

THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

THE POWERS NOT DELEGATED TO THE UNITED STATES BY THE CONSTITUTION, NOR PROHIBITED BY IT TO THE STATES, ARE RESERVED TO THE STATES RESPECTIVELY, OR TO THE PEOPLE.—Amendments to the Constitution, Article I.

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NEW TERMS

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

A LEGEND OF THE SEVEN TOWERS.

(BY MISS FARDOR.)

On the declaration of war with Russia in 1798, Baron Bulhakoff, the Russian minister, despite his representation that the imprisonment of the Muscovite ambassadors on such occasions had been abolished by treaty, was nevertheless sent to the Seven Towers by order of the Grand Yussouf Pasha, the grand vizier, with the assurance that treaties were very good things in times of peace, but were waste paper in the event of war. The discomfited ambassador was, however, treated with great civility, and was even permitted to select such members of the legation as he desired should bear him company during his captivity; strict orders being given to the commandant of the castle to accede to every request of his prisoner, which did not tend to compromise his safety; and upon his complaining of the accommodations of the tower, he was moreover permitted to erect a kiosk on the walls of the fortress, whence he had a magnificent view of the Sea of Marmora and its glittering islands, and to construct a spacious and handsome apartment within the tower itself.

The commandant was lodged beneath the same roof as his prisoner. He had an only daughter, so young and so lovely that she might have taken her stand between the two hours who wait at the portals of Paradise to beckon the faithful across its threshold, and those seeming less beautiful than they. Her eyes shone with their delicate breathings upon the petals of the roses since the birth of Rechedi Hanoum, and she had far out bloomed the brightest blossoms of the fairest seasons. Her words, when it was poured forth in song, came through the lattice of her casement like the tones of a distant mandolin sweeping over the waters of the mid sea—when you looked upon her, it was as though you looked upon a rose; and when you listened you seemed to listen to the nightingale.

Rechedi Hanoum had never yet polluted the aromatic chamber in the garden of flowers. Her young heart was as free as the breeze that came to her brow from the blue bosom of the Propontis; and when she heard that a Muscovite Giaour was about to become an inmate of the Towers, she only rejoiced, for she knew that he was an enemy of her country.

Terror was, however, soon succeeded by curiosity. Only a few weeks after the compulsory desertion of the ambassador at the Seven Towers, his kiosk was completed, and from his closed casements the young Hanoum could see all that passed in the vast apartment of the prisoner.

Her first glance at the dreadful infidel was transient; but soon she took another, and a longer look; and curiosity was, in its turn, succeeded by sympathy. The Russian prisoner was the handsomest man on whom her eyes had ever rested, and it was not thus that she had pictured to herself the dreaded Muscovite. He was unhappy, too; for in his solitary moments he paced the floor with hurried and unequal steps, like one who is grappling with some painful memory—and at times sat sadly, with his head pillowed on his hand, and his fingers wreathed amid the wavy hair which encircled his brow, looking so mournful, and, above all, so fascinating, that the fair Rechedi at last began to weep as she clung to her lattice, with her gaze riveted upon him; and to find more happiness in those tears than in all the simple pleasures that had hitherto formed the charm of her existence.

Little did the young Hanoum suspect that she loved the Giaour. She never dreamed of passion; but, with all the generous anxiety of innocence, unconscious that a warmer feeling than that of mere pity urged her to the effort, she began to muse upon the means of diminishing the unpleasantness of a captivity which she was incapable of terminating. The first, the most natural impulse, led her to sweep her hands across the chords of her zembek; and, as she remarked the start of aggressive surprise with which the sound was greeted by the courtly prisoner, her young heart bounded with joy, and the wild song gushed forth with a sweetness which chained the attention of the captive, and afforded to the delighted girl the opportunity of a long look, that more than repaid her for her minstrelsy.

During the evening, she watched to ascertain whether a repetition of her song would be expected—and she did not watch in vain; for more than once the Russian noble leant from his casement, and seemed to listen; but he came not there alone; one of his companions in captivity was beside him; and Rechedi Hanoum, although she guessed not wherefore, had suddenly become jealous of her minstrelsy, and would not exhibit it before a third person.

