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F. C. HILL, Editor and Proprietor.

"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT."

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**From the Tree "and its Fruits."**  
**THE POWER OF WOMAN.**  
I well remember the first time that I ventured home in a state of intoxication. I knew my situation, and dreaded that my wife should discover it. I affected to be witty, affectionate and social, but it was a total failure. I felt the power of the fatal poison momentarily increasing. I saw the inquiring eye of my wife fixed upon me, with a look of unutterable grief. It was only with her aid that I was able to reach my pillow.

The checks which her ignorance had imposed upon me being now removed, all restraint was soon swept away, and I came home night after night in a state most revolting to the feelings of a delicate, affectionate female. In vain my amiable companion wept and expostulated. I was too much entangled and corrupted to break away either from my vices or associates. They neither feared God nor regarded man. I was led captive by their devices.

I became, I will not say an infidel—for I was too ignorant of the theory of scepticism to be one. I became a mocker.—"Fools make a mock at sin," and such a fool was I. I saw that this part of my conduct was extremely painful to my pious wife, and tried to restrain myself from trifling with the bible in her presence; but I loved to raise loud laughter among my boisterous companions, and the indulgence served to strengthen the pernicious habit, that I was often detected in the use of this offensive language.

It was not until I became a father, that her touching appeals on this subject reached my conscience. "Must this child," she would say, "be trained up under these baneful influences? Must he be taught by parental example to despise and ridicule the Scriptures with his lispings tongue, before he is able to read its contents, or realize its heavenly origin? No counteracting influence of mine can obliterate from his mind the jest with which his father has assailed this or that sacred passage."

Our son now became an interesting little prattler, imitating whatever he heard or saw. I perceived with a sort of diabolical pleasure that the first efforts of his infant tongue were to imitate my profane language, the recollection of which now sends a thrill of grief and horror through my bosom. In vain did his sorrowing mother endeavor to counteract the influence of my wicked example. I continued to swear and he to imitate my profanity, unconscious of its turpitude. On a certain occasion I returned from one of my gambling excursions and found my wife and child absent. On inquiry, I ascertained she had gone to her customary place of retirement in a grove, at some distance from the house. I knew she had gone there for the purpose of devotion. I had been accustomed to see her retire thither at the evening twilight, and, though I thought her piety unnecessary, I had no objection to it as a source of happiness to her—but that she should take her child with her excited my surprise. I felt some curiosity to follow her. I did so, and took my position unseen by her, but where I had a full view of her attitude and features. She was kneeling beside a rock, on which lay her bible before her. One hand was placed on its open pages; the other held the hand of her fair boy, who was kneeling beside her, his eyes intently fixed on her face. She was pale and careworn. Her eyes were closed, but the tears were chasing each other down her cheek, as she poured forth her burdened soul in prayer, first for her husband that he might be reclaimed and saved; but especially did she plead with God, that her son, whom she unreservedly dedicated to him, might be saved from those sins which were taught him by his father's example. "Save him," she cried with agony, "save him from taking thy great and holy name in vain; and give his anxious mother wisdom, fortitude and grace, effectually to correct and break up the habit of profaneness."

"Poor mother! Pretty mother!" said the child, rising and wiping off her tears with his soft hand. "Don't cry, mother, father will come pretty soon."

Wretch that I am! said I to myself.—What pangs have rent that gentle bosom! That child has so often seen her weep on account of my protracted absence, that the little fellow now supposes it the cause of her present agony and tears.

I crept silently from my hiding place, and returned home with a conscience har-

rowed up by the keenest of self reproaches. I knew that her feelings were not the fitful ebullitions of passion or excitement. I had long been convinced that her conduct was regulated by firm and virtuous principles, and the bible which I so lightly esteemed, was the rule of her life. On her return to the house she was solemn, but the law of kindness still ruled her tongue.—She did not reproach me, but from that day she firmly and faithfully corrected our little son for the use of profane language, even in my presence, when perhaps, he had just caught it from my lips.

