

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 X.

B. AUSTIN & C. F. FISHER,
Editors and Proprietors.

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TERMS OF CAROLINIAN.

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

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.

Advertisements will be conspicuously and correctly inserted, at one dollar per square for the first insertion, and 45 cents for each continuance. Court and judicial advertisements will be charged 25 per cent more than the above prices. A deduction of 33 per cent from the regular prices will be made to yearly advertisers. Advertisements marked in for publication, must have the number of times wanted on them, or they will be inserted till forbid, and charged for accordingly.

Letters addressed to the Editors on business must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES.

Of the Mails at Salisbury, Statesville, Wadesboro, Concord, Lincolnton, Greensboro and Salem:

AT SALISBURY.
Southern mail departs every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, at 1 o'clock, a. m.; arrives on Monday, Thursday and Saturday, at 4 p. m.
Northern mail arrives on Sunday, Tuesday and Friday, at 11 p. m.; departs on Monday, Thursday and Saturday, at 5 p. m.
Statesville mail arrives every Sunday and Thursday, at 4 p. m.; departs every Wednesday and Saturday, at 5 p. m.
Lincolnton mail departs every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, at 1 a. m.; arrives same days at 4 p. m.
Cherry mail arrives every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 9 p. m.; departs every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 4 a. m.
The Raleigh mail departs every Tuesday and Friday, at 1 a. m.; arrives same days, at 9 p. m.
Payetteville mail departs every Monday and Friday, at 4 a. m.; arrives next days at 8 p. m.
Mocksville mail arrives every Friday, at 6 p. m.; and departs next day, at 4 a. m.

AT STATESVILLE.
The Stage passes through Statesville, from Salisbury every Wednesday and Saturday, at 12 o'clock, m.; and returns next day, at 8 a. m.
The Charlotte mail, (by horse), leaves every Friday, at 5 a. m.; arrives next day, at 7 p. m.
The Lincolnton mail (by horse) arrives on Tuesday, at 9 a. m.; and returns as soon as the mail is opened.
The Wikesboro mail (by horse) arrives every Saturday, at 6 p. m.; and departs on the next day, at 6 a. m.
The Hamptonville mail (by horse) arrives on Monday, at 6 p. m.; and departs on the next day, at 6 a. m.
The Huntsville mail (by horse) arrives on Monday, at 6 p. m.; and leaves next day, at 6 a. m.
The Salem mail (by horse) via Mocksville, arrives every Wednesday and Sunday, at 6 p. m.; and departs next days, at 6 a. m.

AT CONCORD.
Northern mail arrives every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, at 7 a. m.; departs same days, at 8 a. m.
Southern mail arrives on Monday, Thursday and Saturday, at 12 m.; departs same days, at 1 p. m.
Mail (by horse) to Mill Grove, leaves on Tuesday, at 6 a. m.; arrives same day, at 6 p. m.
Mail (by horse) for Lancaster, leaves Wednesday, at 8 a. m.; arrives Saturday, at 5 p. m.

AT WADESBORO.
Charlotte mail arrives every Friday, at 6 p. m.; and departs on every Wednesday, at 6 a. m.
Lawrenceville mail arrives every Sunday, at 4 p. m.; and departs on every Saturday, at 7 a. m.
Mail from Wadesboro to Wadesboro, (a circuitous route through the County and back), arrives on Tuesday, at 6 p. m.; and departs on Monday, at 6 a. m.
Mail to Montpelier, N. C., arrives on Tuesday and Friday, at 8 p. m.; and departs on Monday and Thursday, at 4 a. m.—carried in a Hack.

