

Western Carolinian.

It is even wise to abstain from laws, which, however wise and good in themselves, have the semblance of inequality, which find no response in the heart of the citizen, and which will be evaded with little remorse. The wisdom of legislation is especially seen in granting laws on conscience.

Dr. Channing.

SALISBURY, ROWAN COUNTY, N. C. MUNDAY, MARCH 21, 1831.

[VOL. XI. NO. 363.]

TERMS.—The terms of the Western Carolinian will be hereafter as follows:—
Two dollars and a half per annum, or two dollars only, if paid in advance. No paper will be discontinued, except at the discretion of the Editors, until all bills are paid up. Advertisements will be inserted at 50 cents the square for the first week, and 30 cents each week they are continued thereafter. Postage must be paid on all letters addressed to the Editors, or they may not be sent.

STATE RIGHTS BALL.

Agreeably to previous arrangements this splendid and patriotic fete took place at the Theatre on Thursday evening last. Given, as it was, in honor of our distinguished fellow-citizen and excellent Chief Magistrate JAMES HAMILTON, jr. and in testimony of the devotion of our citizens to the principles promulgated by our Legislature, and of which he is and long has been an able, zealous and untiring champion, it affords us much gratification to state, that it was every way worthy of the individual and the cause to whom it was designed as a tribute of respect, and a pledge of approbation and support. To say that it equalled public expectation would be less than justice. The general voice is loud and unrestricted in its praise, nor have we conversed with a single individual upon the subject who does not pronounce it incomparably the most superb and magnificent spectacle which has ever graced our city. Nothing, indeed, was wanting which taste could conceive, or ingenuity execute, to render it effective. In the harmonious arrangement of the ornaments, and in the striking and brilliant appearance of the whole, every one discerned the master hand to which they have before been indebted for similar evidences of its zeal and taste. Both the exterior and interior of the Theatre were decorated in the most beautiful and imposing style, so much so indeed that it is difficult to determine which was most attractive or drew forth the warmest and most general commendation. The decorations however, beautiful and varied as they were, were all emblematic of the cause of the South, and calculated at once to inspire the spirit of patriotism in every heart, and to excite the warmest devotion to the rights of man. No emblem was there which did not represent and characterize the "Carolina Doctrines"—no inscription which did not recall the services of some distinguished patriot, who had devoted his talents, risked his popularity, and endeared his name, in the support of "Liberty, the Constitution, and the Union." It was truly a Carolina fete—beautified and endeared by Carolina emblems—honoring, as it was intended to honor, Carolina principles and Carolina worth—yet not forgetting, as it would have been ungrateful to forget, those of her Sister States who are united with her in principle and feeling nor those enlightened and patriotic men, whether in the East or the West, who have sympathized in the sufferings and maintained the doctrines of the South—and who, bearding the lion in his very den, have zealously supported the rights and sovereignty of the States even in those sections of the Union which have unrighteously combined to rivet oppression and degradation on the South. This was as it should have been—just to ourselves, and grateful respect to our friends.

The exterior of the Theatre was decorated in a style of beauty & magnificence, not only unequalled here, but probably surpassed in any other city of the Union. At the upper part of the portico was a beautiful transparency, exhibiting the name of the honored individual to whom the festival was given. Immediately below that, and between the pillars of the Portico, were three other transparencies, of which the centre one bore the motto of the State Rights party, "Liberty; the Constitution, Union," and the others represented, respectively, the Arms of the State, and a Palmetto Tree. They were all well executed, and would of themselves have been accounted a handsome decoration of the front; but, in addition to them, the Pillars were hung with innumerable variegated lamps, giving to the whole an effect indescribably beautiful, and of which it would not be extravagant to say that it might well be compared to the sparkling magnificence of a Fairy Palace.

