

THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

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



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Salisbury, Rowan County, N. C.

Saturday, January 31, 1835.

TERMS, & C.

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 all 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 procures 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.

5. Persons indebted to the Editor, may transmit him through the Mail, at his risk—provided they get the acknowledgment of any respectable person to prove that such remittance was regularly made.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

1. Advertisements will be conspicuously and correctly inserted, at 50 cents per square for the first insertion, and 33 cents for each continuance; but, where an advertisement is ordered to go in only twice, 50 cts. will be charged for each insertion. If ordered for one insertion only, 50 cts. will in all cases be charged.

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.

HEAD-QUARTERS,

SALISBURY, Jan. 24, 1835.

THE OFFICERS composing the 63d Regiment of Rowan Militia, are ordered to Parade, in the Town of Salisbury, on Saturday the 7th day of February next, at 10 o'clock A. M., with muskets, for Drill.

By order of D. R. LINN, Col. Comdant.
H. W. CONNOR, Adjutant.

Copartnership Formed.

THE Subscribers have this day associated themselves together, in this place, under the Firm of

LA COSTE & McKAY,

FOR THE PURPOSE OF TRANSACTING A

Wholesale and Retail Business

IN ALL THE

Staple and Leading

ARTICLES

ADAPTED TO THIS MARKET.

It being our intention to sell exclusively for Cash or negotiable paper at 60 or 90 days, we are determined to sell Goods as low as they can be bought in any country-town in South or North Carolina.

AUG. P. LA COSTE,
DONALD L. McKAY.

Cheraw, (S. C.) January 1, 1835.—4

Selling Off!

THE Subscribers, with the view of commencing the ensuing season with an ENTIRELY NEW Stock of Goods, offer their present large and valuable Stock at

VERY REDUCED PRICES,

at Wholesale or Retail.

Country Merchants, Planters, and others wishing to purchase, will do well to call and examine for themselves.

LA COSTE & McKAY.

Cheraw, January 24, 1835. 4t

RANDOLPHS & UNDERHILL,

No. 143 Pearl Street, New York,

(Store formerly occupied by the late firm of Randolph & Dissoning.)

Respectfully inform the Public that they keep constantly on hand a good assortment of

BRITISH AND AMERICAN

DRY-GOODS,

And solicit an examination of their Stock by the Southern and Western Merchants who may visit the city, before making their purchases.

Orders promptly and faithfully executed.

New-York, Jan. 17, 1835.—9*

Take Notice!

THE Subscriber having administered on the estate of Daniel Biles, deceased, hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said deceased, to come forward and settle the same; and those having claims against said estate will present them within the time prescribed by law, duly authenticated, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

ROBERT N. CRAIGE,

Administrator with the Will annexed

January 17, 1835. 4t

ARKANSAW

LAND AGENCY.

THE Subscriber is about to move to Batesville, in 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*

CONSTABLES' BONDS

Just printed and for sale at this Office.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CUSTOMS IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

Extract of a Letter to the Editors of the New York Mirror, from N. P. Willis, Esq., their Travelling Correspondent:

Bring all the shops of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, together, around the City Hall, remove all their fronts, pile up all their goods on shelves facing the street, cover the whole with a roof, and metamorphose your trim clerks into bearded, turbaned, and solemn old mussulmen, smooth Jews, and calpacked and rosy Armenians, and you will have something like the grand bazaar of Constantinople. You can scarcely have an idea of it, without having been there. It is a city under cover. You walk all day, and day after day, from one street to another, winding and turning and trudging up hill and down, and never go out of doors. The roof is as high as those of our three story houses, and the dim light so favorable to shopkeepers, comes struggling down through skylights never cleaned except by the rains of heaven.

Strolling through the bazaar is an endless amusement. It is slow work, for the streets are as crowded as a church aisle after service; and, pushed aside one moment by a bevy of Turkish ladies, shuffling along in their yellow slippers, muffled to the eyes, the next by a fat slave carrying a child, again by a *kras* armed to the teeth, and clearing the way for some coming dignitary, you find your only policy is to draw in your elbows, and suffer the motly crowd to shove you about at their pleasure.

