THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

BRUNER & JAMES, *Editors & Proprietors.*

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR IS SAFE."

RULERS. DO THIS, AND LIBERTY *Gen'l. Harrison.*

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MEN OF THE WORLD.

There is a great difference between the power of giving good advice and the ability to act upon it. Theoretical wisdom is perhaps rarely associated with practical wisdom; and we often find that men of no talent whatever contrive to pass through life with credit and propriety, under the guidance of a kind of instinct. These are the persons who seem to stumble by mere good luck upon the philosopher's stone.—In the commerce of life, everything they touch seems to turn into gold.

We are apt to place the greatest confidence in the advice of the successful, and none at all in that of the unprosperous, as if fortune never favored fools nor neglected the wise. A man may have more intellect than does him good, for it tempts him to meditate and to compare, when he should act with rapidity and decision;—and by trusting too much to his own sagacity, and too little to fortune, he often loses many a golden opportunity, that is like a prize in the lottery to his less brilliant competitors. It is not the men of thought, but the men of action, who are best fitted to push their way upward in the world. The Hamlets or philosopical speculators are of their element in the crowd. They are wise enough as reflecting observers, but the moment they descend from their solitary elevation, and mingle with the thick throng of their fellow-creatures, there is a sad discrepancy between their dignity as teachers and their conduct as actors; their wisdom in busy life evaporates in words; they talk like sages, but they act like fools. There is an essential difference between those qualities that are necessary for success in the world, and those that are required in the closet. Bacon was the wisest of human beings in his quiet study, but when he entered the wide and noisy theatre of life, he sometimes conducted himself in a way of which he could have admirably pointed out the impropriety in a moral essay. He knew as well as any man that honesty is the best policy, but he did not always act as if he thought so. The fine intellect of Addison could trace with subtlety and truth all the proprieties of social and of public life, but he was himself deplorably inefficient both as a companion and as a statesman. A more delicate and accurate observer of human life than the poet Cowper is not often met with, though he was absolutely incapable of turning his knowledge and good sense to a practical account, and when he came to act for himself, was as helpless and dependant as a child. The excellent author of the Wealth of Nations could not manage the economy of his own house.

People who have sought the advice of successful men of the world, have often experienced a feeling of surprise and disappointment when listening to their commonplace maxims and weak and barren observations. There is very frequently the same discrepancy, though in the opposite extreme, between the words and the actions of prosperous men of the world that I have noticed in the case of unsuccessful men of wisdom. The former talk like fools, but they act like men of sense; the reverse is the case with the latter.—The thinkers may safely direct the movements of other men, but they do not seem peculiarly fitted to direct their own.

They who bask in the sunshine of prosperity are generally inclined to be so ungrateful to fortune as to attribute all their success to their own exertions, and to season their pity for their less successful friends with some degree of contempt. In the great majority of cases, nothing can be more ridiculous and unjust. In the list of the prosperous, there are very few indeed who owe their advancement to talent and sagacity alone. The majority must attribute their rise to a combination of industry, prudence, and good fortune; and there are many who are still more indebted to the lucky accidents of life than to their own character or conduct.

Perhaps not only the higher intellectual gifts, but even the finer moral emotions, are an encumbrance to the fortune-hunter. A gentle disposition and extreme frankness and generosity have been the ruin, in a worldly sense, of many a noble spirit. There is a degree of cautiousness and mistrust, and a certain insensibility and sternness, that seem essential to the man who has to bustle through the world and secure his own interests. He can not turn aside and indulge in generous sympathies, without neglecting in some measure his own affairs. It is like a pedestrian's progress through a crowded street; he can not pause for a moment, or look to the right or left, without increasing his own obstructions. When time and business press hard upon him, the cry of affliction on the roadside is unheeded and forgotten. He acquires a habit of indifference to all but the one thing needful—his own success.

