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## Poetic Recross

### ON DEVOTING AN INFANT DAUGHTER TO CHRIST.

The statements expressed in the following lines, from the Mother's Magazine, will meet a joyful response in the heart of many a Christian Mother.

Lord accept my infant child,  
Thou hast off on children smiled;  
Thou hast off on children smiled;  
Help a mother to believe.

Cleanse her infant soul from sin,  
Holy Spirit! on her shine,  
Now the blessed work begin,  
Which shall seal her ever thine.

Lord, that heavenly widow give,  
Hear a mother's ardent prayer—  
That her children all may live,  
Sheltered by thy tender care.

Mothers with young children blest,  
Duly cherish round your breast,  
Rest on God's sweet promise rest—  
Faith will meet a rich reward.

When, with agony you pray,  
And the dew-drop dims your eye;  
Then the truth divine display,  
Lead the little wanderers sigh.

Jews, oh how rich the blessing,  
He your offering will receive,  
If while Hannah's love possessing,  
You with Hannah will believe.

Mothers! Infants lend your voices,  
Join the sweetest song to raise;  
Hark! the angelic host rejoices,  
Tearing hearts and harps to praise.

### SELECT MISCELLANY.

From the Christian Advocate and Journal.  
A SHOCKING OCCURRENCE.

Some years since, I was travelling from the State of New York into the province of Upper Canada, by the way of Cape Vincent, and Kingston. Between the two channels of the river St. Lawrence, we passed over Wolf's, or Grand Island, which is but thinly settled. It was in the depth of winter, late in the evening, when I called at an inn. As it was too common, at public-houses, several gentlemen were sitting round the fireside, engaged in conversation. A little interrupted by my coming in, they made a short pause. Soon, one of the company resumed the conversation, and, with the spirit of indignation, said: "Well, that man ought to be hung for such conduct to his wife;" to which the company responded in the affirmative. As I did not know the particulars of which they were conversing, I thought it was the slander of a bar-room, and I asked for no explanation. The company soon dispersed. Early in the morning, I called on a man in the neighborhood with whom I had some business to transact. Soon a gentleman rode up to the door wishing to know if I was a navigator, stating that a woman had died the day before, and wished me to stay and attend the funeral; to which I consented, and learned the following particulars:

J. B., the inhuman husband of the deceased, was the son of a tavern keeper on the Island, and was early addicted to habits of intemperance. He had been married to Miss B. but for five years. Notwithstanding his early habits of dissipation, he had been somewhat guarded and prudent till he was married. He then gave himself up to his cups and his carousals, neglecting his business, scattering and destroying—spending much of his time in the town of Kingston—a place noted for intemperance and gambling. It was not long before the last of his property "tottered upon a single card." He had sold the clothing out of his own house for rum, and his wife was left to contend with poverty and despair. He soon became one of the most abandoned drunkards I ever saw. He had not only seemed to have forgotten to provide for his family, but it had become his delight to rob his forsaken wife of every little comfort she might earn, or receive from a benevolent friend. He lived on the west side of the island in a log hut. It stood upon a rise, exposed to the northern blast that swept along the entire length of Lake Ontario. Almost perpetually, the howling tempest beat upon the lonely and shattered dwelling. The rolling waves of the Ontario were seen at a distance, dashing their foam upon huge banks of ice, and the roar of waters and storm, added to the dismal gloom that reigned within the drunkard's home.

Here lived the unfortunate female whose unhappy fate I am attempting to describe. She had been married and confined to this prison house of a drunkard near five years. Ah! hapless woman! little did she think when she gave herself to the man she tenderly loved, and who promised to protect her, that he was soon to become to her the source of a thousand woes. With the pencil of fancy she had drawn the scenes of future life, and they were tinged with sunshine. But soon she learned that the husband of her youth was a drunkard—and what could she expect? Despair settled upon her pale brow, and anguish rung her bleeding heart. Not one ray of hope shed its glimmering upon her solitary path. As if destined to woe, with her sorrows, her cares increased. Two infant children demanded her attention and her tears, the youngest of which was but a few weeks old, when its mother fell a victim to neglect and despair.

