

# 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 THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

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Editor and Proprietor.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

"Pa, I want a new hat—no, not a hat, but a cap."  
"You can't have any now; the times are too hard."  
"But ain't them good times come yet, you told about, when you cut logs for the cabin on State street?"  
"Go to bed, you rascal! What do you know about politics?"—*Rochester Republican.*

**The shortest way to Murder Character.**—Profess great friendship for the man—tell how much you love him—proclaim how many excellent qualities he possesses, and then, with a very sanctified look, and a most impressive sigh, express your fear that all is not as it should be. Whisper suspicion, and let conjecture, with great strength, work out the ruin! He who understands human nature in its deeper workings—of damnable cruelty, and selfish artifice, says a certain shrewd writer, will mark the man who stabs another under the cloak of pretended affection. The pretence has a lie, adds he, on the face of it. True affection would never whisper a suspicion save in the ear of the one beloved, and whom that suspicion concerned. Never trust that man who comes to you whispering over his regard for another, while his tongue was a drawn sword to wound and kill—meet him promptly with a charge of his hypocrisy, and he will shrink with meanness before you.

Learning is obtained only by labor; it cannot be bought with money; otherwise the rich would uniformly be intelligent. Learning regards all men as equal, and bestows her treasures on those only who work for them.

There are two kinds of assassins; one carries his weapon in his hand, the other in his mouth; the latter is the most to be dreaded.—*Sandy Mill Herald.*

"Aristocracy," says a distinguished French orator, is the condition of those who wish to consume without producing,—live without working,—occupy all public places, without being competent for them, and seize upon all honors without meriting them:—that is Aristocracy.

No rogue should forget the difference between being a great rascal and a little one.—The former one goes to Europe, the latter to the penitentiary.

**Home.**—The only fountain in the wilderness of life, where man drinks of water totally unmingled with bitterness, is that which gushes for him in the calm and shady recess of domestic life. Pleasure may heat the heart with artificial excitement, may delude it with its golden dreams, war may eradicate its fine fibres, and diminish its sensitiveness, but it is only domestic love that can render it truly happy.

**State Phrenologist.**—A resolution has been introduced into the Legislature of Indiana, to employ a Phrenologist to examine the heads of the Governor, Paid Commissioners, and others who have had charge of the finances of that State, to discover who of them is the greatest "financier."

**Unseen Generosity.**—An illiterate personage, who always volunteered to go round with his hat, but was suspected of sparing his own pocket, overhearing one day a hint to that effect, made the following speech:

"Ours gentlemen puts down what they please—so do I. Charity's a private concern, and what I give is nothing to nobody."

**A secret for a Farmer's Wife.**—While milking of your cows is going on, let your pans be taken from the hot kettle, and cover the same with another of the hot pans, and proceed in like manner with the whole mass of milk, and you will find that you will have double the quantity of sweet delicious butter. Try it.

**Beef Steak Rolls.**—A friend has handed us the following recipe for making beef steak rolls, one of the richest and cheapest dishes that can possibly be cooked. We say to all our female friends, try it.

Take a lean piece of beef, entirely free from bone, and cut it into thin steaks, about 4 inches by 6, put on a little pepper and salt and some flour. Then cut some bread into strips, an inch or less in width and four inches long, spread these thick with butter, and into each piece stick 3 cloves, then roll up each piece of the bread into a piece of the steak, as tightly as possible and tie it with a thread, roll them in some flour and fry them to a light brown color in some butter. Then put them into a stew-pan. Shred a small onion fine, and add it. If the butter is not burned, add this also—if it is,

melt some more with some brown flour and add, season with pepper, salt, cayenne, &c., to your taste, one glass of red wine, or a wineglass full of ketchup, cover them well with water, which must be kept over them all the time, occasionally stirring and adding flour to thicken, and stew till a fork can be easily run through them.

