

Western Carolinian.

It is even wise to abstain from laws, which, however wise and good in themselves, have the semblance of inequality, which find no response in the heart of the citizen, and which will be evaded with little remorse. The wisdom of legislation is especially seen in grafting laws on conscience.

Dr. Channing.

Printed and published once a week, by JAMES CARROLL,
Publishers of the Law of Congress.

SALISBURY, ROWAN COUNTY, N. C.....TUESDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1830.

[VOL. XI.....NO. 343]

TERMS.—The terms of the Western Carolinian will be in advance, and a half per annum (or two dollars half, if sent quarterly). No paper will be discontinued, except on the expiration of the term, until all dues are paid up. Advertising matter will be inserted at 50 cents the square for the first week, and 30 cents each week they are continued thereafter. Postage must be paid on all letters addressed to the Editors, or they may not be attended to.

Miscellaneous.

From the New-England Review.

AUTUMN

We shall not write a sentimental article upon this venerable and threadbare subject. We think, however, that our readers ought to be apprised of the fact that summer has departed, with all its deep unvarying greenness—its fierce sunshine and its nights of insupportable heat and musical musketoes—and that autumn is before us, breathing lightly, but even now perceptibly, the breath of change upon the beauty of nature. Some of our forest trees are already changing, very slightly indeed, but still enough to show that the brown spoiler is among them.

And we welcome the time of autumn. This is a season of thanksgiving and beauty and exceeding joy. Talk as we may of the country atmosphere of France, and the soft blue heavens of Italy, they suffer in comparison with the glorious Indian summer of New-England. Then it is that our forests and our hanging hill sides are coloured with dyes deeper and richer than any which Claude or Poussin ever mingled—varied and magnificent as if the rainbow of a summer shower had fallen among them, stretching away to the dreamy haze of the horizon, shaking their bright leaves—against the sky like birds poised upon their golden wings in the mid air; or swaying in waves of blended gold and shadow before the passing wind!

But an autumn sunset—the blending of heaven's own glory with the rich beauty of earth—it is like a dream of a better world. The sun goes down behind the hill or the forest, and the clouds that waited like vessels around him glow with the remembrance of his glory; every light wreath of vapor changes to a golden pavilion fitted for the abode of angels and the first great star of evening burns through the glory of sunset—

"A diamond set in gold."

Oh! we have gazed on a scene like this until changed and purified and made better by its communion with nature in her exceeding beauty; and passing away from the dull images of earth, our spirit mingled, in imagination, with the mysterious intelligences of heavens.

THOU MUST DIE.

When we bring to mind the awful sentence, which has been passed upon every creature inhabiting this ball of earth, how insignificant appear the low pursuits which agitate the toiling race of men! He who has been for a series of years, building airy castles and preparing for future enjoyment, who has been filling his barns with plenty and his stores with abundance, how is he astonished, when to him is sent this awful summons! His proud projects vanish into emptiness, and more worthless than chaff appear, those base designs of grandeur, which have called forth all the energies of his mind. Not so with the Christian, who,

"Has made the statutes of the Lord His study and delight."

To him death comes not unlooked for. He knows it is the lot of our frail nature, and he rejoices in it as the road to blessedness. Sustained by the hope of glory, he sinks not under the rendings of pain; the agonies of disease are considered as the price of his passport to a happier state, and resigned he receives the cup of affliction. The death of a Christian is the revival of faith. Those who stand at his bedside, who behold him throw off the shackles of mortality—"his countenance beaming with smiles and his lips uttering praise," must surely be convinced that he has followed no "cunningly devised fables," and even sceptics might be induced to wish that their exit might resemble his.

An Irishman having a cold, ascribed it to his sleeping all night in a lot with the gate open.

Currency—Treasury Notes.—We rejoice to see the citizens of this State beginning to take steps to put down the circulation of *Treasury Notes* and *Due Bills*, which have so long disgraced our State—injured our currency—defrauded our citizens, and violated our Constitution.

