

THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

THE RIGHTS NOT DELEGATED TO THE UNITED STATES BY THE CONSTITUTION, ARE RESERVED BY IT TO THE STATES, AND 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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FEMALE SCHOOL.



The next Session of the Female School of Miss N. H. HOLT, will commence on the 1st of October. Five or six advanced pupils will be taken into the school, and board can be had in respectable families at moderate prices.

The undersigned can confidently recommend this school to favorable notice, believing that the qualifications of Miss STRAP are of a superior order, to teach the elementary as well as higher literary branches. Her discipline and mode of instruction differs very much from that usually enforced and practiced in our Southern schools, and being of a mild and parental character, she will be well calculated to give to her scholars the appropriate objects. An experience now of two years enables us to place full confidence in her abilities as a teacher, the correctness of her department, and the efficiency of her system.

W. R. HOLT,
ROBT. FOSTER,
HENRY R. DUSENBERRY,
JOHN P. MARRY.

Washington, Davidson County, N. C.,
September 20, 1839.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New York Mirror.

THE UNWHIPPED SCHOOL BOY.

Reformation is the order of the day; and among the manifold modern improvements, Mr. Strap, the school master, had his.

"I instruct," said Mr. Strap, "by an entirely new system."

"You do?" said Mrs. Goding.

"I do," said Strap emphatically.

"Now, then," said Mrs. Goding.

"Madam," said Mr. Strap, "the work is six thousand times old."

"Law!" said Mrs. Goding, admiringly.

"And it has been all that time wrong on the subject of education of youth?"

Mrs. Goding opened her eyes and ears. She knew Mr. Strap was one of the wisest of men. Hence she liked to hear him talk, and be wiser on.

"Madam, children should never be whipped."

"How?" said Mrs. Goding, interrogatively.

"With a quiet look. She fagellated her little son, every day of his life, once, at least, on an average. If ever she had omitted one day, from illness, or any other accident, she made up the deficiency of flogging him twice the day after. Her son was ten years old. Ten times three hundred and sixty-five makes three thousand six hundred and fifty. This seems pretty hard; but I solemnly believe the calculation to be within the truth. I solemnly believe James Goding had received the rod at least that number of times."

Mrs. Goding generally made these inflictions with her own hand; she looked therefore rather confounded at the opinion of Mr. Strap, who was her usual and who, somehow or other, she had gradually become, had her view on the subject.

"Children," said Mr. Strap, "should never be whipped."

"No," said Mrs. Goding.

"Never," said Mr. Strap.

"But when business won't answer?"

"Business, madam," rejoined Mr. Strap, with a magisterial wave of the hand.

"Reason may do well for some," said Mrs. Goding, shaking her head doubtfully.

"It will do for all, madam, if properly applied. We are created with reason. We are not brutes. We are—"

"Certainly!" said Mrs. Goding.

"I shall hereafter conduct my school on an entirely new plan," said Mr. Strap. "I shan't have a rod in it. I shall make my boys love me; respect my kind intentions; bow to my reason, and obey me for their own good."

"What do you charge a year?" asked Mrs. Goding.

"Ten hundred dollars, and each boy to bring a silver spoon—two suits of clothes, and two pair of shoes," said Strap.

"I've been thinking," said Mrs. Goding, "whether my son Jim is not old enough to be put under your care."

"What is his age?" asked Strap.

"Ten, just ten."

"Certainly," said Mr. Strap. "I'll take him with pleasure."

"I must tell you frankly," said Mrs. Goding, "that I have had trouble with him."

"I'll take him, madam," said Strap.

"He's very wild," said Mrs. Goding.

"No matter, madam," rejoined Mr. Strap, with a smile of self-confidence. "I'll take him."

"He's a boy of good parts," said Mrs. Goding, "but he's beyond my management."

"I think I understand his case, madam," said Mr. Strap, smiling again.

"And you never flag?"

"Never, madam. When shall he come?"

"When you please."

"Send him to-morrow."

"I will," said Mrs. Goding.

