

F. C. HILL, Editor and Proprietor.

"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT"

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From the New York Evening Signal. A LETTER FROM SCOTLAND.

Burns's Highland Mary—Her Grave—The Birth place of Burns—Alloway Kirk—Burns's Monument—The Brig o' Doon. GREENOCK, 8th November, 1840.

MY DEAR J.: I am approaching classic ground—the land of Burns. I know from your admiration of the great poet of Nature, that you will be pleased to look, even thro' my dim eyes, upon the cottage where first he saw the light of this world; upon the monument that has been raised by his admirers to his genius; upon the two Brigs of Ayr; upon Alloway Kirk, of Tam O'Shanter notoriety; upon the Banks and Braes o' bonny Doon, &c.

Well, I yesterday paid a visit to the grave of Highland Mary, in company with the Misses Smith, whom I have before mentioned to you, nieces of the dowager Countess of Essex, and whom I hope you will have the pleasure of seeing in New York on some occasion when days are brighter than they have been.

"Ay," said he, "this is I'm standing on—she lies just under this—there's her head, and there's her feet—I buried her myself."

I have no doubt as to its being the grave, but I think he must be mistaken as to his having buried her, for he cannot have been a digger of graves since Mary was buried. He said, "They did not use to think any more of her than other folk till about twenty years ago, when they began to make an unco warb about her—and they're speaking o' pitting up a monument till her the noo."

I could not help recalling to my memory the sorrowful parting of Mary and Burns, when they were doomed ne'er to meet again, I saw them before my eyes, swearing eternal faith to each other, on each side of the gurgling stream—I saw him give her the Bible—I saw them part—I repeated the exquisite lines—"Thom lingering star,"—a tear trickled down my cheek, a tribute to such sweet memories.

9th Nov.—Yesterday I arrived in Ayr, which Burns says "ilk ither town surpasses, for honest men and bonny lassies; and today I and the rest of the party went to view those places in the neighborhood which have been rendered classic by the magic pen of Robert Burns.

I ask him if Burns often got fou. "No," he said. "I never saw him the worse of drink—he was unco fond of meeting a few chields & haeing a crack, but he did not drink much—he used to sit rather dull with his hands upon his knees till something excited him, and then he would speak away like a pen-gun." John said, if Burns were alive, he had just been two years auder than himself. I asked the guidwife if she had ever seen Burns's Bonnie Jean.

"Deed sir," she said, "I'll no tell ye a lee—I never saw her—she came to the cottage one day wi' the poet, and I'm sorry to say I was in the toon that day, and miss'd seeing her—but" she said, as if to make her not having seen her of as little consequence as possible, "I believe she was no very bonny, for a' that—she had a nice leg and ankle, and a fine pair o' black e'en, and a very gude figure, but the folk tould me she was na very bonny."

In one of the apartments of the cottage is the famous portrait by Nasmyth, which John assured me was very like the poet—there are also two tables, as completely covered over with names and initials of persons from all quarters of the globe, as if they were specimens of carved work.—We had a very long chat with John and his wife—the latter much excelled her husband in volubility of tongue, but John excelled as all in the relish with which he swallowed glass after glass of his own Campbellton whiskey, with which we regaled him.

On our way to the Monument, we stopped at Alloway Kirk, of which nothing more remains but the bare walls, which are in tolerable preservation; at the east end the old bell still hangs, with a piece of chain attached to it, by which, in days of old it was tolled. I was surprised to find the Kirk so small, and could not help fancying that Auld Clotie, sitting in the w'inko' bunker in the east, and the witches about him, had but little room for their midnight revelries.

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I went on a little farther to the auld brig o' Doon, where Tam o'Shanter's rude grey mare Meg, was deprived of her rider by Cutty Sark, and I possessed myself with some difficulty of a stone from the famous brig, and I now have it among other curiosities.

The monument is an excellent inn has been erected, having a view from its windows of all the noted places—the cottage where he was born—Alloway Kirk—the Monument—the Auld Brig o' Doon—the auld house at Doonside, where he used to meet his cronies sometimes—the tree—the last of a cluster where was

Where? enters found the murdered bairn and also the well, which trickles down and gushes into the door—here, it is said in Tam o'Shanter, "Mungo's mother hang'd herself."

