

the great cities to the north, a sprightly, red-cheeked girl of about 18 or 19, whom I once took occasion to rally, on accidentally perceiving she held in her hand a whalebone corset. No sooner had my eye caught it, than she darted it, as quick as lightning, under the music book on her piano.

O don't put that wag on, Nancy—don't, I say, but cast the pernicious machine far away, I caution'd her sincerely.

Begone! I will wear it, while God spares my breath, 'Tis 't fatal to me, 't'en fatal to death! She retorted severely.

But this is mildness compared to the obstinate perverseness I have had to encounter, and the gibing slants I have had to pocket, in the course of my opposition to the use of corsets. But the young ladies of Salisbury, with the exception of a few old offenders, seem to have cast off such unbecoming appendages as worthless frippery, and content themselves with appearing in a shape nature designed them to appear in—their muscular systems unstrained, and they left free to move and act with unaffected ease and native gracefulness.

The philosophic mind seeks a cause for all effects—and were I to assign a cause why the young ladies of Salisbury, and its vicinity, are more divested of the fantastic trappings of ridiculous fashions than those of many other towns, I should, unhesitatingly, point to our excellent *Female Academy*, as the great agent.—There the useful and ornamental branches of education have not alone been taught—principles of domestic economy, as well as simplicity of manners and virtuous habits, have also been inculcated.

But what a contrast does the moral character of some young gentlemen exhibit to this lively picture of our females! Sipping at the fountain of sensuality, they become enamoured of the goddess of licentiousness, and recline in her lap, benumbed by ebriety, and dumb to all sense of morality, honor or shame.

O, my fellow-associates! reach me your hands—I will pull with my might, to get you out of the miry slough into which you have voluntarily entered. ALFRED.

#### TO THE EDITORS.

The mountains labored with prodigious throes,  
And lo! a mouse ridiculous arose.....HORACE.

Gentlemen—I have been a subscriber to your paper from its commencement, and have employed what little influence I possess in my neighborhood, to increase the number of your patrons. I have felt a pride in laying the pages of the *CAROLINA* before my neighbors, and asking them to point out one unchaste thought, one indelicate expression, which might offend the most rigidly virtuous, or cause a blush to suffuse the cheek of modesty: But I could not exhibit your last number thus triumphantly. No—I felt mortified, and anxious to conceal the paper from every eye, and particularly from that of my better half, well knowing that she would ring so loud a peal on some expressions in it, that my head would not recover from the jar for a month. To come to the point: Sirs, I was surprised that you should permit so nonsensical a piece as the one said to be from an "association of women," to stain your pages; and I was equally surprised that you should so far forget the deference due to the understanding and taste of your readers, as to offer it to their perusal.

I was puzzled to discover the meaning or intention of the author. A few scattered ideas, and not at all connected with each other, seemed to have been floating in his mind, which he laid hold of at random, and by forcing them into an unnatural connection, destroyed what little meaning they might have conveyed, in their original insulated state. Like the Hero of the poet of Strenham, his genius appears to be factitious, and to understand things

.....by rote,  
And, as occasion served, would quote:  
No matter whether right or wrong,  
'They must be either said or sung.  
His notions fitted things so well,  
That which was which he could not tell;  
But oftentimes mistook the one  
For the other, as great 'dolls' have done.

I was in Salisbury on the day when the second number of "the Club" appeared, and witnessed the excitement which it produced among a certain class, and heard some hints thrown out that it would be answered; I little thought, however, that such an attempt would be made. But it seems the *cacoethes scribendi* has infected some wonderful genius, whose facial angle, I should judge, must be of about the same dimension as a gander's—some self-conceited, beardless, brainless stripling, who has outraged all common sense, and resolved,

.....in spite  
Of nature and his stars, to write.

And what can exhibit a more complete paucity of meaning, than the string of words which compose his masterly exordium. "As it is natural," &c. To me it is unintelligible as a page of Hebrew; and I doubt whether any of your lawyers, who are able to make nothing something, and words mean any thing and every thing,—can turn twist, or torture them into plain, common parlance.