The next day Master James Goding, with two suits of clothes; a silver spoon; and two pair of shoes arrived at Mr. Strap's boarding school in the country, not far from town, where he had hitherto resided. He was a little and homely boy with short sandy hair standing straight out like a shoe brush, and his forehead tall as a mill-hill; little pug nose; an enormous mouth; no eyebrows; and a pair of small eyes which looked green in the morning and red at night. Fear of his front teeth had been locked out of his mind. He was half way down so that he had a small, crackling voice; Jim was a sad fellow, and one would think from the number of whippings he had received must have led but a sad life of it. It appears, however, that he had accommodated himself to his situation, and that he lived amid his multifarious fagellations almost as much like a salmon under the fire. He had been literally whipped through his nose, and had become hardened to it, and as a camel's knees are to the sand, and though he screamed and kicked from under him, you might see him two minutes after one of these skin-flaying operations, with a smile of unfeigned content on his face, of careless mirth, eating a piece of bread and butter, or playing quilles, or munching a peg with the first opportunity he met. He had been cured, poor fellow, of all the fears and sorrows of beating. Now it was a question, who in the morning a dozen slaps on the palm with the flat ruler;—now a smart rap on the knuckles; and now a cuff and now a kick. These were mere child's play to those regular executions which varied the monotony of every three or four days, when beat and vent off;—stuffed over with straw, and the birch was laid on till the veins of the forehead were almost black. At these times his outcries were wont to be limited only by the quantity of his breath and the power of his lungs; and the unfortunate boy would stare and roar till the neighbors, disturbed, would stare their heads dizzily, and tell each other it was "that Mrs. Goding's whipping poor Jim." Such was the sad lot of the overworked mother to Mr. Strap, but more if the truth must be told, to get rid of heavy trouble, than from curiosity, to see what Jim would do in a school where they "never whipped."

On arriving at school, Jim was let loose among the rest of the boys to play. He got into a game of marbles, but his antagonists soon perceived that he cheated and turned him out. He then took to the top, but the fellows found that he had brought with him a great, long pointed thing, that cut their little tops to pieces. No matter that he was or been a boy, need to be told that this play consists in one's top being spun in the circle, while the rest are spun down at it; sometimes splitting the mark in two. Jim's top, with his accurate aim, split two or three, and the boys protested against such unequal chances. One of them said it was like the horse crying "come here for himself!" when he danced among the chickens. He and by he was taken into a game of ball, but in five minutes, a round stone, instead of a ball, was flung with such violence at one of the small boys, as to knock him down and inflict a severe contusion. Jim protested it was a mistake. Mr. Strap remonstrated with him. He begged pardon and went foraging.

The next morning the top of the "rod" broke while a person, who was swinging left, to the imminent danger of life. It was found that the iron had been cut two thirds through. In the afternoon the pair of gloves were scratched to pieces with a nail or knife, and when the owner went to change the ball for lead, the necessary instrument was at length to be found. A chain of circumstantial evidence fixed these things on James Goding. Mr. Strap took the boy into his private room.

"James."

"Sir."

"Did you scratch?"

"No, sir."

"Do you give me your worst and honor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know what an oath is?"

"Yes, sir."

"Should you be willing to swear?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Strap then said:

"My son, to be candid, I don't believe you. I know you to be the author of these indignities."

James looked up in the face of his instructor with astonishment.

"If you will confess the truth I will forgive you. Are you not guilty?"

"Yes, sir." "I thought so. Now you have imagined yourself here, doubtless, among enemies. I wish to show you that you are not so. We are all your friends. If you do wrong, you do wrong; you do so against those who love you. Is that right?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, I am willing to believe that you have done these things from bad habits; from want of reflection; from ignorance of the character of the instructors. I pardon you. Go down among your companions. Be a better boy for the future. I shall never have cause to complain of you again, shall I?"

"No, sir."

"Go, then, my dear child. Remember that the way to be happy is to be virtuous."

"Yes, sir."

