

G. H. H. H.

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## Poetic Reces



"MUCH YET REMAINS UNBORN."

### A CHAPTER OF SOMES.

Some loves the sun, and some the moon,  
And some the deep, deep sea;  
Some build their skies in others eyes,  
And some will Stukas be;  
Some two-legged donkeys may be seen  
Westward of Temple bar,  
With high-heeled boots, and low crown'd hats,  
Bush'd whiskers, and cigar.

Some love to range in search of change,  
Some stay at home and die;  
Some love to smile life's cares away,  
While others love to cry;  
Some are won, some sold, some worship gold,  
Some rise while others fall;  
Many have hearts composed of stone,  
And some no heart at all.

Oh! could I find in life's dark book  
One clear unblotted page—  
A heart that's warm, an eye that smiles,  
Alike in youth or age;  
There would I pitch my tent of peace,  
By friendship wove together,  
And in this world, had as it is,  
I'd wish to live forever.

### SELECT MISCELLANY.

Extracts from a Sermon delivered in Boston by the celebrated Channing, called forth by the prospects of a War with France.

"War is made up essentially of crime and misery, and to abolish it is one great purpose of Christianity, and should be the earnest labor of philanthropy; nor is this enterprise to be scoffed at as hopeless. The tendencies of civilization are decidedly towards peace. The influences of progressive knowledge, refinement, arts, and national wealth are pacific. The old motives for war are losing power. Conquest, which once maddened nations, hardly enters now into the calculations of statesmen. The disastrous and disgraceful termination of the last career of conquest which the world has known, is reading a lesson not soon to be forgotten. It is now thoroughly understood, that the development of a nation's resources in peace is the only road to prosperity; that even successful war makes people poor: crushing them with taxes and crippling their progress in industry and useful arts. We have another pacific influence at the present moment, in the increasing intelligence of the middle and poorer classes of society, who, in proportion as they learn their interests and rights, are unwilling to be used as materials of war, to suffer and bleed in serving the passions and glory of a privileged few.

"The idea of Honor is associated with war.—But to whom does the honor belong? If to any, certainly not to the mass of the people, but to those who are particularly engaged in it. The mass of a people who stay at home and hire others to fight, who sleep in their warm beds and hire others to sleep on the cold and damp earth, who sit at their well spread board and hire others to take the chance of starving, who nurse the slightest hurt in their own bodies and hire others to expose themselves to mortal wounds, and to linger in comfortless hospitals; certainly this mass reap little honor from war. The honor belongs to those immediately engaged in it. Let me ask then, what is the chief business of war? It is to destroy human life, to mangle the limbs, to gash and hew the body, to plunge the sword into the heart of a fellow creature, to strew the earth with bleeding frames, and to trample them under foot with horses' hoofs. It is to batter down and burn cities, to level the cottage of the peasant, and the magnificent abode of opulence, to scourge nations with famine, to multiply widows and orphans. Are these honorable deeds? Were you called to name exploits worthy of demons, would you not naturally select such as these? Grant that a necessity for good may exist; it is a dreadful necessity, such as God men must recoil from with justifiable horror; and though it may exempt them from guilt, it cannot turn them into glory.—We have thought, that it was honorable to heal, to save, to mitigate pain, to snatch the sick from the jaws of death. We have placed among the revered benefactors of the human race the discoverers of acts which alleviate human sufferings, which prolong comfort, solace and cheer human life, and if these acts be honorable, where is the glory of multiplying and aggravating tortures of death?