And here let simple narrative tell her tale of woe. When her infant was but ten days old, she was under the necessity of going out, through drift and snow and piercing winds, to gather fuel to keep her from freezing—her husband being gone on a drunken frolic. She took a severe cold, and was soon confined to her bed of straw, (for such it literally was.) No longer able to walk, or even sit up, early one morning, as her brutal husband was setting off to the tavern to spend the day, she expostulated with him, and endeavored to impress upon his mind her distressed and critical condition. She

seemed to succeed. But, O! delusive hope! She told him she must have assistance soon, or her stay in the land of the living was short. He seemed to feel. She prevailed on him to go for medical aid. He crossed the river St. Lawrence on the ice to Kingston, (a distance of four miles) and obtained a phial of medicine at the apothecary's store, and left in haste for his sick family. He was returning with apparent concern, and was passing the corner of the street, when one of his associates in profligacy, looking through the window of a contemptible grog shop, saw his comrade passing, and called him in to take something to drink.

Although this inebriate knew that the relief, if not the life, of his family depended on his speedy return, his helpless family being entirely alone, and none of his neighbors having knowledge of his absence, yet this miserable wretch, on hearing the sound of rum, and an invitation to partake of the crimson poison, soon forgot a suffering wife and helpless infants, left by him in the jaws of death. He entered the sink of woe and of crime, where demons in human form are wont to meet and hold midnight revelry. Here he remained in a drunken frolic for several days, during which it was extremely cold, and there was a heavy fall of snow. No one called at his house during the storm, supposing that he was at home with his family. The fire was out—no friend to render assistance—nor even the call of a stranger to give relief. On her bed of straw, with an infant on each arm, and a few shreds of covering, lay the sufferer, pierced with hunger and cold—the bed, fireplace, and floor, were all covered to some depth by the drifting snow. On the third or fourth day, he returned with a little medicine, and a bottle of rum. The snow had so drifted it was with some difficulty he entered his house. All within was silent as the house of death. It is said the fingers of the eldest babe were stiffened to marble, and the tear drop had frozen upon the infant's cheek. His wife neither smiled nor wept—life still flickered with them all. In this situation he found his neglected and perishing family. He was intoxicated when he returned—set his medicine and rum on a shelf, and immediately left for his father's, (near half a mile's distance), told his mother the fire had gone out, and his wife was at home sick, and wished she would go over and see to her—at the same time, stepping into his father's bar, took a glass of brandy; as he came out, staggered and fell, and there he spent the afternoon.

His mother was, unfortunately, given to habits of intemperance, and was then under the influence of ardent spirits. However, with fire and fuel, she set off to visit the abode of distress. She found the woman and children speechless, badly frozen, and apparently in the agonies of death. With some difficulty she made a fire, threw a brick and stone into the flames, and, while they were heating, she discovered the bottle of rum. Being exceedingly chilled, she drank freely of it, and thought it would do her good; but only deprived her of reason. By this time, the brick and stone had become very warm, and the drunken mother applied them to the naked feet of the dying woman. I will only add, that in about thirty minutes the kindest messenger under heaven came to her relief—that messenger was DEATH.

I fell to my lot to deliver the funeral discourse of this unfortunate female. The feelings of my heart, on this occasion, I will not attempt to describe. When the lid of the coffin was removed, and many weeping eyes were casting painful looks on her who had fallen a victim to the casualties of intemperance, I saw her husband (the author of her hapless fate) stagger up to the coffin, and, in all appearance, with a heart as unmovable, and an eye as fearless as the cold and lowly form on which he fixed his drunken gaze. We all proceeded to the burying ground, and I felt a pleasure in seeing the coffin consigned to its peaceful abode. But, when I had dismissed the audience in a Christian firm, with my own eyes I saw that drunken man stagger over the fresh-grave of his bosom companion. My heart failed, and my spirits trembled within me, and I could not refrain from exclaiming in my heart, Almighty God! if it is thy will that man should suffer in this life, impose on me what seemeth good in thy sight—let me live in the cottage of poverty all my days, and have nought but the bread of sorrow to eat, and when I am thirsting on a dry and parched desert, let me find no water but mine own bitter tears; and when my enemies persecute me and seek my reputation and my life, and I fly for protection to my last friend, let that friend forsake me—but O! gracious Heaven! deliver me from the all-devouring and overwhelming fate of the drunkard.

