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Whoever will become responsible for the payment of nine papers, shall receive a tenth gratis.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted on the customary terms.

No advertisement inserted until it has been paid for, or its payment assumed by some person in this town, or its vicinity.

All letters to the editors must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to.

AGRICULTURAL.



*Like the first mortals blest is he,
From debts, and worry, and business free,
With his own team who ploughs the soil,
Which grateful once confessed his father's toil.*

A HINT TO CORN PLANTERS.

Dr. Moore, of Maryland, who has written a treatise on agriculture, asserts that agriculture is more followed and less understood, than any other mechanical branch in the United States.

He says, if good ground is cultivated in a proper manner, every person may plant two hills of corn for one he does now on the same ground, and the corn will be equally as good, which is a double crop. He further says, the general average depth of corn ground, as broken up and planted, is about three and a half to four inches; and that one week's hot sun, after the ground becomes droughty, will dry the ground and scorch the corn, so as to stop its growth. But to plough up your ground eight inches deep, your corn will stand growing a three weeks' drought; and if you plough twelve or fourteen inches deep, it will grow every day during a six or seven weeks' drought.

I have made an experiment, and I think with success; and have saved a large portion of the labor of deep ploughing, and gained some of its advantages. I break up and strike out my corn ground in the old usual way: the furrow I plant in, I run a single coultter ten or eleven inches deep in the centre of the furrow, and plant on that mark. When my corn is up, I run a bar-bear once round in each corn row, and make my coultter plough follow in the same furrow as deep as formerly: Thus every corn row has three coultter furrows, fourteen or fifteen inches deep, around the whole.

The Doctor asserts, that corn-roots run no deeper than you break and cultivate your ground, and this gives pasture for the roots. With this small addition of labor in a corn crop, such a dry summer as last was, this plan will give a third, or fourth, or fifth more corn. Attention ought always to be paid in laying by corn the last ploughing, never to plough every row, but every other one, throughout the field in dry weather; then turn and plough up those left. But do not act the fool, and cut all the roots the same day, and stop the growth of your corn, as there is not a doubt but 100,000 barrels of corn are destroyed every dry season by ploughing every row.

COMMON SENSE.

Every one can test this system by a trial of one or more acres.

FROM THE IRISHMAN, PRINTED AT BELFAST.

SPEECH OF COUNCELLOR PHILLIPS.

At Sligo, on the Address to the King.

We have this moment laid down the Dublin Journal, in which we read the last speech of this celebrated Irish Barrister, printed by his own authority; and though there are few men to whose superior talents, and to whose kind dispositions we were more willing to bear our humble attestation, yet we should be guilty of a gross abandonment of public duty if we were to suffer our feelings for the man to interfere between the politician and our country, or to suppress our indignation at the sentiments delivered by Mr. Phillips at the late meeting at Sligo, because we have more than once had reason to join in the praises lavishly and so justly bestowed by his countrymen on his former efforts. We confess we did not think it possible, that such a mind as that which we conceived Phillips to

possess, could have so fallen from the proud and enviable station in which it has hitherto stood: We did not imagine that a man so qualified to plead the cause of his country, could ever stoop to the humiliating office of a Poet Laureat, gilding the corruptions of courts, and offering up incense to the power that despises his homage. What! to see Charles Phillips reiterating the rhapsodies of Burke, and the common place of the Courier! to see Charles Phillips flying to the throne, and to the altar, from the fury of the reformers, and seeking refuge under the wing of George the Fourth, from the wild democracy of such men as Burdett, and Hobhouse, and Bentham. Surely! surely! this is an unworthy office for such a mind! And whence this wondrous transformation? *Unde derivata clades.* Are the times so bad that the wages of patriotism are no longer worthy of the lawyer's ambition? Have the labors of the patriot been so unprofitable, that it is considered prudent to turn upon the people, whose breath first warmed him into life; and to build upon their ruin that solid and substantial livelihood, which no storms can shake, nor reverse can diminish? If any man in Ireland can point out to us a production more disgusting or more degrading, (with the exception of a speech, falsely attributed to Baron Smith, said to be lately delivered to the Mullingar Grand Jury,) we shall be much obliged to the ingenious inquirer into the natural curiosities of the present age. We greatly lament this sad and dismal falling off; we lament more for the sake of Ireland, than of Mr. Phillips. But Ireland is no more! She has no inducements to hold to her children! The genius she daily brings forth abandons her; for she no longer enjoys the power of rewarding its struggle in the cause—her most favored offspring go out on a voyage of discovery, to find a resting place, no matter where—whether in the bosom of Sidmouth or Castlereagh—Grenville or Gray! And we therefore should not wonder if Charles Phillips is found among the wanderers from his native shore—casting about for some safe retreat, where, in his old age, he may shelter himself and his children from the storms of adversity.

