

The Newbernian.

VOL. I.

NEWBERN, N. C., SATURDAY, 5th AUGUST, 1843.

NO. 7.

TERMS:

THE NEWBERNIAN is published weekly by Machen & Hall, at three dollars per annum, in advance. All orders for this paper out of the State, must be accompanied with the cash or a responsible reference. Advertisements inserted at seventy-five cents a square for the first insertion, and thirty-seven and a half cents for each subsequent publication. Any alteration made in a published advertisement, at the request of the advertiser, shall subject him to the usual charge for a first insertion. Court Orders, and Judicial advertisements will be charged twenty-five per cent. higher than the rates specified above; and yearly advertisements, thirty-three and a third per cent. lower. Job Work, in all cases, must be paid for on delivery. UNPAID LETTERS, addressed to "The Newbernian," will not, in any case, be taken from the postoffice.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE RATTLESNAKE HUNTER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

"Until my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns."

During a delightful excursion in the vicinity of the Green Mountains, a few years since, I had the good fortune to meet with a singular character, known in many parts of Vermont as the Rattlesnake Hunter. It was a warm, clear day of sunshine, in the middle of June, that I saw him for the first time, while engaged in a mineralogical ramble among the hills. His head was bald and his forehead was deeply marked with the average lines of care and age. His form was wasted and meagre, and his eyes, though the fiery vigor of his eye, he might have been supposed incapacitated by age and infirmity, for over a slight exertion. Yet he hurried over the huge ledges of rock with a quick and almost youthful tread; and seemed earnestly searching among the crevices and loose crags and stunted bushes around him. All at once, he started suddenly—drew himself back with a sort of shuddering recoil—and then smote fiercely with his staff upon the rock before him. Another and another blow—and he lifted the lid and crushed form of a large rattlesnake upon the end of his rod.

The old man's eye glistened, but his lip trembled as he looked steadfastly upon his yet writhing victim. "Another of the accursed race!" He muttered between his clenched teeth, apparently unconscious of my presence.

I was now satisfied that the person before me was none other than the famous Rattlesnake Hunter. He was known throughout the neighborhood as an outcast and a wanderer, obtaining a miserable subsistence from the casual charities of the people around him. His time was mostly spent among the rocks and rude hills, where his only object seemed to be the hunting out and destroying of the *Crotalus horridus* or rattlesnake. I immediately determined to satisfy my curiosity, which had been strangely excited by the remarkable appearance of the stranger; and for this purpose I approached him.

"Are there many of these reptiles in this vicinity?" I inquired, pointing to the crushed serpent.

"They are getting to be scarce," said the old man, lifting his slouched hat and wiping his bald brow; "I have known the time when you could hardly stir ten rods from your door in this part of the state without hearing their low, quick rattle at your side, or seeing their many colored bodies coiling up in your path. But as I said before, they are getting to be scarce—the infernal race will be extinct in a few years—and thank God I have myself been a considerable cause of their extermination."

"You must, of course, know the nature of these creatures perfectly well," said I.—"Do you believe in their power of fascination or charming?"

The old man's countenance fell. There was a visible struggle of feeling within him; for his lips quivered, and he dashed his brown hand suddenly across his eyes as if to conceal a tear; but quickly recovering himself, he answered in the low, deep voice of one that was about to reveal some horrible secret—

"I believe in the rattlesnake's power of fascination, as firmly as I believe in my own existence."

"Surely," said I, "you do not believe they have power over human beings?"

"I do—I know it to be so!" and the old man trembled as he spoke. "You are a stranger to me," he said, slowly, after scrutinizing my features for a moment—"but if you go down with me to the foot of this rock in the shade there"—and he pointed to a group of leaning oaks that hung over the declivity—"I will tell you a strange and sad story of my own experience."

It may be supposed that I readily assented to this proposal, bestowing one more blow upon the rattlesnake as if to be certain of his death the old man descended the rocks with a rapidity that would have endangered the neck of a less practised hunter. After reaching the place which he pointed out, the Rattlesnake Hunter commenced his story in a manner which confirmed what I had previously heard of his education and intellectual strength.

