

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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MISCELLANEOUS.

The Sleepers.—(From the German.)—The infant slept, resting on the cheek of the old man. The two distant points of life were thus brought together. The fair golden hair of the grandson, mingled with the silvery locks of the grandfater. The two extreme links of mortality were united.

"This bed is beautiful!—but the feeble, withered stalk is venerable, for it has borne blossoms, and given forth its sweet fruits, and sheltered beneath its leaves the melodious choir of singing birds."

"There is a sweet smile upon the lips of the octogenarian!—How noble and pure must that long life have been, which still pours forth on the countenance its kind and gentle reflection. How God-like must have been his career, when through all the griefs and sorrows of a mortal life, that holy, innocent laugh of infancy rests upon thy lips, and the last limit of life is trod upon fearlessly, calmly and hopefully!"

"What can that gentle, sweet smile signify? Does it show that he thinks of her who has long since descended to the grave—that the days of his youth have returned to him, and that he greets her with the first kiss of love? Or is it, that the day has come back to his thoughts, when his wife presented him with their first born and called it by his name? Or is it that he thinks of the time, when his son first returned from the battle field, crowned with the laurel of victory?"

"But now approaches that son with his spouse. He wishes to know if his father would remain long in the garden, with the tiny grandchild. Both are discovered sleeping beneath a lolly palm tree. The hot day had burned down—the evening had changed to the cool twilight—the pure air stirred hot, and cooled, and branched, into a sweet evening breeze. All things seemed to sleep, and the grandchild and his grandfater slumbered sweetly."

"Shall I wake them?" said the son gently to his spouse.

"Oh! no—their sleep is heavenlike," she replied; "but may I take the boy out of his arms, and seem to press too heavily on the cheek of his grandfater?"

"Oh! they rest together so deliciously," answered the son. "In the arms of the grandfater the boy is secure—safe as if he leant on the bosom of Alla, and to whom could we more securely trust him?"

"The spouse laughed with a mother's joy, and both departed. Then came two vampires—the one swept over the child with the sweet blood, and the other approached to the heart of the old man. They inserted their soft tongues, and as they did so, they flapped with their outspread wings—like a diligent servant who fans his sleeping master, and brings a cool air, where all else is heated. The blood sprang forth—the breath became weak—the slumber deeper and deeper, until it ended in the long, long sleep of death. Then flew away the vampires, satisfied with the heart's blood of both."

"When then, the son and his spouse returned, they found locked in each other's arms, the corpse of grandfater and grandson, and little thought they, as they wept, that the young and the old were then resting on the bosom of Alla, where there are safety, security and repose to be found."

If there is any man who may eat his bread in peace with God, it is the man who has brought his bread out of the earth by his own honest industry;—it is caskered by no fraud, it is wet with no tears, it is stained with no blood.—*Coleman.*

A Sailor's description of Hunting.—Going to my father the other day, he ax'd me to take a gun hunting with him. So when the swather ax'd me to rig the horses, they brought me one to my own board of—*and* that they told me was such right trim, she would go as fast on a Paulownia cutter. So I got aolt, and I stepped myself atwart ship, and made as much noise as the best on 'em; and to the windward of a gress-pole, we espied a hare at anchor; and so we rigged, and bore away, and just as I had overta, my horse came plump ashore upon a rock, and back she booke, she pitched me over the side, and came reel upwards and unshipped my gun, and hang me if I ever sail on land again.

Chamberlain's physician having informed me that he was dying "by inches," he thanked me for not so tall by a foot and a half.—*Thomas Robinson.*

Is a poor rule that won't work both ways?—*Chamberlain.*—said when he sent it back again at Chamberlain's.

Mad Coopers was badly cut with a knife, by a fellow, in Vicksburg, a few days since. This fellow's cutting Capers is wrong.

THE STARS OF NIGHT.

