

# 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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Advertisements conspicuously and correctly inserted at \$1 per square—(of 340 ems, or fifteen lines of this sized type)—for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuance. Court and Judicial advertisements 25 per cent. higher than the above rates. A deduction of 3 1/2 per cent. from the regular prices will be made to yearly advertisers. Advertisements sent in for publication, must be marked with the number of insertions desired, or they will be continued till forbid, and charged accordingly.

To secure attention, all letters addressed to the Editor on business, must be free of postage.

## PLANTERS

**(LATE DAVIS) HOTEL.** HAGUE & GIFFORD having purchased the Hotel, formerly Davis', will continue the Establishment on the same liberal scale as heretofore, and will exert themselves to make it a desirable residence for

**BOARDERS AND TRAVELLERS,** as their table will always be supplied with the best market affords, and their Bar with the best Liquors, and their Stables with attentive Ostlers and abundant provender.

The Establishment will be under the exclusive management of T. A. HAGUE, formerly of the Salisbury Hotel, North Carolina, and his long experience, will enable him to give general satisfaction.

Salisbury, S. C., Jan. 29, 1841. 6m

## ROWAN HOTEL

**THE SUBSCRIBER,** HAVING purchased that well known and long established public house, (known by the name of Stanger's Hotel), situated in the Town of Salisbury, N. C., informs his friends and the public generally, that the same is now open for the reception of Travellers and Boarders.

His Table and Bar will be supplied with the best market affords, and his Stables with the best horses, and his Ostlers with the most attentive care.

The undersigned pledges himself that no exertion on his part shall be wanting, to give general satisfaction to all who may favor him with a call.

JAMES L. COWAN. Salisbury, Sept. 11, 1840. 4c

## PIEDMONT HOUSE.

THE Subscriber having purchased this Establishment and fitted it in a style for the accommodation of Travellers and Boarders, is now prepared for their reception. The TABLE will always be furnished

With the best market can afford; his BAR with a good supply of choice Liquors; his BEDS shall always be kept in the order; and his Stables (which are very extensive) are well supplied with Provender of the first quality, and attended by good and faithful hostlers.

He hopes, by strict attention to the business, in person, to give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage. And he only asks a call and trial.

ANDREW CALDCLEUGH. Lexington, N. C., Feb. 31, 1839. 12

## CARRIAGES FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber having disposed of his establishment to Shaver & Haden, has remaining on hand 2 fine Barouches, 3 Carry-alls, 1 Buggy, 1 Salky, 2 close Carriages, one of them a very fine article, made in a superior manner; also a number of second-hand Barouches, Carriages and Gigs, all of which he will sell very low, and on a long credit, for a good bond.

He requests all those having open accounts standing on his books to call and settle them without further delay, by note or otherwise.

JOHN I. SHAVER. Salisbury, Feb. 12, 1841. 7c

## NEW FIRM.

**COACH-MAKING ESTABLISHMENT.** THE Subscribers respectfully inform the citizens of Salisbury and surrounding country, that they have commenced the above business in all its various branches, in the Shop formerly occupied by Mr. John I. Shaver, on the South-east Street, where they will constantly keep on hand a variety of vehicles, such as—

Open & Close Carriages, Barouches, Buggies, Sulkies, Gigs, Carryalls.

They will warrant their workmanship not to be surpassed by any in this section of country, as they have on hand a large supply of the best materials; and also, in their employ first rate workmen. The Subscribers will also keep constantly on hand, Harness of every description, as they have a first rate Harness maker.

Orders for work from a distance addressed to the subscribers will be punctually attended to. N. B. All kind of repairing done on the short cut notice.

DANIEL SHAVER, D. F. HADEN. Salisbury, Jan. 22, 1841. 7c

## Docts. Killian & Powe,

HAVING associated themselves together, in the practice of Medicine, respectfully offer their services, in all the various branches of their profession to the public. Their Office is in Mr. West's brick building.

