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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.

FROM THE WESTERN HERALD.

If I was He.

If I was a farmer, I would devote my whole attention to the cultivation of my farm, clothe and feed my servants well, take care of my stock, mend the holes in my fences, take a fair price for my produce, and never indulge in idleness and dissipation.

If I was a lawyer, I would not charge a poor man five dollars for a few words of advice.

If I was a physician, I could not have the conscience to charge as much as they do for feeling the pulse, extracting a tooth, taking a little blood, or administering a dose of calomel and jalap.

If I was a merchant, I would have an established price for my goods, and not undersell or injure my neighbors. I would sell at a moderate profit, and give good weight and measure, and deal as honestly as possible.

If I was a mechanic, I would apply myself industriously to my business, take care of my family, refrain from visiting taverns and grog shops; and when I promised a man to have his work done by a certain time, I would endeavor to be punctual.

If I was a young buck, I would not cut as many ridiculous capers as some of them do, playing with their watch chains, flourishing their rattans, strutting and making a great noise with their high-heeled boots, (probably not paid for,) and making remarks on plain and worthy people.—They render themselves contemptible in the eyes of the sensible and unassuming.

If I was a young lady, I would not be seen spinning street-yarn every day, ogling this young fellow, nodding at another, and giving sweet smiles to a third—sometimes having three holes in one stocking, and two in t'other.

If I was a lover, I would be true to the object of my affections, treat her with tenderness, and never let her conduct towards another excite jealousy in my breast; but should she ever speak of me in terms of disrespect, or treat me with coolness, I would be off like a shot off a shovel! and all her arts should never again entrap me.

If I was an old bachelor, I would make every exertion in my power to get married, and, if I failed, I would buy a rope and hang myself!

And finally, Mr. Printer, if I was one of your useful and respectable profession, I never would refuse publishing pieces like this.

T. FEARNOUGHT, Esq.

FROM THE NEW-HAMPSHIRE PATRIOT.

Messrs. Hill & Moore:—The old song of "Hard Times" is sung with increased fervor at this time, when the earth yields an uncommon supply both for man and beast. Could not the tune of "Hard Times" be easily altered to the more endearing sound of "Hard Cash," if the following protest were strictly adhered to by all those who are in the habit of tipping the glass twice too often? In my opinion, those who are now idling away their time in the streets and grog shops, singing the song of "Hard Times," would be much more respected, if they would content themselves at home, with their wives and children, chaunting the tune of "Hard Cash," one equally as well beloved by all. Then would the farmer and mechanic, with Temperance, Industry, Frugality, and Economy, by his side, thrive as did our forefathers, when one gallon of rum would last them through haying.

"PROTEST."

"I protest that no more I'll get drunk—
Tis the curse and the plague of my life;
It ruins my credit, my health, and my purse,
My peace and my comfort—and what is still worse,
It vexes and angers my wife!"

"I protest that no more I'll get drunk—
It torments and embitters my life;
To ruin 'twould hurry its vot'ry heading,
And reason declares that 'twould be the best
And so do the tears of my wife."

"I protest that no more I'll get drunk—
Nor lead such a wretched vile life;
Its attendants are poverty, shame, and disgrace—
Disease and despair stare me hard in the face,
And so does my heart-broken wife."

"I protest that no more I'll get drunk—
Tis the worst of all evils in life;
'Tis the curse of all curses, of mischief the worst;
'Tis the plague of all plagues, 'tis a demon accurst;
No wonder loud chides my poor wife."

"I protest that no more I'll get drunk,
For I find it the bane of my life;
Henceforth I'll be watchful that nought shall destroy
That comfort and peace that I ought to enjoy
In my children, my home, and my wife."

Now the difference is, one gallon of rum would last through haying in former days; but now one gallon is thought little enough per day for four hands. Alas! how great the difference—how "Hard Times!" The mechanic likewise cries "Hard Times;" but let him remember that when his father carried on business, his hands were allowed but little ardent spirits; he found "Hard Cash"—his work better done, and more per day. But view the contrast! One pint of rum per day for each hand; and the master of the business cries out every day, "Hard Times;" and well he may. We read of Bible, Missionary, and Cent Societies; but hear very little said about the formation of a Temperate Society. Let the young men, therefore, form themselves into a society for the purpose of suppressing intemperance: let their motto be—

"I protest that no more I'll get drunk,
Nor lead such a wretched vile life."

And in the course of one year, with prudence and frugality, they will be enabled to sing the song to the tune of "Hard Cash," instead of "Hard Times." A MECHANIC.

LONDON PORTER.