"I was among the earliest settlers in this part of the country. I had just finished my education at Harvard, when I was induced by the flattering representations of some of the earliest pioneers into the wild lands be-

yond the Connecticut, to seek my fortune in the new settlements. My wife—the old man's eye glistened an instant and then a tear crossed his brown cheek—"my wife accompanied me, young and delicate and beautiful as she was, to this wild and rude country. I shall never forgive myself for bringing her hither—never. Young man," continued he, "you look like one who could pity. You shall see the image of the girl who followed me to the new country," and he unbound, as he spoke, a ribbon from his neck with a small miniature attached to it.

It was that of a beautiful female—but there was an almost childish expression in her countenance—a softness—a delicacy, and a sweetness of smile which I have seldom seen in the features of those who have tasted, even slightly the bitter waters of existence. The old man watched my countenance intently, as I surveyed the image of his early love. "She must have been very beautiful," I said as I returned the picture. "Beautiful!" he repeated, "you may well say so. But this avails nothing. I have a fearful story to tell: would to God I had not attempted it; but I will go on. My heart has been stretched too often on the rack of memory to suffer any new pang."

"We had resided in the new country nearly a year. Our settlements had increased rapidly, and the comforts and delicacies of life were beginning to be felt, after the weary privations and severe trials to which we have been subjected. The red men were few and feeble, and did not molest us. The beasts of the forest and mountain were ferocious, but we suffered little from them. The only immediate danger to which we were exposed, resulted from the rattlesnakes which infested our neighborhood. Three or four of our settlers were bitten by them, and died in terrible agonies. The Indians often told us frightful stories of this snake, and its powers of fascination, and although they were generally believed, yet for myself, I confess, I was rather amused than convinced by their monstrous legends."

"In one of my hunting excursions abroad, on a fine morning—it was just at this time of the year, I was accompanied by my wife. 'Twas a beautiful morning. The sunshine was warm, but the atmosphere was perfectly clear; and a fine breeze from the northwest shook the bright, green leaves which clothed to profusion the wreathing branches above us. I had left my companion for a short time, in the pursuit of game; and in combing a rugged ledge of rocks, interspersed with shrubs and dwarfish trees, I was startled by a quick, grating rattle. I looked forward. On the edge of a loosened rock lay a large rattlesnake, coiling himself as if for the deadly spring. He was within a few feet of me; and I paused for an instant to survey him. I know not why, but I stood still and looked at the deadly serpent with a strange feeling of curiosity. Suddenly he uncoiled his coil, as if relenting from his purpose of hostility, and raising his head, he fixed his bright fiery eyes directly upon my own. A chilling and indescribable sensation, totally different from any thing I had ever before experienced, followed this movement of the serpent; but I stood still, and gazed steadily and earnestly, for at that moment there was a visible change in the reptile. His form seemed to grow larger, and his colors brighter. His body moved with a slow, almost imperceptible motion towards me, and a low hum of music came from him or at least sounded in my ear—a strange, sweet melody, faint as that which melts from the throat of the humming-bird. Then the tints of his body deepened, and changed and glowed, like the changes of a beautiful kaleidoscope—green, purple and gold, until I lost sight of the serpent entirely, and saw only wild and curiously woven circles of strange colors, quivering around me, like an atmosphere of rainbows. I seemed in the centre of a great prison—a world of mysterious colors—and tints varied and darkened and lighted up again around me; and the low music went on without ceasing until my brain reeled; and fear for the first time came like a shadow over me. The new sensation gained upon me rapidly, and I could feel the cold sweat gushing from my brow. I had no certain ideas of peril—all was vague and clouded, like the unaccountable terrors of a dream—and yet my limbs shook, and I fancied I could feel the blood stiffening with cold as it passed along my veins. I would have given worlds to have been able to tear myself from the spot; I even attempted to do so, but the body obeyed not the impulse of the mind—not a muscle stirred; and I stood still, as if my feet had grown to the solid rock, with the infernal music of the tempter in my ear, and the baleful colorings of his enchantment before me."

"Suddenly a new sound came to my ear—it was a human voice—but it seemed strange and awful. Again—again—but I stirred not, and then a white form plunged before me, and grasped my arm. The horrible spell was at once broken. The strange colors passed before my vision. The rattlesnake was coiling at my very feet, with glowing eyes and uplifted fangs, and my wife was clinging in terror upon me. The next instant the serpent threw himself upon us. My wife was the victim! The fatal pang pierced deeply into her hand, and her scream of agony, as she staggered backward from me, told the dreadful truth."

