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Poetic Recess



THE DREAM OF LIFE.

"Twas but a bubble—yet 'twas bright,
And gaily danced along the stream
Of life's wild torrent in the light
Of sunbeams sparkling—like a dream
Of heaven's own bliss, for loveliness—
For fleetness, like a passing thought;
And ever of such hopes as these
The tissue of my life is wrought:
For I have dreamed of pleasures which
The sun of young existence smiled
Upon my wayward path, and then
Her promised sweets my heart beguiled;
But when I came those sweets to sip
They turned to gall upon my lip.
And I have dreamed of Friendship too:
For friendship I had thought was made
To be man's solace in the shade,
And glad him in the light; and so
I madly thought to find a friend
Whose soul with mine would sweetly blend,
And as two placid streams unite,
And roll their waters in one bright
And tranquil current to the sea,
So might our happy spirits be
Borne onward to eternity—
But he betrayed me; and with pain
I woke—to sleep and dream again.
And then I dreamed of Love; and all
The clustered visions of the past
Seemed airy notions to that last
Bright dream. I threw a magical
Enchantment on existence—cast
A glory on my path so bright
I seemed to breathe and feel its light;
But now that blissful dream is o'er,
And I have waked to dream no more.
Beyond each distant glimmering star,
That twinkles in the arch above,
There is a world of truth and love
Which earth's vile passions never mar;
Oh! could I snatch the eagle's plumes,
And soar to that bright world away,
Which God's own holy light illumines
With glories of eternal day,
How gaily every lingering tie
That binds me down to earth I'd sever;
And leave, for that blest home on high,
This hollow-hearted world forever.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

FEMALE BEAUTY AND ORNAMENTS.

(BY D'ISRAELI.)

The ladies of Japan gild their teeth, and those of the Indies paint their red. The pearl teeth must be dyed black to be beautiful in Guzarat. In Greenland, women color their faces with blue and yellow. However fresh the complexion of a Muscovite may be, she would think herself very ugly if she was not plastered over with paint. The Chinese must have their feet as diminutive as those of the she goat, and to render them thus, their youth is past in the tortures. In ancient Persia, an aquiline nose was often thought worthy of the crown, and if there was any competition between two princes, the people went generally by this criterion of majesty. In some countries, the mothers break the nose of their children, and in others press the head between two boards, and that may become square. The modern Persians have a strong aversion to red hair. The Turks, on the contrary, are warm admirers of it. The female Hottentot receives from the hand of her lover, not silks, nor wreaths of flowers, but warm guts and smoking trips, to dress herself with variable ornament.

In China, small round eyes are liked, and the girls are continually plucking their eyebrows, that they may be thin and long. The Turkish women dip a gold brush into the tincture of a black drug, which they pass over their eyebrows. It is too visible by day, but looks shining by night. They tinge their nails with a rose color. An African figure must have small eyes, thick lips, a large flat nose, and skin beautifully black. The Emperor of Monomotapa would not change his amiable negress for the most brilliant European beauty.

An ornament of the nose appears to us perfectly unnecessary. The Peruvians, however, think otherwise; and they hang on it a weighty ring, the thickness of which is proportioned by the rank of their husbands. The custom of boring it, as our ladies do their ears, is very common in several nations. Through the perforation are hung various materials; such as green crystal, gold, stones, a single, and sometimes a great number of gold rings. This is rather troublesome to them in blowing their noses; and the fact is, some have informed us that the Indian ladies never perform this very useful operation.

The female head-dress is carried, in some countries, to a singular extent. The Chinese fair carries on her head the figure of a certain bird. This bird is composed of copper, or gold, according to the quality of the person. The wings spread out, fall over the front of the head-dress, and conceal the temples. The tail long and open, forms a beautiful tuft of feathers. The beak covers the top of the nose; the neck is fastened to the body of the artificial animal by a spring, that it may the more freely play and tremble at the slightest motion.

The extravagance of the Myanties is far more ridiculous than the above. They carry on their head a slight board, rather longer than a foot, and about six inches broad; with this they cover their hair and seal it with wax. They cannot lie nor lean, without keeping the neck straight, and the country being very woody, it is not uncommon to find them with their head-dress entangled in the trees. Whenever they comb their hair they pass an hour by the fire in melting the wax; but this combing is only performed once or twice a year.

