

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.

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TERMS OF CAROLINIAN.

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Miscellaneous.

SINGULAR AND AMUSING STORY.

A curious incident lately occurred in our immediate neighborhood. A gentleman, who has a villa near this, desired that a certain number would be a prize in the lottery. The morning after his dream, which was only a week previous to the drawing of the lottery, he wrote a note to his clerk to procure him to buy the ticket immediately; and subsequently told many of his neighbors and acquaintances of his dream, the number, and of his purchase of the ticket. Being a very popular person, all who heard of the circumstances were anxious that his dream should be realized; and, to their great satisfaction, the number was drawn a very large prize. Forthwith, a numerous party of artists and peasants employed by the gentleman in question, collected forth from Naples, with musical instruments, colored flying, and a banner gaily decorated, on which the lucky number was inscribed, and also the amount of the prize. In this manner they proceeded to the habitation of Mr. —, and announced the joyful intelligence, which, it is needless to say, spread a general hilarity through the house. This procession was followed by several friends and acquaintances, who came to congratulate the fortunate owner of the prize. Refreshments in abundance were served out on the lawn for the peasants and artists; and a collation in the *salle a manger* was offered to the friend. Sufficient wine of an inferior quality not being in the cellar, the best was copiously supplied, in the generosity occasioned by the good fortune of the host. The health of the winner of the prize was repeatedly drunk; and many suggestions relative to the disposal of a portion of the newly acquired wealth were given. The news spread, and the pleasure grounds of Mr. — became literally filled with visitors of all classes; when in the midst of the general rejoicing, the clerk who had been a week before engaged to purchase the ticket arrived, with a report so cruel and so untrue, that one glance at it announced some disagreeable news. Alas! this unlucky sight had, in the pressure of more than ordinary business, forgotten to buy the ticket! and thought not of it until informed of its having drawn a prize. The rage and disappointment of Mr. — may be more easily imagined than described, when he saw the wheel of fortune, which had passed at his door, driven to that of another; who having heard of the dream of Mr. —, selected the number, and became the buyer of the ticket only the day before it was drawn. The reflections so liberally dispensed on this occasion had quite exhausted the funds of the dreamer, and nearly emptied his cellar; and thus ended the affair of the lottery. Never were people so addicted to this species of gambling as are the Neapolitans. All classes indulge in it, more or less; but the lower ones give way to it with extraordinary recklessness. Every dream, encounter, incident, or accident has its own particular sign and number, which may be found in a book published for the instruction of the buyers of tickets, and of which every Neapolitan has a copy. The death of a friend, however lamented, refers to a particular number, which the mourner forgets not to secure, if it comes in conjunction with some fortunate sign; thus even out of misfortunes and afflictions the Neapolitans seek to draw some recompense. Nor does frequent disappointment seem to correct their eagerness for the lottery. They always discover some satisfactory reason for having missed the prize; and hope to be more fortunate the next time.—*The Idler in Italy, by the Countess of Bledington.*

A STORY FOR OUR OWN TIMES.

A venerable old Dutchman, after having occupied all the offices of one of the principal cities of the republic, with great honor, and having amassed a large fortune in the most unexceptional manner, finally formed the resolution of going to terminate his days tranquilly in his country-seat. But before retiring he wished to take leave of his friends and countrymen, and accordingly invited them all to a feast at his house.

The guests, who expected a most sumptuous repast, were much surprised on entering the dining room, to see there a long table, bare, and covered with a common blue cloth. On being seated, they were served on wooden plates, with salted herring, rye bread, and butter, with some cheese and curdled milk. Wooden vessels, filled with small beer, were placed round for each of the guests to serve themselves. This extreme oddity of the old gentleman caused secret murmurings among the company; but, out of respect for his great wealth, instead of showing discontent, they pretended to retain their usual fare; and some of them even complimented him upon the quality of those good old times which he had brought to remembrance. The old man—who was not deceived by this feigned satisfaction—did not wish to carry the joke farther; but at a signal which he gave, some servants, habited as countrywomen, entered, bringing the second service. A white cloth succeeded the common blue one, and some silver plates replaced the wooden ones. They were served with good brown bread, fresh beef, boiled fish, and strong beer. At this unexpected change, the secret murmurers ceased; the polite invitations on the part of the old man became more pressing, and the guests, with a better appetite, gladly had they time to taste this second service when they saw a butler enter, followed by

half a dozen servants in brilliant livery bringing the third.

A superb table of mahogany, covered with a beautiful flowered cloth, replaced the oak one.

