

It is even wise to obtain from laws, which, however wise and good, do not respond in the heart of the citizen, and which will be especially seen in grafting laws on conscience.

SALISBURY, ROWAN COUNTY, N. C.

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desired it, he would tell you of passages, scenes, or adventures in your life, to which you believed no one privy but yourself. He was in-
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falls a martyr to Amer-
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THE DOOM OF THE DAUPHINESS!

From the *N.S. Journal of an English Traveller*.
We copy the following singular story from the Court Journals.

"A little more this way—look to the left. You see a pillar near the doorway, and a few paces from it a little bent emaciated old man—he's only the King's Confessor—the Cardinal Archbishop of Rheims never failed him—but observe the lady to whom he is talking. She is now looking in this direction, so that you have a full view of her features. There," said my conductress, "stands the object of our search—that is the daughter of Louis XVI. Madame the Dauphiness."

"What a severe, morose, and yet anxious countenance!"

"Such was it not always: yet is it in this instance a sure index to the feelings of the wearer. She has not the slightest confidence in any one of the French nation. 'How can I,' she has more than once said to me, 'after all that I have witnessed in the person of my parents and endured in my own? I did once believe them loyal and attached—but the events of the hundred days dissipated that delusion forever?—Years as I have been about her person, I have never seen her smile. And if she unobscure her feelings more to me than to any other of her household, it is because I am an Englishwoman!—the self same principle that leads the duchess de Berri to prefer the Duc de Bordeaux being under the eye of my husband in his absence, because he's a Swiss. As to the Dauphiness, no human being but myself is aware of the full extent of her mental tortures. She lives in the constant anticipation of misfortune—in the daily reverses. Not that she fears them—for there is a lion's heart within that attenuated frame—but that she may be prepared to meet them. She is, in fact, as the Corsican said of her, the only man in the family. Alas! the poor doomed Dauphiness!"

"Doomed?"

"Have you never heard the story? never heard of her allusion to it in reply to Louis XVIII's commendation of her bravery in haranguing the troops at Bordeaux during the eventful 'hundred days'—and his questions as to what were her feelings when she placed her life in such imminent peril? 'Fear, Sire, had no part in them. I was not yet alone; and your Majesty will remember that I can die only in the month so fatal to others of my family!'—Why, where can you have been living that all this is new to you? Listen, *mon enfant*, and grow wiser."

"Among others who were ever welcome at Hartwell during the period the late monarch Louis XVIII sojourned there, was the Baron de Rolle! Generous, amiable de Rolle! a gentler, kinder, nobler spirit was never encumbered with a prison house of clay! But each man has his weakness; and this was the Baron's: still cherishing the hope of returning to his beloved native country, he was an easy prey to every adventurer who pretended to possess a knowledge of 'coming events.' And many and bitter were the jests which his passion for augury engendered, and which his good temper endured. One day in particular, he came down to Hartwell brimfull of the fame of a Swedish astrologer, a Mr. Thorwaldsen. Whatever this man might in reality be, he was shrewdly suspected at the time of being a French spy; to which idea his subsequent flight lent considerable colour. There was much that was unaccountable in all his proceedings. He exercised his nominal profession with reluctance. He was indifferent to pecuniary reward. He was not angry if his predictions were disbelieved or his threats derided. But if you

to whom he gave a proof, at all events, of his knowledge of the past, by recalling to her recollection a deed of hers in the French Revolution, to which her husband, (then dead) and herself were the sole parties.

The Baron had been surprised in a similar manner. He told him, (and as the event proved, truly)—that he should die in England, and somewhat suddenly; but he pained de Rolle still more severely by mentioning the name of a lady to whom he had in early life been attached, and detailing to him under what agonizing circumstances they had parted.

This extraordinary narrative procured for the astrologer a still more illustrious visitant. The Duchess d'Angouleme resolved to wait on him. In order to try his powers, real or imaginary, to the utmost, she was disguised in the dress of an English artist, and introduced to the Duchess's interview veiled and silent. Her companion presented him with the date of the Duchess's birth, to the precise year, hour, and minute.

"Ah!" said he, after a pause of some length—"the tennis ball of fortune! A wife yet not a mother. Always near a throne; yet doomed never to ascend it. The daughter of kings—yet much more truly the daughter of misfortune. I see before you restoration to the country and palace of your fathers;—then an agonizing interval of flight and degradation. Again the banners of Royalty wave over you, and you advance a step nearer a crown. But all is finally overcast, in the gloom of deposition, flight, and exile. You will live to be alone. Your last determination will be that of closing your days in a convent—it will be frustrated by death. Dread the month of August; for it will be one to you of the most unlooked for mortification and vicissitude. Welcome that of January, for it will dismiss you, though by the hand of violence to your repose, and your reward!"

From the *Argentine Chronicle and Advertiser*.
Mr. Pemberton.