She succeeded in conquering the habit in her child, and when she had restored him she had cured me. I resolved to abandon forever the use of language which had cost her so much pain. I did abandon it from that time. I was now effectually reclaimed from two of my prominent vices. But my habits of intemperance were daily becoming like brass bands. My morning, noon and evening dram, my loss of appetite and trembling nerves, proved the strong grasp it had upon my constitution.

I was still associated with my wicked companions—still followed up a system of gambling which was rapidly bringing ruin on myself and family. My handsome estate left me by my father was nearly wasted. Meantime, my family increased. I resorted to the lottery and every species of gambling, to meet its increasing demands—but every step plunged me deeper in guilt, debt and misery.

My wife was in the habit of setting up till my return, however late it might be. She had no doubt in this way saved me from perishing, as I was often too much intoxicated to find my way even to the door, without her assistance.

One cold wintry night, I had been out till a late hour, but returned free from intoxication. On coming silently to the house, I saw my wretched wife through the window, sitting over a handful of embers, with her babe and her bible in her lap, and the tears freely gushing from her eyes.

A vivid sense of my own baseness came over me. I paced the yard for some moments in agony. In attempting to enter the house, with a fresh resolution upon my tongue, I fainted and fell on the floor.

Upon the return of consciousness, I found my wife had drawn me to the fire and was preparing me a bed, supposing the swoon to be the usual effect of ardent spirits. I sprang to her side, fell on my knees, and before her and Heaven vowed never to taste of any thing intoxicating. I was then thirty years old. Years have since passed over me and my vow is still unbroken.

**THE GREEK LADY.**—Her hair, black as the raven, falls far down over her shoulders, long, glossy, and free; her eye, of the same expressive hue, floats large and full of soul; her lips, slightly apart, and rich in dye as the cleft pomegranate, seem only to betray a deeper gush of that vermilion which melts so delicately through the soft oval of her cheek; her smooth and upright forehead, with the small ear, and well turned head, are in harmony with the graceful curve of the neck; while the snow of her shoulder and chest, with the swelling beauty of her bosom, are rather shaded than concealed by the thin gauze of her cymar. From the slender waist, and fuller developments of her form, the eye drops to a small ankle and foot, which lend an air of lightness and ease to each attitude and motion. Would that the mystic thread of her destiny were interwoven with ours! But shall we forget the gentle being who dwells on the green banks of our native stream? The one who alone wept at the parting word; and blushed that she betrayed her tears! No. This heart still turns to her, as the eye of the pilgrim to his vesper star! How strange and inexplicable is our nature! The root of affection, once struck deeply into its substance, lives on through every blight and change! Its buds may wither, its leaves may fall, but the radical fibres of the mangled shoot still drink vitality from the heart. One moment of surrendered thought, and this allured spirit flies back to that murmuring stream, its verdant shore, its twilight softness, and the lifted face of that enchanting one, whose evening hymn ever mingles its melodious aspirations with the homage of nature. Sweet worshipper!—may He who hath pencilled the leaves with beauty, give the flowers their bloom, and lent music to the lay of the timid bird, hear thy prayer for the ornaments of a meek and quiet spirit, and graciously remember thee in that day when he shall number up his jewels.

The mother of the family, being one of its heads, and having a more immediate charge of children, ought to be intelligent in mind, pure in language, and always cheerful and circumspect. As the instructor of her children, she should herself be instructed.

In Holland and Germany, no school exists in which the whole weight of teaching 500 or even 200 children, is thrown upon one master. The usual proportion of teachers to children, in the poorer schools, is one master or assistant teacher to every 60 children.

**TRUTH.**  
One of the most difficult, and at the same time important points of morality, is that which respects the law of truth. In this particular, persons not among the abandoned part of society, but whose principles are pliant to circumstances, are often observed to obey the rule with not a few exceptions; and the most considerate and wary, who mean that their yea shall be yea, and nay nay, may be admonished frequently to inquire, whether they adhere to the straightforward path of sincerity with all the exactness which becomes their pretensions.

