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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 AMERICAN FARMER.

An effectual method of preserving poultry houses free from vermin.

SIR: As I do not know that you have positively interdicted all communications from farmeresses, I must ask you to record a grand discovery, which I consider myself to have made, in the noble art of—*raising poultry.*

It may save much trouble to my sister housewives, to whom, according to the order prescribed by the *lords of the creation*, this department of domestic economy has been assigned. It is well known, that in this branch of our humble duties, the greatest difficulty arises from our poultry houses being so much infested with *vermin*; or, to be more plain, in the slang of the poultry-yard, with *chicken lice*. Now, I have proved, by long experience, that they will not resort to houses where in the roosts, nest boxes, &c. are made of *sassafras wood*. You may smile, and ask me the reason of it; I tell you I am no philosopher—our business, you know, is with *plain duty and matter of fact*, almost denied the faculty of reason, and positively forbidden to exercise what we have; hence a *learned woman*, you know, is the most odious animal in creation, and a lady dare not read a word of natural philosophy, at the expense of never getting married. But I tell you *sassafras wood* will keep lice out of hen-houses: I know it to be a fact, and when you will tell me, *why it is*, that chips of cedar wood or tobacco will keep woollen free from *moth*, then I will endeavour to tell you *why* it is, that *sassafras wood* will keep away chicken lice—one is universally known to be true, the other one less true, though less known.

A SPINSTER.

Omissions, &c.

From an essay in the *Democratic Press*, (Philadelphia,) on the election of President, we make the following extracts, as showing the efficiency of a Republican Government, its superiority, in every respect, over a monarchical, and the claims it has to the affections and support of every American. The seeming opposition of interests between different sections of our country, the honest but erroneous opinions of some, and the ambitious designs of others, may create occasional contentions and sectional jealousies, causing alarm, and threatening danger to the Union: but we cannot believe that the enlightened and free people of this happy country, will ever let passion, or prejudice, or want of reflection, lead them to break asunder those cords which bind us together, and render us a great, a powerful, and a respectable nation: that they will ever consent to risk all the positive blessings which they now enjoy, all the safety which they now feel, all the prospects which lie before them, to obtain an additional, but doubtful good, or to remove a present evil, when the effects of its removal might produce a greater one, than that attempted to be got rid of. But our only motive in the commencement of these remarks, was to recommend the following extracts to the perusal and serious reflection of our readers:

“Monarchists and aristocrats object to democratic institutions, their alleged liability to instability and turbulence. But look at the practical demonstrations latterly extant.

“Excepting a short interval of discomposure, during part of Mr. Adams’s administration, the policy of the United States has been always the same. During that period, all Europe has been completely revolutionized, not only by popular insurrections, but by the demises of crowns, abrupt changes of ministry, and other like vicissitudes inherent in absolute governments. Not only so—but universal discontents and revolts now accompany universal peace, and what is called prosperity. The most frightful confederacy of crowns, that ever menaced mankind, has declared interminable war upon all the natural rights of man.

“The system of this country has been universally pacific, commercial and patient. Franklin inculcated it—Jefferson practised it—Madison was reluctantly compelled to lay it aside for a moment, on the most imperious occasions, and returned to it as soon as practicable. Monroe has uniformly adhered to it.

The stream of prosperity, on which the American nation has been borne to greatness, attests the worth of such a system. Their government and condition are the admiration and envy of the civilized world.

If put to vote, would king George be a king, or Louis the eighteenth, or Francis the second? While the President of the United States owes his elevation to the unanimity of universal suffrage, the only popular monarch in Europe obtained his crown by the strangling of his father—Count Capo D’Istria, a highly accomplished minister of that monarch, (by birth a Corsican,) excused the holy alliance to an American gentleman by saying, that, as there were thirty-eight millions of barbarians of the forty millions composing the Russian empire, such strong guards were indispensable to the throne.

“The monarchs of Europe tax their subjects to maintain a million of men in arms, as has been lately truly said by Burdett, for no other purpose, now in peace and prosperity, than to make war on their own subjects. The people of these United States pay no taxes, have scarcely any army, and can change their rulers whenever they please. Does not the unanimous re-election of a chief magistrate prove that democratic institutions are not only the cheapest and wisest, but the steadiest in the world?

“While all the scaffolds of Europe are continually reddening with traitors’ blood, not a traitor has ever been executed in this country.

“While all the prisons of Europe are crowded with rebels and seditionists, not a symptom of turbulence or insubordination exists here; and sedition, like toleration, is a thing unknown, because there is no action for it.

“These glances at things comprise, it is supposed, some reasons why a presidential re-election is, in the abstract, a desirable event, as evidence of that virtue, which is said to be the vital spirit of republics.”

NEW SYSTEM OF BANKING.

