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## TERMS OF THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

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Editor and Proprietor.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Boston Miscellany.  
THE ESCAPE.

I had just turned over in my berth, in hopes to resume a very pleasant dream, the thread of which had been broken by some noise on deck, and was about closing my senses to external objects, when a cry of "Sail ho!" caused me to jump up, and make haste on deck. I met Mr. Tompkins in the gangway, coming down to call me. "Where is she, sir?"

"On the lee beam."

"A ship?"

"No, sir, I believe a schooner, but I can't make her out."

"Steward, land up my glass."

The day had scarcely dawned, and by the grey and uncertain light, unassisted by the glass, I could only make out an object; but the moment I put my telescope to her, I saw she was a schooner, with sailing masts, standing to the westward with square sail set. We were heading south, close hauled, with a light air from the eastward, merrily expecting the Trade wind. As the day dawned more perfectly, and we were perceived by the stranger, his square sail came in and he hauled the wind with such celerity, that I did not hesitate to pronounce him a slaver or a pirate, which indeed are synonymous terms in blue water.

"Call all hands, Mr. Tompkins; hoist our colors."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The stranger showed Portuguese colors in reply to ours. This did not relieve the anxiety which had seized on me the moment I had a fair view of the schooner, for that nation was still actively engaged in the slave trade, and we were just in the track of outward bound vessels to the coast of Africa, and the Cape de Verd Islands, also where they were wont to refresh and refill. Our crew, consisting of only ten men, besides officers, cook, and steward, were soon mustered all.

"I have called you, my boys," said I, "to state my intentions with regard to that vessel to leeward; which I suspect to be a rogue. We will prepare for as stout a resistance as possible. If he is honest, I shall still see by your actions which of you I can really depend upon, and there will be nothing lost; and, if a rogue, we must take it for granted, that if we give up like ewes, we shall have our throats cut; and as this is to be our fate whether we resist or not, if he boards us, let us make up our minds to sell our lives as dearly as possible; and remember, one man devoted to a good cause is able to beat off a dozen engaged in robbery and murder." They gave a simultaneous shout of approbation, and went forward again, apparently in good spirits.

It was now broad daylight, and we could plainly perceive that the stranger gained to windward, though he dropped stern a little, rendering it somewhat doubtful whether he was much superior to us in sailing. Our bonny bark was best trim; but she was pretty deeply laden with a full cargo of cotton bale goods, and about one hundred thousand dollars in specie, and it could not be supposed that we could sail with a clipper schooner on the wind, or in any other way. Our ship's armament consisted of two six pounders, twelve muskets, and the same number of boarding pikes, and a brace or two of pistols; my private armament consisted of a good rifle, a large ducking gun, a double barrel Manton, a pair of duelling pistols, and a patent steel capable of discharging six balls in as many seconds; and I accounted myself a good shot with 'em.

At 8 o'clock it was nearly calm, the chase all at sea on the lee quarter, and heading directly to us.

Mr. Tompkins was a six footer, a real down-east Yankee, who had been mate of the Ark, for all I knew, and he was equal to any man in that respect; although he might have been taken for twenty years of age, if seen going aloft, there were people who had known him at least that time as chief mate. He always obeyed orders promptly, never failed to have an answer ready, and exacted from his crew the same prompt and strict obedience that he paid to his superior officer. The second mate, Mr. Turner, was a young man of good education, looking forward to promotion and promising to do honor to himself as a commander, after a few years' more experience. My crew were all active young men, and the cook (or Doctor as he was called) was a real specimen of a first rate runaway Virginia slave; he could cook as well as he could fiddle, and on a Saturday night he would amuse all hands, by a tale of a possum hunt, or a bear drive. Having now described our crew, our vessel, and all we knew of the stranger, I will have to put the patient reader in possession of the facts for which he is anxiously looking. My orders were as follows, and they were obeyed in as short time as I shall write them. "Mr. Tompkins, load the small arms, one half and four buck-

shot in each; look to the flints; also load the great guns with round canister."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Doctor put two iron bolts in the fire, and keep them red hot, and fill your coppers with boiling water."

"Mr. Turner, muster all the hats and pea jackets, and stick one on each handspike near about the posts; it will make him think that we are well manned; and trace up all the ports, sir, and put a log of wood out of each and give them a dab of black paint. Mr. Tompkins, send old Brown to the helm, and tell him to 'steer small.'"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"These arrangements being completed, I went down below, and loaded my arms; and on examining the 'Doctor,' I found that he was quite familiar with the instrument of death, the rifle; I accordingly gave him my flask and bag of balls, and other materials, telling him I should call on him to load for me when the time came.

