

# THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING—ASHBEL SMITH AND JOSEPH W. HAMPTON—EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Number 23, of Volume 16:

SALISBURY, NORTH CAROLINA, NOVEMBER 7, 1835.

Number from beginning 805.

## The Western Carolinian.

BY ASHBEL SMITH & JOSEPH W. HAMPTON

### 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 Editors.
3. Subscriptions will not be received for a less time than one year; and a failure to notify the Editors 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 Editors, shall have a paper gratis during their continuance.
5. Person indebted to the Editors, may transmit to them through the Mail, at their 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, 81 will in all cases be charged.
2. Persons who desire to advertise 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 Editors, the postage should in all cases be paid.

## Beckwith's Anti-Dyspeptic PILLS.

WE extract, from the Hand-bills accompanying each Box, the following testimonials to the efficacy of this valuable Medicine:

From the Rt. Rev. Levi S. Ives, D. D., Bishop of North Carolina.

RALEIGH, March 2, 1835.

Having, for the last three years, been intimately acquainted with Dr. John Beckwith, of this City, and enjoyed his professional services, I take pleasure in stating that his character as a Christian gentleman and experienced Physician, entitles his testimony, in regard to the use of his Anti-dyspeptic Pills, to the entire confidence of the public.—My experience of the good effects of these Pills, for two years past, satisfies me of their eminent value, particularly in aiding in impaired digestion and warding off bilious attacks. Having been for a long time subject to the annual recurrence of such attacks, I was in the habit of resorting for security against them, and with a very partial success, to a liberal use of Calomel or blue Pill. But since my acquaintance with the Anti-dyspeptic Pill of Dr. Beckwith, which he prescribed in the first instance himself, I have not been under the necessity of using Mercury in any form, besides, being wholly exempt from bilious attacks. Several members of my family are experiencing the same beneficial effects.

L. S. IVES.

From Governor Ireuell.

AUGUST 21, 1835.

Dr. Beckwith's Anti-Dyspeptic Pills have been used in my family, which is a large one, with the most beneficial effects. A number of my friends who have been afflicted with the Dyspepsia, and other disorders of the stomach, have spoken to me in strong terms of the relief they experienced from this remedy. Without the evidence I have received from others, my intimate knowledge of the professional and private character of Dr. Beckwith, for the last twenty years, justifies me in declaring, that he would give no assurances of facts of his own experience, or of professional deductions, of which he was not perfectly confident, and on which the public might not safely rely.

JAMES IREDELL.

From the Hon. George E. Badger.

RALEIGH, Nov. 7, 1834.

For several years past, Dr. Beckwith's Anti-Dyspeptic Pills have been used as a domestic medicine in my family. I have myself frequently used them for the relief of head-ache, acid and otherwise disordered stomach, resulting from immoderate or excess in diet, and I have had many opportunities of learning from others their effects, when used by them for like purposes. My experience and observation justify me in saying that the relief afforded by the Pills is generally speedy, and almost always certain—that they may be taken at any time without danger or inconvenience, and their operation is attended by no nausea or disagreeable effects whatever—and though I have known many persons use them, I have known none who did not approve them—none who sustained any injury, and none who failed to derive benefit from their use. And upon the whole, I do not hesitate to recommend them as an agreeable, safe, and efficacious remedy in Dyspeptic affections, and believe them myself to be the best Anti-dyspeptic medicine ever offered to the public.

G. E. BADGER.

A constant supply of these Pills on hand and for sale, at THIS OFFICE. —m6—  
September 5, 1835.

## FOR SALE,

A Pair of Northern Horses; well broke, well formed, and a capital Match. Any person wishing such an article as this, combined with good age, will call on the subscriber.

JOHN I. SHAVER.