A side-board was immediately covered with the richest plate and most curious china; and the guests chattered at the sight of a profusion of rare and exquisite meats. The most delicious wines were freely passed around, while a melodious concert was heard in an adjoining room. Toasts were drunk, and all were merry. But the good old man perceiving that his presence hindered the guests from giving themselves up to their full joy, rose and addressed them thus: "I give you thanks ladies and gentlemen, for the favor which you have granted me. It is time that I should retire, myself, and leave you to your liberty. But before the bell commences, which I have ordered to be prepared for those who love the dance, permit me to acquaint you with the design that I proposed to myself in inviting you to a repast which has appeared so odd. I have wished thereby to give you an idea of our Republic. Our ancestors rose to their high state, and acquired liberty, riches, and power, by living in the frugal manner which you saw in the first service. Our fathers preserved these great blessings only by living in the simple manner of which the second service has retraced an image. If it is permitted to an old man, who is about to leave you, and who tenderly loves you, to speak clearly what he thinks, I must say, I fear that the extravagant prodigality which you may have witnessed in the last service, and which is the present style of living—will deprive us of more than our ancestors have acquired by the sweat of the brow, and our fathers have transmitted to us by their industry and wise administration.—*Danger Courier.*

BURIAL OF A LIVING GIRL.

The following thrilling description of the Hindu burial of a living girl, in the tomb of a dead lover, is from the *Oriental Annual* for 1839:

She was consequently, now fully persuaded that he was dead—for at the first she had some doubts—even though she had been so many hours in the presence of his corpse—and the idea of being buried in the same grave with him, was to her a matter of rejoicing rather than of grief. For her death had no fears, since the object of her attachment was no more; and she therefore cheerfully resigned herself to the fate that awaited her.

That very afternoon the beautiful Pariah was placed in a hackney, with the corpse of the once young Youghal wrapped in a cerement. The doom pronounced against her was that she should be buried in the same grave with the body of her lover, in the neighborhood of the mountain village where her father dwelt, and in which she was born. The persons who accompanied her had sufficient compassion to allow her to pass a few hours with her disconsolate parent, previously to being consigned to that tomb prepared for the reception of one for whom she had sustained an earnest attachment. She passed the night under the parental roof, and in the morning early, accompanied by those that had been appointed to conduct the interment of the living with the dead, proceeded to the place of interment. It was at the foot of a lofty cone, which, rising among a cluster of small hills, filled its proud head to the clouds, and seemed to stand there a monument of the stupendous exercise of Omnipotent power. The body of Youghal had been sent for some distance from the place of burial, and the unhappy victim of usurped and pampered tyranny was allowed to follow rather than accompany an object, which, though concealed from sight, was still loathsome to a more delicate sense, in spite of the cerement by which it was enveloped. The party slowly ascended the hill. In front was an official on horseback, who had the charge of conducting the melancholy business, attended, on either side, by a man armed. The innocent maiden followed between two persons, likewise armed, who had neither respect for her sorrows, nor compassion for her condition. Having arrived in sight of the hill's base, which had been fixed upon as the scene of cruel punishment, the party reached a rude wooden bridge, thrown over a gully presenting a frightful aspect of turbulence and danger.

It had a steep, irregular channel, through which the mountain current poured with frightful impetuosity, occasionally impeded in its precipitous descent by projecting masses of rocks and other impediments collected there in the more temperate seasons of the year, when during the prevalence of temporary storms, portions of the hill are loosened from their parent masses, and thrown into the water courses, then nearly dry, or only changed to shallow or more gentle streams.

The bridge consisted of a single wide plank of oak, about half a foot in thickness, and nearly two feet wide, sustained under one end by beams inserted in the inequalities of the bank, and affording a lateral support to a rude fabric secured on the other side by two thin but strong upright poles, that kept it sufficiently steady to allow a safe, yet fearful footing. The current roared continuously as the procession passed over the bridge, which vibrated at every step. Moristalla's father accompanied her to the gully, and then turned homeward from a scene of distress which he had not the fortune to encounter. After a silent march of about two hours, the victim and her guards reached the place of interment. In a small hollow between the two rocks, a large deep hole had been dug, about three feet square. Upon the brink was placed the corpse of Youghal, in a state of sickening decomposition, covered with a ragged palampore.—The wretched girl advanced to the side of the pit without shedding a tear, and steering some flowers over the corpse, expressed her satisfaction at the privilege of being laid beside him in death, whom she had so fondly loved in life. Having completed the preliminary ceremonies, she desired that the ceremony might proceed. Her manner was solemn, though gentle, exhibiting a calm yet lofty determination to meet death with the spirit of resignation which become beings who are born to die.

