

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.

Number 29 of Volume 22.

SALISBURY, N. C., JUNE 24, 1842.

Whole Number 1,123.

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 240 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 33 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.

ETHAN ALLEN IN ENGLAND.

Col. Ethan Allen was a man destined to strike the world as something uncommon, and in a high degree interesting. He was but partially educated and but obscurely brought up—yet no man was ever more at ease in the polished ranks than he. Not that he at all conformed to their artificial rules and (till etiquette); but he had observed the dictates of natural good sense and good humor. His bearing was in total defiance of fashion, and he looked and acted as if he thought it would be a condescension thus to trammel himself. It is well known that in early life, in his own country, he acquired an influence over his fellow men, and led them on to some of the most daring achievements. He seemed to have possessed all the elements of a hero—a devoted patriotism, a resolute and daring mind, and an excellent judgment.

His conduct as a partisan officer is well known in this country, and was of great service to the cause of liberty during the revolutionary struggle. He was taken prisoner, and carried to England—where his excellent sense, his shrewdness and wit, introduced him into the court regimen. A friend of our earlier life, who was well acquainted with this part of the history of this singular man, used to take great delight in telling us some anecdotes of Col. Allen, while a prisoner in London. We have before mentioned the firmness with which he rejected the attempt to bribe him from the cause of his country, and the ease with which he was persuaded to a nobleman, who was commissioned by the ministry to make him formal offers to join the British cause in America. The incident is a striking one, and it will bear a repetition.

The commissioner, amongst the tempting largesses, proposed that if he would espouse the cause of the king, he might have a fee simple in half the State of Vermont. "I am a plain man," said Col. Allen in reply, "and I have read but few books, but I have seen in print somewhere, a circumstance that forcibly reminds me of the proposal of your lordship; it is of a certain character that took a certain other character into an exceeding high mountain, and showed him all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory thereof, and told him that if he would fall down and worship him, this would be his; and the reward added he, 'didn't own a foot of them!'"

His interview with the King at Windsor is mentioned as highly interesting. His Majesty asked the stout hearted mountaineer, if they had any newspapers in America. "But very few, and these are but little read," was the answer. "How then," asked the King, "do the common people know of these grievances of which they complain, and of which we have just been speaking?" "As to that," said he, "I can tell your Majesty, that amongst a people who have felt the spirit of liberty, the sense of oppression is carried by the birds of the air, and the breezes of heaven." "That is too figurative an answer from a matter of fact man, to a plain question," rejoined the King. "Well, to be plain," answered the rebellious subject, "among our people the tale of wrong is carried from man to man, and from neighborhood to neighborhood with the speed of electricity; my countrymen feel nothing else—out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. I will add, with great respect to your Majesty, that such a people cannot be put down with the sword."

The King made a long pause, as if strongly impressed with the truth of his remarks. At length, changing the subject, he asked Col. Allen if he knew Dr. Franklin; and being answered in the affirmative, inquired concerning his experiment with electricity, and expressed a curiosity to experience an electric shock. The British sovereign seemed to take pleasure in the conversation which he kept up for more than an hour, and at length made Col. Allen promise to visit him with his countryman, Dr. Franklin, at his palace in London. Some weeks after that, he was reminded of his promise by the nobleman above mentioned, and an hour fixed for the same bred philosopher of America to explain the mysteries of a new discovery in the science to the royal family. They attended accordingly, and with an apparatus chiefly of his own invention, Dr. Franklin exhibited many of those simple and amusing experiments, for which he was so noted, and at which the royal children, even those of a large growth, were much delighted.

