The North Carolinian.

"CHARACTER IS AS IMPORTANT TO STATES AS IT IS TO INDIVIDUALS; AND THE GLORY OF THE STATE IS THE COMMON PROPERTY OF ITS CITIZENS."

H. L. HOLMES, Editor and Proprietor. FAYETTEVILLE, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1839. VOL. 1.—NO. 44.

TERMS.

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☞Letters on business connected with this establishment, must be addressed—H. L. Holmes, Editor of the North-Carolinian, and in all cases post-paid.

GENERAL SELECTIONS.

A SOLDIER'S WIFE.

A touching description is given of a soldier's wife in an account I remember to have read of the battle of Waterloo. A young Irish officer had married a very young and very lovely Flemish lady. They were residing in cantonments at Rivelles, when he was suddenly and unexpectadly called off to the field of battle. All he could leave with wife was his servant, one horse, and an ass, to carry her baggage. Very soon after his departure her husband sent her word that a retreat was ordered, and begged her to set off to Brussels with as little delay as possible. The servant, who was a foreigner, deserted his mistress like a villain, and went off with the horse. She did not hesitate to obey her husbands commands; but, forlorn and unprotected as she was, she set off alone with quiet resolution on her journey of five and twenty miles; she set off on foot, leading the ass laden with her baggage. She passed along through the retreating British army, exposed at times to great danger from the firing of the artillery. When she reached the great road to Brussels, the army were falling into line for the terrible conflict. She had walked on through the dreadful storm which raged that evening—the evening before the battle—the rain pouring in torrents, and the lightning hurling its forked and deadly fires around her defenceless head. She had come up to the spot where, perhaps, all that would be soon left of her husband would be a cold and disfigured corpse, and he was then, perhaps, within a few hundred yards of the young and unprotected wife; but she did not attempt to seek him among that immense army of 30,000 men; nay, she did not wish to distress or unman him by her presence. Quietly and slowly she kept on her toilsome way, during the whole of the Saturday night. The road from Waterloo till within a few miles of Brussels, is through the forest of Soignee, and hemmed in on both sides by the tall trees. Here the young wife met with many difficulties; the whole road was crowded by wagons, and horses and carriages of various sorts, by wounded soldiers, and by the terrified inhabitants of the country; and still the storm continued with unabated fury. Patiently, and with quiet perseverence, the gentle lady went on, still leading the ass, but now barefoot, and almost wearied out with fatigue and distnay. At length she entered Brussels on the Sunday morning. She had been mercifully protected by Him who is ever at the side of the destitute and friendless. She was in safety and unhurt, and even the poor ass and the baggage had arrived uninjured. Her husband, too, was spared to thank God for his wife's safety and his own.

Romantic Story! the force of love.

On anecdote has recently been circulated in the Faubourg St. Germain, which, though romantic, is not the less authentic. Two families, well known in the aristocratic world, and bearing the names of S—y and M—al, were separated not only by political hatred, but also by private interests—a lawsuit of great moment pending between them. They detested one another cordially, in a style, indeed, worthy of the Montagues and Capulets. M. de S—y, jr. a young Master of Requests in the Council of State, chanced to meet Mme. de M—al in a drawing room, without knowing her. He thought her a charming young widow, (for she was a widow,) paid her assiduous attention, and followed her every where. Mme. de M—al, who had observed his assiduity, responded to it in such a manner as not to deprive him of all hope. A very witty woman, well aware of the enmity existing between the two families, had amused herself by protracting the mutual error of two foes who adored one another. She had contrived to give the youth a fictitious name with the Juliet, and the young widow had also been introduced under a false one to the Romeo of the Council of State. All was proceeding in the most prosperous manner; the lovers met, adored one another, and swore eternal attachment, always at the house of the lady who enjoyed the intrigue. One day, however, the truth came out, when M. de S—y and Mme. de M—al discovered that they were bitter enemies. What was to be done? The young gentleman would willingly have made the first advances towards a reconciliation, but he dreaded a repulse. The handsome widow, on the other hand, felt much more affection than hostility in her heart, but could only wait for the overtures of a beloved foe. Neither being willing to make the first advances, the intercourse was suspended, and ennui and melancholy prevailed on both sides. In a short time, however, the youth's love seemed to have vanished, and made room for the old hereditary hatred. M. de S—y gave his whole attention to the lawsuit pending between the families. After the most desperate efforts, he won it, and thereby ruined M. de M—al. The handsome widow, still less concerned about the loss of her fortune than hurt at the conduct of her late worshipper, was preparing to quit Paris, and retire into the family of her husband, when M. de S—y waited on her, to her great astonishment, and, demanding her hand, assured her that he had gained possession of her property only that he might be able to restore it to her. The marriage took place eight days ago, at the church of St. Aquin.—This story may seem improbable, but we can vouch for its truth. Had it not been a fact, we should have given it a less common-place *denouement*. Surely, after this, the age of chivalry cannot quite have gone by.

