

THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY: JOHN BEARD, Jr., Editor and Proprietor.

Number from the beginning, 732: No. 2 OF THE XVth VOLUME.

Salisbury, Rowan County, N. C.

Saturday Morning, June 14, 1834.



Poetic Recens

THE BROKEN HEART.
I saw her when her cheek was bright,
And beautiful, and fair;
Love, joy, and all that wins delight,
Which chains the heart, or glads the sight,
Seemed met together there—
The glow, the glance, from cheek and eye,
Her hair of curling jet;
The look, the smile, the stifled sigh,
Her forehead arched, and white, and high—
I think I see them yet!

I saw her on her bridal-day,
With hope upon her brow;
Her smile, her blush, were brightly gay,
And joy, with his ethereal ray,
Was there to gild her vow,
The just, the laugh, the social cheer,
All bitterness forbid;
Her face was light, her cheek was clear,
And dark and long the lashes were,
Which fringed her fallen lid.

I saw her when her cheek was wan,
Her eye looked dim and dead,
Her charms had faded one by one,
Her hair was bleached, her smile was gone,
Her every beauty fled,
She bowed beneath the misery
Which henceforth controlled her,
Her face had lost its gliding gleam,
And, sully calm, she seemed to me
A monument of woe.

I saw her in her winding-sheet,
A senseless thing of earth;
An aged form was at her feet,
Her countenance with grief repete—
"Twas he who gave her birth,
Another, in a secret place,
From all the things apart,
Was seen to gaze upon her face,
Which smiling lay in Death's embrace—
"Twas he who broke her heart!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LAUGHTER.

Any young gentleman who can laugh at will, is certain of a favourable reception in society—particularly when the weather is muggy. Laughter is, therefore, a social virtue, a prudent accomplishment, an open letter of introduction. It is not necessary to be funny in order to be able to laugh. Some men laugh like potatoes, without knowing it. Their faces are captured exclamation-points. The permanent grin, however, pulls upon the eye, and at last begins to wear out one's jocularity, and to look as solemn and hideous as the diemal sphinx. Laughing is good by virtue of its suddenness. It is an unexpected appendage to the nerves, that its power chiefly lies. It does a thoughtful person good to be taken by surprise, and to be tickled into a hearty laugh against his will. It makes him feel as he would after having been electrified. It awakens him, forces blood to circulate, makes him open his eyes, look about him, and talk. The greatest mystery of laughter is its communicativeness. Set one or two going, and the whole circle, although they know not why, fall into the vein. You laugh at laughter, and laugh the more because you know the less of what you are laughing at. Much potency is there in the association of ideas. Awkward things make one laugh, if the mind happens to be directed into a different channel at the moment, and the awkwardness comes upon you suddenly. There is nothing laughable in seeing a man thrown from his horse; yet if he is pitched into the mud, and his hat rolls off into the kennel, and his heels are thrown up into the air, like the heels of the hapless nondescript on the Manx half-pennies, you cannot help laughing. There is no grace in such an accident to make it agreeable to the imagination, and to save it from ridicule. From a peculiar construction of the sensitive mechanism, some people laugh more than others, and young people laugh the more because they have fewer drawbacks upon the fancy. Things as they are, if we learned to analyze them, are not subjects for laughter, but until we grow familiar with realities, we laugh at them as if they were merely ideal, and set up for our amusement. To be well deceived is the happiness of life, says the Dean of St. Patrick's, and those who are the most deceived, laugh the most; and by the same reasoning, those who laugh the most are the happiest.

