

J. J. BRUNER,
Editor & Proprietor.

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR
RULERS."

"DO THIS, AND LIBERTY IS SAFE."
Gen'l Harrison.

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The Great Conversationists.
JEFFERSON—THE SAGE OF MONTICELLO.
The Editor of the New York Daily Times:
I have just painted Chief Justice Marshall's portrait at the full length of his public character, but in the miniature of private life, for such is the whole scope which I propose to myself, in these limnings of remarkable individuals. Were I to aim at a life of me, to a biography. Next to the great light of our law comes, in my recollection, he who did more than any other to subvert, or at least, to counteract, the author of the doctrine of Nullification, of debt and charity, of that general system of glibberish which has now obtained the name of Virginia Abstracts; and in all, quite as little abstruse as altogether as practical as many a fashionable of other regions, which I will name there directly specify, lest I should be on toes that I must respect; your name, for instance.

Galic science to his own sable ministers of the mouth, and set up that reform of the larder, which Patrick Henry dreaded as sure to lead to degeneracy, and denounced to the common people, in the context of Ninety-eight, when he told them (as he was wont) in their own dialect, that "they should beware of this man, who had got so many outlandish ways and lived in Paris till he had so Frenchified himself that he could no longer eat the vittles they were all fetched up on; and so he had brought back to old Virginia a white Frenchman, to cook for him." If the great Patrick—fittest of all men to deal with either usurping kings or pernicious demagogues—had lived a little longer, the story of Ninety-eight and the whole Jeffersonian history would probably have been a very different one.

So much for the administrative order which reigned at Monticello, without and within. The mansion stood half embosomed in fine trees, many of them the ancient natives of the spot, but mixed with others of exotic growth, whose presence gave the necessary air of cultivated and arranged beauty to the scene. The habitation fronted the east and stretched north and south, in a long, low range, terminating in terraces, with offices beneath them terminated in their turn, each by a small pavilion, that served at pleasure for a still quieter place of retreat to the master on his family; when studiously disposed. These, with a lawn, occupied the artificially levelled crest of the mountain—a space of some six acres. On the north and east, this fell off into abrupt and wild declivities, on the south, in a falling garden, which was, I think, much better situated than worked. For the sage was strong in projecting things, and seldom failed except in executing them. In the rear—a slight depression, such as the uplanders call a bench, intervening, where crosses a road to the neighboring town of Charlottesville, there joined by that to the mansion—rose the superior elevation of Carter's Mountain, celebrated elsewhere in Federalist ballads, as the scene of the sage's two military exploits—his flight, as Governor of Virginia, from Tarleton's dragoons. His escapade at Richmond, before the hang dog array of Arnold, was his other warlike achievement of the Revolution. One may, no doubt, be a patriot without being a hero: for these were the only occasions, during that great and often forlorn struggle for freedom which called up all the valor and virtue of our land, when the "Apostle of Democracy" ever saw the face of the foe; and, both times, he (the Apostle) took to his heels. No matter: he lived to denounce, as "sold to England," as "traitors," "monarchists," "aristocrats," "enemies of liberty," Washington and nearly all the brave men who had won it for us on the battlefield, and confirmed it in a good and sober government: yea, he not only lived to slander them out of the popular affections and into their graves, but to set his heels and those of every parasite of nonsense and falsehood upon them, in shocking triumph from that day to this! So much for having served rather than flattered the people: who, after all, are quite as apt as Kings to take the worst men for their favorites, provided they make the loudest professions to them of admiring their power and adoring their persons.—To proceed, however: for I am playing the small historian, and must not trench upon the province of the greater, in pronouncing the award of time on men's deeds.

There could be no spot more enchanting than that in which the patriarch of political theorists had thus fixed the retreat of his old age. It seemed designed by Nature the very seat from which, lifted above the world's turmoil, one who had exhausted what it can bestow of empyrean might look widely down upon it, withdrawn from its personal troubles, but contemplating at pleasure the distant animation of the scene. It was a place scarcely less fit for the visionary abode of the philosophic speculator than, by its far-spread and shifting beauties of the landscape, to inspire a poet's senses with perpetual delight. I am familiar with the wildest views which our mountain ranges, the softest picture which our vales afford, from Maine to the Mississippi. Nowhere have I seen them more charmingly at once blended and contrasted than in the prospect which on all sides greets the eye from Monticello. Had you ever looked forth, as I have often done, from the cloven diadem of vast rocks that crown the conical Peak of Otter like Monticello, an outlook (but a still greater one) of the Blue Ridge, projecting into the Plan of Lowland Virginia—I could only tell you that this does not exceed it, except in the height from which you gave. But you are, no doubt, acquainted with the valley of the Hudson, as beheld from the Catskill Mountain House: I do not think the view thence, though from a much loftier elevation, by any means as wide, or as variously picturesque as that from this Appalachian watch tower of Virginia.—At a single point only is the prospect shut in—by Carter's Mountain, on the West. In every other direction the nearest limit of the vision is the fantastic range of the Blue Ridge, in its closest approach, some twenty-five miles off; but visible, north east and south west, until, full eight miles away, the airy line of its bold pinnacles