The London porter is celebrated by all admirers of malt liquor. The brewers all use the waters of the Thames, which is thus described by Dr. Budd, in a dissertation read before the Medical Society of South Carolina in 1791.

"The Thames' water taken up at London, is a composition of all kinds of filth that the human mind can conceive. Sinking meat and fish, with the blood and garbage from the butchers' slaughter houses, kept till they are full of vermine,—the carcasses of every species of dead animals,—the dressings, and disagreeable matter from the hospitals, containing five or six thousand consumptive patients,—the excrements from above a million of human beings, and perhaps twice that number of other animals, are discharged by a number of sewers that run through the city into the Thames, and form this base composition, which permit me to call the essence of Porter. Perhaps there may be some propriety in the name, as it is this filthy collection which gives the London porter the particular flavor that makes it so much admired by the lovers of that liquor. Is it unreasonable to suppose that use can make such liquor agreeable, when we see with how much pleasure some men chew tobacco? Was the essence of porter the worst ingredient in it, it might, perhaps, be wholesome; the boiling would evaporate the volatile alkaline salts, and at least make it smell better. But, it is well known, the city of London is the greatest manufacturing place in England, where immense quantities of cottons, linens, woollens and silks are made and brought from other places to be dyed and fitted for market. These dyes are known to consist of vegetable, animal and mineral poisons. On going down the river through the city, you will see the channels discharging the dye-stuff of every color into it, (perhaps I may say with truth) several hundred places, besides the greater quantity brought by the common sewers, mixed with the essence of porter, which, near low water, rushes in like a torrent. This, mixed with the paint, rust of lead, and copper, washed from above one hundred thousand houses, the poisons thrown from the laboratories of chemists, the druggists, and the apothecaries' shops, have scarce time to mix with the Thames, before they are raised by the water-works under London Bridge, thrown into a reservoir, and conveyed by pipes into the brew-houses and cellars of the inhabitants; when the water enters the tubs in the cellars, it is full of the essence of porter: but let it stand ten or twelve hours, the filth precipitates, the disagreeable smell evaporates, and the water in the upper part of the tub appears clean. After the tubs have been filled three or four times, they are taken out, emptied, and washed. When this is done, there is found a large quantity of the most

filthy, disagreeable matter, that had covered the bottom several inches deep."

BRANDENBURGH HOUSE.

This delightful residence, which has recently been taken as a temporary dwelling for the Queen, has of late years been known as the favorite seat of the Margravine of Anspach. This lady having quitted it, it has since been occupied by Colonel Roper, from whom it has been taken by the agents of her majesty. The house was originally erected about the beginning of the reign of Charles I. by Sir N. Crispe, Bart. a famous merchant, warrior, and loyalist, who is said to have been the inventor of making bricks, as now practised, and to have built this mansion with those materials, at an expense of nearly 23,000*l.* It afterwards became the property of prince Rupert, who gave it to his beautiful mistress, Margaret Hughes, a much admired actress in the reign of Charles the Second.—From her it passed through several hands, till the year 1748, when it was purchased by George Bubb Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcombe-Regis, who repaired and modernised the house, giving it the name of La Trappe, from the celebrated monastery of that name in France. He likewise built a magnificent gallery for statues and antiques. The floor was inlaid with various marbles, and the door-case supported by two columns, richly ornamented with lapis lazuli. It subsequently became the property of Mrs. Sturt, and was purchased from that lady, in 1792, by the Margrave of Anspach, for 85,000*l.* His serene highness married Elizabeth, dowager Lady Craven, and sister of the late earl of Berkley. Under the direction of the Margravine, considerable improvements were made, both in the house and grounds. The latter were laid out with peculiar taste; and from their proximity to the river, of which a view is commanded from many points, they form a delightful lounge.

The mansion still maintains some of its ancient splendor, and from the magnificence of many of the rooms, is every way calculated for a royal residence. The decorations of the interior are extremely elegant, and the apartments large and commodious. The drawing-room, especially, is 38 by 23 feet, and 30 feet in height. The ceiling of the room was painted by lord Malcombe, by whom also a very costly chimney-piece, representing in white marble the marriage of the Thames and Isis, was put up. Near the water side is a small Theatre, where the Margravine entertained her friends with dramatic exhibitions, in which she herself occasionally performed. The theatre is connected with the dwelling-house by a conservatory of 150 feet in length. It is of a curvilinear form, and occupies the site of a colonnade. This, however, bears the mark of neglect; workmen are, however, now busily engaged in preparing the place for her majesty's reception, and in putting up such furniture as may be necessary for the temporary accommodation of her establishment. [London paper.]

