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TERMS:

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MISCELLANEOUS.

A Happy Marriage—Excellent Advice.

THE FATHER AND DAUGHTER.
The following was brought to us a day or two ago, by an old and distinguished citizen, one who has seen much of the world, and who is able now to regard its movements with the eyes of a philosopher. Perhaps some of our readers have seen the article before. They may nevertheless read it again and again, and with advantage.—We have seldom met with more good sense in the same space. Let every young lady who regards it, fancy for a moment that her name is Sophy, and that her father is addressing her. The truth will then sink more deeply into her heart, and when her eyes wander unconsciously towards some manly form, some suitor whose voice has softened while conversing with her, and whose eyes have shone with a strange tenderness, the wise words of the father will be apt to rise to her memory, and influence her judgment and her feelings. The advice is excellent.

Philadel. Inquirer.

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS DAUGHTER
You are now, Sophy, grown up to woman's estate; and you are not to remain always single. Your mother and I would have you happy, because our happiness depends on yours. The happiness of a virtuous young woman, is to make an honest man happy; we must, therefore, think of marrying you. We must think of this business, for your fate through life depends on your marriage; and we cannot think too much upon it.
Nothing, perhaps, is more difficult than the choice of a good husband, except perhaps the choosing of a good wife. You, Sophy, will be this rare woman; you will be the pride of our lives, and our happiness in old age. But, however great merit you may have, there are men who have still more. There is no man who ought not to think it an honor to have you; there are many whom it would do you honor to obtain. Among this number the business is to find one suitable to you, to get acquainted with him, and to make him acquainted with you.
The greatest happiness of marriage, depends on so many points of agreement, that it would be a folly to think to find them all; the most important must be made sure of, preferable to the rest; if the others can be procured too, so much the better; if they cannot, they must be overlooked. Perfect happiness is not to be found in this world; but the greatest of misfortunes, and that which may always be avoided, is to be unhappy by one's own fault.
There is a suitability which may be called natural; there is also a suitability arising from the institutions of men, and a suitability that depends wholly on opinion; of the two last parents are the proper judges; of the first, the children only can judge. In marriages made by the authority of parents, the suitability that arises from civil institutions and opinions are alone minded; but between their rank and fortune; but both these are subject to change; the persons alone remain the same, in all places, and at all times; the happiness or unhappiness of the marriage state depends, in spite of fortune, on personal suitability.
Your mother was a woman of family; I had a large fortune; these were the sole considerations that influenced our parents to join us together. I have lost my fortune, what does it signify to her that she was born a lady? In the midst of our distress, the union of our hearts made up for every thing; the conformity of our tastes made us choose this retirement. We live happy in our poverty; each is to the other a friend and companion. Sophy is our common treasure; we thank the Almighty for giving her, and taking away every thing else.
You see, my dear child, whether Providence hath brought us. Those considerations which occasioned our marriage are vanished, and that which was accounted as nothing makes all our happiness.
It is for man and wife to suit themselves. Mutual inclination ought to be their first tie, first guides; for as their primary duty, after they are joined together, is to love one another, so to love, or not to love, doth not al-

