

THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

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

Number from the beginning, 749: No. 19 OF THE XVth VOLUME.

Salisbury, Rowan County, N. C.

Saturday, October 11, 1834.

WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

ISSUED WEEKLY: JOHN BEARD, JR.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

1. The "WESTERN CAROLINIAN" is published every Monday, at Two Dollars per annum if paid in advance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if not paid until after the expiration of three months.

2. No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the discretion of the Editor.

3. No subscription will be received for a less time than one year; and a failure to notify the Editor of a wish to discontinue, at least one month before the expiration of a year's subscription, will be considered as a new engagement.

4. Any person who will procure six subscribers to the Carolinian, and take the trouble of collecting and transmitting the subscription-price to the Editor, shall have the paper during the continuance of their subscription, without charge.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

1. Advertisements will be cheerfully and correctly inserted at 50 cents per square for the first insertion, and 33 cents for each continuance; but where an advertisement is ordered to go in only twice, 50 cts. will be charged for each insertion.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

1. To insure prompt attention to Letters addressed to the Editor, the postage should in all cases be paid.

BETHANY

FEMALE SCHOOL.

THE Winter Session of this School, taught by the Subscriber and his Lady, will, Divine Providence permitting, commence on the first Monday in November next.

The session will be of five months, and the terms of Tuition, per session, as follows:

For Reading, Writing, Spelling, and Arithmetic, with plain sewing and marking, \$4 00

For the above, with English Grammar, Parsing, Dictation, Composition, Geography, History, and needle-work, 8 00

For dicta, with Natural, Moral, and Intellectual Philosophy—Astronomy, with use of the Globes—Rhetoric, Logic, Chemistry, the French Language, Drawing, and Painting, 10 00

All accounts must be closed at the end of each session.

Boarding can be had in the neighborhood, in the most respectable families, at \$1 25 per week.

The house of the Subscriber is situated close to Bethany Church, 6 1/2 miles from Statesville, on the road leading to Rockford.

STEPHEN FRONTIS,

Iredell County, Sept. 27, 1834.

Valuable Real Property, IN LINCOLN COUNTY, FOR SALE.

The Subscriber, intending to remove to Alabama, OFFERS FOR SALE,

His Residence in Lincoln County, including, in one body, about

One Thousand Acres

Of Real Good Farming Land,

On which is a fine

Brick Building,

constructed of the best materials, in fine taste, and good workmanship. Also, all convenient Out-Houses, COTTON AND THRESHING MACHINES, Barns, Stables, &c.

—ALSO—

Another Tract of Land,

lying on both sides of Dutchman's Creek, containing about

Eight Hundred Acres,

ALL FIRST RATE FOR ANY PURPOSES.

The above Property will be sold on a credit of one, two, and three years.

In my absence, application may be made to my brother, J. Forney.

DANIEL M. FORNEY,

Lincoln Co., May 17, 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 00—Drawing and Painting, \$10—Music, \$20—payable in advance.

BENJ. COTTRELL,

Salisbury, Aug. 9, 1834. Principal.

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 18 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-Line Post Office, Rowan County.

WARNER BROWN,

September 30, 1834. 3m*

Poetic Reces

"The strains, O Night shall ascend,
While man the feet, or Mute chime the sky;
O'er the air of a victory can fall,
And time submit its best work to a vale."

A BRIDAL SCENE.

Young Beauty at the Altar! Ye may go
And ride earth of all its loveliness,
And of all things created, hither bring
The sweetest and richest—but, alas!
The world is all too poor to rival this!

Ye can summon nothing from the place of dreams,
—That realm of fancy—that can cope,
In all its passionate devotedness,
With this chaste, silent picture of the heart!
Youth, bod-enriched youth, and purity,
Yielding its bloom and fragrance up—in tears!

LINES TO A MOTHER.

I saw a dew-drop on a flower,
At dawn of earliest day;
The sunbeams came on field and bower,
And melted it away.

And thus thy smiling one was here,
Till angels saw its charms;
When strait descending to our sphere,
They took it to their arms.

I saw a rose-bud opening fair,
In beauty's loveliest dyes;
A zephyr came its sweets to bear
In fragrance to the skies.

And thus thy blooming cherub smiled,
To earth a moment given;
Till virtue claim'd her favorite child,
And took it up to heaven.

I saw a rainbow sweetly bent
O'er mountain, hill, and plain;
It fell—I knew not where it went—
But soon it came again.