What will the Irish Bar say to this motley production—this splendid profusion of balderdash? What will George the Fourth say to the man who has the front to insult the memory of his father with fulsomeness of panegyric which Alfred or Henry the Fourth would blush to hear? It is one argument more, in addition to the many we could state, to demonstrate the havoc and desolation which the Union is making on the finest intellects and most brilliant talents our country might boast of. We need not conclude by saying, that if our tears could obliterate this disgraceful record from the life of Charles Phillips, we should give them freely, not more for the sake of an old friend, than for the honor of our common country.

FROM THE ALBANY (N. Y.) STATESMAN.

Great Western Celebration.

We have not yet received all the details of the great Western Commemoration of our National Independence on the borders of the Grand Canal; we have, however, through the kindness of our correspondents, been able to collect the following interesting facts.

Agreeably to previous arrangements, a vast number of citizens from Ontario, Cayuga, Oneida, Madison, Seneca, Genesee, and several other counties, assembled in the vicinity of Salina, on the morning of the anniversary. The different divisions of boats, which had proceeded from the eastern and western extremities of the canal, as well as from various points on the line, assembled at the stations assigned them by the general committee of arrangements, and under the discharge of cannon, accompanied by several bands of music, proceeded to the Basin, at the junction of the Salina branch with the Grand Canal.—The passengers here disembarked from the different boats, and the collection of people became immense. At the discharge of signal guns, a procession was formed; and, escorted by detachments of militia, proceeded to the place appointed for the exercises of the day. After the ceremonies were closed, in a manner highly honorable to those who participated in their performance, orders were given by the marshals of the day, to proceed to Salina, the place selected for refreshment. A spectacle was here presented, novel and grand beyond any thing which has ever ap-

peared on this side of the ocean—not alone from the scenes actually before the eye, but from the considerations which pressed upon the mind, and filled it with astonishment and delight. Ten large boats, and thirteen small ones, filled with passengers, and many of them ornamented in the most fanciful style, formed a line in the Salina canal. The troops called out on the occasion, formed on the borders of the channel, and the towing path was actually crowded with men, women and children. Groups of people were scattered through the fields which overlooked the tranquil bosom of the waters, and the road to Salina exhibited nothing but life and animation. The whole company moved on from the basin, at the junction of the great western and the Salina canals, to the Salina basin, under the discharge of cannon, with the strains of music, and the cheering shouts of thousands.—As the boats entered the basin, they gave three cheers, and were answered from the shore by the roaring of cannon, and the acclamations of pride and triumph. It is probable that from eight to ten thousand people were now assembled, and on which ever side the eye was turned, every thing was joyful, grand and magnificent. Standards were flying in every direction, music was heard from the different boats, the troops were drawn up in martial array, and delight and animation beamed on every countenance. The company here formed in order, under the marshals of the day, and proceeded to the bower, erected for the occasion, on the high grounds which command a view of the Onondaga Lake, and partook of the great National Festival in a manner that comported with the nature of the institution, and the character of a free people.

His excellency Governor CLINTON, had been expressly invited to visit the great western canal on this occasion, and had accordingly proceeded from Utica to Salina in the new and beautiful bark called the *Oneida Chief*, in company with a number of distinguished citizens. It is needless to say that he was received with every demonstration of enthusiasm and respect.

The return of our national anniversary was indeed a proud day to the western district. No one who witnessed the numerous meeting at Salina, but called to mind the enterprising character of the state, and the rapid march of power and refinement in the western world. Twenty-five years ago, the fairest portion of the country bordering on the great lakes in our own state, were covered with dark forests, and remained the retreats of barbarism. On the very spot where the celebration took place—where thousands of citizens had assembled—where the genius of civilization had wrought her wonders, and planted her monuments—nay, where the waters of the great western canal, now gliding along in silent majesty, and almost induced a belief that every thing was the illusion of enchantment—but a few short years since, not a settlement could be found. This country is now the seat of moral and physical strength, the field of enterprise, the nursery of statesmen and jurists, and the sites of cities and villages. The late commemoration, which drew together many of our most distinguished citizens from various quarters of the state, was a deserved tribute of respect to the western district, and was a design well calculated to prove the benign tendency of our free systems of government, in rendering a people great and happy. Since this method of celebrating the 4th of July has been commenced, we anxiously hope that it will long be adopted and cherished. We would be happy to see the people of the west assemble every year on the borders of the great western canal, and while they perform those devotions that are calculated to perpetuate the republican institutions established by our fathers, also recollect the importance of prosecuting those public improvements that serve to cement the union of the states, create, circulate, and retain wealth in the nation, and give our republic a more enviable rank on the theatre of empires.

