

# THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY: JOHN BEARD, Jr., Editor and Proprietor.

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Salisbury, Rowan County, N. C.



Saturday, November 1, 1834.

## The Western Carolinian.

ISSUED WEEKLY: JOHN BEARD, JR.

**TERMS OF PUBLICATION.**  
 1. The Western Carolinian is published every Saturday, at Two Dollars per annum if paid in advance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if not paid before the expiration of three months.  
 2. No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, unless at the discretion of the Editor.  
 3. Subscriptions will not be received for a less time than one year; and a failure to notify the Editor of a wish to discontinue, at the end of a year, will be considered as a new engagement.  
 4. Any person who will procure six subscribers to the Carolinian, and take the trouble to collect and transmit their subscription-money to the Editor, shall have a paper gratis during their continuance.

**TERMS OF ADVERTISING.**  
 1. Advertisements will be conspicuously and correctly inserted, at 50 cents per square for the first insertion, and 35 cents for each continuance; but, where an advertisement is ordered to go in only twice, 50 cts. will be charged for each insertion.  
 2. Persons who desire to engage by the year, will be accommodated by a reasonable deduction from the above charges for transient custom.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**  
 1. To insure prompt attention to Letters addressed to the Editor, the postage should in all cases be paid.

## Current Prices of Produce, &c.

AT SALISBURY... October 22.

Bacon	12 1/2	15	Molasses	50	a 60
Beany, apple	40	45	Nails	8	a 10
peach	45	50	bits	25	a 30
Butter	15		Rye	75	
Cotton, in seed	24		Sugar, brown	10	a 12 1/2
clean	10		leaf	17	a 20
Coffee	16	18	Salt	112	a 125
Corn	40		Tallow	10	
Feathers	30	35	Tobacco	8	a 20
Flour, (scarce)	550	a 600	Wheat, (bushel)	80	a 100
Flaxseed	100		Whiskey	45	a 50
Linsed Oil, per gallon	\$1	12 1/2			

AT FAYETTEVILLE... October 21.

Bacon	12 1/2		Iron	4	a 4 1/2
Beany, peach	50	a 60	Molasses	32	a 34
apple	45	a 50	Nails, cut	61	a 64
Beeswax	15		Sugar, brown	8 1/2	a 9 1/2
Coffee	12 1/2	a 13 1/2	lump	14 1/2	
Cotton	15	a 13 1/2	leaf	17	
Corn	60	a 65	Salt	90	
Flaxseed	150		Wheat	90	a 100
Flour	500	a 525	Whiskey	32	a 35
Feathers	35		Wool	16	a 20

AT CHERAW, (S. C.)... October 23.

Bacon	12 1/2	a 15	Wheat, (scarce)	87	a 100
Beeswax	16	a 17 1/2	Molasses	40	a 50
Butter	15	a 30	Nails	74	a 81
Coffee	14	a 15 1/2	bits, (scarce)	45	a 50
Cotton, new	11	a 13 1/2	Salt	450	a 500
Corn	75	a 81	Salt, in sacks	300	
Feathers	32	a 35	bushel	75	
Flaxseed	100	a 125	Sugar, prime	9	a 12 1/2
Flour, super	600	a 750	common	9	a 10
Iron	700	a 750	leaf & lump	15	a 18
Lard	10	a 12 1/2	Tallow, (scarce)	10	a 12
Mackerel	650	a 90	Wheat	100	a 100

AT COLUMBIA, (S. C.)... September 12.

Bacon	11	a 12 1/2	Molasses	10	a 12 1/2
Beany, peach	75		Nails	46	a 50
apple	40	a 50	Mackerel	500	a 500
Beeswax	12 1/2	a 15 1/2	Salt, in sacks	250	a 300
Coffee	15	a 20	bushel	75	
Corn	12	a 15	Sugar, brown	10	a 12 1/2
Cotton	60	a 100	leaf & lump	16	a 22
Flour	750	a 800	Tallow	10	a 12
Iron	4	a 5 1/2	Whiskey	40	a 50

AT CAMPDEN, (S. C.)... September 6.

