solitary confinement the basis of this system, might employ it only to separate prisoners at night, and to punish delinquents, while the reformation system, which has excited the emulation of the other States, and of the best parts of Europe, should, in my humble, and, I confess, unexperimented opinion, be rather improved than totally abandoned. This abandonment, in Pennsylvania, the metropolis of the reforming system; has greatly discouraged the philanthropists of Europe.

I thank you, my dear friend, for the account you give me respecting the farewell address. Our Belmont conversation had well prepared me for the issue. The more new half centuries roll upon this world, the greater the unparalleled character of our beloved Washington will rise in the admiration of posterity.

LA FAYETTE

### THE TIPLER.

Follow him, if you have heart to do it, as he staggers along, and then licking the ground, he reaches his once peaceful home.

"He's coming," cry the little innocents, as they look through the window; but 'tis not the joy that welcomes the kind parent as he approaches his tender family—ah, no! 'tis the cry of fear—of horror.—See them flee from him as from a monster—look at the broken hearted mother, as she takes up her affrighted boy and bathes him with her tears.—"Ah," says she to her children, "your father once loved you—once loved me; he was a kind husband and a provident father; but now we are forsaken; your little tender feet feel the nipping frost; your bodies shiver with the cold; your tattered clothes are falling from you, and I have no new ones to give; you are hungry but I have no bread for you; the necessities of life your father was once wont to bring home to cheer our hearts, are now changed for the rum bottle, which some demon has furnished him with, perhaps as the reward of his daily labour—O cruel employer! come and behold the fruits of your iniquity; see the miseries entailed upon the wretched mother and her worse than fatherless children by your thirst for gain!" Let the imagination supply the remaining part of the awful picture.

Adams Stock.—The Adams stock has experienced a very rapid decline within a few weeks, in this place. We could name some dozen of persons, who within one week, have lost him, and have felt themselves compelled to condemn his measures, and the course which is pursued by his partisans to secure his re-election.

[Del. Gaz.]

### Constables' Warrant.

Neatly printed, for sale at the office of the Chronicle.