

MORAL DEPARTMENT.

When thou art called upon for thy opinion, if thou givest not that which is in thy heart, thou art guilty of that hypocrisy which is cowardice, and that deceit which is perjury.

A proud and passionate man puts his happiness in the power of every fool he meets.

The late Mr. Wirt, in a letter describing the effect of Intemperance, says:—It paralyzes the arm, the brain, the heart. All the best affections, all the energies of the mind wither under its influence.

Mr. Gibbon remarks:—"The first, and indispensable requisite of happiness is a clear conscience."

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill, requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

He that is good will infallibly become better, and he that is bad will as certainly become worse; for vice, virtue, and time are three things that never stand still.

PRIDE.

Of all the evil principles which belong to human nature, none, perhaps, is more prevalent than pride. There are some, however, who are more under its influence than others;—who think of nothing but themselves, and who imagine all the world thinks about them too; they suppose they are the subject of every conversation, and fancy every wheel which moves in society hath some relation to them. People of this sort are very desirous of knowing what is said of them; and, as they have no conception that any but glorious things are said of them, they are extremely solicitous to know them, and often put this question:—"Who do men say that I am?"

One day, when Alcibiades was boasting of his wealth, and the great estates in his possession, (which generally blow up the pride of young people of quality) Socrates carried him to a geographical map, and asked him to find Attica. It was so small, it could scarcely be discerned upon that draught. He found it, however, though with some difficulty; but upon being desired to point out his own estate there:—"It is too small," says he, "to be distinguished in so little a space."

"See, then," replied Socrates, "how much you are affected about an imperceptible point of land! This reasoning might have been urged much farther still. For what was Attica compared to all Greece, Greece to Europe, Europe to the whole world, and the whole world itself to the vast extent of infinite orb which surround it? What an insect, what a nothing, is the most powerful prince of the earth, in the midst of this abyss of bodies and immense spaces; and how little it does he occupy!

As nothing is more degrading to the character of a man than pride, so nothing is more fruitful of evil, or exposes a man to more wretchedness and misery. A vast proportion of the impudence and frolics of mankind (says Mr. Scott) results from a false estimate of their own merits and consequence. This induces them to consider their trials great, their comforts trifling, the least affront intolerable; but humility reconciles men to obscure stations, men's circumstances, and common occupations. Such men are ready to stoop, and, in honour to prefer others, they do not complain of being buried in situations where they are undervalued and neglected. They think soberly of themselves, as they ought to think; and this secures them from manifold disappointments and vexations to which other men are exposed. That will break a proud man's heart, which will scarcely break a humble man's sleep; and it is certain, that many of the troubles of life affect our peace almost in exact proportion to the degree of our pride and humility.

Most daring Assassination.—This morning, about half past three o'clock, a most atrocious murder was committed at the market house, on the body of Edgar Boulietti, a native of Philadelphia, but for the last few years a resident of Havana. The deed was committed within the view of several of the market women, who were then assembling, but the murderers were not distinguished.—Strong suspicions, however, rest upon three individuals, with whom the deceased was seen in conversation, and two of whom are arrested.—An enquiry by the proper authorities is now in progress. Independent of considerations of humanity, we always deeply deplore a transaction of this nature in our city, as tending to create abroad an erroneous impression of the character of our community—for it is our sincere opinion, there is none in the country, made up of such a heterogeneous mass as ours, where more quiet and order prevail. The notion is prevalent, and we have frequently heard it repeated, that human life is held cheap among us. We scout the idea, and venture the assertion, that man walks nowhere more free from personal apprehensions than among us. We are now in the midst of a most heated and violent political contest, in which brother is engaged against brother—old and long confirmed friendships broken up,—but we hear of no broils, no outrages in the streets; warm and animated discussions are held at every corner, but who sees the hand of man? We trust that our city police will be vigilant and untiring in the pursuit of the perpetrators of the guilty deed.—Mobile Examiner.