Salisbury, N. C., January 8, 1841. 7c

## DR. JAMES G. WOMACK

HAVING located himself permanently in the Town of SALISBURY, tenders his professional services to its citizens and the adjacent country, in all the various branches of his profession. He can be found at his Office, on main street one door below the office of the "Western Carolinian." July 3, 1840.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### NAPOLEON AT MOSCOW.

It was on the 14th of September, 1812; at two in the afternoon, that the French army discovered the holy city from the heights of Mount Salvation. As had been the case fifteen years before at the aspect of the Pyramids, one hundred and twenty thousand men immediately clapped their hands, shouting, "Moscow! Moscow!" After a long navigation in that sea of steppes, land was at length descried. On beholding the city with its golden cupolas, all was forgotten, even the terrible and bloody battle of La Moskowa, which had denied the army as much as it had been a defeat. After touching with one hand the Indian Ocean, France thought she was about to extend the other to the Polar seas: Nothing had arrested her progress, neither the desert of sands nor the desert of snow. She was really the Queen of the world, she who had had herself successively crowned in every capital.

The shouts of the whole army, which broke up its ranks to eager impatience, brought up Napoleon himself. His feeling was an inexpressible joy, that brightened his brow. As all the rest, he exclaimed "Moscow! Moscow!" standing erect in his stirrups; but the shadow of a cloud was immediately seen to pass over his forehead as he resumed his saddle and uttered the words, "Je suis tempté."

The army halted, for Napoleon, keeping his eyes eagerly fixed upon the city, expected that from one of its gates some deputation of long-bearded noblemen and young girls with bougns would come forth, bearing the keys of the holy city upon a silver plate. Everything, however, remained silent and solitary, as if the city were asleep; no smoke arose from the chimneys. Large flights of crows hovered round the Kremlin, and alighted upon some dome, the gold of which disappeared as beneath a black sheet.

On the other side of Moscow we thought we discerned an army in motion, as if leaving by the door more that insensible enemy who had slipped through our hands from the Niemen to that Moskowa, and who was plunging into the east.

At that moment, as if the French army, eagle-like, had spread out its 120 wings, Eugene Beauharnois and Poyatowski extended to the right beyond the city, whilst Murat, whose movements Napoleon watched with increasing anxiety, reached the extremity of the suburbs without any deputation presenting itself.

The Marshals then gathered about him, deriving their anxiety from his anxiety. Napoleon, beholding his clouded brows and wistful looks, guessed that his thoughts were the thoughts of all. "Patience, patience," said he; "those people are so savage that they, perhaps, do not know how to surrender."

In the meantime Murat had penetrated into the city; Napoleon, no longer able to resist his impatience, sent Gourgand after him; Gourgand galloped off, entered the city and joined Murat at the moment when one of Milarodowick's officers was declaring to the King of Naples that the Russian General would set fire to the city if his rear-guard were not allowed time enough to retire. Gourgand galloped back and conveyed the news to Napoleon, whose reply was, "Let them go; I want all Moscow, from the richest palace to the humblest hut."

Gourgand went back with the answer to Murat, whom he found amidst a party of Cossacks who were gazing with astonishment at the embroidery of his rich polonaise and the plumes decking his cap. Murat informed them of the armistice, gave his watch to their leader, his trinkets to another, and when he had nothing more to give, borrowed a caiche at rings of the aids-de-camp.

Meanwhile the Russian army, sheltered by this verbal convention, continued to evacuate Moscow. Napoleon stepped at the gate, still expecting that some of its inhabitants would come out to the enchanted town. No living being appeared and every returning officer uttered the strange words, "Moscow is deserted." Yet he could not believe them; he looked on and listened; it was the solitude of the desert—the silence of death. He was at the gates of a city of tombs—it was Pompeii of Neeropolis.