Whence are your glorious goings forth,
Ye children of the sky,
In whose bright silence seems the power,
Of all eternity?
For time hath let his shadow fall
O'er many an ancient light;
But ye walk above in the brightness still—
Oh, glorious stars of night!

The vestal lamp in Grecian fane
Hath faded long ago;
On Persia's hill the worshipp'd flame
Hath lost its ancient glow;
And long the heaven-sent fire is gone,
With Salem's temple bright;
But ye watch o'er wandering Israel yet,
Oh, changeless stars of night!

Long have you looked upon the earth,
O'er vale and mountain brow;
Ye saw the ancient cities rise,
And gild their ruins now;
Ye beam upon the cottage home,
The conqueror's path of might,
And shed your light alike on all,
Oh, precious stars of night!

But where are they who learned from you
The fates of coming time,
Ere yet the pyramids arose,
Amid their deserts dim?
Yet still in wilds and deserts far,
Ye bless the watcher's sight;
And shine where bark hath never been,
Oh, lovely stars of night!

Much have ye seen of human tears,
Of human hope and love;
And fearful deeds of darkness too,
Ye witness above!
Say, will that black'ning record live
Forever in your sight;
Watching for judgment on the earth,
Oh, sleepless stars of night!

Yet glorious was the song that rose
With the fresh morning's dawn;
And still and our summer sky
Its echo lingers on;
Though ye have shone on many a grave,
Since Eden's early blight;
Ye tell of hope and glory still,
Oh, deathless stars of night!

AL KORAN.

The nature of the Turkish Creed is as little known to the people generally, as the Turkish character. Some of its points are curious enough.

The Turks insist upon the unity of God. They believe that the Saviour was the Son of the Virgin Mary and was conceived by the "Rahab," which is the breath of the spirit of God. They believe that he was a great prophet—that he had the power of performing miracles—that he foretold the coming of Mahomet, who is also no more than a prophet. They believe Christ shall come and judge the world—that he shall reign forty years in Damascus, during which time Anti Christ shall arise, after whose destruction Christ shall ascend into heaven, and then the day of Judgment shall be held. They believe that the Gospel was sent by Jesus, as the law was sent to Moses, and the Psalms to David.

They believe all the prophets of the Old Testament—they believe in paradise, in hell, but not in purgatory. Instead of this they have a place called "Araf," to be inhabited by those who have led an insignificant life, in which the good and evil are equally balanced. The paradise of Mahomet is sensual—lovely gardens, fair fountains, flowing rivers of milk and wine, the song of the Hoors—every thing is addressed to the senses.—So it is with their Hell—the wicked are to drink scalding water, and to eat the bitter fruit of Zaion. Still, for awhile they have hope, if their faith be pur against torment, after all their sins be washed away in the waters of Sataboul, they are admitted into Paradise. But to those who have no faith, the fires of hell are eternal. The Turkish belief in fatalism is well known; it is this, in connection with the reward of Paradise, to those who die in battle, which makes the Ottoman soldier a formidable foe.—*London Quarterly.*

"Well, how do you like your husband?" said a female friend to a newly married lady.

"Oh, he's a duck of a man," replied she who was enjoying the honeymoon.

"A duck, eh!" said the querist, "ah! then I have been mistaken in my opinion of his species; I always believed him to be a goose!"

Good for Him.—At one of our fashionable watering places, recently, happened a self-important foreigner, who, upon hearing the dinner bell ring past three o'clock, exclaimed—"Is it possible you dine at this early hour in this country! Why I have not been used to dining till 7 or 8 o'clock in London."

"Our second table folks dine here very late also," was the reply of a Yankee present.

Happy Return.—Napoleon's hat once fell off at a review, when a young lieutenant stepped forward, picked it up, and returned it to him. "Thank you, captain," said the Emperor. "In what regiment, sir?" retorted the Sab, quick as lightning. Napoleon smiled, passed on, and forthwith had the lucky youth promoted to the step of his ambition.