"Then it was that a feeling of madness came upon me; and when I saw the foul serpent stealing away from his work, reckless of danger, I sprang forward and crushed him under my feet, grinding him upon

the ragged rock. The groans of my wife recalled me to her side, and to the horrible reality of her situation. There was a dark lived spot on her hand and it deepened into blackness as I led her away. We were at a considerable distance from any dwelling, and after wandering for a short time, the pain of her wound became insupportable to my wife, and she swooned away in my arms. Weak and exhausted as I was, I had yet strength enough remaining to carry her to the nearest rivulet, and bathe her brow in the cool water. She partially recovered, and sat down upon the bank, while I supported her head upon my bosom. Hour after hour passed away, and none came near us—and there—alone, in the great wilderness, I watched over her and prayed with her—and she died!"

The old man groaned audibly as he uttered these words, and, as he clasped his long, bony hands over his eyes I could see the tears falling thickly through his gaunt fingers. After a momentary struggle with his feelings, he lifted his head once more and there was a fierce light in his eyes as he spoke.

"But I have had my revenge. From that fatal moment I have felt myself fitted and set apart, by the terrible ordeal of affliction, to rid the place of my abode of its foulest curse. And I have well nigh succeeded. The fascinating demons are already few and powerless. Do not imagine," said he earnestly regarding the somewhat equivocal expression of my countenance, that I consider these creatures as serpents only—creeping serpents, they are serpents of the fallen angel, the immediate ministers of the infernal gulf."

Years have passed since my interview with the Rattlesnake Hunter; the place of his abode has changed—a beautiful village rises near the spot of our conference, and the grass of the church-yard is green over the grave of the old hunter. But his story is fixed upon my mind, and Time, like enamel, only burns deeper the first impression. It comes up before me in the most unexpected dream, whose features are too horrible for reality.

A Story of the Revolution; or, the Native Pepper and Salt Pantaloon.—The following is a bona fide fact, taken without emendation from the life of a mother in Israel. It will show that there was an anti-British spirit in the women as well as the men of '76. I hope all the girls in Franklin will read it, though I am afraid some of them especially in the capital of the county will need a dictionary to find out the meaning of the terms weel loom, etc. The first is the name of an old-fashioned piano with one string, the other is a big house organ with but few stops. Bot to the story:

Late in the afternoon of one of the last days in May, '76, when I was a few months short of fifteen years old, notice came to Townsend, Mass, where my father used to live, that fifteen soldiers were wanted.

The training band was instantly called out, and my brother, that was next older than I, was one that was selected. He did not return till late at night, when all were in bed. When I rose in the morning I found my mother in tears, who informed me that my brother John was to march next day after tomorrow morning, at sun-rise. My father was at Boston in the Massachusetts Assembly. Mother said, that, though John was supplied with Summer clothes, he must be absent seven or eight months, and would suffer for want of Winter garments. There were at this time no stores and no articles to be had except such as each family could make itself. The sight of mother's tears always brought all the hidden strength of the body and mind into action. I immediately asked what garment was needed. She replied, "pantaloons."

"O, if that is all," said I, "we will spin and weave him a pair before he goes."

"Tut," said mother, "the wool is on the sheeps' backs, and the sheep are in the pasture."

I immediately turned to a younger brother and bade him take a salt dish and call them to the yard.

Mother replied, poor child, there are no sheep shears within three miles and a half."

"I have some small shears at the loom," said I.

"But we can't spin and weave it in so short a time."

"I am certain we can, mother."

"How can you weave it? there is a long web of linen in the loom."

"No matter, I can find an empty loom."

By this time the sound of the sheep mude no quicken my steps toward the yard I requested my sister to bring me the wheel and cards while I went for the wool. I went into the yard with my brother and secured a white sheep, from which I sheared with my loom shears half enough for a web; we then let her go with the rest of her fleece. I sent the wool in by my sister, Luther ran for a black sheep, and held her while I cut off wool for my filling and half the warp, and then we allowed her to go with the remaining coarse part of the fleece.

The rest of the narrative the writer would abridge by saying that the wool thus obtained was duly carded and spun, washed, sized and dried; a loom was found a few doors off, the web got in, wove, and cloth prepared, cut and made two or three hours before the brother's departure—that is to say, in forty hours from the commencement, without help from any modern improvements. The good old lady closed by saying, "I felt no weariness, I wept not, I was ser-

ving my country. I was relieving poor mother, I was preparing a garment for my darling brother."