Nevertheless, he still flattered himself that, like Brennus, he would find either the army at the capitol, or the Senators magnanimously awaiting his arrival in their curule chairs. To prevent any escaping from Moscow who had not such right, he ordered the city to be surrounded on one side by Prince Eugene, and on the other by Poyatowski; the two armies spread along like a crescent, and enveloped Moscow. He then ordered the Duke of Dantzic and the Young Guard to push on, and penetrate to the heart of the capitol. At length, after delaying his own entry, as long as he could, as if he would still doubt what his own eyes beheld, he determined on passing the Dorochnikoff gate, summoned to him his Secretary Interpreter, who was accompanied with Moscow, ordered him to keep close to him, and whilst advancing towards that deep silence which was only interrupted by the noise of his own steps, he put questions to him about all the deserted palaces, monuments, and dwellings he beheld before him. Then, as if afraid to venture into that modern Thebes, he stopped, alighted from his horse and took up a temporary abode in a large inn which was abandoned like the rest of the city.

Scarcely had he stationed himself there when his orders succeeded one another as if he had just pitched his tent in a field of battle. He felt the want of combating a solitude and silence to him was more awful than the presence and fracas of an army. The Duke de Treviso (Mortier) was appointed Governor of the province, the Duke de Dantzic (Lefebvre) was ordered to occupy the Kremlin, and take charge of the police of that quarter; the King of Naples was to pursue the enemy, not to lose sight of them, to pick up stragglers and send them to Napoleon.

Night came on, and as it came Napoleon grew gloomy. Some carbine reports had been heard in the direction of the Kolomon gate! It was Murat, who, after marching nine hundred leagues, and being present in sixty actions, had crossed the capitol of the Czars, as he would have done a village, and overtaken the Cossacks on the Wladimir road. Some Franchimen were announced who had come to solicit their Emperor's clemency. Napoleon ordered them to be brought in, anxiously questioning them, thanking them in some measure for having come to him with news; but at the first words they uttered he frowned, flew into a passion, and gave them a denial. They related indeed strange things. According to them, Moscow was doomed to destruction; Moscow was condemned by the Russians themselves, by its own sons, to fire. It was impossible, thought he.

At two in the morning the news arrived of a fire having broken out in the Commercial Palace, for the finest quarter of the city. Rostopchin's threat was being realized, yet Napoleon still doubted it; it must be the imprudence of some soldier that had caused the conflagration. With this belief he issued order after order and dispatched messenger after messenger. Daylight came without the flames being extinguished, for a strange circumstance, no where had any engines been found. Napoleon then hastened in person to the scene of his disaster. It was the fault of Mortier—the fault of the Young Guard; all arose from the imprudence of the soldiers. It was then that Mortier turned the attention of Napoleon to a closed box which was kneeling by itself as if by magic. Napoleon sighed and slowly ascended, with drooping head, the steps leading to the Kremlin.

He had at length reached that desired object of his enterprise; in front of him stood the ancient residence of the Czars; to his right the church enclosing their tombs, to the left the Senate's Palace; and in the background the lofty steeple of Ivan Wetiko, whose gilt cross, beforehand destined by him to be substituted for that of the Invalides, commanded all the domes of Moscow.

He entered the palace, and neither its architecture, the vast and splendid apartments which he went through, nor the magnificent view of the Moskowa, with a world of houses, golden cupolas, silver cupolas, and towers, could wrest him from his reverie. It was not Moscow that he had in his grasp; but its shadow, spectre, and phantom. Who was it that had killed it?

On a sudden he was told that the fire was extinguished, and he turned to see again. It was another foe vanquished; his fortune was still that of Caesar. Reports succeeded one another. According to them the Kremlin arsenal contained forty thousand English, Austrian, and Russian muskets, a hundred pieces of cannon, a quantity of lances, sabres, armours and trophies captured from the Turkish and Persians. At the German gate 400,000 lbs. of gunpowder, and a larger quantity still of saltpetre, had been found concealed in isolated buildings. The nobility had abandoned their five hundred palaces, but those palaces were open and furnished and would be occupied by the superior officers of the army. Some houses, which had been deemed empty, would be opened; they belonged to the middle classes of society, and they would tempt or attract others. Lastly, we had behind us 250,000 men, and might await winter. With spring war would revive, and with war victory would return.

