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.

CHAS. F. FISHER,
Editor and Proprietor.

The WESTERN CAROLINIAN is published every *Friday Morning*, at $2 per annum *in advance*—or $2 50 if paid *within three months*—otherwise $3 *will invariably be charged*. ☞ No paper will be discontinued except at the Editor's discretion, until all arrearages are paid, if the subscriber is worth the subscription; and the failure to notify the Editor of a wish to discontinue, at least ONE MONTH before the end of the year subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement.

☞ *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 cent. for each continuance. Court and Judicial advertisements 25 per cent. higher than the above rates. A deduction of 33⅓ 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.

Letters addressed to the Editor on business *must come* FREE OF POSTAGE, *or they will not be attended to.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hard to Hold.—"Sambo, can you hold a horse?"

"Hold a horse!—to be sure, three of them."

"How long?"

"Why, ten hours, if you want me to."

"No, I was about to say that you have got something you can't hold ten minutes, that for all that is as light as a feather."

"Pooh—nonsense."

"What will you bet?"

"Bet, why, I'll bet a dollar."

"Good! Now hold your breath ten minutes."

"Good g——————s!"

Advantages of Advertising.—The drollest and cutest method of teaching people the advantages of advertising, has been hit upon recently by a country cotemporary in a far off settlement. The following extract shows the wit of the expedient:—"*Error corrected.* We stated in our last that there were no Boot and Shoemakers in the city.—This was a mistake; there are two manufactories of this kind, both of which have been recently established, with every prospect of doing a profitable business. The advertisement of one of them, Mr. Crosset, will be found in another column. It has been supposed by many of our citizens that a coach-maker would find it to his interest to settle among us; there is no manufactory of this kind here, and the demand for new work and repairing in that line of business is continual and increasing. A wagon-maker or two would also find profitable employment." The editor, no doubt, had to correct another error the next day, and point his readers to the advertisements of a coachmaker and a wagon-maker.

A capital story is told of a minister somewhere down east, who being somewhat given to laziness, was in the habit of drawing frequently upon a barrel of sermons, bequeathed to him by his father, who was also a minister. Upon one occasion, the young divine got hold of a sermon once delivered to the state prison *convicts*; and taking it for granted, from the well known language of his father, that it would be appropriate, decided, without examination, to make use of it on the next Lord's day.

The Sabbath came—the congregation assembled—the worthy deacons were all in their places—and the preaching commenced. All went well for a time, and the audience were becoming deeply interested, when all at once the clergyman surprised them with the information that "if it had not been for the clemency of the Governor, every one of them would have been *hung long ago!*"

Action before words.—"I did'nt like our minister's sermon last Sunday," said Deacon Doze to his neighbor Higgins. (The deacon had slept all sermon time.) "Did'nt like it! Why, deacon, I saw you *nodding assent* to every proposition he made."

Quirk, upon being asked whether he was in favor of capital punishment, remarked that he was; as when he was a boy at school, for trivial offences, he was condemned to sit among the girls—which he thought was *capital* punishment.

Epitaph.—The following is a literal copy of an epitaph on a deceased "sausage maker," in Paris, dedicated by his "inconsolable" better half. Ye who have tears prepare to shed them now,

"Here lies buried the body of Jean Pierre Corbett, who died Jun 24, 1832. His *inconsolable* widow continues the *sausage* business in all its varieties, at the old stand, No. 175, Rue S reet, Honore, where she will be happy to serve the customers of her late and *lamented* husband.

"N. B. Orders for sausage must be accompanied by the cash."

A Long Cane.—A traveller, among narrations of the wonders of foreign parts, declared he knew a cane, in South America, which was a mile long. The company looked incredulous, and it was quite evident they were not prepared to swallow it, even if it should have been a sugar cane.

"Pray, what cane was it?" asked one gentleman, sneeringly.

"It was a *hurri cane*," replied the traveller.

"Pa," said an interesting urchin to his father, the other day, "Pa, have any of the stars got *guns?*" "Why no, my child, what is the reason you ask?" "Why I heard folks talk about going to see the *shooting* stars, and I do not know how they could *shoot* without guns."

The city of Jarusalem is about two miles in circumference, with a population of 18,000—of these, 5,000 are Jews exiles in their own land. There are about 17,000 Jews altogether in Palestine, and about 8,000 in Syria, forming a total of 25,000.

"WHY DOES THE SUN GO DOWN?"

The following stanzas are from the January No. of the Church of England Magazine, written by Thomas Ragg, addressed to a child on his asking the question, "Why does the sun go down?"