AT LINCOLNTON.
Aheville mail, via Rutherfordton, leaves every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, at 3 p. m.; and returns every Wednesday, Friday and Monday, at 3 a. m.
Salisbury mail arrives every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 5 a. m.; and returns on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, at half past 2 p. m.
Spartanburg mail leaves every Tuesday and Friday, at 1 p. m.; and returns on Monday and Friday, at 11 a. m.
Statesville mail (by horse) leaves every Monday, at 12 m.; and returns every Wednesday at 11 a. m.
Catawba mail, via Williams' mills, leaves every Saturday, at 8 a. m.; and returns every Sunday, at 3 p. m.
Mill-Grove mail leaves every Saturday, at 6 a. m.; and returns same day, at 4 p. m.
Yorkville (S. C.) mail (by horse) leaves every Monday, at 5 a. m.; returns every Tuesday, 5 p. m.
Charlotte mail (by horse) leaves every Wednesday, at 12 m.; and returns next Wednesday, at 11 a. m.

AT GREENSBORO.
Eastern mail (from Raleigh) arrives every day, at 10 a. m.; and departs every day, at 1 p. m.
Northern mail, via Milton, arrives every Sunday, Tuesday and Friday, at 10 a. m.; and departs same days, at 1 p. m.
Danville and Lynchburg mail arrives every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday, at 10 a. m.; and departs every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 6 a. m.
Western mail, via Salem, arrives every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 9 p. m.; departs every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday, at 11 a. m.
North-western mail, via Lexington, Salisbury and Charlotte, arrives every Sunday, Tuesday and Friday, at 12 m.; and departs same days, at 11 a. m.
Fittsboro mail, (horse) leaves every Thursday, at 11 a. m.; and arrives every Sunday, at 5 p. m.
Ashboro mail (horse) leaves every Monday, at 11 a. m.; and arrives every Tuesday, at 3 p. m.
Moreville mail (horse) leaves every Wednesday, at 5 a. m.; and returns same day, at 9 p. m.

AT SALEM.
The Greensboro mail arrives every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday, at 5 p. m.; and departs on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 12 a. m.
Wythe or Western mail arrives on the same days of the departure of the Greensboro, (see above) at 10 a. m.; and departs on Monday, at 7 a. m.; and on Wednesday and Friday, at 5 p. m.
Jonesboro or Wilkes mail arrives on Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday, at 10 p. m.; and departs next days, at 2 a. m.
Lexington mail arrives on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 1 p. m.; departs on Sunday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 a. m.
Mocksville mail (horse) arrives on Tuesday and Friday, at 11 a. m.; departs Tuesday and Saturday, at 1 p. m.
Germanon (horse) mail arrives on Tuesday at 10 a. m.; and Friday at 4 a. m.; departs on Tuesday, at 8 a. m.; and Saturday, at 4 a. m.

Wrapping Paper, &c.

THE Subscribers have just received a large assortment of brown and colored WRAPPING PAPER, together with a large quantity of PASTE BOARD, which they offer at wholesale or retail.

C. R. & C. K. WHEELER.
June 7, 1839.

Miscellaneous.

AN EVENING IN ATHENS.

BY HENRY W. HILLIARD, ESQ.

I was a wanderer. I stood in Athens. From the lofty Acropolis I looked forth upon Greece.—The shades of evening were falling around me, as I stood among the shattered monuments of the intellectual city, and saw at my feet the marble of Phidias.

The sun was sinking in his glory, and flinging his parting smile upon scenes so lovely that he might well linger in his leave-taking. Every peak about me blazed with lustre, and the glancing waves of the sea, upon which I looked down, were bright.

There stood Minerva's Temple bathed in light, as if had glowed in days forever fled, blessing the eye of the Greek when, returning from his wanderings, he looked upon it from the far off sea.

The day hath gone, but see that sky, yet bright with its fading glory, is the evening star.

I stood gazing upon scenes gone by.—Here is Athens. Here on this spot, for thirty centuries, thousands have lived, and loved, and thought, and died. Wealth, genius, power have trod this field, and wrought their deeds here. The fame of their achievements is throughout the whole earth.