Old Maids.—A sprightly writer expresses his opinion of old maids in the following manner, and we cannot but admit that there is much justice in his remarks:

"I am inclined to believe that many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids, tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a woman remarkably neat in her person? 'She will certainly be an old maid.' Is she particularly reserved towards the other sex? 'She has all the squeamishness of an old maid.' Is she frugal in her expenses, and exact in her domestic concerns? 'She is cut out for an old maid.' And if she is kindly humane to the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of 'an old maid.' In short, I have always found, that neatness, modesty, economy, and humanity, are the never failing characteristics of that terrible creature, 'an old maid!'"

Ann Rose has married Joseph Sweet in Philadelphia. Joe thought that "A Rose by any other name would smell as Sweet."

The Melon Seeds.—The Mills Point Herald gives a sketch of great interest relative to a lawyer of this city. It is a column long, and we must condense it. It relates, that at a restaurant in this city, one night was assembled a party of young Creoles, at the invitation of one of their number who had just taken out license to practice law in Louisiana. The host after drinking much wine, got busterous, and looked around, anxious to find somebody to insult. He at last discovered a spare old man in a corner, at whom he commenced firing melon seeds from between the thumb and finger. The first one hit him on the left ear. The second struck his hat, and the third rebounded from his breast.

"You are a bad shot," said the old man, rising—"I will give you a few lessons," and he handed his card. The parties met with pistols next morning on the Shell Road, near the half-way house. The Creole fired first, and missed.

"Monsieur," said the stranger, "you are too hasty and you bear too hard on the trigger, but it is my turn, I advise you to stand cool and firm, the least variation might cost you your life. You aimed at my eye yesterday, but hit my ear—it was well you missed." He raised the pistol, and muttering "Monsieur's right ear," he fired—the lower lappet of the right ear was shot away.

"One lesson at a time," said the unknown, "is enough; here, sir, is your first melon seed. Adieu, you shall hear of me again."

Twelve months had passed—the occurrence above related was almost forgotten by the actors—when one evening at the Theatre D' Orleans, the Creole felt a slight tap on the shoulder; he turned, and the mysterious stranger of the restaurant stood by his side. "Monsieur," whispered he, "I owe you another lesson, are you at leisure to-morrow morning?"

"A votre service, Monsieur."

They met again, and the Creole missed. Said the old man "you have not improved much since your last lesson. Your second shot at the restaurant struck my hand, therefore this goes on the same spot," and at the firing of the pistol, the Creole's left hand hung in shreds to his arm.

"The next time you meet, Monsieur, your breast shall be the target," exclaimed the unknown, as he handed over the second melon seed carefully wrapped up in a piece of paper. "An revoir."

The Creole recovered but lost his spirits, and was a changed man.

A few weeks ago, the Creole received a small package from Havana, accompanied by a letter from a hotel keeper there, stating that the said package was ordered to be sent to his address by a foreign gentleman who had there died.

He opened the box, and found therein a small purse containing one melon seed.—THE STRANGER WAS NO MORE!

The writer of the sketch says the above is no fiction, and that the principal actor even now resides in New Orleans, a retired and respectable member of the bar; and often relates the above sketch of his adventure to his friends, to show how dearly he paid for the excess of one night at the restaurant.—*Crescent City.*

"Some people," said the Deacon, at a Conference meeting, "say and maintain that there is no soul. Now, I say, there is one. There can be no doubt about it. I am as certain of it as I am that I have just received a load of tea from China—and I will sell it as cheap as any other man."

A Victim of Superstition.—A lady arrived in Exeter lately, bringing a female servant with her. On the day after her arrival, the latter broke a looking glass. She became much alarmed at the trifling circumstance, covered over the glass with a handkerchief, and turned it to the wall that she might not see it. She expressed her conviction that it fore-boded a life of trouble and misfortune, and could not dismiss the subject from her mind.