Splendid, however, as was the ex-

terior decoration, that of the interior of the Theatre fully corresponded in design and execution. The Pit was floored for the occasion, and elevated to a level with the Stage. The fronts of the boxes were removed, to allow free communication with the floor. In the centre of this spacious area, was a Palmetto—an entire tree of eighteen feet in altitude, and in perfect foliage, which had been transplanted either from its native bed. This stately and beautiful Tree—the emblem of Southern firmness and Southern glory—connected as it is with the proudest associations of our hearts—pointing at once to the past and the future—and forcibly reminding Carolinians of the price at which their liberty was purchased, and of their solemn duty to preserve it for themselves, and to transmit it unimpaired to their children—attracted every eye, and was the theme of general and animated conversation. It was encircled with coloured lamps, and bore around it a transparent label, "Noli me Tangere," below which there was a Rattlesnake—whose warning is as long and loud as its blow is fatal—coiled at his foot. Above the entrance to the Pit was a full length likeness of the Governor, surmounted and entwined by flags. The fronts of the boxes were all adorned with evergreens, coloured lamps, and the portraits of distinguished worthies. Amongst the latter we particularly remarked those of John Randolph, whom we hope shortly to see again in Congress—of the gallant Moultrie, smiling approval of the interesting spectacle of the sons and daughters of Carolina honoring the principles which he consecrated with his blood, and all appropriately adorned with his own Palmetto—of the patriot brothers Generals Thomas and C. C. Pickens, the former of whom left as a legacy to Carolinians his dying injunction never to cease until theirs shall be regained, and a new compact made—and of the venerable Major Hamilton, who is still as fervently devoted to the cause of freedom as when it served his arm and inspired his heart at Yorktown and Trenton. There were several other portraits which we have no time to enumerate. At the upper end of the stage were three arches, hung with variegated Lamps, from the centre of which was suspended the venerated name of Washington, and from the two others respectively, those of our illustrious Jackson and beloved Lafayette. Extending from these, and occupying, on both sides the whole length of the Stage, were other Medallions, embroidered with the Star of Carolina, and entwined with evergreens, displaying the associated names of those eminent and patriotic men, both of the Revolution and of the present period who have been most signally distinguished by their support of the Constitution and the Rights of the States. Of these we should neither do justice to our own feelings, nor to the interesting occasion of which we are giving an account, if we did not distinctly record those of John C. Calhoun, the pride of Carolina—a Statesman unsurpassed in genius, experience, and public service—a Patriot, whose spotless reputation calumny has indeed attempted but cannot taint—who is even now triumphantly treading under foot the despicable snares which were laid for his destruction, and who is yet destined to attain an eminence from which he will look down with pity on the impotent malice of his enemies—Of the fearless Troup, who so nobly preserved the sovereign rights of Georgia, notwithstanding the "obligation of an oath" on Mr. Adams to destroy them—Of the intelligent and patriotic Gilmer, who will never be forgotten as long as there shall be a heart to support the Rights of the States, or to resist the encroachments of judicial usurpation—Of Governor Floyd, of Virginia, than whom there is none more worthy to preside over the State which gave birth to Jefferson, and to which has been committed, as did the Romans to their vestal virgins, the preservation in its purity of the sacred flame of constitutional liberty—Of the immortal Jefferson himself—the author of the Declaration of Independ-

dence, and of that other Declaration, the Kentucky Resolutions of '98—whose spirit speaks from the tomb, and whose Kentucky Resolutions are now achieving and will yet achieve a more important and decisive revolution in public opinion, than even that which elevated himself to the Presidential Chair—of Woodbury of N. H. who even in the East has raised his voice in vindication of the South—of Beaton, of Missouri, and Rowan, of Kentucky, whom we delight to hail as brethera in principle, and who go hand in hand with the South in exposing and endeavoring to remedy dangerous infractions of the Constitution which are fast destroying it—Of our own Hayne, who, as he has incurred the odium, is well entitled to the honor, of the Carolina doctrines—Of Drayton, who, although opposed to Convention, would be first amongst the foremost to obey the voice of his State whenever she may need his services—Of our own McDuffie, high in intellect, high in honor, and high in the affection of every Carolina heart—of our own Harper, whose zeal and anxiety for the honor and interests of the South, are only equalled by his purity and learning as a Judge—Of Martin—the soul of honor—of whom no one can speak without admiration and affection, and all of whose energies are intensely devoted to his country's rights—Of Davis, always, worthy of confidence and fast rising into enviable eminence—he, who struggled, although unsuccessfully, to strike from the statute book that foul badge of federal usurpation and State degradation the 25th section of the Judiciary Act—Of John Taylor, whose spirited answer to a certain eight-point letter, is an appropriate commentary upon the whole tenor of his political life—Of Stephen D. Miller, the firm and consistent supporter of Convention—who fearlessly follows his principles wherever they may lead—who did not abandon the people after having led them to the precipice—who will support in Carolina the doctrines he avows in Congress, and support in Congress the rights and principles of which Carolina has chosen him the representative and advocate—Of Patrick Henry, whose prophetic spirit foretold the evils which now surround the South—And "though last not least," of our own gallant and venerable Sumpter, who toiled and bled for the acquisition of our rights, and who now recommends a Convention as the only proper and efficient means of saving the Constitution "at its last gasp," and the State of South-Carolina from servitude, poverty, and degradation. The doors communicating with the stage were arrayed with arms and colours, tastefully disposed, and the whole of the interior of the Theatre was elegantly lighted with variegated lamps. Bands of Music were stationed in the upper boxes, nearest to the stage.