But laughing is divisible into many, many modes. Mrs. Jordan used to laugh over the whole face. It began in the dimples of the lips, and spread over cheeks and forehead like sunshine, until the entire countenance became inspired. That was a laugh to make you stop with admiration and suspended breath and feel happy. But you could hardly laugh at it or with it. It was too beautiful; captured the senses, and filled the heart with that sort of joy that does not express itself in laughter. Some people laugh convulsively, shouting out a noise like that of a pistol, and instantly relapsing back into silence and gravity. It is a great question whether they enjoy their laugh like the rest of the world, or whether they do not enjoy it more by keeping it within, and all to themselves. Others, again, laugh through their teeth, spreading their lips like the hyena, and emitting a hissing sound that resembles the frying of eggs. There may be a physical necessity for such a laugh, but unless there be, it is very inexcusable. There are persons who will avail themselves of any excuse for showing their teeth, and who laugh for no other earthly reason. They must think of their teeth the whole time, and not of the just provocatives. A fat person, who laughs zealously, laughs with his great big body. The tub undulates and heaves, and the whole man shakes with laughter down to the calves of his legs. It is like the boisterous rearing of a corporation. A man who desires a vivid reputation will throw himself back in a chair

to laugh, as if the fun overpowered him. That is a mere ruse, like the titter of a pretty girl behind her fan; or the stage-laugh that consists in twisting the thumbs into the sides and bending the body forward as if it were suddenly seized with pains, and utter a clicking noise in the corner of the mouth. Nobody ever laughed till they were black in the face, although that is esteemed the last point of risibility. Any one may laugh until he is red in the face; but the laughter that is the most searching makes the face pale. When a person always laughs in the same way, he never laughs with sincerity; for the same way of laughing is no more applicable to the different degrees of irritation than the same way of showing the sense of pain. To laugh always the same way is to laugh by rule, and the gamut may be played over on all occasions. It is pleasant to be gifted by nature with such exquisite sensibility that one's laugh varies with the subject. Variety is much admired in laughter as well as in every thing else; but it must not be studied, or it will be liable to suspicion; it must come of itself, free, natural, and characteristic. Loud laughing is dangerous to women, besides being disagreeable to their friends.

Women should never laugh much or loudly. They are supposed to be more patient and enduring than men; and as gentleness is their special charm, they should laugh softly, lowly, musically, and not as if they caught all the broad points of whim and caricature. They should be thought to leave some touches of the joke undiscovered, for it is the weakness of our sex to desire the ascendancy even in trifles. Gentlemen always affect something in reservation, as if there were a sting behind which ladies could not or ought not to understand. This is a poor affectation of exclusive privileges, of superior discernment, of the pride of sex. But ladies may be assured that there is nothing behind worth knowing, or that there is nothing in the joke except its pretensions to mystery.

Any person who laughs dogmatically should be expelled from the drawing-room. Why should any one laugh in a style that requires other people to laugh whether they like it or not, and that conveys a sneer at those who do not laugh, as much as to insinuate that they do not comprehend the force of the good thing? It is very rude to appear to understand what nobody else understands, and to laugh when you have the laugh all to yourself. We hate people who snivel when they laugh, as if they despised the poverty of mirth. Who wants them to laugh? Let them get into a corner, and trace the outlines of the figured paper with their eyes, until they get the blue devils, or nausea in the stomach. They have no right to come into a merry circle, and laugh in contempt of court. It is all nonsense to say that any individual is so locked up in bile as not to be able to enjoy a laugh. Every human being has a vulnerable point—touch that, and the metallic being becomes fused even as if it had undergone a process of fire. We laugh very seldom ourselves, but when we do laugh—Mercury! what a leaping of sounds is there, what a babbling of inarticulate notes, what a heaving of chest, and distortion of features, and spasm of limbs. It is well enough to talk about resisting laughter, but we know it is irresistible, and cometh like a thief in the night, and is not to be resisted.

What could Moore have been thinking of when he addressed such a request as this to a lady? "Give smiles to those who love you least, But keep your tears for me." Sunshine before rain, we say, even in showdays. London Atlas.

