

# THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

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



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Salisbury, Rowan County, N. C.

Saturday, September 27, 1834.

## Eligible Situations For Farmers, Stores, Private Residences, &c., FOR SALE.

Intending to remove to the West, I will dispose of the following PROPERTY, consisting of  
**Lands in Lincoln County,**  
AND  
**Lots in Lincolnton,**

**A Plantation, containing 264 Acres,**  
on the waters of Clark's Creek, 8 or 9 miles north of Lincolnton, a good proportion under cultivation; including a  
**DWELLING-HOUSE**  
and other out-houses, a fine  
**ORCHARD, &c.**  
The soil of this Land is not inferior to any in the County, and is situated in a good neighborhood for a Store.

—ALSO—  
**THREE TRACTS,**  
Adjoining the above—one of 200, one of 159, and the other of 130 ACRES;  
TWO OF WHICH HAVE  
**DWELLING-HOUSES,**  
All the above tracts have a fine proportion of meadow, bottom, and upland. They will be sold separate or together.

—ALSO—  
**ANOTHER TRACT,**  
About two miles from the above, on the waters of Allen's Creek,  
**Containing 150 Acres.**  
Principally well timbered with Pine, and would be a desirable appendage to either or all of the above farming Lands.

—ALSO—  
**THE PLANTATION**  
Whereon I now live, about half a mile from Lincolnton, on the South Fork of Catawba, containing  
**Upwards of 200 Acres.**

This tract is beautifully situated, being nearly surrounded by the river, and in view of the village. From the nature of the soil, and the situation, this plantation produces equally well in a wet or a dry season.  
It is improved with  
**A Comfortable DWELLING,**  
**Out-Houses, Barns, Crib, Stables, &c.;**  
**A Distillery on an improved plan;**  
**A first rate Tan-Yard, &c.**

—ALSO—  
**About 600 Acres,**  
On Indian Creek, five or ten miles from Lincolnton, on the Morganton road, including a good shoal for a Saw-Mill or other Machinery. This Tract will afford a large quantity of Meadow and Arable Land, and a good range for cattle, hogs, sheep, &c.

—ALSO—  
**A SMALL TRACT,**  
About one and a half miles east of Lincolnton—part under cultivation, and part woodland.

—ALSO—  
**Six Lots in Lincolnton,**  
TO WIT:

**Lot No. 1,** Northeast Square—situated in the best situation in the place for business, being immediately in front of the Courthouse, on the corner of Main Street and Public Square—includes a **DWELLING** and **Out-Houses, a STORE-HOUSE, several SHOPS, OFFICES, &c. &c.**, which bring in a handsome yearly rent;

**LOT No. 13,** back of and near to the above;  
**Lots Nos. 17, 14, 15, 16,** in the South-west Square—all in good fence, and under cultivation.

By applying to me, or my son JOHN D. HOKE, at Lincolnton, the terms can be known—they will be made easy.  
**DANIEL HOKE,**  
Lincolnton, September 20, 1834.

—Mills and Land for Sale—  
The Subscriber, intending to move, offers for sale,  
**A Good Tract of Land,**  
On Hunting Creek, in the County of Iredell, about 4 miles northeast of Statesville. There are  
**About 250 Acres**  
In the Tract, and on the premises are a good

**Grist-Mill, Saw-Mill & Cotton-Gin,**  
together with a new unfinished  
**FRAME DWELLING-HOUSE**  
and **Out-Houses.**  
The situation is healthy, and the water excellent. Further particulars are deemed unnecessary, as it is presumed that any one wishing to purchase such valuable property would wish to see it for himself before trading.

The terms can be ascertained by directing a letter to the Subscriber, at County-Lane Post Office, Rowan County.  
**WARNER BROWN,**  
September 20, 1834.