is at last lost in the clouds. Along its base stretches a sylvan scene the most agreeable—that vale of the famous Red Lands of the Old Dominion, noted for its fertility of the two plants by many esteemed to have been anything but blessings to the soil—Tobacco and Presidents. Some three miles off, in this vale, lies the pretty town of Charlottesville; behind which rise, in a long quadrangle, on a flattened hill, the many columned porticos and domes of the University. From this side comes wandering along by the mountain's foot the quiet stream of the Rivanna, seen here and there only, in an occasional gleam, through the trees that border its course. Straying on by, Shadwell, the Sage's birth place—now, alas! desecrated by a cottonmill—and though the small town of Milton, which is, in spite of its name, a very unpoetical place, the river, in a very indolent kind of way, as if (like a genuine Virginian) it neither knew nor cared where it was going, or had lost itself in some abstraction, proceeds to disappear in the vast champaign which, stretching away from East to South in endless perspective, till it fades in the dim distance, lies spread before you, like an immense garden, laid out with a fanciful avoidance of regularity, dotted with pigmy habitations and woods and fields, in gay variety, that look like interminable pleasure grounds. The country is not flat but a gently waving one; yet, from above and afar, its inequalities of surface vanish into a map like smoothness, and are traceable only in the light and shade cast by hill and plain. The prospect here has a diameter of near a hundred miles: its scope is therefore such that atmospheric effects are constantly flickering over it, even in the cloudless days of a climate as bright if not quite so soft as that of Italy; and thus each varying aspect of the weather is reflected, all the while, from the features of the landscape, as the passions over the face of some capricious beauty, that laughs, and frowns, and weeps almost in the same breath. Near you, perhaps, all is smiling in the sunlight; yonder broods or bursts a storm; while in a third quarter, darkness and light contend upon the prospect, and chase each other. The sky itself is thus not more shifting than the scene you may have before you. It takes a new aspect at almost every moment, and bewitches you with a perpetual novelty. Among these novelties is often seen, about sunrise, the phenomena which science calls mirage and sailors "looming." I never witnessed, and have only been told the fact; for I indulge in few of the popular errors, and least of all in that of early rising. The distant and detached pinnacle of Willis's Mountain—which, alone, some fifty miles off, due south, cuts, with its singularly sharp cone, the otherwise unbroken line of the sea-like horizon—is the object on which is chiefly exhibited the optical illusion in question. Through it that isolated peak takes a hundred fantastic shapes; sometimes shooting up into the air, like a tower or a column; then suddenly dissolving away, or perhaps changing to the figure of huge tree, or a monstrous giant, or a big windmill, such as Don Quixote himself would not have dared tilt with. I am inclined to think that there was also a backward illusion, by which those below saw the philosopher of the mountain himself, in the same misty, magnified multifarious of shapes. For nobody among us ever knew better than he, the use to be made of airy doctrines—the advantage of a politician's showing himself through a vapor. He was an able cloud-compeller, and certainly befogged mankind with not a little success.

I have been minute in my description. The rare beauty of the scene never, I think, so exactly delineated—must justify me; nor less the celebrity which the spot has borrowed from the master. Were it but a common one, it would still be full of interest, as the habitation of one of the most remarkable men ever produced by this country; exuberant as it is of remarkable productions—especially in the line of self-sacrificing patriots and philosophic statesmen.