"To secure compensation for the lost, is very seldom a sufficient object for war. The true end is, security for the future. An injury inflicted by one nation on another may manifest a lawless, hostile spirit, from which, if unresisted, future and increasing outrages are to be feared, which would embolden other communities in wrong doing, and against which neither property, nor life, nor liberty would be secure. To protect a State from the spirit of violence and unprincipled aggression, is the duty of rulers, and protection may be found only in war. Here is the legitimate occasion and the true end of an appeal to arms. Let me ask you to apply this rule of wisdom to a case, the bearings of which will be easily seen. Suppose, then, an injury to have been inflicted on us by a foreign nation a quarter of a century ago—suppose it to have been inflicted on us by a Government which has fallen, through its lawlessness, and which can never be restored—suppose this injury to have been followed, during this long period, by not one hostile act, and not one sign of a hostile spirit—suppose a disposition to repair it to be expressed by the head of the new government of the injurious nation; and suppose further, that our long endurance has not exposed us to a single insult from any other power since the general pacification of

Europe. Under these circumstances can it be pretended, with any show of reason, that threatened wrong, or that future security requires us to bring upon ourselves and the other nation, the horrors and miseries of war? Does not wisdom join with humanity in reprobating such a fact?

"Nothing in the whole compass of legislation is so solemn as a declaration of war. By nothing do a people incur such tremendous responsibility.—Unless justly waged, war involves a people in the guilt of murder. The State which, without the command of justice and God, sends out fleets and armies to slaughter fellow creatures, must answer for the blood it sheds, as truly as the assassin for the death of his victim. Oh, how loudly does the voice of blood cry to Heaven from the field of battle! Undoubtedly, the men whose names have come down to us with the loudest shouts of ages, stand now before the tribunal of eternal justice condemned as murderers; and the victories, which have been thought to enshrine a nation with glory, have fixed the same brand on multitudes in the sight of the final and Almighty Judge. How essential is it to a nation's honor, that it should engage in war with a full conviction of rectitude."

### From the New York Knickerbocker. A SCENE IN REAL LIFE.

"The facts not otherwise than here set down."

#### WIFE OF MARTIN.

There is a vast amount of suffering in the world that escapes general observation. In the lanes and alleys of our populous cities, in the garrets and cellars of dilapidated buildings, there are frequent cases of misery, degradation, and crime, of which those who live in comfortable houses, and pursue the ordinary duties of life, have neither knowledge nor conception. By mere chance, occasionally, a solitary instance of the depravity and awful death is exposed, but the startling details which are placed before the community, are regarded as gross exaggerations. It is difficult for those who are unacquainted with human nature, in its darkest aspects, to conceive the immeasurable depth to which crime may sink a human being—and the task of attempting to delineate a faithful picture of such depravity, though it might interest the philosopher, would be revolting to the general reader. There are, however, cases of folly and error, which should be promulgated as warnings, and the incidents of the annexed sketch are of this character. Mysterious are the ways of Providence in punishing the transgressions of men—and indisputable is the truth, that death is the wages of Sin.

Twenty years ago, no family in the fashionable circles of Philadelphia was more distinguished than that of Mr. L. \*\*\*\*\*: no lady was more admired and esteemed than his lovely and accomplished wife. They had married in early life, with the sanction of relations and friends, and under a conviction that each was obtaining a treasure above all price. They loved devotedly, and with enthusiasm; and their bridal day was a day of pure and undisturbed happiness to themselves, and of pleasure to those who were present to offer their congratulations on the joyous event. The happy pair were the delight of a large circle of acquaintances. In her own parlour, or in the drawing-rooms of her friends, the lady was ever the admiration of those who crowded around her to listen to the rich melody of her voice, or to enjoy the flashes of wit and intelligence which characterized her conversation.

Without the egotism and vanity which sometimes distinguished those to whom society pays adulation, and too prudent and careful in her conduct to excite any feelings of jealousy in the breast of her confiding husband, Mrs. L. \*\*\*\*\*'s deportment was in all respects becoming a woman of mind, taste, and polished education. Her chosen companion noticed her career with no feelings of distrust, but with pride and satisfaction. He was happy in the enjoyment of her undivided love and affection, and happy in witnessing the evidences of esteem which her worth and accomplishments elicited. Peace and prosperity smiled on his domestic circle, and his offspring grew up in loveliness, to add new pleasures to his career.