**SALISBURY**  
**Female Seminary.**  
THE EXERCISES OF THIS INSTITUTION WILL BE RESUMED ON THE 1st OF OCTOBER.

THE price of Tuition per session, (5 months), is \$10 50—Drawing and Painting, \$10—Music, \$20—payable in advance.  
**BENJ. COTTRELL,**  
Salisbury, Aug. 9, 1834. Principal.

## Poetic Recess

—The strains of Poesy shall never die,  
—While man can feel, or Music charm the sky;  
—Where there is art, or in a victor's eye,  
—And there shall be the best work of a man.

STANZAS.  
BY REV. W. G. PEABODY.

I love the memory of that hour  
When first in youth I found thee;  
For infant beauty gently threw  
A morning freshness round thee;  
A single star was rising then,  
With mild and lovely motion;  
And scarce the zephyr's gentle breath  
Went o'er the sleeping ocean.

I love the memory of that hour—  
It wakes a pensive feeling,  
As when within the winding shell  
The playful winds are stealing;  
It tells my heart of those bright years  
Ere hope went down in sorrow,  
When all the joys of yesterday  
Were painted on to-morrow.

Where art thou now! Thy once loved flowers  
Their yellow leaves are twining,  
And bright and beautiful again  
That single star is shining;  
But where art thou! The bonied grass  
A dewy stone discloses,  
And love's bright footsteps print the ground  
Where all our foot-prints repose.

Farewell! my tears are not for thee—  
—'Tis a weakness to deplore thee,  
Or sadly mourn thine absence here,  
While angels hark and adore thee.  
Thy days were few and quickly told,  
—Thy short and mournful story  
Hath ended like the morning star,  
That melts in deeper glory.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE  
**N. Carolina Rail-Road!!**

## LOTTERY OFFICE In Fayetteville, N. C.

WHERE Tickets can be had in almost all the Lotteries drawn in the United States, either by the single Ticket or in Packages put up with one of the numbers on each ticket composing the numbers by which the prizes in the scheme are ascertained—thereby insuring to the purchaser of a package a certain amount of prizes, nearly equal to one-half of the cost of the package.

THE RAILROAD WILL BE ALLOWED A COMMISSION ON THE SALES OF ALL TICKETS SOLD AT THE FAYETTEVILLE OFFICE OF ITS AGENTS, in any Lottery drawn by YATES & MCINTYRE.

The drawings of the Lotteries in which Tickets are sold, and of others, will be regularly received at this Office, (Fayetteville), and published in the "Western Carolinian," and "Carolina Watchman," Salisbury. Packages of Wholes, Halves, or Quarters, will be sent by mail, to order.

Customers wishing packages who will remit one-half the price thereof in cash, shall receive, in return, a certified copy of such package, containing an exact list of the combination numbers; they shall also receive the earliest information of the drawings, &c.  
Prizes paid at this Office, or its Agencies.  
**YATES & MCINTYRE, Managers.**  
**James Sea well, AGENT.**  
Fayetteville, September 13, 1834.

## IMPORTANT SALE.

The Subscriber, intending to leave this part of the country, will sell, to the highest bidder,  
**On TUESDAY the 7th day of OCTOBER next,**  
**The following Property,**

**150 Acres of Land,** well improved and well watered, in the Thistler Settlement, adjoining John McConaughy's, Mrs. Henderson's, Samuel Miller's, and the Thistler Church land. There is a good meadow on the land, and more to clear—  
**A good DWELLING-HOUSE, Barn, and other Out-Houses.**  
At the same time, I will also sell  
All my Crop, consisting of Corn, Cotton, Hay, Fodder, &c.; all my Household and Kitchen Furniture; and all my stock of Cattle, Hogs, & Sheep. Terms will be made known on the day of sale.  
**GEORGE LINGLE.**  
Rowan, Sept. 20, 1834.

## PROSPECTUS OF THE Southern Christian Herald.

THIS paper is published weekly, in the town of Columbia, (S. C.) Its great and leading object is to promote, defend, and sustain the Christian Religion in all its forms, in its principles, in the Doctrines, Church Order, and Ecclesiastical Policy, of the Presbyterian Church—particularly regarding the interests of the Church in the Southern States. It shall inculcate the high and holy standard of Christian Morality.