I shall not here speak of those by-ways to success in life which require only a large share of hypocrisy and meanness; nor of those insinuating manners and frivolous accomplishments which are so often better rewarded than worth or genius: nor of the arts by which a brazen-faced adventurer sometimes throws a modest and meritorious rival into the shade. Nor shall I proceed to show how great a drawback is a noble sincerity in the commerce of the world. The memorable scene between Gil Blas and the archbishop of Toledo is daily and nightly re-acted on the great stage of life. I can not enter upon minute particulars, or touch upon all the numerous branches of my subject, without exceeding the limits I have proposed to myself in the present essay.

Perhaps a knowledge of the world, in the ordinary acceptation of the phrase, may mean nothing more than a knowledge of conventionalisms, or a familiarity with the forms and ceremonials of society.—This, of course, is of easy acquisition when the mind is once bent upon the task. The practice of the small proprieties of life to a congenial spirit soon ceases to be a study; it rapidly becomes a mere habit, or an untroubled and unerring instinct. This is always the case when there is no sedentary labor by the midnight lamp to produce an ungainly stoop in the shoulders, and a conscious defect of grace and pliancy in the limbs; and where there is no abstract thought or poetic vision to dissipate the attention, and blind us to the trivial realities that are passing immediately around us. Some degree of vanity and a perfect self-possession are absolutely essential; but high intellect is only an obstruction. There are some who seem born for the boudoir and the ball-room, while others are as little fitted for fashionable society as a fish is for the open air and the dry land. They who are more familiar with books than with men, cannot look calm and pleased when their souls are inwardly perplexed. The almost venial hypocrisy of politeness is the more criminal and disgusting in their judgment on account of its difficulty to themselves, and the provoking ease with which it appears to be adopted by others. The loquacity of the forward, the effeminate affectation of the foppish, and the sententiousness of shallow gravity, excite a feeling of contempt and weariness that they have neither the skill nor the inclination to conceal.

A recluse philosopher is unable to return a simple salutation without betraying his awkwardness and uneasiness to the quick eye of the man of the world. He exhibits a ludicrous mixture of humility and pride. He is indignant at the assurance of others, and is mortified at his own timidity. He is vexed that he should suffer those whom he feels to be his inferiors to enjoy a temporary superiority. He is troubled that they should be able to trouble him, and ashamed that they should make him ashamed. Such a man, when he enters into society, brings all his pride, but leaves his vanity behind him. Pride allows our wounds to remain exposed, and makes them doubly irritable; but vanity, as Sancho says of sleep, seems to cover a man all over as with a cloak. A contemplative spirit can not concentrate its attention on minute and uninteresting ceremonials, and a sense of unfitness for society makes the most ordinary of its duties a painful task. There are some authors who would rather write a quarto volume in praise of woman, than hand a fashionable lady to her chair.

The foolish and formal conversation of polite life is naturally uninteresting to the retired scholar; but it would, perhaps, be less objectionable if he thought he could take a share in it with any degree of credit. He can not despise his fellow creatures, nor be wholly indifferent to their good opinion. Whatever he may think of their manners and conversation, his uneasiness evinces that he does not feel altogether above or independent of them. No man likes to seem unfit for the company he is in. At Rome, every man would be a Roman. * * * *

The axioms most familiar to men of the world are passed from one tongue to another without much reflection. They are merely *parroted*. Some critics have thought that the advice which Polonius, in the tragedy of Hamlet, gives his son on his going abroad, exhibits a degree of wisdom wholly inconsistent with the general character of that weak and foolish old man. But in this case, as in most of a similar nature, we find, on closer consideration, that what may seem at the first glance an error or oversight of Shakspeare's, is only another illustration of his accurate knowledge of human life. The precepts which the old man desires to fix in the mind of Laertes are just such as he might have heard a hundred thousand times in his long passage through the world. They are not brought out from the depths of his own soul; they have only fastened themselves on his memory, and are much nearer to his tongue than to his heart. No one is surprised at the innumerable wise saws and proverbial phrases that issue from the lips of the most silly and ignorant old women in all ranks of life, in town and country, in cottages and in courts. In the conversation of the weakest-minded persons we often find, as in that of Polonius, both "matter and impertinency mixed." His advice is not that of a philosopher, but of a courtier and man of the world. He echoes the common wisdom of his associates:—

"Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment."

