

THE NORTH CAROLINIAN, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

THE NORTH CAROLINIAN

For the Carolinian.

The Gray's Creek Independent Light Infantry company celebrated the birth day of Washington at the usual place of meeting, near Old church, on Saturday last.

There was quite a respectable turn out, and the incidents of the day were enlivened by a trial at Target ring. Mr. Isaac Hollingsworth proved the successful competitor, his average shot being 5 1/2-24. Mr. C. D. Burke, the next best, being 5 1/2-24. The skill displayed by all the members of the company was highly creditable and would have done honor to our veterans.

The accomplished commander, Capt. Devane, was absent, but the exercises of the day were conducted by the next officer, Lieut. Jas. Kirkpatrick, with ability.

The Gray's Creek Independent Light Infantry is a new company; and from the interest manifested, and material of which it is composed, it is fair to take a permanent position among the military companies of old Cumberland who can boast at least five volunteer Companies, enough to form a volunteer regiment, and we hope the day is not far distant when this regiment will be formed. Let our military take the matter in hand and attend to no county in the State has a volunteer regiment—let it be the pride of Cumberland to have one.

For the Carolinian.

THE GREAT TEN CENT INSOLVENCY.

Mr. Editor:—I do not wish to encumber your columns, and have no inclination to intrude my humble name and person on the public; but as I have been assailed personally, I claim a right to be heard in self defense at least.

Mr. R. D. Davis has seen fit to publish a card where he displays so much littleness or contempt for what person of leisure and taste would not be? Numerous varieties of the Chinese perfume, with its large, double, cheery looking flowers, have been grown in the drawing room, while snows and bitter blasts reign without. The white lilac, a favorite winter flower in Paris, and the purple clusters of the same, with roses and wall flowers, form bewitching bouquets, flourishing within view of the glowing antrope, while heaths and orange trees add relishes to the blooms by their verdure. The belle now finds no difficulty in procuring from the florist the brilliant camelia to shine amid her raven braids; nor the pendant racemes of the beautiful garcia elliptica, whose delicate greenish flowers enhance the tender bloom of the cheek; and many are the sweet-scented blossoms mingled in her bouquet. It is another refinement in luxury to cultivate these plants in the parlor or dining room.

Time was, long ago, when it was difficult to find any floral decorations for windows or tables, in winter. The seed vessels of the peony, or the nigella, or the scarlet berries of the asparagus, the holly, or the mountain ash, were alone available. Even within our recollection, branches of the delicate foliage of the asparagis have been sprinkled with beaten white of egg, to produce the effects of blossoms at a distance. Now we have real living and fresh flowers whenever we choose. The splendid Chinese cryanthemum led the way in the gorgeous march of the flower spirits into our houses, to shed their smiles and fragrance upon us, when "the melancholy days are come, and the year's end."

We welcome the advance of this refining, fertilizing taste. The presence of pots and bulb-glasses in halls and drawing rooms, is no annoyance to us; and we hope it may be followed by the introduction of tanks, stocked with *rivaria*, till the *fauna* of British ladies on the subject of mollusks and anomones shall become an epidemic throughout the length and breadth of this Republic. Our metropolitan dames especially, need something to think of and to do, which may divert their attention from dress and dissipation, in some small measure, and at brief intervals. Husband will find their account in cultivating the acquaintance both of the plants and animals, and providing them with accommodation.—*New York Express*.

Receipts of Cotton.—The comparative table of receipts and shipments at all the ports, published in the Charleston Courier of 13th inst., gives the increased receipts of cotton, compared with last year at same time, 9,674 bales. The decreased shipments to Great Britain, 250,000; to France, 42,000; and to foreign ports, 77,000 bales. The increased shipments to Northern ports and 111,500 bales, and the increased stocks on hand and on ship-board, 223,676 bales.

The man who is too poor to take a paper has bought a slab-sided dog, an old shot gun, and a twenty shilling gold watch. He educates his children in the street, and his shanghaies board on his neighbors.