The wonderful history of the spot rose before me, like a magnificent vision.—Event after event passed in review, the mighty actors in the glorious past, swept by me with all their deeds. The Kings of Athens, her fleets, her armies, her scholars, were in my presence. First came Cecrops, with his Egyptian colony; the robes of the King mingled with the garments of the Priest. He plants the olive in honor of Minerva, and builds an altar to Jupiter. His venerable form glided away, and one by one seventeen forms with kingly bearing, passed on. The last I recognised as Codrus the patriot King, who loved his country better than his life, and sought in disguise amid the conflicting ranks of the Heraclides, that death which the oracle had declared would purchase victory for the arms of his people, and which his enemies would have denied to him, had they known that it was Codrus whom they struck.

The fight is over—the Athenians are conquerors, but lamentations are mingled with rejoicings, for they mourn a victory bought at such a price. They solemnly declare that no one is worthy to succeed Codrus, and that henceforth no man shall rule in Athens with the title of King.

Before me stood the successors of the King—no less lofty in their bearing, nor in their splendor. The pride of ancestry, the dignity of authority, sat upon their brows; and the purity of private life, the splendor of public services, the stern administration of justice made them truly justiciars. At the first side, in the temple of justice, on the battle field they were alike above reproach. Under their wise and virtuous administration, their countrymen became renowned in arts and arms—and the glory of the Athenian name reached the remote barbarians. Polished, yet vigorous, refined, yet manly, cultivating the most elegant arts, outstripping the world in statuary and painting, teaching the sublimest philosophy, and the sternest morality; they were free, and upon the sea and upon the land their standard floated in triumph.

I looked forth upon the broad surface of the Egæan. A glorious beauty overspread it, and its delightful islands sleep in undisturbed quiet. The heavens are mirrored in its gentle bosom, and the tiny waves scarcely break its repose.

But see, a sail flits upon the surface, and another, and yet another—transports crowded with mailed hosts sweep in view—and a strain of martial music breaks over the waters—I see the crowded ranks of the Persian: I hear his insolent shout of anticipated conquest, as he draws nigh to the shores of Greece. He bears with him chains for the free. The unwelcome Naxians fly; the inhabitants of Delos are too soft for the battle; Patros, beautiful Patros, with its sparkling marble is deserted. The clustering vines of Andros afford no shelter for its people, and the beautiful islands which so lately slept in tranquility resound with clashing arms, and are violated by the hostile tread of the Persians. Flushed with easy victory, the myriads of Darius approach Athens. Upon the plains of Marathon the host have pitched their tents. They promise themselves, conquest and plunder, and are impatient to rush upon a people, who, though they might be too proud to fly, are too weak to resist.

The experienced Datis, the illustrious Artaphernes with the blood of Kings in his veins, and the banished, treacherous Hippas, head the Persian ranks.

Before them Miltiades plants his ten thousand Athenians, and his ten thousand Plataians. I see the waving banners, the flashing steel, the rush of host against host. I hear the terrible shock of battle—the Greek strikes for his home and every blow tells—the Persian cavalry is holly pressed—it is broken. The Persian host give back. Onward rushes the Greek spear, and thousands of the invaders die. Rank after rank retreats—they turn, they fly, and the mighty army of Darius, lately so gorgeous and so confident, is scattered in wild flight. They pursue not even in their camp; they rush to their ships. The Senate of Athens in solemn assembly await the result of the battle. They trust in the steady valor of their countrymen, but they know the tremendous strength of the Persian army—their country, their all—is involved in the issue. It is announced that a soldier covered, with dust and blood, flying from the field of battle, approaches. The Senators, in their anxiety, run to their feet to receive him. He enters in hot haste—"Rejoice with the victors," he shouts, and expires.

Xerxes, with his millions, determines on the conquest of Greece. He covers the sea and land with the myrmidons.