The inhabitants of the Island of Natal wear caps or bonnets, from six to ten inches high, composed of the fat of oxen. They then gradually anoint the head with pure grease, which, mixing with the hair, fastens these bonnets for their lives.

From the National Intelligencer.

THE ENGLISH THE PRIMITIVE LANGUAGE OF THE WORLD.

Such is the title of a humorous chapter in the *Miscellanies* of that strange creature, Dean Swift. It is above eighteen years ago since I read it, and it was only recalled to my mind the other day by reading some of the articles of your *grammatical* correspondents. I am not one of those who affect to despise the learned labors of etymologists; who, not satisfied with drinking of the stream, must trace it to its source. It is a laudable curiosity, and there are more unprofitable "haunting excursions" than his.

"Who starts a word and hunts it in the dark,
Through Greece and Rome, and into Noah's Ark."
But the Dean of St. Patrick set down every thing as fair game, and showed as little mercy to etymologists as he did to any other class of worthies. He commences his chapter, I remember, by stating as a provable fact, that the Hebrew nor the Welsh was the primitive language of our race, but the *English*. And he then proceeded to adduce his proofs—some of them sufficiently droll. It may not be unamusing to your readers to give them, from memory, a specimen of these proofs.

Moss. (Mow-seas.) He cut out the Red Sea into two parts.
Isaac. (eyes ache.) Having been troubled with much pain in his eyes, previous to his total blindness.
A gain, in the Greek:
Andromache. (Andrew Mackie,) was called after her parent, a Scotchman.
Alexander the Great. (all eggs under the grate.) The Emperor was very fond of poached eggs, and when the servants of the kitchen—the *kitchen cabinet* of other days—saw him approaching, they were wont to exclaim "all eggs under the grate!"
Bucephalus. (busy fellows.) Alexander's steed was attended by a vast number of grooms, who were always busy about him; and hence the term which described the holders, came to be applied to the horse itself—*busy-fellows*.

Peloponnesus. (Pail up and ease us.) The inhabitants had to fetch their water in pails, from a considerable distance without the city. Whenever they met with a stranger they put down their pails, and addressed him in this phrase, "pail up and ease us!" Hence the place was so called by foreigners.

Strabo. the traveller and geographer, was exceedingly fastidious in his dress and manners, and for this reason was denominated in his travels as a *stray bean*.

Misanthropus. (pure English, mice and three puss.) The individual thus designated, was a splenetic churl, who, having quarrelled with all his neighbors, till he could get no one to quarrel with him, even resorted to the following expedient to gratify his malicious inclination. He had an empty attic in his house, into which, by dint of *cheese* and other mouse-like temptations, he succeeded in congregating every week a great number of mice. He would then bring up his cat, and suddenly opening the door, throw it in among them. His neighbors, hearing of this, bestowed on him the appellation of *mice and three puss*, which other pretended scholars would pretend to be derived from *misanthrophos*.

I conclude with one more instance, which the Dean gives:
Archimedes. (hark-ee-maids.) Every one knows that this great philosopher was exceedingly abstracted when at his studies, and every one knows equally well, that house servants have but little consideration for quiet philosophers. Such was the case with the great mathematician. Every five minutes he had to leave his interrupted studies and call out to the vociferous population of his kitchen, "hark-ee-maids!" And, in revenge, they called him *Archimedes*.

I will, in conclusion, repeat that I intend no disrespect to those who admire the *diversion of Parley*, in thus narrating the "Etymological Diversions, of the Dean for St. Patrick."

Commodore Porter, in his letters from Constantinople, says that the Turkish women are even fonder of, and more addicted to shopping than those of America.