SIR:—As every thing at the present time relating to that extraordinary man, LAFAYETTE, must be interesting to your readers, more particularly when coupled with the name of PULASKI, I herewith send you a short extract from a French work, published in 1790, which is very little known in this country: wherein it seems that the great patriot PULASKI, was in his last moments, possessed of a truly prophetic spirit, in relation to some of the most important events that have agitated the whole of Europe, and I may say, the world.—The following, is given, by a Polish Officer, who was a constant companion of Pulaski, both in prosperity and adversity; and was his steadfast friend till death.—S.

PULASKI'S PROPHECY;

In his last moments.

"It was in the Spring of 1776, that the insurgents of America, fearful of the tyranny of an Island which once boasted of its own liberties, resolved to redeem their violated rights by force of arms. 'My country hath lost her freedom, says Pulaski to me; one day; but, ah, let us still fight for that of a new people!' We pass into Spain, we embark on board of a vessel bound for Havana, from whence we repair to Philadelphia. The Congress instantly presents us with commissions, and employs us in the army of Gen. Washington.

"Pulaski, consumed with a black melancholy, exposes his life like a man to whom life had become insupportable; it is always to be found at the most dangerous post, and towards the end of the fourth campaign, is mortally wounded by my side. Being carried to his tent, I instantly repair thither to console him.

"I find that my end approaches," says he, addressing himself to me.—"Oh! it is but too true, that I shall never see my native country again!

"My friend, say I, and do not remain to cheer me! I do not deceive myself—No, I am mistaken," adds he, as a tear descended from his eye.

"A consoling reply directed in my last thoughts, a sturdy approaches!"

"I behold one of the first notions in the world awakening from a long and deep slumber, and re-demanding of its violated rights, and its sacred rights; in sacred inalienable rights,—the rights of humanity! I behold, in an immense capital, dishonored by every species of servitude, a crowd of soldiers discovering themselves to be citizens and nations of citizens becoming soldiers. Though their redoubled blows, tyrants shall be overturned; the signal is already given from one extremity of the empire to another:—the reign of tyrants is no more! A neighborly

they of deciding upon general shall applaud those unexpected efforts, crowned with such a speedy success! Ah, my reciprocal esteem commence and strengthen, between these two nations, an unalterable friendship!

May that horrible science of rick, imposture, and treason, which courts deoaninate politics, hold of no obstacle to prevent this fraternal re-union!

"Noble rivals in talents and philosophy, Frenchmen! Englishmen! suspend at length, and suspend forever, those bloody discords, the fury of which has but too often extended over the two hemispheres;—no longer decide between you and the empire of the universe, but by the force of your example, and the ascendancy of your genius.—Instead of the cruel advantage of affrighting and subduing the yourselves the more solid glory of enlightening their ignorance, and breaking their chains.

"Approach," adds Pulaski; behold at a little distance from, and in the midst of the carriage that surrounds us, among such a crowd of famous warriors, a warrior celebrated even in the midst of them, by his masculine courage, his great talents, and his virtues truly republican. He is the heir of a name long illustrious; but he has no occasion for the glory of his ancestors to render himself celebrated.

"It is the great, the good LAFAYETTE, an honor to France, and a scourge to tyrants: but he has scarce begun his immortal labors! Envy his fate: endeavor to imitate his virtues, and follow as near as possible the steps of so great a man. He, the worthy pupil of a Washington, shall be the Washington of his own country. It is almost at the same time, my friend; it is at that memorable epoch of the regeneration of nations, that the eternal justice shall also present to our fellow citizens the days of vengeance and of liberty."

"Let the remembrance of our injuries, and of our successes, call forth thy courage! May the sword, so many times emurpured with the blood of our enemies, be still turned against those oppressors. May they tremble while thinking on our exploits! May they tremble in recalling the name of Pulaski!"

Saying this, he expired.

* Pulaski was killed at the siege of Savannah, in 1779.

About the year 1781 '2, an unusual flood occurred in the Schuylkill, which overflowed its bank and destroyed a great deal of property. Among the sufferers was an old gentleman named Longstraw, who had collected materials for building a mill on its bank, which was about to be carried away. He seeing the danger, after striving in vain to save his property, fell on his knees, and prayed that the flood might assuage: and after praying some time to that purpose the water still rising concluded with "Oh Lord Almighty—did you ever see such a dawn'd piece of work as this?"

plishing the object of their recent mission to the Choctaw Nation. A treaty was agreed to and signed, at Dancing Rabbit Creek, on the 27th ult., by which the Choctaw cede the country they now occupy, and within three years, are to remove West of the Mississippi. Such of them, however, as prefer remaining, may make reservations, and, after residing upon them five years, possess them in fee. The General Government may have the country surveyed at any time they think proper, but no sale is to take place before the removal of the Indians; nor until then, is any person to be permitted to settle in the country.

The Commissioners, we learn, had thirteen days of most fatiguing duty before they could bring the negotiations to a favorable termination. Immediately on their arrival, it was apparent that there existed, between LaFare's district and the other two, great

the Commissioners was if possible to bring about a state of harmony and good feeling between them. This was happily effected on the second meeting in Council by a feeling and forcible address from the Secretary of War. The three Chiefs and head men met at the Commissioners' Quarters—talked the matter over in their presence—agreed to be friends and again one people—and expressed their readiness to enter on the business for which they were called together.

