

THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

THE POWERS NOT DELEGATED TO THE UNITED STATES BY THE CONSTITUTION, NOR PROHIBITED BY IT TO THE STATES, ARE RESERVED TO THE STATES RESPECTIVELY, OR TO THE PEOPLE.—Amendments to the Constitution, Article X.

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TERMS OF CAROLINIAN.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

EGYPTIAN MANIACS.

The insane in Egypt are treated either as beasts of prey, or as saints—holy persons. Maniacs, who have fits of raving, accompanied with violence in gestures, and attempts to injure those around them, are chained, conducted to Cairo, and placed in a general depot, in which they are suffered to remain, herded together, without any attempts being made to preserve the least degree of cleanliness in the place, or in their persons. They eat, sleep, and spend all their time in the same apartment; and the air of which, of course, becomes insufferably offensive. The only remedy used in the treatment of insanity, is a broth made of serpents, and administered at every new moon to the afflicted.

As to the insane who are inoffensive, or comparatively so, that is, those who do not by their conduct endanger the lives and safety of the people, they are allowed to roam about entirely free. So far indeed from being molested, they are generally treated with signal distinction. They pass throughout Egypt for saints. It is sufficient even for a person to be rather unreasonable or somewhat original, in order to obtain this title. We, in this country, are not quite so obliging—the crowd with us are content to invest a man, who utters incoherencies, and goes about promising to cure all diseases by a process peculiar, and known only to himself, with the character of a wonderful doctor.—This variety of insanity—a true monomania, exists, in the United States, very general admiration and respect; and its incongruities are certified to, as so many miracles, by professors of law, physic, and divinity. A present miracle, they cry! and although no body can see it but themselves, the world good naturedly takes their hallucinations as evidences, to show that insanity is wisdom, and impudence noble disinterestedness.

M. Haimont tells us of a young man, "nineteen years of age, belonging to the class of the harmless insane, in Egypt, who was held in great veneration by the people. He was tall, thin, and with distorted legs; he goes entirely naked, and though it rains in that country many months in the year, he has constantly refused to wear any clothes.—This whim increases the respect felt for him, and it is said that the Deity gives him the power of remaining cold. He never accepts money, but willingly takes bread and fruits. He courses all day after the dogs, which are also privileged characters in Turkish towns: at night he sleeps in the open street, without being injured by the humidity of the atmosphere. Whenever he sits down, he is surrounded by a crowd; men, women, and children all come to consult him; and the women are especially persevering in their questions."

The following anecdote is related on the same authority with the foregoing, as a fact coming under the immediate notice of the narrator:

"Last winter, during the month of the Ramadan, I was at the divan of the governor of Rosetta; when there, a saint was brought in on the shoulders of a man, who said that an Arab had given a blow with his stick to the saint, and that he had met with this latter lamenting his treatment in the bazar. The governor immediately issued an order to dispatch two soldiers in quest of the person who had given the blow; and whilst his order was being executed, he, a man of sixty years of age, had the saint brought up, and overwhelmed him with caresses, gave him sweetmeats, sugar plums, &c., and even went so far as to kiss his hands. The poor Arab who had been so unfortunate as to strike the holy body, was soon brought in, with his arms tied behind him: he was asked why he had struck this worthy saint? and without waiting for an answer, he was thrown down and ordered to receive lashes, until the saint should intercede for him.—About a hundred lashes having been given, and the saint not seeming in any great hurry to ask for his forgiveness, I could not, says M. Haimont, bear it any longer, and I obtained pardon for the poor sufferer, who was obliged to go and kiss the hands and feet of the person who had just before been lashing him.

"There is another of these itinerant maniacs at Cairo, whose reputation is prodigious. He is an exception to the usual treatment of this class; since, though subject to violent fits of anger and madness, during which he throws whatever comes into his hands at the passers by, he is still allowed to go at large. One day that I passed near his habitation, he threw a stone at me, which very happily only grazed my clothes. This man is forty years of age, strong and well made; he has the reputation of performing many miracles.

The end of the World.—Two or three clergymen have recently put forth works predicting the arrival of the end of the world sometime between 1840 and 1850. To all such prophecies we have hitherto been incredulous; but are free to confess that the following, which we cut from the Boston Times, are strongly corroborative of the truth of these predictions. When tailors and printers who work on trust, begin to be paid, the symptom is indeed alarming.

A gentleman now residing in this city, who formerly published a paper in Connecticut, has re-

cently received a letter from an old delinquent subscriber, forking over the money due, and expressing the utmost remorse of conscience for having so long deprived him of his just dues. What a blot will be wiped out from the fair face of creation, when men shall understand distinctly that cheating a poor printer is an unpardonable sin.