In order to render it as extensively useful as possible, consistent with its main design, it shall appropriate a portion of its columns to Literary, Scientific, and Political subjects—but without entering into the party discussions of the day.  
In general, its object is to do good to all men, by improving the mind and the heart; advancing the best interests of society, and promoting the glory of God.

TERMS.—The Christian Herald is published on an imperial sheet, at \$3 per annum, payable in advance, or \$3 50 if not paid before the end of the year.  
Columbia, Sept. 20, 1834.—3t

## NOTICE.

ALL persons having occasion to write to the subscriber, Sheriff of Lincoln County, are requested to direct to "**Mountain Creek Post-Office, Lincoln County.**"—And all who write on their own business will please to PAY THE POSTAGE.  
**THOMAS WARD,**  
Lincoln Co., Sept. 20, 1834.

**Handbills, Circulars, Cards, &c.**  
Neatly Printed at this Office.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New English Galaxy.

### HUMAN LIFE, OR THE FIRST AND LAST MINUTE.

**Minutes pass.**—The anxious husband paces slowly across his study. He is a father, a man child is born unto him. Minutes pass—the child has been blessed by a parent, whom it cannot recognize, and pressed to that bosom to which instinct alone guides for sustenance—the young wife too has faintly answered to a husband's questions, and felt his warm kiss on her forehead.

**Hours pass.**—The low moaning from the closely covered cradle, tells of the first wants of its occupant. The quiet tread of the nurse, speaks of suffering around her; while her glad countenance says that the very suffering which she is trying to alleviate, is a source of joy; and the nameless articles, which from time to time she arranges on the hearth, tell of a new claimant for the courtesies and attentions of those who have progressed further on the pathway of existence.

**Days pass.**—Visitors are thronging the chamber, and the mother, pale and interesting after her recent sickness, is receiving their congratulations, and listening proudly to their praises of the little treasure which lies asleep in its rocking bed at her feet.—The scene shifts, and the father is there with her alone, as the twilight deepens about them, while they are planning the future destiny of their child.

**Weeks pass.**—The eyes of the young mother are sparkling with love, and the rose blooms again on her cheek, and the cares of pleasure and home engage her attention, and the father is once more nungling with the world; yet they find many opportunities each day to visit the young inheritor of life; to watch over his dreamless slumber; to trace each other's looks in his countenance, and to ponder upon the felicity of which he is the heir to them.

**Months pass.**—The cradle is deserted. But the chamber floor is strewn with play things, and there is a little one loitering among them, whose half-ispiced words, and hearty laugh, and sunny countenance, tell you that the entrance into life is over a pathway of flowers. The cradle is empty, but the last prayers of the parents are uttered over the small crib which stands by their own bedside, and their latest attention is given to the peaceful breathings of its occupant.

**Years pass.**—Childhood has strengthened into boyhood, and gambled along into manhood. Old conversations are broken—parents are sleeping in their graves—new intimacies are formed—a new home is about him, new cares distract. He is abroad, struggling amid the business of life, or resting from it with those whom he has chosen from his own generation. Time is beginning to wrinkle his forehead, and thought has robbed his looks of their gaiety, and study has dimmed his eyes. Those who began life after he had grown up are fast crowding him out of it, and there are many claimants upon his industry and love for protection and support.

**Years pass.**—His own children have become men, and are quitting him, as he also quitted the home of his fathers. His steps have lost their elasticity—his hand has become familiar with his cane, to which he is obliged to trust in his walks. He has left the bustle which fatigued him. He looks anxiously in each-day's paper among the deaths—and then ponders over the name of an old friend, and tries to persuade himself that he is younger, stronger, and has a better hold upon life, than any of his contemporaries.