In this playful way, Dr. Franklin took occasion to convey instructions as to the properties of this astonishing fluid. While the royal habit was thus in a most unkingly uproar, the Premier was announced as in waiting. The King seemed for a moment disturbed. "I forgot my appointment with the minister," said he, "but no matter, I will eschew business for once, and let North see how we are employed." Accordingly the minister was ushered in with little ceremony, and it was soon concluded that he should have a shock. Allen whispered to the Dr. to remember how he had shocked us across the waters, and to give him a double charge; whether it was designed on the

hint of his friend or not, was not ascertained, but the charge was so powerful on the nerves of his lordship, as to make him give way in the knees, at which all, especially the princesses, were almost convulsed with mirth.

Some of Col. Allen's happy retorts at the clubs and fashionable parties are still remembered and often repeated. On one occasion he was challenged to a glass of wine, by the beautiful Dutchess of Rutland, who seems to have been particularly pleased with his independent manner. "You must qualify your glass with a toast," observed the lady. The Varmounter, very unaffectedly observed that he was not used to that sort of ceremony, and was afraid he might give offence. If, however, the lady would be so good as to suggest a subject, he would endeavor to give a sentiment. "O, yes," said she, "never mind the subject any thing will do, so that it has no treason in it." "Well," says he, "this may do for a truth if not for a toast," and fixed his eyes adoringly on the far-famed court beauty, he proceeded:

"If any thing could make a double traitor out of a good patriot, it would be the witchcraft of such eyes as your ladyship's."

The blunt sincerity with which this was spoken, together with its exact fitness to the occasion and the person, caused it to be long hailed in the beau monde, as an excellent good thing; and although it had the effect of heightening for a moment that beauty to which it was offered as a tribute, it is said the fair Dutchess often afterwards boasted of the compliment as far beyond all the empty homage she had received from the glittering coxcombs of the city.

Shocco Jones, the somewhat celebrated financier, once fought a duel in Rhode Island, and the Governor issued a proclamation for his apprehension. Shocco, having retreated to Virginia, issued a counter proclamation for the apprehension of the Governor, and concluded it by saying that the next time he had occasion to fight a duel, it should not be in the Governor's little trifling State—he would fight across it!!

The Principle.—The whigs say that the people of Rhode Island have no reason to complain of their old Charter, because under it they have been governed well. We do not inquire whether the people have been governed well or not: Are they permitted to govern themselves, is the question. If their existing institutions deprive them of this power it is their duty to assume it. The right of self-government was the hinge on which the Revolution of '76 turned, and it is the birth-right of the majority of the people of each of the United States.

The story One.—A Frenchman who was exhibiting various sacred relics and other curiosities, produced a sword, which he assured his visitors was "de sword dat Balgam had wey he would kill de king." A spectator replied that Balgam had no sword, but only wished to see one. "Ver well; dis is de ver one he wished for."

The Picayune says that a lover once found his heart beating so violently for his lady love, that he became reduced to a convulsion that Vulcan had established a blacksmith's shop in his breast, making an anvil of his heart.

Cure for Founder in Horses.—Take a large kettle of water and boil. Lead the horse to the kettle, if he be able to walk; if not take the water to the stable. Commence with a swab and wash the fetlocks before, then the fetlocks behind, then wash the legs in the same manner, then the shoulders and body, rub the horse dry, and he will be well in a few hours. There is no danger of scalding the horse if the above directions be pursued. This remedy is on the authority of one of the best farmers in this place, and is worth to every farmer double the price of his subscription to this paper.

Bots in Horses.—Apply spirits of turpentine to the hollow of the breast, warm it in with a hot shovel, it will rout them immediately.

For Cholice.—Put into a bottle three gills of spirits, my whiskey; 1 spoonful gunpowder; 1 spoonful cayenne pepper, or 2 of black, add if convenient wild turpentine; turn it down and move it lively. If it is an obstinate case, repeat the dose, and be well in either wind, blood or gripe colic in short metre.

The Worms.—When the horse loses his appetite, and his coat looks lank, he probably has worms. Give one ounce of fine aloes in a half pint of whiskey. Miss one day, and give half this quantity and he will eat like an Indian.