Bacon	14	a 16	Flour, (N. Caro.)	600	a 1000
Beany, peach	75	a 100	(Cam. mills)	900	a 1000
apple	35	a 40	Iron	90	a 90
Beeswax	12 1/2	a 15 1/2	Salt	12	a 15
Coffee	15	a 20	Sugar, brown	10	a 12 1/2
Corn	75	a 80	Whiskey	10	a 12
Feathers	30	a 50	Wheat, new	100	a 125

## ARKANSAW LAND AGENCY.

THE Subscriber is about to move to Batesville, to Arkansas Territory, and will attend to making purchases, selling land, and paying taxes, for non-residents. There are many tracts of Military Bounty Lands, which, if not attended to, will be sold for taxes, and lost.  
 Letters (post-paid) addressed to the Subscriber, at Batesville, Arkansas, will be promptly attended to.  
**DAVID REINHARDT,**  
 Late of Lincolnton, N. C.  
 September 27, 1834. 6m

## Interesting to Barbers!

THE Citizens of Salisbury in general, and the business portion in particular, are very desirous that a BARBER should take up his residence, and exercise his calling, amongst them. To one who has a perfect knowledge of his art, and can combine attention to business with modesty and gentility of deportment, the present opening in Salisbury presents, probably, one of the best locations in the State. The travelling through the town is very great, and its citizens themselves are in a great degree disposed to submit to the operation of a professor of the tonorial art, rather than exercise on their own part so delicate a task; as a proof of the liberal patronage extended to a Barber by this community, &c., we are authorized to state that, during his short residence here—say a period of about eight months—the earnings of the person who has just left here, (and whose absence is not caused by any want of patronage) amounted to upwards of \$500.  
 The proprietors of the Mansion Hotel, whose house is situated at the northeast corner of the Courthouse, in the very centre of business, would be glad to accommodate a Barber with an elegant room for the business, which will be let on reasonable terms, and his services as an attendant in the dining room taken in part, if agreeable to him.  
**MANSION HOTEL.**  
 Salisbury, October 15, 1834.



THE Subscriber will sell at Public Auction, at the corner-store formerly occupied by Cado & Craige, in the Town of Salisbury,

On Monday the 17th of November, (that being the first day of Rowan County Court.)

All his Stock of Dry-Goods,

Consisting of a variety of Fine Winter & Summer Goods.

ALSO, A NEW SET OF BLACKSMITH'S TOOLS, (complete.)

And on Tuesday the 18th, At the Store of the Subscriber, ten miles west of Salisbury, he will sell

The Remainder of his Stock, consisting of a good assortment of

HARDWARE, CUTLERY, CROCKERY, &c. &c. &c.

Terms will be made known on the days of sale, and sales continued until all is sold.  
**GEO. McCONAUGHEY.**  
 October 25, 1834. 3t

**Thomas S. Henderson,**  
**TAILOR,**  
**CONCORD, (N. C.)**  
 Respectfully informs his customers and the public in general, that he has received his  
**Fall and Winter Fashions**  
 FROM NEW-YORK;  
 And, having in his employ three or four workmen of first rate ability, he is prepared to do work in the most fashionable style, in a durable manner, and at the shortest notice.  
 Two good workmen in the above business are wanted, and can have constant employ with him during the winter, if early application is made.  
 Concord, Oct. 25.—3t **T. S. H.**

**WANTED,**  
**A Journeyman Tin-Plate Worker:**  
 ONE who is acquainted with Machines, and accustomed to working by the "Yankee Bill," will hear of a situation by applying to the subscriber.  
**JOSEPH HERVEY.**  
 Cheraw, October 25, 1834. 3t

**Fever & Ague.**  
 BY THE GENUINE  
**Rowand's Tonic Mixture.**  
 THE FEVER & AGUE HAS BEEN CURED IN  
**20,000 CASES.**  
 Within the three years that it has been in use, and the patients restored to health, vigor, and comfort, as they are ready and anxious to testify.  
 The genuine Mixture can be had at the Store of **JOHN MURPHY,** in Salisbury, N. C.  
**JOHN R. ROWAND.**  
 September 27, 1834. 3m

**SALISBURY Female Seminary.**  
 THE EXERCISES OF THIS INSTITUTION WILL BE RESUMED ON THE 1st OF OCTOBER.  
 \$10 50—Drawing every session, (5 months,) is \$20—payable in advance.  
**BENJ. COTTRELL,**  
 Salisbury, Aug. 9, 1834. Principal.