MEMORY AND HOPE.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

Hope is the leading string of youth—Memory the staff of age. Yet for a long time they were at variance, and scarcely ever associated together. Memory was almost always grave, gay, sad and melancholy. She delighted in silence and repose, amid rocks and waterfalls; and when she raised her eyes from the ground, it was only to look back over her shoulder. Hope was a smiling, dancing, noisy boy, with sparkling eyes, and it was impossible to look upon him without being inspired by his gay and sprightly buoyancy. Wherever he went, he diffused around him gladness and joy; the eyes of the young sparkled brighter than ever at his approach; old age, as if cast its dim glances at the blue vault of Heaven, seemed inspired with new vigour; the flowers looked more gay, the grass more green, the birds sang more cheerily, and all nature seemed to sympathize in his gladness. Memory was of mortal birth, but Hope partook of immortality.

One day they chanced to meet, and Memory reproached Hope with being a deceiver. She charged him with deluding mankind with visionary impracticable schemes, and exciting expectations that only led to disappointment and regret; with being the *ignis fatuus* of youth, and the scourge of old age. But Hope cast back upon her the charge of deceit, and maintained that the pictures of the past were as much exaggerated by Memory as were the anticipations of Hope. He declared that she looked at objects at a great distance in the past, and that this distance magnified every thing. "Let us make the circuit of the world," said he, "and try the experiment."

Memory consented reluctantly, and they went their way together. The first person they met was a school-boy, lounging lazily along, and stopping every moment to gaze around, as if unwilling to proceed on his way. By and by, he sat down and burst into tears.

"Whither so fast, my good lad," asked Hope, jeeringly.

"I am going to school," replied the lad, "to study, when I had rather a thousand times be at play; and sit on a bench, with a book in my hand, while I long to be sporting in the fields. But never mind, I shall soon be a man, and then I shall be free as the air." Saying this, he skipped away merrily, in the hope of soon being a man.

"It is thus you play upon the experience of youth," said Memory, reproachfully. Passing onward, they met a beautiful girl, pacing slow and melancholy behind a party of gay young men and maidens, who stalked arm in arm with each other, and were sitting and exchanging all those little harmless courtesies, which nature prompts on such occasions. They were all gaily dressed in silks and ribbons; but the little girl had on a simple frock, a homely apron, and clumsy thick-soled shoes.

"Why don't you join yonder group," asked Hope, "and partake in their gaiety, my pretty little girl?"

"Alas!" replied she, "they take no notice of me. They call me a child. But I shall soon be a woman, and then I shall be so happy!"

Inspired by this hope, she quickened her pace, and soon was seen dancing along merrily with the rest. In this manner they wended their way from nation to nation, and clime to clime, until they had made the circuit of the universe. Wherever they came, they found the human race, which at this time was all young—it being not many years since the first creation of mankind—rejoicing at the present, and looking forward to a ripper age for happiness. All anticipated some future good, and Memory had scarce any thing to do but cast looks of reproach at her young companion. "Let us return home," said she, "to that delightful spot where I first drew my breath. I long to repose in its beautiful bowers; to listen to the brooks that murmured a thousand times sweeter; and to the echoes that were softer than any I have since heard. Ah! there is nothing on earth so enchanting as the scenes of my earliest youth."

Hope indulged himself in a sly, insignificant smile, and they proceeded on their return home. As they journeyed but slowly, many years elapsed ere they approached the spot whence they had departed. It so happened, one day, they met an old man, bending under the weight of years, and walking with trembling steps, leaning on his staff. Memory at once recognized him as the youth they had seen going to school, on their first outset in the tour of the world. As they came nearer, the old man reclined on his staff, and looking at hope, who, being immortal, was still a little boy, sighed as if his heart was breaking.

"What aileth thee, old man?" asked the youth. "What aileth me," he replied in a feeble faltering voice—"what should ail me, but old age? I have survived all that was near and dear; I have seen all I loved, all that loved me, struck down to the earth like dead leaves in autumn, and now I stand like an old tree, withering alone in the world, without roots, without branches, and without verdure. I have only just enough of sensation to know that I am miserable, and the recollection of the happiness of my youthful days, when, careless and full of blissful anticipations, I was a laughing, merry boy, only adds to the miseries I now endure."