Each shop in this world of traffic may be two yards wide. The owner sits cross-legged on the broad counter below, the height of a chair from the ground, and hands you all you want without stirring from his seat. One broad bench or counter runs the whole length of the street, and the different shops are only divided by the slight partition of the shelves. The purchaser seats himself on the counter, to be out of the way of the crowd, and the shopman spreads out his goods on his knees, never condescending to open his lips except to tell you the price. If he exclaims "bono," or "calo," (the only word a real Turk ever knows of another language,) he is stared at by his neighbors as a man would be in Broadway who should break out with an Italian *bravura*. Ten to one, while you are examining his goods, the bearded trader creeps through the hole leading to his kennel of a dormitory in the rear, washes himself, and returns to his counter, where, spreading his sacred carpet in the direction to Mecca, he goes through his prayers and prostrations, perfectly unconscious of your presence, or that of the passing crowd. No vocation interferes with his religious duty.—Five times a day, if he were running from the plague, the mussulman would find time for prayers.

The Frink purchaser attracts a great deal of curiosity. As he points to an embroidered handkerchief, or rich shawl, or a pair of gold-worked Turkish ladies of the first rank, gathering their *yashmaks* securely over their faces, stop close to his side, not minding if they push him a little to get nearer the desired article. Feeling not the least timidity except for their faces, these true children of Eve examine the goods in barter, watch the stranger's countenance, and if he takes off his glove, or pulls out his purse, take it up and look at it, without ever saying "by your leave." Their curiosity often extends to your dress, and they put out their bearded fingers and pass them over the sleeve of your coat, with a gurgling expression at its fineness; or, if you have rings or a watch-guard, they lift your hand or pull out your watch, with no kind of scruple. I have met with several instances of this in the course of my rambles. But a day or two ago I found myself rather more than usual a subject of curiosity. I was alone in the street of embroidered handkerchiefs, (every minute article has its peculiar bazaar,) and wishing to look at some of uncommon beauty, I called one of the many Jews always near a stranger to turn a penny by interpreting for him, and was soon up to the elbow in goods that would tempt any female out of Paradise. As I was selecting one for a purchase, a woman plumped down upon the seat beside me, and fixed her great, black, unwinking eyes upon my face, while an Abyssinian slave and another white woman, both apparently her dependants, stood respectfully at her back. A small turquoise ring (the favorite color in Turkey) first attracted her attention. She took up my hand, and turned it over in her soft, fat fingers, and dropped it again, without saying a word. I looked at my interpreter, but he seemed to think it nothing extraordinary; and I went on with my bargain. Presently my fine-eyed friend pulled me by the sleeve, and as I leaned towards her, rubbed her forefinger very quietly over my cheek, looking at me intently all the while. I was a little disturbed with the lady's familiarity, and asked my Jew what she wanted. I found that my rubicund complexion was something uncommon among these dark-skinned orientals, and she wished to satisfy herself that I was not painted! I concluded my purchase, and putting the parcel into my pocket, did my prettiest at an oriental salaam; but, to my mortification, the lady only gathered up her *yashmak*, and looked surprised out of her great eyes at my freedom. My Constantinople friends inform me that I am to lay no "unction to my soul," from her notice, such liberties being not at all particular. The husband exacts from his half dozen wives only the concealment of their faces, and they have no other idea of impropriety in public.

In the centre of the bazaar, occupying about as much space as the body of the City Hall in New-York, is what is called the *bezestein*. You descend into it from four directions, by massive gates, which are shut, and all persons excluded, except between 7 and 12 in the forenoon. This is the core of Constantinople—the soul and citadel of orientalism. It is devoted to the sale of arms and to costly articles only. The roof is loftier

and the light more dim than in the outer bazaars, and the merchants who occupy its stalls are old and of established credit. Here are subjects for the pencil! If you can take your eyes from those Damascus sabres, with their jewelled hilts and costly scabbards, or from those gemmed daggers and guns inlaid with silver and gold, cast a glance along that dim avenue and see what a range there is of glorious old gray beards with their snowy turbans. These are the Turks of the old regime, before Sultan Mahmoud disfigured himself with a coat like a "dog of a Christian," and broke in upon the custom of the orient. These are your opium eaters, who smoke even in their sleep, and would not touch wine if it were handed them by Houris! These are your fatalists, who would scarce take the trouble to get out of the way of a lion, and who are as certain of the miracle of Mahomet's coffin as of the length of the pipe, or of the quality of the tobacco of Shiraz!