The London Court Journal says that Mr. Sully's portrait of the Queen has been exhibited to a numerous and distinguished body of visitors. The Journal is in the main good authority in the Fine Arts, and therefore the following splendid compliment to Mr. Sully's abilities, comes with positive force. "As a likeness it is esteemed the most admirable as yet painted; as a work of art, it reminds us in its execution more of Sir Thomas Lawrence than any of our own modern painters."

SEMINOLE WAR.

We have authentic intelligence of the murder of a family in Ware county, by the Indians concealed in the Oklawaha swamp. A letter from that county dated on the 25th ult. says, that "on Sunday morning, 22nd, between day-break and sun rise, the house of Maxey M. Miles, resident about seven miles from Wareboro', was attacked by a party of Indians, supposed to be about fifty in number, and barbarously murdered Miles, his wife, and six chil-

drawn together with one of his neighbor's children, who happened to be there at the time—four only, out of thirteen, made their escape to tell the sad news. They plundered and burnt the house to the ground. Immediately on the alarm being given by Miles' oldest son, who is one of those escaped, Capt. Dade, of the United States Dragoons, who were stationed within three miles of the scene of depredation, with about forty men, went in pursuit of the Indians, and reached the place by one hour by sun; the Indians were then gone, but not more than half an hour in advance, but succeeded in reaching the swamp before the troops could overtake them. It was not considered advisable that so small a party of men should enter so dense a swamp where there was no such sign."—Milledgeville Recorder.

MRS. HUTCHISON'S ADDRESS.

Delivered at the close of her Examination, on the 8th of August, 1838.

[Published by Request.]

MY DEAR PUPILS: To-day closes our Academic year, releases us from our mutual connexion as Teacher and Pupils, and separates us widely from each other. To me it is a time of sadness. Sorrow has been my acquaintance for many long years past, and I have learned, that however short to the eye of anticipation a separation may seem, it may, in the end, prove eternal. Still, to many of you, it may be an hour of frolic and glee; you are now released from daily study, and the rules of school, and expect much pleasure in the society of your friends. Full well I know the crimsoned purple clouds of summer's eve, are not more bright, more lovely, than the visions of your youthful imaginations. There is a spell about them that treads more strongly than Demetrius's mental powers of their willing victims. They tell you that to-morrow shall be as to-day, and still more abundant; but let them never lead you to forget how often the brightest halo of the morning has been the harbinger of an overwhelming tempest, and the sun, which rose in splendor, has before it has reached its meridian height, been shrouded in a night of clouds.—No power of the human mind is more likely to lead us astray than the imagination. Profuse like, it assumes any form, or wears any hue. Here the arch-wizard displays his matchless skill in painting. He knows each taste and inclination, and so arranges before the mental eye, his most alluring objects, raved in their richest drapery, that he rarely fails to enrapture the heart. Be on your guard, then, against this fascination;—it is too often an ignis fatuus, which cheers for a moment, but lures to destruction. Be not too sanguine in expectation. Blighted hope is the lot of earth, and we who have been longest acquainted with it already see, in anticipation, a thousand disappointments, suspended as it were, like the glittering snow from the gilded ceiling of the Syracusan palace, trembling over our heads, and ready to crush your fondest wishes. You do not believe it, it is well, lest like Democritus in his terror, you should reject the enjoyments now proffered to your acceptance.

Still you ought to be considerate, and you will suffer me to bring to your recollection, two events of our past history, which may help you to feel how uncertain are all our hopes of earthly good. But you yourselves cannot have forgotten how suddenly, and unexpectedly, two of our number were taken from us.

One drooped at the edge of our daily path, like some sweet opening flower, hanging as it were between life and death;—for one short week, we watched her sinking, and then with many tears followed her to the silent tomb, and while the cold clouds the valley fell upon the lovely but unconscious remains, we dropped a frail memento of our affection among them, and left her all alone to sleep in her narrow house till the morning of the resurrection. The other stood, as you now stand, to receive the parting words of your teacher; rosy health bloomed fair upon her young cheek; pleasure beamed in her bright dark eye; she had, like you, a joyous scene in anticipation, and she was entering upon its enjoyment full of expectation; but alas! unknown and unexpectedly to us, the angel of death had received his commission, and in one single day all that youth and health and loveliness were laid together in the tomb!