The great barriers, which nature had erected against him, are removed. He brings with him all his regal splendor, and surrounds himself not only with the strength but the pomp of war. His magnificent tents, beautiful with silk and gold, overspread the land and his vessels gay with every adornment, which wealth could supply, cluster upon the neighboring sea. He ascends an eminence to survey the scene—and as he looks forth upon the sea and upon the land, and beholds the hosts armed to desolate the fair isles beneath him,

his kingly heart is smote—and he weeps. But the love of conquest flames up within him. From Darius, from Thebais, from the mountains of Pindus, Ossa, Pelion, and Olympus, come to him messengers with the humiliating symbols of submission.

The Thebans court the friendship of the powerful Persian. But not all the States of Greece have yielded—no. Some are unsubdued. Witness Thermopylae.

The Persian army approaches Athens. But the Athenians—where are they? Have they abandoned their city? They have. The tombs of their ancestors, and their temples are forsaken; the wealth, the adornments of their homes, their statues, their pictures are all left to the destroyer, and with their wives and their children, they seek upon the sea, the safety which they could not find upon their natal soil.

"They are killing," in the language of an elegant historian, "to relinquish it for the sake of their country, which they knew consisted, not in their houses, lands and effects, but that equal constitution of government, which they had received from their ancestors, and which it was their duty to transmit unimpaired to their posterity."

Day breaks over the Bay of Salamis. The Grecian ships are drawn up in the order of battle. The spirit of Themistocles is diffused throughout the whole multitude. The sacred hymns, and psalms of the Greeks salute the light, and now break forth the triumphant songs of war, and the stirring voice of the trumpet, given back in still louder and longer peals from the shores of Africa, and the rocks of Salamis and Psyttalia. The Persian ships bear up to the battle. Seated on a lofty eminence, enthroned on the top of Mount Egæos, the monarch of Persia looks out upon the fight.

"A King state on the rocky brow,
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis,
And ships by thousands lay below,
And men in nations; all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set, where were they?"

As that setting sun sank upon the sea, he poured his splendor upon the wrecked and scattered fragments of the Persian fleet.

Every hostile prow is turned from Greece.—Xerxes starts in wild despair from his silver throne. He tears his splendid robes, and in deep dismay, abandons all thoughts of conquest, and seeks only to plant his feet once more on the soil of Asia.

I look upon Plataea. The sun flings his first light upon the Persian tents, and their splendor is dazzling. The hour of conflict is at hand. Three hundred thousand arms flash upon the plain of battle. The Persian commander upon his white steed, leads his hosts in person, and animates them by his voice and his deeds. "By Greek valor, and Greek steel met the shock unmoved. Fiercely burns the race of battle."

It is evening. Plataea is red with the blood of the Persians—Mordanius and his milk-white steed have fallen together beneath the Grecian spear. The Greek is revelling in Persian tents. He seizes the magnificent couches of the invader, his tables of gold and silver, his yellow golden goblets, his bracelets of untold value, his scimitars adorned with precious stones, and his treasures heaped in chests.

Upon the promontory of Mycale, a like scene meets my view.

The actors in these scenes have passed away, but their glory is undying—and this may well be called

"Clime of the unforgotten brave,
Fair clime! where every season smiles—
Benignant o'er those blessed isles—
Which seem from far Columbia's height,
Make glad the heart that halts the sight,
And lend to loneliness delight."

Here is Athens. The glorious dead still crowd upon me. The venerable form of Socrates is before me. His meek face, and calm, high brow, present a true picture of that philosophy, which recognizes man as an immortal being, and bids him look out upon eternity. He trod these streets—he looked upon this sea—these heavens were arched above his head, unfolded their glorious magnificence, by day and night, to his contemplation.—He speaks, and I listen to his sublime speculations.

The wing of this thought soars high in the heavens, and flashes in the sun as he seeks to discover and explore unknown worlds. I follow him to his prison, what a sublime philosophy does he here teach? He takes the poisoned cup with no trembling hand, and puts it to his lips, yet eloquent with the language of unearthly truth.