I have spent many an hour in the *bezestein*, steeping my fancy in its rich orientalism, and sometimes trying to make a purchase for myself or others. It is curious to see with what perfect indifference these old cross-legs attend to the wishes of a Christian. I was idling round one day with an English traveller whom I had known in Italy, when a Persian robe of singular beauty, hanging on one of the stalls, arrested my companion's attention. He had with him his Turkish drogoman, and as the old merchant was smoking and looking right at us, we pointed to the dress over his head, and the interpreter asked to see it. The mussulman smoked calmly on, taking no more notice of us than of the white clouds curling through his beard. He might have sat for Michael Angelo's Moses. Thin, pale, calm, and of a statue-like repose of countenance and posture, with a large old fashioned turban, and a curling beard half mingled with gray, his neck bare, and his fine hawk enveloped in the flowing and bright colored drapery of the east—I had never seen a more majestic figure. He evidently did not wish to have anything to do with us. At last I took out my snuff box, and addressing him "effendi!" the Turkish title of courtesy, laid my hand on my breast, and offered him a pinch. Tobacco in this unaccustomed shape is a luxury here, and the amber mouthpiece emerged from his mustache, and putting his three fingers into my box, he said "pekke!" the Turkish ejaculation of approval. He then made room for us on his own carpet, and with a cloth-measure took the robe from its nail, and spread it before us. My friend bought it unhesitatingly for a dressing gown, and we spent an hour in looking at shawls, of prices perfectly startling, arms, challices for incense, spoolless amber for pipes, pearls, bracelets of the time of Sultan Selim, and an endless variety of "things rich and rare." The closing of the *bezestein* gates interrupted our agreeable employment, and our old friend gave us the parting salaam very cordially for a Turk. I have been there frequently since, and never pass without offering my snuff box, and taking a whiff or two from his pipe, which I cannot refuse, though it is not out of his mouth, except when offered to a friend, from sunrise till midnight.

From the New York Courier and Enquirer.

A CHAPTER ON THE GREAT NATURAL AND ACQUIRED CAPACITY OF FLEAS!

We recollect to have seen some time since, in the London papers, certain marvellous manoeuvres in the flea interest of that magnificent metropolis, and to have read that some ingenious individual had managed to make astonishing developments in that department of "National Industry"—all which we considered a mere "flea in your ear," and unworthy of republican notice; well knowing (by republican experience) that we had fleas in the United States of quite as ample "capabilities" as those of any Royal progeny in Europe; and, as we had seen nothing like it in the "domestic circle," we of course set the whole account down as a bed—, we beg pardon—as a humbug. But, no such thing! The educated fleas have arrived in New-York, and are now holding levees at 187 Broadway, where we advise every man, woman, and child, to visit them, and do away old prejudices. The flea has heretofore had cruel injustice done him. The British philosopher who, according to Peter Pindar, declared that "Fleas are not Lobsters, d—their souls," did no more than justice to the former; for a lobster is but a scurvy vagabond compared with his hard shelled compatriot who does duty upon dry land. We should like to see the salt water villain leaping some two or three hundred times his length, truly! The lobster who lives in the "liquid element," like all other toppers, is blue from one year's end to another, until he gets into "hot water," when he is sure to enlist into the infantry and put on red—whereas the flea never changes his coat, but constantly does duty in the corps of the Black Guard. As to describing the exhibition, we take it to be all nonsense. It must be visited. It is impossible to describe it. We can only say that it is well worth a visit, and we defy any one to say us nay when they come back. The wonderful ingenuity as well as patience required to train such insects into a docility and obedience so perfect—the manipulation of chains minute enough to harness them, and the construction of carriages for them to ride in, and weapons wherewith to fight their battles, are exercises of human skill and perseverance beyond any thing before "dreamed of in our philosophy." To see the fellow in his magnitude by the help of Dr. Welden's "Hydro-Oxygen," is certainly very curious, but to witness his exploits in a "Native Miniature" under the tutelage of Mr. Hop-kins, (who by the way don't let him hop at all) is to see something worth talking about! Here we have fleas of all nations and all sizes, and it gratifies our national pride, (no body can tell how much,) to see that the very largest of the menagerie is a free born American flea, though it grieves us to add that he is at this time in disgrace and captivity, being chained to a gold ball of sixty times his own weight. This, we take it, proves conclusively enough the