French paper.

Col. Karnes—an Amusing Anecdote.

Those who have seen this celebrated pioneer of Texas, must have remarked his peculiarly red hair and whiskers.—The Colonel is a good natured, honest hearted fellow and brave as a lion withal. He recently related to us an amusing anecdote of himself, which we here take the liberty of publishing.

Some seven or eight years since, when the Indians on the frontier of Texas were less hostile than now, the Colonel was travelling through the Camanche country alone. On approaching one of the villages, he was met by a party, who surrounded and took him prisoner. He was carried in the village, and the treatment he there received was at first such as gave him some apprehensions that the Indians would kill him. He saw no possibility of escaping. But he appeared contented, and made every manifestation of friendship, by distributing the contents of his saddle-bags in presents to those around him. Among other things he gave them beads, paints, &c., which seemed to delight the natives amazingly. The Colonel witnessed this with pleasure, and he began to feel himself safe again.

But his joy was not allowed to continue long. Soon a large number of squaws came to him, singing, yelling and dancing; and, taking him by force, conveyed him to a creek, where, after divesting him of his apparel, they soused him into the water neck and heels. After this immersion, the squaws, old ones and young ones, splashed in after him, and gave him such a ducking, the poor Colonel thought his "time was come," and he tried to console himself with the old saying, that "he who is drowned will never be hanged," although he found it rather *cold* comfort for it was in the month of December. His murderers—as he was forced to view them—would sieze him by the head, and holding it under the water, would rub it and pull at it like hungry ducks "lighting on June bugs." He stood it manfully—like a martyr—and after holding his breath under water until he almost burst his boiler, with a tremendous effort, he would throw his head above the surface, and snorting like a sea horse, blow the water far and near. This was rare sport to his tormentors, who, scarcely giving him time to breathe, would pounce upon his red head, and expose him to the same operation again.

This was repeated until the Colonel was almost used up, and the squaws themselves appeared to be fatigued. Finally our hero discovered that they had been trying to wash the red off his hair, and bring it to the natural color. The Indins had never before seen a man with red hair; his appearance therefore surprised them; and after trying in vain to wash the *red paint off*, they completely crapped him, and each one taking a part of the curiosity, carefully wrapped it in a rag.

They then led him into the village again, where they kept him for several weeks. Finally, making the Colonel a present of a dozen fine mules, they allowed him to elope; and he has never returned to thank them for their hospitality.—*Picayune.*

The Merchants Daughter.

A SHORT STORY.

If the fashionable young ladies of the day would take example after a beautiful and amiable creature we are acquainted with, perchance many a merchant now in straightened circumstances might, after the storm is over, bless the fate that made him the parent of so considerate an off-spring.

"Father I want twenty dollars for shopping to day,' said Miss——,as she entered the counting office of her father.

'Really, my love, replied the good-natured man, 'I have not the money in the desk, and I would not like to draw a check.'

'Can't you send and borrow it?' said she impatiently.

'No, child—I have borrowed and borrowed until I am tired, and I have heavy responsibilities to meet to-day which will drive me to the fraction of a cent.'

'La, pa! you never told me of this before.'

'Because I didn't think it necessary my child to let you into the secrets of my business. What do you want with twenty dollars?'

'I want nothing—Miss——,has just come to town, and invited me to go a shopping with her, and you know I would feel awkward if I had no money to spend. But, if *you* are in need, it alters the case entirely.'

'I am in need of every cent, my child.'

'Then, Father, I shall never trouble you until you let me know that you have extricated yourself from your difficulties I will stay at home, for I have laid in my fall and winter dresses, and shall need nothing until next spring.'—*Clipper.*

How To Make Money.