Led away by the natural wonders of the place, I have only said, of the building that it was long and low. It was of red brick; the main entrance, by a handsome enough portico; while a soft cupola, half dome, surmounted and lighted the central hall, its gallery and stairs.—To this the access was by the portico.—Its floor was tessellated; its sides adorned with some works of art, and many objects of Natural History; conspicuous among which were bones of mammoth, and gigantic horns of the elk, moose, &c. Behind it lay a reception room, its walls covered with pictures, portraits, and lofty mirrors. Corridors from the hall led, right and left, to other apartments and the wings—to other parlors, a dining saloon, the library, the Sage's workshop, (he tinkered much in other wheels, levers, balances, checks, and curiosities of motion, besides those of political mechanism,) his chambers, and those for visitors—more than it would please either me or you to describe. As for the upper story, (the only other of the house) it was indescribable, and indeed, from its peculiarity of structure, I may say, unimagineable. For—doubtless, upon the great projector's favorite principle of sacrificing all orders and gradations to the lowest—he had, in

building his first story, had no regard to the second; but giving to each room of the ground floor a height of ceiling, proportioned to its size, had of course made the superior floor all up and down, high and low, a mere series of break necks, from one room of which to another (though in the same story,) could only get by clambering. The very rats, who only could agree to dwell there, must have cursed this philosophic improvement in architecture.

I have led you with some delays, into the presence of the sage himself. But when the principal object is grand, its accessories that should be previously examined, must be many. To a noble residence, the approach can fly by only by a long avenue. When you visit a renowned general in his camp, you cannot expect to be carried to headquarters, without calling at the out posts. It would be both provoking and stupid if, in going to see an obscure person, one were detained by ushers, and a ceremonial; but when you are about to pay your court to a sovereign, you like to see him in all his state, and you judge of his dignity in proportion to your detention.

Dressed, within doors, as I saw him last, no longer in the red breeches, which were once famous as his favorite and rather conspicuous attire; but still vindictive by a sanguine waistcoat, his attachment to that Republican color; in gray shorts, small silver knee buckles, gray woolen stockings, black slippers, a blue body-coat, surmounted by a gray spencer; tall, and though little of person and decidedly graceful and agile of motion and carriage, yet long and ill limbed, Mr. Jefferson's figure was commanding and striking, though bad, and his face most animated and agreeable, although remarkably ugly. His legs, you perceive, by no means shunned observation; yet they were scarcely larger at the knee than in the ankle, and had never been conscious of a calf. Still, though without strength, they had always borne him along with vigor and suppleness. These bodily qualities and a health almost unailing, he preserved, in a singular degree, to the very close of his long life. At the time I speak of, when he was in his eighty first year, he not only mounted his horse without assistance and rode habitually some ten miles a day, but dismounting at a fence breast-high, would leap over it, by only placing his hand on the topmost rail. He then walked not only well and swiftly, but with lightness and springiness of tread, such as few young men even have. It was a restless activity of mind, which informed all this unusual mobility of body; and the two, I think, were, in him, greatly alike. For his intellect had, like his person, more size than shape, more suppleness than solidity, and effected its ends by continuity of action not mass of power, by manipulation not muscularity. You may batter to pieces with a small hammer that which a cannonball would not shiver. He was never idle; nay, hardly a moment still. He rose early and was up late, through his life; and was all day, whenever out on foot or a horseback, at study, at work, or in conversation. If his legs and fingers were at rest, his tongue was sure to be a going. Indeed, even when seated in his library in a low Spanish chair, he held forth to his visitors in an almost endless flow of fine discourse; his body seemed impatient of keeping still for his mind, shifted his position all the while, and so twisted itself that you might almost have thought he was attitudinizing. Meantime, his face, expressive as it was ugly, was not much less busy than his limbs, in bearing its part in the conversation, and kept up, all the while, the most speaking by play, an eloquence of the countenance as great as ugly features could well have. It stood to his conversation like the artful help of well imagined illustrations, to the text of a book; a graphic commentary on every word, that was as convincing to the eyes as was his discourse to the ears. The impression which it conveyed was a strong auxiliary of all he uttered; for it begat in you an almost unavoidable persuasion of his sincerity—a virtue of the appearance of which he made great use, and had vast need.

You have seen his portraits; his busts, the bronze statue—faithful enough except as to the limbs—which the Israelite navy captain bought in Paris at the price of old clothes, and offered to Congress, but which it put by with disdain, as a stroke of speculation, meant to procure professional advancement not earned in any other way. From all these, one gets a just enough idea of the mere mould of his physiognomy; but none, of course, of that nobility which was its only fine quality, nor of the oddity of his complexion. This was much, in its general tint, of the color of cream; but as that substance is one of which you, good people of the great city of Gotham, conceive only as a modification of prepared chalk, let me explain by what they have oftener seen—the fruity part of a pumpkin pie. The face looked as if it were buttered with such a paste; but, in addition, to this glistenings of hue, it was besprinkled with small pox pits, all of which were of a lively purple. Bad as was the uncontrasted you may imagine what its beauty became, when set off by such a foil. As to features, he had not one what was good; except the eyes;