"The garment being finished I retired and wept till my overcharged and bursting heart was relieved."

This brother was, perhaps, one of Gen. Star's soldiers, and with such a spirit to cope with, need we wonder that Burgoyne did not execute his threat of marching through the heart of America.—Greenfield Merc.

From the Baltimore American.

MR. WIRE, the artist—who is now professor of drawing at the Military Academy, West Point,—has nearly completed the picture on which he has been for some time past engaged, designed for the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. A correspondent of the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, who has recently seen it thus speaks of the work:

The scene is the embarkation of the pilgrims from Holland in the Speedwell. At the very first glance my eyes filled with tears, and when he read to me the historical facts, from which he had painted, and one of which was, that "so affecting was the scene, that even uninterested observers upon the shore wept bitterly," it was not strange that I, too, wept. I have always been taught to admire the feelings which actuated the pilgrims, and thought I had some appreciation of their sacrifices; but it was only in gazing at this picture that I realized the heart breaking scene of leaving home and country for liberty of conscience, and I felt that nothing but their motto, which Mr. Wier has placed upon one of the sails of the vessel,—"God with us"—could have sustained them. In fact this may almost be called a religious picture—so deeply impressed is every countenance with pious sentiment. None but a man whose soul is imbued with holy faith could have given that expression of fervent supplication to the face of the devout pastor—of Christian confidence to him who afterward was the first colonial governor—of subdued, but trusting, hope to the mother with her sick boy—in a word, of holiness to every member of that little company—America must and will be proud of such an artist and such a work.

From the Belmont (Penn.) Repository.

THE MISER.

Mr. B. was of German extraction. His father left him a valuable farm of five hundred acres, in the vicinity of York, with some farming and household articles. He kept a tavern for a number of years—married a wife and raised four children. He accumulated an immense estate, which he preserved so tenaciously, that he never offered a dollar for the education of his family. He was never known to lay out one dollar in cash for any article he might be in want of; he would either do without it, or find some person who would barter with him for something he could not conveniently sell for money. He farmed largely, and kept a large distillery, which he supplied entirely with his own grain. He kept a team for the conveyance of his whiskey and flour to Baltimore which, when he could not sell for money at a price to suit him, he bartered for necessities for his family and tavern. In this way he amassed an estate worth four hundred thousand dollars. Such was his attachment to money, that he never was known to lend or credit a dollar to any man. Upon the best mortgage or security that could be given, he would not lend a cent. He never vested one dollar in any of the public funds. Neither would he keep the notes of any bank longer than till he could get them changed. He deposited his specie in a strong iron chest until it would hold no more. He then provided a strong iron hooped barrel, which he also filled. After his death, his strong boxes, from whose burrow no traveller had ever returned yielded two hundred and thirty thousand dollars, in gold and silver.

The cause of his death was as remarkable as the course of his life. A gentleman from Virginia offered him twelve dollars per bushel for 110 bushels of clover seed, but he would not sell it for less than thirteen dollars, and they did not agree. The seed was afterwards sent to Philadelphia, where it sold for fifty dollars less than the Virginian had offered for it. On receiving an account of this sale, he walked through his farm, went to his distillery, and gave various directions to his people. He then went to his wagon house and hanged himself.

ANECDOTE OF CHARLES LAMB.

Charles Lamb was at one part of his life ordered to the sea-side for the benefit of bathing; but not possessing strength of nerve sufficient to throw himself into the water, he necessary yielded his seat to a small person up to the discretion of two men to "plunge him." On the first morning, having prepared for immersion, he placed himself, not without trepidation, between these two officials, meaning to give the previously requisite instructions which his particular case required, but, from the very agitated state he was in, from terror of what he might possibly suffer from a "sea change," his unfortunate impediment of speech became greater than usual, and this infirmity prevented his directions being as prompt as was necessary. Standing, therefore, with a man at either elbow, he began, "I'll be to be dipped!" The men answered the ready instructions with a ready "Yes, sir; and in they sonced him! As soon as he rose, and could regain a portion of his lost breath, he stammered out as before, "I'll be to be dipped!" And another hearty "Yes, sir," and down he went a second time. Again he rose, and then with a struggle (to which the men were too much used on such occasions to heed) he made an effort for freedom; but, not succeeding, he articulated at first, "I'll be to be dipped!" "Yes, sir," and to the bottom he went again; when Lamb, rising for the third time to the surface, shouted out with desperate energy, "O-o only once."