On the morrow, an equally graceful and equally successful effort whited the prisoner a time from his sorrows. A cluster of roses, woven together with a tress of bright dark hair, was flung from the

casement of the young beauty, at a moment when the back of the stranger was turned towards her. It fell at his feet and was secured and pressed to his lips with a respectful courtesy, that quickened the pulse of the donor; but not a glimpse of the fair girl accompanied the gift; and it seemed as though the Barge had suspected wherefore—for ere long in his apartment; and, when he had dismissed his attendants, he once more advanced to the window, and glanced anxiously toward the jealous lattices by which it was overlooked.

There was a slight motion perceptible behind the screen; a white hand waved a greeting; and the imprisoned noble bent forward to obtain a nearer view of its fairer owner. For a moment Rechedi Hanoum stood motionless, terrified at the excess of her own tenacity; but there was a more powerful feeling at heart than fear; and, in the next, she forced away her prison bars for an instant, and, with the telltale hand pressed upon her bosom, stood revealed to her enraptured neighbor.

From that day the beauty allowed herself to betray to the captive her interest in his sorrows—she did more; she admitted that she shared them; and ere long there was not an hour throughout the day when the thoughts of Rechedi Hanoum were not dwelling on the handsome prisoner.

Thus were things situated during two long years, when the death of the reigning sultan, at the termination of that period, induced the ambassadors of England and France to demand from his successor, Selim the Third, the liberty of the Russian minister. The request was refused, for the war was not yet terminated; and the new sovereign required no better pretext for disregarding the representations of the European ambassadors, than the continuation of hostilities between the two countries. But Selim had other and more secret reasons for thus preemptorily negating their prayer; and it will be seen in the suite, that they did not arise from personal dislike to the captive Muscovite.

Like Haroun Alraschid, of Arabian memory, the new sultan, during the first weeks of his reign, amused himself by nocturnal wanderings about the streets of the city in disguise, attended by the subsequently famous Hussein, his first and favorite body-page; and, immediately that he had refused compliance with the demand of the ambassadors, he resolved on paying an incognito visit to his prisoner at the Seven Towers. As soon as twilight had fallen like a mantle, over the golden glories of Stamboul, he accordingly set forth; and, having discovered himself to the commandant, and enjoined him to secrecy, he entered the anti-chamber of the baron, where he found one of his suite, to whom he expressed his desire to have an interview with the captive ambassador.

The individual to whom the sultan had addressed himself recognized him at once; but, without betraying that he did so, contented himself with expressing his regret that he was unable to comply with the request of his visitor, the orders of the sultan being peremptory that the baron should hold no intercourse with any one beyond the walls of the fortress.

On receiving this answer, Selim replied gaily, that the sultan need never be informed of the circumstance; and that being a near relative of the commandant, and having obtained his permission to have a few minutes' conversation with the prisoner, he trusted that he should not encounter any obstacle, either on the part of the baron himself, or on that of his friends.

The dragoman, with affected reluctance, quitted the room, to ascertain, as he asserted, the determination of his excellency, but, in reality, to inform him of the imperial masquerade; and in five minutes more, the disguised sultan and his favorite were ushered into the apartment of the ambassador.

After some inconspicuous conversation, Selim inquired how the baron had contrived to divert the weary hours of his captivity; and was answered, that he had endeavored to lighten them by books, and by gazing out upon the Sea of Marmora from his kiosk. Bulhakoff sighed as he made the reply, and remembered how much more they had been brightened by the affection of the fair Rechedi Hanoum; and he almost felt as though he were an ingrate, that he did not add her smiles and her solicitude to the list of his prison blessings.

"The same volume and the same kiosk cannot please forever," said the sultan, with a smile; "and you would not, doubtless, be sorry to exchange your books for the conversation of your fellow man, nor your view of the blue Propontis for one more novel. A prison is but a prison at the best, even though you may be locked up with all the courtesy in the world. But your captivity is not likely to endure much longer. Shekiour Allah!—Praise to God! I am intimately acquainted with the sultan's favorites; and I know that, had not the meddling ministers of England and France sought to drive the new sovereign into an act of justice, which he had resolved to perform from inclination, you would have been, ere this, at liberty." Do not, therefore, be induced to lend yourself or your countenance to any intrigue that they may make to liberate you, and which will only tend to exasperate his highness; but wait patiently for another month, and at its expiration you will be set free, and restored to your country.