ways depend upon us; this duty necessarily implies another, namely, to begin with loving one another before marriage. This is a law of nature which cannot be abrogated; those who have restricted it, by many civil laws, have more regard to the appearance of order than to the morals of the people. You see, my dear, that the morality we preach to you, is not difficult, it tends only to make you your own mistress, and to make us refer ourselves entirely to you for the choice of your husband.
After giving you our reasons for leaving you at full liberty to make your own choice, it is proper to mention those which ought to induce you to use it with prudence. Sophy, you have got good nature, and good sense, much integrity and piety, and those qualifications which a woman ought to have; and you are not disagreeable, but you have no fortune; you have the best riches, indeed, but you want those which are most valued by the world. Do not aspire, therefore, to what you cannot attain to; and regulate your ambition not by your own judgment, or your mother's and mine, but by the opinion of mankind.
If nothing were to be considered but merit equal to your own, I know not where I should set limits to your hopes; but never raise them above your fortune, which, you are to remember, is very small. You never saw our prosperity; you were born after we failed in the world. You have made our poverty pleasing to us, and we have shared in it without pain. Never, child, seek for that wealth which we thank heaven for taking from us; we never tasted happiness until we lost our riches.
You are too agreeable, Sophy, not to please somebody; and you are not so poor as to render you a burden to an honest man. You will be courted, and perhaps by persons who are not worthy of you.—If they show themselves what they really are, you will form a just estimate of them; their outside will not impose upon you long; but though you have good judgment, and can discern merit, you want experience, and know not how far men can dissemble. An artful cheat may study your taste, in order to seduce you, and counterfeit before you the virtues to which he is an absolute stranger. Such a one, child, would ruin you before you perceived it; and you would not see your error, until it was past recovery. The most dangerous of all snares, and the only one from which reason can restrain you, is that into which the passions hurry you; if ever you have the misfortune to fall into it, you will see nothing but illusions and chimæras; your eyes will be fascinated, your judgment will be confused, and your will corrupted; you will cherish your very error, and when you come to see it, you will have no desire to leave it. It is to Sophy's reason, not to the bias of her heart, that we commit her; while passion hath no ascendancy over you, judge for yourself; but whenever you fall in love, commit the care of yourself to your mother.

This agreement which I propose to you, shows our esteem for you, and restores the national order. It is usual for parents to choose a husband for their daughters, and to consult her only for form's sake. We shall do just the contrary; you shall choose and we shall be consulted. Make use of this right, Sophy, freely and wisely; the husband that is suitable for you ought to be your own choice, and not ours; but it is we who must judge whether you are not mistaken in this suitability for you, and whether you are not doing, without knowing it, what you have no mind to.

PARENTAL FAULT-FINDING.

It is at times necessary to censure and to punish. But very much may be done by encouraging children when they do well. Be ever more careful to express your approbation of good conduct than disapprobation of bad. Nothing can more discourage a child than a spirit of incessant fault finding, on the part of its parents. And hardly any thing can exert a more injurious influence upon the disposition both of the parent and the child.
There are two motives influencing human action, hope and fear. But who would not prefer to have her child influenced to good conduct by the desire of pleasing, rather than by fear of offending? If a mother never express her gratification when her children do well, and is always censuring when she sees anything amiss, they are discouraged and unhappy. They feel that their is no use in trying to please. Their dispositions become hardened and soured by this ceaseless fretting. At last finding that, whether they do well or ill, they are equally found fault with, they relinquish all efforts to please, and become heedless of reproaches.
But let a mother approve of a child's conduct when she can. Let her show that his good behavior makes her sincerely happy. Let her reward him for his effort to please by smiles and affection. In this way she will cherish in her child's heart some of the noblest and most desirable feelings of our nature. She will cultivate in him an amiable disposition and a cheerful spirit.
Your child has been during the day very good and obedient. Just before putting him to sleep for the night you take his hand and say: "My son, you have been a good boy to-day. It makes me very happy to see you so kind and obedient. God loves little children who are dutiful to their parents, and he promises to make them happy." This approbation from his mother is to him a great reward. And when with more than an ordi-

inary affectionate tone you say, "Good night, my dear son," he leaves the room with his heart full of feeling, and then he is happy, and resolves that he will try to do his duty.—*Mother at Home.*

From the Portland Advertiser.

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

Since the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument, there has not been published any exact and full description of its appearance and position, as it was left by the architect and constructors. Notwithstanding the vast number of persons that were gathered around its base on the Battle Anniversary, and the great number of strangers constantly visiting it, there are many who may be gratified with a brief newspaper note of its present appearance and relation to surrounding objects.