J. ALLEY.  
\*She has since killed herself.

### FASHIONABLE PARTIES AND LATE HOURS.

We are killing ourselves in this country by inches, and that, for a tall man or an amazonian woman, is a dreadful reflection. In sooth, our late hours break in terribly upon real comfort, sound health, and that refreshing sleep which "seals up the eyelids" in calm and soft repose, and ministers to real enjoyments. We marvel why fashion, instead of being represented in bewitching and attractive colors, is not drawn with a Medusa's head, fiery eyes, and snaky crest—or, under the silken cowl and wreaths of roses, skeleton head peeping out as a warning—and a caution in time a memento mori. In this country we eat and dance ourselves to death with much more rapidity than they do at the Sandwich Islands.

I met a friend on the parr last week, who said, "Will you come to our party to-morrow night?" "A party! How! Comfortable dish of tea, game of whist, glass of whiskey-punch, and a sandwich, eh?" "Oh, no—a real tearer—a dancing jam—a regular turn out—been preparing a fortnight. I must give a couple every year for the sake of the world, you know." The world, ha! Well, I'll come, and if I don't you won't miss me in the squeeze. Tell me, for old acquaintance sake, how much will

the party cost?" "Why, about fifteen hundred dollars." "Fifteen hundred dollars! Prodigious! How many charming tertulias in Spain, conversations in Italy, and soirees in France, would fifteen hundred dollars procure—and all this sun swallowed up in one dancing frolic!"

I determined to go, and a friend promised to call for me in his carriage. I was ready at seven, and sat quietly until nine—half past nine—ten—when, just as I was ringing for my slippers, and preparing, as Monsieur Morbleu says, for my night-cap, rat-tat-tat goes the coachman, and in walked my friend—pumps and tight pants on—white gloves and perfumed handkerchiefs. "So, sir, a pretty time you have called for me; why I have been ready since seven o'clock." "Seven o'clock! why, bless you, the company only began to assemble at ten; and even now we are rather early." "Early, do you call it! Go out to spend the evening at half past ten o'clock! Well, well, I suppose we must not be out of the fashion—so come along."

Our carriage rattled up one of the principal streets, and a glare of light was showered in all directions from the house. We fell in behind a range of coaches, and had to wait until our turn, and found, on alighting, a retinue of yellow servants to usher us in the mansion, to take our coats, hats, and prepare us for the *entree*. Every thing was elegant—gayety, fashion, and pleasure reigned triumphant; beauty, in resplendent beams, shed its half over the scene; plenty, from its golden horn, was poured forth in all directions; music, and the giddy dance, were kept up with unabated vigor until the russet morn had nearly flickered the east. I got home, tossed and tumbled for two or three hours in bed, and then rose for the duties of the day.

Having occasion to call on an old gentleman about twelve o'clock, I found him in his parlor, with the breakfast table before him. "What, not breakfasted yet?" "O yes, long ago—this is for my daughters, who came from the party about three o'clock, and are not yet up." In a few minutes the young ladies entered; but oh, how altered!—where were the bounding step and elastic gait—the brilliant eye, the jocund smile—the silken attire—the well dressed hair, and jewelled form of last night's entertainment? They were pallid and exhausted—their eye, their hair, their dress, all *en dishabille*—both with a hectic cough—both looking as wo-begone and spiritless as if they had just escaped from the siege of Troy. "Have you slept well, girls?" said the anxious parent. "Not a wink, father—we tossed and tumbled and worried for several hours, but not a wink of sleep—oh my head, my head—oh my bones, my bones!" "Probably your restlessness arose from eating too heartily at supper." "No such thing, father—why, I only ate a little chicken, salad, a wing of turkey, some jelly, a few macaronies and molasses, a dozen pickled oysters, and drank a few glasses of champagne, that's all—excepting a sponge cake or two, and a glass lemonade, during dancing, and a little ginger sweetsmeats. There's Lizzy, ate twice as much as I did." "No I didn't, but I was more select, father; a few slices of cold tongue—a piece of a ha-moed beef—three pickles—a few olives, some *blanc manger*—two plates of ice cream—a little floating island—some tuffles and buns—and oranges, plum-cake, and custard, during the evening. I'm sure I don't care much for solids." "And did you dance after supper?" "To be sure we did; one cotillon, one contra dance, the mazourka, and a gallopade." "The murder's out! no wonder at head-aches, and bone-aches, and heart-aches, and sleepless hours, after so much eating, drinking, and dancing." "I don't care, father, I'm sure I don't care much for solids." "And did you dance after supper?" "To be sure we did; one cotillon, one contra dance, the mazourka, and a gallopade." "The murder's out! no wonder at head-aches, and bone-aches, and heart-aches, and sleepless hours, after so much eating, drinking, and dancing." "I don't care, father, I'm sure I don't care much for solids." "And did you dance after supper?" "To be sure we did; one cotillon, one contra dance, the mazourka, and a gallopade." "The murder's out! no wonder at head-aches, and bone-aches, and heart-aches, and sleepless hours, after so much eating, drinking, and dancing." "I don't care, father, I'm sure I don't care much for solids."