Such were the decorations, hastily and imperfectly described, of this truly interesting Carolina Fete.

At an early hour the company began to assemble, and before his Excellency arrived, the Theatre was filled. It is computed by many that upwards of eighteen hundred persons joined in the festivity, and we have heard no estimate which does not state the number as nearly approaching, if not exceeding, that amount. It was then that the interest of the scene was fully felt, and all its splendor burst upon the sight. A few moments before, and the exhibition, beautiful as it was in itself, wanted the zest of gaiety and life. Now gaiety and life were imparted in abundance. Beauty and fashion overflowed the House, and gave to the scene the captivating, dazzling and indescribable effect of living decoration and animated elegance. Never have we witnessed, on any similar occasion, so large or so brilliant an assemblage. The officers of the army and of the militia, who were invited guests, appeared in full uniform and added by their numerous attendance to the dignity and interest of the scene. Leaves of the Palmetto—worn as ornaments of this kind were displayed in the breasts of the gentlemen, and

in the heads of the ladies, who also exhibited a costliness and magnificence of costume, seldom equalled and never exceeded, and which formed an outward but expressive evidence of the elevated and patriotic spirit by which the fair of Carolina have even been proudly and preeminently distinguished.

At 9 o'clock precisely the Governor arrived, attended by his suite. His arrival was announced by a flourish of Trumpets, and, as he ascended the steps, he was saluted by an immense concourse of spectators, with deafening & reiterated cheers. To these salutations his Excellency gratefully & gracefully responded by repeated bows. He was received at the door by all the managers, who then ushered him into the interior of the Theatre. The company all rose to receive him, with the most gratifying marks of pleasure and applause. It was a proud and yet an affecting scene—ineestimable to him who was thus honoured—and delightful to those who paid this willing homage to devoted patriotism and exalted worth. The Governor was evidently much affected. And no wonder that he was. Independent of the honor done to himself, this was the first time that such a tribute has been paid to a citizen of South Carolina. Hitherto festivals of this sort have been given to Presidents making their progress through the Union, and as much, perhaps, because they had been given to other citizens as from any other cause. But this one was expressly gotten up, and enthusiastically attended, as a Carolina tribute to a Carolina man for his ardent and untiring devotion to the rights and honor of his native state. Next to the approbation of his conscience, that of his fellow-citizens is most precious to a patriot—and if we could envy any man a well earned honor, we should certainly envy his Excellency the proud and elevated feelings which must have filled his heart at beholding such a vast assemblage of the sons and daughters of Carolina, spontaneously united to render a tribute of respect to his talents and virtues, to thank him for his past services, and to salute him, by their gratitude, to renew exertions in the great cause of constitutional freedom.

After this ceremony, the amusements of the evening commenced and were continued to a very late hour. Refreshments, in great abundance, and of superior quality, were distributed at intervals. The utmost regularity and harmony prevailed throughout. And when the company dispersed, every one retired, not only highly gratified with the splendour and gaiety of the scene, but carrying with him the animating conviction that the cause of State Rights goes on triumphantly "conquering and to conquer," and that the flame of liberty yet burns as vividly in the hearts of Carolinians as when it was first kindled by their fathers upon the altar of patriotism—the Palmetto Fort.

Charleston Mercury.