Napoleon felt thus asleep betwixt contending apprehensions and hopes. At midnight the cry of "Fire!" was again heard. The wind was from the North, and the fire had broken out towards the north. Thus chance seconded the flames. The wind drove them in the direction of the Kremlin, which they approached like a burning stream. Already did the sparks fly to the palace's roof, and fall amidst a park of artillery stationed under its walls, when the wind shifted to the east. The flames changed their direction—they extended, but removed to a distance. Suddenly a second fire kindled in the east, and advanced like the first, pushed by the wind. No further doubt could be entertained; it was a new scene of destruction adopted by the enemy, and the evidence Napoleon had so long shrunk from began to gaw his heart.

Fresh columns of smoke and flame soon arose from various parts. The wind being still uncertain, and constantly shifting from north to east the conflagration enveloped the Kremlin from all sides. At every moment torrents flowed from those streams of fire, which spread in their turn. It was no longer a fire, but a sea of flames—an immense tide, ever ascending towards the foot of the Kremlin walls.

All night Napoleon beheld with terror the fiery tempest; there his might expired and his genius was conquered. The sun rose over the furnace, and daylight exhibited its enormous circle, driving the fire had accomplished its enormous circle, driving the workmen before it, and drawing nearer and nearer to the Kremlin. Reports then succeeded one another and we began to ascertain what were the necessities.

In the night of the 14th, the very night of the occupation, a globe of fire had fallen upon Prince Troubetskoi's palace, and set fire to it. It was no doubt a signal, for at the very moment the Exchange was on flames, and at two or three places the conflagration made its appearance, kindled by the tarred lances of Russian police soldiers. Howitzers had been concealed in almost all the stores, and the French soldiers, in lighting them to warm themselves, had made them explode, so that the howitzers had killed the men and set fire to the houses. All night had been spent by the men in flying from house to house, and in seeing the house they were in act to one they were entering, spontaneously inflamed (that any visible cause. Moscow was evidently doomed to complete destruction.

Napoleon was then compelled to acknowledge

that the fires, simultaneously kindled at a thousand places, were the work of one and the same will, if not of one and the same hand. He wiped his forehead, whence copious perspiration flowed, and, uttering a sigh, exclaimed, "Voulez donc comme il nous font la guerre! La civilisation de Saint Petersbourg nous a trompés, et les Russes modernes sont toujours les anciens scythes!"

He immediately ordered all who should be seized kindling, or stimulating the fire, to be tried and shot; the Old Guard occupying the Kremlin, were to stand to their arms, and every thing was to be kept ready to quit a city which had been sought from so great a distance, and on the occupation of which so much dependences had been placed.

An hour after the Emperor was apprized that his orders had been executed; some twenty incendiaries had been shot. They had avowed that they were to the number of nine hundred, and that before evacuating Moscow, the Governor Rostopchin, had concealed them in cellars, in order that they might set fire to all parts of the city. They had faithfully obeyed his commands. In that hour the flames had made further progress; the Kremlin looked like an island cast into a sea of fire. The atmosphere was loaded with burning vapours; the glass of the Kremlin's windows, which had been closed, cracked and fell to pieces; the air was filled with ashes and dust.

At that moment a last cry was raised of "The Kremlin is on fire!" Napoleon grew pale with anger. Thus even the ancient palace, the old Kremlin, the residence of the Czars, was not sacred to those political Erostrates; at last he who had set fire to it had been seized. He was brought before the Emperor. It was a soldier of the Russia police. Napoleon questioned him, when he repeated what has already been said. Each had his task allotted to him; that entrusted to him and eight of his comrades was to fire the Kremlin. Napoleon drove him out with disgust, and he was shot in the palace court itself.

The Emperor was then earnestly urged to quit the palace where the fire pursued him, but he would resist the evidence he had before him, clinging to his will, and neither refusing nor submitting. He remained deaf, inert and in consternation, when all at once a vague rumor of the Kremlin being undermined circulated about him. At the same moment were heard the cries of the grenadiers calling for him. The news had spread among them; they would have their Emperor, and he dared if he came not to them immediately they would themselves meet him.