they were a greyish blue, clear and sparkling. His head was well set and well carried, but had the Jacobinical shape and air; his hair was originally reddish, but turned to an ill-bleached foxiness; his forehead was large, but not well modelled in those main frontal regions which bespeak loftiness of thought and creativeness.—His brows were neither strong nor soft, but irregular and uncertain, as those of one who was wanting in will, and yet had not much feeling. His nose was mean—a small tub ending in a sudden bulb; it was much cocked up, and derived from that shape a character of pertness and vulgarity. His mouth was rather large, but the lips thin and not well cut; the expression sitting on them bland but not benevolent, conciliating rather than kindly; its meaning assigned his emotions to the manners, not the heart—to policy, not the temper. The chin was like the forehead, broader than it was strong. Such were his lineaments in detail: quite indifferent, separately; and yet, altogether, very expressive and agreeable. As his motions, light and easy, were the contradiction of his ill made limbs, so was his pleasing and animated countenance that of features, of themselves, ignoble apart.

Lastly, his conversation: He certainly was one of the best talkers I have ever listened to; copious in the extreme, without ever growing tedious; easy yet compact; flowing but never loose; very variously, and to all appearance soundly informed, and continually dealing out his information, but rather as if to gratify you, not himself; his mind seemed to me, then, a great repository of the knowledge that is gotten from others and of the wisdom that must come from one's self. Trained in what was once its best school—the Parisian saloons—he understood conversation thoroughly as an art; and he made the most of it, as an engine of personal influence and for the propagation of his party opinions. Towards the inculcation of these, his conversation, whatever the subject, was usually bent, except when a scientific matter was in question; either he knew no literature, law, history, philosophy, morals, nor theology, or he could not talk of them, unless as connected in some direct or indirect way, with Democratic theories. His power, indeed, of winning and of controlling men, always lay chiefly in his skill of personal communication; for, even in public bodies, he rarely made speeches: nor have we any record of his having ever shone as an orator. In short, not feeling strong enough to attack men's convictions by the front gate of manful eloquence, he stole in by the back door of addresses and of insinuation in private.

At least, however, he got in; which is, no doubt, the great end; and when the end is great, few people are delicate about the means.—His were, perhaps, a little burlesquous; but then I must confess that the picklock of his talk was admirable.

IL SECRETARIO.

From the Asheville Messenger.
COMPLAIN NOT.

Whatever may be your condition inwardly, or outwardly, let not a complaint fall from your lips. You may be poor and be compelled to toil from day to day, but what of that—it is nothing but a duty that you owe to your country and to your heavenly master. Be persevering in what ever your hands call you to do, and good will inevitably attend you. This world is a place of toil; millions have toiled before you, who are now at rest in the kingdom above. Are you abused; so was the most perfect man the world ever saw.— Abuse will not injure a sterling character; harsh words rebound to the speaker's own hurt. Are you cheated; so is every honest man: if you complain at every mishap, at every slander, at every dog at your heels, you will pass a life of misery; the best course is, to suffer without complaining, and to discharge all your duties faithfully—let this be your aim at all times. The man who has a snarl always on his brow, a scorn on his lip, and a mountain on his back, not one of which he can muster courage to remove, is of all men most miserable. If you complain at the trifles now, before you die, you will embitter every hour of existence by your unhappy disposition; therefore, cheer up, and complain not, take all things easy, though at times you may find this hard to do; but always meet your misfortunes with a smile, and still faithfully strive to overcome them—but complain not. T.

HEROISM REWARDED.—The Life Saving Benevolent Association of New York, at their meeting on Thursday, voted a gold medal to Captain Nye, of the American mail steam ship Pacific, and a silver medal to the mate, Mr. Thompson, and to each of the seamen, who bravely manned their life boat during a terrible gale, and thereby rescued the entire crew of the British ship Jessie Stevens, just as she was sinking, and took them safely into Liverpool.

EARTHQUAKE AT MILLEDGEVILLE.—We learn from the Milledgeville papers, that at 20 minutes before 8 o'clock, Saturday night last, a slight shock of an earthquake was sensibly felt at that place. This is the second or third earthquake that has occurred in the central portion of Georgia within the past few months.