He is indebted to his court education for this mean and heartless maxim. To listen eagerly to the communications of others, and to conceal his own thoughts, is the first lesson that a courtier learns. Let us quote another specimen of his paternal admonitions—

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."

Polonius might have picked up this marvellous scrap of prudence in some petty tradesman's shop; not, however, in a pawnbroker's, for the sign of which it would form a very forbidding motto.—There are a few precepts in the parting advice of Polonius of a somewhat higher character; but they are only such as float about the world, and are repeated on occasion by all well-intentioned people.—They are not of that high and original cast which Shakspeare would have put into the mouth of Hamlet, or any other thoughtful and noble-hearted personage.

It seems paradoxical to affirm that men who are out of the world know more of the philosophy of its movements than those who are in it; but it is nevertheless perfectly true, and easily accounted for. The busy man is so rapidly whirled about in the vast machine, that he has not leisure to observe its motion. An observer stationed on a hill that overlooks a battle can see more distinctly the operations of either army than the combatants themselves.—They who have attained success by mere good fortune, are particularly ill-fitted to direct and counsel others who are struggling through the labyrinths of life. A shrewd observer who has touched the rocks, is a better pilot than he who has passed through a difficult channel in ignorance of its dangers.

The extent of a person's knowledge of mankind is not to be calculated by the number of his years. The old, indeed, are always wise in their own estimation, and eagerly volunteer advice, which is not in all cases as eagerly received. The stale preparatory sentence of "When you have come to my years," &c., is occasionally a prologue to the wearisome farce of second childhood. A Latin proverb says that "experience teacheth." It sometimes does so, but not always. Experience can not confer natural sagacity, and without that, it is nearly useless. It is said to be an axiom in natural history, that a cat will never tread again the road on which it has been beaten; but this has been disproved in a thousand experiments. It is the same with mankind. A weak-minded man, let his years be few or numerous, will no sooner be extricated from a silly scrape, than he will fall again into the same way. Nothing is more common than for old women (of either sex) to shake with a solemn gravity their thin gray hairs, as if they covered a repository of gathered wisdom, when perchance some clear and lively head upon younger shoulders has fifty times the knowledge with less than half the pretension. We are not always wise in proportion to our opportunities of acquiring wisdom, but according to the shrewdness and activity of our observation. Nor is a man's fortune in all cases an unequivocal criterion of the character of his intellect or his knowledge in the world. Men in business acquire a habit of guarding themselves very carefully against the arts of those with whom they are brought in contact in their commercial transactions; but they are, perhaps, better versed in goods and securities than in the human heart. They wisely trust a great deal more to law papers than to "the human face divine," or any of those indications of character which are so unerringly perused by a profound observer. A great dramatic poet can lift the curtain of the human heart; but mere men of business must act always in the dark, and, taking it for granted that every individual, whatever his ostensible character, may be a secret villain, they will have no transactions with their fellow-creatures until they have made "assurance doubly sure," and secured themselves from the possibility of roguery and imposition. They carry this habit of caution and mistrustfulness to such a melancholy extreme, that they will hardly lend a guinea to a father or a brother without a regular receipt. They judge of all mankind by a few wretched exceptions. Lawyers have a similar tendency to form partial and unfavorable opinions of their fellow-creatures, because they come in contact with the worst specimens of humanity, and see more of the dark side of life than other men. Of all classes of men, perhaps the members of the medical profession have the best opportunity of forming a fair and accurate judgment of mankind in general, and it is gratifying to know that none have a higher opinion of human nature.

It is observable that men are very much disposed to "make themselves the measure of mankind;" or in other words, when they paint their fellow-creaturrs, to dip their brush in the colors of their own heart.

"All seem infected that the infected spy,
As all seems yellow to the jaundiced eye."

On the other hand, a frank and noble spirit observes the world by the light of its own nature; and indeed all who have studied mankind without prejudice or partiality, and with a wide and liberal observation, have felt that man is not altogether unworthy of being formed after the image of his Maker.