And which of us is sure to lay, that fatal arrow is not already sped to her own bosom? And who among us can say that the feet of those who carried one of these out, shall not carry her out also! Let us, then, improve the present moment as if we knew we should not meet again. You have, my dear young friends, been given to your parents by a merciful Providence as blessings, more precious than silver or gold, and it is in your own power to confirm or annul the gift, by your improvement or misimprovement of the talents bestowed upon you. You cannot forget that of him to whom much was given, much was required, and he who made due improvement of the talents entrusted to his charge, received a rich reward, while he who hid his Lord's money was doomed to see taken away that which he seemed to have.

Time is one most valuable talent. Its rapid flight admonishes us to an unwearied diligence, for it carries upon its swift wing, an impartial account of all our thoughts, and words, and actions, to the bar of retribution; nor was it ever known to return to give to any a second opportunity. How important to improve it to the approbation of the Divine Master! Yet how many strap it in the napkin of folly, and prepare for themselves the fearful doom of the unprofitable servant.—But you have had, my dear young friends, many talents committed to your charge;—think of your birth in a christian land,—think of the kindness of your friends,—of all the joys of home, and the privileges of education. But you cannot appreciate these talents, unless you glance at what woman was designed to be, and view the changes an has made in her lot. Let us look then, by the sacred light of Holy truth, into the garden of Eden, upon the long dark stream of woman's life, as it rolled in its troubled current from the Cherub-guarded gates down the long course of time. We can have, even by all the aid the Scripture gives but little idea of that blissful garden, which the great Creator himself planted for our first parents. Clustering fruits of every name hung ripe from the depliant branches, and flowers of every form and hue gladdened the eye, and perfumed the pure and refreshing breeze which murmured among the foliage, while all the various tribes of annual life grazed innoxious upon the luxuriant herbage, or staked their thorns among the crystal waters that lavied the borders of that delightful region. And can any doubt but the benevolent Creator designed all this to promote the eternal happiness of those upon whom it was bestowed?—They were formed in the same divine image,—they received the same divine blessing,—were endued with the same authority, and appointed to the same occupation;—they were formed for society; but society is perfect only where there is equality;—inferiority would have implied imperfection; the all-wise, infinite Creator made them perfect, and pronounced the ox: "Such were they in Paradise;—who can think of their innocence and their happiness, and not shudder in view of the evils sin has brought upon our race! Ambition, pride, and envy, tempted them to break the divine commands, and together they were driven from that blissful home, to wander among the thorns and briars, with which their transgression had planted our beautiful earth. Sad lot to those who had enjoyed the bliss of Paradise! but they were sinners, and suffering is a part of their very constitution. But our object is to inquire into the effect of the fall upon the female sex, and the very first domestic circle to which an open door invites us shows the bitterness of domestic strife, and the degradation of woman. Far be it from me to murmur at the divine dispensation.—She who was first in the transgression, deserved to be prominent in suffering. We all know how easy it is

for men, not under the control of reason or religion, to indulge feelings of dislike or abhorrence towards the cause of their sufferings. Doubtless this feeling was predominant among the early sons of men, and regarding their first mother, not as the source of their being, but of their misery, they took her upon her with contempt, scorn, and hatred, and afterwards, transferring those feelings from the immediate cause, they would fix them upon her successors, never doubting but a similarity of form necessarily implied similarity of character.—Thus woman sunk to the degradation of a menial servant, and she, who was formed to be the associate and equal of man, became the servant to wash the feet of her lord; and thus we had her, no matter how deep we wind our way into the tangled maze of history, we always find her the same suffering and degraded being. Nor need it be affirmed that mental inferiority reduced her to the condition of a slave. It was her misfortune to be born a woman, and contempt and suspicion were her birthright. No male welcomed her into existence,—no approving word fell upon her ear,—no joy gladdened her heart,—every action, and word, yes, look, should be suspected of evil; despair would seize upon the soul; and the mental powers, from long inaction, would become a stagnant pool, from which fatal fœbations would arise, scattering pestilence on all around; or to carry on the figure, a total evaporation would take place, leaving the residue a complete vacuum.

