

THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

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

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Salisbury, Rowan County, N. C.

Saturday, September 20, 1834.



Blanks for sale at this Office.

Commission and Forwarding AGENCY.

WILMINGTON.

THE Subscriber having established himself in Wilmington, for the purpose of transacting the above business, respectfully tenders his services to the public. Goods consigned to him will be forwarded with the utmost despatch, and all necessary particularity observed. Particular attention will be paid to the sale of Tobacco, Flour, Lumber, Staves, &c. &c., as well as to the purchase of Goods. He flatters himself that a combination of business, combined with unremitting attention, will secure him a share of public patronage.

W. M. O. JEFFREYS.
References.—O. P. Stark, Nott & Starr, C. T. Haigh, John C. Latta, Jos. Baker, Yarbrough & Ray, W. S. Latta, Henry Horn—Fayetteville, N. C. Wilmington, Aug. 16, 1834.—6t

Better and better still!!! quoth he.

NORTH CAROLINA STATE LOTTERY, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE SALISBURY ACADEMY.

3d Class, for 1834.

Terminating-Figure System.

To be Drawn at Charlotte, N. C. On Wednesday the 1st of October.

CAPITAL PRIZE \$5,000!

SCHEME:	
1 Prize of 5,000 DOLLARS is	\$5,000
1 " of 3,000 DOLLARS is	3,000
1 " of 2,010 DOLLARS is	2,010
10 " of 1,000 DOLLARS is	10,000
10 " of 500 DOLLARS is	5,000
10 " of 300 DOLLARS is	3,000
20 " of 200 DOLLARS is	4,000
50 " of 100 DOLLARS is	5,000
100 " of 50 DOLLARS is	5,000
200 " of 30 DOLLARS is	6,000
300 " of 20 DOLLARS is	6,000
300 " of 15 DOLLARS is	4,500
6,000 " of 9 DOLLARS is	54,000
6,000 " of 5 DOLLARS is	30,000
6,000 " of 3 50 is	21,000

18,320 Prizes, amounting to \$157,500.

MODE OF DRAWING:

This Scheme, formed by the Terminating-Figure System, has 60,000 Tickets, numbered from 1 to 60,000 inclusive. On the day of drawing, the 60,000 numbers will be put into one wheel, and all the prizes above the denomination of \$9 in another; they will be drawn out alternately, first a number and then a prize, until all the prizes are drawn. The Prizes of \$9, \$5, and \$3 50 are disposed of in the following manner, viz: The 6000 Tickets terminating with the same figure that the first drawing number terminates with, will be entitled to \$9 each, and the 6000 Tickets terminating with the same figure that the next number drawn from the wheel terminates with, differing in its termination from that of the first, will be entitled to \$5 each, and the 6000 Tickets terminating with the same figure that terminates the next number drawn from the wheel, differing in its termination from the first and second, will be entitled to \$3 50 each.

EXAMPLE:

Suppose 2423 to be the first number drawn from the wheel; it terminating with figure 3, will entitle the 6000 tickets terminating with figure 3 to \$9 each. And suppose 32,567 to be the second number drawn from the wheel; then the 6000 tickets terminating with figure 7 will be entitled to \$5 each. And suppose 41,530 to be the third number drawn from the wheel; then the 6000 tickets terminating with the figure 0 will be entitled to \$3 50 each.

Every package of 10 tickets will embrace all the terminating figures from 1 to 0—so that the holder of a package of 10 tickets, as put up by the Managers, must draw one of each of the three smallest denominations of prizes, and may draw ten other prizes.

A package of 10 whole tickets will cost \$35 00 And must draw nett

\$20 12 1/2

Those who prefer adventuring for the large prizes only, can in this way, for \$20 12 1/2, get the Managers' Certificate for Ten Whole Tickets, entitling the holder to all the tickets may draw over \$13 7 1/2, that being the amount that the package must draw of necessity—say

A certificate for a Package of 10 Whole tickets will be \$20 12 1/2

For 10 Half tickets, 10 00 1/2

For 10 Quarter tickets, 5 00

All Orders from a distance, by mail (post-paid) or by private conveyance, enclosing the cash or prize-tickets in our previous Lotteries, will receive the most prompt attention, if addressed to STEVENSON & POINTS, Salisbury; and an account of the drawing will be forwarded immediately after its event.