**Months pass.**—He gradually diminishes the circle of his activity. He dislikes to go abroad where he finds so many new faces; and he grieves to meet his former companions after a short absence, they seem to have grown so old and infirm. Quiet enjoyments only are relished—a little conversation about old times—a sober game at whist—a religious treatise,—and early bed,—form for him the sum total of his pleasure.

**Weeks pass.**—Infirmary keeps him in his chamber. His walks are limited to the small space between his easy chair and his bed. His swollen limbs are wrapped in flannels. His sight is failing—his ears refuse their duty, and his cup is but half-filled, since otherwise his shaking hands cannot carry it to his shrunk lips, without spilling its contents. His powers are weakened—his faculties are dimmed—his strength is lost.

**Days pass.**—The old man does not leave his bed—his memory is failing—he talks, but cannot be understood—he asks questions, but they relate to the transactions of a former generation—he speaks of concurrences, but the recollection of no one around him can go back to their scenes—he seems to converse with comrades, but when he names them it is found that the waters of time and oblivion have covered their tombs.

**Hours pass.**—The taper grows dimmer and dimmer—the machinery moves yet more and more slowly—the sands are fewer as they measure the allotted span. The motion of those about him is unheeded, or becomes a vexation. Each fresh inquiry after his health is a knell. The springs of life can no longer force on its wheels—the "silver cord" is fast unwinding—the pitcher is broken at the fountain—and time "is a barthen." His children are about him, but he heeds them not—his friends are near, but he does not recognize them. The circle is completed. The course is run, and utter weakness brings the damp which ushers in the night of death.

**Minutes pass.**—His breathing grows softer and lower—his pulse beats fainter and feebler. Those around him are listening, but cannot tell when they cease. The embers are burnt out—and the flame flashes not before it expires. His "three-score years and ten" are numbered. Human life "is finished."

The number of emigrants for America, which sailed from Liverpool, during the quarter ending July 1st, was 11,625.

## GIN TEMPLES.

The expenses incurred in fitting up gin-shop bars in London is almost incredible; every one trying to vie with his neighbour in convenient arrangements, general display, rich carving, brass work, finely veined mahogany, gilding, and ornamental painting. The carving of one ornament alone in the Grapes gin-shop, old street road, cost 100l.; the workmanship was by one of the first carvers of wood in London. Three gin shops have been lately fitted up in Red Lion street, at the expense for the bar alone of upwards of 2000l. Time was when gin was only to be found in by-lanes, and blind alleys—in dirty obscure holes, yelp'd dram shops; but now gin is become a giant demigod, a mighty spirit, dwelling in gaudy gold beplastered temples, erected to his honour in every street, and worshipped by countless thousands, who daily sacrifice at his shrine their health, their strength, their money, their minds, their bodies, wives, children, sacred home, and liberty. Juggernaut is but a fool to him—for the devotees of Juggernaut, though they put themselves into the way of being crushed to death beneath his chariot wheels, are put out of their misery at once; but the devotees of the great spirit-gin, devote themselves to lingering misery—for his sake they are contented to drag on a degraded, nasty existence—to see their children pine, dwindle, and famish, to steep themselves in poverty to the very lips, and die at last, poor, sneaking, head-kicked, grael-swain paupers! In these temples of the great gin-spirit, may be seen maudlin, unwashed old men, the ancient and infant of a span long, old ladies and maidens, grandmothers and grandams, fathers and mothers, husbands, wives, and children, crowding, jostling, and sucking in the portions of the spirit which the floating prestresses dole out to them in return for their copper offerings.—Sunday in London.