The loftiest human intelligence that ever graced our fallen world, it within the conscious grasp of superior power, and under the unvarying influence of suspicion, sad hatred, would give way before it.—A Locke, or a Newton, would gradually have sunk to the imbecility of a potatoe. Such, for more than four thousand years, was the lot of woman; such it is still in the dark corners of the earth. When our thoughts turn towards the cheerless lot of woman; can we wonder that so many ignorant and reckless of a hereafter, should voluntarily scorn the brittle thread of temporal existence,—or that the birth of a daughter shrouded the house in sorrow;—or that the hand of the mother was dyed in the blood of her babe. Nor was it until the fulfilment of the promise given to our first parents in Eden (the advent of our blessed Saviour) that woman saw the dawn of a brighter day,—a day which shall yet illuminate the whole earth. But alas! its cheering beams had not yet reached the benighted land of the Moslem, and the Pagan, nor yet reflected, even in christiandom, that melioration of the evils under which our sex has long been placed, and which it was calculated to produce.—It has indeed healed the bitter waters of strife at the domestic fountain, and elevated woman to the companionship of the other sex; but how has it fitted her for this elevation! A slave, clad in tattered garments, needs some thing more than his freedom, to fit him to be an associate with a prince among his people. So the mind of woman, freed from the bondage under which it so long had groined, needed that mental improvement which gives to virtue its brightest coloring, and to society its brightest charm. This blessing, my dear young friends, may be yours; then study to improve the opportunities you enjoy, and in order to value them aright, look back again and again, upon the whole history of woman, that you may feel how favored a lot you enjoy. Cultivate every power bestowed upon you, whether mental, moral, or personal. Read profitable authors a certain portion of every day, but the Holy Scriptures above all; no other book can fit you for that eternity towards which you are hastening. Write daily; they who omit this means of improvement waste by far the greatest portion of what they gain by their intercourse with the world; an idea thus saved may be said to be twice gained. Accustom yourselves, like the followers of Pythagoras, every one of you, to take a strict account every night of your own conduct, to see what you have gained in knowledge, what you have lost in time, and wherein you have failed in doing to others as you would that they should do to you.—Without an attention, scrupulous and conscientious, to this sacred precept, there will be no usefulness in life, no peace in death, no joy beyond the tomb!

Thus life is a sea upon which we have embarked.—The fear of God and his holy commandments ought to be our guiding star, and this alone will bring us to the haven of eternal rest. But alas! too many steer by the maxims of this world, which in fair weather, and still waters, carry them smoothly, and imperceptibly along; but the long dark nights, and tempestuous weather of coming winter, will founder their frail bark among the yawning abysses of the deep; or, what, if possible, is yet more terrible, strand them among the breakers upon a lee shore.

And now, my dear pupils, whether of this last Academic year, or of any other which I have taught, (for I would affectionately address, at this time, each one whom I have ever called my pupil); you all know how I have been in and out before you; my instructions are with you; our last great accountability is bound up in one bundle, and must be made together. If I know what joy it is, to see you, who are as children to me, fulfilling your duties in your families, and in society. To see you honored and happy, is among my highest earthly satisfactions;—I feel a pride in your improvement, and I rejoice in the hope that I return you to the bosom of your own homes, enriched in knowledge, and virtue, and grace. I entreat you all, by the recollection of the past, by the hope of that which is to come, to bear on your hearts the memory of your teachers, and the school in which you have been educated, and to recommend it wherever you go, by that most impressive of all recommendations a life of consistent piety, and virtue.

And now, with unfeigned affection, I would thank you for all your kind attention to my assistants and to myself, nor would I forget that notice you have bestowed upon my orphan child. May a merciful Redeemer be your guide and your portion forever!—And with this wish I resign my charge over you, and bid you a maternal farewell.