Do you complain that you have nothing to begin with? "Tom," you say, "has a farm: Harry has a thousand dollars, but I have nothing." I say to you, look at your hands, and tell me what they are worth. Would you take one thousand dollars for them, or for the use of them throughout your life? If you can make half a dollar a day with them, it would not be a bad bargain; for that sum is the interest of more than two thousand dollars; so that if you are industrious and Harry is lazy, you are more than twice as rich as he is; and when you can do a man's work, and make a dollar a day, you are four times as rich, and are fairly worth four thousand dollars. Money and land, therefore, are not the only capital with which a young man can begin the world. If he has good health, and is industrious, even the poorest boy in our country has something to trade upon; and if he be, besides, well educated, and have skill in any kind of work, and add to this, moral habits and religious principles, so that his employers may trust him and place confidence in him, he may then be said to set out in life with a handsome capital, and certainly has as good a chance of becoming independent and respectable, and perhaps rich, as any man in the country. "Every man is the maker of his own fortune." All depends upon the right principles, and they are these.

1. *Be industrious:* Time and skill are your capital.

2. *Be saving:* Whatever it be, live within your income.

3. *Be prudent:* Buy not what you can do without.

4. *Be resolute:* Let your economy be always of to-day not of to-morrow.

5. *Be contented and thankful:* A cheerful spirit makes labor light and sleep sweet, and all around happy, all of which is much better than being only RICH.

POLITICAL.

From the National Intelligencer.

The Whig Candidate for the Presidency.

For the information of a large class of citizens who have more recently than others arrived at an age to take part in the scenes of active life, and who may be inclined to ask "Who is General Harrison!"—we subjoin a brief sketch of his character and services, which we derive from a contemporary journal. Few living patriots can produce a title so strong to the gratitude and affections of their fellow-citizens.

General WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON was born on the ninth day of February, 1773, in Charles City county, Virginia, at the family seat on the James River, called Berkely, about seventy miles below Richmond. His father was Benjamin Harrison, a lineal descendant of the celebrated General of that name, who held a commission in the parliamentary armies during the English civil wars, and who, for his devotion to republican principles, perished on the scaffold. Benjamin Harrison was a distinguished citizen of Virginia, much honored and highly trusted by his fellow-citizens. He was brother-in-law of Peyton Randolph, the first President of Congress, and was himself a member of that body during the years 1774, 1775, and 1776. It was principally through his influence that John Hancock was chosen to preside over the Congress as successor to Peyton Randolph. He was chairman of the Committee of the Whole House when the Declaration of Independence was finally agreed to; and his signature is borne upon that celebrated document. Having retired from Congress, he was elected a member of the Virginia House of Delegates, over which body he presided, as Speaker, until 1782, when he was elected Governor of the State.

Benjamin Harrison died poor, leaving three sons, of whom William Henry Harrison was the youngest. At his father's death he was a minor, and was left by his father's will to the guardianship of Robert Morris, the celebrated financier. He had selected the practice of medicine as a profession, and was diligently pursuing his studies with that object, at Hampden Sydney college, when the disasters of the Indian war on the North-western frontier, and the call for men and officers for the defence of the settlers, induced him to enter into the military service. His guardian would have dissuaded him from this determination, but Washington, his father's friend approved of it, and gave him a commission of ensign in the first regiment of United States artillery, then stationed at Fort Washington, on the present site of the city of Cincinnati, and under the command of General St. Clair, Governor of the Northwest Territory, and commander-in-chief of the military forces in that section of the country.

As soon as he received his commission, young Harrison, who was at this time but nineteen years of age, hastened to join his regiment, and arrived at Fort Washington shortly after the disastrous defeat of St. Clair, near the head waters of the Wabash. This was a time of great danger and alarm. Shortly after his arrival at Fort Washington, he was appointed to command the escort of a train of pack-horses, bound for Fort Hamilton, some twenty or thirty miles north of Fort Washington; which difficult service he performed with such credit as to attract the particular notice of the commander-in-chief.

In 1792, Harrison was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant, and in 1793 he joined the new army under General Wayne. His spirit, enterprise and sagacity soon attracted the notice of that able commander, who appointed him one of his aids-de-camp, in which difficult and responsible post he served during the war. His services, especially at the battle of Maumee Rapids, by which the contest was brought to a close, are mentioned with emphasis in Gen. Wayne's official account of the victory. After the close of the war, Harrison was promoted to the rank of Captain, and was placed in command of Fort Washington, the most important post in the Western country. While in this command he married a daughter of John Cleves Symmes, the founder of the Miami settlements—a lady in whom he has ever found a faithful and affectionate companion.

In 1797, Harrison resigned his commission in the army, and was appointed Secretary of the North-western Territory, and ex-officio Lieutenant Governor. The next year the Northwestern Territory entered the second