The youngest of his children was a daughter named Letitia, after her mother, whom, in many respects, she promised to resemble. She had the same laughing blue eyes, the same innocent and pure expression of countenance, and the same general outline of feature. At an early age her sprightliness, acute observation, and aptitude in acquiring information, furnished sure evidences of intelligence, and extraordinary pains were taken to rear her in such a manner as to develop, advantageously, her natural powers. The care of her education devolved principally upon her mother, and the task was assumed with a full consciousness of its responsibility.

With the virtuous mother, whose mind is unshackled by the absurdities of extreme fashionable life, there are no duties so weighty, and at the same time so pleasing, as those connected with the education of an only daughter. The weight of responsibility involves not only the formation of an amiable disposition and correct principles, but, in a great measure, the degree of happiness which the child may subsequently enjoy. Errors of education are the fruitful source of misery, and to guard against these is a task which requires judgment and unremitting diligence. But, for this labor does not the mother receive a rich reward? Who may tell the gladness of her heart, when the infant cherub first articulates her name? Who can describe the delightful emotions elicited by the early development of her genius—the expansion of the intellect when it first receives and treasures with eagerness the seeds of knowledge? These are joys known only to mothers, and they are joys which fill the soul with rapture.

Letitia was eight years old, when a person of genteel address and fashionable appearance, named Duval, was introduced to her mother by her father, with whom he had been intimate when a youth, and

between whom a strong friendship had existed from that period. Duval had recently returned from Europe, where he had resided a number of years. He was charmed with the family, and soon became a constant visitor. Having the entire confidence of his old friend and companion, all formality in reference to intercourse was laid aside, and he was heartily welcomed at all hours, and under all circumstances. He formed one in all parties of pleasure, and in the absence of his friend, accompanied his lady on her visits of amusement and pleasure—a privilege which he sedulously improved whenever opportunity offered.

Duval, notwithstanding his personal attractions and high character as a "gentleman," belonged to a class of men which has existed more or less in all ages, to disgrace humanity. He professed to be a philosopher, but was in reality a libertine. He lived for his own gratification. It monopolized all his thoughts, and directed all his actions. He belonged to the school of Voltaire, and recognized no feelings of the heart as pure, no tie of duty or affection as sacred. No considerations of suffering, of heart-rending grief, on the part of his victim, were sufficient to intimidate his purpose, or check his career of infamy. Schooled in hypocrisy, dissimulation was his business; and he regarded the whole world as the sphere of his operations—the whole human family as legitimate subjects for his villainous depravity.

Such characters—so base, so despicable, so lost to all feelings of true honor—can force their way into respectable society, and poison the minds of the unshocked and virtuous, may well be a matter of astonishment to those unacquainted with the desperate artfulness of human hearts. But these monsters appear not in their true character: they assume the garb and deportment of gentlemen, of philosophers, of men of education and refinement, and by their accomplishments, the suavity of their manners, their sprightliness of conversation, bewilder before they poison, and fascinate before they destroy.

If there be, in the long catalogue of guile, one character more hatefully despicable than another, it is the libertine. Time corrects the tongue of slander, and the generosity of friends makes atonement for the depredations of the midnight robber. Sufferings and calamities may be assuaged or mitigated by the sympathies of kindred hearts, and the tear of affection is sufficient to wash out the remembrance of many of the sorrows to which flesh is heir. But for the venom of the libertine there is no remedy—of its fatal consequences there is no mitigation. His victims, blasted in reputation, are forever excluded from the pale of virtuous society. No sacrifice can atone for their degradation, for the unrelenting and inexorable finger of scorn obstructs their progress at every step. The visitation of death, appalling as is his approach to the unprepared, were a mercy, compared with the extent and permanency of this evil.