The code of minor morals, which takes cognizance of the ordinary intercourse, and the every-day actions of life, consigns the wanton and shameless liar to the bottom of the scale that marks the gradations of human character. He is despised as a fool and a coward, if not detested as a criminal and a knave. His folly so generally recoils upon himself, and his duplicity so plagues the inventor, that it may be naturally expected that contempt and pity should almost predominate over resentment and abhorrence. But the common judgment which brands the gross prevaricator and habitual trickster with ignominy, may be supposed to overlook or excuse many cases of plausible, and less glaring insincerity, which an enlightened and tender conscience will not fail to condemn and avoid.

The law of honor does not always run parallel with the law of God; and fashion and custom give a sanction; or an indulgence to maxims, which a true system of morality and the authority of religion refuse to allow. The extent of the obligation to speak the truth, ethical doctors, apparently in an equal degree its friends, determine differently. Whether a voluntary deception be ever lawful, is a standing question for syllogistic and forensic disputation in all the universities.—Some teachers agree, that such deception may be required by particular cases in practice, but must never be allowed in theory. Thus "they incur a charge of deception in the very act of persuading their neighbors that a deception is never to be admitted." On this subject, it is believed, an honest mind is generally a sufficient instructor. It is very certain, that veracity should not be forsaken by prudence. Not all truth may be spoken, nor at all times.

There is a distinction between the "suppression veri" and "suggestion falsi," between simulation and dissimulation. None but a dolt or a bravo will disregard every degree of concealment and reserve, and tell all he thinks. Some people make a boast of always speaking their mind. The merit, however, of this frankness, depends on the sort of mind they speak; for if it be a bad one, there would be more merit in keeping their own secret, and letting their spleen and anger, and envy and malice, spend their force within. This abusive sincerity may prove the defect of the judgment, or strength of the passions, the coarseness of the character, or the brutality of the disposition; but it cannot prove respect for truth. Censor is a shrewd judge of character; an accurate weigher of the merits and demerits of his associates; and a free speaker of the opinions he forms. Whilst he is lavish of praise on his favorites, he is entirely willing that those whom he rates low in point of talents or virtues should have no room to imagine he esteems them more than he does. The consequence is, that he loses the good will, by wounding the self-love, of some very worthy people; and is thought, by those who see only this trait of his character, more acute than wise, and more frank than amiable.—Selected.

**From the Evangelical Magazine.**  
**THE LOVE OF READING.**  
Did parents realize the numerous advantages resulting from a love of reading, I am persuaded they would not grudge the cost of books necessary to create, cherish, and gratify it, in their children. How many anxious evening hours are spared to parents, in villages and cities, if their children, instead of running about the streets, (the parents know not in what company or employments,) are seated around the fireside, reading books of instruction and amusement! Even those parents whose strong authority can keep their children at home, even they are saved the pain of seeing their children uneasy, or dozing away the weary evening hours, or engaged in noisy talk and sports which annoy the family;—all this is saved to them by cultivating the love of reading in them.

Seldom, very seldom, does one who is fond of reading, and who therefore employs the leisure moments in this delightful employment, seldom does such a one engage in unbecoming, or vicious pursuits; seldom still, does one fond of reading come to a disgraceful end. "The idle man's brain is the devil's workshop," says an old proverb. How important, then, that parents, every where, see that this deceiving does not find "apartments to let," in their families!

Then, in conversation, mark the difference between the reading boy or girl, and the one who is debarred from books.—The one has a thousand topics to occupy

the thoughts, when no company is by,—to lighten toil and make it pleasant, or to fill up an otherwise idle hour,—to ponder over, as he runs an errand, or sits waiting for business; while the other, probably for want of something else to think about, is allowing his mind to run riot in forbidden subjects, or engaging his hands in deeds of mischief. And when conversation is allowed, what stale, flat, profitless chit-chat consumes the precious hours,—neither giving nor receiving any useful or truly pleasing information.