From an advertisement, signed “*Leroy Pope, President of the Planters’ and Mechanics’ Bank of Huntsville,*” we learn that the said Bank will “receive cotton on consignment, and ship the same, on account and risk of the owners, to any port in the United States, and will advance, on delivery of the cotton in Huntsville, ten cents per pound, and will pay the balance of the net proceeds, at the Huntsville Bank, as soon as the cotton is sold and the money received.” This is the only instance in the United States where a BANK has become a COMMISSION MERCHANT! [Clarion.]

Shortly after the establishment of the Apprentices’ Library in Boston, a young man of about 17 years of age, apprentice to a shoemaker, applied and enquired for “*Euclid’s Elements.*” The Librarian did not immediately know how to receive such an unexpected application. He told the lad that it was not at present in the collection; but soon would be. Anxious to know the real drift of the lad, he conveyed him to the professor of Mathematics in the University, who, after some conversation, exclaimed to the Librarian, “If this lad is properly encouraged, he will turn me out of my chair in a few years.”

From the “*Mirror of Taste.*”

Blair and Campbell.—Perhaps there never was a more palpable plagiarism than the following passages discover:—

“Like those of angels, few and far between.” [Blair’s *Grave*.]

“Like angel’s visits, few and far between.” [Campbell’s *Pleasures of Hope*.]

A RARE BOOK.

We copied, in last Saturday’s paper, a paragraph from a London paper, descriptive of a book, rare for its age, and from its being an unique. The latter quality makes it particularly valuable to bibliopoles. There is, however, in the possession of Mr. Peter Force, of this city, a much greater literary curiosity, and, we presume, one of the oldest books in existence. The title of it, which is found at the end of the book, with the imprint, is as follows:—

“*Questiones disputate luculenter disserte Beato Thome aquinatis. Ad me Johannem koel hoeff de Lubbeck Colonie in calam diligenter impressæ Anno 1475 finitum.*”

This book of St. Thomas Aquinas is, notwithstanding its early date, printed on a handsome German text type, and with a fairness and neatness seldom equalled at the present day. The *Ink*, in particular, is much better than is now generally used. The book is one year older than a book which has become cele-

brated from the account of it which is given in Thomas’s History of Printing. It is a Bible belonging to Isaiah Thomas, Esq. one of the fathers of printing in this country, printed in Venice, in 1476, in the Latin Vulgate; and the description of it will answer pretty well for that which we have seen here.

The art of printing, on wooden blocks, was invented by Faust, at Strasburgh, about the year 1440; and in the next year, separate types were used. Types were cast in 1452; so that this book was printed within thirty-five years after the first rude attempts at printing. The art was introduced into England in 1471, by Wm. Caxton, only four years before this book was finished. We find the name and era of the printer on Thomas’s List, thus stated: “Cologne, John Koelhoff, 1470,” which was the date at which he commenced the trade, which he had probably learnt of the first printer on types.

There are in the Library of Congress many curiosities in literature, more valuable than this book, but none so old. Among them is DeBree’s Collection of Voyages, in three volumes folio, a work so scarce that a copy of it is valued, in an English catalogue of rare books, at twelve hundred pounds sterling! There is also Purchas’s Pilgrimage, a single small volume, valued at fifty pounds, and many others in equally high esteem, of which Congress became possessed by the fortunate chance of obtaining, by purchase, Mr. Jefferson’s Library. [Nat. Intell.]

FROM THE ALBANY GAZETTE.

SWEARING.

Of all the crimes that ever disgraced society, that of swearing admits of the least palliation. Nothing can be offered to justify an impious oath; and yet it is the most common thing. Visit what class of people you may, from the votaries of the midnight stew to the most elevated walks in life, you hear imprecations that would astound the ears of a stoic, and wound the feelings of the least reflecting mind. No possible benefit can be derived from profanity; nothing is held forth as a temptation to commit the act; nothing, but the perverseness and depravity of human nature, would ever have suggested such a thing as this crime; yet, such is its prevalence, that by many it is mistaken for a fashionable acquirement, and considered as indicative of energy and decision of character. Fatal delusion!—Reflect, young man! Has not the same imperious mandate which says, “Thou shalt not kill,” said in terms as strong, “Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain?” Pause, then, before you suffer that dire oath again to pollute your lips; or before you have uttered the imprecation, an avenging Omnipotence may call you to complete the sentence in another world!

Foreign Advice.

LIVERPOOL, OCT. 6.

Letter of COUNSELLOR PHILLIPS to the King.