**Dissolution of Co-Partnership.**  
 NOTICE is hereby given, that the firm heretofore existing, under the name of **HARRIS & SHAVER,** is dissolved, by mutual consent of the parties. All persons indebted to the said firm are requested to come forward immediately and settle their accounts; and those to whom we are indebted will please render their accounts to us for payment.  
**GEORGE M. HARRIS,**  
**JOHN I. SHAVER.**  
 Salisbury, October 9, 1834.

**THE CARRIAGE-MAKING BUSINESS**  
 HERETOFORE carried on by the above concern, will still be continued by the undersigned, in all its various branches, at the old stand of Harris & Shaver. It is hoped that the liberal patronage heretofore extended to one of us will continue to be bestowed on our new establishment.  
 Ready-made Vehicles, of various kinds, on hand, and will be sold cheap; and REPAIRING of every description will be promptly attended to, and executed in the most faithful manner.  
**JOHN I. SHAVER & Co.**  
 Salisbury, October 11, 1834. 4t

**Handbills, Circulars, Cards, &c.**  
 Neatly Printed at this Office.

## SALE!—SALE!!

THE Subscribers being appointed Executors of the last Will and Testament of Colonel Casper Smith, dec'd., will expose to public sale, on **Thursday the 30th day of November next,** at the late dwelling-house of the deceased, in Rowan County, (Jersey Settlement,) the following Property, viz:

14 Likely NEGROES, consisting of Men, Women, and Children;  
 Household and Kitchen Furniture;  
 Plantation Utensils; Horses, Cows, Hogs, Sheep;  
 A quantity of Wheat, Corn, Rye, Oats, Cotton, Hay, and Fodder;

And many other articles, too tedious to enumerate. The sale to continue from day to day until all is sold. Conditions will be made known on the day of sale.  
**DAVID SMITH, & EXECUTOR CASPER SMITH, § tors.**

All persons indebted to the said deceased, will come forward and make payment: those having demands against said deceased, will present them to the Executors, legally authenticated, within the time prescribed by law, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.  
**D. & C. SMITH, Executors.**  
 Rowan Co., October 11, 1834. 4ds

## LAND FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale a valuable Tract of LAND, containing **845 Acres,** lying in Lincoln County, on the Catawba River, about 8 miles below Beattie's Ford.

This Land is of an excellent quality, well adapted to Cotton and all kinds of Grain. A considerable portion of it is low-ground and meadow.

The Improvements, consisting of a Dwelling and all necessary out-houses, are new and convenient.

The terms will be made easy to the purchaser, and can be ascertained by addressing the subscriber, at Beattie's Ford, or the Catawba Springs Post-Office.  
**JAMES CONNOR.**  
 September 6, 1834. 4t

## Proposals for Publishing, In the Town of Morganton, N. C.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER, UNDER THE TITLE OF **THE MOUNTAIN WHIG.**

As the first inquiry, upon a proposal of this kind, generally is, "What will be the political character of the paper?" the Subscriber will give an answer without the least reserve:

Born and educated in Virginia, his earliest as well as his matured feelings and convictions are decidedly in favor of those political principles cherished by the distinguished *Rev. John Taylor*, and the destinies of this great Republic.

He believes that the celebrated Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions and Reports of 1798 and 1799, which were drawn up by those great statesmen and patriots Madison and Jefferson, contain a true exposition of the rights of the States and of the relative powers of the General and State Government.