Let parents, then, awake to the importance of this subject,—its importance to health, to happiness, to usefulness. By a few dollars yearly expended in suitable books for their children, they may secure them from vices and habits which soon will cost tenfold as much; from weariness, which no sum would induce any well-furnished mind to endure for a single hour, and from ignorance, which, later in life, may cost them thousands. Parents, for your own sakes, for the sake of your children, of society, of your country and her free institutions,—I entreat you, think of these things more, and less of your honey which you can well afford to part with to purchase your children's prosperity and happiness.

P. S. What I have said of books, applies also to periodicals. Every family that can at all afford it, should take religious and literary periodicals, and induce their children to read them carefully and regularly. Set them the example along with the precept, and they will soon imbibe the love of reading.

**From the New England Farmer.**  
**COMMON SCHOOLS.**

Though common, these humble seminaries are mighty agents: they are the lever which has raised New England to her high position. Much as we are indebted to Colleges, Academies, and other similar institutions, we owe more,—inestimably more,—to Common Schools. Opening their doors to all, sowing the seeds of learning, broadcast, over the land, their contributions to intelligence, and consequently to prosperity and enjoyment, though bestowed in small portions to each, yet in the aggregate swell to a vast amount. From these primary assemblies ooze out the rills, which commingling, form the streams that are ever washing out our moral and political stains. Stop the flowings of these waters, and our fair land would fast blacken with ignorance, vice, and crime. Liberty would lose her richest nourishment, philanthropy her most invigorating draughts, Christianity her invaluable supplies.

Christians, philanthropists, patriots, cherish these nurseries of the mind and heart of the next generation. Place them so high that the children of the rich shall be sent here to meet and mingle with those of the poor; here let all classes early take lessons in republican equality; let the children of the wealthy here learn, in early life, that they are being trained up for scenes in which the most industrious, the most intellectual, the most deserving are to be at the head of the class; here let the poor boy learn, that when he outstrips the rich man's son in the race of learning or moral excellence, the prize of distinction or approbation will be bestowed upon himself.

Farmers, these schools are invaluable to your children and to your country. Few higher duties rest upon you, than that of lending wise, generous, and constant aid to the school in your own district; notice and encourage the teacher; by precept and example influence all parents to send their children to the school; supply your children well with books; let them be at school in season, and constant in attendance; cheerfully to make the house comfortable. These points are all of them important; each is worthy of serious thoughts; and when well considered in all their bearings and influences, you cannot fail to see that faith, in our country's future eminence and true greatness, must rest mainly upon the efficiency and high character of the Common School.

**From the New York American.**  
**CARRY ARMS.**

"It is really abominable!" said Miss Sophia Singleton.

"Oh shocking!" chorused a number of young ladies who were sitting around.

"Pray, ladies, what is the matter?" said Henry Jones, as he joined the coterie.

"The matter!" cried all at once, "why—"

"One at a time, if you please ladies; really it is too hard that so many sweet voices should combine to attack a poor mortal like myself, who, having but one pair of ears, can attend to no more than one at a time. Come, Miss Singleton, will you tell me what causes so much indignation?"

"Why, this morning Helen Clarke walked down Broadway with Mr. Stone, and took his arm; and in the evening she was on the Battery with Mr. Lewis, and took his arm also!"

"And is that all?" said Jones quietly.

"All?" exclaimed the young ladies agast with horror.

"Well ladies, I think Miss Clarke was perfectly right, shall I state my reasons and try to convince you?"

