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## THE PATRIOT,

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## ADVERTISEMENTS

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[From the New-York Statesman.]

*Visit to La Fayette*—The following letter, giving an account of Mr. Carter's interesting visit to La Grange is the last of his correspondence which has come to hand. Our latest private information left him in the South of France, about to embark for Italy, with the intention of returning over the Alps. We mention this account for the interregnum in publishing his letters, which must occur until we hear from him again, of which we are in daily expectation.

[Editorial Correspondence.]

PARIS, January, 1826.

Our excursion to La Grange occupied four days, which will often be recalled and fondly remembered as among the happiest of my life. A knowledge of the fact that Gen. La Fayette is frequently overrun with company, and that he was about to leave his country residence with his family, to pass the winter in Paris, half induced us to relinquish the idea of visiting La Grange for the present; when some of our friends returned from a similar excursion, bearing to us a most friendly note from the General, and expressing a hope that we would visit him before going to Italy. Such a kind and cordial invitation removed all doubts, and was promptly accepted.

On the morning of the 27th of September, we took the Diligence for the village of Rose within about two miles of which La Grange is situated, forty miles in an easterly direction from Paris. Our exit from the metropolis was through the Place Royal, the Place Bastille, and the Place du Trone; thence by the Barrier, Palace, and Forest of Vincennes, up the banks of the Morne, which is one of the largest branches of the Seine, being nearly as broad and deep as the river, in which it loses its water and its name. In one place it makes a circuitous route of several miles round a high peninsula, which is only half a mile across, and through which a subterranean canal has been cut, navigable for boats. For the first few miles, this route presented many interesting objects. The Palace of Vincennes is a large venerable pile, without much ornament, and occupied at present as a State Prison. Several events of some interest to the traveller have transpired within its walls. Here the two great princes of Conde were imprisoned for years; and here Charles V. Cardinal Mazarine, and Henry V. of England expired. The Forest of Vincennes covers a large tract, consisting of a small growth of natural woods, through which roads and vistas open in all directions.

At the distance of eight or ten miles from Paris, the roads become dull, leading through an agricultural country not remarkable for its fertility, and studded with little vallages, which add nothing to its beauty. Midway in the journey, the Diligence stopped at a small Inn for breakfast or dinner, call it which you will, as the bill of fare is generally much the same, not even excepting soup. On the plate from which I took my nut-ton chop was a representation of General La Fayette on horse back, in the attitude of storming a fortress, with the following inscription:

"Il s'elance le premier dans la bataille."

At a table on the opposite side of the room sat a group of three ladies and a gentleman, whose faces, dresses, and genteel manners attracted our attention, and who were, as was subsequently ascertained, a part of General La Fayette's family, going to town to attend the examination of a school. But this was not the last of the curious incidents which occurred at the hotel. A gentleman rode with us from Paris to this place, in the same department of the Diligence, without a word passing between us, he taking us for Englishmen, and we supposing from his complexion that he was a Portuguese or Spaniard. He turned out to be a Lieutenant in the United States army, who was going to La Grange on the same errand with ourselves.

We reached the village of Rose at 5 o'clock in the evening, and that no unnecessary claims might be made to the hospitality of General La Fayette, or his family subjected to any inconvenience, we dined at the hotel, before taking a carriage and setting out for La Grange. On arriving at the Chateau, the General gave us a warm reception, and presented us to his numerous and interesting family, consisting of a son two daughters and twelve grand children, with a beautiful and accomplished daughter of Count Segur, together with two or three other inmates, making in all a circle of something more than twenty. Simplicity, politeness and affability of manners, genuine kindness of heart, and unaffected hospitality characterize the whole group, from the patriarch himself down to the youngest of his descendants. They need only the American name—a claim of nativity in the land of Washington and Franklin—to call forth all the warmth and generosity of their feelings, making the stranger at once at home, and treating him with the cordiality of a friend or brother. The only uneasiness which the visitant experiences, arises from a fear, that the proverbial politeness of the French, accompanied with all the enthusiasm of feeling, will subject the family to inconveniences on his account, and lead them to do too much for his happiness.

The evening glided away delightfully, and almost imperceptibly, in the midst of conversation on a variety of topics, chiefly relating to our country; for the whole family talk, and seem to think of nothing else than the United States, where their feelings, their hopes, and wishes all centre. The General considers himself emphatically a citizen of the American Republic, and familiarly speaks of it precisely in the same way, as if he had been there born and educated. He receives a great number of American newspapers, reviews, and other publications, and regularly corresponds with many of his friends in every part of the Union. These various sources of information, perused with the utmost attention, added to the astonishing accuracy of his observations and recollections of circumstances connected with the tour, render him better acquainted with the

condition of our country, than almost any one of its actual residents. He has visited every State in the confederacy under favorable circumstances, having been introduced to the most prominent individuals, and seen a large proportion of the whole population in each. A package of letters and papers had just reached him, and he gave us a detailed account of events, which were new to us, and of an interesting character.