Duval's insidious arts were not unobserved by his intended victim. She noticed the gradual development of his pernicious principles, and shrunk with horror from their contaminating influence. She did not hesitate to communicate her observations to her husband—but he, blinded by prejudice in favor of his friend, laughed at her scruples. Without a word of caution, therefore, his intercourse was continued—and such was the weight of his ascendant power—such the perfection of his deep laid scheme, and such his facility in glossing over what he termed pardonable, but which, in reality, were grossly licentious indiscretions of language and conduct—that even the lady herself was induced, in time, to believe that she had treated him unjustly. The gradual progress of licentiousness is almost imperceptible, and before she was aware of her error, she had drunk deeply of the intoxicating draught, and had well nigh become a convert to Duval's system of philosophy. Few who approach this fearful precipice are able to retrace their steps. The senses are bewildered—reason loses its way—and a whirlpool of maddening emotions takes possession of the heart, and hurries the infatuated victim to irretrievable death. Before her suspicions were awakened the purity of her family circle was destroyed. Duval enrolled on his list of conquests a new name—the wife of his bosom friend!

An immediate divorce was the consequence.—The misguided woman, who had but late been the ornament of society and the pride of her family, was cast out upon the world unprotected, and without the smallest resource. The heart of the husband was broken by the calamity which rendered this step necessary, and he retired, with his children, to the obscurity of humble life.

At a late hour, on one of those bitter cold evenings experienced in the early part of January, of the present year, two females, a mother and daughter, both wretchedly clad, stood shivering at the entrance of a cellar in the lower part of the city, occupied by two persons of color. The daughter appeared to be laboring under severe indisposition, and leaned for support on the arm of her mother, who, knocking at the door, craved shelter and warmth for the night. The door was half opened in answer to the summons, but the black who appeared on the stairs, declared that it was out of his power to comply with the request, as he had neither fire—except that which was furnished by a handful of tan—nor covering for himself and wife. The mother, however, too much inured to suffering to be easily rebuked, declared that herself and daughter were likely to perish from cold, and that even permission to rest on the floor of the cellar, where they would be protected, in some degree, from the "nipping and eager air," would be a charity for which they would ever be grateful.—She alleged, as an excuse for the claim to shelter, that she had been ejected, a few minutes before, from a small room which, with her daughter, she had occupied in a neighbouring alley, and for which she had stipulated to pay fifty cents per week, because she had found herself unable to meet the demand—every resource for obtaining money having been

cut off by the severity of the season. The black, more generous than many who are more ambitious of a reputation for benevolence, admitted the shivering applicants, and at once resigned, for their accommodation for the night, the only two seats in the cellar, and cast a fresh handful of tan upon the ashes in the fire place.

It was a scene of wretchedness, want, and misery, calculated to soften the hardest heart, and to elicit the feelings and sympathies of the most selfish. The regular tenants of the cellar were the colored man and his wife, who gained a scanty and precarious subsistence, as they were able, by casual employment in the streets, or in neighbouring houses. Having in summer made no provision for the inclemencies of winter, they were then utterly destitute.—They had sold their articles of clothing and furniture, one by one, to provide themselves with bread, until all were disposed of, but two broken chairs, a box that served for a table, and a small piece of carpeting, which answered the double purpose of a bed and covering. Into this department of poverty were the mother and daughter—lately ejected from a place equally destitute of the comforts of life—introduced. The former was a woman of about fifty years, but the deep furrows in her face, and her debilitated frame, betokened a more advanced age. Her face was wan and pale, and her haggard countenance and tattered dress indicated a full measure of wretchedness.—Her daughter sat beside her, and rested her head on her mother's lap. She was about twenty-five years of age, and might once have been handsome—but a life of debauchery had thus early robbed her cheeks of her roses, and prostrated her constitution. The pallidness of disease was on her face—anguish was in her heart.

Hours passed on. In the gloom of midnight the girl awoke from a disturbed and unrefreshing slumber. She was suffering from acute pain, and, in the almost total darkness which pervaded the apartment, raised her hand to her mother's face. "Mother," said she, in faltering accents, "are you here?"