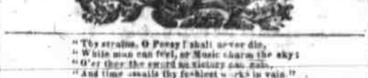
Whole Tickets, \$3 50

Halves, 1 75

Quarters, 8 8 1/2

Stevenson & Points, Managers. Salisbury, Aug. 30, 1834.

Poetic Recess



I CANNOT LOVE THEE!
I cannot love thee! thou hast sought in vain
To win this icy bosom to be mine;
Love's bright illusion never can again
Shed its bless'd influence on this heart of mine.

Oh tell me not of happiness in store—
But nee not look to bright and joyous hours;
My hopes of bliss on earth have long been o'er—
A path of thorns is mine, unaid'd with flowers.

I cannot love thee—Memory will not part
From hopes that bloom'd in life's unclouded day;
These broken dreams still hang around my heart,
And cloud with darkness all my onward way.

I saw the wreath, that should have been my own,
Placed on another's finely polish'd brow;
The vow—another's voice, with silver tone,
Before the altar breathed that changeless vow.

I cannot love thee!—Oh, couldst thou but know
How my heart sickens at the very thought
Of being nigh to this cold world of woe,
But him—though false, yet ne'er, no ne'er forgot!

It may be that to think of him is wrong—
—That the past I might at once forget!
Would that his memory might not press so strong
Upon my heart!—too much I love him yet.

I cannot love thee now!—'tis all too late—
More than true friendship thou canst never claim;
The time is past—for it is woman's fate
To know but once Love's mild delicious flame!

VARIETY.

THE MOTHER.

"Earnestly did she strive to light up in their souls a pure and undying flame of love to their Creator, whose omniscient eye discerned every action—penetrated every recess of the heart; and told them, (the very soul of piety herself,) how much God loves little children, and rejoices at their obedience. Deep and lasting were the impressions produced upon himself and his little sisters; their hearts were united by the silver chains of affection, which have become more bright with the advance of life; and though all other early impressions have faded one by one, from the tablet of the memory, these alone, written upon the heart with the sunbeam of maternal piety, seemed to have defied the ravages of time. How congenial, how instructive, never varied her bosom, nor did her lips ever utter the tones of violent reproach; if disobeyed, the pious rebuke, that sat upon her majestic brow, stung and gauded, like a scorpion, in the heart of the offender. Love, kindness, reason, was the armour of her warfare. But she was rarely disobeyed; in being so pure, so full of sweetest love and godliness, by the sound of her voice, the light of her countenance, subdued every turbulent emotion, tuned every chord into kindred sympathy, and all delighted to anticipate her will. The very name of mother is music to the savage and the Christian ear; but when endowed with unfading virtues, the grandeur of pious love, moving in the very image of a saint, what sublime and solemn feelings thrill through the heart! The fount of sensibility is broken up, and streams of heavenly ether gush through every avenue of joyful and ecstatic bliss. From her early days, whatever the infelicity of the season, she was a faithful and constant attendant at the house of God; and the praises of her Redeemer, and the harps of Zion, were the sweetest harmony to her soul. It was not merely the exterior that assumed the semblance of devotion; but the workings of genuine faith, the fervent prayer and adoration of the heart sanctified by divine grace."

OLD CLOCKS.