"Why does the sun go down?"
Thy infant lips exclaim,
As thou gazest on the departing orb,
While heaven seems wrapt in flame,
It goes to cheer another sphere,
Make other hills look bright,
And chase away from distant realms,
The hovering shades of night.

"Why does the sun go down?"
Perchance thou soon mayst say,
As the fond bright dreams of childhood's years
Are vanishing away.
Those fairy dreams desert thee now,
And their magic charms are riven,
To show the earth is at best but dark,
And light proceeds from heaven.

"Why does the sun go down?"
Perhaps thou mayst whisper too,
As the warmer beams of youthful love
Are flitting fast from view,
To bid thee fix thy heart on things
Beyond the gulf of time,
And never expect enduring bliss
In earth's ungenial clime.

"Why does the sun go down?"
Thou mayest ask in deeper gloom,
When the hand that writes these verses now,
Is laid in the silent tomb;
And O may heaven this sacred truth
Stamp deep on thy bosom then—
It does but quit this scene awhile,
In glory to rise again!

Zeno, of all virtues, made his choice of silence; for by it, said he, I hear other men's imperfections, and conceal my own. People who complain of the dulness of their newspaper may be said to be the silent, who keep their pens clear of any attempt at public enlightenment, and thus are at liberty to see others' imperfections and conceal their own. There is probably no seat that is so well supplied with broken legs for a tumble as the editor's chair.

Dr. Johnson, at a late period of his life, observed to Sir Joshua Reynolds.—"If a man does not make new acquaintances as he passes through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man, sir, should keep his friendships *in constant repair.*"

Some desire is necessary to keep life in motion; and he whose real wants are supplied, must admit those of fancy.

Flattery, observes Locke, is a sort of bad money, to which our vanity gives currency. It is a blot upon the memory of Alexander that he could be so weak as to be pleased with his courtiers imitating his wry neck.

Idleness, says a great writer, is the nest in which mischief lays its eggs.

Misfortunes issue out where diseases enter in—at the mouth.

The error of one moment becomes the sorrow of a whole life.

A vacant mind is open to all suggestions, as the hollow mountain returns all sounds.

When the tree is felled, its shadows disappear. (Desertion of the great by their parasites.)

The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor man perfected without adversity.

Ivory is not obtained from rats' teeth.

A bird can roost but on one branch; a mouse can drink no more than its fill from a river. (Enough is as good as a feast.)

Dig a well before you are thirsty. (Be prepared against contingencies.)

Eggs are close things, but the chicks come out at last. (Murder will out.)

Letters and husbandry, the two principal professions.

A diligent pen supplies memory and thought.

Pouring water on a duck's back. (Fruitless counsel or advice.)

To win a cat and lose a cow. (Consequences of litigation.)

No duns outsides and no doctors within. (Absence of sickness and debt.)

You cannot strip two skins off one cow. (There is a limit to extortion.)

Who swallows quick can chew but little. (Applied to learning.)

The torment of envy is like a grain of sand in the eye.

The gods cannot help a man who loses opportunities.

The doctors who kill their patients by inches under pretence of saving their lives, remind us of the Spaniard, who, when strangling Don Carlos by order of his father, said, "Calm yourself, Don Carlos, this is all good for your good."

A Judge once said in a court of law, "Keep silence there! it is very strange one cannot have silence! Here we have been deciding God knows how many cases, and have not heard one of them!"

Mr. Bancroft says that Yale College owes its birth to ten worthy farmers, who, in 1770, assembled at Branford, and each one laying a few books on a table, said, "I give these books for the foundation of a college in this colony." Such was the small beginning of Yale College.

"Ah, Bob, good morning." "Good morning, Dick." "How did you make out with your speech last night?" "Bad enough." "How so?" "My voice failed me!" "Why, I thought you had a powerful voice!" "It filled the room, to be sure, but it soon emptied it."

A "running account" means getting trusted, and then putting out for Iowa or *Texas.*