To my friends of the village, who have, on many occasions, ministered to my comfort, and happiness, and to that of my pupils, I beg leave to offer, to each individual of them, this public acknowledgement of my sense of their uniform kindness to us all, and as I expect to have no opportunity, at this time, of taking personal leave of them, I hope they will allow me to offer them my kindest wishes, and to say farewell.

To the patrons of the school I offer my thanks, and respectfully solicit a continuation of their patronage. The arrangements now in progress, for the accommodation of the school, justifies the hope that we shall make it an honor to the State. I would enlist every patriotic feeling in its behalf. If it be sustained, Western North Carolina will receive a high accession of praise, when the next generation shall fill our places.

THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

BALEBURY! Friday Evening, AUGUST 17, 1838.

ELECTION RETURNS.

Table with columns for County, Candidate, and Votes. Includes Cabarrus Co., Montgomery Co., and Chatham Co.

Table with columns for County, Candidate, and Votes. Includes Surry County and Iredell County.

Table with columns for County, Candidate, and Votes. Includes Orange Co., Northampton Co., and Warren Co.

Table with columns for County, Candidate, and Votes. Includes Greene Co., Lenoir, and Halifax Co.

Table with columns for County, Candidate, and Votes. Includes Cartaret Co., Jones, and Caswell Co.

Table with columns for County, Candidate, and Votes. Includes Person Co., Rockingham Co., and Craven.

Table with columns for County, Candidate, and Votes. Includes Franklin Co., Anson Co., and Wake Co.

Table with columns for County, Candidate, and Votes. Includes Randolph Co., Guilford Co., and Ashe Co.

Table with columns for County, Candidate, and Votes. Includes Wilkes Co., Wilkes and Ashe, and Cabarrus Co.

Table with columns for County, Candidate, and Votes. Includes Montgomery Co., Chatham Co., and Surry County.

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Table with columns for County, Candidate, and Votes. Includes Craven, Franklin Co., and Anson Co.

LATE FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

The "Great Western" reached New York City on the 6th inst. after a voyage of 141 days from England, bringing intelligence as late as the 30th ult.

The sales in Cotton had been dull the week previous, holders had refused a decline in price, and buyers were lack ward.

Money continues to be so abundant that capitalists are entirely at a loss for investments.

The crops throughout England, Ireland, and France are said to be very good.

A bill, to abolish imprisonment for debt, is before the British Parliament, and will this session become a law.

THE CHEROKEES.

The business of collecting, and removing these people has fortunately been conducted so far without the occurrence of any of the difficulties which had been apprehended.

According to the estimates made, the whole number of Cherokees remaining in the nation the last of May, was 16,000,—2,000 of these were started on their way Westward during the month of June. Gen. Scott after that time, suspended the emigration until the 1st September on account of the season.

At that time the work will be recommenced, and before another winter, in all probability, the Cherokee will have located his last upon the hunting grounds of his fathers.

We see it stated, that at a Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Maryland, recently held, the Right Rev. Jackson Kemper, missionary Bishop in the Mississippi Valley, at the present, was elected to the office of Bishop of that Diocese.

The last "Advertiser" states that the number of passengers on the Wilmington and Raleigh Rail-Road is so great, that the Company were compelled to increase their facilities for transportation.

We were requested by Mrs. Hutchinson to my that her School will be re-opened on the 19th of October next. The Musical Department will be under the charge of Miss Baker. If the number of pupils is insufficient to justify it, the Rev. Mr. Frontis will assume the instruction of the class in French. Miss Nye, from New York, will assist in the Literary Department, and Miss Annand S. Nye will teach the ornamental branches.

A most destructive fire has lately occurred in Hudson, N. Y.; at the time of the last accounts about 70 houses had been consumed, and the flames were raging unsubsided. The whole of Front, Fleet, and Perry streets, and all the houses on Still street, both sides of the way down to the South Bay were destroyed.

Two fires have lately taken place in New Haven, Connecticut, both supposed to be the work of incendiaries; the last came near consuming a part of the College buildings.