The Shanghai and Cochin China Fowls vs. Dung Hill.—Much has been said and written for and against the different varieties of improved fowls now claiming so large a share of public attention. The extravagant prices asked and frequently paid for superior specimens of the various breeds, have led many persons to regard the attempt to introduce them to our farmers generally as a matter of speculation, and that it will have a termination similar to the *morus multicaulis* mania of by-gone days. We do not think so. The little experience we have had in breeding the new varieties, induces us to believe that the sooner the common dung hill fowls are dispensed with, and their places supplied by some of the larger breeds, the sooner will our farmers begin to realize profit from their chickens. Although five or ten dollars may at first appear an extravagant price for a pair of chickens, it is really not so, when the advantages that will follow their purchase are taken into consideration. No person who has ever seen fair specimens of the Shanghai or Cochin China fowls, will for a moment dispute their superiority to the dung hill fowl in point of size. Large fowls, if young, will certainly always command a better price in market than smaller ones. But they possess other advantages. Well cared for Shanghai, attain a larger size at five months than the common fowls at twelve. We have now in our flock a pair of Cochin Chinas, three months old, which weigh 8½ lbs. the cock and the pullet 3½ lbs. But it is contended by those who stand opposed to 'big chickens,' that the greater amount of food they consume than the smaller ones, more than overbalances the advantage of their increased size. This, too, however, we conceive to be a mistake. We have a few common fowls, which are kept for hatching—their small size giving them, for that purpose, a decided advantage over the Shanghai. Careful observation has fully satisfied us that they consume as much food as the larger ones. The common fowl is a much more ravenous feeder than the Shanghai. Its favorite food is given, nothing short of a repletion will satisfy them. Not so with the Shanghai or Cochin China. They feed as they more—slowly, and appear to turn every grain of corn or wheat to an advantage.

Much has been said in regard to the superior egg producing qualities of the Shanghai or Cochin Chinas. To a limited extent we have tested this point also, and so far as our experience goes, unhesitatingly yield to them the palm.

Our common fowls are as good specimens as any we have ever seen. We paid a high price for them, for the special purpose of testing their egg producing qualities, as compared with our finer fowls, and hatching as before stated.—The result has been, that with the same food, same lodging, and same attention in every particular, the Shanghais have beaten two to one.

Another point in favor of the Shanghai is, that they are more sociable, not nearly so much inclined to be mischievous, and if even thus inclined, far less capable of doing damage; as the remarkable shortness of their wing and the great size of their bodies, prevent them from flying over fences, into the garden or fields, or injuring the grain in the stacks or mows. For these and other reasons we feel inclined to give the improved breeds the preference over the common ones, and believe it would be economy on the part of our farmers generally, to introduce them even at a cost of ten dollars for the first pair.

Another Triumph of American Steamers.—A gentleman who came over from Liverpool in the Baltic tells us that when he left everybody in the city was rejoicing over the new Cunard steamship Arabia, which had been built expressly to beat the Collins steamers, and was considered the most superb as well as the fastest vessel afloat. Loud were the exultations over the anticipated triumph and the lowering of the American flag in this contest of speed. What has been the issue? The Baltic, which sailed December 29th, arrived safe and snug at her wharf in New York January 11th—making the trip in less than thirteen days, in spite of stormy weather. The Arabia, which sailed January 1st, after running nearly thirteen days and exhausting her fuel in efforts to make a rapid trip, has to put into a way port for coals and repairs, and will probably be fifteen days or more in making the run to New York. We rejoice over our defeat of our cousins over the water, in the honorable competition for the mastery of the seas. The Collins Steamers remain unapproached by the Cunarders, and the English company will have to labor long before they can get a vessel to beat, in a fair race, either the Baltic, Pacific, Atlantic or Arctic.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Inter-Oceanic Circulation.—Lieut. M. F. Maury delivered a lecture in New York recently on the theory of the inter-oceanic circulation of water on the globe, and supported with much interesting information, the hypothesis that the water which is found in one portion of the earth to day, may be found in another to-morrow. Every drop of water, he argued, is as obedient to great and general laws as are the planets of heaven. If it were not so, and if there were no channels of circulation by which the water could pass from ocean, to ocean, the waters of the oceans in the course of time, would be found completely different from each other.—The waters of the Dead Sea are nearly the same in quality—a thing which can only be accounted for on this hypothesis of circulation, and if they took a single drop of water from the Pacific Ocean and analyzed it, and another from the Atlantic, and analyzed it, they would be found perfectly the same. The winds, currents, temperature of the waters and animals which inhabit them, were all described as having their agency in promoting this circulation.