I love to contemplate an old clock—one of those relics of by-gone time, that come down to us wrapt in veneration, telling their tale of simple yet touching interest. How erect and prim it stands in your corner, like some faded specimen of maiden antiquity! Its face bears evident marks of beauty—of beauty decayed, but not obliterated. It is plain that it has seen its best days, but equally evident is it that it was the pride and ornament of its day—survived among its companions. How many eyes have watched the even tenor of its way, as it moved on in the never ending, yet still beginning journey of the hours. Hours! ay, years have gone by, since that aged monitor of time first started on its course. And they who sat out with it, in the morning of life, whose motions were as active, and whose principle of vitality—if that may be called so, which animates a clock—were as strong—where are they? Do they yet linger in the walks of the village? Can they be seen under the old oak tree, or at the door of the cottage? I see them not there; yet there stands the old clock, clicking blithely and patiently as ever. The voice and footsteps are silent of those who journeyed up with it to the full period of a good old age. A new race has sprung up, long and far removed from the other; as they too watch the progress of the old clock, their hours are fleetly passing by, and time with them will soon be at a close. How impressive then the lesson taught by that old clock, and the simple inscription on its dial plate—"tempus fugit."

A New Partnership.—We announce to the public in general, and to our friends in particular, (as the advertisements have it,) that John J. Canan, one of the editors of this paper, entered into partnership, on Thursday the 17th inst., with Miss Margaret Davis, of this place. The terms of the contract were explained by the Rev. Morris M. Jones, and agreed to by the parties, in the presence of the requisite number of friends. All business relating to their mutual benefit will be hereafter carried on under the firm of J. J. Canan and Wife. [Ebensburg (Pa.) Spy.]

THE DUTCH WAGONER AND THE IRISH CARTER.

A Dutchman, with a Pennsylvania wagon and a strong team, yesterday met an Irish carter in Nassau street, opposite Dr. Spring's church, where the way is so cumbered up with piles of brick and other building materials, that it is impossible for two vehicles to pass each other. The Dutchman being very heavily laden, and his wagon unwieldy, tho't it belonged to the Irishman to back out; while the latter, having "only a bit of a small cart jib, and but one single horse foremost that," was of opinion that the Dutchman should give way. So there hey were, directly at odds.

"Wal, mishter garter," said the wagoner, "ere pe we, slung enough, pe wixt de bricks, de limpers, and all de rest of de lumpy ruppish, vat sinners up dish kroat wilmernish of a zity."

"Faith, sir, and ye're right, and so ye would be if ye was hanged jist; but ye're all in the wrong, intirely, to take up both sides of the strathewid ye're big lumberlin wagin as ye do. Pray be afther turin out, will ye?"

"Ye vool you!—don't you zee, mit an eye, plundt as you pe, dat de roadt ish all plockt us mit de ruppish?"

"See it! to be sure I do, and so might ary gintleman that had'n't an eye in his head. But that's no reason why ye should'n't turin out, is how."

"No reason!—why, you plunderting you, how gan I durm out offer all dish tumpert brick bats here, so high as de top of de meetin'-house, all put! you pack out you own zelf, and not drabble me."

"I'll not do it, then."

"Wal, just as you gan affort, mishter garter! Vor mine bart, I pe in no lurry; so I'll just pute mine horsesh, while you kits rity to pack out."

The Dutchman then very leisurely hung a basket of provender on the head of each of his horses; and, lighting his pipe with a flint and a steel, sat down to wait for the backing out of the Irishman.

This quite upset the philosophy of the carter. His Irish mercantility could not wait for the moving of the Dutch phlegm; and his team was too weak to venture upon running a tilt against that of his antagonist. The police, too, might presently be along; wherefore, he concluded it would be the cheapest way to back out, and leave the victory to the Dutchman.—[New York Transcript.]

[An extract from Dr. Clark.]

The single man is an atom in society; the married man is a small community within himself. The former is the centre of his own existence, and looks for himself to the world; the latter, on the other hand, makes a much more important part of the body social, and provides both for its support and continuance. The single man lives, and does good for himself only; the married man lives both for himself and the public. Both the State and the church of Christ are dependent on the married man—as from him, under God, the one hath subjects, the other members; while the single man is but an individual in either, and by-and-by will cease from both, and, having no posterity, is lost to the public forever. The marriage, therefore, far from being in a state of inferiority to the single man, is beyond him, out of the limits of comparison. He can do all the good the other can do, though, perhaps, sometimes in a different way; and he can do ten thousand goods that the other cannot possibly do. And therefore both himself and his state are to be preferred infinitely more than the other.