Salisbury, Sept. 26, 1835. —4—

## Poetic Recess

### THE HISTORY OF LIFE.

I saw an infant in its mother's arms,  
And left it sleeping;  
Years passed—I saw a girl with woman's charms,  
In sorrow weeping;  
Years passed—I saw a mother with her child,  
And o'er it languish;  
Years brought me back—yet through her tears she smiled,  
In deeper anguish;  
I left her—years had vanished, I returned  
And stood before her;  
In tears I found her whom I left in tears,  
On God relying;  
And I returned again in after years,  
And found her dying;  
An infant first, and then a maiden fair—  
A wife—a mother—  
And then a childless widow in despair—  
Thus met a brother,  
And thus we meet on earth, and thus we part,  
To meet—oh! never!  
Till death beholds the spirit leave the heart,  
To live forever.

### SELECT MISCELLANY.

#### ROME IN THE CARNIVAL.

From Norman Leslie.

Whoever has not witnessed the festivities of the Carnival week at Rome will scarcely lend credit to the burlesque extravagances even to this day committed by all classes. It is a page of reality resembling one of old romance; and the stranger wonders to see its antique and remarkable leaf thus bound up in the prosaic volume of common life. The grave and sensible Englishman, the observant and intelligent American, is astonished at the spectacle of a whole people abandoned to the maddest freaks of frolic and fancy—disguising themselves in grotesque habits, masking their faces, altering their gait, form, and demeanor—entering with lively ardor into the wildest folly. From the violent gesticulations and various costumes, it appears as if the theatres of the world had emptied their wardrobes, and sent forth their performers to play, each in the face of Heaven, these thousand parts in other countries—at least in ours—reserved for the midnight stage. Here a brigand stalks in the full glory of arms and equipments, with flowing tresses, dark mustachios, and a countenance of more than human ferocity. He steals along after the rolling carriage, and aims his carbine at some beautiful victim. There a Spanish lover, with his graceful cleak, broad hat and feathers, and love-breathing guitar, sings his serenade to each passing fair; sometimes, for the occasion excuses all civil familiarity, he murmurs a soft air to an English belle in her carriage; sometimes whispers love to the gay French girl; sometimes knells to the Contadina in the street; and again, directs his strain to a bright face peeping from a palace window, or leaning and laughing over a balcony. Behind him stalks a knight glistening in armor, who bears upon his lance the favor of his lady-love, or hands a letter on its point to the first pair of eyes that take his fancy—stranger or native, high or low. The fierce Saracen stalks through the throng, brandishing his cimeter and twirling his mustachios. The copper colored Indian with his tomahawk threatens swift destruction to each shrinking maid. Old lords and ladies, in dresses of an antique magnificence, recall the splendors of the most celebrated courts. The frolicsome sailor reels along, as if the light Italian wines had been too strong for his brain. The lover sighs—the warrior shouts—the spectre glides; and many striking characters are correctly dressed, and represented with serious accuracy and excellent effect. Others there are who delight to fling over the whole the broadest possible air of ridicule. Humpbacks swelled into mountains—eyes glaring like moons—huge mouths—bald pates—overgrown stomachs—statures of twice the ordinary size—deformed foreheads—and noses of such ponderous dimensions, magnified proportions, and rubicund colors, as may chance, if you eat too heavy a supper, to haunt your late slumber in the shape of an incubus—all that mirth and ingenuity can invent to distort and caricature, here floats upon the vast and ever-moving tide, rising and sinking in the dense, universal commotion—disappearing, and appearing again; carriages loaded with double numbers—horses rearing with two and four—women seven feet high, and sweet girls in uniform of banditti. Those whose ambition does not seek to support distinct and memorable roles, content themselves with the simple smooth common mask—a pretty girlish countenance, whose everlasting repetition at length wearies the eye, and becomes no theme of curiosity or distinction.