It stands on the summit of Breed's Hill. When it was commenced, this eminence was mostly without the settled part of Charlestown, in the rear of the town. The slope toward Boston was long since occupied by dwelling houses, and one of the principal streets of the town ran along that side, some two or three hundred feet from the summit ridge. It was the original intention of the Monument Association to retain a large open square around the Monument, comprising most of the localities of the American position, but they were subsequently obliged to adopt a more contracted space, and the greater part of the hill, on both sides, and at each end, so to speak, is filling up with dwelling houses and other structures. The open space reserved for the Monument, is a square, in the centre of which it stands. Without this square are broad streets, which have been formed by digging down from the summit some fifteen or twenty feet. These streets have on the sides towards the Monument, paved side walks—on the opposite sides, building lots, many of which are occupied. The Monument is thus left, as though standing on an immense pedestal of earth, the sides of which are four or five hundred feet in length, and have a steep slope or glacis, covered with turf. The surface of the pedestal, or Monument Square, is the original and sacred soil of Breed's Hill, which has never been disturbed since the days of the Revolution, save in the spot, where the obelisk stands, and which is now, as it always has been, covered with grass. On this surface, are still seen the traces of defensive works, like a redoubt or battery, the relic of the works thrown up by the British, after they had gained this commanding position.

Although, therefore, the portion of the hill now reserved for patriotic remembrance does not comprise the entire scene of the battle, not even the whole of the American position, yet the space is large enough to suit the dignity of the Monument, and to comprise, perhaps, the most important points, of the actual conflict.
On each side of the square, granite steps ascend the glacis, from which gravelled walks lead to the Monument in the centre. The entrance to the interior of the Monument is on the north side, in the rear. Connected with this entrance, there is a low wooden structure, erected to contain the steam engine employed in hoisting the stones of the work. The same engine is still used to move an apparatus for ascending the summit. Whether any permanent arrangement of this sort is intended, or whether any structure whatever will be allowed to remain connected with the Monument, has not been announced—probably not.

The Monument being in its exterior form an obelisk, the interior is a hollow cone. A circular stair case leading to the summit is supported by the exterior walls, and by the wall of shell of this interior cone. Within this cone, at its base, some ten or a dozen persons may stand conveniently; near the summit it is just large enough to receive the steam car, which may hold four. The steam car, so called, is only a cylindrical cage made of plank and boards, and is elevated by means of pulleys and stout ropes attached to the apex of the Monument. At the top of the stairs and of this hollow cone, is a square apartment, the floor of which is some fifteen or twenty feet below the apex. Twenty persons or more may easily stand in this lofty chamber, a foot or two above the ground. On each of its four sides is an aperture, out of which two persons can look together, without inconvenience. From these loop holes, though they are hardly noticed below, the view of the entire surrounding country is perfectly commanded. The view towards the sea, is particularly striking. Boston harbor, and the islands and points of land enclosing it are so far shortened at this great height, that the eye reaches at once to the ocean, and a great extent of Massachusetts Bay, of which the coast can be traced far down towards Cape Ann, seems to be at the feet of the beholder.
Attached to the walls of this apartment are two small pieces of brass cannon, 3 or 4 pounders, well known to those acquainted with Massachusetts antiquities. It seems they are two out of four, which belonged to the Province of Massachusetts, at the breaking out of the war. They came into the hands of the patriots, and these were the only pieces of ordnance, then to be found in the whole continental army. Two of them were captured by the enemy,—the others were saved, and after the war, became the property of some persons in Boston. At some time or other, they were severally named Hancock and Adams, and by a Resolve

of the Continental Congress after the war, an inscription was carved upon the surface of each, with its name, stating their history, and consecrating them to patriotic immortality. One of them, through accident or ill usage, is considerably fractured.—They now enjoy a fit repository, affixed to the eternal granite, which commemorates the battle of Bunker Hill.

Except these two cannon, and the sacred ground itself, there is nothing else having any historical relation or consequence, attached to or connected with the Monument. Its patriotic uses will be as simple and grand, as its artistic design.

ECCENTRICITIES OF A MADMAN.

Mr. — a lawyer in Vermont, doing a good business, once became insane, and took it into his head to abandon the practice of law and engage in basket making.—He was at first a very awkward hand at this employment, but by dint of perseverance he soon became very skilful, and could weave a basket as well as he had formerly woven an argument at the bar. He followed this business about six months, when taking a new notion into his head, he abandoned it to that of chairbotting.