## THE RAINBOW.

I sometimes have thoughts, in my loneliest hours, That lie on my heart like the dew on the flowers, Of a ransome I took on one bright afternoon, When my heart was as light as a blossom in June; The green earth was moist with the late fallen showers, The breeze fluttered down and blew over the flowers, While a single white cloud to its haven of rest, On the white wing of peace floated off in the west.

As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze, That scattered the rain drops and dimpled the seas; Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unfolded Its soft tinted pinions of purple and gold: It was born in a moment, yet, quick as its birth, It had stretched to the uttermost ends of the earth, And, fair as an angel, it floated all free, With a wing on the earth, and a wing on the sea.

How calm was the ocean! how gentle its swell! Like a woman's soft bosom, it rose and it fell; While its light sparkling waves, stealing laughingly o'er;

When they saw the fair rainbow knelt down on the shore; No sweet hymn ascended, no murmur of prayer, Yet I felt that the spirit of worship was there, And bent my young head in devotion and love, 'Neath the form of the angel that floated above.

How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings! How boundless its circle! how radiant its rings! If I looked on the sky 'twas suspended in air, If I looked on the ocean the rainbow was there; Thus forming a globe as brilliant and whole As the thoughts of the rainbow that circled my soul— Like the wing of the Deity calmly unfurled, It bent from the cloud and encircled the world.

There are moments, I think, when the spirit receives Whole volumes of thoughts on its unwritten leaves, When the folds of the heart in a moment unclose Like the afternoon leaves from the heart of a rose; And thus when the rainbow had passed from the sky, The thoughts it awoke were too deep to pass by; It left my full soul like the wing of a dove, All fluttering with pleasure, and fluttering with love.

I know that each moment of rapture or pain But shortens the links in life's mystical chain; I know that my hours, like that bow from the wave, Must part from the earth and lie cold in the grave; Yet, oh! when death's shadows my bosom enfold, When I shrink from the thought of the coffin and shroud, May hope, like the rainbow, my spirit unfold In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold.

Industry is not only the instrument of improvement, but the foundation of pleasure. He who is a stranger to it, may possess, but can't enjoy; for it is labor only which gives a relish to pleasure.

Equivocation is a mean expedient to avoid the declaration of truth without verbally telling a lie. We had rather a man would tell a good, plump lie, than undertake to whip the devil round the stump of equivocation.

A quaint old writer remarks, that a man should dress his wife above his means, his children up to his means, and himself below his means. He says the ladies ought not to be told this; they will therefore have the goodness to forget that they have read it.

None are so seldom found alone, and so soon tired of their own company, as those coxcombs who are on the best terms with themselves.

**From the Boston Times.**  
**NAVAL HISTORY.**  
**THE HORNET AND PEACOCK.**

The recent loss of the Peacock has revived in the public mind a recollection of the melancholy fate of the Hornet, and of the memorable battle in which the two vessels bearing those names were engaged. But we perceive that several of our contemporaries have fallen into the error of supposing the Peacock lost in the Columbia river to be the same which was captured by the Hornet. This is a great mistake. The day on which those two vessels went into action was the last one that ever saw the sails of the Peacock unfurled to the wind. It cannot be disagreeable to either of our contemporaries who have fallen into this mistake, to have that brilliant passage of our naval history briefly recapitulated.

