

THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

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



Number from the beginning, 748: No. 18 OF THE XVth VOLUME.

Salisbury, Rowan County, N. C.

Saturday, October 4, 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, \$5—payable in advance.

BENJ. COTTRELL, Principal.

Mills and Land for Sale.

The Subscriber, intending to move, offers for sale, A Good Tract of Land,

Planting Creek, in the County of Iredell, about 15 miles northeast of Statesville. There are About 250 Acres

in the Tract, and on the premises are a good 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 letters to the Subscriber, at County-Line Post Office, Rowan County.

WARNER BROWN, 3rd

Eligible Situations

For Farmers, Store, Private Residences, &c.,

FOR SALE.

Should I 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 preparation under cultivation; including a

DWELLING-HOUSE and other out-houses, a fine ORCHARD, &c.

One of this Land is not inferior to any in the County, and is situated in a good neighborhood for a Store.

—ALSO—

THREE TRACTS,

comprising the above—one of 200, one of 159, and the other of 130 ACRES:

—ALSO—

DWELLING-HOUSES,

All the above tracts have a fine proportion of meadow, bottom, and upland. They will be sold separately or together.

—ALSO—

ANOTHER TRACT,

about 2 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 of all 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 800 Acres.

This tract is beautifully situated, being nearly surrounded by the river, and in view of the village. 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 Dwelling-House, 12 Cribbs, Stables, &c.; A Distillery on an improved plan;

A first rate Tannery, &c.

—ALSO—

About 600 Acres,

on Indian Creek, nine or ten miles from Lincolnton, on the Morganton road, including a good tract of 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, North-east Square—decidedly the best place 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, &c. &c. several SHOPS, OFFICES, &c. &c., which is in a handsome yearly rent.

LOT No. 15, back of and near to the above.

LOTS Nos. 13, 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 30, 1834. 3

Poetic



Recess

TIME

Hide not the lingering hours of life,
Its toils will soon be o'er;
Its schemes of glory and of strife,
Its dreams with disappointment's rail,
Will vex the heart no more—
And yet the very souls that grieve
A moment's weary track;
Perhaps in after years would give
A world—to win it back.

Hide not the lingering hours of Time,
Nor count its moments vain;
For soon the bell, with mournful chime,
Will waite the spirit to its claim—
More bright and beautiful—
A land where grief will never sting
Its darkness on the soul;
Where faith and hope shall gladly wing
Their path without control.

Hide not Time's slow and silent hours,
Though heavy they may seem;
The past hath sought oblivion's source—
The present, which alone is ours,
Is passing like a dream;
And they who scornfully laugh its track,
Or wish its course more fast,
With fruitless prayer may yet call back
One moment of the past.

Hide not a moment's weary flight,
Too soon it speeds away;
And nearer brings the hour of night—
And dimmer makes the feeble light—
Then work while yet 'tis day!
This still life's morning ray depart,
What then can we rely on?
And death shall gleam on the heart,
When Life's bright sun hath set.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might have wept for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be;
It never through my mind had passed
The time would e'er be there.

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain!
But when I speak thou dost not say
What thou'rt ne'er left unsaid;
And now I feel as well I say,
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene,
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been,
Whate'er thy will, bleak cold, I have,
Thou'rt e'en as well as e'er.

Ed there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone!
I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I perhaps may soothe thy heart
In thinking of thee;

VARIETY.

THE ASSASSIN OF SMOLENSKO.

