

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.

B. AUSTIN & C. F. FISHER,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

SALISBURY, N. C., SEPTEMBER 27, 1838.

NO. XVI, OF VOL. XIX.
(NO. FROM COMMENCEMENT 934.)

TERMS OF CAROLINIAN.

1. The Western Carolinian is published every Saturday, 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 notice to notify the Editors of a wish to discontinue, at the end of a year, will be considered as a new engagement.

Advertisements will be conspicuously and correctly inserted, at one dollar per square for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuance. Court and judicial advertisements will be charged 50 per cent more than above prices. A deduction of 50 per cent from the regular price will be made to yearly advertisers.

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

Executors Sale.

THE subscriber, as Executor of Mrs. Sarah Stone, late of Raleigh, deceased, will sell in public auction on Monday and Tuesday the 29th and 30th days of October next, at her plantation, about ten miles East of Raleigh, all the crop of Wheat, Corn and Hogs, and all the stock of Horses, Cattle, and Hogs, and the Plantation Utensils, consisting of Chisels, Waggon, Ploughs, &c.; and on Wednesday the 31st of October, at the same place, all the Negroes belonging to said Estate—sixty in number—consisting of men, women, boys, girls, and children, will be offered for sale. The negroes will be sold in families, pursuant to the directions of the Will.

Terms.—The crop and plantation utensils will be sold on a credit of six months for all sums over \$10—\$10 and under, cash. A part of the negroes, to the amount of about \$5,000, will be sold on a credit of 6 months, for notes negotiable and payable at the Bank of the State of North Carolina, at Raleigh; and the balance will be sold on a credit of twelve months, with interest from the date. Good and satisfactory security will be required for the purchase money, before the property is changed.

D. W. STONE,
Raleigh, N. C. Sept. 3, 1838.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the Estate of GEORGE MONROE, deceased, either by Note or book account, are requested to call and pay the same with all dues, and all those to whom the said George Monroe, dec'd. are indebted, are requested to present their accounts within the time prescribed by Law, legally authenticated, or this notice will be pleaded in bar against recovery.

JAMES OWENS, admr.
Sept. 15, 1838.

NOTICE.

PUBLIC Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the General Assembly of North Carolina, at its next Session, for an Act to incorporate the Trustees of the Salisbury Female Academy.

August 30, 1838. tml.

NOTICE.

will make application to the next Legislature, for an Act to incorporate a manufacturing company by the name of the Yalikin Manufacturing Company, or by some other name.

CHARLES FISHER,
September 6, 1838.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber, having taken out Letters of Administration of the Estate of Mary Brim, dec'd., the last County Court for Rowan, requests all persons indebted to said Mary Brim, dec'd., to make payment without delay; and those having claims against her to present them within the time prescribed by law properly authenticated, otherwise this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

R. W. LONG, Adm'r.
Salisbury, N. C., Sept. 13, 1838.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given, that I will apply to the next General Assembly of the State of North Carolina, for an Act to charter a Bridge over the South Fork of the river, near Hall's mill.

JOSEPH HALL,
Sept. 20, 1838.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made at the next General Assembly, to abolish Juris of the County Court of Rowan.

JACOB HOLSINGER,
J. GOODMAN,
DAVID FRALEY,
September 20, 1838.

NOTICE!

THE Subscribers, Administrators of the Estate of John Furr, dec'd., will proceed to sell, on Tuesday, the 24th day of October, next, at the late residence of the dec'd., seven negroes, a woman and six children; the same being property left by said dec'd., and sold for a division amongst the Legatees.—A reasonable credit will be given to purchasers.

JAMES YOUNG, Adm'r.
ALLISON FURR, Adm'r.
Cabarrus co., Aug. 30, 1838.

Goelcke's Matchless Sanative.

The above medicine is for sale at the Post Office, Cotton Grove, Davidson County.

By JAS. WISEMAN, Agent.

OLD CASTINGS WANTED.

WE will purchase, any amount of old Castings that may be brought to us; such as old cotton screws, old mill-gearing, old pots, cyens, mortars, &c., and will pay one cent per pound.

CRESS & BOGER,
Salisbury, Sept. 6, 1838.

Dr. Pleasant Henderson.

