

North Carolina Herald.

"WE SEEK ONLY THE PEACEFUL CONQUESTS OF THE HUMAN MIND."

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THE LONELY ROSE.

A rose gazed from her bowery green,
Upon the Summer night,
And never had creation seen
A flower so fine and bright.
Her modest form so soft and meek,
With morning radiance dyed,
Beamed like the lovely blushing cheek
Of a young village bride.

But soon a storm dark o'er the vale,
Its mountain fury shed,
And shrouded in the twilight pale,
The lonely Rose lay dead.
And so it is a gentle mind
Sinks under sorrow's dart:
The storm may pass, but leaves behind
Too oft a blighted heart.

THE CHAPLAIN'S STORY.

A Clergyman who was a chaplain of a little squadron stationed in the Mediterranean for five years, related the following interesting anecdote, which occurred during that time:

"The Commodore was a frank and generous man, who treated me with marked attention, and I used to preach in all the ships but one. This was a small frigate, and its captain was an irreligious and profane man. He used to say he wanted no Methodist parson for a pilot, and he embraced every opportunity of annoying me. Being a person of violent temper, he took offence, and insulted the Commodore, who meant to send him home. When I heard of his intention, I waited on the Commodore and said I was come to ask a particular favor of him.

"That shall be granted. I am always happy to oblige you. What is it?"

"That you will overlook the conduct of Captain S—," said I.

"Nay, nay: you can't be serious. Is he not your greatest enemy? and I believe the only man in the fleet who does not wish to see you on board his ship."

"That's the very reason why I ask the favor Commodore: I must practise as well as preach."

"Well, well, 'tis an odd whim; but, if on reflection I can grant your request without prejudice to his majesty's service, I will do it."

"The next day I renewed my petition."

"Well," said he, "if Captain S— will make a public apology, I will overlook his conduct."

"I instantly got into a boat, rowed to the frigate. The Captain met me with a frown upon his countenance; but, when I told him my business, I saw a tear in his eye, and, taking me by the hand, he said: 'Mr. —, I really don't understand your conduct, and I thank.'

"The affair blew over, and he pressed me to preach in his ship. This first time I went there the whole crew were dressed in their best clothes and the Captain at my right hand. I could hardly utter a word, my mind was so much moved, and so were the whole crew. There seemed a more than ordinary solemnity among us.

"That very night the ship disappeared, and not a soul survived to tell the tale.—None ever knew how it happened, but we supposed as there had been a gale of wind, she had foundered, and went down in deep water."

"How cheering the thought, that the men thus summoned into eternity had listened to the blessed message of the gospel, and that too under circumstances which, thro' the blessing of God, were so peculiarly adapted to prepare their minds to welcome and receive it!"

"See, dear young reader, how 'example' is more regarded than 'precept'! Persons can understand our conduct, if they cannot appreciate our principles, and they form their opinion of us more from what we do than from what we say. We should therefore rather strive to live well, than to talk well."

"Even a child is known by his doings." The religion of Christ teaches us to let our light so shine before men; and it is highly important that those who profess to love the Saviour should be careful to adorn, in all things his doctrine.—*Church of England Sunday Scholar's Magazine.*

HON. J. C. FREMONT.

The history of his young man is highly interesting. A few years ago he was a lieutenant in the army, attached to the corps of Topographical engineers. His business called him much to Washington, where he became acquainted with the second daughter of Hon. Thos. H. Benton. Young, vivacious, and ambitious, this stripling in epaulettes had the temerity to ask the young lady's hand in marriage, notwithstanding he knew those much higher in authority had solicited the same in vain. Miss Benton readily consented, so far as she was concerned, but intimated that she had a father who had manifested some degree of interest in her welfare, and might want to be consulted in them after. She laid the "proposal" before the old gentleman. He objected to the proposition in toto. "His daughter, educated for a Prince, was not going to marry a Corporal." Fremont was forbidden to enter his domicile, and Miss Benton was put under guard. "Old Tom" had over-acted the matter. He did not then know the young lieutenant. His daughter, took that occasion to show her Benton, and as "Old Tom" had stuck to the "Expunging Resolutions," she was bound to stick to her young lover against the world. The next the anxious father heard of his once devoted daughter, she had escaped her keepers, and in a private parlor at Gadsby's Hotel, was interchanging vows before a magistrate with the young lieutenant.