The following dreadful event lately occurred in the neighborhood of Smolensko, in Russia. The owner of a lonely cottage being out on the chase, a beggar, to all appearance old and weak, entered in at noon-day, and asked alms of the woman who was at home with only her two young children. The kind-hearted woman invites him to rest himself, while she goes out to get something for him to eat and drink. After the beggar had satisfied his hunger, he, to the no small astonishment of the woman, assumed a different language, and with a threatening voice, demanded the money, which he knew, he said, her husband had in the house. The wretch rushing to her with a huge broad-knife to force her to acknowledge where it was deposited, she declared herself ready to give him what money she had, and for this purpose mounted a ladder to a trap door leading to the loft above. As soon as she had mounted, she drew up the ladder after her, so that it was impossible for him to get at her. Finding that she disregarded his demands, he seized the two children, and swore he would either kill or maim them, if she did not immediately come down and deliver him the money as she had promised. The woman, however, remained in the loft, and endeavored to force a hole through the thatch and call for help. While she was thus employed, the monster cut off the children's ears and noses; and at last killed the poor maimed innocents, scornfully proclaiming to the mother the murder he had committed. The latter having, with great exertions, made a hole in the roof, called aloud for help. Her cries were heard by an officer who was passing by in an open carriage, who sent his servant (while he remained sitting in the carriage) to inquire what was the matter. The servant hastened to the spot, but on entering the cottage was met by the murderer, who plunged the knife in his heart, so that he fell and expired without a groan. The officer, surprised at his delay, went himself to the cottage, where, perceiving the horrid scene, he attempted to step the flight of the murderer, and with his sabre cut off all the fingers of his right hand, but was not able to hinder him from embracing the opportunity to escape through the door as it stood open. The woman had, while all this was passing, made her way through the roof, and run in the village, which was at a pretty considerable distance, to fetch assistance.

Meanwhile the husband, on his way home, meets the blood-stained murderer, whom he recognizes

as the beggar who frequents that part of the country. The hypocrite concealing his fears—under affected lamentations, held up his mutilated hand, saying: "Make haste! there is in your house a murderer, an officer, who has killed your children, and likewise a man who attempted to defraud them, and from whom I have narrowly escaped in the condition you see." The terrified countryman, while the atrocious villain hastens to escape, flies, with his loaded gun in his hand, to his cottage, perceives through the open door the officer and the bloody corpses of his children, takes him of course for the murderer, levels his piece, and shoots him dead on the spot! The wife coming up with the villagers, hears the shot, and the officer fall, utters a piercing cry, and exclaims: "What have you done! You have killed our deliverer—not he, but the leggar, is the murderer of our children!" The husband, whose whole frame is shaken by the horror of the scene, and still more by his own rash deed, stands a few moments petrified and motionless, falls back in a fit, and expires!

SNUFF-TAKING.

Snuff-taking is an old custom; yet if we came suddenly upon it in a foreign country, it would make us split our sides with laughter. A grave gentleman takes a little casket out of his pocket, puts a finger and thumb in, brings away a pinch of a sort of powder, and then, with the most serious air possible, as if he was doing one of the most important actions of his life, (for even with the most indifferent snuff-takers there is a certain look of importance,) proceeds to thrust, and keep thrusting it, at his nose! after which, he shakes his head, or his waistcoat, or his nose itself, on all sides, in a style of a man who has done his duty, and satisfied the most serious claims to his well-being. It is curious to see the various methods in which people take snuff. Some do it by little bits and starts, and get over the thing quickly. These are epigrammatic snuff-takers, who come to the point as fast as possible, and to whom the pin-prick is every thing. They generally use a sharp and severe snuff, a sort of essence of pins' points. Others are all delicacy and polished demeanor; they value the style as much as the sensation, and offer the box around them, as much out of dignity as benevolence. Some take snuff irritably, others basely, in a manner dry as the snuff itself, generally with a luxuriance of gesture and lavishness of sample that announces a moist article, and shows its softness as honors over neckcloth and coat. Mr. Johnson's was probably a snuff of this kind. He used to take it out of the waistcoat pocket, instead of a box. There is a species of long-stemmed snuff-taker, who performs the operation, ending with a snuff activity. He puts his hand on one side; the snuff catches forth his arm, with a pinch in hand; then brings round his hand, as a snuff-taking elephant would his trunk; and finally, snuffles snuff and snuff together, in a sudden vehemence of consumption. His eyebrows all the while are lifted up, as if to make the more room for the snuff; and when he has snuffed he draws back to his perpendicular, and generally proclaims the victory he has won over the insipidity of the previous snuff by a snuff and a groan "Hah!"—Leigh Hunt's Journal.