"Oh, never fear, massa, gib us breeze, and him not catch us so easy," grinning from ear to ear, and whetting his long knife on a stone.

I put a ball and four slugs into my double barrel, and a half handful of buckshot into my 'ducker,' and a quantum sufficit of balls into the pistols. I had scarcely made these arrangements when Tompkins called.

"He's sweeping his bow off, sir, and I reckon he's going to slip long Tom into us."

I jumped on deck, and it was now dead calm: it was too evident this was his intention.

"Down flat upon deck, every soul of you," shouted I. All obeyed except Tompkins, who coolly looked through the glass.

"There she flashes, sir," and in another instant a heavy shot whistled through our main-top gallant sail.

"He shoots well, that's a fact," said Tompkins. I looked as the smoke curled lazily away, and saw that he had not the same flag flying. "Tompkins, what's that at her peak?"

"It looks, sir, like a red shirt with the Doctor's head in it, and a couple of bones rigged across his chin."

Sure enough, it was a red flag, with a black Death's head and narrow bones painted on it. I cannot say that I felt relieved at these symptoms; yet my mind was made up that we were lost, and it remained only for us to die game. There seemed nothing short of Providence to save us; if it remained calm, he would bore through with his long gun; if it breezed up, he could outsail us.

"Mr. Tompkins, keep an eye to him, and let me know of any movement. Mr. Turner, bend on the weather studding sails, all ready to run out; perhaps we can outsail him off the wind when the breeze comes."

This order was scarcely obeyed, when Tompkins reported, "they are getting a tackle on the foreyard and another in the main rigging," and to hoist out their launch to board us, by heavens."

"I like that Mr. Tompkins, for the rascally captain and half his crew will come in here, certain of an easy prey; but if my aim don't fail me, few of that boat's crew will return, be they more or less. Mr. Turner, hoist those two guns up on the poop deck at once, for if we want them at all, it will be over the stern. Are you a good shot, Mr. Tompkins?"

"When I was younger, sir, I was called a little the best shot in Kennebec, and I guess I could fetch a turkey at a hundred yards now with a straight rifle."

"Then, sir, do you take charge of the twelve muskets, and let Jim load for you as fast you fire, while the Doctor and I will keep my own tools busy."

The pirate's launch was now manned, and pulling ten oars for us lustily, while a group of men were collected forward and in the stern sheets of her, perhaps twenty or twenty five altogether, scarcely a mile astern, and as we were almost entirely becalmed, gained rapidly on us. There was no occasion to call the people aft to give my orders, for they were collected round the captain with anxious faces and blanched cheeks.

"If they succeed in getting alongside, boys," said I, "we will retreat with our arms to the cabin, and let them board us, and through the wind and cabin door we may clear the decks; if not I shall reserve my last pistol for the powder magazine, which is at hand, and we will all go together, and dismount the rascals. But I trust it will not be necessary to come to that. Nail down the fore scuttle, Mr. Turner; if they get alongside, mind every one retreat to the cabin, or die like a dog on deck, if he please."

"There they shoot, sir, and pull ahead, as if at a whale," said the mate, "and here comes a little breeze, too, perhaps it will strike us before the villains get near enough."

"They are in range of rifle, sir."

"No, sir, wait until they get near enough to be sure of the leader—within an hundred yards. There she breezes, thank God! 'Good full,' Brown, and nothing off. We have breeze before the schooner, but it is very light yet, and the launch guns last. Now, Doctor, stand by, mind you ram the ball home, be cool, never mind the patches. Stand by Tompkins, aim at the group in the bow while I take the stern—are you ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Fire!" and down went the rascal at the tiller, and one at the bow.

"Load her quick Doctor, and let me give them Joe Manton; in the meantime, fire away Tompkins, as fast as you please, only take good aim—be cool."

"Cool as a cucumber, sir."

My double barreled gun dropped one on the water, and caused some confusion in the after part of the boat. "Put it into them, sir, we have not lost a ball yet. Give me the rifle, Doctor!"

"Yes, sir, be ready, I spit on the bar for luck."

This discharge caused them, with the increased breezes to lay on the oars an instant, and then pulled round for the schooner; they had only six oars out. "Three cheers, my lads, and fire as long as you can reach them. There, the schooner begins to feel the breeze. Mr. Turner, run up the weather studding sails, keep her off two points, for he must pick up his boat. There she breezes, thank Heaven! Steady, Brown, steady."