An Exchange paper contains a notice of the marriage of Mr. Gallop to Miss Moon. We expect this is the only example of a man Galloping to the Moon.

A gentleman describing the intellectual character of another, said his mind had the dyspepsia; the ideas went through it without digestion.

It is said that the temperance men are getting so strict that they will not write with blue ink.

The reptile in human form should be avoided; care may rub out the slime of a snail, but not the slime of a slanderer.

He who can take advice is sometimes superior to him who can give it.

Mr. Battle, of the Caddo Gazette, battles manfully. He has won upon our good opinion mightily, for he is evidently a man of wit and talent. He gives some advice to candidates for office, which may answer very well for people in this region:

"When you get in a house, make yourself perfectly 'at home.' Tell the 'old man' that he has a better eye than most of his neighbors.—Flatter the madam—extol her butter,—inquire into the process by which she makes such exquisite butter,—bring in your saddle blanket, and spread it on the floor—and lay down on it,—get the children around you, and it might be more gratifying to them, sweet little souls get them on you,—give them your watch to play with, and if they happen to break it, (which in all probability

they do) laugh until you split your sides, kiss the baby, and then, if you happen to have a clean wipe about you, wipe its nose; and, on your departure, give the children a dollar apiece to buy candy."

From the Dublin University Magazine SONG.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

Oh ask me not! To days long gone
Those pleasure sounds belong:
Some memory wakes with every tone,
I dare not sing that song.

I learned it first in boyhood's hours
In youth's exulting May;
And sung it oft amidst the flowers
That strew life's early way.

When those days fled and manhood's prime
Brought care and strife along,
Still in repose of even-tide,
I've soothed me with that song.

To eers, that now no more can hear,
To spirits that have fled—
I've sung that song, to those most dear,
Deep loved and early dead.

Boyhood's glad sports—youth's vanished dream
And manhood's calmer hours
Come with each note on memory's stream,
A wreath of withered flowers.

And one, who heeds my voice no more—
To him those notes belong!
E'en now mine eyes are running o'er—
How can I sing that song!

Make Home Happy.—It is a duty devolving upon every member of a family to endeavor to make all belonging to it happy. This may with a very little pleasant exertion be done. Let every one contribute something towards improving the grounds belonging to their house. If the house is old and uncomfortable, let each exert himself to render it better and more pleasant. If it is good and pleasant, let each strive further to adorn it. Let flowering shrubs and trees be planted, and vines and woodbiner be trained around the windows and doors; add interesting volumes to the family library; little articles of furniture to replace those which are fast wearing out; wait upon, and anticipate the wants of each; and ever have a pleasant smile for all and each.

Make home happy! Parents ought to teach this lesson in the nursery, and by the fire side; give it the weight of their precept and example. If they would, ours would be a happy and more virtuous country. Brunkenness, profanity, and other disgusting vices, would die away; they could not live in the influence of a lovely and refined home.

Does any one think, I am poor and have to work hard to get enough to sustain life, and cannot find time to spend in making our house more attractive. Think again! Is there not some time every day which you spend in idleness, or smoking, or mere trifling, which might be spent about your home? Flowers are God's smiles," said Willerforce, and they are as beautiful beside the cottage as the palace, and may be enjoyed by the inhabitants of one as well as the other. There are but few homes in our country which might not be made more beautiful and attractive, not to strangers only but to inmates. Let every one study then and work, to make whatever place they may be in, so attractive, that the hearts of the absent ones shall go back to it as the Dove did to the ark of Noah.

It is generally agreed now, that Esq. at the end of a man's name, in many instances, is like the "quirk" in a hog's tail—more for ornament than use.

"Pray, can you tell me the way to the penitentiary?" asked a stranger. "Yes, sir—pick the first man's pocket that you meet."