Statue of Washington.—Four years ago, Congress ordered that a Statue of Washington should be made, to be placed in the splendid rotunda of the Capital in Washington City. The work was committed to the hands of the celebrated sculptor, Mr. GREENOUGH, who since the death of Genoa, stands first in his profession.

Mr. F. Cooper has recently received a letter from Mr. Greenough, giving the information that the Statue is in rapid progress, and will soon be finished. It must certainly prove a most splendid specimen of the sculptural art. The block of marble from which it is making, weighed, when it first came under the hands of the artist, 130,000 lbs. or more than sixty tons.

It was not an easy job, the hewing this block out of the mountain some 20 miles from Rome, and conveying it in its rough state to the studio of the artist, where it received its form, and figure.

When finished it will be conveyed down the Tiber to its mouth, and there embarked for the United States.

At a meeting of the members of the Mobile Bar, convened on the occasion in that City, on the 24th ult., Resolutions were adopted expressive of their regret for the death, and respect for the memory of their deceased brother, RICHARD H. ALEXANDER, Esq.; it was also resolved that the members wear the customary badge of mourning for 30 days, and attend the funeral of the deceased.

In addition to the list of Factories which we published some weeks since, the "Payetteville Observer," mentions,

"12. The Cane Creek Factory, in Chatham County, owned by a Company, and which has been in operation for a year, or two.

"13. The Alamance Factory, in Orange County, owned by Mr. Holt, we believe."

Specie Payments.—We observe that many of the Country Banks of Pennsylvania, and several of the Philadelphia Banks, as also some farther South, commenced redeeming their notes with specie, the first of this month. The balance of the Philadelphia banks, Mr. Biddle's amongst the rest, were forced into the measure on the 13th, the day fixed by the Governor's Proclamation. We may soon expect a general resumption throughout the country of such as will ever be able to resume at all.

The following extract from the "Watchman" a Florida paper, has been sent to us for publication. The Editor, it will be seen, says that Gov. Branch has never become an actual Citizen of the Territory:

"We observe by a correspondence in the North Carolina papers, that the Hon. John Branch was candidate for Governor of that State.

"We regret this exceedingly;—we had hoped that Gov. B. would be a member of our Convention to be held at St. Joseph, in December next.—His long experience in public life, the consistency, integrity and independence which have marked his political career, made it an object of great desire with a large and respectable portion of the people of this country, to obtain his services in the important work of framing a Constitution for the people of Florida. There will be no little disappointment on this subject. We had ourselves expected something different and we had a right to do so. It is however, but fair to add, that though Gov. B. has been a winter resident in our neighborhood for several years past, and has a large planting interest here, he has never participated in our political contests, nor exercised any political rights in Florida, and has never, therefore, been strictly a permanent resident of Florida, nor a citizen. Our laws permitting his service in the capacity mentioned, his friends determined, as already stated, to avail themselves of the defect, and required his services accordingly.

[Correspondence of the Newark Daily Advertiser.]

WHIPPANY, MORRIS CO. July 26.

I have witnessed, during the past night, one of the most distressing scenes that ever took place in our village. Mr. James Benge, a respectable mechanic, aged about 24 years, died this morning about 4 o'clock with that truly awful disease, Hydropnoia. The first symptoms of the malady were not shown until Tuesday evening, (24th inst.) when his friends were about to apply warm water to his feet. He shuddered at the sight. He ate a hearty breakfast yesterday morning, but did not drink any thing with it.

He inquired of the owner of the dog that bit him about six weeks since, if he thought the dog was mad? An evasive answer was given, when he replied, "The dog was mad—and I am a dead man!" About two o'clock, yesterday afternoon, he had some light spasms, which continued to increase until he died. About 11 o'clock last evening we succeeded in getting a strait jacket upon him, when he was chained to the floor. At intervals he would talk as rational as ever, and agreed with us upon the propriety of his confinement. At one time he cried out, "Kill your dogs! kill your dogs!"

* Rebecca, daughter of Col. R. W. Long, of Salisbury. Sarah Ann, daughter of Dr. Scott, of Rowan county.