"Steady, sir."

"Keep her straight, for your life! Steward, give the lads a glass of grog at once."

boat and hoisted her on board, we had gained a mile or two, and we were now going eight or nine knots with a free wind.

"Watch her close, Tompkins, let me know if she gains on us."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Mr. Turner, we are a little by the stern; carry every thing portable chock forward—carpenter's chest, harness cask, roll those two after casks forward—be lively, sir. Swab those guns out, Doctor, we'll have another dab at them yet, I hear; for he sails like a witch."

"Yes, sir, him going to Africa for ivory and gold and dust—dat's what dey call nigger trading."

"She gains, sir, but slowly; he hasn't got the best of the breeze yet, perhaps."

"So, that will do Mr. Turner; now get a small pull of your weather top sail and top gallant braces. Well, sir,—well all!"

"They are hoisting that d—d great square sail, sir, and she springs to it like a tiger."

"Mr. Turner, slack a little of your topmast and top gallant backstays to the windward—carefully, sir, not so much—and then send all chock forward—every pound will help."

"Four bells, sir, hold the reel."

"No never mind the bells, nor the reel Tompkins; what use is it to us now? Keep your eye on the schooner, and let me know when the six pounders will tell on him; we may shoot away his topmast by good luck."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Tompkins was so mechanically correct in every thing that he would, no doubt have brought his quadrant on deck and observed for the sun, if it had been noon, and I not interred. He was as cool as possible, and his conduct seemed to put nerve into the men.

"He gains fast, sir; I can see the red cap on the rascal the helm—let me give him a shot, sir?"

"Well, sir, fire away if you think you can reach him. Doctor, bring your logheader, and when I give word, touch her quicker. So, lit her breach a little mite, Tom, so, so,—stand by—give it to her!" and away went our little shot and struck the water about two thirds of the way to the schooner.

"Loud up again, Tompkins, and leave out the canister, and the shot will go straighter; aim higher than before, say for the royal,—now give it to him!"

"Plump into his square sail, sir; but forty thousand souls would not hit him hard. Oh, if we only could borrow his long Tom for an hour or two! The Sarpat is sure of us or would fire it himself."

At this crisis the chase was only a mile or a mile and a half astern, and could easily have bored us through; but I presume he was afraid to yaw his vessel enough to bring the gun to bear, and it would, no doubt, kill his wind in a considerable degree; as he was gaining perceptibly, he calculated to be alongside of us long before night.

"Load up, again, sir, and I will try my luck, for it must be a mere chance shot that does him any harm."

"All ready, sir."

"Stand by, Doctor, and when I give the word, touch her quick—Fire!"

The shot struck the water just under her bow.

"Now for the other gun; I shall do better.—Ready—Fire! His topmast totters! it falls, by heavens!"

A spontaneous cheer from our crew seemed to assure us of safety. "Give me the glass, boy.—They are cutting the wreck away as fast as possible, it is determined to overhaul us. Keep off too points, round to the weather braces a full, run out that lower studding sail,—be handy lads. Watch the rascals, Tompkins, with the glass, and let me know if we gain on him."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The breeze was now fresh, well on the quarter, and we were sure to gain on him until his topmast could be replaced, which, with a large and active crew, bent on revenge, would cost him but an hour's work.

"She drops, sir, she drops! I can just see that nigger's head on the flag; halt an hour ago, I could see the marrow bones."

"Very well, sir, let the people now get a bite of dinner, for we shall have more work to do yet, to get clear of him, if we do at all."

"I don't know what more we can do, sir, unless we grease the bottom," said Tompkins with a smile.

"We have yet one principal resort, my dear sir, and will go to it at the moment we get something to work upon, if he gain upon us."

Tompkins cut a new quid of tobacco, of which he had made uncommonly free use that morning, and by that only did he show any signs of anxiety.

"Get your dinners, Mr. Tompkins and Mr. Turner, I can't go down to eat while the fellow is dogging us. Send me up a bit of biscuit and a glass of wine."

"Aye, aye, sir."

lore came out of her, and overboard.

"Look well to your trim, Mr. Tompkins; do not take too many from one side. Send boy Jim on the poop to keep an account of the number as they pass by. Over with them, boys, you are now working for your lives." But no encouragement was necessary, for the men stripped to their trousers only, worked like tigers.

"Mr. Tompkins, cut away this stern boat; every little helps—let her go, sir, at once—that's it. These large bales will oblige him to steer wild or to run against them."