"Up to Snuff."—A volume of Italian Poems lately received in the British Metropolis, furnishes fine amusement for the learned wit. Leigh Hunt has shown himself up to snuff in giving a merry interpretation to some of these ditties. The following is a free translation of the lines on Socrates:

What a moment! What a doubt!
All my nose, inside and out,
All my trilling, heaving, caustic,
Pyramid rhinocerosic,
Wants to sneeze, and cannot do it!
Now it yearns me, thrills me, stings me,
Now with rapturous torment wrings me,
Now, says Socrates, "you fool, get through it."
Sneeze—Sneeze—Oh, tis most delightful!
Sneeze—Sneeze—Oh, tis most delightful!
(Huz! I shall sneeze till spring.)
Sneeze's a most delicious thing.

How to sleep comfortably.—Man is more the child of habit than any other creature, and the study of it is curious and interesting. I knew a man Adam Neil, who went to Edinburgh as an apprentice to an apothecary, and his circumstances compelling him to take the cheapest lodgings he could get, he took a room over a smith's, which no other person would take at two shillings a week; but what with the continual pelting of the smithy, and the roar of the bellows and fire, poor Neil could get no sleep; nor, when his landlady or any other body entered the room, hear a word they said; and in consequence he got a habit of speaking so loudly that even in the shop his voice was heard through all the street. Every night and morning poor Neil cursed the smithy, and his greatest ambition on earth was to be enabled to change his lodgings. He got at length a superior situation, and the first thing he did was to change his lodgings, and take two elegant rooms in Richmond-place, after having occupied his old room for more than eleven years. But the eternal clink of the smithy was wanting, and not one wink could Adam Neil sleep in his new lodgings. For seven nights he declared, in my hearing, that he did not sleep seven minutes. He said he sometimes snored into himself, but sleep had utterly departed from his eyes; so that on the eighth day he was obliged to go and beg his old lodgings back again, and there he still remained when I knew him, a rich, hearty, jovial, loud speaking old fellow.—Etrick Shepherd.

Cheap Antidote.—There is not a house in the country that does not contain a certain remedy for poisoning, if instantly administered. It is nothing more than two tea-spoonsful of made mustard, mixed in warm water. It acts as an instantaneous emetic.—Making this simple antidote known, may be the means of saving many a fellow creature from an untimely death.—New-England Farmer.

[Extract from "The Philosophy of Sleep," by R. Mackintosh.]

There is a strong analogy between dreaming and insanity. Dr. Abercrombie defines the difference between the two states to be, that in the latter the erroneous impression, being permanent, affects the conduct; whereas in dreaming, no influence on the conduct is produced, because the vision is dissipated on awaking. This definition is nearly, but not wholly correct; for in somnambulism and sleep-talking, the conduct is influenced by the prevailing dream. Dr. Rush has, with great shrewdness, remarked, that a dream may be considered as a transient paroxysm of delirium, and delirium as a permanent dream.

Man is not the only animal subject to dreaming. We have every reason to believe that many of the lower animals do the same. Horses neigh and rear, and dogs bark and growl, in their sleep. Probably, at such times, the remembrance of the chase or the combat was passing through the minds of these creatures; and they also not unfrequently manifest signs of fear, joy, playfulness, and almost every other passion. Ruminating animals, such as the sheep and cow, dream less; but even they are sometimes so affected, especially at the period of rearing their young. The parrot is said to dream, and I should suppose some other birds do the same. Indeed the more intellectual the animal is, the more likely it is to be subject to dreaming.—Whether the fishes dream, it is impossible to conjecture; nor can it be guessed, with any thing like certainty, at what point in the scale of animal intellect the capability of dreaming ceases, although it is very certain there is such a point. I apprehend that dreaming is a much more general law than is commonly supposed, and that many animals dream which are never suspected of doing so.