YANKEE ENTERPRISE.

An emigrant from Massachusetts, of middle age, and very respectable appearance, stepped into our office, accompanied by his son, about 9 years old, on Monday. We learn from him that he had arrived in our country about a month ago, after one of the most adventurous overland journeys ever undertaken. We hope to obtain from him a full account of his tour, and, in the mean time, present our readers with the following brief outline.

His name is Isaac H. Pratt, of Middleborough, Plymouth county, Massachusetts, a ship carpenter by occupation. Having a family of six or eight children, dependent solely upon his labor, and being, with hundreds of others, thrown out of employ by the prostration of business in New England, in May he formed the design of taking his two eldest boys and setting off for this country on foot. With him to design was to execute. Placing his wife and youngest children with a relation, he started on the 18th of May, with his sons, one aged nine and the other six, without a cent of money in his pocket, and no other articles than a knapsack of clothes and provisions, and a carpenter's steel square.

The first day he entered Rhode Island, where he sold his square for a quarter dollar and four pence half penny, (81 cents), which procured them something to eat and lodging. The next day, after reaching 25 miles by the middle of the afternoon, they stopped at a farm house, where Mr. Pratt inquired if "they didn't want some odd jobs of carpentering done—shelves put up—windows tightened or loosened—doors hung or repaired—furn-coops made—roofs mended—any thing in his line, to pay for staying over night?" "Certainly," was the reply, "come in, and we'll set you to work." So well satisfied was the farmer with his services, that, on parting early next morning, he filled his knapsack with provisions to last through the day. The next afternoon he stopped in like manner, and met with the like reception, and thus he continued all the way to Buffalo, on Lake Erie. Sometimes, in rainy weather, he would remain a day with his host, and, on one or two occasions, received a few shillings for his work; but the whole amount added together, of the money that came into his hands, up to the time he arrived at Chicago, did not amount to five dollars. On reaching the Erie Canal, he endeavored to work a passage for his boys by driving the horses himself; but finding that this would not keep him in food, he left the canal, and resumed the pedestrian journey. On arriving at Buffalo, his offer to work his passage to Detroit was readily accepted; and, upon landing at the latter place, each resumed his tramp with great cheerfulness.

In passing over the prairies of Michigan, they, one day, attracted the notice of a company of stage passengers, who insisted upon giving the boys a lift, and accordingly took them on ten miles, to the dining-house, where they also gave them their dinner, and made up for them a contribution of sixty-two and a half cents. Finding laborers in great demand in this State, our accommodating pedestrian worked one day in the prairies at mowing, for which he got one dollar and sixty cents; and on another day, though anxious to "get on," he stopped to lay a barn floor. Yet all his receipts, up to his entering Chicago, as before stated, did not amount to five dollars. At Chicago, he worked a week, by which his purse was so far replenished as to enable him to reach here much richer than when he left Massachusetts.

He arrived at Peoria on the 15th of July, having walked with his boys, upwards of 1,000 miles, without once appealing to the sympathies of the benevolent for a shilling, and accepting nothing save his acquiescence in the stage contribution to his boys, without rendering what was deemed a fair equivalent.—Peoria Register.

PREJUDICE AGAINST PERSONS.

The world universally condemns the indulgence of personal prejudices, but individually the practice is too often carried to an extent unjust as it is criminal. To assume an opinion... character and disposition of any man, without either knowing, or even seeing him, appears at first sight an act not very accountable in a reasoning being; but though it may in a measure be accounted for, yet a tendency towards the manifestation of it, accompanied with a disposition to yield in all cases to its impulse, reflects little honor either on the head or the heart of him who displays it. And yet on what principle shall it be explained, that a man, who in other respects is a reasonable being, should act in so unreasonable a manner. Coming events are said to cast their shadows before; and assuredly there is frequently a depression of mind immediately preceding the occurrence of an unusual misfortune, the origin of which we are unable to ascertain. We feel a presentiment that something more than common is about to happen; we are conscious of the vicinity of danger, but we know not from what quarter, or at what time to expect it; the nerves are unsettled, though we suffer no definite trouble.