Finally, although we had not the pleasure of joining in a celebration which, in our opinion, was the most interesting that has ever taken place in the United States, yet we are not insensible to the feelings and sentiments that were breathed by those who visited the place of rejoicing. We catch the enthusiasm, and reciprocate the pride and joy which marked the brilliant festivities of that memorable day, that dawned with so much glory on the majestic waters that enterprize and

boldness have induced to flow in peaceful grandeur over hills and valleys, and which will soon blend the waves of the ocean and the lakes, and mingle them to the latest ages of the world.

INDIANS.

Among the several letters which we have received from our western correspondents, concerning the celebration of the 4th of July on the borders of the great western canal, we extract the following interesting remarks from one of them:

“Among other things which caught my attention, was the number of Indians who attended the celebration. I should think that there were between one and two hundred present—some of them dressed in the gaudy costume of their tribes. They stood gazing in mute admiration at the new scenes continually bursting upon their astonished sight. Here they saw thousands of people, crowding in like a torrent from every quarter. The great western canal, or in other words, a river of one hundred miles in length, opened in a few months by the hands of the white men, and as far as their eyes could reach, covered with boats and skiffs; the standards and banners of the military waving in triumph, and glistening in the sun; the music of several bands filled the fields with melody; the great guns shaking the hills with thunder; and the shouts and cheerings of many thousands rending the heavens—all these things were indeed calculated to astonish the poor Indians, and induce them to think that a kind of supernatural spirit was changing the face of that country which was lately a wilderness. I must confess, that the sight of these poor Indians cast a cloud over my mind, and for a moment darkened the splendid scenery that imparted so much pleasure. Here, said I to myself, are the remnants of powerful tribes and nations, who once winged the arrow, pursued the monsters of the wilderness, and sung the songs of war over these very lands! Here they once met the foe, and trampled on their enemies, in the pride and exultation of victory! Here they once heard the thunders of the great spirit in his wrath, and shrunk from the lightnings of his eye! Here they once indulged in the bold and rapid eloquence of nature, as they met in their councils of war, and alone forgot the majesty of their species, as they fell down to worship the God of their fathers! But here, alas! are all that remains. What a comment on the changes of the moral universe—what a picture of human instability. Their power is withered, as God in his anger withers the verdure of the fields; and their numbers are scattered, as the winds of heaven dissipate the seeds in harvest time. Here they come; poor, weak, humbled, and despised, to behold the rejoicings of the white men, in the bosom of their own country, where the marriage feast of their grandfathers may have been celebrated. All this may be right. The tide of civilization rolls on from the east to the west with ceaseless power, and civilized nations and savage tribes must stand in silence and helplessness, and behold its progress. No arm can be lifted to arrest it—no barrier interposed to stop its course. A few more years, and even these vestiges of former tribes will be extinct, as their footsteps will be followed by the pressing pursuit of civilization, to the rocky mountains, and over the extended spine of the Andes, to the shore of the great western ocean. None will be left to wail over the desolations of revolution; and the very cabins in which they sharpened their hatchets, or smoked the calumet, will be examined as the remains of antiquity, by the searching eye of the philosopher.”

FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

On Intemperate Drinking.

Means, Editors. In your last paper, under the head of the “*The Club*,” I see some well-meaning persons are making an attempt to expose the debasing effects of intemperate drinking. I am glad to see it; and every friend of morality, religion, and good order, must wish success to the undertaking. But, sirs, this disgraceful practice does not alone exist in your town: You may see it in every part of the country—at our company musters—at our tax-gatherings—at “the law-days;” and, in short, look where you will, and the signs of this “*erying sin*” show themselves. “*The Club*” will go on, and attack this demoralizing and corrupting practice, wherever it presents its bloated and hideous countenance—whether in the higher or lower walks of society—whether in ball-rooms or at the Saturday-night’s frolic. In the mean time, I send you a pamphlet, written by THOMAS HEATHELL, of New-York, entitled, *In Exposure of the Causes of Intemperate Drinking*. It is full of good sense, and written in language easily understood. I have marked with my pencil such passages as I wish you to extract for your paper. By so doing, you may, perhaps, do some good, and greatly oblige a friend to

GOOD ORDER.

REMARKS.

“Probably no single cause tends so much to the debasement and demoralization of the human family, as the intemperate use of *ardent drink*.—“This most prolific source of mischief and misery, (says an able paper,) drags in its train almost every species of suffering which afflicts the poor in relation to poverty and vice; it may be con-