Pretty Good.—Tip was a tippler when we knew him. He was in the habit of lounging about one of the bar rooms, taking every opportunity to get liquor free of expense. It was his peculiar way, when a glass was mixed, and the back of the purchaser turned, to drain the glass, and slip slyly off. The hostler had called for a glass of brandy when Tip came in. He immediately thought of a trick, and left his brandy upon the bar, while he stepped to the door. On returning, he saw the glass empty, and exclaimed, "Brandy and opium enough to kill forty men! Who drank that poison I had prepared?" Tip was frightened; "I," stammered he, "You are a dead man," said Brush. "What shall I do?" said Tip. "Down with a pint of lamp oil," answered Brush—and down went the pint of lamp oil; and Tip not only got over the poison, but the tipping too.—Dunstable Telegraph.

Dancing.—Dancing is an amusement which was much more in vogue during the last century than the present. Our grandmothers used to make a business of it, although he it said, to their credit, that in those days the voluptuous waltz was unknown. In an old paper published in 1769, we perceive a notice of a marriage in New London, of a Daniel Shaw, of Marlborough, to Miss Grace Coit of Marlborough. It is stated that the young lady was as usual embellished with every qualification requisite to render a married life agreeable. On the evening succeeding the day of the marriage, a ball was given by the father of the bridegroom at his Mansion House, in New London, at which were present ninety-two of the principal ladies and gentlemen of the place, who by half-past 12 o'clock, when the company broke up, had danced ninety-two jigs, fifty two country dances, forty-five minuets, and seventeen horn pipes. The belles and beaux of this degenerated age would shrink from the idea of performing such a feat.—Boston Ad.

Russian Ladies.—The ladies east and sleep so much, that they early grow out of all shape and proportion; and among them, of course, this excessive corpulence is thought particularly charming. The common people, on seeing such a figure waddling along, generally exclaim in admiration, "How thick and beautiful she is!" They are almost all sneered and bedaubed with paint, even among the peasantry; and among the rich merchants' wives, jet black teeth are still esteemed a particular beauty.

Measures and Mrs.—Married at Washington, on the 17th instant, Mr. Josiah Peck, to Miss Aulalia Busckel.

NEW YORK POLICE.

The Pleasures of Wedlock.—This morning a well-dressed woman, calling herself Mary Callaghan, applied to the magistrate at the upper Police for a warrant against her husband, whom she accused of general ill-usage and neglect of his marriage duties; but as she could not explain to the satisfaction of the Justice the extent of the ill-usage, he refused the application. Resolved, however, on accomplishing her purpose, she hastened to the lower police office, and renewed her complaint with success. A warrant was granted against the husband, a domestic in the family of a reverend gentleman in St. Mark's place; and Collins, the officer, was deputed to serve it. In the mean time the magistrates having changed their stations, the parties appeared in the afternoon at the upper office, before the Justice who granted the process. The woman being desired to prefer her complaint, told the story of her wrongs in a torrent of words, which flowed with a rapidity that mocks description. The magistrate, who is one of the most precise of mortals, stared in perfect amazement, whilst the poor husband, as if in dread of consequences, gradually retreated from his loving rib until he reached the farthest end of the room. The tempest having attained its height, gradually subsided; and the lady, concluding her story, turned to the husband and, in the most coaxing tone, asked, "Isn't it all true, John, dear? But John, dear, was not to be coaxed, and kept at a respectful distance until by repeated invitations from the magistrate, he at length summoned courage enough to advance.

Well Callaghan, said the Judge, what have you to answer to this charge?"

Callaghan—Sure I've enough, and more than enough to answer. Me wife, that is Mrs. Callaghan, when she fits on her, lades me the devil's own life.