Our prejudices towards individuals probably have their origin in a similar manner. An indelible fear unconsciously arises within us, leading us to suspect that all intercourse with the object of our prejudice will be productive of evil; that there must be some radical defect in his character with which we are unacquainted; that there is no good in him; but we have no substantial reason for this rooted dislike which we have conceived. We fear we know not what, and we fly from we know not whom. The injustice of this line of conduct is very apparent. A man is thus at once condemned without trial, and the animosity conceived against him frequently gathers strength and virulence from the in-

ternal consciousness that it springs only from the imagination, he who conceives it being still more embittered against the object of his prejudice, because he has no reason for his wrath. Trust not appearances, either for good or for evil; do not judge from the first that this person is an angel of light, and that, a child of darkness. Till trial is made, let the character of each individual be as an untried cause at the bar of judgment; he should be considered innocent of guilt till the contrary is proved. So to do is not inconsistent with discretion. We are bound to treat all with kindness and humanity—our confidence is reserved for a few.—In this wise, by wary and deliberate trial, should the characters of individuals be studied, before we venture to form any opinion thereon; in this wise may we be habituated to discard all vulgar and idle prejudices; in this wise only can we escape imposition; for on examination it is too frequently found that a pleasing exterior sometimes conceals the blackest heart, while true virtue is not seldom hidden under a rough and unprepossessing address.

From E. Atherstone's Last Days of Hercules.

VESUVIUS.

The tragic fate of the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum forms a terrific page in history.—There had not been any previous eruption of Vesuvius for several centuries; no memorial of such an event could be found, since historians had existed to record its phenomena. The whole mountain was overshadowed with forest trees and the most luxuriant vines and vegetation, a retreat for which, Martial says, the gods of pleasure and of gaiety forsook their most favored abode. What a horrid surprise, then, it must have been to the inhabitants of those ill-fated cities, to behold the sudden and violent eruption which spread desolation around! While the inhabitants of Pompeii were considering whether it would be safer to flee or remain, a tremendous shower of hot-boiling mud and gravel suddenly descended on them, burying the whole city sixty feet deep. During another period of this dreadful eruption, torrents of lava, rolling over Herculaneum, buried it forever one hundred feet deep, in what is now, of course, a solid mass of rock. This event happened near eighteen centuries ago, and was equally fatal to many other beautiful towns which stood thick upon the delightful coast of the Bay of Naples.

"What thought can reach,
What language can express the agonies,
The horrors of that hour! An earth beneath
That threatened to devour—an atmosphere
That burned and choked—ashes that fell for rain—
Thunder that roared above—thunders that groined
And heaved below; and solid darkness round,
That like an ocean of black waters, whelmed,
And pressed upon the earth."

MEN BOYS.

It is at present too much the custom to dress boys like men, and to admit them into company, and introduce them into business at a very early period of life. This not only renders them superficial, forward, and conceited, but is very liable to injure their constitutions, by the effects of harassing cares and too close confinement, at a period of life, when the proper development of the system, and the security of its future strength and vigour, are best promoted by gaiety and cheerfulness of mind, and the constant exercise of the body in the open air. Besides, when introduced too early into the world, they are liable to be thrown into the society of a class of men, by whom they are too often initiated into the paths of vice, at an age when they cannot be expected to possess sufficient firmness and strength of mind, to enable them to withstand temptation. Health, character and happiness, are in this manner shipwrecked, and the most brilliant prospects of a long and useful life destroyed in the very outset.

A boy taken from school, at the early period thought necessary to enable him to commence the business of life, can have acquired very little general knowledge, or basis for literary pursuits. Being confined all day, in studying the technicalities of a profession or in the occupations of a counting-house, he requires relaxation and amusement in the evening; and hence he has little opportunity for increasing his stock of knowledge. Even should he, by successful industry, accumulate a large fortune, he will be deprived himself, of the advantages and satisfaction resulting from the pursuit of literature, and be unfitted for mixing, with pleasure, in the society of men of highly cultivated minds.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

To the sheet of paper which you see on your table, serving you so regularly, and studied by you with so much care, the four quarters of the globe attribute all their intelligence. Is one fact to mankind discovered by some scholar in the farthest ends of the earth? Ten to one but you will see it first announced in a paragraph of your newspaper. Is there any state of your laws, it is the newspaper press that drags it to day. Is there any invention which will augment your comforts, or sharpen your industry? It is by the newspaper that it becomes familiar to you all. The newspaper is the chronicle of civilization, the common reservoir into which every stream pours its living waters, and at which every man may come and drink. It is the newspaper that gives to liberty its practical life, its constant observation, its perpetual vigilance, its unremitting activity. The newspaper is a daily and sleepless watchman, that reports to you every danger which menaces the institutions of your country, and its interests at home and abroad.—The newspaper informs legislation of public opinion, and it informs people of the acts of legislation; thus keeping up that constant sympathy, that good understanding between people and legislators, which conduces to the maintenance of order, and prevents the stern necessity of revolution. Dionysius, the tyrant, had a chamber constructed in the form of a human ear, so that he might learn every rumor, every whisper, that circulated in the market place.—What his chamber was to the tyrant, the