## SINGULAR ATTACK AND RESCUE.

A singular encounter was observed to take place between a sparrow-hawk and a wood-pigeon, on Tuesday the 19th instant, in Western Pleas-garden. After the hawk had struck his quarry, both birds mounted, in close conflict, into the air, where they had a desperate struggle for some time; the poor cushat's feathers flying like chaff before the wind. The hawk seemed at length to strike his talons deep into the sides of his poor victim, for it began to scream most lustily, and must have speedily sunk under the unequal conflict, had not the cries of distress attracted the attention of a few crows, who had been taking their morning flight in search of breakfast. Seeing that the pigeon was struggling with a common enemy, they generously flew with all their might to the scene of action, crowding and cawing at a pitch that most have dismayed a less dauntless heart than that of our hero. He stood the onset firmly for some time, but his opponents were too numerous, and fell upon him so lustily, that he was speedily compelled to resign his victim, take to his wings, and fly away. This being an exercise in which none of his antagonists could match him, and in which numbers gave them no advantage, he was soon out of sight, leaving the poor pigeon seemingly nothing the worse, except what arose from alarm, and the disorder of its plumage; for the person who had witnessed this singular attack and rescue; had the pleasure of seeing the pigeon fly away in security towards its favorite retreat, in a neighboring wood. With no part, however, of the conflict, was he more amused than that which arose from the conduct of a parcel of magpies, who were attracted to the spot by the struggles and cries of the combatant. They collected on the trees beneath the scene of action, from whence they continued to pour out their noisy threats in most valorous clamor towards the common enemy; but, as sometimes happens with more noble birds, their valour was dissipated in empty threats; for, though they seemed by their chatter to be mightily pleased with the gallant behaviour of the crows, they took good care not to risk a feather in the cause.—Sterling Journal.

## MATERNAL HEROISM.

On the 17th of January, 1786, a party of Indians killed George Mason, at Flat Creek, about twelve miles from Knoxville, Tennessee. During the night he heard a noise at his stable, and stopped out to ascertain the cause, and the Indians coming between him and the door, intercepted his return. He fled, but was fired upon, and wounded. He reached a cave, about a quarter of a mile from his house, out of which, already weltering in blood, he was dragged and murdered. Having done this, they returned to the house to despatch his wife and child. Mrs. Mason, unconscious of the fate of her husband, heard them talking to each other as they approached the house. At first, she was delighted with the hope that her neighbors, aroused by the firing, had come to her assistance. But perceiving that the conversation was neither in English nor German, the language of her neighbors, she instantly inferred that they were savages coming to attack the house.

The heroine had, that very morning, learned how the double trigger of a rifle was set. Fortunately, the children were not awakened by the firing, and she took care not to awaken them.—She shut the door, and barred it with benches and tables; and took down the well charged rifle of her husband. She placed herself directly opposite the opening which would be made by forcing the door. Her husband came not, and she was but too well aware that he was slain. She was alone in darkness. The yelling savages were, without pressing upon the door. She took counsel from her own magnanimity, heightened by affection for her children, that were sleeping unconsciously around her. The Indians, pushing with great violence, gradually opened the door sufficiently wide to attempt an entrance. The body of one was thrust into the opening, and just filled it. He was struggling for admittance. Two or three, more directly behind him, were propelling him forward. She set the trigger of the rifle, put the muzzle near the fore of it, and in such a direction that the ball,

after passing through his body, would penetrate those behind. She fired. The first Indian fell; the next one uttered the scream of mortal agony. This intrepid woman saw the policy of profound silence. She observed it. The Indians in consequence were led to believe that armed men were in the house. They withdrew from the house, took three horses from the stable, and set it on fire. It was afterwards ascertained, that this high-minded widow had saved herself and children from the attack of twenty-five assailants.—Buffalo N. Y. Literary Enquirer.

From the New Haven Herald.

## A GLANCE AT THE UNITED STATES SENATE

Mr. Editor—as every one wishes to know something of the Lions at Washington, I shall attempt to give you some outline of them. Fortunately, I am in the Reporter's box of the Senate, and the subjects are all placed in the most favorable light.