The course of the evening, he often reverted to the scenes he had visited, and to the friends with whom he had met and parted, with no expectation of ever seeing them again. Many anecdotes were related, which had escaped attention, even in the voluminous reports of our papers. He stated that during the thirteen months occupied in his tour, he travelled between sixteen and seventeen thousand miles; and that his health had been greatly improved, instead of impaired, by the necessary fatigues of such a constant scene of bustle and activity. Before he left home, he had been troubled with a chronic affection, which had entirely disappeared; and his health is as perfect as his happiness at the result of his visit. I could not but feel a degree of pride and pleasure, that our country had in any degree been instrumental in contributing to the domestic felicity of such a man and such a family, who merit all, and if possible more than all the gratitude and respect that have been received at our hands.

Before retiring to our chambers to dream only of La Grange, we examined some of the principal rooms of the Chateau, our hospitable friends kindly acting as expositors. The furniture is perfectly neat, and even elegant, but bears no marks of extravagance or luxury—nothing which is incompatible with a refined taste, and a republican simplicity of manners—nothing which does not conduce more to convenience and comfort than to show; and which could be compared in point of richness and splendor, as the General himself remarked, with what he had gratuitously been made master of in his tour through the United States. The ornaments are nearly all American. In the hall at the head of the star-way, and forming the entrance to the drawing-room, is a portrait of General Washington with the colors of the frigate Brandywine, (presented by Commodore Morris on his arrival at Havre,) hung in graceful festoons around the almost idolized picture. On the right of the father of his country, is a fine portrait of Franklin, copied by one of the accomplished grand-daughters of Gen. Lafayette. In a conspicuous part of the hall, stands an admirable bust of President Adams, presented by Mrs. Adams, just before the General left Washington. To these are added a portrait of Commodore Morris, (taken by particular request,) and several pictures connected with the history of our revolution. The rotunda, or drawing room, contains, besides other decorations, a painting of the siege of Yorktown, and a portrait of General Wadsworth, the revolutionary friend of Lafayette.

At 10 o'clock, which is uniformly the hour for retiring at La Grange, we took leave of the family for the night, and were shown into our bed-chambers, after having been notified, that the ringing of the Chateau bell would summon us to breakfast at 10 the next morning. Our apartments were in the same style of neatness and comfort as the sitting rooms, with a cheerful wood fire blazing upon the hearth, with carpets covering the polished oaken floor. As is usual in French houses, furnished with the same elegance as this, each chamber had a bureau, or writing desk, con-

taining an ample supply of pen, ink, and paper, together with the other appendages for scribbling, all under lock and key. The temptations of such comforts—the whistling of the wind round the Gothic turrets and antique windows of the Chateau, with the delights of the fire side reverie on the scenes of the day, induced us to protract our walking dreams to a late hour.

In the morning a grey headed servant, who is almost as old as the master whom he loves, and from whom he has imbibed his kindness of heart, opened the door gently, and performed his office of rekindling the fire, with such studied quiet, as would scarcely disturb the slumbers of a sick bed. We reached the drawing room in season to see the members of the happy family appear one after another, and share the paternal kiss. Breakfast was served up in a large hall on the ground floor, in the usual French style, with wine, and coffee after the desert. The table was crowned with abundance, without superfluity; and a circle of smiling faces would have rendered a less sumptuous repast agreeable. Among the rarer dishes, was a kind of pie sent as a delicacy to the General, from some of his friends at Strasbourg.

After breakfast was over, we walked out in company with Washington Lafayette, and the whole group of ladies, to examine the exterior of the Chateau, and the ~~large~~ <sup>scarcely</sup> a glance had as yet been obtained. La Grange was formerly a fortified baronial castle; and notwithstanding the modifications it has undergone, much of its antique and feudal character still remains. It was once surrounded by a deep double moat, sections of which filled with water, have been preserved, and the residue filled up either for the sake of health or convenience. The edifice consists of a centre, perhaps a hundred feet in length, with two wings of about the same dimensions, and joining it at right angles. From traces still visible, a gallery evidently extended across at the other extremity of the wings, enclosing a quadrangular courtyard, strongly defended, with only one entrance under a lofty arch in the northern walk, guarded by a porticulis.

The Chateau is three stories high, plainly constructed of a hard and dark colored stone, rendered of a deeper line by its venerable age and long exposure to the climate. Two Gothic towers of a conical shape rise from the ends of each of the wings, and form almost the only ornament. The approach is by a winding avenue on the northern side, leading through a thick grove of evergreens and other trees, and under the arch already mentioned, around which hang festoons of ivy, planted by the celebrated Charles, James Fox, in one of his visits to La Grange. The beautiful plant is as green as his memory, and mantles nearly the whole facade of the Chateau. Its luxuriant foliage, shading grey walls, the thick copse bordering the moat and the four antique turrets half concealed by the intervening branches, present a view on this side, seldom equalled in an airy, rural, quiet, and unostentatious retirement. An artist from our country has taken several very exact sketches of La Grange, plates of which will hereafter be published.

As the morning was bright and pleasant, though the ground yet verdant, we made a circuit of a mile or two over the farm, which is one of the largest, as well as the most complete, in France. It contains five hundred acres lying in one body in the form of a circle, with the Chateau in the centre. Great pains have been