"Behold!" said Memory, "the consequences of thy deceptions," and she looked reproachfully at her companion. "Behold!" replied Hope, "deception practised by thyself. Thou persuadedst him that he was happy in his youth. Dost thou remember the boy we met when we first set out together, who was weeping on his way to school, and sighing to be a man?"

Memory cast down her eyes, and was silent. A little way onward, they came to a miserable cottage, at the door of which was an aged woman, meagrely clad and shaking with palsy. She sat alone, her head resting on her bosom, and as the pair approached, vainly tried to raise it up to look at them.

"Good morrow, old lady, and all happiness to you," cried Hope, gaily, and the old woman thought it was a long time since she had heard such a cheering salutation. "Happiness!" said she, in a voice that quivered with weakness and infirmity. "Happiness! I have not known it since I was a little girl, without care or sorrow. O! I remember those delightful days, when I thought of nothing but the present moment, nor cared for the future or past. When I laughed, and played, and sung, from morning till night, and envied no one, nor wished to be any other than I was. But those happy times are past, never to return. O, if I could only once more return to the days of my childhood!"

The old woman sunk back on her seat, and the tears flowed from her hollow eyes. Memory again reproached her companion, but he only asked her if she recollected the little girl they had met a long time ago, who was so miserable because she was so young? Memory knew it well enough, and said no other word.

They now approached their home, and Memory was on tiptoe with the thought of once more enjoying the unparalleled beauties of those scenes from which she had been so long separated. But, somehow or other, it seemed they were sadly changed. Neither the grass was so green, the flowers so sweet and lovely, nor did the brooks murmur, the echoes answer, or the birds sing half so enchantingly, as she remembered them in time long past.

"Alas!" she exclaimed, "how changed is every thing! I alone am the same."

"Every thing is the same, and thou, alone, art changed," answered Hope. "Thou hast deceived thyself in the past just as much as I deceive others in the future."

"What is it you are disputing about?" asked an old man, whom they had not observed before, though he was standing close by them. "I have lived almost fourscore and ten years, and my experience may perhaps enable me to decide between you."

They told him the occasion of their disagreement, and related the history of their journey round the earth.—The old man smiled, and for a few moments sat buried in thought. He then said to them:

"I, too, have lived to see all the hopes of my youth turn into shadows, clouds, and darkness, and vanish into nothing. I, too, have survived my fortune, my friends, my children—the hilarity of health."

"And dost thou not despair?" said Memory.

"No, I have still one hope left me."

"And what is that?"

"The hope of heaven!"

Memory turned towards Hope, threw herself into his arms, which opened to receive her, and burst into tears, exclaiming—

"Forgive me, I have done thee injustice. Let us never again separate from each other."

"With all my heart," said Hope, and they continued forever to travel together hand in hand through the world.

NEWSPAPERS.

It is an astonishing fact, that in a country free as ours is, and where every voter once or twice a year is called upon to discharge a duty at the ballot box, there are many, very many persons, who never read a newspaper, and who know but little more what is going on in their own country than in the dominions of the Grand Mogul. What they learn of their own political affairs, they learn from verbal communications; subject as it is to various perversions, colorings, and misconceptions—and acting upon such, and such communications only, they venture to attempt to discharge the high and holy, and of course responsible duty of a judge over other men's actions and principles. They venture upon attempting to settle the affairs of a great nation, extending through various degrees of latitude, and embodying an immense variety of interests and prejudices—and this without the study or qualifications demanded even in the teacher of a common country school, extending not over 20 feet square! What a joke!