Poverty.—We always say, "You need not be ashamed of poverty—it is no disgrace," and most truly have we spoken—poverty is no disgrace; but why do we, who preach, treat it as if it were a pestilence!—shrink from it—proclaim it—insult it—chastise it—betray it—loath it—abandon it? We shame to greet that "shabby looking" man, or bow to that "ill-dressed woman," because we have not industry to separate the chaff from the wheat—because we are too prone to honor the garments woven by men's hands, rather than the creature stamped in God's own image—because we want moral courage to walk erect in the right path, unless it be the chosen highway of the great powerful. The grave is the poor man's only sanctuary, he can lay him down there, and neither feel nor fear the chillness of the world—the earthworm gnaws the heart that poverty desecrates; but it only takes its portion. Earth has returned to earth—the spirit is far beyond the reach of poverty.

"Do you ever play cards?" inquired George III. of Home Tooke. "Please your Majesty," was the reply, "I am so little acquainted with court cards, as not to know a king from a knave."

Mutual Affection.—The pursuits and the affections which two hearts possess in common, are like objects placed between two mirrors, which each reflects to, and receives back from the other, in endless variety and multiplied beauty.

Lord Bacon said that he who wished to live long should change the position of his body at least every half hour.

Bore.—One who incessantly talks about himself when you only wish to talk about yourself.

Egotism.—The more any one speaks of himself, the less he likes to hear another talked of.

Espy's Ventilator.—Whether Mr. Espy has found out the laws which regulate storms on the great scale or not, he has hit upon a little matter by which we think he will make the laws of the wind on a small scale serve the public, and fill his pockets. It is that thing so long sought in vain, a remedy for smoky chimneys, and a general ventilator. It consists of nothing but a metallic cone placed on the top of the flue horizontally, with a

vein to keep the point of the cone to the breeze. The direction which the wind gets by passing over the cone, produces a vacuum at the large end which is the outlet, and so creates a draft. The effect is altogether surprising. Some places which were odious with foul air have been rendered perfectly sweet by this single apparatus, and chimneys which were given over by all the doctors as incurable, have been brought to regular action.—*Four. Com.*

Two citizens, courting the daughter of Themistocles preferred the worthy man to the rich one and assigned this reason: "I had rather she should have a man without money, than money without a man."
Or as Balwer says: "The mate for beauty should be a man, not a money chest."

Poverty.—It is not poverty as much as pretence that harrasses a ruined man; the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse, the keeping up a hollow show that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor, and deprive poverty of its sharpest sting.

A Beautiful Extract.—However dark and disconsolate the path of life may seem to any man, there is an hour of deep and undisturbed repose at hand when the body may sink into a dreamless slumber. Let not the imagination be startled, if this resting place instead of being a bed of down, shall be a bed of gravel, or the rocky bed of the tomb. No matter where the poor remains of a man may be, the repose is deep and undisturbed; the sorrowful bosom heaves no more; the tears are dried up in their fountains; the aching head is at rest, and the stormy waves of earthly tribulation roll unheeded over the plain of graves. Let armies engage in fearful conflict over the very bosom of the dead, not one of the sleepers heeds the spirit stirring triumph, or respond to the rending shouts of victory. How quiet those countless millions slumber in the arms of their mother earth! The voice of thunder shall not awaken them; the loud cry of the elements—the winds—the waves—nor even the giant tread of the earthquake, shall be able to cause an inquietude in the chamber of death. They shall rest and pass away; the last great battle shall be fought, and then a silver voice at first but just heard, shall rise to a tempest, and penetrate the voiceless grave. For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall hear his voice.—*Moffl.*

A Quaker Answer.—"Martha does thee love me?" asked a quaker youth of one at whose shrine his heart's holiest feelings had been offered up.
"Why, Seth," answered she, "we are commanded to love one another, are we not?"
"Ay, Martha, but does thee regard me with that feeling the world calls love?"
"I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth,—I have greatly feared that my heart was an erring one. I have tried to bestow my love on all; but I may have sometimes thought, perhaps, that thee was getting rather more than thy share."