WISDOM.—"If you ever think of marrying a widow, my son," said an anxious parent to his heir, "select one whose first husband was hung—that is the only way to prevent her throwing his memory in your face, and making annoying comparisons." "Even that won't prevent it," exclaimed the crusty old bachelor, "she'll then praise him and say hanging would be too good for you."

A SMART YOUNGSTER.—A little boy on his return from Sunday School recently, addressed his mother as follows: "Mamma?" "Well, my dear." Mamma, the teacher says people are all made of dust?" "Yes, my dear, so the Bible says." "Well, mamma, are white people made of dust?" "Yes." "Well, then, I s'pose colored people are made of cold dust aint they?"

An eminent modern writer beautifully says:

"The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman. The foundation of political happiness, a confidence in the integrity of man. The foundation of all happiness—temporal and eternal—reliance on the goodness of God."

The Cabin on Staten Island—White Slavery.

Tragedies are not confined to Bond street, nor are the victims always the wealthy owners of houses, mortgages and bank stock. While the city has been shocked, Staten Island has had its terrors; where a poor orphan girl was, as is alleged, starved, beat, frozen and baked, until at last its spirit was called home to the bosom of its Father in Heaven, and the poor little emaciated body left a full sore of Lazarus, and not half so well fed and covered, as to appeal to justice against a cruel mistress. But where are the denunciations of the Black Republican press of this horrible outrage?

If this had been a little black girl who had been thus driven to death by her mistress, the horrors mongers of the Beecher Stowe school would have seized upon the attracitives and made them the basis of novels, plays and lectures without number. As this was only a poor white child of Irish parentage, the political philanthropists of the sect have alighted on it, will see nothing for their purposes but quite the reverse. Mrs. Decker, even if as bad as she is represented, would not have slaughtered a chattel worth five hundred dollars. Had the victim of harshness and neglect been her property in fee simple, she would have fed and nursed her with consideration, if not tenderness.

How many of these hard masters and mistresses at the North exact from their apprentices an amount of labor they cannot bear, while they grudge them food, clothing and the other necessities of life?

We hope, for the honor of humanity, that the treatment which the dead child suffered was not so atrocious as it has been represented. The case is, however, a proof that a free child in a free state may be starved, stricken and frozen to death pretty much in the style of the dismal cruelties related in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and similar caricatures of Southern life.

Poverty at the North we find makes slaves of the white man and his children, and their condition has none of those guarantees of protection which the black slaves of the South possess. Our moralists have pointed out with microscopic accuracy the vice in the eye of their brethren, will they attend somewhat to the beam in their own. If Southern society is not perfection, it certainly has, in few points, the vantage of that of the North.

A Runaway Marriage in High Life.

THE BRIDE WOMAN \$250,000.—A marriage took place in Grace Church, on Monday last, says a New York exchange, that has excited no little interest in fashionable circles and caused quite a fluttering among certain wealthy families. It seems the bride is an heiress, and worth in her own right \$250,000. She was the inmate of one of our most exclusive female seminaries, and is but 14 years and eight months old. Her wealth and the high position of her family were of course known to her associates, her acquaintance was consequently courted.

Among the gentlemen she was introduced to was S—— K——, a well known habitue of Fifth Avenue saloons, but who had reached the mature age of thirty-one years. The acquaintance ripened into intimacy, and eventually the parties became engaged to be married; but as the parents might interpose an objection it was arranged that it should take place unknown to them or any of the young lady's friends. It was agreed that the happy event should come off last Saturday (St. Valentine's day,) and the church was opened, the minister ready, and few spectators had also assembled to witness the marriage ceremony which was announced for 11 A. M. But noon came and went, and no bride made her appearance, and the church was closed. It seems that the principal of the seminary in which the young lady was a pupil, got wind that something unusual was on the topia, and she locked the would-be bride in her room, and so prevented the fulfillment of her engagement. But "love laughs at locksmiths, and by some means Mr. K—— was notified of the situation of affairs, and arranged matters in such a manner that the young lady escaped from surveillance, and the couple were duly married in one of our most fashionable up-town churches on the 13th inst. The bride and bridegroom immediately started for Washington and intended to spend the honeymoon on a Southern tour. This pleasant little affair has created quite an excitement among the young ladies in upper-town, and is to them far more interesting than the Bond street tragedy.