But the climax of this writer's folly, is his endeavoring to palm himself upon the public as one of the "women folks," and as the champion of the ladies! as one of an "association of women," who are to stand forth "like Hector,"

"like Hector," to defend their reputations! O learned ladies! O most appropriate simile! And then the learned dissertation of this lady, alms-dunce, on the nature of peas; and a very delicate one, too! Sirs, from this dirty and foolish piece, such country fellows as myself, would be led to conclude that the ladies of Salisbury are exact counterparts of Mary Wolstencraft in principle, and as unlike her as possible in intellect, were it not that every line of this writer exposes his gender, as well as his ignorance. He had the folly to attempt, what he lacked sense to accomplish; and if my poor intellect were capable of understanding it, I would here apply to this wiseacre the beautiful simile with which he closes his nondescript production: I have some vague, indefinite idea of its meaning, but for fear it may not hit, I will e'en let it rest where it is. I shall not notice the very feminine phrases of "high strikes," "blue devils," and, O ye Gods! the "more fashionable" phrase of "azure demons," nor the truly delicate query about the figure of the President; I shall leave that part to the ladies themselves, to whom you must answer for so gross a libel on their characters.

This writer's object is evidently to be witty; but instead of that he is superlatively ridiculous. I cannot discover a single smart or witty thing in the whole of his labored jingle—nothing that indicates genius, or even a mediocrity of talent. It is all rant and fustian—a motley mass of words and phrases jumbled together, the *tout ensemble* of which is folly. Yet it may, after all, be productive of some good—it may teach the writer, who, I suspect, is some stripling just entering his teens, that writing is not his vocation—and that if he wishes not to appear ridiculous in the eyes of the world, he must cease to wield the pen—or at least keep the labors of his goose quill "nine years," before he thinks of offering them to the public. But if he will follow the advice of a friend, he will renounce writing for the public from this time forward and forever, as he will always be apt to receive a most ungracious reception; for very few will be willing to pay away their money for nonsense: and very few, Messrs. Editors, will feel any considerable interest in the success of a paper which is made the vehicle of folly—a receptacle for the spoutings of ignorance, and the balderdash of would-be-wits.

"The Club," so far as my information extends, have met with general approbation. The end they aim at is truly laudable, and deserving the countenance and support of every good man, every well-wisher to the rising generation. They have told some plain truths, and it was necessary they should—they have applied a severe caustic, but the disease required it—for inveterate diseases, it is well known, often require violent remedies. But they have not struck out into a new path; they are only following in the old one, which the Spectators, and the Guardians, and the Howards, as every one of even common information knows, have trodden before them; and with those lights and those examples to guide, and the good which they have achieved to encourage them, they need not be discouraged or deterred by the trifling obstacles which interested individuals and ignorant dolts may throw in their way. The language of every man of virtuous principle, is—*Persevere*—expose vice and folly—hold the mirror up to life, that the vicious may see the deformity and consequences of vice, and the virtuous the beauty and precious immunities of virtue.

Gentlemen, you must pardon my boldness, and excuse the freedom with which I have written. But I thought the piece alluded to in your last number, demanded severe reprehension—I tho't you erred, marvellously erred, in giving it a place in your columns—and I likewise thought that you ought not only to be reminded of the improper indulgence you had granted, but also to be reprov'd a little for it. Yours, &c. MURICOLA.

## INTELLIGENCE.

He comes, the herald of a noisy world,  
News from all nations lumbering at his back.

### Foreign.

#### BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

Extracts from the late debate in the British House of Commons, on the Droits of the Crown.

Mr. Brougham said—In 1817, the sum of 130,000*l.* fell to the crown, in consequence of the demise of a rich lunatic—at least, so he understood. In 1807, an individual who had no heirs died intestate; his property, to the amount of 47,000*l.* went to the crown. In 1816, the crown got possession of 62,000*l.* in the same way.

Other sums, much larger in amount, were supplied from different sources. In 1804, prize money to the amount of 105,000*l.* was received on one occasion. In the same year, there was another sum of 40,000*l.*, and a third of 55,000*l.* In 1806, those droits were augmented by 155,000*l.*; and at one period there came in nearly the whole proceeds of the Dutch prizes, amounting to 1,657,000*l.*—(Hear, hear.)—From the Spanish condemnations, the sum of 2,200,000*l.* was derived! So that large sums were not wanting in the list more than small ones. Two millions two hundred thousand pounds were acquired by attacking unarmed, defenceless men!—(hear, hear.)—men who knew of no reason for such a proceeding, except that they had dollars on board their ships. He vowed to God he had never yet talked to a British officer on the subject,—he had never spoken of it, to a gallant officer with whom he had the honor of being connected, and who had the misfortune of taking a part in the transaction—but the events of that day, were described

as sufficient to make an English seaman hang his head with shame.

There was another source, too, of great importance, though not so productive as those to which he had alluded, the proceeds of which were applicable to the same purpose. He meant the revenue derivable from the Leeward Islands, from Gibraltar, from Scotland, &c. which amounted to a very large sum. How was it disposed of? In pious!