At length declaring she was ready to suffer the dreadful penalty to which she had been doomed by an unjust and selfish tyrant, the body of her late lover was lowered into the sepulchre, and Moristalla having again scattered some flowers into it, descended into the stony chamber of death. Her dress consisted of a light vest of colored silk, under a loose flowing drapery of thin white calico; her black hair was rolled up in a large knot on the top of her head, secured by a large brass pin,

tapered and polished, with gold. Upon her wrist she wore thin bangles and armlets of buffalo's horns. The tips of her nails were slightly tintured with henna. Having been lowered into the vault, she seated herself upon a projecting ledge, purposely left in the head wall of the grave, and placed the corpse upon her knees. At the bottom of the pit a horizontal opening had been dug to admit the dead body, so that its legs were forced into the hole, and its head rested on the lap of its living companion. A few bambos were now crossed above the latter's head, and fixed firmly in the side of the pit, upon whose slender branches the branches were thrown, and a canopy being thus formed, which prevented the earth from falling in, the innocent girl was thus consigned to a living sepulchre, without one expression of sympathy at her horrible doom. The soil, from which the sun had ceased to exhale every particle of moisture, was lightly strewn with the bambos, at once covering the living and the dead. After the task of interment had been performed, the delegates of Vermont left their victim to her fate, and returned to the capital, where they announced the completion of their mission. Upon hearing it, the counterfeit sovereign expressed his satisfaction with an oath little becoming the lips of a saint, but a timely bribe rendered his hearers deaf to so unjustifiable a profanation.

TEN UPON ELEVEN.

We some time since related a story of a jockeying Frenchman. As an offset, we now give you of a jockeying Frenchman. This, like the former, turns upon the sale of a horse, and also, like that, has its scene away South.

Mon. Jarvais, the Frenchman, had a steed for sale, which he recommended as "one ver fine haimele—one horse elegant extraordinaire."

"How old do you call him?" asked the purchaser.

"How old?" said the Frenchman—"Vy, sare, he is sixteen like *ter upon eleven*."

"Not older?"

"No, sare, he is no older vat I tell you."

"On your honor?"

"Ouv, vare, on me very sare honor, vat me tell you is the true—he is no older as ten upon ten; no not that you ayse de aggie de horse. He is no more as vat I tell you."

The horse was purchased, under the full belief that he was no more than ten or eleven years old.

But the new owner was, a short time afterwards, told by a judge of horse flesh, that he had got monstrously bitten by the Frenchman in regard to the age of the steed, which was at least twice as old as he had purchased him for.

Upon this he went, in a great fury, to the Frenchman, and exclaimed:

"Confound your lying French tongue! that horse is twice as old as you said."

"Sare," exclaimed Mon. Jarvais, with well feigned astonishment.

"Sare! I'll sare you, you lying, smooth tongued scoundrel!"

"Me, ha! Me one scoundrel! Vat, for you accuse me, sare! ha! You is one lie yourself—you is one grand impudence. Be gar! you come here to curse me lie! he gar!"

"You needn't bristle up to me, Monsieur, I can cut up two Frenchmen just like you at one meal."

"Diable! Vat you say me—you one diable! You one savage—one wild animal brute—he gar!"

"There's no use in all that, Monsieur. You're a lying villain—you told me a cock and a bull story about the age of that horse which is all in all such thing."

"Be gar! so 'tis no such thing—'tis no bull and cock, vat for me sell you de horse. Sare, you lie!"

"What?"

"Under one mistake, sare—one grand mistake—I say nothing at all vat about a bull and cock. I sell him you one horse for one horse, Mon Dieu."

"But you cheated me in his age. The horse, as I am credibly informed, is at least twenty, if not twenty-one years old."

"Ouv! ouv!—dat is de aggie—yes, sare, dat is vat I call him."

"The devil it is! You told me he was ten or eleven."

"No; sare, I not tell you he ten or eleven.—Dat is one grand mistake, sare. Dat lieble horse you put in, me no put him dere. Me say de horse ten upon eleven!"

"Well, what's the difference?"

"Difference! Be gar! you one Anglaise American, and you not know the difference between one English word! Or—he no upon—upon he no or. Me no Anglaise—but, sare, dare one grand difference between de two words."

"I know there's a difference," replied the purchaser, "but you meant to cheat me in the age of the horse—you meant I should understand you that he was ten or eleven."