The merchants and other citizens of Salisbury have been the first to act in this matter. They held a meeting on the 18th November, at which they adopted a sensible and pertinent report on the subject, from a Committee appointed for that purpose, and also resolved, that after the 1st of January next, they will not receive, or pay out in the way of trade, any of the *due bills* issued by the States of South Carolina and Georgia;—that after the 1st of March next, they will not receive, or pay out in the way of trade, of the *due bills* issued by the State of North Carolina. They appointed a Committee of three gentlemen to procure from the Mint, or elsewhere, by the 1st of March next, such an amount of change as may be necessary for the business of Salisbury, consisting of cents, dimes, half dimes and twenty-five cent pieces, and have requested all persons wishing to obtain such change to deposit with the committee, by the 1st of January, such amount as they may want, in bills, equivalent to specie.

The citizens of Salisbury have asked the co-operation of the citizens of other towns and villages in the State in these salutary measures to improve our currency. Their call will not, we hope, be in vain. There is, at present, a crying evil, which calls for an effectual remedy. It is felt here seriously. The citizens of Fayetteville have a deep interest in the matter, and will, doubtless, respond to the invitation of Salisbury. *N. C. Journal.*

Accident.—The Hon. Edmund Deberry, the Member of Congress from this District, had one of his legs broken, in this Town on Monday last, by a bale of Cotton falling upon it. This accident will probably, deprive the District of the benefit of his services, in Congress, for some weeks. *ib.*

An Awkward Mistake.—A mistake of rather an awkward description occurred a few evenings ago to a couple of youthful lovers, residing not far from Chelmsford. The unfortunate swain, it appears, had incurred the displeasure of his mistress's father, who forbade him to enter the house, and laid strict injunction on his daughter not to pass the 'threshold' without leave. This she obeyed to the letter, but hit upon an expedient to gratify her lover also, by breaking a square of glass in the pantry window, through which many

"A long long kiss—a kiss of youth and love." Had been given. Three times had the square been replaced, and four times had it been broken; when Miss attributing it to the cats, her father concealed himself in the place in order to watch. About ten o'clock, the lover appeared, with a "slow and cautious step," which the master hearing, put his face to the aperture to ascertain who was coming at that "unhallowed hour, and the swain mistaking it for "his soul's soft treasure" saluted him with the "heart's token." The whiskered face made him start. "By heavens!" thought he, "it is not you—it is somebody else." and soon the direful truth flashed upon him in the shape of the sturdy farmer and an old musket. A parley now ensued, and the mistaken swain agreeing to pay the glazier's bill, he was allowed to depart.

Love & Poetry.—Should there be in this enlightened age any incredulous person who still denies that love is productive of poetry and that of the sweetest kind, let him read and ponder upon the following tribute of a Dumfries lover, to the charms of his fair one:

"Oh honey is very sweet,
But sugar it is sweeter,
And my love as far excels sugar,
As sugar does saltpetre."

DOCTOR FRANKLIN.

Dr. Franklin was the first Philosopher who succeeded in obtaining electricity from the clouds. This he did by means of a common kite, to which an iron point was affixed. To the lower end of the hempen string was attached a piece of silk cord, to prevent the electric fluid from passing off; and where the hempen string terminated, a key was fastened. He afterwards used to repeat this experiment, and collect the fluid in bottles and jars. This circumstance gave rise to the following anecdote.

While he was ambassador to the English court, a lady, who was about to be presented to the King, noticed his exceedingly plain appearance, and inquired who he was. "That madam," answered the gentleman, on whose arm she was leaning—"is Benjamin Franklin, the ambassador from North America." "The North American ambassador, so shabbily dressed!" exclaimed the lady. Hush madam, for heaven's sake!" whispered the gentleman, "he is the man that bottles up thunder and lightning!"

Beautiful extract.—*The Parsee, the Jew and the Christian.*

By Dr. F. A. Krammacher.—A Jew entered a Parsee temple, and beheld the sacred fire; what said he to the priest, do ye worship the fire? Not the fire, answered the priest, it is to us an emblem of the sun, and of his general heat. Do ye then worship the sun as your god? asked the Jew. Know ye not this luminary also, is but a work of that almighty Creator?