OFFERS his Professional Services to the Citizens of Salisbury and its vicinity. He occupies the Brick Office of the late Dr. Mitchell.

Salisbury, May 18, 1838.

GOELCKE'S SANATIVE.

THE SICK are all taking this wonderful Medicine which is astonishing Europe, and America with its mighty cures.

For Sale at the Post-Office, Falltown, Iredell County, N. C.

By JNO. YOUNG, Agent,
August 17, 1838.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN.

We extract the following from an article which appeared some months since in the Portland Orion, which forcibly illustrates, by a reference to well-authenticated facts, the principle that man is never too old to learn:

Socrates, at an extreme old age, learnt to play on musical instruments. This would look ridiculous for some of the rich old men in our city, especially if they should take it into their heads to thrust a guitar under a lady's window, which Socrates did not do, but only learnt to play upon some instrument of his time, not a guitar, for the purpose of relating the news and news of his age.

Cato, at eighty years of age, thought proper to learn the Greek language. Many of our young men at thirty and forty have forgotten even the alphabet of a language, the knowledge of which was necessary to enter College. A lamentation upon their love of letters, truly.

Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, commenced the study of the Latin. Many of our young lawyers, not thirty years of age, think that *non prius, scire Judas, &c.* are English expressions; and if you tell them that a knowledge of the Latin would make them appear a little more respectable in their profession, they will reply that they are too old to think of learning Latin.

Boccaccio was thirty-five years old when he commenced his studies in polite literature. Yet he became one of the three great masters of the Tuscan dialect, Dante and Petrarch being the other two. There are many among us ten years younger than Boccaccio, who are dying of ennui and regret that they were not educated by a taste for literature, but now they are too old.

Sir Henry Spelman neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when he was between fifty and sixty years of age. After this time he became a most learned antiquarian and lawyer. Our young men begin to think of leaving their seniors on the shelf when they have reached sixty years of age. How different the present estimate put upon experience, from that which characterized a certain period of the Grecian republic, when a man was not allowed to open his mouth in caucuses or political meetings who was under forty years of age!

Colbert, the famous French Minister, at sixty years of age returned to his Latin and law studies. How many of our college-bred men have ever looked into their classics since their graduation? Dr. Johnson applied himself to the Dutch language but a few years before his death. Most of our merchants and lawyers of twenty-five, thirty, and forty years of age, are obliged to apply to a translator to translate a business letter written in the French language, which might be learnt in the tenth part of the time required for the study of the Dutch—and all because they are too old to learn.

Lodovico Mondaldeo, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen, wrote the memoirs of his own times. A singular exertion, noticed by Voltaire, who was himself one of the most remarkable instances of the progress of age in law studies.

Ogilby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past fifty.

Franklin did not fully commence his philosophical pursuits till he had reached his fiftieth year. How many among us of thirty, forty, and fifty, who read nothing but newspapers for the want of a taste for natural philosophy! But they are too old to learn.

Accorso, a great lawyer, being asked why he began the study of law so late, answered that, indeed, he began it late but he should therefore master it the sooner. This agrees with our theory that healthy old age gives a man the power of accomplishing a difficult study in much less time than would be necessary to one of half his years.

Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of the Iliad; and his most pleasing productions were written in his old age.

We could go on and cite thousands of examples of men who commenced a new study, and struck out into an entirely new pursuit, either for livelihood or amusement; at an advanced age. But every one familiar with the biography of distinguished men will recollect individual cases enough to convince him that none but the sick and indolent will ever say, I am too old to study.

ICHABOD AND THE BULL.

The following account of Mister Ichabod Wing's first attempt to preach in the town of _____ in New England, is condensed from a most authentic statement:

The congregation met, and the meeting-house was filled, but the minister put it off terribly. The bell kept tolling and tolling and the people thought it never would be done. They yawned and stared about and kept peeping out of the windows—just as if they expected he would come sooner for that. At last Deacon Smiths got up and spoke to Squire Barleycorn—

'Squire, where is the minister?'

'Really, Deacon, I don't know. He came out of my house just after five, but he walked so slow I got out of sight of him.'

'It's very strange he don't come.'

'Very strange.'