The Mormon prophet, Joe Smith, and his principal counsellors have taken the benefit of the Bankrupt Law. Wonder if by the operation of this law he has got a clear quitance of his debts to the D—l!—We suppose that Whig legislation is supreme in "them diggins."—*Marion (Ala.) Herald.*

An individual who, among the panic stricken, went into one of the banks to draw the specie for \$65 of notes, had his watch, worth \$200, taken from his pocket.—Proving that the drawing of specie is not always a profitable operation.

Sub Marine Experiments.—Captain Taylor is at Buffalo, stirring up the waters. One of Taylor's rockets was attached to a large yawl, and a most magnificent explosion shortly after took place, throwing up a large body of water, and tearing the boat into a thousand splinters, many of which were thrown from twenty to fifty feet into the air. This fully established the efficiency with which these rockets might be used in blowing up hostile vessels in case of war.

Solomon's Temple.—A letter from the frontiers of Syria, dated March the 5th, says:
"An American missionary at Jerusalem has been exploring the vaults under the Mosque of Omar. He was let down by a rope at midnight through a well 80 feet deep, and then waded up to the neck in water to the dry ground. He is of opinion that they are not Roman, but are the original crypts of Solomon's Temple."

A Sign.—One of our sturdy canal navigators and a zealous whig, just before the Presidential election, launched a new boat and called it "Hard Times." That of course was to help Whiggery. The same individual has just launched another boat, and having partially, if not quite, recovered from his political fever, has named it "Harder Times."

Starting Children in the World.—The following extract from the works of a living writer, is replete with sound philosophy and common sense. It is well worth the attention of parents:

"Many an unwise parent labors hard and lives sparingly all his life for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man adrift with money left him by his relatives, is like tying bladders under the arms of one who cannot swim; ten chances to one he will lose his bladders and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim and he will never need the bladders. Give your child a sound education, and you have done enough for him. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to the laws which govern man, and you have given what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies. You have given him a start which no misfortune can deprive him of. The earlier you teach him to depend upon his own resources the better."

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

From the N. Y. Sun Extra, June 3.

ARRIVAL OF THE COLUMBIA.

From the best information received by the last mail from Hamburg, the loss of the three principal fire offices in London are—£200,000 sterling, £200,000, £150,000—a sum much greater than was at first anticipated, but which will be paid in the course of this week. The losses of the Hamburg fire office and the Prussian fire office in Hamburg, are much heavier than the above.

IRELAND.

A piece of gold, weighing five ounces and a half, the heaviest piece of unwrought gold yet found in Ireland, was picked up in the Wicklow mines recently.
A baker in Belfast announces that he has imported a large quantity of flour from America, advertising that he can sell "six and a half pounds of the best bread ever made in Ulster, for one shilling."

FRANCE.

One hundred and twenty persons killed and many maimed and wounded.—A deplorable catastrophe took place, on Sunday evening week, on the Versailles and Meudon Railway, by which one hundred and twenty persons were killed, or have since died of their wounds, and many maimed and wounded.
In honor of the King's fête, the waterworks in the gardens of Versailles were playing on Sunday, which attracted immense crowds from Paris. The train to which the dreadful accident occurred left Versailles for Paris at half past five o'clock in the afternoon, and was crowded with passengers. "There were," says one account, "seventeen or eighteen wagons, with two engines before and one behind. The velocity was excessive."
When between Bellevue and Meudon, the axle-tree of the first engine broke, and stopping, the second ran over it, killing the stoker, and breaking the first engine in pieces, split its fire on the ground. Instantly six or seven wagons were broken in pieces, and burst into flames. It is the custom on the Left Bank Railroad for the doors of the wagons to be closed, without any possibility of opening them, except by keys in the hands of the conductors. No conductors were forthcoming, and thus the inmates of three of the wagons were burned." From this account, it is clear that, but for the custom of locking the passengers in the carriage, so awful a loss of life would not have taken place.