Mrs. C.—John, dear—he aisey.

Callaghan—Do all that I can, your honor, there's no plawing her.

Mrs. C.—(Groaning) Och howe.

Callaghan—We had a comfortable house and plenty to ate, but she made the one too hot to hold us, and the other she always spoiled in the cooking, till at last she druv me clean out.

Mrs. C.—Dacency, John ma Bouchel, dacency.

Callaghan—I made money by me business; but what's money without comfort; so I went to service, and its even there she won't lave me alone.

Mrs. C.—(her anger rising) Lave ye none? haven't ye left me alone and taken up with serving maids and the likes of this! Answer me that, you creature.

Justice—Woman, recollect where you are.

Callaghan—All jealousy and temper, your honor. It was quolly this morning that she came, and smashed the winders, and kicked up the devil's own row, until I let her in; and then, what does she do, but opens me trunk and me bank book and tuck out twenty-two dollars.

Mrs. C.—(fugiously.) And if I did, what's that to you. I suppose you want it for your fine ladies.

Judge—(rapping with his rule on the desk.) Silence, woman.

Mrs. C.—Divil turn the silence I'll kape 'till I have me done.

Callaghan—(entreatingly.) Biddy, hold your tongue.

Mrs. C.—(foaming with rage.) Not for the like of you, so blaguard. I'll tache ye to denance yourself wid undecency to your lawful wife. And so saying, Mrs. Callaghan, with the violence of a fury, pitched into her unfortunate husband right and left, punnelling him in a most unmerciful manner.

The affrighted officers fled different ways, some jumped on the benches, others ran to the door. In vain the magistrate rapped with his ruler, exclaiming, "Woman be quiet, have you no respect for this place!—Officers separate them."

All this while Mrs. C. was exercising her fists on the carcass of her liege lord, until at length Collins and another officer plucked up courage enough to force the virago from her interesting victim.

Judge—Callaghan, make affidavit to this outrage, and I'll punish her.

Callaghan—No, Sir, I can't do that;—I don't wish to have her hurt.

Judge—Very well, but she shall not escape so easily. Mr. Collins, do you make the affidavit of this breach of the peace.

In obedience to this mandate, Collins subscribed the necessary affidavit, and the pugacious lady was consigned to merited imprisonment.

Female Independence.—A young lady, named Miss Green, on the 4th of July last delivered an oration in Augusta, Maine. She concluded her remarks in the following spirited strain:

"If I shall have been so happy as to gain the approbation of those for whose sake I have so far departed from the strict limit which ancient prejudices have long prescribed to our sex, I shall be amply repaid for all the sneers of witlings and fools.

[Cheers.]—I have been only desirous of winning the approving smile of the nobler sex for my sentiments, not for myself; and I say unto you, lords of creation, as you call yourselves, if you doubt my sincerity—I proclaim it here in the face of all Augusta, now assembled around me, and you may believe me or not, as you please—that there is not one among you, Tom, Dick, or Harry, that I would give a brass thimble to call "husband," to-morrow!"

A New York paper, in speaking of the ladies' dresses of the present fashion, says they are like the Dutchman's rope, "too short at both ends."

MISSIONARY MEETING.

Seven missionaries, being about to embark for this city for Suva during the present week, received their instructions on Sabbath evening, in the Essex-street Church. The house was full, and the services were very interesting and impressive. The instructions were read by the Rev. Mr. Wismer, one of the Secretaries of the American Board of Foreign Missions. Addresses were made by the Rev. Mr. Winslow, late Missionary to Ceylon, and Rev. Dr. Beecher; introductory prayer by the Rev. Dr. Jenks. Mr. Winslow's address was specially to the Missionaries, and was highly practical and to the point. He bade them discard all romantic ideas, and to expect discouragement and disappointment; cautioned them against intolerance and self-confidence; and inculcated the virtues of humility, unity of spirit, cheerfulness, faith, patience, and perseverance. All his remarks were delivered in an affectionate manner, and an experience of fifteen years abundantly qualified him to point out the difficulties of missionary life. Dr. Beecher remarked, that infidels reasoned correctly upon human principles, that we should not convert the world by sending out a few Missionaries, but they left out of view the Holy Ghost, which was promised by our Redeemer. The power of God was with the feeble arm of the solitary Missionary. He dwelt much upon the success which had crowned the cause, the revivals of religion at Missionary stations and at home, since the first five Missionaries were sent from this country. We had taken care of home, too, and had received back with interest the blessings we had poured upon foreign shores.