"That if you intend to be respected in society, you must begin as a boy the laudable conduct which you mean to practice as a man. I could have punished you for the little you had committed had I so pleased. I wish you for my friend. Here is a pair of gloves for you. Sit out, my dear boy. Do not forget that you have done wrong and that you have forgiven. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, sir," said Jim with the mouth crumpled full of cake.

"Go then, remember I love you and trust to your generosity that you will not transgress any of the rules. Good morning, my dear son."

"Good morning, sir," said Jim, putting into his mouth the last bit of cake.

Two days after this occurrence one of the ushers found a pin stuck indignantly placed in his chair, to the great disgust of all, when the discovery was proclaimed. The next day the ear was killed, a creature which had been much loved, and was universally lamented, and in the evening one of the little boys was fagellated actually into fits by a ghost function, but with the head of

a pumpkin, and eyes as large as tea cups.

The culprit was detected in James Goding and he confined to bread and water diet for three days, which did not prevent several of the boy's stockings being filled, before they arose in the morning, with prickly pears, and the usher, who slept in the room with the lads, on waking in the morning found his toes tied together by a long string communicating with the toes of six boys who were also thus tied, the whole being linked together. Mr. Strap looked grave at this, and James Goding might think his stars that he was an inmate of an establishment where "they never whipped." He had to wear a fool's cap two feet high, with a pair of jack asses ears attached to the top, but one of the little boys near him being unable to repress his laughter, James gave him a blow on the eye which blinded him for a month. That very evening Mr. Strap got caught in a string laid across the top of the stairs in such a way as nearly to break his neck. He took James again into the closet and talked to him an hour. The arguments which he used would be quite too long for the limits of this article. Socrates could not have spoken more wisely. At the end he gave him another piece of cake, and sent him into the schoolroom with a kindness more than paternal. James was at this time melted. He wiped his eyes and blew his nose, and Mr. Strap went on his arguments, till at length the worthy disciple of the system felt assured of its success.

"He is mine!" said he to himself, with rather a benevolent smile. "He feels his error. He will do wrong no more. How much better thus to overcome errors than with the British use of this!" and he regarded a small bamboo cane, which he usually carried with him in his walks.

The month had expired, and this was the day appointed for this visit of Mrs. Goding. In the afternoon Mr. Strap went into his library where he had sent James on some errand. The boy not returning he followed him. He had been detained by a curious attraction. A beautiful little canary bird, accustomed to fill the house with music, had been hanging in its cage against the wall; the repentant boy had taken it down and plucked off all its feathers, and was amusing himself by regarding its contortions and distress with a grin of delight. Mr. Strap forgot his system, but obeyed the honest and doubtless correct impulse of his soul, seized the young reprobate by the collar, and having accidentally in his hand his bamboo cane gave him what people in the every day world term a regular flogging. Mrs. Goding entered while he was in the act. The naked canary bird revealed the story.

"I ought to apologise," said Mr. Strap, taking breath.

"For flogging my Jim?" asked Mrs. Goding surprised.

"No, madam, but for having ever been such a fool as to suppose myself wiser than Solomon. I shall renounce new systems, and hereafter abide the world as it is!" and poor Jim, after his brief reprieve, received his daily portions as regularly as ever.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

HOPE.

If Hope be dead—why seek to live? For what besides, has life to give? Life, Youth, and Love, and Beauty, too, If Hope be dead—say! what are you?

Life without Hope! Oh, that is not To live! but, day by day, to rot. With feelings cold, and passions dead To wander o'er the world, and tread Upon its beauties, and to gaze. All vacant, o'er its flowery meads, Oh! think if this be life! then say,— Who lives when Hope has fled away!

Youth without Hope! An endless night, Trees which have felt the cold spring blight, The lightning's flash, and the thunders strike, Yet pine away a weary life. When older would have sunk, and died Beneath the strokes, their youth defied— But, cruel with length of days, are left To rot at Youth of Hope bereft.

Love without Hope! It cannot be, There is a vessel on you see— Beclouded and sail-less as despair, And know—this helpless Love floats there.