He is followed by Plato, his pupil. I recognise him by the elegance of his manner, the polish derived from extensive travel, and by that brow upon which Wisdom has stamped the impress of her own majestic nature.—"The divinity stirs within him." The lustre of high and unearthly contemplation is upon his face. His conversation discloses the wealth of his learning—learning acquired not alone from the lips of Socrates, whose instructions he enjoyed for eight years, but from intercourse with the great of every land. After the death of his illustrious teacher, he turned his footsteps from Athens, and visited Megara, Thebes, and Ellis. The Pythagorean philosophy draws him into Magna Grecia.—Curious to observe the wonders of nature, he visits the volcanic fires of Sicily. The fame of the mathematician Theodorus invites him to Egypt, and he perfects himself in philosophy.

His mind being now stored with all the learning which the world could yield him, he returns to his native city, and erecting his temple in the groves of Academe, he surrounds himself with a covey of illustrious pupils. Unseduced by political convulsions, for forty years he devotes himself to divine philosophy, makes man his nature, and his destiny, the subject of his contemplations, and entertains his friends with discourses full of eloquence and truth.

Among the mighty dead who rise before me, Demosthenes stands forth, distinguished by the serene majesty of his countenance. Accustomed to utter his thoughts upon the sea shore, when his voice had been trained to mimic the roar of the waves which dashed and broke at his feet, he addresses the vast multitudes about him, and they are still. He pours upon them the energy of his own soul, and they are swayed like reeds before the tempest. While he appeals to their love of country, and describes the invader approaching their city, the deep thrud cry of popular enthusiasm is heard from their ranks.—Let us march against

Philip." But alas! who can promise himself the lasting enjoyment of popular favor. Let the dying lips of the prisoner Demosthenes answer.

"Glorious city, with thy wealth of fame I must leave thee. The night dews are heavy upon me, and wanderer as I am, I may not longer converse with thy dead. I must pursue my pilgrimage.

"Farewell! a word which must be and hath been. A sound which makes us linger, yet farewell."

From the London Metropolitan.

THE PIRATE.

Scarcely had the Gascon given utterance to his discontent when the man at the mast head sang out—"Deck a-hoy!—a sail to windward!"

Stamar went aloft with his glass, and in a few seconds returned, and said—"Every one to his post. We're in luck at last."

Cardle's whistle responded to this order. Every man took his arms, and we bore up towards the stranger, under all the sail we could carry. It was a truly horrible thing to observe the sinister expression worn by all the hideous countenances of our lawless crew. Dirty, bearded, and already seething blood, their eyes flashing with fires of cupidity and cruelty, the wretches all gazed in the direction of their prey, as though they wished to annihilate the distance which separated them from it. In a very brief space we neared our victim, a large merchantman, whose appearance promised at once easy conquest and a rich booty. At a signal from Stamar, a shot was fired across her bows to bring her to. She immediately hoisted a white flag, and began to take in her sails; but this obviously pacific inclination was quite thrown away upon the commander of the Shark—"Give that fellow a shot between wind and water," cried Cardle, "it will, perhaps, teach him to be quicker in his manoeuvres, and not keep worthy fellows so long waiting."

We were now within pistol-shot of the stranger, and Peter, bringing his musket to bear upon one of her crew, fired and knocked the man's straw-hat from his head, frightening the poor devil a good deal, no doubt, but doing him no farther injury.

"Pretty fair that!" said Stamar; "but another time level lower. Halloo, you sugar, hoghead! send a shot aboard us."

The order was obeyed on the instant, and the boat coming alongside us, a young and handsome man leaped upon our deck, without the slightest appearance of fear or solicitude.

"Who the devil are you?" demanded Stamar, "lobbly-boy of you craft, or cock's awab second mate?"

"I am neither one nor the other, sir," replied the young man, firmly, "I am her lieutenant."

"Oh, well, Mr. Lieutenant, you see my flag!—it's red, as perhaps you can perceive. Go you back, and send your captain hither; I am not in the habit of treating with swabs of lower rank."