The public are indebted for this inn, and for the beauty with which the grounds

around the inn and monument are laid out, to the enthusiasm and enterprise of Mr. David Auld, who first encouraged Thom to commence his well known statues, and supplied him with the means to finish them. He has erected a cottage for himself, on the banks of the Doon, just opposite the river which is laid out with great taste, having beautiful and romantic walks on the river's side. An old quarry-hole he has transmogrified into an elegant pond, overshadowed by birks and pines, and tenanted by a pair of fine, majestic-looking swans, by ducks, &c. and at the one end of it there is a magnificent grotto, covered with shells of all descriptions very tastefully displayed. The walls inside are also covered with shells, and so are the seats; and to add to its beauty, there are mirrors in every corner. It is the place of all others, where, on a summer's day, one might puff away time with Havana or Principe segars, with a mint julep or a sherry cobbler to give them a zest, and a good friend like yourself to talk of the cares, cankers, troubles, tin o'ols, pleasures and pains of the world without.

The day was remarkable fine, and although the trees were reft of their summer clothing, which was scattered around in myriads of withered leaves, yet the sky was balmy, and as pleasant as a day in November could well be in this northern region—every thing, in fact, tended to make our first visit to the laud of Burns one of unqualified delight.

We returned to Ayr in great spirits, full of Burns, of whose eventful life every particular epoch seemed to start up before me with peculiar freshness. We ended the day at the festive board of Dr. Memes, the Rector of the Academy of Ayr, a first rate scholar and gentleman, an enthusiastic admirer of Burns, and the husband of the sister of one of my oldest chums.

A MADMAN'S FROLIC. Michael Kelly, in his "Dramatic Recollections," relates, with great effect, a story that Mrs. Matlocks, the actress told him.—She went to Bedlam with some friends, and the keeper pointing to one cell which they had not seen, said "Here's one in here who is perfectly quiet so long as you don't contradict him. Mind I say, if you don't contradict him." Accordingly they entered the cell, and saw a pale-faced melancholy looking man, with dark eyes, which had a penetrating brightness peculiar to maniacs. He was in deep thought as they entered. The party having satisfied their curiosity were about retiring, when, said Mrs. Matlocks he seized me by the wrist, shutting the door and placing his back against it and held me in his firm grasp.

"When, young woman, said he, you're in a comical situation here, shut in with a madman."

"But you needn't be alarmed—I was perfectly safe, they told you I was harmless, didn't they? You needn't answer. Are you fond of drawing? I know you are. What is this?" he concluded holding up a bit of paper.

"A ship," said I. "A Ship, is it? You call my tree a ship do you." "Yes, yes," said I, "it is a ship."

"Oh, and pray what is this!" "Obliged to say something, and not knowing what the thought it was, I answered a house," which it was.

"A house, ch?" So saying he pulled a clasp knife from his pocket, and opening it with his teeth, at the same time swinging me round the cell with his huge arm, said, "Now, is it a house or not?" "It is, it is."

"Then I'll tell you what it is then—it is a dolphin." "Can you tell me what this is, and no mistake?"

"A knife," I answered. "Right for once," said he. "And can you tell me what I shall do with it?" I trembled, and shook my head in silent negatave. "I'll tell you what I shall do with it; I shall—scrape my clavel."

any system which reigns in the high places of authority. Oppression renders the poor peasant of the interior, false as well as indolent. Traffic, at least in Constantinople is polluted by contact within European trickery and fraud, and many a Turkish tradesman in the capital can cheat with as great dexterity as a foreigner. On the whole, however, the word of a Turk is more to be trusted than that of a native Christian. This too, is, I believe, an accidental circumstance, to be attributed mainly to the influence of servitude and oppression on the moral character. Nor is the honesty of the Turk always worthy of the named virtue. As he is seldom acquisitive in disposition or ambitious to improve his condition, he is free from the temptation of resorting to illicit means. His honesty, like most of his virtues, is often negative, an apathetic absence from what is wrong, rather than a chosen and hearty practice of what is right. Truth, however, requires me to add, that I have never known a Mussulman sincere in his faith, and 'evout and punctual in his religious duties, in whom moral rectitude did not seem an active quality and a living principle."

From the New York American. STATE OF THE COUNTRY. On the eve of a new Administration, it is natural that considerate minds should, under any circumstances, look with some solicitude to the actual and the probable condition of the country.

This becomes imperative as well as natural, when circumstances are far from tranquilizing, as to our exterior relations, and far from encouraging, as to our internal or domestic means and preparation.

In our exterior relations, we have, with England unsettled points of controversy, which, to say the least, are susceptible of such a turn as may involve us in war.

England is, at this moment, at the very pinnacle of apparent power and triumph. In the affairs of the East of Europe, she has played the chief part—and, setting aside France with as little ceremony as though dealing with a mediæval German Prince, she has given the law to the Egyptian, stormed the almost impregnable fortress of Acre—and setting her foot firmly in Syria, is taking measures, as can hardly be doubted; to secure there or thereabout, some permanent foothold by which she may be enabled firmly to establish and protect her overland communications with her vast Indian Empire.