The material used for this occupation was bark, which he stripped from the trees in summer, when it peels most easily.—Having come home one day, covered from head to foot with mud, he was asked where he had been that he had got so thoroughly bedaubed. He answered that he had been in a neighboring swamp after an elm bark, of which he exhibited a strip about forty feet long.

"Do you remark?" said he triumphantly.
"Yes; but how does that account for your being so muddy? It isn't usual to find mud on the top of a tree."

"No; but you may sometimes find it at the bottom though. I'll tell you how I found it. I cut the bark near the root of the tree and then stripped it upwards, expecting it would come to an end and break off after a while. But it hung on like a suit in chancery—and I stripped, until it ran up forty feet and as strong as ever.—I think to myself, there's no use in pursuing this thing any farther, and so I'll enter a nolle prosequi. But not to lose the benefit of what I had done—that was the point to be decided. I wished at least to save cost—pshaw! I forgot—I'm not a lawyer now. Well as I was saying, I looked at the subject to consider how I could secure the bark. It was too strong for me to break off. At any rate, though I, there is more than one way to skin a cat, as a butcher would say. If I cannot break off the bark I can climb up by it. No sooner thought than done. I seized hold of the strip, and placing my feet against the trunk of the tree, up I went, hand over hand. By this method of climbing you will perceive my head must have been downward, and nearly in a horizontal position—my feet being braced against the tree, and my head standing from it in an angle of about ninety degrees. Having arrived at the proper height, I was then in a quandary how to get my knife out of my pocket, and how to get it open when it was out. If I let go with one hand I was fearful the other would not hold me. However, says I, it's neck or nothing. I'll try the experiment at any rate. So I gripped powerfully with my left hand, while I took out my knife with my right, and opened it with my teeth, whipped off the bark as clean as the law would dock an entail. And what do you think was the result?"
"Why you came flat on your back of course."
"Right, gentlemen of the jury—a very correct verdict, indeed. I came down flat in the mud—Never was a client had flatter on his back than I—and never was one more completely bedaubed with filth and mud.—But thanks to the yielding nature of the soil, I saved my bones, and only brought away the mischief on my coat. I gained the cause, too, which is more than I can say of all my undertakings."
The company laughed heartily at the ex-lawyer's account of his exploit, while the latter hanging up his coat in the sun, said that the mud, like the old woman's grease would rub off when it was dry.

He continued the occupation of chairbotting, when suddenly becoming sane again, he resumed the practice of law, and has ever since preferred laying his opponents on their backs in a legal way, to being laid on his own in so ludicrous a manner as that above related.

A CROWN GAINED. A French officer, who was prisoner on his parole at Reading, met with a Bible. He read it, and was so struck with its contents, that he was convinced as to the truth of Christianity, and he resolved to become a protestant. When his gay associates rallied him for taking so serious a turn, he said, in his vindication, "I have done no more than my old school fellow, Bernadotte, who is become a Lutheran." "Yes," but he became so," said his associate, "to obtain a crown."
"My object," said the Christian officer, "is the same. We only differ as to the place. The object of Bernadotte is to obtain a crown in Sweden, mine to obtain one in Heaven."

TWISTIFICATION.—"Father wants you to send him two yards of black broadcloth; he don't care what color it is, and when he kills his pig last week, he'll pay you what you owe him."

FROM THE CLARION.

TOSSNOT DEBATE, NO. 2.