We copy from the work the following description of the Sultan's great ship Mahmoud:

"I visited every part of the ship. She is larger than our Pennsylvania. The carpenter's work and the materials of which she is composed, are not equal to those of our ships, but when I say we have not a ship in our service whose ornamental parts, equipments, and outfit are at all to be compared to those of the Mahmoud, as regards richness, elegance, utility, and expense, I say no more than the truth. Her batteries will consist of one hundred and forty guns, of calibres from five hundred pounds downward. On her main deck she is to carry four of this description, the rest are to be forty-two pounders. Every gun on board is as bright as burnished gold; her gun carriages are absolutely cabinet work; all the iron work about them is like polished steel, and the brass work, of which there is much, corresponding therewith. The beautiful polish of the rich and costly woods of which the ceiling, sides, and bulkheads of her cabin are composed, strikes the eye with a dazzling magnificence. The floors are covered with the same woods laid in a kind of mosaic. All the rest of her equipments, which are in a high state of forwardness in the store houses, are in the same keeping; and when all are put together, and the Mahmoud is complete, the Turks will have it in their power to boast of the largest and most splendid ship in the world."

Description of a Wife.—"Now there's Miss Polly Johnson, though I love her, I wouldn't gin her sister Sal for a boshel on her; and I'll tell you why:—Sal understands *hepology*. That is, to get up at day-light, milk cows, bake bread, churn butter, cook victuals, hoe corn, make mash, save time, waste nothing, knit stockings, doctor folks, talk plain English, keep her temper, and read the Bible."—Good!!!

ADDRESS.

Spoken by Mrs. Chapman, at the Benefit given to J. Sheridan Knowles, at the Park Theatre, N. York, on the 8th of April, 1835.—(Written by George P. Morris, Editor of the New York Mirror.)

Nay!—Mr. Simon!—"Tis not kind—polite—
To shut me out, sir!—I'm in such a fright—
I cannot speak the lines, I'm sure!—Oh, fly!
To say I must—but if I must—I'll try!
From him I turn to these more generous souls,
The drama's patrons and the friends of Knowles,
Why, what a brilliant galaxy is here!
What stars adorn this mimic hemisphere!
Names that shine brightest on our country's page!
The prose of science—literature—the stage!
Above—below—around me—woman smiles,
The fairest floweret of these western wilds—
All come to pay the tribute of their praise
To the first dramatist of modern days;
And welcome to the green home of the free,
With heart and hand, the bard of liberty!
His is a wizard wand. Its potent spell
Broke the deep slumber of the patriot! Fell!
And placed him on his native hills again,
The pride and glory of his fellow men!
The poet speaks—for Rome Virginia bleeds!
Bold Cains Gracchus in the forum pleads!
Alfred—the Great, because the good and wise,
Bids prostrate England burst her bonds and rise!
Sweet Bess, the beggar's daughter, beauty's queen,
Walks forth the joy and woe of the scene!
The Hunchback enters—kindly—fond—severe—
And last, behold the glorious Wife appear!
These are the bright creations of a mind
Glowing with genius, chastened and refined.
In all he's written, be this praise his lot,
"Not one word, dying, would he wish to blot!"
Upon my life 'tis no such easy thing
To land the bard, unless an eagle's wing
My Muse would take: and, fixing on the sun
Her burning eyes, soar as his own has done!

Did you speak, sir!—What, madam, did he say!
Wrangling—for shame!—before your wedding day,
Nay, gentle lady, by thine eyes of blue,
And vermillion blushes, I did not mean you.
Bless me, what friends at every glance I see,
Artists and authors—men of high degree;
Grave politicians, who have weighed each chance—
The next election, and the war with France;
Doctors, just come from curing half a score,
And bellies, from killing twice as many more;
Judges, recorders, aldermen, and mayors,
Seated, like true republicans, down stairs!
And here a glow of sunshine in their faces
Might well become Apollo and the graces,
Except one yonder, with a look infernal,
Like a blurr'd page from Fanny Kouable's Journal!

But to my task. The muse, when I began,
Spoke of the writer—welcome ye the man.
Genius, at best, acts but an humble part,
Unless obedient to an honest heart.
And such a one is he, for whom, to-night,
These walls are crowded with this cheering sight.
Ye love the poet—oft have count'd him o'er—
Knew ye the man ye'd love him ten times more.
Ye critics spare him from your tongue and quill,
Ye gods applaud him, and ye fops be still.