When he recollected the case of Sir Home Popham, he could not but join in opinion with those who declared that those funds were sometimes abused. At the end of a long war, when a peace of proportionate length was supposed to have been attained, that gallant officer, feeling all the ardor of a high and generous mind, and disliking sloth, inactivity and idleness, sought the field of his former glory, the theatre of his bold achievements. Enamoured of glory, and wishing to gain new laurels by exploits on the ocean, where he had already been so successful, he engaged in a smuggling transaction! (Loud laughter.) Different men sought fame by different roads. One individual looked for it in the field of battle, where he would, perhaps, find death; another sought for it through the medium of smuggling, and found captors—(a laugh.) The gallant officer having procured simulated papers, and all other instruments necessary for his purpose, preceded on board his ship, which he named the *Etrusco*. He sailed for the East-Indies, where he arrived in safety. But the best conducted enterprizes sometimes failed, particularly on an element which was as proverbial for its uncertainty as it was famous for the glorious scenes that had been acted on it. Com. Robinson unfortunately fell in with and captured this contrabandist, (a laugh;) and his vessel was condemned by a competent jurisdiction. But how did the matter end? Instead of hauling over the proceeds of the ship and cargo to the captor, who had done his duty to the country, 25,000*l.*, and the expenses of the suit, were given to the gallant officer, to comfort him under his disappointment. (Hear, hear.) And if that were not comfort sufficient, fifty thousand pounds were granted to him out of this valuable droit of the crown.

Sir Home Popham, it appeared, was a man of fine feelings—indeed, the man of sentiment and the hero always went together. His family, at the time to which he (Mr. Brougham) alluded, was on shore; and Sir Home thought, "I have exposed myself to the perils of the sea to the rage of the enemy, and to the persecution of the king's proctor; and, God forbid, when I have an opportunity of seeing my family, that I may stay on board." He accordingly went on shore in a boat. But what became of the boat, or rather, as Mr. Windham has said, of the two boats? That would be presently seen. A soft intercourse was observed to be carried on, during the night, between the boats and Sir Home's family; and the sentimental trips from the ship to the shore continued until morning—(laughter.) But there was another person, whose case was much harder than that of this gallant officer, who had not supplied any of the money necessary for furnishing out the adventure. That individual was Mr. Charnock, of Ostend, who procured the funds that were requisite; so that the person who advanced the money lost all, while he who originally had none, received a very large sum. This was unfortunate for Mr. Charnock; but such circumstances would happen to the best of smugglers. (A laugh.)

Mr. Canning said—The only other argument for departing from usage on this subject of the droits, is, that the whole department of the monarchy may be recast, and for the sake of doing away with every vestige of feudal monarchy—that we could erect something new that would merit great praise, I am not prepared to deny. The new fabric might be clean and neat as the *American government*, and intelligible as the *President of the United States*! But I am unwilling that every trace of antiquity should be done away in the British Constitution. (Hear, hear.) Nothing is so easy as to frame a system that will look neat on paper—a system that, by stripping the king of all exclusive and princely ornaments, would render the monarch and his ministers, in dignity and form, what they are in reality, but in a more suitable and efficient character—the mere functionaries of a people. There is but one step further to complete the improvement: It is, as the king is paid a fixed and stated salary, so that ministers be removed in form as they are in substance, as well as new ministers appointed by this house. The monarch would then be separated from all the darkness of ancient times. But I do not think the friends of Paine's plans would be satisfied with all this. I admit, that the honorable and learned gentleman would be satisfied without removing all the lines of circumscription which, thank God, the arm of a traitor must pierce before the constitution of this country would remove.

But when nothing was demanded; when the sovereign...he would not say consented...declared that he would receive, with gratitude and satisfaction, the Civil List that had been acquiesced in for four years; when this declaration was made, when the sovereign expressed himself satisfied, and declared that he would have no reduction made upon any sums falling into the country, what was the return? "Aye, but you have other funds, and we wish to have them taken from you; we wish you to be a king after a new fashion; we require your allowances to be limited to your physical wants; we desire you to rival the *President of America*." (Cheers.) O, incomparable temptation! But he would not be induced by this temptation to strip off trappings which were neither costly to the people nor dangerous to the constitution.