He thinks that the surest way to avoid collisions would be by adhering to a *literal* construction of the Constitution, and by abstaining from the exercise of any power, whether it be by the General Government or by the States, that is not clearly delegated to the former, or evidently reserved to the latter. The constructive power, as it is called, is more to be dreaded than open force, because its encroachments are so silent and gradual as to excite little or no apprehension, while at the same time they are undermining the very foundations of our system.

He thinks that nothing can justify an infraction of the Constitution. One slight breach will open the way for another, and that for a third, until every restriction loses its force, and we become habituated to encroachments. On this subject, as on many others, the admonitions of the great and good Washington are judicious and salutary.—"Precedents," said he, in his Farewell Address, "are dangerous things: let every violation of the Constitution be reprehended. If defective, let it be amended, but not suffered to be trampled upon while it has an existence."

The Subscriber has witnessed, with painful anxiety, the abuse of precedents, which have been made to fetter away the Constitution, until, in practice at least, it is the hands of the *strong* instrument that came from the practice of implying power must cease, of our *form of government* will soon be radically and perhaps irrevocably changed.

At present, the danger from this source is much more threatening than it has ever been at any former period, because those in power, who resort to precedent and construction, unfortunately possess, or have possessed, so much popularity, that their aggressions are overlooked by a generous People, and who, instead of repaying the confidence of their constituents by scrupulous fidelity to their trusts, seem forgetful of every thing but the gratification of their unhalloved ambition or their inordinate passions.

Enough has been said to indicate what will be the complexion of "The Mountain Whig" in regard to general politics.

As to State concerns, it will advocate a speedy alteration of the Constitution, a liberal system of Internal Improvement, an enlightened course of Agriculture, and every thing else calculated to advance the prosperity and honor of the Editor's adopted State.

A due proportion of the paper will be devoted to Religious, Moral, Literary, and other useful subjects, together with the passing News of the Day, both domestic and foreign; and its columns shall always be ornamented with extracts from the Light Literature of the age, and such efforts of the Poet's and the Wit's imaginative powers, as will afford to its patrons that "Variety" which is "the very spice of life." Nothing will be rejected which is calculated to improve the understanding of the heart, while every thing of an opposite tendency shall be excluded from its columns.

**TERMS, &c.**  
 1. The first No. of "The Mountain Whig" will be issued as soon as the requisite number of subscribers can be obtained to warrant the making of the necessary arrangements for that purpose; and the undersigned would appeal to the friends of the proposed undertaking to enrol their names at an early day.  
 2. It will be printed once a week, upon a sheet of medium size, with new type and on good paper, at Two Dollars per year, payable on the receipt of the first number.  
 Aug. 9, 1834. **R. H. MADRA.**

## MISCELLANEOUS.

The following abstract of a Sermon preached by the Rev. Dr. Beecher, in Boston, indicates, we think, the spirit that ought to prevail with all Christians, and especially in a country where governments are based upon principles of reason and justice, and wisely disconnected with spiritual affairs.

Dr. Beecher is one of the most popular and powerful preachers in New England, and it, as will be seen from his own avowal, a Calvinist. Yet he is equally opposed to the propagation of his own doctrines, and to the ignorance of others, by any other means than a free resort to revealed truth, and the exercise of that reason without which we would not be moral and accountable agents.

In the course of a sermon on Sabbath afternoon, preached at the Essex street Church, Dr. Beecher gave his views on the manner in which the Catholics should be treated in this country. He began by regretting the late unhappy occurrence, and deprecated the use of physical force and the wanton destruction of property, both as a measure of policy and justice. He contended that the Catholics should be treated with kindness and affection, that they should have full liberty to found and endow institutions, erect Churches, and use all lawful means to propagate their faith and make proselytes. They might convert him if they could, and blow up Calvinism. He wished to have free inquiry and free discussion. He would admit the Catholics to a free participation in all secular employments, and religious, literary, and political privileges. He wished them to come among us and assimilate with our people, mingling as the rain drops mingle with the ocean. He would not put a straw in the way of their having free and equal rights and privileges. But while he accorded to them their rights, he would not *ere up* our own. He would freely canvass the history and tendency of the Roman Catholic Church, relate the history of their persecutions, show what Romanism had been, and prove what they dared not deny, that it was the same now, only the policy was changed in this country. He would also make public their doings, and the plan proposed to convert this whole nation to the use of his Holiness the Pope. We hope to see no truckling, no cringing on this subject; a man should not live a moment longer than he can be free. Let us ask neither the Catholic nor the Protestant Bishops what we shall preach. Let the pulpit and the press be unchained and free, and let us all rally around the law, and protect all, every denomination, in the peaceable enjoyment of their rights.