She said she should never prosper in the world again. Haunted by this idea, she became sad, dejected, and went to bed on Wednesday, two days after the accident, poorly and miserable, retiring earlier than usual, on account of her illness.

The next day she was worse, and her mistress desired her to get up. On Friday, one of the most experienced medical gentlemen of the place was called in. He found her free from bodily pain, but suffering under a perfect prostration of strength and spirits. She continued to sink until 12 o'clock next day, when she expired a victim to the absurd superstition of the dreadful consequences of—breaking a looking glass!—*N. H. Standard.*

"What are you crying for?" asked Trap of a miser, who had witnessed an execution lately.

"That's one of my suspended debts," replied the man. "That fellow you see with his neck broke, owed me fifty dollars."

L. A. W. Law.—Tom strikes Dick with a corn-stalk, on which Dick brings an action against Tom, whose offence is set forth by Dick's attorney in the following language:—"And that, whereas the said Thomas at said town on the year and day met last aforesaid, in, and upon the body of the said Richard, against the peace of this State, then and there being, did make a most violent assault, and inflicted a great many and divers blows, kicks, cuts, thumps, contusions, gashes, wounds, hurts, cuts, damages, and injuries, in and upon the head, neck, breast, stomach, hips, knees, shins and heels, of the said Richard—with divers sticks, staves, stones, guns, swords, dirks, bowie-knives, daggers, pistols, cutlasses, bludgeons, blunderbusses, and boarding pikes, then and there held in the hands, paws, fist, claws, teeth and clutches, of him, the said Thomas."

Words Filly Spoken.—Nothing could effectually redeem the nation, nothing could ever restore the palmy days of her past prosperity, but patient labor, general habits of economy, and the retrenchment of individual expenditures.

It is a saying of Dr. Southey's "that five as long as you may the first twenty years are the longest half of your life. They appear so while they are passing—they seem to have been so while we look back to them, and they take up more room in our memory than all the years that succeed them."

A Norman Pilot and his family.—The "Excursions in Normandy" gives the following vivid description of a bold and fearless Norman Pilot:

"In the night of the 21st of August, 1777, in a most tremendous storm, a vessel attempted to run into the harbour of Dieppe. Bousard, the Pilot, who was never missing when the tempest raged, was on the pier, and seeing that the Captain of the ship made several false manœuvres, he called to him with his speaking trumpet, directing him what to do, and strove by his gestures to render himself intelligible. Owing to the storm and darkness his efforts proved unavailing, and the ship struck about thirty fathoms above the pier. Every body excepting Bousard gave up the crew for lost.—Determined to save them, he was going to take a rope around his body and carry it to the ship; but his wife and children and his friends surrounded him and besought him by all that is sacred, not to rush uselessly into utter destruction. Bousard listened only to the voice of humanity, and he at length prevailed upon them to take home his wife and children.

Having tied one end of the rope to his body, and fastened the other to the pier, he plunged into the sea. Twenty times did the waves hurl him back upon the beach, and as often did he plunge again into the raging billows. A fresh wave flung him towards the ship, and he disappeared beneath her. A general cry of horror proclaimed his destruction. But he had only dived to lay hold of a sailor whom the sea swept from the deck and whom he contrived to take senseless to the shore. A last attempt to reach the ship proved successful; he clambered her side, and conveyed to the crew the rope by which they were drawn ashore one after another. But Bousard had not yet finished his glorious work. Exhausted with his exertions, he was conducted by his friends to the nearest house. A gust of wind wafted to the shore the cry of a passenger who had been left behind, and Bousard so learned that there was another fellow creature to save. He felt his strength renewed, and before those about him were aware, he had rushed out of the house, plunged again into the sea, and was battling with the same difficulties which he had before encountered, and which he overcame with the like success.