DOCTRINES OF INFIDELITY.
TO THE CORPORATE AUTHORITIES AND THE CITIZENS OF NEW-YORK.

An occurrence, which took place during my late visit to your "city of cities," requires some public notice. On the evening of *Sunday* last, whilst walking Broadway, in company with my friend, Gen. George W. Williamson, of this city, I expressed a curiosity to see "Tammany Hall," which I had heard spoken of as your great *arena* for public discussion. We accordingly proceeded thither; and, on entering the Hall, discovered, to our surprise, a large audience assembled, listening apparently with wrapt attention to a speaker who was addressing them from a pulpit at one extremity of the Hall. The door keeper required of us *sixpence* each, as the price of admission, which we paid, and took our seats on one of the back benches.—On looking round, I discovered, that of the audience which nearly filled the large Hall, about one half consisted of respectfully dressed females, of all ages, from the young girl just blooming into womanhood, to the aged matron. Immediately on the left of the pulpit, on front bench, were seated a number of venerable old men, some bald from age, and others with scanty locks, which had been whitened by the frost of many score of winters. In the rear of them, were a number of persons, with musical instruments in their hands; and nearly fronting the pulpit, was a gentleman in appearance with a beautiful and most interesting *Boy*, apparently about *five* years of age, in his arms, whose youthful glance appeared to be directed, with fascinating influence, to the speaker in the pulpit.—The rest of the audience were well dressed persons—many of them youths, from sixteen to eighteen years of age. After making this rapid survey, and directing our attention to the speaker, our prepossessions were at once excited in his favor. He was apparently about 25 or 30 years of age, of handsome personal appearance, winning address, musical voice, and exhibiting great powers of elocution. He was passing in review the different systems of Theology of the various sects and nations of the world, showing much historical research, and evincing much talent. We were delighted, and congratulated each other on having gone to the Hall. A revulsion of feelings, however, soon took place, when on his making a practical application of what he had been reviewing, the result of all his facts and reasoning was INFIDELITY, in its most undisguised, naked, and disgusting form. When he finished his address, which was evidently a prepared one, he resigned his place in the pulpit to an elderly man, of rude manners, and most unprepossessing exterior, who read from a book several verses, which were sung by most of the audience—principally by the females—accompanied by the musical instruments. The same person then commenced and delivered an address, which occupied about thirty minutes, and which, for gross ribaldry, impiety, and the most revolting profanity, was never exceeded during the wildest excesses of the French Revolution. I will not enter into the disgusting detail of all he said, but merely state a few of his doctrines. He boldly ridiculed and denied the *Existence of a God*; declared, with

emphasis, that the *Holy Bible* was a *Humbug*; and that all *Professors of Religion* were *wily hypocrites*, whose sole object was to fill their bellies with beef and pudding. I listened with horror and astonishment—horror, that any civilized or human being should openly profess a belief in such doctrines—astonishment, that the promulgation of them should be tolerated in *any* community. I looked round at the audience. The old men nodded assent even to the most ultra of his doctrines; the females, whose sensitive feelings, and lively imaginations, too often make them the victims of designing men, listened with avidity, and some of them even responded with a laugh to his grossest ribaldry; a youth of not more than 16, next to whom I sat, in response to some of the doctrines exclaimed "that is true!" and the beautiful little boy, in the arms of his father, near the front of the pulpit, whose ductile mind and warm infantile feelings were prepared to receive any impression—for good or for bad—with opened mouth, and eyes beaming with interest and intelligence, drank in the polluted stream from that old man's lips.

I am no fanatic—I am no bigot—I am not what is called a Professor of Religion. Though attached as a member to the Church of my forefathers, I am not, as yet, a *communicant*, though I trust the time is not far distant when I shall be able to realize the pleasure, and assume the responsibilities of one. The leading principles of christianity, however, were instilled into me from my earliest youth. Reason and reflection have confirmed their truth. The whole universe—the stars and the firmament—the mountains and the valleys—the land and the ocean, with their countless inhabitants—all nature, animate and inanimate—proclaim with one voice the existence of a Supreme Being. The idea is implanted in our very nature. It is incorporated with all our institutions, whether religious, political, or social. It is the substratum upon which the constitution of our free government rests. The responsibilities which it imposes, and the duties it inculcates, in all the relations of life, are the grand cement which keeps society together.