In Asia, she has subdued the revolted native Princes that menaced that Indian empire, and has brought—unless the recent accounts be strangely fabulous—the Celestial Empire to, on unwonted pass of humiliation.

Now more than ever is applicable to her, that fine description of her power used in debate some years ago by Daniel Webster:

"A power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England."

In this, her hour of pride and prosperity she is called to meet and settle some vexed questions with us, whom she does not love, but cannot affect to undervalue. We emphasize the word settle, because it is no longer possible for us to postpone with honor, the definite arrangement of the Northeastern boundary question—nor to avoid the issue that will be presented by the case of McLeod, if that individual shall ever be tried and executed—as, if found guilty he should, and most assuredly, will be.

What should be our position in order to stand on a footing of equality with our haughty and powerful antagonist? Surely that of a Power not only confident in the right—which we most surely are, in both the points about referred to—but with means and preparation to enforce and defend, to the uttermost, if need be, that right.

Is such our position? Let us look a little into details.

Our army, if entirely affective, and its regiments complete and disciplined, amounts to about 12,000 men.

Its actual force, scattered from Maine to the Capes of Florida, and from the Atlantic to the Missouri, is less than 9,000.

In the two Canadas alone Great Britain has some 13,000 regular troops—picked regiments, all of them—disciplined, well found, and well commanded. She has in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and her West India possession, some 8,000 more troops, making an aggregate of 21,000 regular soldiers, that could be rapidly thrown upon our frontiers.

This unusual assemblage of troops in our hemisphere may be accounted for on the ground of the insurrectionary movements some year or two ago in Canada; but 5000 regulars, with the aid of the well organized militia of the Upper Province particularly, would, it is the opinion of competent Judges, abundantly suffice to keep down insurrection and maintain order and obedience in these colonies.

This array, therefore, of "crack regiments" in Canada, so much larger than the alleged necessity requires, may not unreasonably be set down to the score of a wise policy, which prescribes, when a difficult, doubtful, and long protracted negotiation is about to be seriously entered upon, that it is always well to put forth as much show of power to enforce what may be claimed, as can be hazarded without the appearance of direct menace.

It is herein precisely that we, on our side, are deficient; and at the very moment when our possible enemy is in great force upon our borders, and in great triumph every where, we are naked, destitute, exposed, and powerless.

Is it supposed that Great Britain does not know this—or that, knowing it, our condition, as compared—with hers, will not exercise adequate influence upon the tone and spirit in which negotiation on her part may be entered upon and conducted?

It seems to us to be shutting our eyes to all experience to doubt that such must be the effect upon her councils, of our destitution and her readiness.

Turn we then to our seacoast defences. From the Bay of Fundy in the boundary to Texas, there are not (excepting in the Peninsula of Florida) 100 regular soldiers on the seaboard. Our whole army is in Florida, on the Western, Northern, and North-Eastern frontiers. At great expense, we have erected at some points—Hampden Roads, for instance, New York harbor, and Newport—large and strong fortifications; but they are without a man to garrison them, and, for the most part, without cannon to defend them; or to enable them to assail an approaching enemy.

In this condition, instead of being a source of strength, they are actually cause of danger to ourselves; they invite attack by their defencelessness, and might be destroyed by even a single frigate that should land its marines and sailors—or, worse yet, be occupied by an enemy, whom such is the strength of the works when adequately garrisoned it would be difficult to dislodge and who meanwhile would command our own principal harbors.

Surely, this is an alarming condition for a country that has unsettled and rather angry points of controversy with a great naval and military Power.

We allude to it, not to make it a matter of reproach to any one, but to arouse attention to the fact, and to induce, if it be possible, such timely preparation of the means of defence and effence as may in fact avert the occasion and necessity of resorting to their use.

The Navy is hardly more efficient or adequate to our wants.

Rust wears more than use, and our Navy is rusty.

The stuff is there—and will be found when wanted—but the naval administration has been negligent, or unskillful, or both.

The whole naval force of the United States, according to the last Report from the Navy Department, of vessels afloat, and those considered fit after repair, for sea service, is

6 ships of the line—Three decker, 1 1st class two-decker, 3 2d do 1 Razees— 1 7 frigates—1st class, 5 2d do 2 20 sloops of war—1st class, 12 2d do 3 3d do 5 Brigs and schooners— 6

Vessels, Steamer for harbors, 40 1

There are on the stocks, 4 ships of the line, two deckers of the first class, 7 first class frigates, and 2 sea-steamer which might, it is said be all got ready in a few months.