The passenger was saved. Eight out of ten persons owed their lives to his courageous exertions. Louis XVI made him a present of a thousand francs and settled on him a pension of three hundred. He was appointed keeper of the pier lighthouse—an office which has ever since been held by the Bousards; descending from father to son; and not a year has passed unmarked by deeds worthy of the first possessor. Close to the parapet of the pier of Dieppe is a pole covered with copper, to which is fastened a chain.—Here, in every storm since 1777, whether in the night or the day, a Bousard has taken his station, clinging to the chain, and served as a warning voice to those whom danger and the tempestuous sea pursued into the harbor. And though the waves broke over him, though they washed him from his post of honor, rising from their bosom he would again give advice with his speaking trumpet, in defiance of the sea and all its efforts. Fifty times has a Bousard risked his life to save the lives of others. Napoleon ordered a house to be built for him close to the spot where the first Bousard performed his heroic achievement. He gave him the cross of honor. For more than half a century, whenever there has been a vessel or a fellow creature to save, the people have asked—'Have we no Bousard here?'"

One of the good things in Trumbull Hook's last is where, speaking of Railroads and Steamboats, to both of which he frequently signifies his abhorrence, he says that they annihilate both space and time, as the newspapers say, not to mention a multitude of passengers besides.

Securing out of Jail.—A New Plan.—In a village down east somewhere a "Bankrupt" was imprisoned because he couldn't pay his debts. It was customary with a certain clergyman to visit the prisoners once or twice a week and give them advice and instruction. It so happened that on the day after the debtor was imprisoned the clergyman visited the jail, and his attention was arrested by the vociferous language of some person in an adjoining cell venting the most horrid imprecations and blasphemies. The good man instantly hurried to the scene of confusion, where he beheld an individual standing on an old stool in a corner, ripping and swearing wholesale oaths at the walls, grates, floor and door of the jail, his fellow prisoners, and every thing around him. The minister approached the debtor and said to him—"Friend, it is very wrong to swear as you do; why will you do it?"

"Because," replied the prisoner, "I've understood that a man may swear out of jail in thirty days, and I want to see if I can't do it in fifteen. I'm going to set up all night and do my d—d—d!"—*Piscataway.*

Fighting Men.—An honest farmer who was at an agricultural show dinner, where the late Duke of Buccleuch was in the chair, and a round of fighting men being toasted—engiving Wellington, another Graham, a third Lord Hill, and so on, said, when it came to his turn, "I'll give ye Saunders Prigvie, o' Crichtondeen, for he's had a sarfe fecht wi' the world a' his life—an honest man wi' a big family."—*Angus Chronicle.*

Wearing Long Hair.—The great industry man (listen in the cultivation of the hair crop by the rising generation," has called forth a considerable quantity of ridicule from our brethren of the press. May they not have been doing these young gentlemen injustice by attributing to vanity what is actually a matter of necessity? We have examined a little deeper than the surface to come at the truth in regard to it, and are inclined to believe that this redundancy of hair has been adopted by the wearers in order to supply a lack in the weight of brains and ballast the head on the shoulders.—*Columbia (S. C.) Chronicle.*

A Sultan's Present.—A splendid Arabian blood horse was brought here in the bark Eliza, arrived on Thursday from Zanzibar, as a present from the Sultan of Muscat, in David Pinogree, Esq. of this city. Two Arabs were likewise sent over by the

Sultan to take charge of the steed, and they attract a great deal of notice whenever they appear in the street, on account of the singular and picturesque style of their native costume.—*Salen Register.*

Law is like a window of stained glass, giving its own peculiar tint and hue to the bright rays of truth which shine through it.