Anecdote of Mr. Marcy.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston Post is responsible for the following:

I do not think I shall violate any confidence in giving an anecdote of Mr. Marcy, current in society, though I believe it has never been in print. It is known that during the enlistment controversy, and consequent difficulty with the English Minister, Mr. Crampton, the French Minister M. de Sartiges, exerted all his influence with Mr. Marcy for the retention of Mr. Crampton. On one occasion M. de Sartiges was arguing before the Secretary against the dismissal of Crampton, presenting the disadvantages of such an act in the strongest colors, representing the desire of his government to prevent a rupture, &c., in quite a lengthy oration; during the delivery of which Mr. Marcy sat perfectly silent, dangling his watch-seals as if in profound reflection upon the French election? Perhaps the affair reveals a phase of New York life, and people have an interest in it. Perhaps, and this seems the true reason, the parties are the true sinners, and have dwelt on the confuses of "respectability." Had they been really good people, they would have lived unknown and unknown, as thousands and millions do; and they might have perished in a railroad collision, their names forgotten the next day. Had they been in a more humble position, even their crimes or supposed crimes would have won for them no corresponding notoriety, for we will venture to say that Teague McSlathers may any day knock in the crown of his long suffering wife Bridget's head with an iron pot, and get his own neck stretched therefor, without the world troubling itself, although, in fact, poor Bridget may have possessed more of the true virtues of humanity, and be more sincerely mourned by her little ones than all the Burdells and Cuningham's and Eckles, *et genus omne*, in New York or out of it, ever will be by any human being.—*Wilming-ton Journal*.

A WRINKLE FOR YOUNG LADIES.—We know a boarding house keeper who saves twenty per cent. of her income, by telling the ladies at the breakfast table of an auction sale in the house of a bankrupt merchant up town. They can never eat a mouthful thereafter. Beginners in the art of boarding house keeping will find it to their advantage to follow copy.

HORRIBLE CRUELTY.—Milano, who attempted to kill the anointed King of Naples, suffered such horrid punishment in this world that he deserves at least as pleasant a hereafter as his royal tormentor:

"He was stripped, bound hand and foot, and hung to beam with his head downward; he was tormented in this position for two hours, burning wisps of straw being held under his head. He was also bound and hung up by the ears, causing him the most agonizing pains in the head and ears, and the ground beneath him was covered with burning coal, so that with his bare feet he could not stand. He was also tortured with alternate applications of cold and boiling water, and his shoulder bones were pulled out of joint with ropes tied to his arms.

Lastly, he was scourged; and those who saw his naked body declare that the skin was blackened with green and yellow marks upon it; hideous to behold."

The shoe business must be very good for not a pair are made and got ready for the market before they are sold.

Movements of the American Squadron—Commodore Armstrong's General order on the late Engagement.

U. S. SHIP PORTSMOUTH, }
WAMPON, China, Friday, Dec. 12, '56. }
The Portsmouth and Levant dropped down the Barrier on Saturday evening, but about two miles above this place the Portsmouth got very badly aground.—As the tide receded, she careened over so badly as to render it impossible to stand upright on her decks. After a hard day's work, and after lightening her, she floated at the flood tide of Sunday evening, and was towed down and safely anchored with the other ships of the squadron at Whampoon.

The squadron will not disperse. The Commodore in the *San Jacinto*, his flag-ship, will remain at Whampoon; the *Levant* will go to Canton, and the *Portsmouth* will beat up against the Monsoon, to Shanghai.