"I trust that you may prove a true prophet," said the baron; and his visitors shortly afterwards departed.

The days wore on; the month was almost at an end, and yet the captive noble had never ventured to breathe to the fair girl who loved him the probability of his liberation. He shrank from the task almost with trembling, for he felt that even to him the parting would be a bitter one—even to him, although he was about to recover liberty, and country, and friends. What, then, would it be to her—to his "caged bird," as he had often fondly called her, who knew no joy save in his presence—no liberty save that of loving him! As the twilight fell sadly over the sea, and the tall trees of the prison garden grew dark and gloomy

in the sinking light, he remembered how ardently they had both watched for that still hour, soon to be one of tenfold bitterness to the forsaken Rechedi Hanoum; and there were moments in which he almost wished that she had never loved him.

But the hour of trial came at last. Selim had redeemed his word, and Bulhakoff was free. His companions in captivity would fain have quitted the fortress within the hour; but the liberated prisoner lingered. He gave no reason for his delay—he offered no explanation of his motives; he simply announced his resolution not to quit the tower until the morrow; and then he shut himself into his chamber, and passed there some of the most bitter hours of his captivity.

Once more twilight lay long upon the water; the time of the tryst was come—the last which the beautiful young Hanoum was ever to keep with her lover. She had long forgotten the possibility of his liberation; and when she stole from her chamber to the shadow of the tall cypresses that had so often witnessed their meeting, her heart bounded like her step. But no fond smile welcomed her coming—no reproach, more dear than praise, murmured against her tardiness. Bulhakoff was leaning his head against the tree beside which he stood, and the young beauty had clasped within her own the chill and listless hand that hung at his side, ere, with a painful start, he awakened from his reverie.

The interview was short; but brief as its duration, it had taught the wretched girl that for her there was no future save one of misery. She could not weep, for the drops of anguish would have dimmed the image of him whom she had loved, and was about to lose. She made no reply to the wailing sobs he had brought, for what had words to do with such a grief as hers? She was like one who dreamt a fearful dream; and when she turned away to regain her chamber, she walked with a firm step, for her heart was broken; and she had nothing now left to do but to veil from her lover the extent of her own anguish, lest she should add to the bitterness of his.

The morrow came. The baron turned a long, soul-centered look toward the lattices of his young love, and quitted her for ever; and, ere many weeks were spent, the same group of cypresses which had overshadowed the trysting place of Rechedi Hanoum gloomed above her grave.

From the Sketch Book.

SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget—but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open. This affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude—where is the mother that would willingly forget the infant that perished, like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang—where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament! who ever in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns! who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved, when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed—in the closing of its portals, would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its own, it has likewise its own lights—and when the overruling burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection, when the sudden anguish and the convulsed agony over the present ruin of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness.—Who would root out such a sorrow from the heart, though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; yet who would exchange it, even for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song; there is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn, even in the charms of the living. Oh, the grave!—the grave!—it buries every error, covers every defect—extinguishes every regret! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections.

Who can look down upon the grave, even of an enemy, and not feel a compunction that he should ever have warred with that handful of earth that is mouldering before him! but the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! there it is that we call up in review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us, almost unheeded in our daily intercourse and intimacy—there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn awful tenderness, of the parting scene, the bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendants, its mute, watchful assidues. The last testimonies of expiring love! the feeble, fluttering, thrilling, oh, how thrilling pressure of the hand. The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us, even from the threshold of existence! the faint faltering accents struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection! Ay! go to the grave of buried love, and meditate!

The Mother.—There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has suffered even in advanced life in sickness and despondency, who that has been in a weary bed, in the neglect, and loneliness of a foreign land, but has thought of the mother "that looked on his childhood," that smoothed his pillow and administered to his helplessness. Oh, there is an endearing tenderness in the loss of a mother for her son, that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is better to be chilled by danger, not weakened by want, nor stilled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience, she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment, she will glory in his fame and exult in his prosperity, and, if adversity overtake him he will be the dearest to her by misfortune; and if dis-

grace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him, and, if all the world cast him aside, she is all the world to him.

