

# 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 V.

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## NEW TERMS

### TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

1. The Western Carolinian is published every Friday, at Two Dollars per annum if paid in advance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if not paid before the expiration of three months.

2. No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the discretion of the Editors; and a failure to notify the Editors of a wish to discontinue, at the end of a year, will be considered as a new engagement.

### TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements will be conspicuously and correctly inserted, at one dollar per square for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuation. Court and Judicial advertisements will be charged 25 per cent more than the above prices. A deduction of 33 $\frac{1}{3}$  per cent from the regular prices will be made to yearly advertisers.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters addressed to the Editors, must in all cases be post paid.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### THIRST QUENCHED WITHOUT DRINKING.

It may not be generally known to our readers that water, even salt water, imbued through the skin appears thirst almost as well as fresh water taken inwardly. In illustration of this subject, a correspondent has sent us the following abridged quotation from a "Narrative of Captain Kennedy's losing his Vessel, and his distresses afterwards," which was noticed in "Dodd's Annual Register for 1760." "I cannot conclude without making mention of the great advantage I received from soaking my clothes twice a day in salt water, and putting them on without wringing. It was a considerable time before I could make the people comply with this measure, although from seeing the good effects produced, they afterwards practised it twice a day of their own accord. To this discovery I may with justice attribute the preservation of my own life and six other persons, who might have perished if it had not been put in use. The hint was first communicated to me from the perusal of a treatise written by Dr. Lind. 'The water absorbed through the pores of the skin produced in every respect the same effect as would have resulted from the moderate drinking of any liquid. The saline particles, however, which remained in our clothes became incrusted by the heat of the sun and that of our own bodies, irritating our skins and being otherwise inconvenient; but we found that by washing out these particles, and frequently wetting our clothes without wringing twice in the course of a day, the skin became well in a short time. After these operations we uniformly found that the violent drought went off, and the parched tongue was cured in a few minutes after bathing and washing our clothes; and at the same time we found ourselves as much refreshed as if we had received some actual nourishment. Four persons in the boat who drank salt water went delirious and died; but those who avoided this and followed the above practice experienced no such symptoms."

### FEARFUL ADVENTURE.

We recently noticed a work descriptive of Calabria. Desirous of a little more accurate information on the character of the fierce brigands of this part of Italy, we turned to the letters of Paul Louis Courier, whose works are little known in England. Our readers will probably be interested by the following little story, which we translate for their edification.\* He is writing to his female cousin.

\* *Cavies complete de P. L. Courier; 4 vols. Bruxelles, 1828.*

"I was one day travelling in Calabria. It is a country of wicked people, who, I believe, have no great liking to any body, and are particularly disposed towards the French. To tell you why would be a long affair. It is enough that they hate us to death, and that the unhappy being who should chance to fall into their hands would not pass his time in the most agreeable manner. I had for my companion a fine young fellow, I do not say this to interest you—but because it is the truth. In these mountains the roads are precipitous, and our horses got on with the greatest difficulty. My comrade going first, a track, which appeared to him more practicable and shorter than the regular path, led us astray. It was my fault. Ought I to have trusted to a head of twenty years? We sought our way out of the wood while it was yet light; but the more we looked for the path the farther we were off it. It was a very black night, when we came close upon a black house. We went in, and not without suspicion. But what was to be done? There we found a whole family of charcoal burners at table. At the first word they invited us to join them. My young man did not stop for much ceremony. In a minute or two we were eating and drinking in right earnest—he at least—for my own part I could not help glancing about the place and people. Our hosts, indeed, looked like charcoal burners;—but the house!—you would have taken for an arsenal. There was nothing to be seen but muskets, pistols, sabres, knives, cutlasses. Every thing displeased me, and I saw that *was* in no favour myself. My comrade, on the contrary, was soon one of the family. He laughed, he chatted with them; and with an imprudence which I ought to have prevented, he at once said where he came from, where we were going, that we were Frenchmen. Think of our situation. Here we were amongst our mortal enemies, alone, benighted, far from all human aid. That nothing might be omitted that could tend to destroy us, he must play the rich man forsooth, promising these folks to pay them well for their hospitality; and then he must prate about his portmanteau, earnestly beseeching them to take great care of it, and put it at the head of his bed, for he wanted no other pillow. Ah, youth, youth, how you are to be pitied! Cousins, they might have thought we carried the diamonds of the crown: the treasure in his portmanteau, which gave him such anxiety consisted of the letters of his mistress.

"Sooner ended, they left us. Our hosts slept below; we on the story where we had been eating. In a sort of platform raised seven or eight feet, where we were to mount by a ladder, was the bed that awaited us—a nest into which we had to introduce ourselves, by jumping over barrels filled with provisions for all the year. My comrade seized upon the bed above, and was soon fast asleep, with his head upon the precious portmanteau. I was determined to keep awake, so I made a good fire, and sat myself down. The night was almost passed over tranquilly enough, and I was beginning to be comfortable, when, just at the time when it appeared to me that day was about to break, I heard our host and his wife talking and disputing below me;—and putting my ear into the chimney which communicated with the lower room, I perfectly distinguished these exact words of the husband:—'Well, well, let us see—must we kill them both?' To which the wife replied, 'Yes,'—and I heard no more.