Newspapers are in this country one of the necessities of life, second only to food and clothing, and as imperiously demanding the attention and forethought of men as fire and habitations. Think of living in this world, and of knowing nothing of what is going on within it! Think of a revolution here, and an earthquake there—of a grand discovery here, a sublime invention there—of movements and agitations in one place, influencing the destinies of nations and the world for years, and of improvements and advances in another place, elevating and ennobling the condition of man—and yet a freeman, in a free country, standing amidst all, affected by all, and yet ignorant of all! What a blank, a cypher, is such a man! How little above a mere animal, who eats as he eats, breathes as he breathes, and above whom he is, only in the faculty of speech! For what is intellect without facts, information, direction, calculation? What but a mere slumbering, raked up, smothered ember, needing the fanning breeze of what is going on in the world, what the world does as inspired by what it knows—and that breeze, the news of the day, the hurry, the bustle and excitement of the time in which we live, move, and think? Talk of *par* knowledge! It is a good foundation on which to build. But the superstructure is to be reared now.—This moment's knowledge, is worth all past knowledge, as time present is worth more than time past. And he who would benefit mankind, or do honor to himself, must come forth into the world, and know what the world is doing, and shape and embody its energy.

History is important, every body grants. Science is important in all estimation. Politics are important, and as a government is good or bad, so is a people prosperous or wretched, generally speaking. But here, in a newspaper, we have the history of the very day, all spread before us with a vitality and freshness, no historian can equal. The very things themselves, not their images, not their shadowy ghosts, sit before you. The substance out of which history is to be woven is upon the table. Men talk for themselves—and no historians talk for them.—You are living among all, and are interested in all—and will ye refuse to buy, to read, to study, what ye are so much interested in? But newspapers are more than historians. They parade before you all the inventions and discoveries of the times—they trifle with you, sport with you, and amuse you, and console you, as well as instruct you. By your own fire-side, far from the scenes of interest, no matter whether you are in the crowded city or in a remote country house, yet they bring all before you, and to the very life:—and you are as well and better informed by them than he who has seen and participated in all. You need not stir from your farm, or your own chair, from your own bed even; and yet these little messengers, silent and speechless as they are, will take you into the wide world and show forth all that is going on.—Portland Adv.

A SWINDLER IN EARNEST.

On Monday of last week, a young man of genteel, prepossessing appearance, called on a respectable lady in the Bowers, with a note from her landlord, requesting her to lend him \$10, or as much as she could spare, and he would return it the next day. Knowing that a quarter's rent was then due, she was a little surprised at the phrasology of the note, but supposing it was intended as a polite dun, she counted out \$10, and gave him, requesting him to count it over. He replied "it is no matter; I guess it is right;" and gave a receipt for the money, subscribing his name Henry Smith. Immediately after he had gone, it occurred to the lady's mind that possibly the young gentleman might be an imposter. She accordingly stepped over to the landlord, who disavowed any knowledge of her morning visitor, and said that he had authorized no one to call on her for money on his account. Finding that she had been swindled, she repaired to the Police Office to lodge her complaint, and was surprised to find 7 complaints of a similar nature had been preferred there from other sufferers, who had no doubt been swindled by the same individual.

The circumstances in one of the other cases, were as follows—A lady had lost her husband, and while he lay a corpse in the house, the villain called upon her with a forged order from the Under-

ker, for his bill. She told him that she was overwhelmed with affliction; that she had not the money in hand, and that she wished he would leave it a few days. He said his employer had a bill unexpectedly presented for payment, and that he would not leave the house without the money. She accordingly procured it and paid him.

On another occasion he called on a gentleman and inquired the name and residence of his minister, giving him to understand his mother was dead, and that he wanted him to preach her funeral sermon. On learning his name and residence he immediately prepared an order in favor of the aforesaid gentleman on the minister for a small amount, and presented it for payment. In this however he did not succeed, the person on whom he drew not being in cash at the time.

Another attempt was as follows: He called at the house of the sexton of a church, and after making some inquiries of the sexton about him, and the name of the Pastor of the church, forged an order in favor of the sexton upon him for \$10, alleging when he offered it that he (the sexton) had just received a bill from his grocer; that the money was much wanted; that the Clergyman would oblige him—much by lending the amount; and that he would return it the next day. After some deliberation, the money was paid. Shortly after the fellow returned with the bills, alleging that one of them (a \$5 bill) was counterfeit. The clergyman observed to him that it was impossible it should be so, for he drew those very bills from the Bank himself. But, says he, I will exchange it, and accordingly gave him another.