Affecting Death.—A melancholy case of mental derangement and consequent death has recently occurred in this city. Late in the autumn of last year, Louisa Farmer, a young woman of French descent, about twenty years of age, arrived in this city from Philadelphia, to fulfil an engagement with two gentlemen, in attending a fancy store. About two months since, she was carried in a state of derangement to the city hospital, by those gentlemen and left there at their expense.—Every possible kind of attention was bestowed upon her by the worthy steward and his amiable lady; but these, with the skillful treatment of the attending physicians, were of no avail in restoring her lost reason and health. Her situation excited the deepest sympathy. She slept little, generally refused nourishment, and spent the most of her time in walking the floor, in great agitation, which was increased beyond degree at the very sight of a man. We are told that in her only lucid moments, she made disclosures which, with other circumstances, leave no room to doubt that violence had been done her. A lady, to whom Louisa had brought letters of introduction, last week for the first time, learned that she was in the hospital, and caused her to be removed to her own house where she died on Saturday last—a victim it is supposed of deception and violence.—*Mobile Examiner.*

A REMARKABLE FACT.

We have frequently noticed the fact, that if a man is pressed for money, and finds it necessary to curtail his expenses, he infallibly discontinues his newspaper. His tobacco he must have; and it will never do to have his family more coarsely dressed than his neighbors; and as to eatables, they are delicious things, that must be had. And then he must lay up something for his children. The conclusion is, that it is far more important to furnish the body with fine apparel, and the appetite with the dainties it craves, than to furnish the mind with wisdom. Indeed it is a general feature in men's economising, that the mind is first deprived of its food. Yet God has said, "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies; and all the things that thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honor. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her."—Prov. 3; 13.

If men appreciated those truths, they would be slow to deprive the mind of any source of useful information. They are not aware of the irreparable injury they do their children by depriving them of the kind of reading most likely to be both interesting and profitable to them. The man must be poor indeed who cannot pay for one or two newspapers, and occasionally purchase an interesting book for his family.

Temple.—I saw a temple reared by the hands of man, standing upon its high pinnacle in the distant plain. The streams beat upon it; the God of nature hurled his thunderbolt amidst it, and yet it stood as firm as adamant. Revelry was in the halls—the gay, the happy and the young were there. I returned—and lo! the temple was no more! Its high walls lay in scattered ruin—moss and wild grass grew rankling there—and at the midnight hour, the owls cry, added to the sleep solitude. The young and gay who revelled there passed away. I saw a child reclining in his youth—the idol of his mother, and the pride of his father—I returned and the child had become old. Trembling with the weight of years, he stood the last of his generation, a stranger midst the generation around him.

SINGULAR AND FATAL ACCIDENT.

A very extraordinary accident occurred in Port Hope, N. Y., on Friday last, which has plunged a highly respectable family in that town in the deepest affliction. In the morning of that day Master James McSpadden (a youth about 14 years of age) eldest son of Mr. D. McSpadden, left home to fetch, as he said, something from the Presbyterian Church, which stands nearly opposite his father's house. Not returning immediately, it was supposed he had walked down the town, and no alarm was felt for his safety. Some hours afterward, a young companion, chancing to pass in the rear of the Church, observed him hanging, as he thought, in an odd manner from one of the windows, and called him to see what he was about.—Receiving no answer he went up to him, and discovered that the unfortunate youth was dead, having been caught by the neck and strangled with the sash of the window, which apparently had fallen upon him while in the act of passing in or out of the church. He had climbed the window by a ladder, from which his feet had slipped.—*Coburg Star.*

THE MOOS ROSE.

From the German of Krumpholtz.

The Guardian angel of the flowers, who in the silence of night, sprinkles them with refreshing dew, once, on a spring day, was shimmering in the shade of a rose bush. And when he awoke, he spoke with friendliest mien: Most lovely of my children, I thank thee for this balsamic odour, and for thy cooling shade. Was there any thing left for thee to desire, how cheerfully would I grant it.—Adorn me then, with some new charms, prayed the spirit of the rose bush. And the angel adorned the beautiful flower with a simple moss. How lovely appears in this modest attire the moss rose, the handsomest of her species. Beautiful Emma! Leave off those gaudy ornaments—those glittering gems, and imitate maternal nature.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

Virtue has resources beyond itself, which we know not of until the loving hour calls them from their retreats. Surrounding by hosts without, and when nature herself turned traitor, in its most deadly enemy within, it assumes a new and superhuman power which is greater than nature itself. Whatever be its creed, whatever its sect—from whatever argument of the globe its orisons arise, Virtue is God's empire, and from his throne he will defend it.—Though cast into the distant earth and struggling on the dim arena of a human heart, all things above are spectators of its conflict, or enlisted in its cause. The angels have their charge over it—the lumens of archangels are on its side; and from sphere to sphere through the illimitable ether and round the impenetrable darkness at the feet of God, its triumph is hymned by harps which are strung to the glories of the Creator.—*Bulwer.*

A FAMILY POISONED.