What can be more agonizing to true affection, than to see the girl nourished with tenderness in infancy, amiable, intelligent, and accomplished, gradually sinking into her grave ere she reaches the age of womanhood? The pride and delight of food parents and numerous friends, the rose which early bloomed, daily fading in the brilliancy of its colors, and drooping like the lily of the vale? To see the eye, once so brilliant, sunken, heavy, and dull; and the lips, once so rubby, now thin and pallid! To witness the being so beloved, so cherished, the victim of slow but unerring disease, not constitutional, but brought on by neglect, by fashion! To see the vision recede from the sight, step by step, until evening frowns upon its setting glory, and the tomb closes upon it forever!

The result of Gambling.—We rejoice to learn, that the gambling shop which has been so boldly established in our peaceful and comparatively moral town has met with but poor encouragement, and that our fellow townsmen are unwilling to risk their fair fame for the appellation—*Gambler*!—or to exchange their prospects of an honest competence for the precarious and disreputable chances offered in the haunts of indolence and vice. For the first week after the establishment of the house in question, the plea of curiosity availed a majority of those who visited it, but that has ceased to be an apology, and the few calls that now continue to be made are attributed to the proper motive. And proud are we to say that they are indeed few.

We understand that our last allusion to this subject, moderate in manner and well intentioned as it was, gave offence to those concerned. We assure them that we did not intend to wound the feelings of any one; our motives was of a different

kind. If, after this assurance on our part, any person be so silly as to pervert the performance of a duty, to a desire to irritate or wound, he is at liberty to indulge in his erroneous opinions, which we wholly disregard. As we said before, we have seen the evil effects of excessive gambling in too many horrid shapes to stand quietly by and permit a repetition, if we have even a hope of preventing it. One case which came immediately under our observation we will briefly relate. In a town in Europe, in which many of the happiest days of our life were spent, chance brought us acquainted with Charles Barclay, and, through him, with the family of which he was a member. Charles's father had risen, from a small beginning, to good circumstances, indeed to comparative wealth, and was respected by all classes, for his industry, sobriety, and integrity. Three of his sons, of whom Charles was the eldest, were our schoolfellows, and more promising youths than the young Barclays we have never known. Well do we recollect the day when, with tears in their eyes and sorrow in their hearts, they took leave of their class-mates, to leave the home of their youth, the scene of all the happiness they had ever known, and to become wanderers and out-casts—for the crime of a parent! In an evil hour, Mr. Barclay had been seduced from the path of rectitude which he had pursued for upwards of forty years, had followed some unprincipled knaves to the gaming table, and, in a few weeks after his first transgression, he was bankrupt, and his children were beggars! Well do we remember the day that the noble row of buildings which Mr. Barclay's industry had reared, and which was wholly his own, was together with much other property, brought under the auctioneer's hammer. It was the last time we saw the warm-hearted, generous Charles. The father and his sons attended the sale. Misery was depicted on their countenances. The reverse was sudden, overwhelming, and the sufferers seemed to sink unresistingly under it, notwithstanding an evident commiseration was generally entertained by the community. Once or twice afterwards we saw the wretched father; and in a few days the unfortunate family left the town. Fifteen years had elapsed, when, in 1826, we again visited the place. The event which we have sketched was still fresh in our memory, and we inquired of our acquaintances, concerning the Barclays. But little was known of them, but that little proved that the iniquities of the father had indeed been severely visited on the children. Capt.

of the steamship *Chieftain*, plying between Liverpool and Belfast, had met with his and our old friend Charles, about a year before, travelling between the former place and Bolton, in Lancashire, whether he had been to visit his youngest sister, who was hired as a farmer's servant somewhere in the neighborhood of Bolton! Poor Charles was a common sailor, contending with the elements for a precarious and scanty support for himself and a widowed mother.—*Northern Spectator*.