"Oh! you can never convince us."  
"At least I can try. I believe you will grant that when a lady walks with a gentleman, it is for the sake partly of his company, partly of his protection. Am I right?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, unless she takes his arm, she can enjoy neither. In the first place, they cannot carry on a conversation unless the man bends forward, in which case the least inequality in the pavement may cause him to stumble against her, and down they must both go; or if a passer by brushes against him, the result is the same. In the second place they may be separated by a crowd and the lady be severely hurt, while her companion can afford her neither protection or assistance, and may ever remain unaware that any accident has happened! Again the crossings are often muddy, and then a gentleman's arm would be useful; moreover, when a lady is fatigued, she would find the support of an arm a very great relief, so that whether for safety, pleasure, or support, a lady should always take the arm of her companion."

"You are right," said Miss Singleton, "but it is not the custom."

"Then make it the custom—nothing is easier. Let every lady who has mind enough to judge for herself, make it a rule never to walk with a man she does not respect, and when she does walk with one, let her always take his arm. I know that when a lady takes a man's arm, people say they are engaged, but surely, no one would suppose her engaged to a dozen different men at once, and they must either believe so palpable an absurdity, or grant that she may not be engaged at all. This once settled, other ladies would follow her example, and in a short time 'Carry Arms' would be the word. Any one of you young ladies would take my arm at a ball or at the Springs, and refuse it in the street, because at one place it is customary, and at the other it is not. Now customs should always be consistent, yet this is not so; in a large crowd in one place, where it is not needed you take my arm; in a large crowd, consisting perhaps of the same individuals, you refuse it because you are in another place, and in the last instance it is absolutely necessary, there's consistency for you! Miss Clarke has set a good example and I hope all the ladies will follow it. Come Miss Singleton you are young and pretty, suppose you walk arm in arm with me to-morrow morning; people will say we are engaged; in the afternoon, walk on the Battery with your friend Harris, and Miss Reynolds and myself will be there; we will all walk arm in arm, they will then say you are engaged to Mr. Harris, and I to Miss Reynolds; the next day take some one else; then they will say none of us are engaged; in a few days the oddity will have worn off; and no lady will walk with a man without taking his arm, and no man will walk with a lady who refuses it. Is Miss Clarke right, and will you follow her example?"

"Yes," replied all the young ladies.

"Then I have convinced you. 'Carry arms!'"

"We will."

"To-morrow, Miss Singleton—"

"I will walk arm in arm with you, and always make the gentleman who accompanies me, be he who he may, give me his arm."

**Wealth of the Esterhazys.**—Every body knows, we presume, that the Esterhazy family is the richest and most ostentatious in Europe, or probably in the world. The splendid dresses worn by the present Prince at the coronation of Queen Victoria and on other show occasions in London, have been described by the London papers with a lavishness of eulogium such as can be found elsewhere only in the Arabian Nights Entertainments. His Highness is represented as one blaze of diamonds, from cap to shoe-tie. The following account of his treasure house will be read with considerable interest and some envy:—

"The great 'lion' of Forchtenstein is of course the Schatz-Kammer; and thither we accordingly repaired, attended by the treasure-keeper, the commandant, and four of the grenadiers on duty at the castle."

"The vaulted gallery containing these family treasures, of which the costly diamonds worn by their highnesses in England on occasions of ceremony form a part, is partly hewn in the rock. Like that extraordinary and uncounted hoard in the Serai Beurnou at Constantinople, known as the treasure of the Pre-Adamite Sultans, this of Frakno is imperatively destined to be increased by each successive representative of the race, while none are permitted to subtract a particle from its value; and thus the mighty mass grows on from century to century, until at length it buries in inaction the ransom of an empire."

"Above the low arch of the iron-plated door of the Schatz-Kammer is inscribed the ingenious epigraph, *Hic sermo de preteritis, presentibus, atque futuris*; and the threshold once passed, the stranger

stands amid such a wilderness of wealth as he can never assuredly have previously conceived.