At first the old man raved, but soon was made acquainted with the *metel* of his son-in-law,—a reconciliation took place, and in old Tom, Fremont has not only had a friend, but an admirer ever since.

His travels, researches, scientific explorations, and feats of valor and suffering in the Far West, are events known to the world, and we may say without a parallel.

His collision with Kearny, in California, brought him before the country in a new light. He was accused of disobeying the commands of his superior, and technically so convicted on trial, by a court-martial demanded by himself. But the country acquitted him, and although reprimanded by the President, he was applauded by the people. We were present at the trial in Washington, and saw him confront the witnesses for the Government, in the most frank and gallant style. Old Tom sat by him as counsel, and "solitary and alone" he encountered the craft of Kearny and the contumely of a naval and military court prejudiced against the aspiring young Lieutenant then luxuriant with the rank of Colonel. Dismissed from the army, he scorned to be reinstated, but he recommenced his explorations on his own account. He raised a company of men and started for California by a new route, with Kit Carson the famous old guide at their head. Ten of his men he lost in the mountains, by being imbedded in snow and literally starving and freezing to death.—With the remnant he reached San Francisco, and has been spending the summer in the mines. In the meantime a Commission reaches him superseding Colonel Weller as Boundary Commissioner under the late treaty with Mexico. This he declines, and the next we hear of him, he is elected a United States Senator from the new State of California, and is now quietly awaiting the admission of his State, to take his seat among the "grave and revered" Senators of the Union.

Mr. Fremont will be the youngest member of the Senate, his age being less than forty. With the exception of Gen. Houston, no one in that body can boast of so eventful a life.

THE TERM "BROTHER JONATHAN."—General Washington placed great confidence in the good sense and patriotism of Jonathan Trumbull, who, at an early period of the American Revolution, was governor of the State of Connecticut. In a certain emergency, when a measure of great importance was under discussion, Washington remarked, "We must consult Brother Jonathan on the subject." The result of that consultation was favorable. Thus, from the constant use of the expression, "We must consult Brother Jonathan which soon passed from the army to the people at large, we received from the English that appellation which has stuck to us as closely as their "John Bull" to them.—*A Lift for the Lazy.*

Acknowledging the Fact.—The old proverb that "many a true word is spoken in jest," was forcibly illustrated a few Sundays since. A Free Church minister in Glasgow gave out the morning lesson, the 4th section of the 119th Psalm; and while his congregation were looking out the "portion" in their Bibles, the Dr. took out his mull, and seizing a hasty pinch with his finger and thumb, regaled his nose with the snuff—he then began the lesson: "My soul cleaveth unto the dust!" The latter that ran round the church, and the confusion of the priest, showed that both the congregation and he felt the Psalmist's "pinch."

A learned doctor, referring to tight lacing, avers that it is a public benefit, inasmuch as it kills all the foolish girls, and leaves the wise ones to grow up to women.

recognized the voice of the glove she had just before dealt with. This conceit struck her so forcibly, that she ordered her servant to drive back to town—not choosing, she said, to venture further over the heath.

On her arrival at the glove's, she knocked and gained admission, the glove himself opening the door. The lady desired to speak with him in private. The glove showed her to a back parlor, when she exclaimed, "I am come for my purse, of which you robbed me this evening on Finchly Common!" The glove was confounded, and the lady proceeded—"It is of no use for you to deny it. I am convinced, and your life is at my mercy. Return me my property, and trust to my humanity." The glove, overcome with guilt, shame and confusion, confessed the crime, returned the purse, and pleaded his distress. The lady, after suitable admonition, gave him a ten pound note, bade him mend his ways and life, and keep his own counsel; adding that she would not divulge his name or place of abode. She kept her word; and though the robbery was stated in the public papers, the discovery was omitted; and it was not until recently, that a minute account of this singular transaction was found among the papers of the lady alluded to. Even in the private memorandum, the name and residence of the glove was omitted; and the secret in that particular, rests with the lady in the grave!