"Sare," returned the Frenchman coolly, "dare to say you make de grand mistake. I telly you de horse he was ten upon eleven—dat is var me understand me more clear—vat you call one and de twenty."

"But you meant to deceive me," said the purchaser, doggedly.

"Deceivy you! Mon Dieu! Me deceivy you one American Yankee, vat cheat de diable. Be sare. Me sell him de horse for vat you call son and de twenty; me no can possible cheaty you. Be gar; his no de cart vat you put de horse afore; de honest eagle of the horse is not I telly you; ten upon eleven! and, be gar! you find him so."

THE RED ROVERS.

During the war in Texas, among the numerous Volunteer Companies, there was one raised by Captain S—, in North Alabama, called from the red blanket great coats they wore, the "Red Rovers." This company numbered about eighty young men; many of them of the first families, in that part of the country; among them, a nephew, and a son of the Captain.

This company had the ill fortune to be with Fanning when he surrendered to the Mexican forces. Captain S—, and the other officers of Fanning's corps, were decidedly opposed to the surrender, having no confidence in the Mexican good faith. But Fanning was resolved, and when he communicated his resolution to Captain S—, and some other officers, they were marched out from the Fort, where they

were quartered, under various pretences; at one time, it is said, they were to be conducted to Coahuila, a report, to be thence shipped back to the United States; at another time, it was given out, that they were merely going out for the purpose of driving cattle into the Fort. They had, however, presented but a short distance, when they received orders (in Spanish), to halt on the side of a brush fence, and next to come to the right about, so as to stand with their backs to the Mexican line, which was about equal in numbers, and was formed just on the other side of the fence. There were about four hundred in each line, and they stood about three feet apart. The word was then given to fire, and nearly all of Fanning's corps were massacred in a moment, and among them, the Company of Red Rovers. Words cannot portray the human imagination can hardly conjure up, the horrors of such a scene. Among the slain was a son of Captain S—; the Captain himself had been left in the Fort, where his services as a surgeon were found necessary, and his nephew had been prevented from going out by sickness, strongly against his own solicitations, he supposing they were to return home on parole.

Fanning received the melancholy distinction of being shot alone. He was an alumnus of the College of Nassau Hall, New Jersey; it has been said that he was intemperate; he was a brave man, and met his end like a soldier.

There is said to have subsisted a jealousy between him and Houston, and a want of concert, Fanning wishing to fight, as valiantly expressed, "on his own hook." The error in Texas was, that the several bodies of troops were not in communication, and thus, several detachments were cut off in detail. The same error, however, was committed by the enemy.

On the return of Captain S— to Alabama, and his arrival at T—, the people of that town crowded around him, to shake hands, and welcome him, as one risen from the dead. He looked very pale, and emaciated, and it was said that he bore marks of the Mexican fetters on his ankles. By a summary account of his adventures, it appeared, that, after being detained some time a prisoner, the commandant at the Fort promised to release him on parole, but although frequently applied for the necessary passports, the commandant repeatedly put him off, from time to time, until at length, worn out with the agonies of suspense, the Captain vent lack word to the Mexican commandant, "if you will not grant me the passports, take me out, and shoot me, and you are welcome to all the credit it will bring you." This produced a favorable effect on the officer, and he agreed to grant him passports to some town in the interior of that country, which, however, it was impossible to reach, without great risk from the Indians on the way.

At this juncture, came the news of the battle of San Jacinto, which created a sudden panic at the Fort, as when a stone is hurled by some mischievous hand, at a hornet's nest depending from the eaves of some tall pine. The fort was evacuated; only a small garrison being left with the wounded and prisoners. Captain S— then with a fellow prisoner, concerted a plan of escape. They armed themselves "cap a pie," each with a rifle, a bowie knife, and a brace of pistols; they went to the stables, and took each a fine horse, ready caparisoned, and put off. During the day time, they lurked in the tall grass of the prairie, or in the woods, and travelled all night, and in this way, after enduring extraordinary privations and hardship, they at length once more set foot on their native soil.

Captain S— was accompanied from T— to the place of his residence, by a military escort; a cannon was mounted on a Redwood car, and fired every mile to the place of destination. On arriving at C— his own town, the people came out "on mass," to welcome him, and among them his wife and children. It was said he bore all with composure until his little son came up and clasped him by the knee—the cup was fully he shed tears.