Napoleon at length made up his mind. But how was he to get out? So much time had been lost that no outlet was left. The Emperor ordered Gourgand and the Prince de Neuchatel (Berthier) to ascend the Kremlin tower, and to discover a passage. Several ordonnance officers were also ordered to explore the neighborhood of the palace for the same purpose. All eagerly obeyed, the officers rapidly descending all the stairs, and Berthier and Gourgand ascending the terrace. Scarcely were they there when they were obliged to stop, and, under the violence of the wind and rarefaction of the air were such that they could not resist the commotion; it was impossible to see anything but an ocean of flames, without aperture or limits.

They returned and made their dismal report to Napoleon. He then no longer hesitated; at the risk of rushing headlong into the flames, he rapidly descended the north stairs, on the steps of which the Strelitz had been massacred; but on reaching the court no aperture was discovered; the flames blocked all the doors—it was too late.

At that moment an officer hastened up out of breath, covered with perspiration, and his hair half burnt; he had found a passage; it was a close postern gate which must open upon the Moskowa. Four sappers rushed to it, and shattered it with their axes. Napoleon advanced between two walls of rocks; his officers, marshals, and guard followed; to retrace his steps would now be impossible, he must go on.

The officer had been mistaken; the postern gate opened not on the river, but into a narrow street which was blazing. Napoleon set the example, and rushed foremost beneath an arcade of fire; all followed, determined to die with him.

There was no more road, no guide, and no stars. They walked at random, amidst the crackling of the flames and falling roofs. All the houses were burning or burnt down, and from the windows and roofs of all that still stood the flames rushed forth in pursuit of the fugitives; beams fell, melted lead flowed in the bonnets—every thing was burning; some of the fugitives fell, suffocated from want of air, or crushed under the falling wrecks.

At that moment the soldiers of the 1st corps, who were in search of the Emperor, appeared almost in the middle of the flames; they recognized him whilst ten or twelve surrounded him, as if to defend him against an ordinary foe, the other walked before him, crying, "Par ici! par ici!" Five minutes after Napoleon was in safety, amidst the ruins of a quarter burnt down since the morning. He then dashed between two rows of vehicles. He asked what wagons and caissons they were. The answer was that they belonged to the 1st corps park of artillery, which had been saved. Every vehicle contained thousands of pounds of gunpowder, and firebrands lay between the wheels.

Napoleon ordered the road to Petroskoi to be taken; it was a royal chateau, situate outside the city, half a league from the St. Petersburg gate, in the centre of Prince Eugene's cantonnements. There were his head quarters to be henceforth established.

Moscow burned two days and two nights more; at length on the morning of the third day, the flames entirely disappeared, and through the smoke, which covered it like a mist, Napoleon could behold the blackened and half-consumed skeleton of the holy city.—Alexandre Dumas.

"I am a well conducted man," as the drunken husband said when he was led home by his wife.

The Tallest Yet.—One of our exchange papers tells of a man who had grown so tall that he had got quite out of the reach of his creditors.

Good resolutions are like soda water—if they stand any length of time before they are acted upon, they lose their strength and become "stale, flat and unprofitable."

## THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

I have spoken heretofore with some levity of the contrast that exists between the English and French character; but it deserves more serious consideration. They are the two great nations of modern times most diametrically opposed, and most worthy of each other's rivalry; essentially distinct in their characters, excelling in opposite qualities, and reflecting lustre on each other by their very opposition. In nothing is this contrast more strikingly evinced than in their military conduct. For ages have they been contending, and for ages have they crowded each other's history with acts of splendid heroism. Take the Battle of Waterloo, for instance, the last and most memorable trial of their rival prowess. Nothing could surpass the brilliant daring on the one side, and the steadfast enduring on the other. The French cavalry broke like waves on the compact squares of English infantry. They were seen galloping round those sacred walls of men, seeking in vain for an entrance; tossing their arms in the air, in the heat of their enthusiasm, and braving the whole front of battle. The British troops, on the other hand, forbidden to move or fire, stood firm and enduring. Their columns were ripped up by cannonry; whole rows were swept at a shot; the survivors closed their ranks, and stood firm. In this way many columns stood through the pelting of the iron tempest without firing a shot; without any action to stir their blood, or excite their spirits. Death thinned their ranks, but could not shake their souls.