Pale with anger, and halting his bows, the young man preserved, however, sufficient mastery over his temper to depart without reply; and in a few minutes the boat returned, bringing the captain.

"Where are you bound from?" demanded Stamar.

"From Martinique."

"What's your lading?"

"As usual from that port—sugar and coffee."

"But how about specie? None of that, eh?"

The French captain made no reply. The sound of his voice, when he first spoke, had struck me as being very familiar to me; and the more I pondered, the more certain I became that this captain, who had so unhappily fallen into our power, was well known to me. Stamar, guessing the truth from the captain's silence, resumed—"I see how it is—you have specie on board?"

"There is no help for it," replied the unfortunate captain, "and falsehood would be disgraceful without being of any service. I frankly confess, then, that we have specie on board. To it, and to every thing else we have, you are welcome; but I trust you will allow me and my crew to depart without any personal ill-treatment."

"For whom do you take us, messmates! For upon your suspicions! You may go as soon as our visit is paid."

The captain of the merchantman bowed, and returned to go to his boat accompanied by Lorenzo.

Five or six times the merchantman's boat went and came, bringing off to us all that the pirates judged to be worth taking.

All this time the captain of the luckless merchantman had been standing in silent expectation of the final orders of Stamar, who now said to him, "You can go on your way now, my friend; and of a surety you cannot say that we are so very wicked—we others!"

The captain thus addressed bowed in silence, heaved up his boat, and commenced veering to proceed on his route. The Shark then gently laid her self broadside to; Stamar gave a signal to the infamous Lorenzo, and exclaimed at the same time to the merchantman's captain, "Adieu! a pleasant voyage to you!"

Scarcely were the hypocrite's words uttered when a fearful explosion of our whole range of guns shook every plank of the Shark, and for a few moments both vessels were completely hidden in the black clouds of smoke. Stamar now gave the word, the Shark darted forward under all sail; and when the smoke had somewhat dispersed, we could see the unfortunate merchantman dreadfully torn by our shot—her deck covered with wounded men, whose cries and groans were truly dreadful.

On perceiving that our broadside had merely crippled the merchantman, instead of sinking her, Stamar flew into one of his fiercest paroxysms of rage.

"Fond! brute beasts!" he exclaimed, stamping on the deck; "why did they not give it her between wind and water?—It's a mere waste of powder and shot! Master! start me all those novices, put the very best men on board at the guns; above all see that they ram home well, and level low!"

Scarcely two minutes elapsed from the giving of the atrocious order, when the new broadside of the Shark vomited death and destruction upon the crippled and helpless merchantman. Frightful but impotent imprecations reached us through the atmosphere; and, we distinguished the aged and unfortunate captain mounted on the bulwarks of his shattered vessel, now tearing his hair, and now extending his clenched fist towards us in vain menacing and detestation. Traversed as his ship had been in every direction by our balls, she was rapid-

ly sinking; and just as she was finally settling down, some of her crew sought shelter in her tops, while others plunged into the sea, and swam towards us. Seeing that they swam vigorously and perseveringly towards us, Stamar shouted, "Shoot me off a few of those jolly fellows."

His orders were obeyed to the very letter.—Now and then a cap or a straw hat rose to the surface, and floated round the shattered vessel which the foaming waves were now fast engulfing.

Suddenly with a sound like the rushing of a huge water-spout, an immense chasm opened in the waves, the merchantman balanced herself for a moment or two, and then with one lightning-like bound, descended; the tops of her masts were for an instant seen lashing the waters, and then she, and the unhappy wretches, who were still clinging to her, disappeared forever. To the tumult of the horrible scene that had been enacted, there succeeded for a few moments a frightfully expressive silence, which was broken by the voice of Stamar, who in tones of infernal irony exclaimed, "Adieu! a pleasant voyage to you!"

Predictions for 1839.—The next session of Congress will be of uncommon interest and importance. This cannot fail of proving true, because it has been said every year regularly ever since we had a remembrance.