Though I have alluded to the tendency of some particular professions to indurate the heart and limit or wrap the judgment, I should be sorry, indeed, if the remarks that I have ventured upon this subject should be regarded as an avowal of hostility toward any class whatever of my fellow-creatures. I should be guilty of a gross absurdity and injustice, if I did not readily admit that intellect and virtue are not confined to one class or excluded from another. Men are, generally speaking, very much the creature of circumstance; but there is no condition of life in which the soul has not sometimes asserted her independence of all adventitious distinctions; and there is no trade or profession in which we do not meet with men who are an honor to human nature.

From the New York American.

And this is Life.

He who would analyze the seemingly contradictory elements, in which man moves and has his being, need not wonder at the discontent, the happiness, the restlessness, the vanity, the pride, the show of wealth, the desire to conceal it, the arrogant claims of learning, the attractions of beauty, the workings of retired talent the multiplicity of noisy nothings; all of which have their day and sway.

There is the retired man of business, over-laid with all the seeming requisites of happiness; breakfasts when he chooses, sumptuously, lounges in his unread library, and takes his airing in almost regal style.

By the fellowship which he has established in society, he is constantly reminded of his deficiencies in those accomplishments that invest life with charms the most engaging, and dignity the most enduring. Thrice every week he goes to his bed, wofully sensible that Horace and Virgil have lived for him in vain, and Grecian bards tuned their lyres for more fortunate and happier sensibilities. He awakes on his 50th anniversary, determined to enter the labyrinth of classic lore, and is *lost*.

And this is life!

There is the plodding merchant, who goes to his counting-room, and until his letters are read, is hardly conscious of anything but existence.—His brow contracts or expands according to the nature of their contents; he reads and is filled; determines to sell his coffee and cotton to the first bidder and at the least sacrifice; goes home with a sinker at his heart; finds fault with his dinner, and if he has a wife, is almost tempted to sell her.

And this is life!

There is the stock broker—gregarious from his birth—he comes to his six by eight lodgment in Wall street, with a quick step and every muscle and eye alert—he goes out to feed in the highway, as hens do, along with their brood, until 10½ o'clock, when he mounts to a higher region to *set*, ruminate and realize—philosophizes on the insecurity of securities—hates the likeness of the market to the tides, so regular in their ups and downs—is vexed that he did not go into smiling Canton, instead of drooping Stonington; goes home to dinner, looks grave at his wife, snubs his children, and protests against having any more.

And this is life!

There is the clerk, whose yearnings for notice and gentility have induced him to quit his hard, though safe bench in the Counting House, for a basement in once of the City thoroughfares, where he sets up champaigne, cigar, and bacon vender. Possessing some light accomplishments, he receives invitations to parties, and having no real ownership in himself, always accepts; to decline he dares not—by little and little he goes into love but is obliged to come out of it much more suddenly: he goes home at midnight to his *estate* of one room and the furniture, sullen, dissatisfied and vexed that people cannot be uncorked as easily as his champaigne, and swearing that he will devote the next twelve months in mastering the art that enables so many to butter their bread on both sides, and pay their rent.

And this is life!

There is Peter Snug, who has lived so long on one spot, as to make his oneness immortal; he serves as a perpetual sign board to the rising generation; his trophies are defunct dealers, non descript merchants, and visionary shopkeepers.

He rises with the sun, breakfasts and dines with a despatch not surpassed by the express mail, and makes his bank deposit so uniformly, that its omission would throw an ordinary cashier into a fit of sickness. He early calculated the price of wife and children, but was frightened by the footing up; he was wedded to economy and the shop, and his gray hairs attest his fidelity. Blow high, or blow low, he stands alone and erect.

And this is counter life!

There is the mechanic, emphatically the artificer of his own fortune. His mind so runs on timber, iron, bricks, and leather, that it is not strange he should think his wife and children composed in part of the same materials: hence the joints that connect his paternal ark, are subjected to no small wear and tear; but the panacea of many ills, *money*, is coming in, while temper is going out, and if they miss of an average share of happiness, it is because the Boss aspires to, and secures a seat, in the Assembly, where he diligently assists in *plane*-ing down opinions that have essentially contributed to his elevation.