Here, Miss Deborah Peepaboot, an elderly lady, who held the opinion of Paul Pry, that 'the spirit of inquiry is the grand characteristic of the age in which we live,' and who also felt a particular sympathy in the fate of all unwearied men, thrust her long nose between the Deacon and the Squire, and asked—

'Law me! Deacon—Squire—why don't the minister come?'

Then Miss Martha Baggabody, seeing the Deacon, the Squire and Miss Peepaboot, engaged in colloquy, wiggled herself into their company and asked the same question.

Then another and another and another followed the example, and there was quickly a knot of people gathered round the Deacon and the Squire, all asking questions which nobody could answer. The whole congregation was in a buzz-buzzing. Every one was asking where the minister was, although every one knew that all the rest were just as ignorant as himself.

Bill Muggs, the sexton, kept tugging away at the bell rope, till he had tolled the people out of patience;—but we must leave the bell tolling, and the sexton frotting, and the Deacon and the Squire and the old maids, and all the rest of the congregation on the tenter-hooks of suspense, and go back to see what bill became of our friend Ichabod.

Ichabod had slackened his pace after leaving the house and had fallen into a sort of reverie. Finding himself rather late before he got near the church, he resolved to make a short cut across a field where the road made an angle; so jumping over a stone wall, he steered directly for the church, but had not proceeded many paces when he was startled by a most savage and unaccountable howling sound in a tone of the deepest bass he ever heard. Lifting up his eyes he beheld a furious bull bellowing at him with all speed and bellowing like mad. It is needless to say that he took to his heels; the bull made after him, and Ichabod put on with all the fleetness he could exert. Four legs are better than two, and it was soon evident that the quadruped would win the race. Ichabod found he could not reach the wall before the bull would be up with him. 'Now,' thought he, 'it is all over with me!' His shoes flew off; but the bull kept on. He dropped his hat, but the stratagem did not take; the bull was not to be made a fool of. He threw his sermon behind him, but with no better success; the bull was not to be reasoned with; he gave the manuscript a whisk with his tail and scattered it to the four winds.

'I'm gone! I'm gone!' said Ichabod, for the bull was close behind him—at this instant he espied an apple tree close at hand—and snatching all his mental strength he made a desperate leap, and was fortunate enough to spring into the tree at the moment the bull was at his heels.

Here was an unlooked for deliverance, but unluckily the bull was not so easily got rid of. Though disappointed of his prey he kept about the tree with such a menacing disposition that Ichabod dared not descend. It seemed as if the malicious animal knew he kept a congregation waiting, he stuck to the spot with such pertinacity. For two mortal hours did the unlucky Ichabod sit perched upon the tree in sight of the church. Every minute seemed an age to him. He heard the bell toll, toll, toll, and each stroke seemed the funeral knell to his hopes.

He pictured to his fancy a crowded congregation waiting in anxious suspense, and lost in wonder and amazement at his non-appearance. 'Alas!' said he to himself—

'Thou art a voice you cannot hear
Which bids me thus delay;
I see the hours you cannot see
Which force me here to stay.'

He saw the congregation come out of the church and scatter hither and thither like sheep without a shepherd, yet he durst not leave the apple-tree because there was, out a lion, but a bull in the way.

The congregation were at last fairly tired out. Two hours had they waited and no person came. They sat still till the bell, and indeed it was quite time, for he had nearly worn the rope off. The people came out of the church, having, after two hours debating on the matter, come to the conclusion that there would be no sermon, and that there was good ground for alarm as to the fate of the minister. They set off parties east, west, north, and south, to explore the country, and presently Ichabod discovered a crowd along the road headed by the Deacon and the Squire. Ichabod mustered all the strength of his lungs and bawled out to them like seven watchmen upon a tower—

'The whole party came to a halt and gazed around with astonishment and fear; at length they spied something snugly roosting in the apple tree; they took it at first for a large black turkey-cock, but on nearer approach they found it to be no other than poor Ichabod—

'Now the bull, just at that moment, happened to be yawning and sneezing with his nose on the other side of the tree, so that he was hidden from the party by a thorn bush at his feet. The people seeing Ichabod perched on high in the same manner, were struck dumb with amazement for a few moments. Was the poor man bewitched? or had he had the run mad, or what had possessed him to spend the afternoon dangling like a scare-crow in his bough of an apple tree. For some moments no worded advance a step further or speak a single word. At last Bill Muggs plucked up courage and advanced to the stone wall. He was an old sailor, who, within a few years, had taken his land talks aboard and seated himself up in the bush; he took up the trade of a sexton because it consisted in pulling a rope. On this occasion he undertook to be spokesman of the party, for the Deacon was absolutely frightened. Bill put his head over the wall, clasped his hand up to the corner of his mouth, and sung out—

'Halloo, ahoy.'