POLITICAL.

ADDRESS

Of the Hon. John M. Berrien, ON TAKING THE CHAIR OF THE GEORGIA WHIG CONVENTION.

Gentlemen of the Convention:—I thank you very cordially for this expression of your confidence. It would indeed have been acceptable to me, if it had been your pleasure to assign the duties of this station to some other of our associates; but I am not the less sensible of the honor which you have conferred upon me, nor the less grateful for the feeling of personal kindness which prompts it. The privilege of presiding over the deliberations of a body of freemen, as intelligent and patriotic as those I see around me, might gratify the ambition of any man. To me, certainly, it will always be a source of pleasing and grateful recollection.

Turning now to the consideration of the immediate object of our assemblage, all will acknowledge the importance of the trust which is confided to us. In contemplating it, the mind naturally recurs to the Convention of 1840, to its immediate issue, and to its more remote results. The condition of the country at that moment, is fresh in your recollection. Its history was written in characters not easily effaced, by ten years of tyranny, of misrule, and of corruption; and the resistance which it awakened, is not less vividly impressed upon our memories. The note of preparation was first sounded in this hall, from whence, returning to our respective homes, the shout was prolonged until its reverberations were heard in every hill, and plain, and valley throughout the land. We rallied under the banner of the patriot HARRISON, and while our adversaries were confounded by the rapidity and extent of our preparations, we rushed to victory. By an inscrutable dispensation of Providence, the fruits of our triumph were wrested from our grasp—I mistake, Gentlemen, they have been filched from us by treachery, by the betrayal of our confidence, by a shameless ingratitude; of all which our adversaries were prompt to profit, how honorably to themselves, let themselves determine, when the heat and excitement of the contest shall have passed away. They have however steadily refused all affiliation with its perpetrator, and the accredited newspaper organ of the party, published with a stone's throw of the Presidential mansion, has not hesitated to remind its incumbent of the maxim, that men may love the treason, and yet despise the traitor. Nevertheless, as an ally in the war, they have fought under a common banner, predetermined to discard him, when he should cease to be useful to them.

By the united strength of this unhallored union, your representatives in the National Legislature, have been baffled in their efforts to advance the interests of the country, each successive measure having fallen by the indiscriminate opposition of a disciplined minority, sustained by the Presidential veto. Still, however, the Whig party in the National Legislature have rendered essential service to the country. They have checked the corrupt and unblushing use of Executive patronage, have reduced the annual expenditures of the Government, by a retrenchment of some ten millions of dollars, and have passed many wholesome laws, whose effects are gradually developing themselves. Having done this their appeal is now to their political associates, by whom they were deputed, and never, in the annals of history, has any body of men exhibited the same steady firmness, and resolute adherence to principle which have been displayed by the great Whig party throughout the Union. A party betrayed by its leader, and furiously pressed by its adversary, has refused to yield an inch, but standing to its arms, awaits the expiration of the artistic limited by the Constitution, eager for the renewal of the conflict. The note of preparation is heard on every side. Our Whig brethren throughout the Union, are busily employed in mustering their forces, in selecting their leaders, in arranging the plan of the campaign.

One division of this patriot host is committed to our peculiar care. 'Tis ours to marshal to discipline, to prepare it for action, and one, and the principal object of our assemblage now, is to designate its leader. Gentlemen, we cannot too highly estimate the importance of that selection.—The manifesto of the Whigs of Georgia, has already gone forth. We have chosen, as far as we can control the choice, the leader of our Federal host. We have given our colours to the breeze, emblazoned with the name of HENRY CLAY of Kentucky, and resolved under his banner, to do battle for the maintenance of our rights. We have thrown down the gauntlet. The lists are in preparation. Our adversary, marshalled for the conflict, watches our movement, and victory, or an inglorious defeat, awaits us.