And thus shall friendship's sun-drenched ties
With joy again unite;
And love advance, in kinder skies,
To more refined delight. (N.Y.Mr.)

VARIETY.

LETTER OF SIR JAMES M'INTOSH

The following letter is copied from the Introduction of Sir James M'Intosh's "History of the Revolution in England," a work recently published in London. It was addressed to Dr. Parr in 1797. As a monument of the worth and influence of an excellent woman, of his affection for her and respect for her memory, and as a declaration of the religious views of a distinguished and philosophical writer, at the period when, it appears, he was but just commencing to cherish the hopes of a Christian, it is a highly interesting paper.

"I use the first moment of composure to return my thanks to you for having thought of me in my affliction. It was impossible for you to know the bitterness of that affliction; for I, myself, scarcely knew the greatness of my calamity till it had fallen upon me; nor did I know the acuteness of my own feelings till they had been subjected to this trial. Alas! it is only now that I feel the value of what I have lost. In this state of deep but quiet melancholy, which has succeeded to the first violent agitations of sorrow, my greatest pleasure is to look back with gratitude and pious affection to the memory of my beloved wife; and my chief consolation is the soothing remembrance of her virtues. Allow me, in justice to her memory, to tell you what she was and what I owed her. I was guided in my choice only by the blind affection of my youth, and might have formed a connexion in which a short-lived passion would have been followed by repentance and disgust; but I found an intelligent companion, a tender friend, a prudent mistress; the most faithful of wives, and as dear a mother as ever children had the misfortune to lose. Had I married a woman who was easy or giddy enough to have been infected by my imprudence, or who had rudely and harshly attempted to correct it, I should, in either case, have been irrevocably ruined; a fortune in either case would with my habits have been only a shorter cut to destruction. But I met a woman who, by the tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them, and rescued me from the dominions of a degrading and ruinous vice. She became prudent from affection; and, though of the most generous nature, she was taught economy and frugality by her love to me. During the most critical period of my life, she preserved order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me; she gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful and creditable to me; and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and imprudence. To her I owe that I am not a ruined outcast; to her whatever I am; to her whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest, she never for a moment forgot my feelings or my character. Even in her occasional resentment, for which I but too often gave just cause (would to God that I could recall these moments!) she had no silliness or acrimony; her feelings were warm and impetuous, but she was placable, tender, and constant; she united the most attentive prudence with the most generous and guileless nature, with a spirit that disclaimed the shadow of meanness, and with the kindest and most honest heart. Such was she whom I have lost; and I have lost her when her excellent natural sense was rapidly improving, after eight years of struggle and distress had bound us fast together, and moulded our tempers to each other; when a knowledge of her worth

had refined my youthful love into friendship, before age had deprived it of much of its original ardor. I lost her, alas! (the choice of my youth and the partner of my misfortunes) at a moment when I had the prospect of her sharing my better days. This, my dear Sir, is a calamity which the prosperity of the world cannot repair. To expect that anything on this side of the grave can make it up, would be a vain and delusive expectation. If I had lost the giddy and thoughtless companion of prosperity, the world could easily repair the loss; but I have lost the faithful and tender partner of my misfortunes; and my only consolation is in the Being under whose severe but paternal chastisement I am cut down to the ground. The philosophy which I have learned only teaches me that virtue and friendship are the greatest of human blessings, and that their loss is irreparable. It aggravates my calamity instead of consoling me under it. My wounded heart seeks another consolation; governed by these feelings, which have, in every age of the world, actuated the human mind, I seek relief and I find it in the soothing hope and the consolatory opinion that a benevolent wisdom inflicts the chastisement, as well as bestows the enjoyments of human life; that superintending goodness will one day enlighten the darkness which surrounds our nature, and hangs over our prospects; that this dreary and wretched life is not the whole of man; that an animal so sagacious and provident, and capable of such proficiency in science and virtue, is not like the beasts that perish; that there is a dwelling place prepared for the spirits of the just; and that the ways of God will yet be vindicated to man. The sentiments of religion which were implanted in my mind in my early youth, and which were revived by the awful scenes which I have been passing before my eyes in the world, are, I trust, deeply rooted in my heart by this great calamity. I shall not offend your rational piety by saying that in desecrating and profane appears to me a matter of secondary importance; but I can sincerely declare that Christianity, in its genuine purity and spirit, appears to me the most amiable and venerable of all forms in which the homage of man has ever been offered to the Author of his being. These sentiments have served somewhat to tranquillize me since I have been in this place (which is at present solitary enough for the sake of my spirits,) and will, I trust, soon enable me to resume my exertions in active life which I owe to the helpless children of my dearest Catharine, and which I am fully sensible will be a truer performance of the sacred duty which I owe to her memory, than vain barren lamentation. You will not be surprised to find that I have not mentioned any of my mind in thinking of those honors which are due to the memory of her whom I have lost. I have given direction for a marble tablet on which it is my wish to inscribe a humble testimonial of her virtues; but I am undecided in opinion whether the inscription shall be in Latin or in English. Will you, my dear Sir, send me a sketch of a Latin inscription? It is a thing of great moment in the hour of my affliction, and I hope you will not refuse to aid me in this labor of love. If I fit on the English I shall send it to you for correction. The topics are so obvious, that I need not suggest them; her faithful and tender discharge of the duties of a wife and a mother, my afflictions, the irreparable loss of her orphaned children, these are the topics with a solemn coloring of religion given to the whole. I cannot suppress my desire to expatiate on her worth at greater length than may, perhaps, be consistent with brevity; but I am too sincere to withhold any thing theatrical or ostentatious."