Ichabod lifted up his voice like an owl in the clover, and exclaimed 'Come along! come along, save me!'

'Blas't your eye-balls!' said Bill, chewing a huge quid of tobacco out of his mouth and throwing it slap upon the ground; 'why don't you save yourself?'

'I can't, I can't,' said Ichabod. 'Drive him away—drive him away.'

By this time some of the party, and the Deacon among the rest, had got over the wall, and were advancing towards the tree, staring and wondering to hear the man talk in such an unaccountable manner.

'Come down, come down!' said the Deacon, 'What have you been doing all the afternoon in Col. Shote's orchard?'

'Ay, ay,' said Bill, 'what are you about there aloft without hat and shoes! looking for all the world like a half starved monkey sitting in a tree backstay?'

At this moment the party had got nearly up to the tree. 'Look out, look out,' cried Ichabod, 'he's coming!' They had no time to ask who it was that was coming, for before the words were fairly out of his mouth, they heard a furious bellow and bounce; in an instant the bull was among them! Heaves, what a scampering! The whole squad took to flight quicker than a flock of wild ducks on hearing a shot. The Deacon lost his hat and wig, and captain Blueberry ran out of his boots which were a little too large for him. Divers other accidents happened. The greatest catastrophe was those of Squire Snakeroot and Lieutenant Derling. The Squire being purty and short-winded, was overtaken by the bull, and received a tremendous butt in the rear which disabled him so that he could not sit at home without a double cushion for a fortnight. The bull, after knocking him over, ran off after the others, and the Squire made a shift to climb up the tree and take sides with Ichabod.

The Lieutenant's was a more frightful case. He was a short, fat, thick-set, duck-legged fellow, and happened to be dressed in a pair of stout, old-fashioned leather breeches. The bull having floored the Squire, came, in the twinkling of a bed post, upon the Lieutenant who was waddling off in double quick time. The bull hit him a poke behind, intending to serve him as he did the Squire, but one of his horns catching in the waistband of the Lieutenant's breeches, he was taken off his legs in an instant and whisked off upon the bull's horns. A way went the bull scouring after the fugitives, with the unfortunate Lieutenant dangling by the waistband, and fairly out of his wits with terror. His capers in the air were only brought to an end by the bull's bringing up butt against the stone wall, and pitching the Lieutenant completely over into the road.

The rest of the party got over the wall without any help, and escaped the fury of the animal. And now commenced a regular set-to: The party armed themselves with stones and clubs and began a pitched battle with the bull for the deliverance of Ichabod. Thumps, bumps, pokes, and missiles of every description, were showered upon the sides of the beast, who shook his redoubtable horns, flourished his tail, and ran bawling and bellowing here and there, wherever the attack was hottest. Ichabod and the Squire meantime shouting from their citadel in the apple tree, cheering on the assailants, and attacking the rear of the bull by pelting him with small shot in the shape of winter pippins.

This holy war lasted for three quarters of an hour, and the bull seemed likely to win the day. Ichabod fancied himself already reduced to the necessity of taking up his quarters in the tree for the night; but luckily at this moment a reinforcement arrived, and the bull began slowly to retreat; the assailants, headed by Bill Muggs, pressed their advantage, carried the stone wall by escalade, formed a solid column, and in a short time the bull was driven from the field without the loss of a single man. And thus the victory being achieved, Ichabod came down from the tree.

But it was all over with him. His sermon was gone, the afternoon was gone; and he soon found that his hopes in a pulpit, were gone. The bull was never out of his mind. He never had the courage to attempt another sermon, and at the very thought he imagines, to this day, he hears a bawling and sees a pair of horns.

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One of our City Aldermen was "homeward bound" the other evening. As he turned the western corner of Washington square, a gentleman overtook him, and inserting his arm beneath the left one of the Official, very politely remarked,

'It is a pleasant evening, Alderman, how are you?'