Some men are said never to dream, and only when their health is disordered. Dr. Beattie mentions a case of the latter description. For many years before his death, Dr. Reid had no consciousness of ever having dreamed; and Mr. Locke takes notice of a person who never did so till his twenty-fifth year, when he began to dream in consequence of having had a fever. It is not impossible, however, but that, in these cases, the individuals may have had dreams from the same age as other people, and under the same circumstances, although probably they were so vague a nature, as to have been washed away from the memory.

Dreams occur more frequently in the morning than in any part of the night; a proof that the sleep is much more profound in the latter period than in the former. Towards morning, the faculties being refreshed by sleep, are more disposed to enter into activity; and this explains why, as we approach the hours of waking, our dreams are more vivid. Owing to the comparatively inactive state of the faculties, morning dreams are the most rational—whence the old adage, that such dreams are true.

Children dream almost from their birth; and if we may judge from what, on many occasions, they may endure during sleep, we must suppose that the visions which haunt their young minds are of ten of a very frightful kind. Children, from many causes, are more apt to have dreams of terror than adults. In the first place, they are peculiarly subject to various diseases, such as teething, convulsions, and bowel complaints, those fertile sources of mental terror in sleep; and, in the second place, their minds are exceedingly susceptible of dread, in all its forms, and prone to be acted on by it, whatever shape it assumes. Many of the dreams experienced at this early period, leave an indelible impression on the mind. They are remembered in after years with feelings of pain; and, blending with the more delightful reminiscences of childhood, demonstrate that this era, which we are apt to consider one varied scene of sunshine and happiness, had, as well as future life, its shadows of melancholy, and was not untinged with hues of sorrow and care. The sleep of infancy, therefore, is far from being that ideal state of felicity which is commonly supposed. It is haunted with its own terrors, even more than that of adults; and, if many of the visions which people it are equally delightful, there can be little doubt that it is also tortured by dreams of a more painful character than often fall to the share of after life.

In health, when the mind is at ease, we seldom dream; and when we do so our visions are generally of a pleasing character. In disease, especially of the brain, liver, and stomach, dreams are both common and of a very distressing kind. The stag-hound, weary with the chase,
Lay stretched upon the reed-bed floor,
And urged to dreams the forest race
From Teviot stone to Eskdale moor.

There is a most admirable lesson contained in the following extract from Hannah More's Structures on the modern system of female education:

Since then there is a season when the youthful mind ceases to be young, and the beautiful to excite admiration, to learn how to grow old gracefully, is perhaps one of the rarest and most valuable arts that can be taught to woman. And it must be confessed, it is a most severe trial for those women to lay down beauty, who have nothing else to lay up.

It is for this sober season of life that education should lay up its rich resources. However disregarded they may have been, they will be wanted now. When admirers fall away, and flatterers become mute, the mind will be driven back again upon the world with increased force. Yet, forgetting this, do we seem to educate our daughters for the transient period of youth, when it is to mature life we ought to advert! Do we not educate them for a crowd, forgetting they are to live at home?—for a crowd, and not for themselves?—for show, and not for use?—for time, and not for eternity!

BORROWING.

He does not work it right.
Dick, said a farmer the other day to an excellent crop of boys—Dick, go and borrow neighbor Hobson's saw; we must make a harrow—the old one is worn out—we have not used it since two years, and Sharplace up yonder would lend him any more. And you Ned, run down to Bill Hoppergallon's and get his inch chisel and mallet—and you Jack, line it up to uncle Zeb's and get his inch auger—and you little Josee, there's a good boy, heel it over to Squire Elyman's and ask him to lend me his wooden square and two foot rule—tell him I will send it right back.

Don't like to ask Squire Elyman again for his square, said little Josee, for he said last time I got it he would lend it again, for I never finished it back. Went touch to str an mery, said hopeful Ned, for old Hoppergallon says I kept his chisel most a year last time I got it, and he had to come arter it and found it all dull'd up.