On the twenty-fourth day of February, 1813, the Hornet, under the command of Captain Lawrence, was cruising off Demarara, when she bore in sight of the Peacock, a British brig of war carrying the same number of guns as herself. Both vessels immediately bore down with a view of giving battle, each one manœuvring to keep the wind. At twenty-five minutes past five o'clock in the afternoon they passed each other within pistol shot, and both delivered their broad-sides simultaneously as their guns bore, and the battle was thus commenced. No sooner had they passed than the Peacock put her helm hard up with the view of wearing short round across the stern of the Hornet and raking her, but the latter performed the same manœuvre and was too quick for her antagonist. She came down upon the quarter of the Peacock in a perfect blaze of fire, and immediately closed with her. Both vessels now fought with great intrepidity and with the utmost fury. But the superior gunnery and rapid handling of the Hornet soon made her triumphant. At forty minutes past five, being but fifteen minutes from the time the first gun was fired, the Peacock struck her colors, and not only so, but hoisted them in the fore rigging union down, in token of distress. Lieutenant Shubrick, who was sent to take possession of her, immediately returned and reported that she was sinking. Every possible exertion was now made by the officers and men on board the Hornet, to rescue from a watery grave the antagonist against whom they had just been engaged in bloody and mortal combat. Most of those who had survived the battle were got into the boats, but yet she went down so suddenly that nine of her men, together with three American sailors who were endeavoring to save them, were carried with her and sunk to the sea forever. Within an hour from the time the

action commenced the Peacock was at the bottom of the sea.

Such was her tragic end. The Hornet before nine o'clock the same evening had all her sails-bent, was again completely ready for action, and lived to achieve many new triumphs. Her brave commander, the intrepid Lawrence, was, however, subsequently slain on board the Chesapeake, and she, as we all know, several years afterwards experienced a mournful fate, having swamped as supposed, and perished with every soul on board. The mention of her name is, therefore, calculated to rouse mingled feelings of proud triumph and of deep sorrow. Indeed such must be the feelings always awakened, even by the most brilliant results of war, whether on land or sea.

In the same year that the battle was fought between the Hornet and Peacock, several new vessels were added to our Navy. One which was built at our Navy Yard was called the Peacock. She sailed from this city in March, 1814, on her first cruise, and soon after fell in with, fought and captured the British brig Espervier. She saw much active service during the war and after its close. She was finally designated as one of the Exploring Squadron, and in the same Peacock that was wrecked upon the bar at the mouth of the Columbia river.

There never was a more just remark than that girls have more strength in their looks than we have in our laws, and more power in their tears than we have in our arguments.

New doctrines never please the old. They like to fancy that the world has been losing wisdom instead of gaining it, since they were young.

"And sure you're about half right," as Pat said to a pair of right-and-left boots.

"Jack, your wife is not so pensive as she used to be."  
"No, she's left off, and turned æ-pensive."

Those who apply themselves too much to little things, commonly become incapable of great ones.

A head, properly constituted, can accommodate itself to whatever pillows the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

## SINGULAR FIDELITY.

Lady.—"Ten years I was lov'd by you; But your love warm as then, and true!"  
Gentleman.—"My love is much stronger than before, For now your fortune is ten times more."

When is a woman, while quietly sewing, creating a disturbance? When she is making a bustle.

## MRS. ABAGAIL FOLSOM.

The Boston Post gives the following account of a scene that occurred in the Massachusetts Legislature not long since, in which Mrs. Folsom bears rather a conspicuous part. This Mrs. Folsom is what *Nimrod Widdow* would call a "regular screamer."

Mr. Wright of Boston now moved that the orders of the day be taken up, but before the Speaker had time to state the motion to the House, the shrill and familiar voice of Abby Folsom was heard from the front seat of the south gallery, where she commenced a harangue in the following strain:

"Away with your committees!—I hope the people will go into committee of the whole, and do up the business of their country. Dispose with all select committees. Yes, I say; go into a committee of the whole!"

The House was thrown into a convulsion of mirthful amazement by this sally, and a command was thundered forth from the chair—"Sergeant-at-Arms clear the galleries." This made some pretty ladies who were in the gallery scatter in double quick time.