'Quite well, sir, how are you?'

'Very well, Alderman, how's your family?'

'They are all well, sir, I thank you.'

'Glad to hear it, Alderman; your health too is much improved by your trip to New York? You look very much mended. I may say, Alderman, you're fat.'

'Well, I don't know how that is—but really, I have not the chance of returning the compliment, as I cannot now recollect, where I have had the pleasure of knowing you before.'

'Well, that's quite likely. You know, Alderman, we young fellows have the advantage of recollecting those who are well known as the oldest standards.'

'Yes, yes, I dare say I have seen you many a time.'

'Why Alderman, my name is Smith, William Smith; and I last saw you at the wedding of Miss _____.'

'Oh, I recollect now, I think; that was a pleasant party indeed.'

'It was so, Alderman, and I was glad to see you enjoy yourself so; but I must wish you a good night (withdrawing his arm, and turning round Sixth street.)'

The Alderman wended his way home, pondering over in his mind who Mr. Smith was. He reached his parlor, and, as is his wont, he went to take out his watch to place it up for the night, when he discovered that Mr. Smith, Mr. William Smith, had cut a ribbon by which two large seals were suspended, and walked off, perhaps to form another acquaintance with some other City Alderman, who carries seals.—Saturday Eve Cour.

Persons who cannot get sweet butter, and are more particular about their butter than their bread, will do well to attend to the information contained in the following scrap, communicated by a learned professor of natural philosophy at Caen, in Normandy—it being the valuable result of many laborious experiments.

'Let the butter be melted and skimmed, and put into it a piece of bread well rounded on every

side; in a minute or two, the latter will lose its offensive taste and smell, but the bread will become staler.'

At this moment the party had got nearly up to the tree. 'Look out, look out,' cried Ichabod, 'he's coming!' They had no time to ask who it was that was coming, for before the words were fairly out of his mouth, they heard a furious bellow and bounce; in an instant the bull was among them! Heaves, what a scampering! The whole squad took to flight quicker than a flock of wild ducks on hearing a shot. The Deacon lost his hat and wig, and captain Blueberry ran out of his boots which were a little too large for him. Divers other accidents happened. The greatest catastrophe was those of Squire Snakeroot and Lieutenant Derling. The Squire being purty and short-winded, was overtaken by the bull, and received a tremendous butt in the rear which disabled him so that he could not sit at home without a double cushion for a fortnight. The bull, after knocking him over, ran off after the others, and the Squire made a shift to climb up the tree and take sides with Ichabod.

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side; in a minute or two, the latter will lose its offensive taste and smell, but the bread will become staler.'

At this moment the party had got nearly up to the tree. 'Look out, look out,' cried Ichabod, 'he's coming!' They had no time to ask who it was that was coming, for before the words were fairly out of his mouth, they heard a furious bellow and bounce; in an instant the bull was among them! Heaves, what a scampering! The whole squad took to flight quicker than a flock of wild ducks on hearing a shot. The Deacon lost his hat and wig, and captain Blueberry ran out of his boots which were a little too large for him. Divers other accidents happened. The greatest catastrophe was those of Squire Snakeroot and Lieutenant Derling. The Squire being purty and short-winded, was overtaken by the bull, and received a tremendous butt in the rear which disabled him so that he could not sit at home without a double cushion for a fortnight. The bull, after knocking him over, ran off after the others, and the Squire made a shift to climb up the tree and take sides with Ichabod.

The Lieutenant's was a more frightful case. He was a short, fat, thick-set, duck-legged fellow, and happened to be dressed in a pair of stout, old-fashioned leather breeches. The bull having floored the Squire, came, in the twinkling of a bed post, upon the Lieutenant who was waddling off in double quick time. The bull hit him a poke behind, intending to serve him as he did the Squire, but one of his horns catching in the waistband of the Lieutenant's breeches, he was taken off his legs in an instant and whisked off upon the bull's horns. A way went the bull scouring after the fugitives, with the unfortunate Lieutenant dangling by the waistband, and fairly out of his wits with terror. His capers in the air were only brought to an end by the bull's bringing up butt against the stone wall, and pitching the Lieutenant completely over into the road