Mr. Brougham—In 1819, when we engaged in

war with America, the American government allowed six months for all ships to leave their ports after the war commenced. A representation was made of the hardship of not having longer time—longer time was granted. In courts of law in Massachusetts, the question was tried, whether the government had a right to grant such time, or whether, according to common law, which was the same in America as in England, the ships had not become droits of the commonwealth there, as of the crown in England. The courts found that the order of government was conformable to the law of nations; and the ships were enlarged. It was remarkable, that the courts held, not only that the enlargement was conformable to the law of nations, but also to *Magna Charta*. When the minister of the American government, at the Congress of Ghent, asked for similar indulgence for his countrymen; he did not meet with reciprocal liberality. The answer given to him was, indeed, the only answer which could be given to him under existing circumstances; for it informed him that restitution of the property seized could not be made, as it was not the property of the captors, but the property of the crown. After such a fact, he would ask them, in the first place, whether it was not natural for foreign courts to suspect that wars were sometimes made by our court with no other view than to support this fund? and, in the second, whether the house, if it consented to the measures now proposed by his majesty's ministers, would not be creating another obstacle to the destruction of it? The American government had certainly a right to expect that the English government would adhere to *Magna Charta*, and *Magna Charta* expressly declared, that no foreign merchant should suffer, either in his person or in his chattels, upon a declaration of war, though he might be compelled to wait in England until it was ascertained how Englishmen were treated in the other country.

Mr. Hume said—Pensions had most enormously increased. In 1661, their amount was only 5,940*l.*, and the whole Civil List only 82,000*l.*—In 1811, pensions amounted to more than 38,000*l.*, and in 1812, to more than 49,000*l.* The whole of this sum, too, was connected in its expenditure with political and parliamentary interests. It was employed, not to support the dignity and honor of the crown, but to promote the patronage and influence of ministers, and to enable them to corrupt the members of that house. It was his intention, in a few days, to show how the members of that house stood in a situation to be corrupted; and then those gentlemen who now cheered, would stand before the house in their proper character.

## Domestic.

### "BY LIFE WE ARE IN DEATH"

ST. LOUIS, (M. T.) JUNE 28.—The journalist has seldom to record a catalogue of greater domestic calamity than occurred a few miles west of St. Louis, on Friday morning last.

Mr. Michael Gorman, a native of Queens county, Ireland, and only a few months from the Emerald Isle, with an amiable group of children, most of them arrived to manhood, had purchased a plantation in our neighborhood. Their prospects were fair: independence, health, and every wish for felicity was in view, until the transitory gleam vanished by the following accident:

On the morning above mentioned, the eldest sons of Mr. Gorman, Thomas and Patrick, descended into a well they were digging, and had previously penetrated about 30 feet. Apprehending no danger, they, with Wm. Neal and Thomas Kinchelo, hired laborers, who had descended to assist them, fell victims to the fixed air, which had accumulated in the short period of 20 or 30 hours.

Mr. Wm. Tharp, who resides near the Gormans, had the intrepidity to go down in the bucket, and brought up the four men, one after the other—bled them, but alas, they could not be brought to life.—Mr. G. left Queens county, Ireland, on the 10th June, 1819, and arrived at St. Louis, 4th Dec. following. All the above named, were from the same neighborhood. Michael Gorman, the unhappy father, expresses feelings of gratitude to his kind neighbors, especially to Mr. Tharp.

[The substance that produced these alarming effects, is fixed air, or carbonic acid gas.]

### "HOW TO DIE FOR LOVE"

Barnabas Beebe, of Exeter, Otsego county, N. Y. aged 18 years, shot himself on the 29th ult. In the morning he visited a young woman, for whom he had for some time manifested an affection, but who had declined receiving his addresses, and told her if she did not consent to receive them, he would certainly put an end to his life. She treated the remark lightly, and told him she did not believe he would. He retired; and soon after the report of a pistol was heard. He was found, sitting by the side of a fence, shot through the body. He lived a few hours, and expired.—*Utica paper.*

BALTIMORE, JULY 28.

### ANOTHER JUDGE RESIGNED.

Archibald D. Murphy, Esq., before he left the city, where he has been for some days attending the Supreme Court, resigned his office as one of the Judges of the Superior Court of Law and Equity in this state.

We learn that his excellency the Governor has notified the Councilors of State to meet here on Monday, the 14th of August, for the purpose of advising with him on the appointment of a Judge to supply the vacancy.

Judge Murphy has also resigned his office of Reporter of the Supreme Court, and Thomas Ruffin, Esq. late one of the Judges of the Superior Court, has been appointed in his place. It is understood that Mr. Murphy will publish the reports of all the decisions which have taken place up to the present court; and that Mr. Ruffin will commence his reports with the cases decided at this term.—*Register.*

Philadelphia, July 20.—U. S. Bank Stock—102½ to 104 this forenoon. In New-York, yesterday, sales at 103½