Our first great duty is to cherish a spirit of harmony among ourselves, to secure united, and therefore efficient action, in the coming conflict. To the interests of the party, or which is an equivalent expression, to the great interests of the country, all individual prejudices and partiality must yield. This principle of action must find its first illustration in the selection of a candidate for the Executive chair, a measure so important in its influence on the contest which is to follow. And surely this will not be difficult. All the gentlemen, whose names

have been presented to the public consideration, are entirely unexceptionable, perfectly qualified for the discharge of the duties of the chief magistracy. All that remains to us, is to determine, who under the circumstances of the moment, will probably command the highest popular vote, and if, after a free interchange of opinion, the question shall still, to any considerable number of this body, seem to be a doubtful one, the mode of solving it appears to be obvious. The members of this Convention may certainly be considered as a fair representation of the Whig party of Georgia—as correctly reflecting the opinions and feelings of their constituents. Ascertain, then, Gentlemen, in such mode as your wisdom may dictate, who is the choice of a majority of this body, and then let us join hand and heart in giving to the selected individual, a zealous, active, cordial support.

We are admonished of our obligation to cherish this spirit of harmony among ourselves, by the dissemination of our opponent, and the influence which they have already produced on the public mind.

We are bound by the relations which we have assumed to that distinguished citizen, whose name we have presented to the people of the United States.

We owe it to the great whig party of the Union, who are entitled to claim from us an active, and so far as may depend on ourselves, an efficient co-operation.

It is due to ourselves, as indispensable to our success in the struggle in which we are about to engage—a contest which so deeply involves the rights and interests of the freemen of Georgia.

Let us then, Gentlemen, proceed to the discharge of the trust which has been confided to us, under a deep conviction of the necessity of harmony in feeling, union in counsel, concert in action. Let us select from the roll of patriot statesmen, whose names have been presented to the public consideration, the individual who shall concentrate the voice of a majority of this Convention—inscribe his name on our banner, and then fearlessly give it to the breeze. Free be it flung. Let it float, and float gallantly in the coming strife. Plant it on your mountain heights. Unfurl it to your midlands—and fanned by the winds of Ocean, let it wave in triumph over your Eastern plains.

From the Baltimore American.

Appointments to Office.—The subjoined sentence from SIR EDWARD COKE defines a rule for regulating appointments to office, more remarkable in these days for the breach, than for the observance:

"By the law of England, says Sir Edward Coke, 'it is provided that no officer or minister of the king shall be ordained or made, for any gift or brokerage, favor or affection. Nor that any other who pursoeth, by himself, or any other, privily or openly, to be in any manner of office, shall be put in the same office or in any other, but that all such officers shall be made of the best and most lawful men and sufficient:—A law worthy to be written in letters of gold, but more worthy to be put in due execution.'

The administration of WASHINGTON illustrates the noble principle here laid down in a manner worthy of a free, self-governing people. How things are managed in the present time the country knows well enough.

The theory of republican government is that the best and ablest men will be placed to control affairs. The term election—a choosing from—implies this.—Whatever of ability and wisdom there is in a nation, that should be made available for the highest uses—which are those of Government. And there is no more certain test of the capacity of a people than is to be found in the character and quality of the men who are elevated to official stations among them. When offices are claimed and won as the rewards of party services; when appointments are made with a view to promote the ends of party leaders—to make political capital, as the phrase is; when worth and ability are passed over for the sake of rewarding the zeal or silencing the clamorous of mercenary partisans, what remains for the intelligent, the virtuous, the high-minded, but to withdraw from the selfish struggles of political life, and preserve their own self respect within themselves? To seize upon the wages of governing—the emoluments of office, making these the first consideration,—this, when it becomes a general principle, is sure to entail first bad government and then no government, which is the fore-runner of revolution.

With regard to the ambition which seeks after place and station, a writer of the present day draws a clear distinction between great and little men. "Great men," he says, "are not ambitious in that sense; he is the small poor man that is ambitious so. 'Examine the man who lives in misery because he does not shine above other men; 'who goes about producing himself, pruriently anxious about his gifts and claims; 'struggling to force every body, as it were 'begging every body for God's sake, to acknowledge him a great man, and set him 'over the heads of men! Such a creature is 'among the wretchedest sights seen under 'this sun. A great man? A poor morbid 'prurient empty man; fitter for the ward 'of a hospital, than for a throne among men. 'I advise you to keep out of his way. He 'cannot walk on quiet paths; unless you will 'look at him, wonder at him, write paragraphs about him, he cannot live. It is the 'emptiness of the man, not his greatness. 'Because there is nothing in himself, he huz-