We know it, replied the priest; but the uncultivated man requires a sensible sign, in order to form a conception of the Most High. And is not the sun, the incomprehensible source of light, and an image of that invisible Being, who blesses and preserves all things?

The Israelite thereupon rejoined:—Do your people, then, distinguish the type from the original? They call the sun their God, and descending, even from this to a baser object, they kneel before an earthly flame? Ye amuse me outward, but blind the inward eye, and while ye hold to them the earthly ye withdraw from them the heavenly light! Thou shalt not make unto thee any image or any likeness.

How then do you designate the Supreme Being? asked the Parsee.

We call him Jehovah Adonia, that is, the Lord who is, who was, and who will be, answered the Jew.

Your appellation is grand and sublime, said the Parsee, but it is awful too.

A Christian then drew nigh and said—We call him Father.

The Pagan and the Jew looked at each other and said—Here is at once an image and reality; it is a word of the heart, said they.

Therefore they raised their eyes to heaven and said with reverence and love—OUR FATHER! And they took each other by the hand, and all three called one another brothers!

A few questions asked and answered, according to our way of thinking.

Who is the best man? Not he who makes the greatest show, or the most noise. But he who does the most good at the least expense.

Who is the best Farmer? Not he who has the largest farm or the most land. But he who does all his work at the right time, and in the right way.

Who is the best Lawyer? Not he who makes the most writs, gets the most money. But he who has the most knowledge, and uses that knowledge honestly.

Who is the best Politician? Not he who rides the fence till he sees which side is the strongest, or who intrigues with the ignorant, the vicious, and the profligate, to get himself into office. But he who reads candidly, imparts the information he has acquired honestly, and is faithful in all situations. *N. H. Post.*

Some mischievous wags, in a northern city lately, pulled down a Turner's sign and put it over a Lawyer's door; which read "all sorts of turning done here."

Female Society.—If there is any recreation, which more than all others tends to preserve the moral senses from pollution, the affections from being corrupted, the social feelings from going to decay—to 'raise the manners and improve the heart,' it is in the frequent intercourse with sensible and well educated females. I do not mean now that these advantages are to be sought for or expected in the crowded ball room or in fashionable parties. These are too often the hotbeds where the rank weeds of dissipation shoot up in their deadly luxuriance and wither the seeds of virtue. It is rather in the exchange of thought in the hours of social intercourse, that the influence of woman delights, cheers, and improves. Here there is no artificial excitement to lend a false glory to her cheek, or a deceitful volubility to her tongue. I value far higher, one hour passed in the society of an intelligent, accomplished female, than all the giddy scenes of the Theatre or Ball-room—I had rather stand in the shadow of such a woman by moonlight, than promenade Broadway with the most fashionable belle in the city. *N. Y. Constellation.*

There is scarce any profession in the commonwealth more necessary, which is so slightly performed, as that of a schoolmaster. The reasons whereof I conceive to be these. First, young scholars make this calling their refuge; yea perchance before they have taken any degree in the university, commence schoolmasters in the country, as if nothing else were required to set up this profession, but only a rod and ferule. Secondly, others who are able, use it only as a passage to better preferment, to patch the rents in their present fortune, till they can provide a new one, and betake themselves to some more gainful calling.—Thirdly, they are disheartened from doing their best by the miserable reward which in some places they receive, being masters to the children, and slaves to the parents. Fourthly, being grown rich, they grow negligent and scorn to touch the school but by the proxy of an usher.—*Fuller.*

A dashing widow, of great beauty, et cetera accidentally fell from a boat in the deepest part of Saratoga lake, whereupon three of her admirers, all of whom had the dyspepsia, jumped in, determined to rescue her or perish. What renders the affair very remarkable, the lady floated on the surface without the least danger, whereas the gentlemen would all certainly have gone to the bottom, had not one of them climbed to the top of her hat, and the other two taken refuge in her sleeves. *Com. Adv.*

An American drummer having strolled from the camp, approached the English lines, and before he was aware, was seized by the piquet, and carried before the commander on suspicion of being a spy, disguised in a drummer's uniform. On being questioned, he honestly told the truth, and declared who and what he was. This not gaining credit, a drum was sent for, and he desired to beat a couple of marches, which he readily performed, and thus removed the commander's suspicion of his assuming a fictitious character. "But my lad," said he, "let me now hear you beat a retreat." "A retreat!" replied the drummer, "there is no such beat in our service."