And this is life!

There is the rich sleeping partner. His sleepiness goes abroad to air his other faculties, and get awake—travels every where but into counting houses—he knows Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, and Lyons as matters of history, and London, Paris and Naples as matters of fact—perhaps he carries a winning card, in the shape of a wife, who by a sweet presence and voluble discourse, secures for them Ambassadorial letters, presentations at Court, and whatever else their ingenuity may devise. Having contracted a heavy load of European reminiscences, they come home and tip up; but the monotonous humdrum of American life soon becomes insipid, and off they go to be again mere spectators of stars and garters in the elder world. Whilst repeating this dilicious experiment, a letter marked "private," comes from the American firm premonitory of coming ill, and arrests the enjoyment of their carnival.—Ere long, they find themselves upon the billows both real and imaginary, not knowing what may befal them.

And this is life!

There is the very close, shrewed man, who is viewed by his townsmen as a sort of walking razor—edge never dull—rarely offers his arm, unless to a stranger, and can scent an applicant for a loan, the length of Wall street. In his domicile you may remark *design*—all concurring and subservient to one end, *self*—and it is fortunate if his children do not prove to be a little race of penknives. The daily torment of this man is the fear of being over-reached and dying of a broken heart.

And this is life!

There is the fortunate *unfortunate*, the man who, when his last creditor signed off, rose in imagination like a rocket; a million are in prospect, and prospects enough for a million. "Conquer or die" was the motto, and he *did* die, and "made no sign."

And this is life!

There is the man of great pretensions, whom to buy at his own price, would beggar an Astor—behind his chair and carriage servants wait; a very respectable man, that nobody respects; inwards, how full of piety; in actions, how inexorable; has an all-abounding appetite for great agencies, and through them becomes a sort of dictator to importers and jobbers; his notion of equity is defined by Selden's remark—"according to the size of the Chancellor's foot." In settling family estate, he would be more *executioner* that executor; if he should ever die, a slate and pencil would be an appropriate emblem on his grave stone.

And this is life!

There is the Poet, fearfully and wonderfully made, *sometimes*. Life, hanging in festoons of richest flowers all about him, and his aspirations partaking of their hue; to him the true and beautiful seem always approaching but never arrived; he works day and night in constructing a monument to the muses, and though summoned, they come not to its consecration; he sighs over the apathy and insensibility of his fellow-men, until *want* turns his choice Helicon into bitters, or forces him at last to slake his thirst from a fountain of common "Croton."—On this fare he thrives, and soon marries into the extensive family of the Magazines, and has a very respectable progeny of essays; he succeeds in walking the earth like other people, only now and then mourning over the decline of poetry, particularly his own.

And this is life!

I will say nothing of the man of much money, large wisdom, and entire good faith, until I find him.

D. E. N.

Sabbath in Switzerland.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Observer, writing from Zurich, says. "I spent the Sabbath here, and was surprised to find in this home of Zwingli—this Protestant canton—so little respect to its sanctity. Towards evening the military were reviewed on the public square, while on one side was a public exhibition of rope dancers and tumblers, and among the tumblers two rosy cheeked peasant girls. This is a Protest canton indeed. Protestant it may be, but this was no Protestant Sabbath.

By ramming a coal of fire into the muzzle of a loaded gun, you can save the priming.

REIGN OF TERROR.

Macaulay in his review of the "Memoirs of Barrere," gives the following brief, but striking picture of the Reign of Terror in revolutionary France:

"Then came those days when the most barbarous of all codes was administered by the most barbarous of all tribunals; when no man could greet his neighbors, or say his prayers or dress his hair without danger of committing a capital crime when spies lurked in every corner, when the guillotine was long and hard at work every morning; when the jails were filled as close as the hold of a slave ship; when the gutters ran foaming with blood into the Seine; when it was death to be great neice to a captain of the royal guards, or a half brother to a doctor of Sarbonne; to express a doubt whether assignats would not fall; to hint that the English had been victorious in the action of the first of June; to have a copy of Burke's pamphlets locked up in a desk;—to laugh at a Jacobin for taking the name of Cassius or Timoleon, or to call the fifth sans-culotide, by its old superstitious name of St. Mathew's day. While the daily wagon loads were carried to their doom through the streets of Paris, the proconsuls whom the sovereign committee had sent forth to the departments, revelled in an extravagance of cruelty unknown even in the capital. The knife of the deadly machine rose and fell too slow for their work of slaughter.—Long rows of captives were mowed down with grape shot. Holes were made in the bottom of crowded barges. Lyons was turned into a desert. At Arras, even the cruel mercy of speedy death was denied to the prisoners. All down the Loire, from Samur to the sea, great flocks of crows and kites feasted on naked corpses, twined together in hideous embraces. No mercy was shown to sex or age. The number of young lads and girls of seventeen who were murdered by that execrable government, is to be reckoned by hundreds. Babies torn from the breast were tossed from pike to pike along the Jacobin ranks.—One champion of liberty had his pockets well stuffed with ears. Another swaggered about with the finger of a little child in his hat. A few months had served to degrade France below the level of New Zealand."

TRAVELLING OVER THE ANDES.

L. C. Pickett, Esq., U. States *Charge de' Affaires* at Lima, in a letter to the National Institute, remarks:—

I have travelled five days at a time among the Andes without seeing a human creature except those with me, and along a track (not a road) which for the most part serpentized over almost perpendicular precipices, or through a forest literally impervious, by cutting one's way at every step. Provisions, luggage and everything were carried on men's backs; and my saddle-horse was a stout mulatto (part Indian) whom I occasionally mounted when tired of walking. I felt at first a decided repugnance to this sort of equitation, and could not think of using a fellow-being for a beast of burden: but the necessity of the case and the custom of the country got the better of my scruples, as they had of more conscientious men, no doubt; and as the *sillero* (chairman) as he was called, told me it was his occupation to carry Christians over the mountains, and solicited the job, I struck a bargain with him, and the price was $10 through, I riding about half the time. This quadrupedal biped, if so he may be called, turned out to be a very surefooted and trusty animal, and carried me in perfect safety to the end of the route. The *modus equitandi* is this: instead of a saddle, a very light chair is used, which the chairman slings upon his back, and the traveller's face, when seated in it, is to the north, should he be going to the south, and *vice versa*. It is necessary that when mounted he should keep himself very accurately balanced, for there are many places in passing which a false step on the part of the *sillero* might cause a tumble down a precipice, which would be fatal both to the rider and the ridden."

Pauperism.—In Massachusetts the number of State paupers for the year ending 1st of November, 1844, was 6,060; of these 3,688, more than one half, are foreigners.

In St. Louis the number of paupers in the Alms House is 68; of these 43 are foreigners, and 25 Americans. During the last four years there have been admitted into the St. Louis Marine Hospital, 1,289 foreigners and 530 Americans.

On this, the Tribune says:—

"Such facts as these are sometimes cited to disparage foreigners; but they may better be considered as compliments to Americans, who prefer to rent dwellings for themselves, rather than to creep under the shelter of the roofs of edifices provided for the needy by the State.—Besides, it is singular that in America—the home of all classes from the old world, both the educated and prosperous, the poor and ignorant—is it singular that some portion of the latter should claim our charity in this new land of their adoption? Let them come, in God's name, and get what accommodations they can in this wide abode of prosperity."

Let them come, but not from European poor-houses and European prisons,—a tax upon the hard laborer of America,—a poison to society and the Republic. Why are we to support all the sweepings and sweep-off of the earth?—*New York Express.*

☞ An establishment for the manufacture of various articles of silk is now in active operation at Louisville. The Louisville Journal says—"Most of the operations in this factory are effected by steam. The cocoons are reeled on the machine universally known as the Piedmontese reel, and the silk is spun on a throstle machine, a modification of which makes the twisted silk. Three looms are worked, and are principally employed in making sewing silk, handkerchiefs, vestings, and dress patterns for ladies."