And Beauty too—when Hope is gone— Has lost the ray in which it shone! And seen without this borrowed light, Has lost the beam which made it bright. Now what avail the silken hair, The angel smile, and gentle air, The beaming eye, and glance refined— Faint semblance of the purer mind— As gold-dust, sparkling in the sun, Points where the richer strata run, Alas! they now just seem to be Bestowed to mock at misery. They speak of days long, long gone by. Then point to cold Rosily, And with a death-like smile, they say,— "Oh! what are we, when Hope's away!"

Thus Life, Youth, Love, and Beauty too, When seen without Hope's brightening hue, All sigh in misery's saddest tone,— "Why seek to live, if Hope be gone!"

A. MODERN FAUST.

Among those individuals who should have been somewhere else yesterday morning, might have been seen at Mr. Recorder Baldwin's office of business, a professed follower of the great Faust, vulgarly known as a "jour printer."

He was a case all sorts of a case—a walking edition of the striped pig, or in other words an uncorrected copy of the works of interperence, and bound by no ten-tooth rule of entire abstinence. He looked blurred, or like a bad impression of a worn out wood cut of our American eagle, or of a runaway negro.

"You were found sleeping out last night," said the Recorder. "Who and what are you?" addressing the badly set up bill of humanity in the dock.

"Me, I'm a poor—d—n poor specimen of the art preservatives of all arts—vulgarly called a 'jour printer,' or 'typo,' said the prisoner.

"And need correction," said the affable Recorder. "I thought you were a foul case. Why were you not at your lodging last night?"

"Because I lost my place—got out of sorts—had no quoin (some) to get locked up any where else; in fact, out of cash, which is the copy of our existence. Ah! sir, I've felt the pressure

of the times as well as other folks—have had an impression, and a heavy one, of the difficulty of justifying my actions by the right measure."

"But a correct man of your profession," said the Recorder, "would have been at his case setting up, at the time the watchman found you setting down."

"Yes, but I was a gone case, and even if I were setting down instead of setting up, I don't see what alteration you should make in the copy of your verdict."

"You were lying down, sir."

"Yes I had come to a period, that's a fact, and the watchman made a parenthesis of his arms to raise me up, and a note of admiration of my body, head downwards, while bringing me to this new fangled press to have a proof taken," rejoined the "jour."

"The watchman charges you with being tipsy, sir."

"I set my matter too much last night that's a fact."

"When the watchman placed you on your feet you did not stand straight—leaned in every direction, and staggered about in every direction as though you were working off the first sheet of the new grand lottery on the side walk."

"I thought, sir, that I was on rule and figure work; but Charley soon gave me a rap with something more than a sheep's foot, which in a manner straightened me. He well nigh distributed the matter of my upper case, sir—threw my brain into pi."

"I shall have to send you to the calaboose, sir; lock you up for thirty days."

"Thirty days! What! lock up my form for thirty days! Oh! you don't mean that, sir. You have no rule for doing it. Why, sir, you might as well send to lie on the gullies in the swamp at once. Thirty days in the calaboose! That would indeed be laying on the imposing stone. Let me go this time, Mr. Recorder; I will see and correct all errors, avoid all outs, such as the watchman discovered, in future, and present a clean revised proof sheet of my conduct hereafter. I'll tell your honor what it is; that watchman who handles the book so often don't always follow copy. Why he swore there against me as if his oath was stereotyped, and as if he knew me like a book."

The Recorder told this modern Faust that he was fully impressed with the sincerity of his determination to reform, but that unless he got some person other than himself to vouch for it, he must give him a situation, say thirty days in the calaboose.—N. O. Picayune.

MULTUM IN PARVO; OR, SQUEEZING A LARGE INDIAN INTO A SMALL SHIRT.

The Pawnee seem to be as prone to turn to their own good account the necessities of a stranger, as the shrewdest and most unconscionable of their white brethren. When Mr. Murray was about to leave the Pawnee country, he was in want of two or three horses for himself and servants but the cunning Indians, knowing that he must have them, demanded twice or thrice as much as their ponies were worth. Mr. M. was finally advised, by the chief in whose wig-wam he had dwelt, to expose his goods for sale, and then notify the jockies of the village that he was ready to trade—although he could not offer a "kingdom—for a horse."