\* The burning of the Nunnery.

## MOUNT AUBURN.

"Let us go out to Mount Auburn," says some one of a gay party; just stepping into their vehicles or mounting their horses; and away they dash full of life, health, and beauty, to visit the mansions of Death, where he seems to reign in his most elaborate, yet solemn, magnificence, reminding us, as they sweep by, to make a sober jest with the line of the poet,

"The path of glory leads but to the grave."  
 "Let us ride to Mount Auburn," says the *canon*, rising from dinner, with the prospect of a long afternoon before him; and forth they go, to rid themselves of tinge, among the final homes of those who have exchanged it for eternity. "Let us go out to the cemetery," whispers the wife to her husband, as some lingering sunset is softening into twilight, half doubting lest he should check the wish, which he knows to spring from a mother's heart; but he yields to the request, and they visit the grave of their child, to strew a few flowers on its new enclosure. "You must go out to Mount Auburn with us, this afternoon," says the citizen to the stranger; and thither they go, too, to talk leniently of obelisks and monuments, national taste, Westminster Abbey, and Pere La Chaise. Reader, let us go too; but let us walk not drive up in dusty splendor to the crowded gateway, tossing our reins to the keeper as we would to the ostler of a tavern.

And yet, notwithstanding all that sometimes offends the taste before you enter, in spite of the incongruity of ideas, which the crowd of vehicles and the looks of riders will excite, when you are once within the enclosure, fashion and the world, gaiety and splendor, are soon forgotten. Standing in the dark groves, where the broken light falls down through the opening of the trees, and singularly possessed by the wonderful stillness of the place, the most distinguished and the most fashionable *tournee*, will pass unnoticed, when you would have turned to gaze, had you met them in the street. The visitors, too, one and all, no matter what their mood when they reached the gateway, are at once sobered and subdued, as soon as they have passed under those gathering shades. You shall see a young lady leap from the carriage, laughing in all the luxury of youth and health, and revelling in some jest that has been started; and when you pass her in an avenue, or meet her on the hill, she will be lost in contemplation, and forget to return your civilities, if you yourself should not be too much abstracted to offer them. Still, the influence of the place is not a melancholy or a saddening influence; it is better—it is expansive and soothing, filling the mind with the beauties of nature, and thus breaking the force of any passionate expression of affliction which may be ready to burst forth, and uniting the great idea of death, in general, with images and objects which are not shadowy and hard to grasp, but before us, around us, and familiar. We never go in there without feeling the deep philosophy of the sentiment which Shakespeare has put into the mouth of Timon, when he makes him say, that he will make his everlasting mansion

\* Upon the beeched verge of the salt food;  
 Which once a day with his embosomed froth  
 The turbulent surge shall cover;