A beautiful instance of the quick and generous impulses to which the French are prone, is given in the case of a French cavalier, in the hottest of the action, charging furiously upon a British officer, but perceiving in the moment of assault, that his adversary had lost his sword arm, dropping the point of his sabre, and courteously riding on.—Peace be with that generous warrior, whatever were his fate! If he went down in the storm of battle, with the foundering fortunes of his chieftain, may the turf of Waterloo grow green above his grave!—and happier far would be the fate of such a spirit, to sink amidst the tempest, unconscious of defeat, than to survive, and mourn over the blighted laurels of his country.

In this way the two armies fought through a long and bloody day. The French with enthusiastic valor, the English with cool, inflexible courage, until Fate, as if to leave the question of superiority still undecided between two such adversaries, brought up the Prussians to decide the fortunes of the field.

It was several years afterward, that I visited the field of Waterloo. The plough-share has been busy with its obvious labors, and the frequent harvest had nearly obliterated the vestiges of war. Still the blackened ruins of Hougoumont stood, a monumental pile to mark the violence of this vehement struggle. Its broken walls, pierced by bullets, and shattered by explosions, showed the deadly strife that had taken place within; when Gaul and Britain, hemmed in between narrow walls, hand to hand and foot to foot, fought from garden to chamber, with intense and concentrated rivalry. Columns of smoke tumbled from this vortex of battle as from a volcano: "it was," said my guide, "like a little hell upon earth." Not far off, two or three broad spots of rank unwholesome green still marked the places where these rival warriors, after their fierce and fatal struggle, slept quietly together in the lap of their common mother earth. Over all the rest of the field, peace had resumed its sway. The thoughtless whistle of the peasant floated on the air, instead of the trumpet's clamor; the team slowly labored up the hill-side, once shaken by the hoofs of rushing squadrons; and wide fields of corn waved peacefully over the soldiers' graves, as summer seeds simple over the place where many a tall ship lies buried.

**Legal Pleasantries.**—They originate more than half the current wit of the day in the Great West. There is a racy freshness, moreover, about the pleasantries of that region, that is delightful. From the Missouri Journal, we have clipped the following anecdote of an eminent legal gentleman of that State. If it be as new to the reader as it is to us, we will guarantee his favorable suffrage. Being once opposed to Mr. —, late member of Congress, he remarked as follows to the jury, upon a point of disagreement between them:—"Here my brother S— and I differ. Now this is very natural. Men seldom see things in the same light, and they may disagree in opinion upon the slightest principles of the law, and that very honestly, while, at the same time, neither can see any earthly reason why they should—and this, as they look at different sides of the subject, and do not view it in all its bearings. Suppose, for illustration, a man should come in here, and boldly assert that my brother S—'s head (here he laid his hand verp familiarly upon the large chuckle head of his opponent) is a squall! I on the other hand should maintain, and perhaps with equal influence, that it is a head. Now here would be a difference, undoubtedly an honest difference of opinion. We might argue about it till doomsday and never agree. You often see men arguing upon a subject as empty and trifling as this! But a third person coming in, and looking at the neck and shoulders which support it, would say at once that I had reason on my side: for if it was not a head, it at least occupied the place of one, and stood where a head ought to be." All of this was uttered in the gravest and most solemn manner imaginable, and the effect was irresistibly ludicrous.

An old man, who lived to the extraordinary age of one hundred and fifty years, laid down (or himself) the following excellent and concise rules to which he adhered, and the result sufficiently evinces their wisdom: "Keep" says he, "your head cool by temperance, your feet warm by exercise, RISE EARLY, go to bed soon, never eat till you are hungry, never drink till nature requires it."

**The Bench—the Bar—the Press.**—In these three words, says some one, consists the germ of a nation's liberty. If the first is pure and just, the second independent and firm, and the third free and untrammelled, no people can ever be permanently enslaved; but if either the bench or the bar attempt to control the press, they will find their own power shaken to the very centre.

The difference between a rich and poor man is simply this: the former eats when he pleases, and later when he can get it.