First of all, is old Harry Clay—old in reputation, though not so in age. There he sits, afar off to the right, behind Daniel Webster, whose noble forehead reminds one of an old Roman castle, armed with veteran troops, and impregnable to all the assaults of the enemy—there he is, tall and majestic—perhaps, however, I should not have said majestic, since his feet are carelessly resting upon his desk. Various printed reports are under them; no great sign, I fancy, of the value he puts upon them. What a lofty forehead he has! with the eye, the nose, the cheek bones, of an Indian Prophet. His hands are clasped—his brow fixed, and, with his chin resting on his breast, he is ruminating some great national question. I like his mouth prodigiously—in fact it is a prodigious mouth—as wide and as smooth as a Connecticut clam-shell; and then it contains within it words as smooth and as slippery as a clam-shell's meat. Ah! something has brought him to his feet. "Mr. President!" What a soft, silvery, simple utterance, he gives the word. What a fine six foot figured fellow! His gestures too so natural—now lifting them with an easy motion to his head, and now they meet like his conclusion, in one concentrated point. But he is only suggesting to the Senate—the question before it is not one of great moment—else Harry would do the business in quite a different style. If the honor, the reputation, the interest, of the country were at stake, he would make you feel every sort of way—from the maddened indignation of the soul, down to the calm sunshine of the heart. To use one of his images, he would cease to crawl along with the small like progress of the sluggish Mississippi craftsman, waiting at a tide and wind—but, superior to both, like the noble steambot, dashing from its port every impediment, he would bear down all opposition. Harry Clay is truly a great man; and if we speak of him as an orator, he certainly stands at the head of the American catalogue. When I say this, I lose none of my veneration for Patrick Henry. That man, I grant, spoke with a voice sweeter than music—in words as pure and as true as inspiration—but they were the words of liberty—and no lips warmed with coals from her altar could fail to have uttered them. It was easy then to be a patriot, and still easier to proclaim patriotic sentiments—but in this day—no, I will not express myself—enough is it, that we have such men as Henry Clay—and the Republic is always safe.

Those men who suppose him a great politician, have widely mistaken him—I mean politician as it is now taken—with all its trickery and time-serving. He is too frank for such. He attempted to act the part once, but came near being hissed from the stage. If Henry Clay lives at all with posterity (and I do not make this a possibility) it must be as the first of our statesmen-orators—as the man who was idolized by his friends, and honored by those who, differing from him, have been improperly called his enemies.

Just before Harry, I have placed the Hon. Daniel Webster. I can't nick-name him.—Even his name is too cold and terrible to sport with.—There is nothing of perianth or gentleness in his countenance; if you love it at all, 'tis only that love which superior abilities inspire. I have said that his head reminds one of an old Roman castle. If you could point from them two spears dipped in poison, with the black fangs of death placed above, they would somewhat resemble his darkened brows and furious eyes when provoked to combat. Then, too, is that unearthly smile of his—always attending his sarcasms, which, as an orator of the other house has well said, are like the emanations of the spirit of the icy ocean—they are frozen mercy, becoming as caustic as red hot iron. If the Massachusetts Senator never warms you with his fancy, he never fails to delight. His mind is a book of well selected problems, which he demonstrates and arranges in a structure as beautiful as the very capital in which he thunders. Nature has cut him out, body and soul, for the forum, and if this government ever places him in his proper sphere, it will be at the head of our judiciary, illuminating it by his various accomplishments and profound logical attainments.

Immediately before Webster, on the opposite side of the Senate, sits Calhoun. If you notice that peculiar forehead of his, with the stiff grizzly hair which stands up above it, you will never after miss his likeness.—He is the greatest man in conversation you ever listened to. He is up, if he had not such a slouch in his shoulders, he would be at least six feet high. But he wears the helmet of Minerva, and that, of itself, is enough to make him stoop. He has, (as is always his manner) caught the eye of Webster, and is laying off his argument to him. His long slim finger, how pointedly it shakes—his mouth, how it goes—and his eye—that eye, which every one marks as such a peculiar feature—how it searches, as the eagle does the hawk when about to rob it of its prey. There now, he has been too rapid—the Massachusetts man has lost him. He perceives his fault—he repeats his proposition, "do you observe, sir? am I right? It is self-evident!! Again they are on the same track. What a cloud of thought on Webster's