"Yes child: are you better?"

"No, mother—I am sick—sick unto death!—There is a canker at my heart—my blood grows cold—the torpor of mortality is stealing upon me!"

"In the morning, my dear, we shall be better provided for. Bless Heaven, there is still one place which, thanks to the benevolent, will afford us sustenance and shelter."

"Do not thank Heaven, mother: you and I are outcasts from that place of peace and rest. We have spurned Providence from our hearts, and need not now call him to our aid. Wretches, wretches that we are!"

"Be composed, daughter—you need rest."

"Mother, there is a weight of woe upon my breast, that sinks me to the earth. My brief career of folly is almost at an end. I have erred—oh God! fatally erred—and the consciousness of my wickedness now overwhelms me. I will not reproach you, mother, for laying the snare by which I fell—for enticing me from the house of virtue—the home of my heart-broken father—to the house of infamy and death; but oh, I implore you, repent: be warned, and let penitence be the business of your days."

The hardened heart of the mother melted at this touching appeal, and she answered with a half-stifled sigh.

"Promise me then, ere I die, that you will abandon your ways of iniquity, and endeavor to make peace with Heaven."

"I do—I do! But, alas! my child, what hope is there for me!"

"God is merciful to all who—"

The last word was inaudible. A few respirations, at long intervals, were heard, and the patient girl sunk into the quiet slumber of death. Still did the mother remain in her seat, with a heart burrowed by the smittings of an awakened conscience. Until the glare of daylight was visible through the crevices of the door, and the noise of the foot passengers and the rumbling of vehicles in the street had aroused the occupants of the cellar, she continued motionless, pressing to her bosom the lifeless form of her injured child. When addressed by the colored woman, she answered with an idiot stare.—Sensibility had fled—the energies of her mind had relaxed, and reason deserted its throne. The awful incidents of that night had prostrated her intellect, and she was conveyed from the gloomy place—A MANIC!

The Coroner was summoned, and an inquest held over the body of the daughter. In the books of that humane and estimable officer, the name of the deceased is recorded—"LETTIE L. \*\*\*\*\*"

### CONFIDE IN YOUR MOTHER.

A writer in the Hartford Secretary, repeats this counsel, and illustrates its importance by the following narrative.

To the youthful female we would say, that no individual of either sex, can love you with an affection so disinterested as your mother. Confide in her, and you are safe. Deceive her and "your feet will slide in due time." How many thoughtless young daughters, receive addresses against the wishes of pious parents, receive them clandestinely, give their hand in marriage, and thus dig the grave of all their own earthly happiness.—He who would persuade you to deceive your parents proves himself, in that very deed, unworthy of all your confidence. If you wed him, you will speedily realize what you have lost. You will find that you have exchanged a sympathizing friend, an able judicious counsellor, a kind and devoted nurse, for a selfish, unfeeling companion, ever seeking his own accommodation, and his own pleasures; neglecting you in health, and deserting you when sick.—Who has not read the reward of deceiving parents, in the pale, and melancholy features of the unfilial daughter!

The writer once knew a female, then advanced in life, who had pious parents. Her father was a clergyman, and one who intended to follow the Lord fully, and forbade his sons and his daughters all