"How shall I tell you the rest? I could scarcely bear it, my whole body was as cold as marble; to have seen me, you could not have told whether I was dead or alive. Heavens! when I yet think upon it! We two were almost without arms;—against us were twelve or fifteen who had plenty of weapons. And then my comrade dead of sleep and fatigue! To call him up, to make a noise, was more than I dared;—to escape alone was an impossibility. The window was not very high—but under it were two great dogs howling like wolves. Imagine if you can the distress I was in. At the end of a quarter of an hour, which seemed an age, I heard some one on the staircase, and through the chink of the door I saw the old man, with a lamp in one hand, and one of his great knives in the other. He mounted, his wife after him; I was behind the door. He opened it; but before he came in he put down the lamp, which his wife took up, and coming in, with his feet naked, she, being behind him, said in a smothered voice, hiding the light partially with her fingers, 'Gently, go gently.'—When he reached the ladder he mounted, his knife between his teeth; and going to the head of the bed where that poor young man lay, with his throat uncovered, with one hand he took his knife, and with the other—ah, my cousin,—he seized a ham which hung from the roof, cut a slice, and retired as he had come in. The door is re-shut, the light vanishes, and I am left alone to my reflections.

"When the day appeared, all the family with a great noise came to rouse us, as we had deserved. They brought us plenty to eat—they served us a very proper breakfast, a capital breakfast, I assure you. Two capsuns formed part of it, which said the hostess, you must eat one, and carry away the other. When I saw the capsuns I at once comprehended the meaning of those words—*Must we kill them both?*"

### THE DOGS OF ST. BERNARD.

The convent of the Great St. Bernard is situated near the top of the mountain known by that name, near one of the most dangerous passages of the alps, between Switzerland and Savoy. In these regions the traveller is overtaken by the most severe weather, even after days of cloudless beauty, when the glaciers glitter in the sun-shine, and the pink flowers of the rhododendron appear as if they were never to be sullied by the tempest. But a storm suddenly comes on; the roads are rendered impossible by drifts of snow; the avalanches, which are huge loosened masses of snow or ice, are swept into the valleys, carrying trees and crags of rock before them. The hospitable monks, though their revenue is scanty, open their doors to every stranger that presents himself. To be bold, to be weary, to be benighted, constitute the title to their comfortable shelter, their cheering meal, and their agreeable converse. But their attention to the distressed does not end here. They devote themselves to the dangerous task of searching for those unhappy persons who may have been overtaken by the sudden storm, and would perish but for their charitable succour. Most remarkably are they assisted in these truly Christian offices. They have a breed of noble dogs in their establishment, whose extraordinary sagacity often enables them to rescue the traveller from destruction. Benumbed with cold, weary in the search for a lost track, his senses yielding to the stupefying influence of frost which betrays the exhausted sufferer in a deep sleep, the unhappy man sinks upon the ground, and the snow-drift covers him from human sight. It is then that the keen scent and the exquisite docility of these admirable dogs are called into action. Through the perishing man lie ten or even twenty feet beneath the snow, the delicacy of the smell with which they can trace him offers a chance of escape. They scratch away the snow with their feet; they set up a continued hoarse and solemn bark, which brings the monks and labourers of the convent to their assistance. To provide for the chance that the dogs, without human help, may succeed in discovering the unfortunate traveller, one of them has a flask of spirits round his neck, to which the fainting man may apply for support; and another has a cloak to cover him. These wonderful exertions are often successful; and even where they fail of restoring him who has perished, the dogs discover the body, so that it may be secured for the recognition of friends; and such is the effect of the temperature, that the dead features generally preserve their firmness for the space of two years. One of these noble creatures was decorated with a medal, in commemoration of his having saved the lives of twenty-two persons, who, but for his sagacity, must have perished. Many travellers who have crossed the passage of St. Bernard, since the peace, have seen this dog, and have heard, around the blazing fire of the monks, the story of his extraordinary career. He died about the year 1816, in an attempt to convey a poor traveller to his anxious family. The Piedmontese courier arrived at St. Bernard in a very stormy season, labouring to make his way to the little village of St. Pierre, in the valley beneath the mountain, where his wife and chil-

dren dwelt. It was in vain that the monks attempted to check his resolution to reach his family. They at last gave him two guides, each of whom was accompanied by a dog, of which one was the remarkable creature whose services had been so valuable to mankind. Descending from the Convent, they were in an instant overwhelmed by two avalanches; and the same common destruction awaited the family of the poor courier, who were toiling up the mountain in the hope to obtain some news of their expected friend. They all perished.

A story is told of one of these dogs, who, having

seen his master die, swam across the Rhone, and

### THE DEAF MAN.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.)

A young Parisian who went with a numerous party to Lyons to enjoy the pleasure of seeing the second city in the kingdom, thus relates an adventure which he had.