Wholesome advice to Young Men. Begin life with the least show and the least expense possible; you may at pleasure increase both, but you cannot easily diminish them. Do not think your estate your own while any man can call upon you for money and you cannot pay; therefore, begin with timorous parsimony. Let it be your care to be in no man's debt. Resolve not to be poor; whatever you have, spend less. Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness; it certainly destroys liberty, and it makes some virtues impracticable and others extremely difficult.

FOREIGN EXTRACTS.

FROM THE FRANCISBURG TIMES.

COLOMBIA.

Colombia is still fated to be vexed with the struggles of personal ambition and Bolivar, whose words are full of patriotism and self denial, but whose acts all, latterly, seem to tend to his own personal and permanent elevation—is the cause of all the bloodshed and misery which this country is suffering under. The following letter, copied from the *New York Journal of Commerce*, gives a concise statement of the recent occurrences in Colombia:

"MARACAYBO, Oct. 18, 1830.

Our communication is again stopped with Bogota, much to the disadvantage of this place, and to ourselves individually. Rio Hache has declared itself in favor of Venezuela. The views of Bolivar can no longer remain in doubt; that he aimed at absolute power is most certain. A vessel from Curacao, belonging to Carthagena, touched at Rio Hache, not knowing the change that had taken place. She was taken possession of and sent here, where she arrived this morning. There was found on board of her, confidential correspondence from many of Bolivar's officers at Curacao, who were sent there in the hope of making a revolution in Venezuela in favor of Bolivar. One letter from General Briceno Mendez (a connection of Bolivar) says there is little hope of effecting a change in Venezuela, but advises him to have done with the foolish idea of a constitution and liberty, and proceed to establish his authority by force—which advice, if Bolivar follows it, will probably bring him to the fate of Iturbide.

At the date of our last accounts he was at Mompox, on the Magdalena, on his way to Bogota where a revolution had been effected in his favor, and a complete overthrow of the liberia party. The city was besieged 20 days, and in storming the bridge leading to the town, 300 were killed. Civil war has thus commenced in this devoted country, and our only hope is, that it may not continue. General Urdaneta is at the head of the Government till Bolivar arrive, and General Briceno was in possession of the Vallies of Cucuta. Jose Gooding had not arrived there on the 16th of Sept., but was daily expected.

"Here all is perfectly quiet at present, and as this place is important as a key to New Grenada, Parz has sent some of his most faithful troops, the Llaneros, to garrison the place. As for business, it is at a complete stand. It is somewhat sickly."

It appears that Parz intends actively to oppose Bolivar's usurpation; and we cannot think it will be of long continuance.

SPEECH OF TALLEYRAND.

The Prince de Talleyrand, upon his presentation to the King of England, addressed His Majesty in the following terms. "Sire.—The King of the French has chosen me to be the interpreter of the sentiments with which he is impressed towards your Majesty. I have accepted with great satisfaction a mission which brings my long career to a close so honorable. Sire, after all the vicissitudes of my lengthened days, after all the various changes of fortune, which, during forty years, so fruitful in events, have chequered my life, nothing could have been more grateful to me, nor have more fully accomplished my wishes, than the appointment which brings me again into this happy country. But how great is the difference between the two periods! The jealousies, the prejudices that so long divided France and England, have given place to esteem and enlightened friendship. Common principles of policy unite the two nations still more closely. England, moreover, concurs with France in repudiating the principle of interfering in the internal affairs of its neighbors; and the Ambassador, of a Monarch, called to the throne by the unanimous voice of a great people, feels himself perfectly at his ease in a land of liberty, and near a descendant of the illustrious House of Brunswick. I rely with confidence, Sire, upon your favorable acceptance of the offices with which I am charged, and solicit your Majesty to receive the homage of my profound respect."