slender uttered of this country by Buffon and other envious Europeans, about animal deterioration in America. Fleas, at least, grow as large here as any where else, and have as much muscular power; for this fellow moves about with all ease—with a weight attached to him, equal to an anchor weighing more than nine thousand pounds fastened to a man! But it must be confessed that the transatlantic members of this fraternity are more interesting, inasmuch as they are better educated, and have been "presented at Court," for we are told that they have all been patronised by their most Gracious Majesties the King and Queen of England, their Majesties of France, and Belgium, the Dutchess of Kent, Princess Victoria, &c. &c. Of course there must be more polish among fleas that have enjoyed such advantages, than is conferred by the more plebeian opportunities of the natives. Royalty probably imparts a portion of its ton, even to fleas. Among other accomplishments, one of the number drives a sulky with the very air and bearing of a Cockney; while one of his brethren moves off with it with as much dignified gravity as the bearer of a sedan chair in his cocked hat. This gentleman (the driver) enjoys the reputation of a first rate whip. Then there is a magnificent coach and four, drawn of course by that number of full blooded fleas. In this carriage, a venerable old flea, his wife, and two daughters, are taking an airing *en famille*. The vehicle and its passengers probably weigh about three hundred times as much as the team! There is, furthermore, a splendid ball room, lighted by a huge chandelier nearly the size of a filbert shell, with an orchestra consisting of a grand piano, harp, kettle drum, trumpet, violin, &c. &c., with the leader in front throwing about his fiddle bow with nearly as much science and discretion as Mr. Pension at the Park theatre. All these musicians are fleas, and are as drowsy as so many quakers until the leader strikes up, when they get it like Norton and Gambati. The fiddler was excellent in his way, and put us marvelously in mind of certain nocturnal gambols which his countrymen have sometimes played off upon our right shoulder. We think an American mosquito would gather laurels in this concerto, and we marvel that he has not been employed. A couple of young virgins waltz to this music, with singular agility; and one of them occasionally *pirouettes a la Celeste*; but we solemnly assure our fair readers that there is not the least violation of modesty—the costume being remarkably ample in its longitude. A damsel is also exhibited in the interesting employment of drawing water from the very depths of a well. This, we believe, is what they call *flautotomy*. Two young bucks fight a duel in presence of the company, with three edged swords.—Some of the performers, who were in the rudiments of their education—the *novices*, as it were, in this academy of accomplishments, were doing preliminary duty in the treadmill! To think that fleas must be "broke in" to their studies by such an ignominious initiation—not that we have not often wished the whole tribe upon the treadmill, or even under the rack of the inquisition—but to see such tender juveniles thus dealt with, is too much. However, we are told this is the true way to give a flea the idea of walking. They always *jump* in a state of nature. We have not told half the wonders of the exhibition; and do not propose to do so. Every body must go to see it.

REVIEW OF THE MARKET.

Whiskers.—We notice, since our last, the arrival of a fresh supply of this year's crop. There is little or no demand except for shavers.

Editorial Matter.—Little on hand, and of inferior order.—A good article will always find a ready market. Without quotations.

Bachelors.—Plenty and dull; no present prospects of a change. Bargains might be effected at fair prices, as bachelors are anxious to sell off at cost. A small sale only effected the present week.

Matrimony.—The depression in this article for the past six months, we are glad to see, is about to be succeeded by a happy change. Purchasers are anxious to effect bargains, and holders (with few exceptions, and those of inferior articles,) value their stock highly. A bargain has been closed since our last, of a superior article, for home consumption. Private offers have also been made; of which, when sales are effected, we will take notice. Refusals also have occurred. We anticipate brisk times in this article during the coming cold winter, which we hope may warn the gelid achings of his worshipful presence, Mons. Frost. Quotations nominal.

Young Ladies.—Scarce and in demand. A fair article would find fair purchasers at a fair price. A sweet and smiling disposition, is an indispensable requisite for this market.

Ladies' Dresses.—This article, after a long rise, has commenced falling. It stands about one foot above low water mark.

Mud.—There has not been quite as animated a business transacted in this article as there was a few days since. The market, however, is becoming more settled, though speculators evince little disposition to meddle with it. We quote it—status quo.

Umbrellas.—This article was up a few days since, but is now down. A few remaining in the possession of borrowers, are all that are at present inquired after. The owners will take them off of their hands at cost.

Steam Boats.—Are extremely fluctuating; coming up one hour and down the next. But few sails have been affected this week. Stock large; inquiries limited.

Pocket Handkerchiefs.—Are continually rising. Stocks.—There is quite a bustle about this article every morning. And, contrary to the usual custom, they open about 11 at night, and close at 9 in the morning. [Anon.]

Hint to the Ladies.—An American writer remarks, "I have generally observed that women who were great eaters were great scolds, and in the last degree selfish."

LEGISLATIVE DEBATE.