The Missionaries are Rev. John B. Adger and wife, of South Carolina; Rev. Samuel R. Houston and wife, of Virginia; Rev. Lorenzo W. Pease and wife, of the State of New York; and Rev. James L. Merrick, a native of Massachusetts. Mr. Merrick is designated to the Mahomedan of Persia, Mr. Adger to the Armenians, to reside at Smyrna or Constantinople; Mr. Houston and Mr. Pease to the Greeks; the former to be stationed on the island of Scio, the latter on the island of Cyprus. They sail to-morrow in the brig Padang, for Suva. —Boston Commercial.

Magic of a name.—What romantically has not wept over the fate of Charlotte and Werter! The very name of Charlotte is replete with sentiment, but did curiosity ever prompt thee to ask the name of the heroine? Goethe, who wrote the "Sorrows of Werter," has revealed the secret in the memoirs of his own life. Her name was Bump! Charlotte Bump! Here is an end to the romance of it, and what a puppy Werter must have been to blow out his brains for a girl named Charlotte Bump!

No Ear for Music.—A bachelor of Woonsocket Falls, R. I., after descending on the evils of carrying infants to meeting, which he considers all but an unpardonable sin, thus expresses his abhorrence of the cries of the child: "I can stand firm and face a hurricane; I can brook the tempest and listen to the roar of an earthquake, but old ladies deliver me from the cry of sucklings in the house of God!"

The New York Sun says: "There is an old lady, now in this city, who sells peck-outs and apples at the corner of the street, who was once the wife of a wholesale dealer in Pearl street, whose property was estimated at two hundred thousand dollars. A rare lesson this to the sons and daughters of pride, who put a false estimate on the value of riches."

A tailor in Virginia has discovered a plan of making coats without the usual seam in the back, which are said to fit better than those having the regular seams.

Valuable Lands, Houses, &c. IN THE MARKET.

THE Subscriber, having determined on moving to the West during the ensuing fall or winter, wishes to sell

THE TRACT OF LAND

on which he now resides, four miles west of Salisbury, on the Beattie's Ford road, containing

455 Acres.

40 or 50 acres of which are freshly cleared. There is also on the premises an excellent DWELLING-HOUSE, together with all the necessary out-buildings—new Crib, Stables, &c. The place is an excellent stand for a House of Entertainment.

ALSO FOR SALE, Another Tract of Land,

Lying on both sides of Grant's Creek, six miles southwest of Salisbury,

Containing 507 Acres.

From 150 to 200 Acres are cleared, about 20 of which is excellent Meadow in good order. There is also a good DWELLING-HOUSE on the land, a Barn, and other out-buildings. Terms will be made accommodating to any one wishing to purchase.

Any one desiring to see the Property, will please call on the Subscriber, living four miles from Salisbury, on the road to Beattie's Ford.

There will also be Sold, at public auction, On Tuesday, the 21st day of October, ON THE ABOVE PREMISES,

A quantity of HAY, FODDER, &c.; GRAIN of all kinds; STOCK of all kinds; All my Plantation Utensils;

Together with various other articles, too tedious to mention. Terms made known on the day of sale. MATTHEW B. LOCKE.

N.B. Should the above tracts of Land not be disposed of before the 21st day of October, they will also be sold on that day, to the highest bidder. M. B. LOCKE.

September 6, 1834.