A Married Man's Reverie.—What a blockhead my brother Tom is not to marry, I or rather, perhaps I should say, what a block-head not to marry some twenty-five years ago, for I suppose he'll hardly get any decent body to take him, as old as he is now. Poor fellow!—what a forlorn, desolate kind of a life he leads; no wife to take care of him—no children to love him—no domestic enjoyment—nothing snug and comfortable in his arrangements at home; nice social dinners; pleasant faces at breakfast. By the way, what the dence is the reason my breakfast does not come up! I've been waiting for it this half hour. Oh! I forgot; my wife sent the cook to get some trash or rather for Dick's cold. She coddles that boy to death. But after all, I ought not to find fault with Tom for not getting a wife, for he has lent me a good deal of money that comes quite convenient, and I suppose the young ones will have all he's worth when he dies, poor fellow!—They'll want it, I'm afraid, for although my business does very well, this house keeping eats up the profits, with such a large family as mine. Let me see; how many mouths I have to feed every day! There's my wife and her two sisters—that's three; and the four boys—seven, and Lucy, Ann, Sarah and Louisa, four more—eleven; and there's the cook and the housemaid, and the boy—fourteen; and the woman who comes every day to wash, and do the odd jobs about the house—fifteen; and then there's nursery maid—sixteen; sure there must be another—I'm sure I made it out seventeen when I was reckoning up last Sunday at church; there must be another somewhere; let me see again:—wife, wife's sisters, boys, girls—oh! it's myself! Faith I've so many to think of and provide for, that I forget myself half the time. Yes, that makes it seventeen. Seventeen people to feed every day is no joke! and somehow or other they all have most furious appetites; but then bless their hearts, it's pleasant to see them eat: what a havoc they do make with the buckwheat cakes of a morning to be sure! Now, poor Tom knows nothing of all this. There he lives all alone by himself in a boarding house, with nobody near him that cares a brass farthing whether he lives or dies. No affectionate wife to nurse him and coddle him up when he's sick; no little prattlers about him to keep him in a good humor; no dawning intellect whose developements he can amuse himself with day after day—no body to study his wishes and keep all of his comforts ready. Confound it, hasn't that woman got back from the market yet!

I feel remarkably hungry. I don't mind the boy's being coddled and nursed if my wife likes it, but there's no joke in having the breakfast kept back for an hour. O, by the way, I must remember to buy all those things for the children to day. Christmas is close at hand, and my wife has made out a list of presents she means to put in their stockings. More expense, and at any rate school bills coming in too. I remember before I was married I used to think what a delight it would be to educate the young rogues myself; but a man with a large family has no time for that sort of amusement. I wonder how old my young Tom is; let me see, when does his birth day come? Next month, as I am a christian, and then he will be fourteen.—Boys of fourteen consider themselves all but men, now-a-days, and Tom is quite of that mind I see. Nothing will suit his exquisite fee, but Wellington boots, at thirty shillings a pair, as his mother has been throwing out hints for some time as to the propriety of getting a watch for him, gold of course. Silver was quite good enough for me when I was half a score of years older than he is, but times are awfully changed since my younger days. Then, I believe in my soul, the young villian has learned to play billiards, and three or four times when he has come home late at night, his clothes seemed to be strongly perfumed with segar smoke.

Heigho! Fathers have many troubles, and I can't help thinking sometimes, that old bachelors are not such wonderful fools after all. They get their pillows at night with no cares on their mind to keep them awake; and, when they have once got asleep, nothing comes to disturb their repose—nothing short of the house being on fire can reach their peaceful condition. No getting up in the cold to walk up and down the room for an hour or two, with a squalling variet, as my luck has been for the last five or six weeks. It's astonishing to perceive what a passion our little Louisa exhibits for crying; as sure as the clock strikes three she begins, and there is no getting her quiet until she has fairly exhausted the strength of her lungs with good, straight forward screaming. I can't for the life of me, understand why the young villians don't get through with their squalling and roaring in the day time, when I am out of the way. Then, again, what a delightful pleasure it is to be roused out of one's first nap, and sent off post haste for the doctor, as I was on Monday night, when my wife thought Sarah had got the croup, and frightened me out of my wits with her lamentations and fears. By the way, there's the doctor's bill to be paid soon; his collector always pays me a visit just before Christmas. Brother Tom has no doctor to see, and that certainly is a great comfort, bless my soul how time slips away! Past nine o'clock and no breakfast yet—wife messing with Dick, and getting the three girls and their two brothers ready for school; nobody thinks of me starving here all this time. What the plague has become of my newspaper, I wonder?—that young rascal Tom, has carried it off, and I dare say to read in the school when he ought to be pouring over his books. He's a great torment, that boy. But no matter, there's a great deal of pleasure in married life, and if some vexations and troubles do come with its delights, grumbling won't take them away, anyhow; nevertheless, brother Tom, I'm not so very certain but that you have done quite as wisely as I, after all.

Rice Cement.—This useful and elegant cement, which is beautifully white and dries almost transparent, is made by mixing rice flour intimately with cold water, and then gently boiling it. Papers pasted together with this cement will sooner separate in their own substance than at the joining. It is therefore an excellent cement in the preparation of curious paper articles, as tea trays, ladies' dressing and work boxes and other articles which require layers of paper to be cemented together. In every respect it is preferable to common paste made with wheat flour. It answers well for pasting into books the copies of writing taken off by copying machines on unsized silver paper. With this composition made with a small quantity of water, that it may have a consistence similar to plastic clay, medals, busts, statues, basso relievos, and the like, may be formed. When dry, the articles made of it are susceptible of a high polish; they are also very durable.