In the course of the negotiation propositions of various kinds and character, and discordant feelings had to be met and reconciled on the part of the Commissioners. In all the interviews and conversations had with the Indians, they uniformly admitted that they could not live under the laws of the State—that it would be ruinous and destructive to them as a nation, and as individuals. They conceded it was idle to dream of future prosperity under such a state of things; and that their only desire was, to arrange and conclude such a treaty as would enable them under their change of situation to be free and happy. Still at every step in negotiation, difficulties and conflicting views as to the best manner of securing these results, had to be encountered and overcome. About 5,000 Indians were in attendance, whose wishes and wants the Chiefs had constantly to consult, and hence the delay met with.

The crops in the Choctaw Nation, we understand, are bad, and many of the Indians are anxious to remove even during the coming winter.—Should the Treaty be ratified, they will doubtless speedily depart. Great anxiety prevails with them to do so. There is a fair prospect now, that very soon our Indian friends will be comfortably and happily settled in the West.—The perplexing questions as to the rights, and with some, disputed sovereignty of the States, will then be disposed of—all conflicts avoided—and the prosperity and happiness of the Indians, as we earnestly hope, promoted.—*Nashville Republican*.

A GOOD CROP.

It is stated in the Village Record, that Jesse Pugh, of Chester county, Pa. obtained last harvest, from six and a half acres of land, 207 dozen of wheat, which yielded 203 bushels.—This comparative good crop is mentioned as the result of the lime and manure on a soil naturally unproductive; it being supposed by the grower that the adjoining ground, without such appliances, would not yield 5 bushels to the acre.

PLOUGHING.

Make it a fixed rule never to plough your land in wet weather, and the observant farmer will, no doubt, have often remarked, in the same field, the difference in the crop on a spot ploughed when the soil and weather were dry. It is only on dry, sand or light land, that ploughing ought to be carried on in moist weather.

the time of his achievement in the country, till within a few years past, he resided a few miles South of Fort William at the mouth of Kentucky river, on the waters of Mill creek. The place of his abode, and his mode of living are not more remarkable, than the character of the individual himself; and all I could learn of and concerning him, is in perfect harmony and good keeping. The habitation in which he spent so many and happy days, was composed of round poles and Kentucky mud. It consisted of two apartments simply, with no out house or cellar. During his residence in this singular place of abode, he became the husband of five wives; and the father of 45 children.

According to his own account of himself, he was born in New-Jersey, in the year 1728. He is in height about five feet six inches. His muscular frame and strength of constitution seems to have defied the decay of

in a backwoods life. The scientific and curious have examined the conformation of this singular being so far as practicable, and they represent his ribs unlike those of his fellow mortals, separate and distinct but as united together, forming on each side a solid sheet of bone; in short, that the vital part is safely deposited in a "strong box" defying all attacks from without.

At the age of 96, he was in enjoyment of entire health; his teeth all sound, his weight about 160, and his muscular strength truly astonishing.

He never shook hands with an athletic man, but he gave him such a grip that he was fain to beg for mercy. At that advanced age he could perform more labor than ordinary men could in the prime of life. His neighbors mention as a proof, not only of his good constitution, but of his undiminished activity, that at his advanced age, he would leap from the ground, and crack his feet together, with the agility of a boy of sixteen.

Some five or six years since, he removed to Indiana, there to build himself a new habitation, plant a new colony, and become the father of a new race. He is now living near Versailles, Ripley county, Indiana, with his sixth wife, and has two children for the new stock. [*American Farmer*].

Mutability of Fortune.—A young lady, native of Martinique, and a Creole, was on a voyage to France, with the design of being educated there, when the merchant vessel on board of which she was passenger, was captured by an Algerian cruiser, and taken to Algiers. The fair captive was at first overwhelmed with affliction at the prospect of captivity before her, but as passion gave way to meditation, it came to her recollection that an old negress had predicted that she would one day become one of the greatest Princesses in the world! "Ah!" exclaimed she, for superstition was in this instance but the handmaid of inclination, "it is doubtless so, I am to be a Princess. Well, I must not quarrel with fortune. Who knows what may come out of this?" So strong did this prepossession grow upon the young lady, that ere she reached the Barbary shores, she was as much a fatalist in point of resignation as any devotee in Islamism could possibly be. The French Consul at Algiers immediately offered to ransom his countrywoman; but no, the fair Creole would not be ransomed; for fear of offending fortune, by resorting to so vulgar a way of recovering her liberty. So to the Seraglio of the Dey of Algiers the lady went; and strange indeed to tell, from his Highness, Seraglio, she was sent as a present to the Grand Seigneur who was so struck with her beauty and manners (for in both she was excellent) that he elevated her to the dignity of his favorite Sultana! Such was the singular rise of the late Sultana Valide, who died in 1818, and was the mother of the present Grand Seigneur.

Pride.—If a proud man makes me keep my distance, the comfort he keeps at the same time.

* Formerly the Abbe de Latil. His Eminence was arrested at Vaugrard during the late convulsions, and dispossessed of the lord of gold, plate, and Jewels he was conveying away in his carriage. He has since arrived in England.