On Monday last, by order of the Commodore, the following "General Order" was read on board all ships of the squadron:

To the Commanders, Officers and Marines of the U. S. ships *Portsmouth*, *San Jacinto* and *Levant*:

In the midst of peace iron have been called upon to redress an assault upon the flag of your country. The necessity of such a step is much to be regretted by as all, even though the man in whom your stern duty has been performed is so honorable to yourselves.

I should omit an act of justice to you, and those who have bravely fallen in the performance of their duty, and to the service to which you belong, if I hesitated to make this official acknowledgement of the faithful and honorable manner in which all have borne their part.

The embarrassment has been to check the earnest zeal with which both officers and men have sought to place themselves in the most daring and hazardous positions, and to keep them at any duty, however necessary, which did not bring them in contact with the enemy.

Among the satisfactory results of the conflict in which you have been engaged is the proof it presents of the intelligent subordination so generally exhibited in this emergency, and also of the magnanimity which has enabled you, under aggravating acts, to respect the rights of the people whose authorities had forced you into hostility, and thus to do the highest honor to the flag you represent.

Your best rewards in the consciousness of having well done your duty; but I should be wanting in mine unless, in this public manner, I conveyed to you my earnest thanks, with the hope that you will receive, as you have merited, the high honor of your country's approbation.

Given under my hand, on board of the United States flag-ship *San Jacinto*, at Whampoon, China, on this 6th day of December, 1856.

JAMES ARMSTRONG.

Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. Naval Forces in the East India and China Seas.

English is the language of grumbling, and grumbling is an amusement in which we all participate to a greater or less extent. We, each, and every one of us, find fault with manner of persons and things, leaving all manner of persons and things, leaving all manner of persons and things to return the compliment by finding fault with us, which they are pretty certain to do.

The best grumbler at functionary in or out of the government is the Postmaster General, and if there be one office more thankless than all others on earth it is that of the head of the Post Office Department. "General satisfaction" cannot be given, the thing is impossible, so long as floods and frosts and snows and railroad accidents prevail, and the Department owns not a mile of Railroad, Canal, Steamboat Navigation, or Stage travel. Say that the mails fail between Washington City and Richmond, Petersburg or Wilmington, and forthwith a dismal, universal howl is set up against Mr. Campbell, and a paper in Petersburg thinks God in each morning's issue that that functionary will give place to another after the fourth of next month. If these good people who are prone to abjuration would only reflect that the United States mail is a ponderous matter and cannot be transmitted by telegraph, but is compelled to "wait for the wagon" they might be led to the obvious conclusion that when the wagon does not get through the mails cannot.

The Department has nothing to do with the management of Railroads, is not responsible for the defects of their machinery or their failures to connect, and ought not to be charged with them. Still less is the department responsible for the state of the thermometer.

The postmaster General in England and France is placed in a much more favorable position. In each English charter or French "concession," there is an express proviso under which the Company must carry the mails at a moderate stipulated rate. These roads are set on foot under the authority of the General Government—ours are not so, and are totally beyond its control.

With thousands and tens of thousands of miles of mail service extending over thirty-four States, with hundreds and thousands of lines operated by private contractors over whom the Department has no control beyond the feeble guarantees which its contract gives it, what folly is it to raise a fuss over every temporary failure of the mails, when the editors making this fuss are in many cases aware that the cars carrying the mail, failed to connect, and that therefore the receipt of mails up to date is a physical impossibility.—*Wilmington Journal*.

OH, Pshaw.—A good joke is told of a young couple riding home after their marriage. The day had been cloudy, and the young man seeing the clouds break away said—"I hope we shall soon have a little sun." The young wife replied very honestly, "As for me, I should rather have a little daughter."

