

THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY:—ASIBEL SMITH AND JOSEPH W. HAMPTON PROPRIETORS.—[Vol. 16, No. 1.—Whole No. 783.

AT TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, If Paid in Advance.

SALISBURY, NORTH CAROLINA, JUNE 6, 1835.

Or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, After the expiration of 3 months.



ON DEVOTING AN INFANT DAUGHTER TO CHRIST.

The statements expressed in the following lines, from the Mother's Magazine, will meet a joyful response in the heart of many a Christian Mother.

Lord accept my infant child,
Thou hast off on children smiled;
Thou hast off on children smiled;
Help a mother to believe.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

A SHOCKING OCCURRENCE.

Some years since, I was travelling from the State of New York into the province of Upper Canada, by the way of Cape Vincent, and Kingston.

J. B., the inhuman husband of the deceased, was the son of a tavern keeper on the Island, and was early addicted to habits of intemperance.

Here lived the unfortunate female, whose unhappy fate I am attempting to describe. She had been married and confined to this prison house of a drunkard near five years.

seemed to succeed. But, O! delusive hope! She told him she must have assistance soon, or her stay in the land of the living was short.

Although this inebriate knew that the relief, if not the life, of his family depended on his speedy return, his helpless family being entirely alone, and none of his neighbors having knowledge of his absence, yet this miserable wretch, on hearing the sound of rum, and an invitation to partake of the crimson poison, soon forgot a suffering wife and helpless infants, left by him in the jaws of death.

His mother was, unfortunately, given to habits of intemperance, and was then under the influence of ardent spirits.

I fell to my lot to deliver the funeral discourse of this unfortunate female. The feelings of my heart, on this occasion, I will not attempt to describe.

FASHIONABLE PARTIES AND LATE HOURS.

We are killing ourselves in this country by inches, and that, for a tall man or an amazonian woman, is a dreadful reflection.

I met a friend on the piaz last week, who said, "Will you come to our party to-morrow night?"

the party cost!—"Why, about fifteen hundred dollars." "Fifteen hundred dollars! Prodigious! How many charming tertulias in Spain, conversazioni in Italy, and soirees in France, would fifteen hundred dollars procure—and all this sun swallowed up in one dancing frolic!"

I determined to go, and a friend promised to call for me in his carriage. I was ready at seven, and sat quietly until nine—half past nine—ten—when, just as I was ringing for my slippers, and preparing, as Monsieur Morbleu says, for my night-cap, rat-tat-tat goes the coachman, and in walked my friend—pumps and tight pants on—white gloves and perfumed handkerchiefs.

Our carriage rattled up one of the principal streets, and a glare of light was showered in all directions from the house.

Having occasion to call on an old gentleman about twelve o'clock, I found him in his parlor, with the breakfast table before him.

What can be more agonizing to true affection, than to see the girl nourished with tenderness in infancy, amiable, intelligent, and accomplished, gradually sinking into her grave ere she reaches the age of womanhood?

To witness the being so beloved, so cherished, the victim of slow but unerring disease, not constitutional, but brought on by neglect, by fashion!

The result of Gambling.—We rejoice to learn, that the gambling shop which has been so boldly established in our peaceful and comparatively moral town has met with but poor encouragement.

We understand that our last allusion to this subject, moderate in manner and well intentioned as it was, gave offence to those concerned.

kind. If, after this assurance on our part, any person be so silly as to pervert the performance of a duty, to a desire to irritate or wound, he is at liberty to indulge in his erroneous opinions, which we wholly disregard.

One case which came immediately under our observation we will briefly relate. In a town in Europe, in which many of the happiest days of our life were spent, chance brought us acquainted with Charles Barclay, and through him, with the family of which he was a member.

Three of his sons, of whom Charles was the oldest, were our schoolfellows, and more promising youths than the young Barclays we have never known.

The reverse was sudden, overwhelming, and the sufferers seemed to sink unresistingly under it, notwithstanding an evident commiseration was generally entertained by the community.

An American Brutus.—A few days since, young Buchanan, (son of Judge J. Buchanan,) was tried at Annapolis, Md., on an indictment for the murder of Ellis, whom the former shot down, in self-defence, from a mob headed by Ellis, a few weeks since.

Towards the conclusion of the trial, the agitation of the farther became extreme; but was joyfully terminated by a verdict of Not Guilty, which the Jury returned without leaving the box.

A Public Danger.—A glutton of a fellow was dining at a Hotel, who, in the course of the "battle of knives and forks," accidentally cut his mouth, which was observed by a Yankee joker, sitting near by, who bawled out, "I say, friend, don't make that eye hole in your countenance any larger, for God's sake, for the rest on us will starve to death!"

Beauties of Despoism.—Cambyses, a King of Persia, was addicted to intemperance. Perseus, one of his favorites, one day after a debauch, presented to him that he had drunk too much wine.

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

NORTHERN SLAVERY.

[We invite attention to the article below, as a fair sample of "Northern Slavery," which we find in a New York paper; and we ask the question, whether the condition and treatment of the black slave of the South is not a thousand times better than that meted out to this wretched and helpless little white slave of the North!

For a specimen of the means used by the immediate abolitionists to effect their purpose, we refer the reader to an article below, from the Columbia (S. C.) Telescope. The following is the extract we alluded to at the commencement of this article.—ERRONEOUS CASE.]

Northern Slavery.—A White Slave.—A most extraordinary and outrageous abuse of usurped authority over a fellow creature was developed at the upper Police office on Saturday. Mr. James McEnally, of Fourth Street, applied to Mr. Palmer, the magistrate, to send a little girl about fourteen years of age to the House of Refuge, as he said she was so very badly disposed that it was impossible to get any good of her.

On making this discovery, Mr. Palmer made inquiries into the matter, and from what has as yet been developed, it appears that a Mr. R., formerly of this city, obtained possession of the girl, but by what means is as yet unknown, when she was only a few years old; had reared her and treated her completely as a slave.

From the Columbia Telescope, of May 9.

FLOGGING.

There was sent to us, by the mail yesterday, from the unacknowledged hand of some secret wretch, folded inside of a Northern newspaper, a coarse large print representing a cotton planter flogging his naked, kneeling slave.