MR. EDITOR: I have again had the pleasure of attending a meeting of the Tossnot Debating Society, of the proceedings of which, I send you a small sketch. After gaining my old position on the stump, I applied my eye to the chink, and saw that the debate had not commenced, but an irregular chit-chat was going on. After a short discussion, I overheard the following from the President: "Gentlemen, this must be stopped; if this is let to run on so, we are totally broken up and ruined. We must appoint somebody to keep watch, and not have such caves dropping rascals putting us in the papers." (A member.) "Gent, I've been saying as how the masons has a way to find out when anybody's watching on 'em, and I think dat two or three on us had better jine the masons, and den we kin tell when any body's at 'peepin'." (Secretary.) "I think, Mr. President, dat we'd better appoint two members to go out and watch half an hour, an den send out two more to take their places; and dat dey'd better stay out in de woods, and dat fifty yards from de house, so as to keep persons fully out of hearing; and, Mr. President, I put dat in the form of a resolution before de society, for as you said before, if we don't, we shall be teetotally and most assuredly broken up." This settled the matter under discussion, and the President put it to de two members having been appointed by de President, I thought it best to shift my quarters, which I did by escousing myself in the corner of de chimney. The two members passed quite close to me, and I heard one say as they passed: "Let's keep together, 'case I'm a small man, and it's so dark; de-y might kill me enenmost afore you could get to me." I did not hear de reply, but as far as I could see them, they kept together, and finding I had no thing to fear from them, I turned my attention to what was going on within. Shortly after, de President rose and read de following query: "Which is de most venomous wiper, de Raccoon or de Possum?" and led off de debate as follows: "Gentlemen, you have de question now before you, and ready for your speeches, and I'm afraid dat any remarks from de President, might be calculated to create a sorter bingeing of de members towards dat side, which might create a sorter in quality in de votes on de question, which in my opinion would be unjust; de-fore, gent, you may look upon me as a neuter. Proceed with de debate."

The leader of de raccoon side then rose, and spoke as follows: "Mr. President, I rise, sir, to ax de question whether sir, in debating this query, we must confine ourselves to de venomosity of de varmints—or are we allowed to go into de viciousness of de beasts, in de destruction of de farmer's produce." The President thought de gentleman could debate de viciousness of de beasts, 'because if we don't debate de viciousness, how are we to find out de venomosity." The member then proceeded: "I think, Mr. President, de raccoon is de most venomous wiper we have in dese parts because, Mr. President, he's sarfin death and destruction on young oostin ears, besides de-fists he destroys, while de 'possum is an innocent little thing, and satisfis his rapacity by eating yarbs and 'cimious. I think, Mr. President, I have clearly showed dat de raccoon is de most venomous wiper, but when I come to de viciousness of de varmints, I say sar, and widout de fear of erudition, dat de raccoon is de most vicious."

The member took his seat, and one of de opposing members rose, and with de utmost gravity, drew from his pocket the tail of an opossum, and extending it at full length on the table before him, proceeded as follows: "Mr. President, I never expected to have to speak on this subject, for to my mind, the matter is so plain that I thought no person of discretion would dispute it; but sir, I heard de gentleman say that de raccoon was not only de most venomous, but de most vicious of all de varmints in dese parts. This, sir, I give my undeniable denial, and go on to produce de proof. Look at this, sir, (holding up the tail) does this look like de extremity of an innocent little animal? Does this look like the tail of a beast that satisfis his rapacity, by devouring yarbs and kitchen sauce? I pause for a reply.—No sir, you've all seen an old field moccasin, and you all know how venomous he is. Well here's de thing as looks as much like it as twins, an it stands to reason dere must be some venomosity about it. Whar dere's so much smoke, dere's sartin to be some fire." The gentleman was here interrupted by de entrance of de piquet, who stated in a humid manner, that they had discovered somebody in one of de trees near de house, and had run in to get assistance. After a humid consultation, they all sallied in mass and entered de woods. I followed along, keeping within hearing, and all soon arrived at de tree. Where are you? says de President. Yare! I was de snappish reply.—Come down, sir, Yaware! and de breaking of a twig, which caused de President to retire a few paces. Was dat a pistol? says one. Nothing following de snap, de President advanced again to the foot of de tree. Are you going to come down? Yaware! again from de tree. Perhaps he's a Frenchman, says one. We'll cut you down and see who you are. Yaware are! I ax you once for all, are you coming down? Yaware are are! Git de axe boys; and it was soon procured, and de President instructing the rest to keep watch, commenced upon de tree, which was near three feet in

diameter, in about half an hour, de tree tottered, and de President directed each man to get a good stick. He then commenced again, and de tree soon fell. The whole party then rushed in, and after a scuffle and kind of running fight, de President emerged, holding by the tail a miserable looking little opossum. Whereupon, the gentleman whose speech had been interrupted, cried out that this was a convincing proof that de possum was de most venomous wiper, to which all agreed, and started for home; and as I was left alone, I made de best of my way back to de place where I left my horse, and in a short time, was in my room in our quiet little village. G. S.