The plan worked admirably, and, among those who came to dicker, was an old fat chief, with whom our Highlander had sport enough to compensate him, one would suppose, most amply for his previous vexations.—The following is his waggish description of the scene:

"Soon after this, while I was still sitting near my packs of goods, like an Israelite in Moonmouth street, an elderly chief approached, and signified his wish to trade. Our squaws placed some bear meat before him, after which I gave him the pipe; and in the meantime had desired my servant to search my saddle bags, and to add to the heap of saleable articles, every thing of every kind beyond what was absolutely necessary for my covering on my return. A spare shirt, handkerchief, and a waistcoat, were thus drafted; and, among other things, was a kind of elastic flannel waistcoat, made for wearing next to the skin, and to be drawn over the head, as it was without buttons or any opening in front. It was too small for me, and altogether so tight and uncomfortable, although elastic, that I had determined to part with it. To this last article my new customer took a great fancy; and he made me describe to him the method of putting it on, and the warmth and comfort of it when on. Be it remembered that he was a very large, corpulent man, probably weighing sixteen stone; I knew him to be very good natured, as I had hunted once with his son; and, on returning to his lodge, the father had feasted me, chatted with me by signs, and taught me some of that most extraordinary Indian method of communication. He said he should like to try on the jacket; and as he threw the Buffalo robe off his huge shoulders, I could scarcely keep my gravity, when I compared their dimensions with the garment into which we were about to attempt their introduction. However, by dint of great industry and care, we contrived to get him into it. In the body it was a foot too short, and fitted him so close that every thread was stretched to the uttermost; the sleeves reached a very little below his elbow. However, he looked upon his arms and person with great complacency, and elicited many smiles from the squaws at the drollery of his attire; but as the weather was very hot, he soon began to find himself too warm and confined, and he wished to take it off again. He moved his arms—he pulled the sleeves—he twisted and turned himself in every direction but in vain. The woollen jacket was an admirable illustration of the Inferno of Dante and Virgil, and of matrimony, as described by many poets—it was easy enough to get into it, and remove gradum was a difficult matter indeed. The old man exerted himself till the drops of perspiration fell from his forehead; but had I not been there, he must either have made some person cut it up, or have sat in it until this minute. For sometime I enjoyed this scene with malicious and demure gravity, and then I showed him that he must try and pull it over his head. A lad who stood by then drew it till it enveloped his nose, eyes, mouth and ears; his arms were raised above his head, and for some minutes he remained in that melancholy plight, blinded, choked, and smothered, with his hands rendered useless for the time.

He rattled about, sneezing, sputtering, and struggling, until all around were convulsed with laughter; and our squaws shrieked in their ungovernable mirth in a manner that I had never before witnessed. At length I sat a piece of the edge, and released the old fellow from his straight-waistcoat confinement; he turned it round often in his hands, and made a kind of comic-grave address to it, of which I could only gather a few words. I believe the import of them was, that it would be a "good creature in the ice mouth at the village." I was so pleased with his good humor, that I gave it to him, and told him to warm his squaw in the ice mouth.

DUELLING AT SEA.