As quick as their active legs could carry them up, Messrs. Poole and Palmer, sergeant's assistants, made their appearance in the gallery, and tapped Abby on the shoulder, remarking at the same time, "Mrs. Folsom you must leave the gallery." With a burning glance of fierce independence, she replied—"I will not stir! It is my right,—my inalienable right to sit here, and speak if I choose!" The officers now took hold of her in earnest, and a tough struggle ensued, during which Abby made the high and wide expanding dome of the hall ring and reverberate with her startling exclamations, which were gathered and rolled back in disjointed passages like the following—

"Take your hands off—you are not men,—I will not be removed by force—I have a right—a right which God gave when he made us. You are tyrants and oppressors to lay violent hands on a woman, thus—yes, on an innocent woman, for I'm innocent. You are crucifying Christ, for he is crucified anew in one of us members, which I am." By this time she had been forced through the inner door of the gallery, and became satisfied that the odds were against her, and she exclaimed, "Let me go back and get my things. Let me have my things and I'll go—let me go for my things and I'll leave the place, with the curse of Heaven upon it." The officers, however, would not let her return, and it took them about five minutes to get her through the second door, which was quite small. Her muff and bonnet were now handed her, and she was without much further struggling taken down stairs, and led out in front of the State House, where she was left to another matron the Speaker of the House, and all her persecutors, to a crowd of spectators; but the location was an exceedingly cold one, and her burning indignation soon yielded to the rude blasts of old Boreas, and she faded out of sight entirely.

She managed the matter in the New Hampshire Legislature rather differently. She was in the Senate Chamber, when a message to the other branch was ordered; and following close behind the Sergeant-at-Arms into the House, when he announced, "a message from the Senate," she rose upon her toes, behind him, and at the top of her voice exclaimed, "A message from God!"

In the grave yard of Winchester, Virginia, there is an obscure, grass-grown grave, without tombstone or monument. It contains the ashes of that brave man, General Morgan, whose heroic ranks in the annals of the revolution, second only to that of Washington.—*Saturday Courier.*

Never repine at that for which there is no possible remedy.

A recent philosopher discusses a method to avoid being damned! "How?" "How?" "How?" we hear every body asking. Never run in debt!

Cool—Very.—The *Pottsville Journal* says: "A man discouraged our paper last week, and at the same time informed us that he had made arrangements to borrow it!"

Courage defends the honor of man—modesty guards that of woman.

"Money," says the adage, "is the root of all evil!" It is a very scarce root just now. It appears to have been rooted out from among us. We do not perceive that people are a grain better for the scarcity—think they are worse—they are certainly worse off. If it be an evil, it is a very necessary one. Our maxim is, "of two evils, choose the least;" and as money is acknowledged to be a necessary evil, we hope the root will speedily take root and spread its branches far and near. We will cheerfully pocket our share of the evil.—*American Sentinel.*

**Colloquy at the White House.**—A gentleman lately visited Washington, procured an introduction to the President, and after a common place chat, the following colloquy, or something very much like it, is said to have taken place:

**Quærit.**—I have seen it stated in some of the papers, hostile to your administration of affairs, that there was a difference of opinion between yourself and Mr. Webster, and he would probably soon leave the Cabinet.

**President.**—It is true that a difference of opinion on some subjects, between myself and the Secretary of State, does exist; but I trust that I shall not, in consequence of this difference of opinion, be deprived of his valuable services in the Cabinet.

**Quærit.**—If my request is not an improper one, sir, I should like exceedingly well to know the important subjects on which you differ in opinion.

**President.**—On your request is by no means improper, I will answer you honestly and frankly. The most important subject on which we differ, and which division of sentiment, as I said before, in my opinion will not cause a dissolution of the Cabinet, is this—Mr. Webster is fond of making "chawer," or my own part, I prefer to open my eyes!—*Baltimore Patriot.*

It is a curious fact, that children are the best judges of character in the world, at first sight. There is an old Scotch proverb: "They are never wrong, that dogs and bairns dinna like," and there is not a more true one in the whole collection.