SPEECH OF MR. WILSON, OF PENNSYLVANIA, On the motion to lay on the table the Resolutions to instruct Mr. Mangum; delivered in the Senate, on the 10th of December, 1834.

Entertaining a hope that the Senate will lay aside these distracting and unprofitable Resolutions, I rise, Mr. Speaker, to move that they be laid on the table. Knowing that the debate must be confined strictly to the motion, I will endeavour to abstain from the consideration of the Resolutions, the postponement of which is the object of this motion. If the remarks I may submit seem for a while to range from the motion, I hope for the indulgence of the Senate, and promise that before I conclude, the relevancy of my observations shall be abundantly apparent. We are the agents of the people, and have assembled in this place for the purpose of executing the trust. Each one of us has a power of attorney from our constituents, wherein is set forth the sum and substance of our agency or duties. The list of duties inscribed on our powers of attorney varies accordingly as we come from different parts of the State. Unfortunately for the State at this time, several questions of a distracting nature divide her citizens. The citizens of the Western part of the State believe themselves aggrieved by the existence of occurrences, which have sprung up among them since the adoption of our State Constitution, and which were not foreseen and provided for by our fathers in the creation of our fundamental law. The East, believing that no real grievance exists among their Western brethren, and that the State Constitution cannot undergo any alterations without hazarding its long tried and well known excellence, have hitherto resisted with great pertinacity all attempts at an alteration. The expediency of providing by law for a general system of Internal Improvement by the Legislature, out of the public treasury—a scheme which has been zealously advocated by many of our most intelligent and estimable citizens in every part of the State, and one which has been opposed with as much zeal and by equal talents both in the East and West—a more equal and just system of taxation—these measures were openly discussed among our constituents in every part of the State, previous to our last elections. These measures are to be found in the list of instructions of every Senator from his constituents. In my power of attorney, I am authorised and empowered to oppose, by all lawful and honorable means, the calling of a Convention, and I am authorised and empowered to oppose any and all amendments that may be offered or proposed to the existing Constitution. In terms equally as clear and binding, am I authorised and empowered to oppose all works of Internal Improvement at the sole expense of the State. I am instructed to use my best efforts to adopt a more equal and just system of taxation. On comparing my list of duties with those of intelligent gentlemen of this Senate from different parts of the State, I find they are authorised to advocate or oppose the same measures with myself, accordingly as their constituents may deem their interests to require. Now I will pause here, and make one single inquiry, and I desire each Senator to consider the question addressed directly to himself: Who among us was instructed to support or oppose these Resolutions? I undertake to say that they were not heard of in more than three counties in the State, and even in those three they were not openly discussed among the people. There is a certain species of legislation which we have to perform here, and which follows as a matter of course, that is never talked of among our constituents. Such is the election of our officers; the judging of the election and qualification of our members; the providing for the current expenses of Government, &c. These matters being inseparable from the existence of this body and the State, and from long usage adopted as standing business, have ceased to be agitated among the people.

What have we done? The Convention bill, upon which gentlemen from the west think the future welfare, if not their political salvation, depends—that bill, which they have, for so many years, so zealously contended, when passed into a law, would give them equal political rights with their eastern brethren—that bill which western gentlemen have for so many years so ably insisted, in the General Assembly and before their constituents, would regenerate and reinvigorate our beloved State, and put her by the side, not only in political, but in commercial importance, of the most flourishing States in the confederacy—that bill which has for so many years agitated the whole State, convulsed this body, and cost our constituents so much treasure—although reported by the appropriate committee, and made the order for this very day, upon the motion of the Senator from Burke, must now be laid aside, set at naught, to make a place for these political Resolutions. Take up this bill when we may, although there may be a majority on either side, yet it will, and if properly considered, must, take up much time. From the ground it covers, from its great importance, from the zeal of its advocates, from the firmness of its opponents, it must, it will, require much time to be devoted to its consideration.—Ought we not, then, to have entered upon its consideration at as early a period as our organization would have permitted? To precipitate this measure, to run it through in a gallop, will be productive of errors and improprieties in the great fundamental law of the land. To delay or retard the action of the Senate upon this bill, hazards its passage, for the want of time; and, if ultimately passed, brings detriment to the people, by the increase of the expenses of a long session. Are there no reasons why we should lay aside the consideration of these Resolutions, and enter seriously upon those matters which our constituents have expressly authorized us to perform? The great Central Rail Road from Beaufort to the Mountains, designed to cover a country four hundred miles in extent—a project which its advocates believe will build up within our borders a great Commercial City, turns