ANOTHER CONSPIRACY TO ASSASSINATE THE KING OF THE FRENCH.

Another conspiracy has been detected to assassinate the King of the French. A number of persons have been arrested in Paris, amongst others the notorious Considere. Among the projectiles seized were several intended for the destruction of the king, by being thrown into the carriage, and to assassinate, of course, as many of his family as might happen to accompany him. It is stated that the information which led to the detection of this plot was given by the mistress of one of the conspirators, who has been since murdered and her body thrown into the Seine.

PARIS, May 7.

A rumor prevailed yesterday that a conspiracy to murder the king had been discovered, to which, however, little credence was attached, the more especially from the silence observed by the Government journals last night, and the absence of all allusion whatever to any of the journals this morning. I find, however, upon inquiry, that the fact is not too true—that a discovery has been made by the police, which leaves no doubt of the existence of a plot, not only to murder the king, but to involve in the same fate as many members of the royal family as should be with his majesty at the chosen moment for the putting the atrocious plan of the conspirators into execution.

It appears that during the summer months, the king is in the habit of driving out from Neuilly in a large open calèche, accompanied by the Queen and other members of the royal family. Upon such occasions, the carriage is unattended by a military escort, and the horses are driven at a merely ordinary pace. These circumstances seem to have suggested the idea of an infernal machine, and one has been invented of a simple character, being in form an ordinary steel ball, calculated to burst upon falling, and shatter every thing near it with irresistible force. The principle material is said to be a fulminating powder, of a very powerful character. The instruments for working the materials, and some balls, were found upon the premises adjacent to Considere's wine shop in the Rue Montmartre. This Considere, has been twice tried for complicity in plots to murder the King and each time acquitted. He was one of those tried in connection with Quenisset.

Considere has been arrested, with seven others. This conspiracy will lead in all probability to more stringent laws. The police authorities complain that they have no preventive power—they say that no matter how strong the moral certainty may be on their minds that marked and suspected persons are planning wickedness, yet that they cannot interfere; and then when the plot comes to light people ask what the police were about? Of what use are they? And what has been done with the secret service money voted for preventive objects? Upon the other hand, the abuses to which so dangerous a privilege might give rise cannot be lost sight of. Up to Thursday night the police remained in ignorance of what was hatching.

The *Gazette de Tribunaux* of the 12th confirms the alleged discovery of the conspiracy formed for the purpose of assassinating the king.
The investigation which commenced immediately after the discovery of the projectiles, bombs, &c., in the passage Violet and other places, is still pursued with activity. The number of arrests to the present time amounts to about ten. All the objects seized have been deposited in the Registrar's office. The projectiles are made in a perfectly new manner. A stone bottle, not very thick, serves as the envelope; this is covered outside with a thick coat of inflammable matter which is applied to the extremity of those matches called chemiques allemandes. Inside a quantity of powder and bullets are strongly pressed together, so as to produce a terrible explosion, if the inflammable coating of the bottle should come in contact with any resisting body. Numerous witnesses have been already heard, and they are soon to be confronted with the prisoners.

GERMANY.

Awful Conflagration.—Destruction of one-fifth of the City of Hamburg by Fire.—The city of Hamburg, one of the most flourishing on the continent of Europe, is a heap of ruins. Her merchants were rejoicing at the prospects held out to them by the promised improvements in our commercial tariff; now, they are mourning over their richly stored warehouses in ashes, their houses devoured by the flames, and their prospects of increasing prosperity scattered to the four winds of heaven.
The fire, which broke out on Wednesday night, the 4th inst. and which, there is every reason to believe, was the work of an incendiary, extended to fifty two streets, most of which were reduced to ashes. On a rough calculation, the loss of property was from three to four millions sterling, but it is believed that the total loss will be double that amount. No person can tell how many lives were lost, but a great number of persons must have perished. The canals through the city were dry, so that no water could be found. The