We continued this work for nearly an hour, before we began perceptibly to gain on the schooner. But by four o'clock he had dropped more than half a mile; yet, to make sure, we did not abate our exertions until after five o'clock, when four hundred out of a thousand bales had been thrown over. During the operation I could hardly refrain from laughing at the remarks which escaped from the men, after we began to gain.

"Huzza, boys!" said one, "over with them, the underwriters are rich."

"Watch there—watch!" cried another, as he rolled a bale over; "them will do for him to buy niggers with."

"I wish my old woman had a bale of that," said the doctor.

As soon as the pirate discovered that we were gaining, he gave us several shots of his long Tom, but the distance was too great, and by sunset he was hulled down from the poop; a few minutes after he hauled in his square sails, and rounded to; and when last seen, was very busy in picking up the bale goods, which would, no doubt, come in play, though not quite so acceptable to him as the dollars would have been, sweetened with our blood. At dusk we could not just discern the villain, lying to.

"See all secure in hold, Mr. Tompkins, and put on the hatches; and as we have a steady trade wind, let her go till midnight south south west, and let all hands get some rest. I must do the same, for I am nearly done up."

The excitement being over, I was nearly prostrate, and after thanking God with more fervor and sincerity than I ever prayed before, I threw myself into my berth, but had a feverish and dreamy sleep till twelve o'clock, when my trusty mate called me according to orders.

"Twelve o'clock, sir."

"How is the wind and weather?"

"Fresh trade, sir—clear and pleasant—moon just rising—going nine, large."

"Take in the lower studding sail, Tompkins, and haul up south and east, if she'll go it good full."

"Aye, aye, sir."

It is sufficient to inform the patient reader that we saw no more of the pirate, and made much better progress now that our bonny barque was in ballast trim only. We finished our passage without further trouble. Many were the jokes cracked by all hands, as they talked over the events of that day of excitement. The underwriters not only paid for the cargo thrown overboard at once, on receiving the news but on learning the particulars, voted a piece of plate for me, and a gratuity in cash for the mates and men of equal value.

In conclusion, I have merely to remark, that the above tale is founded on facts, and is not expected to interest any, except nautical men, being too full of technicalities to amuse the general reader, and too unimportant to claim the notice of the literati.

## From the New Orleans Picayune.

### RAISING THE DEVIL.

"LEGEND OF ALBERTUS MAGNUS."

"And had thou nerve enough!" he said,  
That gray old man above whose head  
Unnumbered years have rolled;  
And hadst thou nerve to view, he cried,  
The incarnate fiend that Heaven doth!

"Art thou indeed so bold!"  
"Say, canst thou, with unsinking gaze,  
Sustain, rash youth, the withering gaze  
Of that unearthly eye,  
That blasts wh'er'er it lights,—the breath  
That, like the Simoon, scatters death  
On all that yet can die?"

"Darest thou confront that fearful form,  
That rides the whirlwind and the storm  
In wild, unyielding revel;  
The terrors of that blasted brow,  
Archangel's eyes, that' turned now,  
"Aye—darest thou face the Devil?"

"I dare!" the desperate youth replied,  
And placed him by the old man's side  
In fierce and frantic glee,  
Unblanched his cheek, and firm his limb;  
"No paltry juggling fiend, but I am,  
The Devil! I am would see!"

"In all his Gorgon terrors clad,  
His worst, his boldest shape, the lad  
Rejoiced in reckless tone,  
"Have, then, thy wish," Albertus said,  
And signed and shook his hoary head  
With many a bitter groan.

He drew the mystic circle's bound,  
With scull and crossbones bent around;  
He traced full many a signet throw,  
He muttered many a backward prayer,  
That sounded like a curse—  
"The conjurer cried, with wild grimace,  
"The boldest of Apollon's race?"  
Then to his startled pupil's face  
He dashed an—(UNBORN) PERSUASION.

A Western Localities editor says, "that if a man owed the Devil ten bars and should send him the price of the Louisville Journal, His Imperial Majesty would return him a receipt in full."

Let no man be too proud to work. Let no man be ashamed of a hard fist or sunburnt face. Let no man be ashamed of ignorance and sloth. Let no man be ashamed of poverty. Let him only be ashamed of idleness and dishonesty.

To obtain different flowers from the same stem—Split a small twig of elder bush lengthways and having scooped out the pith, fill each of the compartments with seeds of flowers of different sorts, but which blossom about the same time; surround them with mould; and then tying together the two halves of the twig, plant the whole in a pot filled with earth properly prepared. The seeds of the different flowers will then be so incorporated as to exhibit to the eye only one stem throwing out branches covered with flowers analogous to the seed which produced them.