Some, too—so picturesque are the inhabitants of Rome—even while wearing their every-day habiliments, can with difficulty be distinguished from the maskers; and the bare-footed and cowed monks and friars—the long-bearded mendicants, covered with rags and wrinkles—the fat priest, and the stern soldier, are only known from the giddy surrounding concourse by their unmasked faces, their steady step, and their grave demeanor. Nearly all the town join in this sport; or, if they do not actually participate, at least throng together by thousands and thousands to witness it and swell the extraordinary spectacle. Countless numbers of ladies, both natives and foreigners, may be seen, either in their carriages or at the windows—gentlemen and noble, young and old, peasant and duke, all mingled and blended together in a wild, excited, half-familiar, half-mad mass of human beings—crying, laughing, screaming, gesticulating, leaping, dancing, singing, shouting, and pelting each other with flour sugar plums, or oats steeped in plaster of Paris resembling them, and covering the air, the streetwalks, and all the population, with the white of a universal snow storm. A hundred thousand people are not unfrequently assembled,

either as actors or audience, upon the scene of action, which is in the Corso and the adjoining streets, squares, and avenues.

Our readers, on either side of the ocean, need not be reminded that the Corso is the Regent street, or Broadway, of modern Rome, straight and exceedingly narrow, built up closely on both sides with high houses, or gloomy, but immense and magnificent, old palaces, all of which are crowded upon every point; where men and women sit, stand, or climb from roof to basement, cornice, pedestal, and balcony. Through this principal thoroughfare two processions of carriages and pedestrians go slowly, in opposite directions, pelting each other, and all around them, and all above them, with snowy tributes; and receiving in return discharges in showers from every quarter. The middle of the street presents a tide of the gayest and gaudiest colors, and the most lively motion—not unlike the rapid stir and agitation of a fierce battle. On either side, tiers of seats—a most lucrative profit to the proprietor—are provided for the thousands who desire, stationary and secure, to behold the giddy scene. A sloping bank of faces thus rises on either hand of those moving in the procession, leaving only a passage sufficiently wide for the two rows of carriages to pass each other.

#### THE LONDON RIOT OF 1780.

A writer, in the last No. of the Knickerbocker, gives the following account of the great London Riot in the year 1780, which it will be seen goes a little ahead of any thing in this country:

"We have been much alarmed of late by the mobs and disturbances which have prevailed in some quarters of our Republic—but we have never yet experienced any thing half so terrific as the mobs of Europe. The Bristol Riots, and the *Eccennesses de Lyon*, must be fresh in all minds; while some of the more remote riots in the British capital stand out like pyramids from the general level of ordinary madness and crime. It was my hap to see the Great London Riot of 1780, for the instigation of which Lord George Gordon was tried for high treason, and left, though acquitted, with a stain upon his name. He was the champion of a numerous class of the lower order of Protestants, who held large meetings in various parts of the metropolis, and sent heavy petitions to Parliament, praying for enactments against Catholicity. One of these documents, signed by many thousands, which was presented by Lord Gordon, was so large that it required the united strength of all the officers of the House to lift it into the presence of that noble Legislature. Though every signature was genuine, they were declared to be fictitious, and the petition was treated with contempt. Incensed at this imputation, Lord Gordon vowed that he would convince Parliament of its error, by bringing up the petitioners, in propria persona, before their representatives and servants.

He kept his vow; and, at ten o'clock on the next Friday morning, several thousands of his petitioners assembled in St. George's Fields, where the noble Lord met them, as a Roman general would have done his legions. He directed them to proceed to the Parliament House, over the Westminster, Blackfriars, and London Bridges. Before this great multitude had reached their place of destination, it had doubled its numbers, and became a mob. Lords, Bishops, and Archbishops, were made objects of popular fury; cries of "No Popery!" rang throughout the dusky streets; carriages were upset, and their occupants obliged to escape from the *melee*, and glide in disguise from roof to roof, to which they ascended from dwellings where they sought refuge.