PRETTY GOOD.

The Boonskill (Mo.) Times, tells the following of one of the constables in those parts:

A friend who has just returned from the upper counties, informs us that while resting one day at a farmer's house, on the road side, a constable came in and informed de resident he had an execution against him, and wished to levy on his property. Three barrels of corn and calf were pointed out as being de usual. The constable conceiving it to be his duty to lay hands on every thing he executed, proceeded to de discharge, said duty, taking hold of every ear of corn, saying each time, "I execute thee" and lay it aside, after going over de three barrels of corn with de same ceremony, he proceeded to execute de calf. In order to catch it easily, he offered it some corn, but de bait was refused. He took after it—run and he ran—being a little lame de calf rather outran him—over hills and hollows they went, he grabbing at de calf's tail as he ran. Finally de calf stumbled over a log and fell, he being in too close pursuit to discover de log went over too; and de calf and constable were in a pile together; in de fall he caught the calf by the tail, and as he did so it blared, b-a-h, and de constable ejaculated, "I execute thee." He then retired, much fatigued, saying he had rather execute any thing else than a calf.

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.

The Providence Journal contains the following, furnished by a correspondent. If all the anecdotes of virtue and heroism, of prowess and endurance among the patriots of the Revolutionary Army, which are abundant, could be collected into one volume, what a treasure of its kind would it be!
On the 9th of August, 1778, the army under command of Gen. Sullivan, landed on Rhode Island. A detachment of three hundred men under command of Col. Laurens, Lieut. Col. Fluery, and Major Silas Talbot, (one of Rhode Island's bravest sons,) immediately marched to the vicinity of the British lines. Major Talbot rode about a quarter of a mile in advance, and at some distance from the road discovered four men armed with cutlasses; but as he could see no fire arms about them, he rode up to them and demanded what they were doing. Thinking him to be a British officer, they began to make excuses. He then directed them to march to the road, and, one at a time, to deliver him their hands, which they did. He then told them they were prisoners. The writer of this article saw Major Talbot when driving them before him.

FRANKLIN AND GREENE.

While the American army, in 1775, was besieging Boston, Congress sent to the camp a special committee, at the head of which was Dr. Franklin. Gen. Greene, in a letter dated "Prosp. Hill, Oct. 16, 1775," and addressed to Gov. Ward, thus describes the impression which this great philosopher made upon him: "The committee from the Congress arrived last evening, and I had the honor to be introduced to that very great man, Dr. Franklin, whom I viewed with silent admiration during the whole evening. Attention watched his lips, and conviction closed his periods." Beautiful tribute from one great man to another, both of whom were first among the foremost in liberty's great struggle, and both fragrant with revolutionary renown.

LANGUAGE OF THE NESTORIANS.

To the Christian scholar, the language and literature of the Nestorian Christians are objects of much interest. Their ancient language is Syriac, by some supposed to have been the common language in Palestine in the days of Christ, and the same in which our Saviour himself conversed and preached, and probably not different much from it. This language is still the language of the Nestorians. Their books are nearly all written in it. They conduct their correspondence in it; and, though a dead language, the best educated of their clergy become able to converse in it with fluency. The vernacular language of the Nestorians is a modern dialect of the Syriac—Eight Years in Persia.

CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

The Editor of the Albany (Georgia) Courier, recommends the following remedy which he says he has tried, with signal success.—"Swallow a piece of *Asafetida* about as big as a pea, three times a day just before meals, and in a week or less you will be well; it don't 'smell like apples,' but never mind—it's a sovereign cure." We need to wash it down with "a drink o' summat" but if you have any scraps about a dram it is not important."