Entertaining these opinions, my feelings revolted at the doctrines which I heard so shamelessly proclaimed. As a citizen of a free country, whose best institutions would wither under the poisoning influence of the *Ups Tree of Infidelity*; as a member of a social community, all of whose connecting and controlling bonds would be broke through, were they not sustained by the obligations which are inculcated by the Bible; as a philanthropist, who could not see you a old age trembling on the verge of a precipice, without raising a warning cry, and extending forth a helping hand to save them from *perdition*, I determined to enter my protest against the doctrines I had heard. I was a father. The age—the beauty—the intelligent look of that *little boy*, spoke to my heart in a language it well understood. It reminded me of *my little boy*—*my only son*—of the same age—the same beauty—the same intelligence—when that Divine Being, whose existence these men denied—thought proper, in his providence, to take to himself. Thank God! his infant mind was never polluted by the name of INFIDELITY; and the best consolation which I have for his loss, is in the certain hope that he is enjoying that *immortality of happiness* in another world which these mis-called *Philanthropists* would deprive us of.

As soon as the last speaker closed his address, I advanced to the pulpit, and in the mildest and most courteous manner, requested of the two speakers permission to address a few words to the audience, in reply to them. I was refused. I observed to them that it was a public meeting, for admission into which we had paid at the door; that they had stated that the only true guide was REASON, and had, in both their addresses, challenged investigation into the correctness of their doctrines; that their doctrines were, to my mind, so blasphemous, and so subversive of the principles of our government, that I was anxious for an opportunity to refute them; that if their doctrines could bear the test of reason, they ought not to refuse investigation. The younger of the speakers then said, "appoint any day this week and we will hear you." I replied, that I was a stranger, and that my engagements required me to leave the city, on my return to Baltimore, the next morning; that their speeches had been prepared with care, and that my reply would be extemporaneous; that I wished, whilst the minds of the audience were warm from the glowing impress of their addresses, to erase the impression, before it had become indurated by time. I was again refused. I appealed then to the old gentlemen on the front bench, on the left of the pulpit, who stated that they were Trustees of the Society. They also refused me with much vehemence of manner. I then turned round and appealed to the audience. I said to them "that I was a stranger in their city, and had been attracted by curiosity to see "Tammany Hall," a name associated with Democracy, and with liberty and freedom of speech; that I was from the South, whose citizens, from misapprehension of their character by many in the East, were supposed to be somewhat latitudinarian in their religious opinions; but that the doctrines which I had heard that night were so blasphemous in their character, and so demoralizing in their tendency—so subversive of the free institutions under which we lived—so inimical to social order, and so utterly at variance with all my preconceived opinions of religious obligations, and of moral duty, that I was constrained to enter my protest against them; that I had appealed to the speakers and to the Trustees for permission, which they had refused, and that I now appealed to them, and asked "will you hear me?" The appeal was responded to from the audience by the often repeated cry of "hear him." Before I could avail myself of this permission, I was surrounded by the Trustees, who accused me of disturbing their meeting, and said I should not speak. Up to this time, no violence had been offered;—but, whilst madly remonstrating with the speakers and Trustees about their refusal to comply with the wishes of the audience, a GALLANT man, one of the FIDDLERS, who was safely entrenched behind two

rows of benches, struck a blow at me, which, however, did not reach me. This was the signal for tumult. I was seized by the Trustees, whose age and grey hairs protected them from a blow; and, notwithstanding the assistance of my friend, General William Williamson, participated in my feelings, and manfully sustained me through the whole affair, we were both precipitated over benches and chairs, with much violence, and soon found ourselves at the bottom of the stairs. The watch, after hearing his statement, refused. We then requested, as a favor, to be taken before the City Authorities, which he assented to. On our arrival at the Police Office, the Trustee preferred his complaint against us, and insisted on our detention. I gave a simple statement of facts, which was corroborated by the volunteer testimony of many gentlemen, who had followed us from the Hall, and whose honest indignation, which the presence of the presiding Alderman could scarcely restrain, furnished the best commentary on the whole proceeding. The complainant was promptly dismissed by the presiding judge, and we were politely informed that we were at liberty to depart. To the gentlemen, before whom we were so unexpectedly arraigned, I tender the thanks of General Williamson and myself, for the politeness we experienced, and the civilities which they extended to us. After remaining at the office until the crowd had dispersed, we returned to the City Hotel, and, in pursuance of our previous engagements, left your city at 10 A. M., in the steamboat for Baltimore.