THE WIFE'S INFLUENCE ON HER HUSBAND'S FORTUNE.

A woman has her husband's fortunes in her power, because she may, or she may not, as she pleases, conform to his circumstances. This is her first duty, and ought to be her pride. No passion for luxury or display ought for a moment to tempt her to deviate in the least degree from this line of conduct. Any other course is wretchedness itself, and inevitably leads to ruin. Nothing can be more miserable than the struggle to keep up appearances. If it could succeed, it would cost more than it is worth; as it never can, its failure involves the deepest mortification. Some of the sublime exhibitions of human virtue have been made by women, who have been precipitated suddenly from wealth and splendor to absolute want. Then a man's fortunes are in a manner in the hands of his wife, inasmuch as his own power of exertion depends on her. His moral strength is inconceivably increased by her sympathy, her counsel, her aid.—She can aid him immensely by relieving him of every care which she is capable of taking upon herself. If she be prompted by true affection and good sense, she will perceive when his spirit is borne down and overwhelmed. She, of all human beings, can best minister to its needs. If it be weary, in her assiduity it finds repose and refreshment. If it be harassed and worn to a morbid irritability, her gentle tones steal over it with a soothing more potent than the most exquisite music. If every enterprise be dead, and hope itself almost extinguished, her patience and fortitude have the power to rekindle them in the heart, and he again goes forth to renew the encounter with the toils and troubles of life.

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THE RUSHING PRINCIPLE.

Verily this is a "fast" age. Everything is "rushed." A building which the architect of twenty five years ago would not have engaged to erect in less than six months, must now be run up in six weeks; and, from the three minute horse on the Third avenue to the steam leviathans which dart up and down our mighty rivers, all things in this country capable of locomotion are continually "going it" at the top of their speed. It is true that the flimsy buildings of the present day are mere ginger-bread work as compared with the solid masonry of our ancestors. But what of that? They will last a life time; and in this hurry-scurry era, it is every man for himself and a fig for posterity. In the language of the immortal Paul Grout—"What has posterity ever done for us?"

It cannot be denied that a good many men are killed in putting up our fast buildings, and that thousands are annually blown to immortal smash by our fast steamboats. But "it is of no consequence," as Toots says, when he breaks his shins over the chairs and tables. This is the age of high pressure, and we are bound to keep the great engine of human civilization at racing speed, even if we sit on the safety valve to prevent the steam from escaping. Men eat faster, drink faster, and talk faster, than they did in our younger days, and, in order to be consistent on all points, they also die faster.—(They are not married so fast, however, judging by the frequency and ease with which the "knot is united.")

We imagine that steam is at the bottom of this accelerated movement. It has roused a spirit of emulation or imitation in the human family which keeps them always on the jump. The pace has been increasing since the time of Fulton, until it has, at last, become too terrific for old folks to "live." They are left behind in the neck-or-nothing steep chase of a new generation, and get bewildered by the rapidity with which objects and events sweep by.

A story is told of a nag that made such excellent time as to cause a friend of the driver to mistake the mile-stones passed on the turnpike for tombstones in a graveyard. "Such is life" to him who travels by the "lightning line" of modern improvement—he gets an indistinct and often a wrong impression of what he sees on the road. Take the race of education for instance; for the steam principle is very extensively applied in this branch of "human progress." In the days of old, the way to learn a language was to begin at the foundation—its grammar, derivations, and so forth—but all such snail's-work has been exploded under the new educational dispensation. Word cramming is now the rule. You parrot off phrases and meanings, and soon learn enough to *gabble* French or Italian, or whatever the language may be, but without knowing any more of the philosophy of its construction than if you had never heard of it. We refer, of course, to the "popular plan" of tuition, and not to the system pursued in our colleges and seminaries—old-fashioned concerns which are now generally considered "behind the age."

It is to be feared that the invention of the lightning telegraph will give an additional go-a-head impulse to humanity, equal to that imparted by the rush of steam. If so, Progress only knows where we shall land.—*Noah.*

JAY AND THE ANGEL.