MAN'S AFFECTIONS, AND WOMAN'S LOVE.

How widely different in their demonstration and effect are a man's affections and a woman's love! With the one, passion is but a bright scene in the drama of existence; with the other, it is the plot, the interest, the drama itself. "Love," says a lively French author, "is but an episode in the history of a man's life;—pity it is that it should be so; for it is inscribed on every page in the heart-record of a woman; it is the spirit which pervades every line. When a female loves, her affection is absorbing, devoted, and exclusive; she "lives, and moves, and has her being;" but in one presence; gaiety loses its charms, fashion's spell ceases to be talismanic, she has no aim, no interest, save one—less than this suffices not to her generous, her self-sacrificing spirit.

Different, far different, the effect of the same passion on a man; the very consciousness of being beloved makes him insensibly whimsical, arbitrary, and vain; he is happy beside his mistress, but he is also happy elsewhere; he can find pleasure in a ball-room or a hunting-field; and not unfrequently prefers incurring the risk of spraining his ankle in the one, or breaking his neck at the other, to spending those hours in gentleness and love, beside the chosen one of his heart. It is true he tells her, with a bland smile and a fond tone, that he owes it to the world to mingle sometimes in its amusements; but would he admit the plea were the case reversed! Surely not—he would then discover that this clinging to the world's ways betokened coldness, indifference, and neglect. He becomes whimsical and fastidious in his ideas of dress, of manner, and of sentiment; and he does so to try how far his whims will regulate the bearing of his mistress; he sees his opinions and tastes rigidly complied with—for all things are as air in the balance with a woman when she loves—and he necessarily becomes vain of his own power. With him, love is a proud feeling; he is looked up to for applause, and he clings to support—with her it is exactly the reverse. She is loved the more for her helplessness, her timidity and her weakness; in his love there is encouragement; in hers, confidence and admiration; and thus their feelings towards each other are as distinct as though each were inspired by a different passion.

A man may love, and be deceived—and depart, and forget, and love again; but woman's heart never enshrines two idols; like the gumbist, it

knows but one sunrise of beauty. No woman ever becomes a systematic coquette until the red-hot iron of falsehood, or the icy bolt of neglect, has first passed over her own heart, and seared all its finer sympathies; it is folly to talk of a female who is a coquette by nature; do we ever meet with a mathematician by nature, or a born linguist? The heart, ere it hath studied its part in the lessons of the world, hath but one form—speaks but one language. Man is a coquette by habit, by education, and above all, by fashion—coquetry in him is called by a gentler and a fonder name—usage demande—gallantry—or, at best, he is smiled upon with indulgent admiration as "a sad flirt," or "an incorrigible dangler." And yet, what is the sad flirt, or the incorrigible dangler, but a male coquette? a trader in false vows, and lip-deep professions—a trifler with hope, peace, and affection? Does he not know well, too well, that manner more than matter wins the heart of woman? Has he to learn that his wistful and soft glances awaken feelings in her breast, which a more indifferent accent and a colder look would have failed to create? No—he is aware of all this; and this man of gallantry; this courtly mannerist, is a speculative mental-gladiator—a sentimental heart-felon, from whom there is no escape, and to whose venom there is no antidote. But once let a woman establish the same cold, calculating, spirit-war, she is directly denounced as a coquette—and every man who approaches her is as safe as though he were eased in a coat of mail.