This day was but the beginning of tumult. Like an half-cured ulcer on the human form, the riots, when suppressed in one quarter of the town, would break forth in others. Saturday and Sunday witnessed the most dreadful excesses. Indeed, the mob was quite uncontrollable—and yet the horrid Saturday had but just begun. The rioters convened an immense force on Monday, the anniversary of the King's birth-day. Efforts had been made but ineffectually, to suppress them; large rewards were offered for the apprehension of the ring-leaders among the lawless bands, who had burned several Catholic chapels, in different sections of the capital. A few offenders were secured, but the flame was spreading, and the great body of miscreants rioting on.

The events of Tuesday were dreadful. The mob made a desperate attack upon the Newgate prison—mounting in swarms over the walls, and besieging the cells, (where a few riotous principals were confined,) with pick-axes and hammers. The chapel, and the house of the keeper were soon destroyed. This occurred between six and nine o'clock, in the evening. The loud alarms, and rising flames, drew me to the spot. The fire had then communicated to the wards and cells, from which the affrighted prisoners rushed into the yard, where many of them were supplied with liquor by the mobocracy, and went yelling and shouting around their enlarged boundary of exercise, with the fury of unengaged tigers. Many who were under sentence of death, were among the liberated prisoners. The new prison at Clerkenwell was also stormed and broken open, and all the inmates set free. Many of them, grateful for their sudden and unexpected discharge, entered heartily into the cause of those who had played for them the part of liberators.—They next destroyed the mansions and furniture of Sir John Fielding, and Lord Mansfield; the pictures, libraries, wines, and splendid furniture, might have been seen, strewed in all directions, and clutched by the crowd.

Thus waged the horrid war. The next day witnessed only the increase of a lawless power, which seemed destined to know no future abatement. The establishment of a private citizen, a distiller in Holborn, a papist, Langdale by name, was attacked and fired. Then issued a scene, such as pen cannot describe. Five hundred thousand dollars' worth of property was destroyed in a space of time so short, that it seemed as if the whole had perished in a tornado of fire.

The spectacle at twilight was awful and sublime. At one and the same moment, the billowy clouds of flame were seen surging upward from the Kings Bench and the Fleet Prisons; from the ponderous toll-gates on the Blackfriars Bridge, from the new Bridgewell, and from dwellings in different sections all over the metropolis. With a few friends who had purchased admission, I surveyed the terrific scene from the cupola of St. Paul's. The crowds that ran howling through the streets; the occasional thunder of artillery; the spirits of blazing light darting up on all sides, occasionally revealing the red waters of the Thames, and the sails like sheeted ghosts wavering along its bosom; the towers and steeples innumerable, clothed in lurid light; the maniac vociferations of numerous straggling parties of the mob, who had come intoxicated from Langdale's distillery, where they drank to excess, and where hundreds of hogs-heads, emptied in the gutters, were ignited by torches, and ran from street to street a tempestuous torrent of fire;—these were sights that, once seen, could not fail to be forever remembered. Words are powerless to describe them. On Thursday they ceased.

We have had some violent mobs in America,—but none like this,—wherein nearly five hundred persons, besides the numerous victims of the law, perished together. Long may such sanguinary tempests be averted from our land!

#### DISCOVERIES.

Such is the title of one of the rare pamphlets of Ben Johnson, dated 1851; and which is among "the last drops of his quill." We call from it some striking and solid observations on men and manners; in the perusal of which the reader will not doubt be tempted to exclaim—Oh, rare Ben Johnson!

"Ill fortune never crushed that man, whom good fortune deceived not. I have therefore counselled my friends, never to trust to the fair side, but so to place all things she gave them, that she may take them again without trouble.

"A beggar suddenly rich, generally becomes a prodigal; he puts on riot and excess to obscure his former obscurity.

"No man is so foolish, but he may give another good counsel sometimes; and no man so wise, but he may easily err, if he takes no other counsel than his own. He that was taught only by himself, had a fool for his master.