When the Edward Irving mania raged, a man calling himself an "Angel of the Church," proceeded from Bristol to Bath, on a special mission to William Jay. The grave, thinking old man, was in his study, and when the "Angel," a man with a dismal countenance, a white cravat, and rusty black trousers, appeared, Mr. Jay asked him his business. "I am the Angel of the Church," said the man. "What church?" asked Mr. Jay. "The Irvingite church at Bristol," replied the angel. "Take off your coat," said Mr. Jay. The angel took off his coat, and Mr. Jay quietly rubbed his shoulder blades. "What are you doing?" asked the angel. "Looking for your wings," was the cool answer of William Jay.

THE NEGRO'S ADVICE.

A young minister received a call from different societies at once, to become their pastor. One was rich, and able to give him a large salary, and was well united; the other was poor, and so divided that they had driven away their minister. In this condition he applied to his father for advice. An aged negro servant who overheard what they said, made this reply: "Massa, go where there is the least money and the most devil." He took the advice, and was made the happy instrument of uniting a distracted church, and converting many souls to Christ.

HEALTH OF FEMALES.

It is evident that women brought up to think and act as they do at present, can have little chance of a sound mind in a sound body. To share in any kind of household work is to demean herself; and she would be thought mad to run, leap, or engage in any kind of active game in the open fields, with the fresh, life, soul-giving air around her, and the birds and lesser winged things inviting her thereto. She may take violent exercise through the whole evening in heated, ill ventilated, or draughty rooms—may be whirled round, her form enfolded by a stranger, till, but for the excitement, one would call the strength she evinces burlesque; but with children, or creatures with children's gushing natures, to chase each other's shadows on the breezy common, or search the sea cliffs for flowers till health, mantling her cheek and eye, she almost dreams herself a spirit of the scene, so etherially does the blood flow—and she has read the old Greek legends, and she has seen, before now, many a Dryad in the wood and Naiad by the stream—to do this would indeed be deemed unwomanly, imprudent, not to be thought of, or tolerated. She may not even dance upon the green sward unless the whole paraphernalia of dress, music, and set occasion be there too; and then it shall be no dancing of spirit or movement, but a conventionality from the first to last. The brook murmurs a little song as it glides over the pebbles to the sea, the woods are alive with "strange, sweet noise," but she may not warble among them, giving song for song.

FIDELITY.

Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather round—when sickness falls on the heart,—when the world is dark and cheerless—it is the time to try true friendship. The heart that has been touched with the true gold will redouble its efforts when the friend is sad and in trouble.—Adversity tries real friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress, betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you—who has studied your interest and happiness—be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated and that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists in the heart. Who has not seen and felt its power? They only deny its worth and power who have never loved a friend, or labored to make a friend happy. The good and kind, the affectionate and the virtuous see and feel the heavenly principle. They would sacrifice wealth and honor to promote the happiness of others, and in return they receive the reward of their love by sympathizing hearts and countless favors, when they have been brought low by disease or adversity.

WOMEN AT WASHINGTON.

An observing letter writer at Washington, writing to a New York paper, makes the following truthful remarks:—The compliment paid to the native modesty of our southern ladies by a northern pen, is not less flattering because it is true. No one who has spent a winter at Washington, will fail to recognize the truthfulness of the picture here drawn of the lady lobby members, who through the galleries of both Houses of Congress, always the great adornment of the chambers, though sometimes to the exceeding annoyance of the ungallant of the masculine sex, who do not feel themselves re-paid for the loss of a good seat by the complacent smile of the conscious beauty to whom he is compelled to relinquish it.

"A resident can perceive at once, whether a fair girl has been long at Washington, by her manner. A new comer, when attended by a gentleman to public places—such as Congress, parties, theatres, serenades, panoramas—is shy, and somewhat reserved. Wait until she has been here some time, and her tactics are entirely changed. She is no longer afraid, but will nestle up to her companion like a young pigeon to her mate, and look up into his eyes with an expression in her own that is no less bewitching than indescribable.—When she is walking with her lover or escort she allows him to poke her along the avenue, his elbows in her side without the least show of resistance or annoyance.—These are old stagers. 'Tis not so with new comers. The latter won't stand these things from casual acquaintances, or even from sweet-hearts. The great gathering places for strange ladies, both young and old, are the galleries of the two houses of Congress. Washington permanent ladies are fond of exhibiting themselves there, and of being squeezed in the most approved style. A modest young lady will never go twice to the gallery of the Senate; once will do. It is altogether coming too close quarters with the male sex, for either her comfort or delicacy.