An American Brutus.—A few days since, young Buchanan, (son of Judge J. Buchanan,) was tried at Annapolis, Md., on an indictment for the murder of Ellis, whom the former shot down, in self-defence, from a mob headed by Ellis, a few weeks since. Efforts had been made by the most respectable and influential citizens of the State, to induce the Attorney General to enter a *noli prosequi*; but the application being made known to Judge Buchanan, (the father of the accused,) he, with Roman firmness and virtue, sternly forbade the measure, and directed the trial to proceed. He was attended and supported to the bench by Roger B. Taney and other distinguished Marylanders. The spectacle must have been sublime—the grey-haired and fond-hearted, but noble and firm old man, sitting in judgment in a case of life and death upon his own son. The trial was full and fair. The evidence indicated the existence of a preconcerted design, on the part of the deceased and his companions, to mob and maltreat Mr. Buchanan; that he avoided a collision with him as long as it was consistent with his safety, and it was only on compulsion and in the last resort, he took the severe measure which ended fatally.

Towards the conclusion of the trial, the agitation of the farther became extreme; but was joyfully terminated by a verdict of Not Guilty, which the Jury returned without leaving the box. Such indications prove that, notwithstanding the inflated eulogiums upon the stern and inflexible virtues of the ancients, the history of the present time, if impartially told, will exhibit as sublime instances of excellence, without the harsh and barbarous traits which obscure the lustre of the Roman name.

Philadelphia Gazette.

A Public Danger.—A glutton of a fellow was dining at a Hotel, who, in the course of the "battle of knives and forks," accidentally cut his mouth, which was observed by a Yankee joker, sitting near by, who bawled out, "I say, friend, don't make that eye hole in your countenance any larger, for God's sake, for the rest on us will starve to death!"

Beauties of Despoism.—Cambyzes, a King of Persia, was addicted to intemperance. Perseus, one of his favorites, one day after a debauch, presented to him that he had drunk too much wine. "I will convince you," said Cambyzes, "that wine never deprives me of my judgment or address." He then called for another bowl, and having quaffed it, he ordered the son of Perseus, a promising youth of 12 years of age, to be tied to the trunk of one of the trees in the garden of the palace. He then selected an arrow, and, while fitting it to his bow, he advanced towards the ternee, saying, "If I do not pierce the heart of your son with this arrow, I will frankly acknowledge that wine has a paralyzing influence over my faculties." The arrow flew through the air, and lodged in the bosom of the youth. On being opened, his heart was found cloven in twain. The courtiers present, including Perseus, were loud in their praises of the address of the tyrant.

## ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

### NORTHERN SLAVERY.

[We invite attention to the article below, as a fair sample of "Northern Slavery," which we find in a New-York paper; and we ask the question, whether the condition and treatment of the black slave of the South is not a thousand times better than that meted out to this wretched and helpless little white slave of the North! How often do we witness such scenes in the South!—Seldom, if ever. Yet, there is a land of fiends at the north, in the very midst of this "crying evil," who are continually spreading through the country their accursed doctrines of the right and duty of the Northern people to interfere with the domestic property and institutions of the South. Why do they not put down the evil at home, before they attempt to teach lessons of philanthropy to the people of the South. "Charity beginneth at home," it is said; but these disinterested friends of our colored population seem to think otherwise. But, if they are unwilling to preach against Northern slavery, of a ten-fold greater rigor than that in the South, why do they not come to the South, where they say the evil does exist to such an alarming extent—come and face the evil if you wish to battle with it effectually.—No, they are too sensible of the reward they would receive at the hands of an insulted and injured people, who know their rights and dare defend them. We do believe that, if ever the right of the Southern people to retain their Slaves as property—recognized as such by the Constitution and Laws of the country—is touched in a legal form, then the bonds of this Union will be cut asunder. If, then, our northern brethren value the Union of the States, and the peace and happiness of their fellow men, let them frown down the seditious attempts of a fanatical crew among them, who are kindling a fire which, when once started, will result in the entire conflagration of our beautiful political system.