"Opinion is a light, vain, crude, and imperfect thing, residing in the imagination, but never arriving at the understanding, there to obtain the true nature of truth. We labor with it more than with the truth.

"Many men do not themselves believe what they would fain persuade others; and less do they the things which they would impose on others;—but least of all, know they what they most confidently boast.

"What a deal of cold business doth a man mispend the better part of his life in! in scattering compliments, tendering visits, gathering and vending news, following feasts and plays, making a little winter-love in a dark corner.

"Wisdom without honesty is mere craft and cozenage. A good life is a main argument.

"I cannot think Nature so spent and decayed as to bring forth nothing worth her former years. She is always the same, and like herself; and when she collects her strength, is able still. Men and studies are decayed; she is not."

#### A KENTUCKY BEAU.

A coat of strong blue cloth of the Jehu cut, with white bone buttons of the Jehu size, the standing collar of which was always pulled up over the ears, and concealed them beneath its shade, served at the same time, in consequence of its being tightly buttoned from throat to waist, to hide the neck-cloth and waist-coat, of the existence of neither of which I am therefore able to make affidavit. This upper garment, which was certainly of the horse part of his nature, impended over a pair of full corduroy pantaloons. The legs of the same, though constructed by the artist, of amplitude sufficient to reach the ankle if they had been allowed to do so, having apparently been elevated to midleg in the act of drawing on a pair of half-boots, remained hitched on the top of the latter during the whole of the first day of my observations, no effort having been made to induce them to descend to the ordinary position.—On the second, one descended and the other did not, and in this way Tom Lavender sported his Nimrod-looking person. I never saw his hand; as, whether sitting, standing, or walking, they were always thrust decidedly to the bottom of the large flap pockets of his Jehu coat. In the manner in which he disposed his person in the cabin, when inactive, upon two or three chairs, basking before the fire, with his nose erect in the air, I thought I detected something of the alligator part of his origin; while in the impetuous manner in which, striding forward with outstretched limbs, he perambulated the cabin or the deck to take exercise, alternately inflating his cheeks and blowing forth the accumulated air, I could not fail to detect the steamboat by which the purity of the race had been recently crossed. He was a man of no conversation, but he made up for it by an incessant horse laugh, filling up the pauses in that of three or four trusty young cronies, who seemed to hold him in great respect and consideration. I should not forget to mention that at a later period I was informed that the mode of wearing the pantaloons hoisted half-leg high as described above, was premeditated, and intended to give an "air distingue!" —Ladrobe's North America.

About Right.—The Bangor Advertiser tells a good story of a Yankee who was refused a dinner at one of the taverns down east, until he had shown the landlord his "pewter." Boniface then did his best, and at the sound of the bell in walked the Yankee, and taking a general survey of the table, turned to his host and said, "Mister, you've seed my money, and I've seed your dinner—good bye!"

## POLITICAL.

### GENERAL HARRISON.

The following is the reply of General Harrison, to the letter of the Committee inviting him to the festival in Lexington, Kentucky, on the 5th ult., in commemoration of the Battle of the Thames.—The Lexington papers do not give the letter of invitation, (the Committee having kept no copy of it,) but the reader can readily infer from the response of General H. the nature of the misrepresentations which the committee brought to his notice:

NORTH BEND, Sept. 29, 1835.

GENTLEMEN: Your letter of the 15th inst., enclosing a resolution of the officers and soldiers who served in the Northwestern Army under my command, inviting me to be present at the celebration of the Anniversary of the Battle of the Thames, on the 5th proximo, has been duly received. It unfortunately happens that the day of the celebration is that upon which the Court of Common Pleas, for the county of Hamilton, (of which I am Clerk,) commences its session. It will of course be out of my power to attend the former without subjecting myself to the charge of neglect of duty. This is to me a subject of the greatest regret; the more so, as no opportunity may ever again occur of meeting so many of my brethren in arms, so many tried friends and associates in times of difficulty and danger.