The circumstance that led to the discovery of his name and character, was an attempt to obtain a small sum in a similar manner from a landlord for a lady who occupied one of his houses as a tenant. He, not being particularly acquainted with her, declined sending the money; but said he would call and see her shortly. On inquiry of his tenant, he found her entirely ignorant of the affair. She had given no one an order to borrow money on her account, and further was not in want of any. She stated to him that a person had called on her a few days previous, and inquired particularly about the location of the landlord's houses, the names of his tenants, &c., and that he was the same person that had been sent to repair the locks in the house. The gentleman then went immediately to the locksmith where he had applied for a person to do his work; and was enabled to ascertain the real name and character of the swindler. It appears that his real name is John Turkington, that he is a graduate of the State Prison; and that having been detected in several thefts from his employer, he was consequently discharged. The officers of the Police were several days on the look out for him without being able to arrest him, but on Monday night Mr. Merritt met him going into Peale's Museum, and took him into custody. He was yesterday examined at the Police Office, and committed to prison. Besides the already mentioned acts of swindling, there are several others laid to his charge. The fellow seemed to have a particular penchant for swindling Clergymen, six of whom have received his special attentions, viz: Rev. Messrs. Spring, Berrian, Mason, Milnor, McCarthy, and Strobel. [New-York Journal of Commerce.]

QUICK BUSINESS.

Mr. Samuel Peterson, a clever, good natured, widowed Dutchman, aged 70, from New Jersey, came in town day before yesterday, for the purpose of procuring a house-keeper. He applied to an Intelligence Office in Chambers street, and was soon furnished with a tidy looking widow lady, aged about fifty-nine. The old man was very much pleased, paid his "Intelligence fee," and conducted his house-keeper to the "Rail Road House," from whence he intended to embark for New Jersey. They were shown into a room at the inn, where the old gentleman, calling for a pipe of tobacco, seated himself on a sofa, and began to cast "sheep's eyes" at the lady, who had taken her position on a chair nearly opposite to him. After remaining in a "silent mood" for some ten or twelve minutes, the old man carelessly remarked, "Vel den I tink dis plan of house-keeping ish not a good plan?" "I too," said the lady. "I tink it dosh give people a great chance to tell bad stories," continued the old man, knocking the ashes from his pipe. "I too," replied the house-keeper. "I had much rather be married," said the old man, striking the pipe across the arm of the sofa, with a force which sent the bowl and part of the stem to the other side of the room. "I too," returned the lady. "We did not learn the rest of the conversation; but about sunset the old gentleman sent us the following:

Married.—On the 16th, by the Rev. Mr. John Power, Mr. Samuel Peterson, of King's Town, N. J., to Mrs. Sophia Griffin, of this city. [New-York Sun.]

"A GOOD UN."

In the after part of the cabin of the steamboat Trenton, there is hung up a tin sign, which indicates a part of what may be regarded as the proprieties of the place; it has the following inscription—

"GENTLEMEN ARE NOT PERMITTED TO LIE DOWN IN THIS CABIN." And gentlemen will be ware, we suppose, of exhibiting any symptoms of bedding the lint, for nothing can be more outrageous than to see men stretched along the settees, where company, and especially ladies, are to be found.

A few days since, while the Trenton was on her passage, a tall gentleman, evidently a Kentuckian, was observed walking fore and aft the cabin, his arms folded up, and he, apparently, unmindful of the movements and conversation of his numerous fellow passengers; two gentlemen were in earnest and rather loud discussion of politics; after a hard shot from the disputant, who belonged to the opposition side, the antagonist brought his hands smartly down, and exclaimed—"General Jackson has done more for this nation, than any other President we ever had." The assertion was made in such loud and positive