such vain amusements as dancing, theatrical exhibitions, &c., in which professors of religion, as well as many clergymen, then indulged their children. This daughter ill brooked these wholesome restraints, and used to make the requisite preparation for an attendance at such assemblies without her mother's knowledge; and by various pretences obtained time for so doing. After her parents had retired to rest, which was usually early, she rose, went secretly out of the house, and partook of her favourite amusement. By some means she entered the house again without detection; and, by a great degree of deceptive management, kept it wholly concealed from her parents. But did the blessing of the Lord attend this daughter! The Lord left her to go on, and choose her own way; and she at length married a young physician, handsome, talented, and agreeable, but of most depraved principles. If it could be known in what particulars he was most depraved, it might be said, in those of all others, the most lacerating to the feelings of a wife. It would hardly be exaggeration to say, that peace was a stranger in her dwelling. She was a prey to the most harassing suspicions. Every species of deception was practised upon her by her abandoned companion, until he seemed to scorn the thoughts of deceiving, and threw off all restraint, and such was the abject fear by which she was held in bondage, that the dread of offending him seemed to outway all her considerations. The Lord was thus pleased to chastise her with scorpions, for nearly forty years, till at length her husband was removed to his own place. Whether she was ever made a subject of divine grace, is not at this distant period remembered. "Evil pursuit sinners: but to the righteous good shall be repaid." Proverbs xiii. 21. "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." Proverbs xxx. 17.

### AN INTERESTING GREEK STORY.

We last evening attended the lecture of Mr. Perdicaris, upon the moral and intellectual condition of Greece, when we heard from him a highly interesting story of his native country, which, as nearly as we can recollect, was in substance as follows:

In some parts of Greece, there are tribes of Greeks who, soon after the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, fled to the mountains for the purpose of escaping the tyranny of their invaders, and whose descendants have ever since remained there as a distinct race. One of these tribes possessing a considerable town, well fortified upon a high rock, not assailable by storm, having become an object of peculiar jealousy to the Pacha, within whose jurisdiction it was situated, he resolved to attempt to destroy them by stratagem.—He accordingly sent a complimentary invitation to the commander of the tribe, to furnish a body of troops to march with him against some common enemy.—The request was complied with, but no sooner were these men, to the number of three hundred and upwards, within the power of the Turkish army, than they were inhumanly butchered, after which the Pacha moved towards the Rock in hopes of finding the town unprotected.—In this expectation, however, he was disappointed. On reaching its base, he found that the remaining men and all the women were armed for its defence, and that it was impregnable even by his superior numbers.—The actual commander of the place, desirous of retaliating upon the Pacha for his barbarous conduct, resorted also to stratagem. He communicated a secret offer to the Pacha to betray the town into his hands—the Pacha, having some doubts of his good faith, asked him for a pledge, the other placed in his hands as a hostage, his son, a young lad, who was immediately sent off to the palace of the Pacha.—On the following day, the gates were to be opened, and the troops of the Pacha to march in, in doing which it was necessary to pass by four forts. In the mean time, these forts were manned with the disposable force, male and female of the town, with positive orders not to fire until the Turkish troops had entirely passed the first or outermost fort. No sooner was this effected, than a tremendous and destructive fire was commenced upon the invaders, and continued until the whole body was destroyed, amounting, as we understood, to four thousand men.

Before the result, however, was known to the Pacha, who was not with the army, his son, a boy of the age of the young Greek hostage, took the liberty of telling his guest that, as soon as information arrive of the capture of his native town, he was to be roasted alive. "Do not be too sure of that," said the young Greek, "as soon as news arrives of the defeat of your father, you shall be skinned alive."—The Greek commander, after the successful issue to his stratagem, wrote a letter to the Pacha, containing the following words: "I knew that you were a treacherous man, but I did not know that you were a fool. You thought that, because I gave you my son, I could be base enough to betray my country. You may do what you please with him, but I choose that my people shall be free." The design of the story was to prove that the blood of the ancient Greeks still runs in the veins of these tribes, although their separation from the civilized world has occasioned the loss amongst them, of almost every vestige of their noble descent.—Philadelphia Gazette.

A most laughable circumstance occurred in the Senate Chamber of the United States during the late session, while balloting for Printer. Dr. Linn, of Missouri, in the hurry of the moment, deposited a check for \$500, which he had just received, instead of his ballot.

The Catholics now have in the United States, as appears by a recent statistical statement of their own, 382 Churches—342 Priests—20 Colleges and Seminaries for males—60 Seminaries for females—and 17 Convents.