**Jack O'Lantern.**—Every man has his Jack O'Lantern;—in dark night, in broad noon day, in the lonely wild, or in the populous city,—each has his Jack O'Lantern. To this man Jack comes in the likeness of a bottle of port, seducing him from sobriety, and leaving him in a quagmire; to that man he appears in the form of a splendid phantom and a pair of grays, driving him into bankruptcy, and dropping him into the open jaws of ruin. To one he presents himself in the guise of a cigar, keeping him in a constant cloud; to another he appears in no shape but that of an old black letter volume, over which he continues to pore long after his wits are gone. Here you see Jack blazing in scarlet, and luring his dazzled follower on by military trappings alone to the pursuit of glory, and there Jack jumps about in the brilliant motley of harlequin, tempting a grave and leaden-heeled victim to dance away his nights and days. Jack O'Lantern is to some people a mouldy handed guffa, and there he leads into the miser's slough of despair; while to others, when he pays them a visit, he rolls himself up into the form of a dice-box, and then he makes seagars of them. Poetry is one man's Jack O'Lantern, and a spinning jenny is another's. Fossil bones, buried fathoms deep in the earth, act Jack's part, and lure away one class to explore and expound. Cypres and Claudes, in the same way play the same part with a second class, and tempt them to collect, at the sacrifice of every other interest, or pursuit in life. Jack will now take the likeness of a French cook, and draw a patriot from his beloved country to enjoy a foreign life cheap; and now he will assume the appearance of a glass of water, persuading the teetotaler, who "drank like a fish" in his young days, to go further astray, and drink a great deal more like a fish in his old days. Jack O'Lantern has some attractive shape for every age and condition. In childhood, he lures us, by overhanging clusters of cherries and currants, into regions consecrated to steel traps and spring guns; in after age, he takes us irresistibly into the still more dangerous region of love and romance, wanning us by his best light—the bright eyes of woman; and to the very end of our days he finds some passion or prejudice wherewith to tinkle us how wise soever and unwilling we may be. The bright glancing sunshine of a spring morning, when it tempts us into a sharp east wind under promise of softness;—the rich luxuriance of summer, when it fills us with aches and cramps, after revelling in romps among the grass. Christmas—yes, Christmas itself has its Jack O'Lantern.—We do not mean the great blazing fire, which has been properly called the heart and soul of it; no, Jack plays his part amidst the roysters in the jovial time, by urging extra plain pudding, which involves extra brandy with it; by suggesting mince-pies, and other irresistible, that involve a fit of indigestion; by conjuring up birdman's buff, to lead one into the peril of rent skirts and bruised heads; or by appearing in the form of a pack of cards, to the loss perhaps of one's money or one's temper.

Moralize we no longer upon Jack O'Lantern; he has led us to Christmas, and let him leave us there in pleasant company.—*Omnia.*

## POLITICAL.

### THE TYLER ADMINISTRATION.

Mr. Webster in a letter to the late Tyler meeting in Philadelphia, which will be found in our columns, complains that the Administration has been denounced before-hand, and demands for it "a fair trial." If he alludes to the savage personal attacks of the whig press—attacks that have exhausted the whole art and vocabulary of blackguardism and calumny; that could stoop from their war upon the highest functionaries of the Government to malicious and vile abuse of a harmless literary production, because it came from a son of the President, if Mr. Webster complains of this spirit, we cordially agree with him, that it is a blind and grovelling hatred which is capable of nothing in the resemblance of just judgment. Of this kind is the following *Times* Washington Correspondence of the *Richmond Whig*, whom that paper heralds as "a high toned gentleman"!!

"Tyler sinks deeper and deeper, every day, into the slough of contempt. Even I have known him imperfectly, and have not despised him enough.—Openly in the field for re-election, he will be more unobscuring in the prostitution of his office than Jackson or Van Buren, and as no one who has any thing to lose in point of character or hopes, is going to embark in a ship so rotten, we look for nominations which will purge both parties of their impurities."

"But the Senate, will, I have no doubt, do its duty to the country, and you may look therefore for a rapid operation of the guillotine, to save the Government from utter and hopeless contamination."