A gentleman in East Tennessee, (Mr. James Shields,) having seen in the Advocate an account of the death of a person from the bite of a rattlesnake, sends us two remedies for the effectual cure of the bite of that venomous reptile, which abounds in our State. Our correspondent says: "I was occasionally with different tribes of Indians in Missouri during the summers of 1820 and 1821—and the remedy below was the universal practice; and I never knew it to be otherwise than to produce a successful cure in the case, unless the fangs of the snake pierced a vein—when such occurred it was beyond the reach of remedy, as the poison went with the circulation of the blood." The following is the remedy used by the Indians of Missouri:—Take of Black Ash leaves,—also of the stem of same; boil to a strong decoction; make the sufferer drink as much as the stomach will bear for ten hours; at the same time keep a poultice of strong tobacco on the wound; renew the tobacco every two hours.—A radical cure will be effected in ten hours.—"If you will confine a rattlesnake (the size) under the shade of the black ash 24 hours, it will die. I noticed that all Indians would camp for the night in summer under the black ash; and would give their reason, that was holy ground, that nothing evil would enter there." The second remedy Mr. Shields sends us as follows: So soon as the snake bites, drink one table spoonful of spirits of turpentine, and apply the same measure to the wound. I would advise all hunters to carry a vial of the turpentine while on their excursions in the woods." We return our thanks to Mr. Shields for forwarding us the above remedies; and if they should be the means of preventing the death of any person, he will feel more than repaid for his trouble in furnishing them for publication.—*Southern Advocate.*

To make permanent marking Ink.—Take 61 cents worth of lunar caustic, and having put it in an ounce vial filled with vinegar, cork it tight and hang it in the sun. In a couple of days it will be fit for use.

To make the preparation for the above, take a lump of paraffin the size of a chestnut, and dissolve it in a gill of rainwater.

The part of the muslin which is to be written upon is to be wet with the preparation, and dried and glazed with a warm flat-iron; immediately after which it is ready for marking.

A little vinegar in which rusty nail has remained for a few days, makes a mark on linen which is not easily obliterated—forming what is commonly called iron-mould.

Pious.—A joke that we have never heard told in English, is that of an honest old Dutchman who was solicited, among other members of the church, to subscribe for putting up a lightning rod on the building. The amount of his objection was that he considered it sacrilegious to interfere with human means when divinity chose to rattle down the stones of a temple of worship!

Strange Incident.—The Buffalo Commercial contains a notice of a mysterious occurrence which is exciting no little attention there. It seems that sometime last summer the death of a young lady was announced, the notice being furnished by her father, a gentleman of great respectability. It has lately been made known that her life was insured for \$10,000. The Company refuses to pay the amount on the ground that they are not satisfied as to the mode of her death. They have sent agents to procure evidence, and from the testimony they have collected it appears that about the time of the alleged death, a physician of that city was called to attend a young lady at the house of the gentleman alluded to. He did not think her dangerously sick, gave her some medicine, and knows nothing more of the matter. The Sexton did not see the corpse—nor did the officiating clergyman, as during the funeral ceremony the coffin remained closed. Doubts are expressed as to her being really dead, and an examination of the grave is suggested. If she be dead, the manner of her death would become a subject of investigation.

St. Pierre, in his "Study of Nature," says—"The nations that subsist on vegetable diet are of all men the handsomest, the most robust, the least exposed to disease and violent passions, and attain the greatest longevity."

"My wife is hard to beat," as the gentleman said who endeavored to chastise his lady, and suddenly found himself sprawling under the bed!

An old bachelor says, "If you see a man or woman, with little or no occasion, often finding fault and correcting one another in company, you may be sure they are man and wife."

Rather Short.—It is stated as a fact that Capt. Tyler had but six and one fourth cents in Uncle Sam's strong box, last Saturday week.

Sensation.—Innumerable facts serve to convince us that the mind cannot well attend to two or more sensations at the same time.

"Hold your tongue," said a Frenchman, "you talk so that I cannot taste my meat." The Frenchman was right; for attention to sounds is not less necessary to full perception than a healthful state of the organs of sense.

Creedality.—A lady, some time back, on a visit to the British Museum, on being told that the skull shown to her was that of "Oliver Cromwell," observed that that was strange, as she had seen another skull of the usurper in the Oxford Museum, which was much larger.

"Yes, madam," said the conductor, "but our specimen is that of his skull when he was very young."