newspaper press is to the government of a free people—it tells them our wishes—it apprises them of our wants, it carries to the ear of power the blessings of the grateful or the murmurs of the oppressed. And this is not all. The newspaper teems with the most practical morality; in reports of crime and punishment, you find a daily warning against temptation; not a case in the police court, not a single trial of a wretched outcast or trembling felon, that does not present us the awful lesson how error conducts to guilt, how guilt reaps its bitter fruit of anguish and degradation. Nor is even this all. The newspaper is the familiar bond that binds together man and man—no matter what may be the distance of climate or the difference of race. It is a law book for the indolent, a sermon for the thoughtless, a library for the poor; it may stimulate the most indifferent—it may instruct the most profound. Such are the real advantages, the substantial utility of the newspaper press. These, in spite of all its abuses, have made it the boast of liberty, the glory of civilization. For these it is that it has been likened to the air we breathe; for like the air, it is the circulator of light; and, like the air, it dispenses to us all, to the meanest and to the proudest, the common glory of the sun of truth.—Bulwer.

VISIONS OF BLAKE THE ARTIST.

To describe the conversations which Blake held in prose with demons, and in verse with angels, would fill volumes, and an ordinary gallery could not contain all the heads which he drew of his visionary visitants. That all this was real, he himself most sincerely believed; may, so infectious was his enthusiasm, that some acute and sensible persons who heard him expatiate, shook their heads, and hinted that he was an extraordinary man, and that there might be something in the matter. One of his brethren, an artist of some note, employed him frequently in drawing the portraits of those who appeared to him in his visions. The most propitious time for those "angel-visits" was from nine at night till five in the morning; and so docile were his spiritual sitters, that they appeared at the wish of his friends. Sometimes, however, the shape which he desired to draw was long in appearing, and he sat with his pencil and paper ready and his eyes idly roaming in vacancy; all at once the vision came upon him, and he began to work like one possessed.

He was requested to draw the likeness of Sir William Wallace—the eye of Blake sparkled, for he admired heroes. "William Wallace!" he exclaimed, "I see him now—there, there, how noble he looks—reach me my things!" Having drawn for some time, with the same care of hand and steadiness of eye, as if a living sitter had been before him, Blake stopped suddenly and said, "I cannot finish him—Edward the First has stepped in between him and me." "That's lucky," said his friend, "for I want the portrait of Edward too." Blake took another sheet of paper, and sketched the features of Plantagenet, upon which his Majesty politely vanished, and the artist finished the head of Wallace. "And pray, Sir," said a gentleman, who heard Blake's friend tell his story—was Sir William Wallace a heroic looking man? And what sort of personage was Edward? The answer was; "there they are, Sir, both framed and hanging on the wall behind you, judge for yourself." I looked, (says my informant), and saw two warlike heads of the size of common life. That of Wallace was noble and heroic, that of Edward stern and bloody. The first had the front of a god, the latter the aspect of a demon.

The friend who obliged me with these anecdotes, on observing the interest which I took in the subject said "I know much about Blake—I was his companion for nine years. I have sat beside him from ten at night till 3 in the morning, sometimes slumbering and sometimes waking, but Blake never slept; he sat with a pencil and paper drawing portraits of those whom I most desired to see. I will show you, Sir, some of these works." He took out a large book filled with drawings, opened it and continued, "Observe the poetic fervor of that face—it is Pindar as he stood a conqueror in the Olympic games. And this lovely creature is Corinna, who conquered in poetry in the same place. That lady is Laïs, the courtesan—with the impudence which is part of her profession, she slept in between Blake and Corinna, and he was obliged to paint her to get her away. There! that is a face of a different stamp—can you conjecture who he is?" "Some second-rate, I should think, Sir." "There now—that is a strong proof of the accuracy of Blake—he is a second-rate indeed! The very individual task-master whom Moses slew in Egypt. And who is this now—only imagine who this is!" "Other than a good one, I doubt, Sir." "You are right, it is the devil—he resembles, and this is remarkable, two men who shall be nameless: one is a great lawyer, and the other I wish I durst name him—is a author of false witnessages. This other head now?—This speaks for itself—it is the head of Herod; how like an eminent officer in the army!"