Before the receipt of your letter, gentlemen, I was aware that the persecution of which I have for many years been the object, had been resumed. I had, indeed, anticipated that such would be the case; but really I could not have believed that it could so soon have reached the stage of violence to which it has already attained. Assertions and contradictions, charges and answers, replies and rejoinders, &c., &c., are apt to produce heat, and lead men to extremes, which they would have blushed to have thought of, at the commencement of a dispute. The majestic King of the forest proclaims his enmity to his rivals, and with many defiance, long and loudly repeated, solicits them to the conflict. It is left to the cold-blooded malignity of the tiger and the panther, couched in their ambushes, suddenly to spring upon their unoffending and unsuspecting victims. Thus assailed, with what joy, with what heart-felt gratitude, did I receive your letter, announcing the fact that the gallant volunteers of Kentucky were assembling for my rescue! And what a gratifying coincidence! To be found between this and a former occasion! The same venerated name heads the column now, as belonged to the sage and hero who displayed, in my sight, on the shores of Lake Erie, that noble band of voluntary warriors who came panting for the conflict, which was to avenge the wrongs of our common country, and appease the *manes* of their own slaughtered fellow-citizens. I recognize, too, in the list, those who carried into the battle of the Thames valor enough to accomplish the object and to spare; others distinguished in the brilliant sorties of Fort Meigs, and of whom I had to complain, that regardless of circumstances and numbers, their only inquiry was, "where is the enemy?"—and last, and by no means least, in my estimation, the leader of the Shelby county division, distinguished for bravery among the brave, a wounded survivor of that dreadful conflict, which, to its other horrors, added that which was so much deprecated by the bravest of the Greeks.

With a phalanx thus constituted, who could doubt victory with any tangible enemy? You now combat, gentlemen, with a *Hydra*; not such a monster as fearlessly presented itself to the club of Hercules; but a flitting evanescent thing which will elude your grasp, and mock the stroke of your sword; a kind of *ignis fatuus*—the offspring of corruption, which never treads on solid ground, but exhibits its false lights from amidst the slime and mire upon the vapors of which it feeds. Such is the character of the slanders by which I am assailed. Should proof be wanting, consult some of the public prints. You will find I am charged with the *murder* of the distinguished Daviess—that he was the victim of my fears; having mounted him on my *gray mare* to avoid the danger of riding myself. But, answers one of my comrades, "Daviess was killed on foot, and never was on horseback during the action." "Well, then, it was the lamented Owen who was thus sacrificed." The answer is, "Owen was killed from the back of his own white horse." "It was, then, certainly some other officer." "No other mounted officer was killed; nor was there any officer or soldier who was killed or wounded, ever on the back of a horse belonging to the General." "But it cannot be denied that he intended to have Croghan killed when he ordered him to break through a whole army with one hundred men, which he would not attack himself with eight hundred." In relation to the attempts which are now being made to deprive me, as you are pleased to say, of my just claims, I commit my cause to you, gentlemen, with the most perfect confidence. No better judgment can be formed of the conduct of a commander, than that which is awarded by his army. In all history there is, perhaps, but a single instance where the decision was against the General, that it has not been sanctioned by contemporaries as well as by posterity. My cause is a most singular one. The unanimous declarations of the Army of Tippecanoe will not be received, even as to facts. Charges are manufactured, without the least regard to the testimony of eye-witnesses—such as the story of the Indians having chosen the place for my encampment—as also that of the death of Daviess and Owen, to which I have alluded. Am I to engage with equal or inferior numbers? An enemy acknowledged at that time to be the most dreadful in the world, (who had, with a few hundred, destroyed the immense army of the brave Braddock—and nearly annihilated those of the experienced and gallant commanders, Harnois and St. Clair,) it must be done without loss, and I must be especially careful that no distinguished man may fall. I am made to answer for your failures, caused either by wilful disobedience, or by