"The long gallery is lined on either hand by glass cases, and within these are heaped gold and silver plates; jewelled vessels of every variety of form and material; rich stuffs embroidered with colored gems and pearls; masses of opals, amethysts, and topaz in the matrix, weapons, armour, and horse-gear literally blazing with precious stones; and, in short, every variety of treasure which the profusion and ingenuity of man can collect together. Nor is the intrinsic value of many of the objects their greatest actual attraction, for they are in numerous instances well authenticated relics of the great and brave of bygone years; and to those who love to linger over the past, there is ever a more powerful charm in such remains than in the most costly articles of virtu ever collected together.

"Among the confusion of splendor by which we were surrounded, we particularly remarked a clock two hundred years old, formed of beaten silver, and literally encrusted with jewels and precious stones; four large drinking cups of carved ivory, so minutely wrought that they appeared to be composed of lace; an amber cup and tankard, both ornamented with a procession of Bacchantes, in exquisite workmanship; a workbox of seed pearl and turquoise a champagne pail, of silver gilt, studded with precious stones, and bearing date 1638; a table and two arm chairs of chased silver, made in 1667, for the use of the Palatine Esterhazy and his wife; an elephant's tusk, carved from end to end with a religious procession of the Hindoos in minute workmanship; a string of rings, principally rococo, many of them containing gems of extraordinary size and beauty, and about 100 in number; and a christening mantle of rose-colored silk, trimmed with split straw, one of the most curious and beautiful productions imaginable.

"The collection of jewelled weapons, shields and war trappings was most amazing, and derived an added interest in most cases from an accompanying certificate of identification. Thus we handled the ruby-hilted sword wielded by the unfortunate Louis at Mohacs—the pocket-knife of the Emperor Sigismund—the celebrated pearl bridal vest of the Palatine Paul Esterhazy, upon whose ground of rose-colored damask is wrought a pattern of seed pearls, the centre of every flower being formed by long links of the precious beads, which hang loose, and are strung so closely together as almost to conceal the material of the garment; the ruby-studded saddle-cloth of the Vizir Mustapha, made captive by an Esterhazy on a hard-fought field; the coral rosary of Stephen Bathori; the gold-brocaded vest of Matthias Corvinus, and that of John Sobieski, also of rich brocade, a beautiful specimen of the needlework of the seventeenth century.

"But it were endless to attempt an enumeration of the costly contents of the Schatz-Kammer of Forchtenstein; suffice it that after having lingered among its treasures until both our eyes and our senses ached, we proceeded to the armoury, where weapons and accoutrements for one cavalry and one infantry regiment, each 1,200 strong, are always in readiness. Every thing was in admirable order; and from thence we progressed to the arsenal, where in addition to the ammunition; and the beautiful brass guns intended for the protection of the fortress in time of need, we found the banners of Sobieski, Matthias Corvinus, and Bethlem Gabor; a glorious drapery of departed greatness!

"Much curiosity exists in England with regard to the actual amount of the revenue of the Prince Esterhazy, whose very name suffices to excite interest; and, as far as my information goes, it may be relied upon; but it must be remembered that positive accuracy on so intricate a subject is almost impossible in a country like that of which I write.—Prince Esterhazy possesses, in addition to his three palaces in Vienna, and his dominions in Bohemia, one thirteenth part of the whole kingdom of Hungary. He has thirty-six estates, each containing from ten to twenty-four villages; which, together with 100 square English miles of forest, make collectively nearly 1,200 square miles and Hungary covering a surface of 17,000 proves the position. Nor is this gigantic and overwhelming landed property his only source of revenue; the number of his peasants, (here called subjects,) amounting to 360,000, with all their liabilities, which I have explained at length elsewhere; and a constant capital of 220,000 sheep, producing yearly 4,000 cwt. of wool, (most of which is of superior quality,) remaining to be superadded; and yet, nevertheless, this colossal heritage, exceeding in extent the Grand Duchy of Modena, as well as several of the petty German states, does not carry his actual revenue to a higher aggregate than one and a half millions of florins, (£150,000), thus making the annual proceeds of the land average only 6d an acre."