For a specimen of the means used by the immediate abolitionists to effect their purpose, we refer the reader to an article below, from the Columbia (S. C.) Telescope. The following is the extract we alluded to at the commencement of this article.—*Erroneous Case*.]

"Northern Slavery.—A White Slave.—A most extraordinary and outrageous abuse of usurped authority over a fellow creature was developed at the upper Police office on Saturday. Mr. James McEnally, of Fourth Street, applied to Mr. Palmer, the magistrate, to send a little girl about fourteen years of age to the House of Refuge, as he said she was so very badly disposed that it was impossible to get any good of her. Mr. Palmer consented to take the girl and send her to the House of Refuge or the Alms House, and Mr. McEnally brought her to the Police office. When he was leaving the office, he stretched out his hand to shake hands with her, but, instead of putting out her hand to meet his, she shrunk back from him as if his attempting to touch her had terrified her. Mr. McEnally then left the office. Mr. Palmer observed the occurrence, and, perceiving that the girl was from some cause or other in a state of extreme terror, he addressed her in a soothing manner and endeavored to encourage her, by saying that she should be taken good care of, and made comfortable. Whilst he was speaking to her he took her by the hands. On doing so he perceived that it was black and bruised from some hurt. Mr. Palmer asked her what happened to her hand, and she replied, in the most piteous manner, "Oh! sir, my master has beat me, and my back is very sore." Mr. Palmer then examined her person, and found that, from the small of her back down to the calf of her leg was covered with black marks, bruises, and cuts, some of which were festering!

On making this discovery, Mr. Palmer made inquiries into the matter, and, from what has as yet been developed, it appears that a Mr. R., formerly of this city, obtained possession of the girl, but by what means is as yet unknown, when she was only a few years old; had reared her and treated her completely as a slave. A year or two since, Mr. R. left this city, and went to reside in New Jersey, and, when going there, hired out the girl to McEnally in the same way that any slave owner would hire out a slave, at twenty shillings a month, the money to be paid to R. and the girl to get nothing but food and raiment. The unfortunate little girl possesses an extremely agreeable and rather pretty countenance—and evinces too much simplicity in the history she gives of herself to leave any ground for doubt of its being true. She is altogether ignorant of her name or parentage, and only remembers that she once lived in the country. Whence she came into the possession of Mr. McEnally he named her *Philadelphina*, which, when speaking to her, he generally abbreviated to the word *Philly*, and this is the only name she recollects to have been ever called by. By her own account she has always been treated as a complete slave, and since she has been with her last master, with the exception of food, of which she says she got sufficient, she has been treated worse than most slaves have been treated in this country during the last half century.—She was obliged to sleep on the parrot floor, without any thing but one blanket for a bed and covering; and, as to her apparel, she says it was never better than what she now wears, and her outer garment is seemingly composed of a piece of an old sack."

From the Columbia Telescope, of May 9.  
FLOGGING.

There was sent to us, by the mail yesterday, from the unacknowledged hand of some secret wretch, folded inside of a Northern newspaper, a coarse large print representing a cotton planter flogging his naked, kneeling slave. It is by such vile arts of exaggeration and cant that the institutions of the South are to be rendered odious and horrible—it is by such despicable stage-trickery as this, that the sensibilities of our neighbors are attempted to be worked up in the due degree of tragic frenzy. We would thank those, whose imaginations are so much affected by the alleged horrors of the lash to tell us how the affairs of mankind are to be carried on without it, or something equivalent. From the *arch-ath school* to the *edgemoor* upon the field or the wave, its necessity is acknowledged, and its use universal. Of the Abolitionists scholars who quote Cowper and Sterne so sentimentally, how many would ever have learnt their A B C's, without the stimulus of the Birch? In this country, and in England, in Boston or in London, they groan over the unhappy fate of the poor negro who is whipped with a moderate sized hickory switch, by his master in South Carolina—a country distant from theirs—and all the while these same philanthropists every day unconcernedly see sailors and soldiers—the heroes of Lake Erie and Trafalgar