Prison of Polignac.—The Edinburgh Observer gives the following account of the fortress of St. Michel, in Normandy, where the ex-Minister, Polignac, is to remain for life.

Charleston Mercury.

The State Prison of St. Michel stands on a lofty pyramidal rock, situated in a spacious bay bearing the same name, which separates Normandy from Brittany. Seen from a distance, especially from the sea, it greatly resembles the rock of Ailsa in the Firth of Clyde. The channel that separates the mount from the mainland may be crossed by pedestrians at low water, but numerous quicksands and the rapidity with which the tide rises, render a guide necessary. The rock shoots up steeply on all sides, and round the base about 100 houses are clustered within strong defensive works. Stairs cut in the rock, and carefully guarded, lead up to the prison which is near its summit; and the extreme pinnacle is surmounted by a stately abbey, about seven hundred feet above the level of the sea. This edifice is esteemed a place of great sanctity, and is still a famous place of pilgrimage among the devotees of the

Church of Rome. As far back as the days of William the Conqueror, Mount St. Michel was a stronghold of note, and many distinguished men pined and perished in its dungeons. Ten thousand troops, we were assured, could find accommodation in the fortress and abbey alone; and the subterranean apartments, scooped in the entrail of the mountain, and of which many bloody and barbarous traditions are on record, form a labyrinth of which even the officials do not know the boundaries. At the time we speak of (1822) about eight hundred prisoners were immured in the fortress, part of them for crimes against the state, and part for common felonies. Among the horrible contrivances in this dreary retreat, there is an abyss called "Montgomerie's Hole" of prodigious depth, which is supposed to have been an obligatory or concealed trap door upon which in barbarous times, criminals inimical to the state, and whose death it was deemed advisable to cover with mystery, were lured to step unwittingly, and so hurried into eternity. In one of the dungeons, so late as the end of last century, there was a huge cage, constructed of strong wooden bars, in which many eminent victims pined and suffered, and among other, Francis de la Bretonniere, a printer of Leyden, who was clandestinely seized in Holland, for publishing a satire on Louis XIV., and who died in this horrible cell after a long and severe imprisonment. Louis XI, one of the cruelest and meanest despots that ever dishonored the throne of France, had a great liking for Mount St. Michel, and made frequent pilgrimages to its shrine; and one of his improvements was the formation of oubliettes, (pits or "forgotten holes," shaped like inverted cones,) in which the wretched beings immured in them could neither lie sit nor stand, and into which they were lowered with the knowledge that they were to be left to die of starvation.

MM. Cauchy and Sanjou, commissioned to read the verdict of the Court of Peers to the four ex-ministers, went to Vincennes on Wednesday morning, the 23d at 6 o'clock. Having arrived at the Castle, they were obliged, in order to obtain admittance, to convey a letter to the governor, which they attached to the chain of the drawbridge employed for that purpose. The bridge was immediately lowered, and they were conducted to the dungeon by General Dumenoil, who alone has possession of the key of the gates. The four Ex-ministers, and even the governor himself, were entirely ignorant of the result of the trial, for the bridge had been raised the previous evening, immediately on the entry of the prisoners, and no person whatever had from that moment been admitted into the Castle, MM. Cauchy and Sanjou were first introduced into a large anti-chamber, communicating with the apartments of the ex-ministers, who were still in bed. MM. de Chantelauze and De Guernon Ranville were quickly dressed, and in attendance; in half an hour Peyronnet appeared, and the three then proceeded to the chamber of Prince Polignac who had intimated, that, being extremely unwell, he was desirous of remaining in bed. In this room, therefore, M. Cauchy, greffier, read to them the decree of the Court. Such had been their blindness, such their confidence, that they all evinced great surprise and disappointment; though there appeared a remarkable contrast between the firmness and resignation displayed by MM. Chantelauze and Guernon Ranville and the deep affliction and humiliation of Peyronnet and Polignac. The latter especially heard with the utmost consternation that part of the decree which says that civil death is involved in the sentence of transportation. During the reading of the verdict the four prisoners kept silence. One sentence was only uttered afterwards, and that was addressed by Chantelauze to Guernon Ranville:—"Well, my friend," said he, "we shall have plenty of leisure to play at chess." (*Eh bien, mon cher, nous aurons le temps de faire des parties d'échecs.*)