Desultory.

Genius of Connecticut.—It is a singular fact, that the United States are indebted for nearly every Poet, of more than ordinary genius and taste, to the small state of Connecticut. Of Connecticut poets, whose name are familiar to us, we can name Trumbull, Barlow, Dwight, Hopkins, Humphries, Alsop, Pierpont, (now of Boston, and author of that beautiful work, "Airs of Palestine,") the inimitable Croaker, author of Fanny, and we believe some others. The names above comprise a circle of wit and poetic genius, larger and brighter than can be found in the whole union besides. Why Connecticut should have been made the chosen residence of the Muses, we leave it for some more able than ourselves, to determine. [Metropolitan.]

Caledonian Comfort.—Two pedestrian travellers, natives of the North, took up their quarters for the night at a Highland Hotel in Breckinridge; one of them next morning complained to his friend, that he had a very indifferent bed, and asked him how he had slept? "Troth, man," replied Donald, "nae vera weel either, but I was muckle better aff the Buge, for de'il ane of them closed an e'e the hale night!"

Case in point.—The present proceedings against the Queen of England, recall to the

of the correspondent of a London paper a circumstance which happened a few years ago at Wigan, in Lancashire. A poor man, who was very obnoxious to the wealthier part of the population of that town, was tried at the Quarter Sessions for a misdemeanor. After hearing evidence on both sides, and after a very learned and impartial summing up from the Chairman, the jury were ordered to withdraw to consider of their verdict. After a quarter of an hour's consultation, they returned, and the foreman, (a fat, substantial burgher,) said, "Not guilty, if he'll leave town."

Internal Improvement.—The citizens of Maine have just completed a bridge, connecting Moose Island with the Main land at the Westerly outlet of the St. Croix, in the town of Perry. It is 1200 feet in length. The depth of water in the channel is 13 feet at low and 43 at high water; length of posts sixty-one feet—cost 9600 dollars, exclusive of toll-house, &c. It is called Eastport Bridge.

FROM THE BALTIMORE MORNING CHRONICLE.

The making of roads and canals, by which the different parts of this continent are in a manner wedlocked to each other, has an important moral influence far beyond any local or geographical advantages. It not only serves to be the means of transporting all the productions of all the varieties of this climate, to and from the place where interest points their destination, but, likewise, it draws us together by cords of adamant. Local, subordinate, selfish interest, is thus preserved in maintaining the integrity of our government.—Add as many new states as we please to the American confederacy, yet, if it is for the interest of individuals composing those states, to barter and exchange their productions: if self interest, interest the strongest of all ties, predominates: If, in other words, an internal commerce may be carried on to advantage, by the making of roads and canals, there is, there can be, no fear of our political separation. Every new road, every new canal, facilitates such intercourse; and it may in some sort be regarded as a prodigy, that here both patriotism and self-interest pull one way.

The Green Bag, which makes so much noise in England, is not a novel contrivance: bagging of sins is indeed of ancient date, as appears by the following article in the London Traveller:

"On Sunday evening last, (June 11,) the Rev. John Cooke delivered a most interesting and animating lecture to his congregation, illustrative of the following words:—*My transgression is sealed up in a bag, and thou sewest up my iniquity.* JOB XIV. 17."

FROM THE CHARLESTON COURIER.

Mr. Editor.—The probable importance of the following extract, will be my apology for requesting its insertion in the *Courier*. Whether it be founded in fact or not, I have not the means of ascertaining; but if it be true, it should be every where made known, as a remedy for one of the most distressing diseases that afflict the animal creation. I hope the Medical Gentlemen of our city, if they should, unhappily, have occasion to examine a case of Hydrophobia, will institute an enquiry into the truth of the facts stated, and publish the result for general information. D.

Topical remedy for the Hydrophobia.

Sig. A. M. SALVATORI, of Petersburg, in a letter to Professor MORRICINI, of Rome, gives the following remedy for this dreadful malady.

"The inhabitants of Gadick, but when or how, I know not, have made the important discovery, that near the ligament of the tongue of the man, or animal bitten by a rabid animal, and becoming rabid, pustules of a whitish hue make their appearance, which open spontaneously, about the 15th day after the bite; and at this time, they say, the first symptoms of true hydrophobia make their appearance. Their method of cure, consists in opening these pustules with a suitable instrument, and making the patient spit out the liquor and fluid which run from them; often washing the mouth with salt water. This operation should be performed the ninth day after the bite. The remedy is so effectual, that with these people this hitherto incurable disease has lost its ter-