thus expanding an individual feeling into the vastness and extent of the ocean itself, and depriving it of its bitterness by connecting it with the most magnificent image in nature. We think, indeed, that no one can go in there and give himself up to the spirit of the place, without feeling something of this expansion—this breaking away from the narrow localities of the usual church-yard, and diffusing the thoughts over a space that admits and embraces greater sympathies with the creation. The moment the feelings are concentrated, if the subject be ourselves or our own griefs, that moment they are cramped; and when we dwell on the confined and ordinary habitations of the dead, with no images of beauty and magnificence to lead the thoughts away from decay and corruption, we are borne down by our feelings of grief, and disgust, and harrowing sorrow for the dead. But in these beautiful pleasure grounds of death, there is every thing needful to rob it of its terrors, while the place of the deposited remains is sufficiently indicated and exact, to give the feelings a spot on which to dwell. We never lose a certain sort of sympathy for the dead, which arises from placing ourselves in their situation, and imagining—strange as it seems! but actually one which we commit—imagining how they feel. If they are sunk beneath the ocean's wave, we follow them down into those all unvisited depths, where living man never has approached and never can. If, as with the ancients, their bodies are consumed, we strive to go, in thought, with each atom to the elements into which it is resolved; and when, at last, the resulting dust is gathered up, we would fain flatter ourselves that all is concentrated there. If they are placed in the common grave, we think, painfully, indeed, and with averted eyes, on the work of dissolution. Wherever they go, whatever disposition is made, thither we go with them, in waking hours and in dreams; and if any thing can be done to beautify the spot, it is so much taken from the cold, repulsive, cheerless condition, in which our feelings are ever presenting them to us. The history of sepulchral architecture, and funeral customs, has here a deep foundation in the necessities of our nature and condition. We cannot bear that the transition should be so sudden and complete as it is in its original, unadorned, and simple state. We would make the dead to "stay a little longer," by surrounding them with things that really belong to this world, but which we have thereby consecrated to uses on the passage to the next. Why did the Indian lay the bow and arrow, and slay the dog, by the side of the dead? Why did the Egyptian enliven and emblazon? Why do the natives of South Africa carry food and raiment to their cemeteries? Why do we busy our grief about the marble and the shroud, deeming it a sacrifice that the dead should be more meanly served than cases, from a regard to decency and custom; but because we would feel, if haply we can persuade ourselves to do so, that they are not wholly beyond the consciousness of pomp and ceremony, and have not ceased to be within the sphere of circumstance. We would connect their back, if we could, by some of the things of sense, "the appearances of affectionate superstition," and knowing that we cannot pass over the great gulf, really to minister to their wants, we solace ourselves with creating imaginary wants for that only part of them that is still within our reach.

But we are at the gate, and must drop our speculations. Reader, you may not have been there, if not a dweller in the neighborhood; or, if you have, it cannot be unwelcome again to stroll with us through the grounds. As you go in, there is the beautiful sarcophagus, chiseled in Italy, erected to the name of Spurzheim, who died among us, as if without a country, but as a citizen of the world, and a member of the human family—meeting the visitor first, on his entrance, as if to remind him how completely all the members of this great family, whether of the East or of the West, are united at the grave. A little farther on, lies all that was mortal of him who ministered in the temple of Law, and whose spirit still lingers in the University, shining in the labors of his successor. Where is his learning now? Where his clear reasoning, his refined acuteness, his grasping intellect? They are active in that other sphere, for which the *condition of earth* was meant to prepare him. And where is the gratitude of our *parents*? Does the marble still sleep in the quarry, or has the chisel begun its work? As you turn to the right, in one of the larger dells, as who trace the records of History of Religious Sects, lies buried a "First Tenant" of the Cemetery, who led the way, in her fullness of hope and usefulness, down into the new valley of death, at the head of that long train, which every day is gathering in. Many other names meet the eye, of fathers and parents, who have here prepared the last resting-place for themselves and their families, even as in the city they have built fair costly homes for their sojourn of life. And now we have wound our way up to the hill-top, let us pause, and look around, and think.

We are but beggarly at description, even with rich autumn woods and fair towns at our feet. But we cannot forbear to remind you of the river on the one hand, and the lake on the other, and the long stretch of marshes with the University, and then the city, beyond. The city—with its thousand pulses of life, beating warm and quick through the heart of society—how many eager hopes, vain plans, idle fancies, how many purposes, are there; how do they toil, and enjoy, and pull down, and build up, and then—here! here, where sleep cannot be disturbed, though the roar of twenty Babels were rising up into the peaceful groves, and where the unbroken going on of nature seem to mock the fitful, feverish courses of man. Here the heart is full, and the eye sink, and they be brought to rest after another, to lie here and take their rest. And still the world will go on, nature of society, nor be stirred in its heavy currents by the falling of their stricken leaves. Do their thoughts ever come up here, to contemplate that final rest? Does the