This is a plain relation of facts. Do they not furnish subject for most grave and serious reflection? Do they not, with startling voice, appeal to you in all the various relations of life? As the corporate authorities of the city of New York, you are the constituted guardians of the people's morals—the watchmen over their civil and political liberties. Will you tolerate, in your enlightened community, the promulgation of doctrines destructive of both. If any man w's to preach in your streets the doctrine of *irresponsibility* to your civil institutions, he should be denounced for treason, and the strong arm of the law would be extended to him. Will you permit a *higher treason*, which preaches *woman's* irresponsibility to his God? If any one was publicly to proclaim that female *chastity* was a folly, and virtue but an idle name, would not public indignation brand him as a wretch, and the civil authority consign him to the Penitentiary? And will you suffer the open and public avowal, with a view to make proselytes, of doctrines which, by breaking down all moral barriers, would make prostitutes of your wives and daughters, and felons of your sons? As parents, you are deeply interested; for he who denies all responsibility to his God or to his country, will hardly recognise the responsibility of a child to his parent.

And who are these men? They call themselves "Moral Philanthropists." Is it in the desecration of every thing, which the united and matured wisdom of all who have preceded us, have taught us to be Holy! Is it in attempting to subvert our free institutions—to break asunder every moral tie which binds us together, and to reduce us to primitive nature? And what do they offer you in exchange? For *immortality* they proffer to you *annihilation*! For the meek and lowly Redeemer, they would substitute the "Goddess of Reason," who, in the sanguinary and beastly orgies of Robespierre, Murat, and their Sans Culotte patriots, was appropriately personated by a *Naked Prostitute*!

Citizens of New York! Descendants of the Knickerbockers, the virtuous old Dutchmen of your State! are you willing to make the exchange? Will the old men, on the verge of the grave, surrender the hope of immortality, which has solaced them through life, and now cheer them on their passage to eternity?

Will the youth of your city abandon the religion of their forefathers, and repudiate a belief which restrains them from vice and stimulates them to virtue? Will the matrons of your city become proselytes to doctrines which will teach them, whilst straining their infants to their bosoms, that the objects of their maternal care, around whom all woman's fondest affections and devotions concentrate, are mere clods of the valley, which, like the brute beast, will return to their original nothingness, and be lost in the darkness of annihilation!—Ask these questions of yourselves, when you retire to your chamber—in the silence of night—and with the world shut out; and let your hearts and your conscience answer them.

It will perhaps be said, that the doctrines of these men are so revolting, and their numbers so few, that no danger is to be apprehended, and that contemptuous silence is the best answer. Delude not yourselves with the fallacy. "Lay not this flattering unction to your souls." Their poison is an insidious one, which, while you slumber in fancied security, will penetrate to the heart's blood of all your institutions, and all the balm of Gilead will be unable to effect a cure. Arouse, lest you fall into that moral "sleep that knows no waking." Let public opinion awaken in all its energy, and tell these moral incendiaries, that they shall not be permitted to throw their firebrands into your community, and reduce to one moral ruin, your altars, your temples, and your domestic hearths. Infidelity is a weed which is not congenial to our soil. It is an exotic. Do not transplant it into your moral garden; it will extirpate every wholesome and beautiful plant, until it grows into a tree, which overshadowing your noble city, will wither and destroy every thing within its influence. Establish a moral quarantine around your city, illimitable in point of time, and which no ingenuity can evade. Do this, and you will deserve the thanks of your fellow citizens.

I have the honor to be your fellow citizen,
E. L. FINLEY.
BALTIMORE, 27th May, 1835.

Poverty is not a shame, but being ashamed of it is.