Yes, said Dick, and Mr. H-bson says he wont lend me his saw any more, for I never bring it back without its all dull'd up—and he said the last time I borrow'd it, it cost him twenty-five cents to get it filed; and it make a day hour stand up when I think on't—he swore he would saw me in two, if ever I come arter it again.

Yes, said Jack, and uncle Zeb says some on his bored his inch auger on a nail, and about spoiled it the last time we had it—he grumbled like a dog with a sore head, and threatened to lick me if I brought it home so again.

Well, said the good man, what shall I do! the corn and potatoe ground must be harrowed—sawery body is planting—Sharplace says he wont lend his chisel—what shall I do!

What shall I do? echoed his better half, who had listened to the fore-going dialogue, as if she was getting ready for breakfast—when she said, Oh—! I'll tell you what to do; and it is what you ought to have done years ago—go and lay your good set of augers, chisels, compass, saw, square, &c. &c. and not stand there in a quibbling while your neighbors are all busy about their planting, and harrowing, &c. &c. I say take a friend's saw, and go directly and purchase such tools as you possibly necessary for a future to have on hand, and will save yourself and neighbors much sweat and trouble.

Gosh! said the old man, matted with his fingers his beard, and scratching his head with his hands—Gosh! Gosh!—that is the best piece of common sense I've heard this many a day, if it spoken by a lady woman, I'll do it, by all means, the very day—Jack I say Jack; where are you going?—Up to uncle Zeb's arter the inch auger.

Come back Jack! say, come back. Dick, here put the old man before the wagon, quick, in a minute—and you Ned, take care of the horse; and you Jack, and little Josee, feed the oxen and drive the cows to pasture.

The good man mounted his wagon, loaded up his hat, and drove away, and within a few minutes returned with a good set of tools, such as are indispensably necessary, and before the sun went down he made a brand new harrow. The next day the boys harrowed the corn and potatoe ground ready for planting.

He now works it right.

William Candler.—Gibbon, who in his celebrated History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, has left an imperishable memorial of his exquisite taste, his Gospel, purchased in Edinburgh, with parts of his works, in a charitable estate. This property has now been added to a gentleman who, out of his means, expends a large sum annually in spreading the Gospel.

Voltaire boasted that with one hand he would overthrow that religion which required the hands of twelve apostles to build it up. The press which he employed at Geneva in printing the Holy Scriptures.

In the room in which Hamlet died, was held the first meeting for the formation of an Auxiliary Bible Society, at Edinburgh.

Heaven described by a Kentucky Preacher.—It is well known that the Kentuckians consider no place in the world equal to Kentucky, or "Old Kentucky," as the phrase is. A preacher in that State, with most commendable skill, took advantage of this fertile to recommend to his hearers the delights and enjoyments of heaven. In the first place he described its beauties and attractions by every mode almost that language could suggest, or poetry imagine. He decked it in all the colors of the rainbow; he made it a very paradise of shily walks and fragrant flowers; he described the occupations as forever delightful, and the pastimes as forever new. In short, he expended a whole dictionary of tropes and figures, to paint heaven in the most charming style. But there still remained one metaphor to cap the climax; and that he now brought forth: "In a word," said he, "my dear hearers, that you may have a full and perfect idea of heaven, I assure you it is a REAL KENTUCKY OF A PLACE.

Intense Study.—An instance of extraordinary application to study, under the most frightful circumstances, is recorded of a monk, during the reign of terror in France, who, with many more of the victims of liberation, was sentenced to the guillotine. During the imprisonment, nothing could attract him from the avails of his studies; and even at the place of execution, he continued to peruse his favorite author, unappalled by the noise of horror and bloodshed in which he was about to act. When it came to his turn to suffer, the executioner tapped him on the shoulder, and pointed to the fatal block. The monk raised his eyes, very quietly turned down the leaf of the book, and resigned himself to his terrible fate.

It is sometimes difficult to find a paragraph so short as this, and at the same time so useful.