Economical Method.—Among the passengers on board a ship bound from New Orleans, to one of northern cities, there was a young lady, the only female passenger, and two gentlemen, one a young buckskin of eighteen, and the other apparently forty-five; both of whom became very much enamored with this lone passenger. For some time they were both entirely ignorant of the passion of the other for the young lady; at length Mr. Chucks the oldest of the two, desirous of learning the pedigree and circumstances of his charmer, and whether her market was yet to be made, opened a conversation with Mr. Green, the other lover; when a mutual confession ensued respecting the regard they both entertained for the unknown young lady, and their intention, if possible to secure a claim to her affections if they were not already bound in holy ties to another. This confession instead of palliating the case of either, threw a new obstacle in the way of both. One consultation succeeded another, both became very determined and avowed their intention to solicit her attention and regard. They were soon at open hostility—Mr. Chucks received a challenge from Mr. Green—he accepted it—Mr. Green chose horse pistols for his weapons, which were procured from the mate of the ship; the day and hour were appointed—they agreed to stand at ten yards distance diagonally upon the deck; that there could be no harm done to any but themselves. However, before the hour arrived Chucks who was a stout corpulent man, concluded that he had not an equal chance with his antagonist, who was of a small stature and very slim, and unlike the Irish Barrister, was unwilling that Green should shoot at his own bigness marked out upon himself, probably fearing if he did not hit the heart, he might injure the sap. However, after much parleying and some rough words, it was proposed, that each should shoot at a target just the bigness of the other. Green readily consented to this; but Chucks still contended that Green had the advantage of him, but as life was not at stake, he finally consented. The targets were prepared, and after shooting three times apiece, to the great surprise of the other passengers, Chucks proved the best marksman. Green stepped directly to Chucks and took him by the hand, acknowledging at the same time his defeat, and giving him his word that he would relinquish all claims to the lady save those of ad recollection. The matter being decided, the veteran lover proceeded to pay his respects to his silent charmer, who had been kept in entire ignorance of the high regard in which she was held, and the cause of the duel. To the astonishment and mortification of Chucks, she informed him that she had been married twice, and was then the mother of several children—that being predisposed to consumptive affections, she had visited her friends in the south to spend the winter, and was now returning with improved health to re-leave her husband, who was an industrious mechanic, of those domestic duties which her absence incurred. The sage lover seeing his "cake was all dough," concluded to enjoy, a while longer, that single blessedness, of which he had already, seen not a little.

The following is one of the happiest hits that we have for a long time met with. There is something so very exploring in the perplexity of the correspondent, and so hard in his case—and so common too—that it is to be hoped he may fully succeed in his new, though somewhat desperate intention.—Phila. Gazette.

FOR DE NATIONAL INTELLIGENTIAIR.

Messieurs! I am von francais, hoo oom frome arriveng in de capitale des Etats Unis, in de intention d'enseigner to speeke de langue francaise. I ave depense al mon argent. I not can pay for von aversissement. Eh bien! I go to de jentelman; he keeps vat de peupel col von Academie—"Vello," I say, "Monsieur, je suis professeur de langue francaise." "Vat you say?" he say. I say, "Je desirerais enseigner le francais dans votre ecole." He ansair, "Vat you say about cote!" Parbleu! I mus speeke english. "Sare," I say, "I am von teechair of de french." He replique, "Vare velle." I say, "You ave anni jentelman qui desire to apprendre de french?" He ansair, "No mais, I ave de langage mi selfe." Je vous demande pardon. I maik von vairi lo ho. I pass to von, too, tree, four, five, sixes, morbleu! olly day teesh de french davesomes Me voici dans von grand postzale. Vat I can do! "Je suis pauvre comme un rat d'eglise." I must ave or rat to eat. You jentelman ave de reputation to be vaire liberal. You vill put von aversissement in your paine, dat I am arrive, and dat I vill teach to de peupel in dis citee to speeke de ENGLISH corretement, un vit von vairy poor accout.

J'ai l'honneur d'etre, Messieurs les Editeurs, un de vos plus humbles serviteurs.

WASHINGTON, 13 AUGUST, 1839.

New Orleans.—If in the winter we are the gayest people on this continent, with more variety of life and manners than any other city presents, in the summer we are the dullest. The monotony of existence caused by the very general abstinence is only varied by the fever, and the exciting scenes it creates. We proceed to mention one, the relation of which, caused a chill through our hearts, and struck the "electric chain" by which we are strongly bound. It surely must have thrilled the heart of the beholder with sudden horror.

Dr. Lambert, an excellent and eminent French physician in this city, relates that, during his frequent rides through the different streets, his attention has almost always been attracted as he passed a house where a poor family lived. The family consisted of a man and his wife, both rather young, and the latter good looking, with a little infant sm-