## From the Knickerbocker.

We chanced lately to encounter the following beautiful passage in our note-book, where it stands credited to Balver:—"It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding-place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its waves, and sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from temples of our hearts, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties; forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us; leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth! There is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean; and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever." Now we can only say that if this was written by Mr. Balver, somebody wrote something very much like it in good blank verse, twenty-five years ago, in Blackwood's Magazine.

"It cannot be that for an abiding-place  
This earth alone is ours; it cannot be  
That for a fleeting span of chequered years,  
Of broken sunshine, cloudiness and storm,  
We tread this sublunary scene—and die;  
Like winds that wait amid a dreary wood,  
To silence and to nothingness; like waves  
That murmur on the sea-beach and dissolve,  
Why then from out the temple of our hearts  
Do aspirations spring, that overlap  
The barriers of our mortal destiny,  
And claim us to the very gates of Heaven?  
Why does the beauty of a vernal morn,  
When Earth, exulting from her wintry tomb,  
Breaks forth, with early flowers and song of birds,  
Strike on our hearts, as ominous, and say,  
Sorrow man's fate is such! At summer eve,  
Why do the fairy, unsubstantial clouds,  
Tricked out in rainbow-garments, glimmer forth,  
To mock us with their loveliness, and tell  
That earth hath not of these? The tiny stars,  
That gem in countless clusters the midnight sky,  
Why were they placed so far beyond the grasp  
Of sight and comprehension, so beyond  
The expansion of our finite faculties,  
If one day, like the isles that speak the main,  
These worlds should spread not open to our view?  
Why do the mountain-steeps their solitudes  
Expand—or roaring down the dizzy rocks,  
The mighty cataracts descend in foam?  
Is it to show our insignificance?  
To tell us we are naught? Am I finally,  
If born not to behold aernal things,  
Why have we glimpses of beatitude—  
Have images of majesty and beauty  
Presented to our gaze—and taken from us?"

We must not be understood to hint that Mr. Balver plagiarized from this poem. It is more probable that some other English writer paraphrased the lines for his own purposes, and that the extreme beauty of the language has caused them to be attributed to the eminent novelist.

Excellent Advice.—Set a value on the smallest morsels of knowledge.—These fragments are as the dust of diamonds.

A man may learn that in two minutes which may be valuable to him all his life.

Learn all you can, and you will live to see its value.

Never let slip an opportunity of gaining a new idea.

Remember that the beginning of the sublime sciences are often so simple as to seem worthless. Redeem time for study. The busiest workman can spare some moments.

Whether you work or play, do it in earnest, but never remain unemployed an instant.

Always have a book within your reach which you may catch up at your old moments.

The Spanish proverb says: A man changes his mind, a fool never will.

A Novel Position.—Napoleon remarked, that there was but "one step from the sublime to the ridiculous." We thought so yesterday, when at the close of Mr. Brownson's services, at Richie hall, a Mormon ascended the desk and soon occupied a position which excited the risible faculties of some of the congregation.

He appeared to be an elderly man, wears a long shaggy beard, and has doubtless often been seen in the streets by our readers, and considered by them as a nondescript of whom they could make nothing. He said, with much gravity and solemnity, that when Jesus went into the synagogue, he opened the book of the law, and read a portion of the Scripture. In imitation of him, he should do likewise; and proceeded to read a chapter from the sacred writings.—When he had gone through with the service, he added, that when the Saviour had finished reading, he sat down. In further imitation of this divine example, he would also take his seat. But here the parallel closed as if by special interposition of Providence; and the simple began to run on four legs. It so chanced, that a long sentence was placed directly in the rear of this new light; and when the Reverend Mormon was about to sit down with most happy complacency on the end of the aforesaid bench—the legs or supporters of which were not so near the end as they should have been—the bench tipped up, the preacher tumbled down, and disappeared behind the desk from the wondering gaze of the spectators, and was afterwards seen sprawling on the floor in most adured disorder. Sic transit gloria mundi—so passes away the glory of the world.

He rose in much embarrassment, and with evidently abated notions of divinity.—Bay State Dem.

Only have Confidence.—I was asked by one of our friends, "what the world rested upon?" The reply was, "upon the back of an immense turtle." Then the question came up, "what does the turtle stand upon?" No one could tell. How similar is the following reasoning:

"Upon what is our present Banking system based?"

"Public confidence."

"What is there to sustain this public confidence?"

"Who can tell?"—Chicago Democrat.