There will be a great noise about the country, when it thunders; and a great dust will be kicked up—by coaches and horses—unless the roads are MacAdamized.

There will be more books published this year than will find purchasers; more rhymes written than will fill readers, and more bills made out than will find payers.

Those who have debts to pay, and no cash, will lose their credit.

Many a fool will jump into a honey-pot—and find it mustard—without being able to say with the fly, "I'm off."

Many an old sinner will promise to turn over a new leaf this year, but the new leaf will turn out blank.

Many a man will grow rich this year—in a dream.

Whoever is in love this year will think his mistress an angel. Whoever gets married will find out whether it be true.

Whoever makes the discovery that the world is given to lying, will do what Jack Falstaff has done before him.

Whoever hires money out of the banks will be in no hurry to see the last day of grace.

Whoever is high upon his score and low in his pocket, will think of a deputy sheriff.

Whoever rises in debt this year, will be dunned. Whoever is out the at elbows, will think of a tailor.

Finally; we are of opinion that this will be a wonderful year just like all that have gone before it. Politicians will make fools of themselves, pettifoggers will make fools of others, and women with pretty faces will make fools of both themselves and others. The world will go round and come back to the place from which it set off, and this will be the course of many a man who should be up and doing. There will be a great cry and little wool, as at a shearing of pigs or a session of Congress.

AN ADVENTURE IN MEXICO.

While residing in the mountain city of Catazaco, I had occasion to start suddenly on a journey to Zacatecas; seizing my holsters, I departed alone on horseback. In a few hours I arrived at the Rancho del Bosal, when I informed myself more respecting the road. I was told that I had in pass through a palm forest several miles in extent, and that I should find a Rianco fifteen miles distant, the only one in thirty miles. Riding through the forest, the thought of robbers naturally occurred, and of taking a look at my pistols. On examination, I found I had left one to be repaired, and that the other had no flint. I felt in the bottom of the holsters, but no flint; so for my safety it was necessary to trust solely to the respectable appearance of a pair of bear skin holsters. Plooding in the heat of the sun, I discovered a little distance from the road, a bamboo hut. No one appeared, but appearances indicated that it was inhabited.—I carried my saddle into the hut, and gave my horse the length of a cabresto, to graze. With my saddle and *urnas de agua*, I made the traveler's bed, upon which I reclined, placing my holsters by my side. A ferocious looking person soon rode up, asked a few questions, and returned. The inquiries did not fail to excite suspicion; but being overcome with fatigue and the burning sun, I remained quiet. The man soon returned, bringing a more ferocious-looking companion. Seeing my perilous situation, I instantly resolved to demean myself in the same manner as if my pistols had been of the best. The companion, after asking various questions and praising the holsters, requested me to do him the favor to show him the pistols, to see if they were of a certain class, which he named. "I handle my arms only for defence," was my reply. He protested friendship, and repeated his request. I repeated that I could not gratify curiosity in that respect. He became irritated, at length angry, uttering violent and abusive language; the replies were short and harsh, both were in front of the door, with such a long knife in his hand, in the act of whittling. An hour passed in conversation, and intervals of silence.—They walked away. I thought I would wait until dark and then, when their lasso could not serve them, rush towards them with the presented pistols and make my escape into the wood. Reclining upon my bed, although not directing my eye immediately towards him, I discovered out of them silent, looking through an interstice in the side of the hut, to observe my movements. I introduced my hand under the flap of the holsters, as if in the act of examining lock and priming, and withdrew it with an air of content. He soon appeared again in front of the door, and banded me to exchange horses, requesting me to mount his and try him. I replied that I wished to repose, and that in the morning I would probably trade, and give him a fair difference.

They remained; it being about sunset, and taking my horse, observed they were going to water; they rode about a quarter of a mile, and turning a point of palm wood, were out of sight. Alone, I took my pistol, withdrew the charge, and walked about the house in search of a stone for a flint. It