Somebody sent a keg of oysters to the editor of the New Bedford Standard, with these touching lines on its head:

"Remember the printer
This hard winter."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

"THE LOST SOUL.—Among the birds of Peru is one known as the *alma perdida*, or lost soul, for the following reason: "An Indian girl, while collecting balsam, left her child alone in the forest, and on her return to the place where she had left it, she could not find it. Calling along its name, the only reply she received was the singularly mournful note of this bird, which from that time was denominated "the lost soul." The legend is beautiful, and might have been invented far from the land of the Incas, in the tales of Hellas. The popular reader will recollect that a similar idea is developed in the closing part of "The Bride of Abydos," the most charming of all the lesser works of Byron. The soul of Selim is represented as inhabiting the body of a bird, and that bird's song is a "magic melody," uttering Zuleika's name." The idea, however, is not original with Byron, being old as the hills, which are a little older than the valleys, and common to many countries. The Peruvian legend is the best of all those that have been founded upon it."

ELOQUENT PASSAGE.—The light of the lamp was dying away in the socket; the midnight clock swung heavily aloft, and its brazen tones sounded loudly on the frozen air. It was the hour when disembodied spirits walk and when murderers, like the stealthy wolf, prowl for their prey. The lonely watcher shuddered as he heard a slight noise at the door. Big drops stood upon his pale brow, the door gently opened—and in came a strange cat.

A gentleman thought he'd like something painted in the hall of a new house, and chose the Israelites passing over the Red Sea. He engaged a man for the job, who went to work and painted the hall red. "Nice color," said he, "but where are the Israels?" "Oh, they've passed over."

"Conscience!" said Mrs. Hopkins, indignantly; "do you suppose that nobody has got any conscience but yourself?"—My conscience is good as yours—aye, and better, too; for it has never been used in the course of my life, while yours must be nearly worn out."

IMPORTANCE OF PUNCTUATION.—In a list of the receipts of the American Tract Society, we find \$11 credited to "Big Flat Emily Smith."

The printer who "set" that ought to be "locked up" and fed on "pi" till he learns the use of commas.

A schoolboy being asked by the teacher how he should flog him, replied,

"If you please, sir, I should like to have it on the Italian system—the heavy strokes upwards, and the down strokes light."

"Helloa! I say, what did you say your medicine would cure?" "Old 'llie cure everything!" "Ah! well, I'll take a bottle; may be it'll heel my boots—they need it badly enough."

"I say, John, where did you get that loafer's hat?"

"Please yer Honor," said Joly. "It's an old one of yours that Missis gave me yesterday when you were to town."

"Mother," said a little square built cabin, about five years old, "why don't the teacher make me monitor sometimes? I can lick every boy in my class, but one!"

The learned man who lately cut a slice off his thumb to see what his veins were like, is assisted by a chap who contends that madness is a mineral.

AWFUL THOUGHTS.—"This had from the very beginning of their acquaintance in her that awe which is the most delicious feeling a wife can have toward a husband" "Awful!" said I on hearing the above remark—"awe of a man whose whiskers you have trimmed, whose hair you have cut, whose cravat you have put into the wash, whose boots and shoes you have kicked into the closet, whose dressing gown you have worn while combing your hair; who has been down into the kitchen with you at eleven o'clock at night to hunt for a kitchen bone; who has hooked your dress, unlaced your boots fastened your bracelets, and tied on your bonnets; who has stood before your looking glass, with thumb and finger on his proboscis scraping his chin; whom you have buttered and sugared, and toasted, and teated; whom you have seen asleep with his mouth wide open! Ridiculous!"

A man named Tracy whom the Syracuse papers call the Plagiarist, gives some curious exhibitions of his powers of endurance while sticking knives and pins in his flesh. He inserts the long narrow blade of a knife into the fleshy parts of his legs and arms also through his cheeks.

He will drive pins into his limbs to the very heads, at a single blow, without wincing.

We are told that he also practices the same feats upon others when he can find willing subjects, which is not often—little or no blood follows the knife, and a slight scar is the only trace left of the weapon.