Even the delight of hearing Clay, Webster, or Houston, make a speech is not a sufficient inducement to make her toe the mark a second time. A southern girl is rarely seen in the ladies' gallery of the United States Senate. She is never seen there twice. Many young ladies go there every day, when the Senate sits. They want to be seen, and don't mind squeezing; they are used to it, and like it amazingly. There are whole families that will crowd into that Senate gallery when it is a perfect jam, if some popular orator is speaking, and after dislodging a score of men from their seats, will take their places; but no sooner is the confusion somewhat subsided, when they rise like a bevy of quails, and take wing to some other part of the capitol, as the Supreme Court, or House, where their advent is equally annoying.

Imitation of Mahogany.—Any wood of a close grain may be made perfectly to imitate mahogany, by the following French process: Let the surface be planed smooth, and then rubbed with a solution of nitrous acid. Then apply, with a soft brush, the following mixture: one ounce of dragon's blood, dissolved in about a pint of spirits of wine, and with the addition of a third of an ounce of carbonate of s. d. a, mixed and filtered. When the polish diminishes in brilliancy, it may be restored by the use of a little cold-drawn linseed oil. Dragon's blood, as most of our readers know, is a resin, obtained by incision from certain tropical plants, and is sold at the druggists, to varnishers and marble stainers.—The method is extensively adopted in France, and might be well adopted in the United States, for the interior decorations of our dwellings.

New Powers.—An hydraulic gravitation engine, to supersede steam as a motive power, has been projected by a Southampton mechanic, a Mr. Jackson. Once started, it is said, it will go for six months without any sensible wearing of the material. A model is to be submitted to the Admiralty. A metropolitan inventor proposes to assist the action of small locomotive or other steam engines by a large wheel, with sliding weights and leverage so arranged as of themselves to produce a power of progression, only requiring the aid of a very small engine to overcome the dead points, where the weights have to be raised in their most disadvantageous position while generating an auxiliary power in re descent.—*Builder.*

Surrender of a Beauty.—The celebrated Madame Recamer, who died in Paris last Spring, was in her day one of the most fascinating of her sex, and exerted a prodigious influence by her talents, grace and beauty through a long series of years.—The duration of her personal attractions extended far beyond the ordinary term, but when at length the long bright day drew toward a close, no declining beauty ever accepted with more amiable candor the realization of the unwelcome truth that "all that's bright must fade" some time or other. "Ah, my dear, she replied, to a friend who was complimenting her on her defiance of time, "when I saw that the little boys in the street no longer turned to look at me, I knew that all was over."

An Obvious Inference.—An Iowa stump orator, wishing to describe his opponent as a soulless man, said, "I have heard some persons hold the opinion, that just at the precise moment after one human being dies another is born, and the soul enters and animates the new-born babe. Now, I have made particular and extensive inquiries concerning my opponent *that*, and I find that for some hours before he drew breath nobody died. Fellow citizens, I leave you to draw the inference!"

A Hit.—A certain young clergyman, modest almost to bashfulness, was once asked by a country apothecary of a contrary character, in a public and crowded assembly, and in a tone of voice to catch the attention of the whole company, "How it happened that the patriarchs lived to such an extreme old age?" To which impertinent question he immediately replied, "Perhaps they took no physic."

An Irishman some time ago committed to Huntsford House of Correction, for a misdemeanor, and sentenced to work on the tread-wheel for the space of his task: "What a great deal of fatigue and botheration it would have saved us poor craters, if they had but invented it to go by steam, like all other water-mills; for, bad luck be me if I have not been after going my stairs for this four weeks, but could not reach the chamber door at the head."