All that a fish drinks goes out at his gills—(Spent as soon as got.

If families have no sons devoted to letters, whence are the governors of the people to come?

Parents' affection is best shown by teaching their children industry and self denial.

Something is learned every time a book is opened.

The more talents are exercised the more they will be developed.

Tee-ways of superiors are generally carried by inferiors to excess.

A truly great man never puts away the simplicity of a child.

The man in boots does not know the man in shoes. (Boots are the official and full dress.)

The foolish husband fears his wife; a prudent wife obeys her husband.

The man who combats himself will be happier than he who combats with others.

Sleepiness in an old man, and wakefulness in a young one, are bad symptoms. (Medical axiom.)

Let every man sweep the snow from before his own doors, and not busy himself about the frost on his neighbor's tiles.

In a field of melons do not pull up your shoe; under a plum-tree do not adjust your cap. (Be careful of your conduct under circumstances of suspicion.)

Though the life of man be short of a hundred years, he gives himself as much pain and anxiety as if he were to live a thousand.

By nature all men are alike; but by education widely different.

A merchant advertised lately for a clerk *accustomed to confinement.* He received an answer from a person *who had been in jail seven years!*

He who is an Ass, and takes himself to be a Stag, when he comes to leap the ditch will find his mistake.

Consumption of Meat.—There are few things in the round of [illegible] which strikes the foreign observer with more force than the extravagant consumption of food—and more especially of meat. Truly we are a carnivorous people. With all outcry about hard times, the provisions consumed in America would support, in health, treble our population in Europe. This vast consumption of Meat is not only wasteful, but injurious to health, and activity of body and mind. The body if made of iron, would be unable to perform all the functions imposed upon it at one time—especially is it, we should suppose, without pretending to any science on the subject, deleterious to eat meat suppers—or to eat a heavy meal immediately preceding any action of body and mind. May it not be averred that one half of the provisions consumed in this country might be saved with certainty of avoiding the numerous diseases that arise from plethora, impaired digestion, and disordered blood? Let the heads of any family examine, and they will find that a substitution of bread, vegetables and milk for three fourths of the meat consumed, would be attended with economy and better health.—*American Farmer.*

Forbearance is a domestic jewel.

Borrowed money makes time short; working for others makes it long.

Cheese made from Potatoes.—Cheese, it is said, of an extremely fine quality, is manufactured from potatoes, in Thuringia and part of Saxony, in the following manner: After having collected a quantity of potatoes, of a good quality, giving the preference to the large white kind, they are boiled in a cauldron, and, becoming cool, they are peeled and reduced to a pulp, either by means of a grater or a mortar. To five pounds of this pulp, which ought to be as equal as possible, are added a pound of sour milk, and the necessary quantity of salt. The whole is kneaded together, and the mixture covered up and allowed to remain for three or four days, according to the season. At the end of this time, it is kneaded again, and the cheese placed in little baskets, where superfluous moisture is allowed to escape. They are then allowed to dry in the shade, and placed in layers, in large pots or vessels, where they must remain for fifteen days. The older these cheeses are the more their quality improves. Two kinds of them are made. The first which is the most common, is made according to the proportions above indicated; the second, with four parts of potatoes and four parts of cow or ewe milk. These cheeses have this advantage over every other kind, that they do not engender worms, and keep fresh for a great number of years, provided they are placed in a dry situation, and in well closed vessels.—*Doncaster Chronicle.*

THE MONKEY AND DRINKERS.

Mr Pollard in one of his addresses in the city of Schenectady, related the following fact: "We frequently went out of the Baltimore a little, and spent the way at a tavern in drinking and fun. One of our number had a well taught and obedient *monkey* he called Jack. On one of these drunken *spress*, Jack was of the party. Seeing his master and all around him, the monkey watched his opportunity, and took a part of a glass of brandy toddy, which one of their number had set on the table, and drank it. Its effects were soon visible. Every manner of antic Jack performed to the great amusement of *his companions*, who were drunker than he. So gratified were they with the result of the monkey's "first debauch," that they agreed to assemble at the same place the next day, with Jack, and after making him tipsy, spend the whole of it in drinking and laughing at the poor brute.

"Accordingly, the next morning the owner of Jack was called, and he ordered out of the house for the cruel purpose. And though he came in obedience to the call, it was with a slow pace and sorry countenance on three legs with a fourth on his head, as much as to say, "*What a headache!*" In consequence of his sickness the party put off their amusements for a few days, until his vivacity and health should be restored.