Of all these, however, there are now in actual commissions but 1 line of battle ship, 5 frigates, 11 sloops, 4 brigs and schooners, and the Fulton steam frigate—

All which with the exception of the steamer and one or two sloops, are on foreign stations.

Against a sudden attack, therefore, by even a feeble force, or the more formal attack, by a large fleet, we are comparatively powerless in naval defence.

But are we better prepared as to the sinews of war, money, than with its moral instruments, arms, ships, and men?—This is an inquiry that we must postpone till another day, as it may lead us into larger details. Meantime, we invite attention to the reflections here presented.

A friend has furnished us with a volume of an elegant London periodical, with the following interesting reminiscence of the Father of his country, which we have not seen elsewhere recorded.—R. Compier.

During the services of the 46th regiment in America, General Washington was initiated into masonry in their lodge. When war broke out between the States and the mother country he became divided from the brothers of his adoption, in feeling—in communion of soul, he was their brother still. The masonic chest of the 46th, by the chance of war, fell into the hands of the Americans; they reported the circumstance to general Washington, who directed that a guard of honor, under the command of a distinguished officer, should take charge of the chest, with many articles of value belonging to the 46th, and return them to the regiment. The surprise, the feelings of both officers and men may be imagined, when they perceived the flag of truce that announced this elegant compliment from their noble opponent. The guard of honor, with their flutes playing a sacred march—the chest containing the constitution and implements of the craft borne aloft equally by Englishmen & Americans, who lately engaged in the strife of war—now marched through the enlisted ranks of the gallant regiment that, with presented arms and colours, hailed this glorious act by cheers. When in Dominica, in 1805, the 46th was attacked by a French force, which gallantly repelled; but in the action had the misfortune again to lose the masonic chest, which the enemy succeeded in securing on board their fleet, without knowing its contents. Three years afterward the French Government, at the earnest request of the officers who had commanded the expedition, returned the chest with several complimentary presents.

A HARD CASE. The Rochester Daily Advertiser, in an excellent article under the head of "deal justly," intended to enforce the importance of honest dealing, and the faithful performance of promises, relates the following—

We knew a man of open and confiding disposition who had invested what he had of worldly goods, in the purchase of a farm—paying part down and promising the rest at a future day. That day was approaching, but not too rapidly for him, as he was prepared to meet its claims according to his promise. In the mean time a "respectable" man, as the world goes, wishing to borrow my friend's money for a few days, promising faithfully to return it in time to meet the demand it was intended to satisfy. The promise was taken—the money lent. The time came round but not the fulfillment of the promise of the borrower—he, "respectable man," then and now found it convenient "to fail" with his hands full, while the one who reposed on his honor, lost his money and the farm it was intended to secure to him with all he had previously paid. Did the consequences of this single broken promise end here? Far from it. The confiding, but duped man, reduced to penury, grew morbid and melancholy and soon thereafter went down to the grave by a self inflicted death. An expected bride was overwhelmed with sorrow, while his aged mother and sire were compelled to end their days in the poor house. These were among the evils of a single broken promise—a promise made without the remotest intention of fulfilling it. Such are the consequences resulting from a disregard of the injunction to "deal justly."

EDITORIAL DUTIES.

There is no questions of public import which cannot be argued without a recourse to personalities, on the part of the conductors of the press, and when they do suffer individual hostilities or ill regulated passions to manifest themselves in this way, it is, to our mind, an impertinence and an indignity offered to the reader.

The editor has higher functions to perform—his office, we trust, is of a loftier grade—than that of a prize fighter. He does not enter the arena either to receive or to inflict personal injuries. He degrades himself & demoralises those who are around him if he descends to the pugilist, and methinks that it manifests zeal for his cause to assume the bearing of a tiger to all who cross his path. He neither gains proselytes to his doctrines nor consideration for himself, by thus mistaking the path of duty.

The aim of the newspaper press—of that portion of it at least which espouses certain tenets, or desires to guard the public mind from error and deception,—should be to convince.

Neither personalities nor violence ever produce conviction. Men are not to be abused or to be kicked into faith in any opinions whatever. They may be led by argument, but the austere blow, the violent gesture, and the angry abusive tongue defeat the purpose of those who would gain adherents. Editorial quarrels, therefore, and that fierceness and vindictiveness of tone which are too common among journalists answer no other end than that of injuring those who conduct the press itself to be looked upon with both aversion and distrust.—Pennsylvanian.

Wilmington