Mr. R. L. Burnett, near Galena, Illinois, died a few days since, and his children were thrown into convulsions, by eating of the water parsnip, which, like the wild parsnip, is a deadly poison. All umbelliferous water plants of yellow blossoms, and most of those that are white, are generally poisonous.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Sandusky Clarion.

TO DESTROY LICE AND CATERpillars ON FRUIT TREES.

I have observed that fruit trees, in this region are almost universally injured by lice and caterpillars. They first set on the outer bark, until it becomes almost black, and finally destroy the tree. It is said that they enjoy but a few days of life, in the spring, and can then be easily destroyed. I have observed, that about the time of the first blossoms, they are loose in the bark; and I apply a white wash, mixed of lime, soap, fresh cow-dung and water, which effectually destroys them on every part of the tree to which it is applied.

As for the caterpillars, I never suffer them to remain on any tree 36 hours after I discover them. The process of destroying them, is by boring a small hole, two or three inches deep in the body of the tree, nearly filling it with common sulphur, and stopping it with a soft wood plug, driven tight, but not so hard as to split the wood or the bark. They rarely remain twelve hours afterwards. In a practice of eight or nine years, neither of those methods has failed in a single instance. S. M. LOCKWOOD.

Sugar Beet.—The Northampton Courier says, the sugar beet will be extensively cultivated this year in that county, not merely for the purpose of making sugar, but as food for animals—the yield to an acre being enormous—averaging from eighteen to thirty tons and the soil is at the same time benefited by it. One hundred pounds of Beet, says the Courier, will yield seven pounds of sugar, giving, at twenty tons to the acre, a product of \$1500.

ECONOMY IN FEEDING.

There is, perhaps, no department in the business of Agriculture so little attended to in this country as that of economy in the feeding of stock, and none which requires more attention. It has been demonstrated time after time that the mere addition of oats, or corn, or the cutting of hay, adds fully one-third to its value as food; that is, that one-third less in quantity of either will answer. That this is the fact we have no doubt and have long been surprised that so few persons, owners of stock, adopted this mode of feeding. No one who has watched with a discriminating eye the effects of feeding animals with whole grain but must have observed the fact a large portion comes from them precisely in the same condition it was received by them into their stomachs. The reason of this is obvious: their stomachs have become so enfeebled, by being long used to unbruised grain, corn, or oats, as to be unable to digest the regular portions of these substances daily given them. This fact alone should bring about a reformation, as it is calculated to convince any one capable of drawing just deductions from well established principles, that all food which is voided in an undigested state, so far from having done any good, must have been the cause of much positive harm, as all bodies which lie in the stomach in that condition, are so many sources of irritation, derangement, and disease. But there is another view, which we do not recollect to have seen enforced,—it is this: that by crushing or bruising all grain food given to cattle, the manure will be the more valuable. How often do we see a piece of ground which has been manured from the horse stable so covered with oats as to induce the belief in a stranger that oats had absolutely been sown, when in fact they had sprung from the undigested grain which had passed through the horses. The trouble which such foul manure imposes upon the husbandman we need not mention, as sad experience has made every one intimate with it. If then one-third in quantity of grain can be saved; if that fed is more nutritious, if the manure made from it is cleaner and better, why should farmers and planters hesitate a moment? Why do they not at once abandon a practice so repulsive with evil? We leave the solution of these questions to those interested.—*Farmer & Gardener.*

Oaks for the Parlor.—If you hang an acorn by a string about half an inch above the surface of some water contained in a hyacinth glass, it will throw down long white roots, while its stem will rise upwards and become decorated with bright green and delicate leaves. When it grows over the top of the hyacinth glass, it becomes a very pretty object.