Shortly after they took Jack and repaired to the tavern in the country. After drinking a little while, one said, "Bar-keeper, make Jack a glass of brandy toddy." As soon as the monkey heard it he made for the door, and though ordered by his master to come to him, he ran away the faster, and ascended the piazza, and climbed to the top of the house. His master ordered him down; then shook a whip at him, and threatened him severely but to no purpose. Knowing his great fear of a gun, one was pointed at him, and he was ordered to come down. He disappeared on the other side of the roof. One of the company pointed another gun at him from that side, and threatened to shoot him if he did not come down. He took shelter out of their sight at the end of the chimney. A third gun was pointed at him from that direction; he was again ordered to come down. Jack feared nothing so much as alcohol, and as a final resort sprang into the chimney, and held himself up by his paws. Thus they were compelled to abandon their cruel purpose.

"The master of Jack soon died a drunkard; but the monkey lived for years to a good old age, and could never be prevailed upon to drink a drop of any intoxicating liquor.

"The wise man directs the sluggard to the ant," and we would direct all who have sipped, or may desire to sip any intoxicating drink, to this monkey for instruction.

Indian Anecdote.—John Sequashequash, an Indian of the remains of a tribe in Connecticut, was some years since brought before a justice of the peace on some charge or other, which I do not recollect. John happened to be drunk at the time, and instead of answering directly to the questions put by the justice, merely muttered out—your honor is very wise; very wise; very wise—your honor is very wise, I say.

Being unable to get any other answer from him, the justice ordered him to be locked up till next day; when John was brought before him perfectly sober.

Why, John, said the justice, you were drunk as a beast last night.

Drunk! ejaculated the Indian.

Yes, drunk as a beast. When I asked you any question, the only answer you made was—Your Honor's very wise—very wise.

Did I call your honor *wise?* said the Indian with a [illegible] astonishment.

Yes, answered the magistrate.

Then, replied John, I must have been drunk, sure enough.

Eye-Glasses.—A bauble in the hands of the ostentatious, to excite the contempt of those ogled in the street. A toy which aids the coxcomb to see others, and others to *discover a coxcomb.*—*Phil. Gaz.*

Old Kingsbury, of N. H., was remarkable for dry humor. As he passed a rye field, one morning in August, he saw the lawyer of the village surveying possessions. Says the lawyer, "What makes you carry your head stooping upon your breast, friend, K.? You see ME! I carry mine erect and upright." "Squire," answered Kingsbury, "look at that field of grain! The full ears hang down like mine. But the empty heads stand up like your own!"

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.

A few weeks since we published a communication from a correspondent giving the results of an experiment in planting corn by Hart Massey, Esq., of this village. Mr. Massey called upon us on Saturday last to correct an important error in said communication, and invited us personally to examine the sand field, which we accordingly did, and now give the results of our observation.

Mr. Massey took the seed corn which he planted the field, a small quantity, and soaked it in a solution of salt nitre commonly called salt petre, and planted five rows with the seed thus prepared. The remainder of the field we believe was planted by the same individual.—Now for the result. The five rows planted with corn prepared with salt-peter, will yield more than 25 rows planted without any preparation. The five rows were untouched by the worms, while the remainder of the field suffered severely by their depredations. We should judge that not one kernal, saturated with salt petre was touched, while almost every hill in the adjoining row suffered severely. No one who will examine the field can doubt the efficacy of the preparation. He will be astonished at the striking difference between the five rows and the remainder of the field.

Here is a simple fact, which if seasonably and generally known, would have saved many thousands of dollars to the farmers of this county alone, in the article of corn. It is a fact which should be universally known, and is, in all probability, one of the greatest discoveries of modern times in the much neglected science of agriculture. At all events, the experiment should be extensively tested, as the results are deemed certain, while the expense is comparatively nothing.

Mr. M. also stated as to the result of another experiment tried upon one of his apple trees last spring. It is a fine, thrifty, healthy tree, about 25 or 30 years old, but has never in any one year produced over about two bushels of applas. While in blossom last spring he ascended the tree and sprinkled plaster freely on the blossoms, and the result is, that it will this season yield twenty bushels. Now, if the plaster will prevent the blast, it is a discovery of great importance. Mr. M. was led to make the experiment by reading an account of the production of trees adjoining a meadow where plaster had been sown at a time when there was a light breeze in the direction of the orchard, the trees contiguous to the meadow bearing well, while the others produced no fruit.—*Waterton, (N. Y.) Standard.*