But the country at large is not going to judge Mr. Tyler's Administration by such a rule. They have not so judged him already. His vetoes of the pernicious Bank projects, have been hailed by an acclaim that might satisfy the most craving appetite for popular approval. If Mr. Tyler has made the mistake of supposing that grand about of "well done!" was an oath of blind allegiance, he must be cured of his error. If he deemed that the re-appointing called forth by his summary upsetting of Mr. Clay's supplanter shops, was intimated by any the faintest wish that he should proceed to build up out of the rubbish a shipplaster shop of his own, he grievously mistook the feeling of the people.

But Mr. Webster calls for "a fair trial." Has he forgotten his own opposition to the Sub Treasury—a system which all acknowledged to be constitutional, which the failure of the banks rendered nearly necessary to the conduct of the common operations of the Government, and which after being repealed, is again proposed to be re-acted in all the features which he then denounced as oppressive and dangerous? Has he forgotten his war cry of "change! change!! change!!!" against the Administration of Van Buren. He has sympathy when the cup is forced to his own lips.

He thought himself justified in denouncing before the Sub Treasury, the common financial system of the world, and he thinks it precipitate judgment that his own project of a paper currency to be issued at the discretion of the Government should be condemned before trial, though it has been tried before—and invariably with the most signal and disastrous failure. There are some things that we cannot afford to give "a fair trial" to; and the man whose conscientiousness is so extreme that if sees a bomb-shell or a white squall coming, he must needs give them "a fair trial," is more likely to be blown up than enlightened. The impartiality of walking into a slough, because men differ as to its precise depth, is by no means commendable.

But let us see how far Mr. Tyler's Administration can justly complain of being judged before-hand, at least by the Democratic party. The President recommended and signed the Bankrupt Law, and we are now giving it "a fair trial," to our lasting disgrace, as a people professing to be governed by justice. It proves to be what it appeared, a gross and flagrant violation of private rights, a sponge to wipe out debts, and a law to aid the distribution of insolvent estates.

The President recommended and approved the Distribution Bill, and we are giving that "a fair trial." Since its enactment, the credit of the States has fallen as never before, till the citizens of few of them can look upon a Bond of their own State without blushing for its disgrace. The loan authorized by Congress lies dead in the market, the Treasury notes are selling at a discount, the Treasury is empty of every thing but unpaid and clamorous creditors, the drafts of the Government have been dishonored in the face of the world. We think we have given "a fair trial" to the Distribution Law, and need not wait longer in order to pass judgment upon it as one of the wretchedest tricks of shuffling, senseless, shameless corrupt legislation ever palmed upon a people.

The President has recommended the most rigid economy in the expenditures of the Government, and yet in the midst of all this accumulation of disaster and difficulty, the loss of credit, the distress of commerce, the waste of revenue, his Cabinet have, as with one accord, called for not only an increased expenditure in nearly every branch of service, but for millions to be added as a "contingent (corruption) fund," and for millions more to anticipate distant and doubtful wants, by entering as a copartner into all the Rail Road Companies of the Union. We have, then, given a "fair trial" to the "rigid economy" measures of the Administration, and we find, beyond doubt, that the phrase has been used by mistake, for "waste and improvidence." We cannot wait three years in order to pass judgment upon such a system; the car of the Government is rattling down the road to ruin too openly and swift to allow of any great expenditure of bows and flourishes in announcing the impending crash.

We can safely appeal to the past for proof that the Democratic party have neither judged the Administration of Mr. Tyler prematurely nor harshly—that they have continually tested it by their principles, and when they have been compelled to condemn, have done so with reluctance and ever with moderation. But we demand that in the necessities of the Government there should be vigilance, energy, prudence and honesty—that when the want of funds is most glaring and urgent, there should be saving and curtailment, not waste and profusion. We know that borrowing is not the reser-