It is an unequal venture at the best; for man's love is all sunshine, but many a cloud passes over the horizon of a woman's heart—his dream of passion is bowery and beautiful, but many a serpent is hidden beneath the rose of her ideal Eden. "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
"Tis woman's whole existence."

To him it is the plying of joy and youth; but hers is a deeper, a more enduring love; it is the solace of days of sorrow, and of hopelessness; like the parasite which clings around the towering column, it lends a beauty even to ruin, and delays the utter devastation which it helps so gracefully to hide. Sever the ivy at the root, and its branches will still cling, and germ, and flourish; meet type, even in this, of the love of woman—rob her of home, of country, of all which once made the charm of her existence, and while one bond yet links her to the object of her young affection, she will live on faithfully and fondly to the last.

On the Mysteries and Loneliness.

A small relieve my readers from this abstraction of thought, by relating a Jewish tradition concerning Moses, which seems to be a kind of parable illustrating what I have last mentioned. That great prophet, it is said, was called up into the mountain by the voice of God, when, in a conference with the Supreme Being, he was permitted to ask Him some questions concerning His administration of the Universe. In the midst of this divine colloquy, he was commanded to look down on the plain below. At the foot of the mountain there issued out a clear spring of water, at which a soldier alighted from his horse to drink. He was no sooner gone than a little boy came to the place, and finding a purse of gold which the soldier had dropped, took it up and went away. Immediately after this came an infirm old man, weary with age and travelling, he quenched his thirst and sat down to rest himself beside the spring. The soldier missing his purse, returned to seek it; and demands it of the old man, who affirms he had not seen it, and appeals to heaven to attest his innocence. The soldier not believing his protestations, kills him. Moses fell on his face with horror and amazement, when the Divine voice thus prevents his expostulations:—"Be not surprised Moses, nor ask why the Judge of all the earth has suffered this. The child is the occasion of the old man's death, but know thou that the old man was the murderer of the child's father."—E. Chris.

THE CONJUGATING DUTCHMAN.

Two English gentlemen once stepped into a coffee house in Paris, where they observed a tall, odd-looking man, who appeared not to be a native, sitting at one of the tables, and looking around him with the most stone-like gravity of countenance upon every object. Soon after the Englishmen entered, one of them told the other that a celebrated dwarf had arrived at Paris. At this, the grave-looking personage above mentioned opened his mouth and spoke. "I arrive, (said he) thou arrive, he arrives, we arrive, you arrive, they arrive." The Englishman, whose remark seemed to have suggested this mysterious speech, stepped up to the stranger and asked, "Did you wish to speak to me, sir?" "I speak, (replied the stranger) thou speakest, he speaks, we speak, you speak, they speak." "How is this, (said the Englishman) do you mean to insult me?" The other replied, "I insult, thou insultest, he insults, we insult, you insult, they insult." "This is too much, (said the Englishman) I will have satisfaction: if you have any spirit with your rudeness, come along with me." To this defiance the imperturbable stranger replied, "I come, thou comest, he comes, we come, you come, they come;" and hereupon he arose with great coolness, and followed his challenger. In those days, when every gentleman wore a sword, duels were speedily despatched. They went into a neighboring alley, and the Englishman unsheathing his weapon, said to his antagonist, "Now, sir, you must fight me." "I fight," replied the other, drawing his sword, "thou fightest, he fights, we fight,"—here he made a thrust—"you fight, they," and here he disarmed his adversary. "Well, (said the Englishman) you have the best of it, and I hope you are satisfied." "I am satisfied," said the original, sheathing his sword, "thou art satisfied, he is satisfied, you are satisfied, they are satisfied." "I am glad every one is satisfied, (said the Englishman) but pray leave off quizzing me in this strange manner, and tell me what is your object, if you have any, in doing so." The

grave gentleman now, for the first time, became intelligible. "I am a Dutchman, (said he) and an learning your language: I find it very difficult to remember the peculiarities of the verbs, and my tutor has advised me, in order to fix them in my mind, to conjugate every English verb that I hear spoken. This I have made it a rule to do. I don't like to have my plans broken in upon while they are in operation, or I would have told you this before." The Englishman laughed heartily at this explanation, and invited the conjugating Dutchman to dine with them. "I will dine, (said he) thou wilt dine, he will dine, we will dine, you will dine, they will dine, we will dine altogether." This they accordingly did; and it was difficult to say whether the Dutchman ate or conjugated with most perseverance.