Painful return!—of his company, who had so lately marched away with him, full of hope and expectations, not one returned with him. Nearly all of them had fallen, not in the rage of battle, and the shouts of victory, but massacred in cold blood, immolated in a Mexican hecatomb!—C. C.

APOTHEGMS.

The lamented Mrs. McLean, or L. E. L., though mostly known as a poetess, displayed, perhaps, more the intellectual power in her prose writings than in her poetry. To support this opinion, we have selected the following apothegms—quelling, if not surpassing those of Rochefoucault.—*N. Y. Lib. Gazette.*

"Nothing circulates so rapidly as a secret."

"Illusions are the magic of real life, and the forest of future pain is paid for present pleasure."

"We are reproached with forgetting others; we forget ourselves a thousand times more. We remember what we hear, see, and read, often accurately; not so with what we felt—that is faint and uncertain in its record. Memory is the least logical of all our faculties."

"The imaginative gods of the Grecians are deified—the warlike deities of the Scandinavians feared no longer; but we have set up a new set of idols in their place, and we call them Appearances."

"What a pity that one forgets one's childish thoughts; their originality would produce such an effect, properly managed! It is curious to observe, that by far the most useful part of our knowledge is acquired unconsciously. We remember learning to read and write, but we do not remember how we learned to talk, to distinguish colors, &c. The first thought that a child willfully conceals is an epoch—one of life's most important—and yet who can recall it!"

"Knowledge, when only the possession of a few, has almost always been turned to iniquitous purposes."

"Surprises are like misfortunes or horrors—they rarely come single."

"Habit is the petrification of the feelings."

"Imagination is to love what gas is to the balloon—that which raises it from earth."

"Love is followed by disappointment, admiration by mortification, and obligation by ingratitude."

"Inclination never wrote an excuse—and if one won't do, there are a dozen others soon found."

"Like the cards which form a child's plaything palace, our pleasures are nicely balanced one upon the other."

"The pleasure of change is opposed to that of habit and if we love best that to which we are accustomed, we like best that which is new."

"Small evils make the worst part of great ones; it is so much easier to endure misfortune than to bear an inconvenience."

"Experience teaches, it is true; but she never teaches in time. Each event brings its lesson, and the lesson is remembered; but the same event never occurs again."

"A patriot might take his best lesson of disinterestedness from feminine affection."

"Advice generally does require some very powerful argument to be taken."

"How much is there in one minute, when we reflect that that one minute extends over the world!"

"Alas, for the vanity of human enjoyment! we grow weary of even our own perfection."

"What a foundation mortified vanity is for philosophy!"

"Attention is always pleasant to acquaintances till we tire of them."

"The ridiculous is memory's most adhesive plaster."

"The old proverb, applied to fire and water, may, with equal truth, be applied to the imagination—it is a good servant, but a bad master."

"The Janus of Love's year may have two faces, but they look only on each other."

"In the moral, as in the physical world, the violent is never the lasting—the tree forced into unnatural luxuriance of blossom, bears them and dies."

"Grief, after all, is like smoking in a damp country—what was at first a necessity becomes afterwards an indulgence."

"The history of most lives may be briefly comprehended under three heads—our follies, our faults, and our misfortunes."

"There is nothing so easy as to be wise for others; a species of prodigality, by the bye, for such wisdom is wholly wasted."

"Always be as witty as you can with your partner—your last speech is the one remembered."

"Nothing appears to me so absurd as placing our happiness in the opinion others entertain of our enjoyments, not in our own sense of them. The fear of being thought vulgar is the moral hydrophobia of the day; your weaknesses cost us a thousand times more regret and shame than our faults."

"How youth makes its wishes hopes, and its hopes certainties!"

"Hope is the profit of youth—young eyes will always look forward."

"There is wisdom in even the exaggeration of grief—there is little cause to fear we should feel too much."

"The difference between good and bad intentions is this: that good intentions are so very satisfactory in themselves, that it really seems a work of supererogation to carry them into execution; whereas, evil ones have a restlessness that can only be satisfied by action—and, to the shame of fate be it said, very many faculties are lost by the thinking being effected."

"The bitterest cup has its own drop of honey."

"We appreciate no pleasures unless we are occasionally deprived from them. Restraint is the golden rule of enjoyment."

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"The difference between good and bad intentions is this: that good intentions are so very satisfactory in themselves, that it really seems a work of supererogation to carry them into execution; whereas, evil ones have a restlessness that can only be satisfied by action—and, to the shame of fate be it said, very many faculties are lost by the thinking being effected."

"The bitterest cup has its own drop of honey."