We were lodged at the best inn, and found excellent company there. The evening before our departure, I was in the court yard about 5 o'clock, when a servant entered leading his horse by the bridle.

"Take care of my horse" said he to the servant. "We have not any room for your horse," replied the servant, "take another stable."

"That is right," said the man, "I shall take care of you to-morrow."

"I told you," said the servant, "that we had no room, our stable is full."

"Very well," replied the man, "you look like a good boy, take care of my beast."

"I believe this man is a fool," said the boy, seeing him walk to the kitchen; "what can he wish me to do with his horse?"

"I think he is deaf," said I to him, "take care of the horse, you will be responsible for him."

I followed the man to the kitchen. The hostess made him the same compliment as her servant; he replied he was much obliged to her, and begged her not to fatigue herself by making him compliments, for he was so deaf that he could not hear a cannon shot; he immediately took a chair and seated himself near the fire as if he was at home.

The hostess saw there was no means of getting rid of this man who was determined to take a summer in his chair. I went into the parlor, where Field

the company of the hostess' embarrassment; they

laughed at it, and I, above all who did not believe that I should be the dupe of the adventure. Supper was served and our gentleman came and seated himself by the door; we asked him to come to the table and not make himself a stranger; he apparently thought we wished to put him in the most distinguished place, for he replied that he was too polite to put himself at the head of the table. Seeing that it was impossible to make him hear us; it was necessary to take patience; he ate as much as four others and when the bill was presented to him he drew thirty cents from his pocket and threw it on the table. The expense of each one of us was much more; this they tried to make him understand; but he always replied that he was not a man to suffer others to pay his debts, and that he was much obliged to us for wishing to defray it; and although he was meanly dressed, his pocket was full of money, which he doubtless said because they give him back his money in order that he might give more. In the mean time he made a few steps with me, leaving us waiting with impatience. A minute after the servant came in and told me to go and defend my bed, of which this man had taken possession; we all went up; but he had barricaded the door, and we knew that it would be useless to knock. As he spoke to himself, we listened.

"How miserable is my condition!" said he;

"they try to force my door open and I shall not be able to bear them; I have no other resource

than to watch all night with candles burning so as to be able to use my pistols if they undertake to rob me."

He had not the trouble; I passed the night near

the fire and willingly pardoned the man who ap-

peared to me so much to be pitied. He arose early

the next morning, gave thirty cents for the ex-

pense of his horse and having mounted him he ad-

dressed himself:

"I ask your pardon," said he, "for having taken

your bed. One of my friends, who had been re-

quired lodging here, bet me twenty louisards that I

could not get accommodated; this sum is worth

the trouble of being deaf. As to the rest, sir, I

understand by your conversation that you are go-

ing to take the steamboat. I shall meet you there,

and shall beg you to accept a good breakfast to re-

pay the bad night you have passed."

He hastily departed after finishing these words,

and left us much astonished at the sanguine with

which he had played his part.

### EXTRACT FROM BULWER.

"What a chimera is man! what a confused chaos!

what a subject of contradiction! a professed judge

of all things, and yet a feeble worm of the Earth!

the great depository, and guardian of truth, and yet

a mere huddle of uncertainty!—the glory, and the

scandal of the universe!"

### EXTRACT FROM BULWER.

"What a mistake, to suppose that the passions

are strongest in youth! the passions are not stron-

ger, but the control over them is weaker. They

are more easily excited; they are more violent and

apparent; but they have less energy, less durability,

less intense and concentrated power, than in

mature life. In youth passion succeeds to pa-

ssion, and one breaks upon the other, as waves up-

on a rock, till the heart feels itself to repose. In

manhood, the great deep flows on more calm but

more profound;—its serenity, the proof of the

might and terror of its course, were the wind to

blow, the storm to rise. A young man's ambition

is but vanity; it has no definite aim; it plays with

a thousand toys. As with none passion, so with the

rest. In youth, love is ever on the wing; but,

like the birds in April it has not yet built its

nests. With so long a career of summer and hope

before it, the disappointment of to-day is succeeded

by the novelty of to-morrow: and the sun that ad-

vances to the noon hot dries up its fervent tears.

But when we have arrived at that epoch of life,

when, if the light fail us, if the last rose wither, we

feel that the loss cannot be retrieved, and that the

frost and the darkness are at hand, love becomes to

us a treasure that we watch over and hoard with a

misér's care. Our youngest born affection is our idol,

the fondest pledge of the past, the most cherished of

our hopes for the future. A certain melancholy,

that mingles with our joy at the new session, only

enhances its charms,—we feel ourselves so depen-

dent on it for all that is yet to come. Our other

barks, our gay gallops of pleasure, our stately ges-  
sies of pride have been swallowed up by the re-  
morseless wave. On this last road we freight  
our all: to its fatal tempest we commit ourselves.  
The star that guides it is our guide, and in the  
tempest that envelopes, we behold our doom."

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