The following excellent letter to the king, from the pen of that celebrated barrister, Charles Phillips, Esq. we doubt not, will be read with peculiar pleasure, as it relates most particularly to the situation of our persecuted queen. It is unnecessary to remark on the beauties of the composition; the work will speak for itself:

SIRE: When I presume to address you on the subject which agitates and agitates the country, I do so with the most profound sentiments of respect and loyalty. But I am no flatterer. I wish well to your illustrious house, and therefore I address you in the tone of simple truth—the interests of the king and queen are identified, and her majesty’s advocate must be yours. The degradation of any branch of your family must, in some degree, compromise the dignity of all; and be assured there is as much danger as discredit in familiarizing the public eye to such a spectacle. I have no doubt that the present exhibition is not your royal wish; I have no doubt it is the work of wily sycophants and slanderers, who have persuaded you of what they know to be false, in the base hope that it may turn out to be profitable. With the view, then, of warning you against interested hypocrisy, and of giving to your heart its natural humane and noble inclination, I invoke your attention to the situation of your persecuted consort. I implore of you to consider whether it would not be for the safety of the state, for the tranquillity of the country, for the honor of your house, and for the interests alike of royalty and humanity, that a helpless female should be permitted to pass in peace the few remaining years, which unmerited misery has spared to her. It is now, sire, about five and twenty years since her majesty landed on the shores of Eng-

land—a princess by birth—a queen by marriage—the relative of kings, and the daughter and the sister of a hero. She was then young; direct from the indulgence of a paternal court; the blessing of her aged parents, of whom she was the hope and stay, and happiness shone brightly o’er her; her life had been all sunshine; time for her had only trod on flowers; and if the visions which endear, and decorate, and hallow home, were vanished forever, still did she resign them for the sacred name of wife, the sworn affections of her royal husband, and the allegiance of a glorious and gallant people. She was no more to see her noble father’s hand unhelm the warrior’s brow to fondle o’er his child; no more for her a mother’s tongue delighted as it taught; that ear which never heard a strain; that eye which never opened on a scene, but that of carless, crimeless, cloudless infancy, was now about to change its dulcet tones and fairy visions for the accent and the country of the stranger. But she had heard the character of Britons; she knew that chivalry and courage co-existed; she knew that where the brave man and the free man dwelt, the very name of woman bore a charmed sway; and where the voice of England echoed your royal pledge, to “love, and worship, and cleave to her alone,” she but looked upon your Sire’s example, and your nation’s annals, and was satisfied.

Pause and contemplate her enviable station at the hour of these unhappy nuptials! The created world could scarcely exhibit a more interesting spectacle. There was no earthly bliss of which she was not either in the possession or the expectancy. Royal alike by birth and by alliance; honored as the choice of England’s heir, reputed as the most accomplished gentleman in Europe; her reputation spotless as the unfallen snow; her approach heralded by a people’s prayer, and her footsteps obliterated by an obsequious nobility; her youth, like the lovely season which it typified, one crowded garland of rich and fragrant blossoms, refreshing every eye with present beauty, and filling every heart with promised benefits! No wonder that she feared no famine in that spring-tide of her happiness; no wonder that her speech was rapture, and her step was buoyancy! She was the darling of her parents’ hearts; a kingdom was her dower; her very glance, like the sun of heaven, diffused light, and warmth, and luxury around it; in her public hour, fortune concentrated all its rays upon her, and when she shrunk from its too radiant noon, it was within the shelter of a husband’s love, which God and nature, and duty and morality, assured her reluctant faith should be eternal. Such was she then, all joy and hope, and generous credulity, the credulity that springs from honor and innocence. And who could blame it? You had a world to choose, and she was your selection; your ages were compatible; your births were equal; you had drawn her from the house where she was honorable and happy; you had a prodigal allowance showered on you by the people; you had bowed your anointed head before the altar, and sworn by its majesty to cherish and protect her, and this you did in the presence of that moral nation from whom you hold the crown, and in the face of that church of which you were the guardian. The ties which bound you were of ordinary texture; you stood not in the situation of some secluded profligate, whose brutal satiey might leave its victim to a death of solitude, where no eye could see, nor echo tell the quiverings of her agony. Your elevation was too luminous and too lofty to be overlooked, and she, who confided with a vestal’s faith and a virgin’s purity in your honor and your morals, had a corroborative pledge in that publicity, which could not leave her to suffer or be sinned against in secret. All the calculations of her reason, all the evidence of her experience, combined their confirmation. Her own parental home was purity itself, and yours might have bound republicans to royalty; it would have been little less than treason to have doubted you; and O! she was right to brush away the painted vermin that infest a court, who would have withered up her youthful heart with the wild errors of your ripe minority! O! she was right to trust the honor of “fair England’s” heir, and weigh but as a breath-blown grain of dust a thousand follies and a thousand faults, balanced against the conscience of her husband. She did confide, and what has been the consequence?

History must record it, sire, when the brightest gem in your diadem shall have mouldered, that this young, confiding, inexperienced creature had scarcely heard the last congratulatory address upon her marriage, when she was exiled from her husband’s bed, banished from her husband’s society, and abandoned to the pollution of every slanderous sycophant who chose to crawl over her ruin! Merciful God! was it meet to leave a human being so situated, with all her passions excited and inflamed, to the impulses of such abandonment? Was it meet thus to subject her inexperienced youth to the scorpion stinging of exasperated pride, and all its incidental paternal temptations? Was it right to sling the shadow of a husband’s frown upon the then unsullied snow of her reputation? Up to the blight of that all withering hour no human tongue dared to asperse her character. The sun of pe-