OMNIPOTENCE OF GOD.

Would we be struck with admiration and astonishment at beholding a superior created intelligence tossing a mountain into the sea! What strong emotions of reverence and awe, then, ought to pervade our minds, when we behold the Almighty every moment producing effects infinitely more powerful and astonishing! What would be our astonishment were we to behold, from a distance, a globe as large as the earth tossed from the hand of Omnipotence, and flying at the rate of a thousand miles a minute? Yet this is nothing more than what is every day produced by the unceasing energies of that Power which first called us into existence. The impulse which was first given to the earth at its creation is still continued, by which it is carried round every day from west to east, along with its vast population, and at the same time impelled forward through the regions of space at the rate of sixty-eight thousand miles in an hour. Nor is this among the most wonderful effects of divine power: it is only one comparatively small specimen of that omnipotent energy which resides in the Eternal mind. When we lift our eyes towards the sky, we behold bodies a thousand times larger than this world of ours, impelled with similar velocities through the mighty expanse of the universe. We behold the planetary globes, wheeling their rapid courses around the sun, with unremitting velocity—the comets returning from their long excursions in the distant regions of space, and flying towards the centre of our system with a velocity of hundreds of thousands of miles an hour—the sun himself impelled towards some distant region of space, and carrying along with him all his attendant planets—and in a world, we have the of the universe, which are more numerous than language can express—are in rapid and incessant motion around the throne of the Eternal, carrying forward the grand designs of infinite wisdom which they are destined to accomplish.—Dr. Dick.

THE BARBER AND THE SHEEP'S HEAD.

A barber in a neighboring town, who happened unfortunately to be vexed with a helmsman addicted to taste the "barley-bree," which propensity he indulges, in spite of all that poor Stran can do, one Sunday lately went to church, as he good man, regularly does, leaving his spouse to manage the cooking of a pot of sheep's head broth, a favorite dish of his. During his absence two worthies came into the house on a visit, and had a crack with the good wife; they were not long in settling the every morsel in the pot, and advised a visit of inclination to be better acquainted with its contents. Knowing the good wife's taste in liquor, they proposed a dram, which she, blithe as a lark, volunteered to give. No sooner was she gone than her two guests emptied the pot of the sheep's head, and with a remorseless appetite, proceeded to devour it. After having satisfied their hunger, they both sought themselves how they might conceal their depredation, and seeing one of the barber's blocks, seized upon it and plunged it into the pot.

The barber's rib returned with her precious commodity, and the "water of life" was speedily discussed by the trio; the two visitors then took their departure, before the barber came from sermon. He, worthy soul, arrived as hungry as a hawk, and rubbing his hands with glee at the thoughts of the good dinner that awaited him, took a fork to examine what state the head was in; failing to fix his weapon in it at the first dab, he repeated his stroke with more energy, but with singular success; not a little astounded at this phenomenon, our man of soul made a desperate effort, and succeeded in fixing the fork. But who can depict the wonder and astonishment of our shaver, when, instead of his favorite sheep's head, one of his own blocks met his view! Scarcely believing his eyes, he gazed at the block, almost petrified at the metamorphosis. His spouse, upon whom the spirits had begun to show its effects, was hardly less astonished; but failed in convincing her husband of the exchange. He, in a paroxysm of rage, flung the block at her head with such full intent, that had her skull not been of a comfortable thickness, it would have produced fatal consequences. However, as it was, a bump has been raised, which we believe, without the above explanation, would puzzle all the phrenologists in Kilmarnock, and there are not few, to define.

Valuable Machine.—Mr. Aaron Lazarus, of Wilmington, N. C., has in operation a planing machine, which is capable of turning out twenty thousand feet of boards per day, completely planed, tongued and grooved; superior to those worked by hand, on account of their exactness—a man being capable of laying a much larger quantity of flooring than that prepared in the ordinary manner.—N. Y. Evening Star.

[We have seen one of these machines in operation, and of all the labor-saving inventions of the present ingenious age, it strikes us as one of the most valuable, and at the same time one of the most simple. It may be useful to some one or other to state that a neighbour of ours possesses the right of establishing a certain number of these machines in Virginia, and would be glad to sell it right on very moderate terms.—N. Intelligence