He closed the book, and taking out a small pencil from a private drawer, said, "this is the last which I shall show you; but it is the greatest curiosity of all. Only look at the splendor of the coloring and the original character of the thing!" "I see," said I, "a naked figure with strong body and short neck—with burning eyes—which long for moisture, and a face worthy of a murderer, holding a bloody cup in his clawed hands, out of which it seems eager to drink. I never saw any shape so strange, nor did I ever see any coloring so curiously splendid—a kind of glistening green and dusky gold, beautifully varnished. But what in the world is it?" "It is a gipsy, Sir—the ghost of a flea—a spiritualization of the thing." He saw this in a vision then, I said. "I'll tell you all about it, Sir; I called on him one evening, and found Blake more than usually excited. He told me he had seen a wonderful thing—the ghost of a flea! And did you make a drawing of him?" I inquired. "No, indeed, said I, I wish I had, but I shall, if he appears again!" He looked earnestly into a corner of the room, and then said, "here he is; reach me my things—I shall keep my eyes on him.

There he comes! his eager tongue whisking out of his mouth, a cup in his hand to hold blood, and covered with a scaly skin of gold and green;—as he described him so he drew him.

These stories are scarcely credible, yet there can be no doubt of their accuracy. Another friend, on whose veracity I have the fullest dependence, called one evening on Blake, and found him sitting with a pencil and a panel, drawing a portrait with all the seeming anxiety of a man who is conscious that he has got a fastidious siter; he looked, drew, and looked again, yet no living soul was visible.—"Disturb me not," said he in a whisper, "I have one sitting to me." "Sitting to you!" exclaimed his astonished visitor, "where is he and what is he?—I see no one." "But I see him, Sir," answered Blake, haughtily, "there he is, his name is Lot; you may read of him in the Scripture. He is sitting for his portrait."—Family Library, No. X.—Lives of the Artist.

AGRICULTURAL.

DEEP PLOUGHING.

[Continued from our last.]

But, perhaps, the most valuable of all the effects resulting from deep ploughing is, that it in a great measure preserves an equal quantity of moisture in the soil; for as we seldom have a rain so great, as to produce an unhealthy stagnation of water about the roots of plants set in a soil seven or eight inches deep; so, on the contrary, we scarcely ever have a drought so long continuance as to extract all the moisture to that depth; for it is to be remembered, that after a few inches nearest the surface, moisture is extracted, by slow degrees; thus, for instance, if it requires one hot day to dry the first inch, probably it will require three for the second, six or more for the third, and so on, perhaps nearly in geometrical progression.

Thus it appears from the foregoing observations, that by this mode of practice the great loss sustained by washing, an evil so much to be dreaded in this country, is avoided; that whatever manures are applied, are safely deposited, and will act with full effect; that the growing plants are abundantly supplied, during the whole of their growth, both summer and winter crops, with an open soil, for a free extension of their roots, and also, with a regular supply of moisture; so that their growth is at no time impeded by any small irregularity of season; and the depth of soil being to them, with respect to wet and dry, what the ocean is to small islands, with respect to heat and cold; the means of a tolerably regular temperature.

I can readily anticipate the remarks of our sicklers for old practices, on what has been advanced. This reasoning (say they) well applies to rich deep soils; but in poor shallow soils, "let him beware of the yellow clay, the dead earth, lest the value of his land proves to be the price of his too adventurous experiments." But let me ask them, have they never seen the effects of earth taken out of cellars and wells, when applied to poor land? have they never observed the luxuriant growth of grass and woods, at the edge of a bank, taken from a mill-race, or large ditch, and frequently on the very top, when flat enough to retain moisture? for my own part, I have long been in the habit of observing these things, and do not recollect that I ever saw any earth taken from a considerable depth below the surface, which was capable of being polarized by frost or tillage, without evident advantage, even when clay has been applied to clay, and mud to sand. Seeing this is the fact, is there any good reason for supposing, that, as we ascend toward the surface, such a difference will be found in the properties of the earth, that this will render the same mud sterile, that the other will enrich? I confess I see none; I cannot even see, why we may not, with propriety, suppose, that the first six inches of earth next below the usual ploughing should be possessed of all the fertilizing qualities that the same kind of earth would be, if found six feet below.

It would seem then, that by this mode of cultivation (deep ploughing) on exhausted lands, the quantity of soil would not only be increased, but actually enriched. On lands covered with two or three inches of rich mould, it will probably have a contrary effect in some degree, yet even in this case, the advantages resulting from an increase of quantity, will be found abundantly to overbalance the small abatement in quality.

Their prejudices, in all probability, have proceeded from injudicious experiments; very few planters break up ground in the fall; in the Spring their teams are often weak, and were they disposed to plough a spot deeper than usual, would very likely choose to do it when wet, on account of its being easier performed; soon after which the crop is to be planted or sowed, which proves the worse for the experiment, and the planter is disgusted with the practice; he informs his neighbors of the ill success of his experiments; and, perhaps a whole neighborhood is thereby afresh confirmed in their former belief that the good old way is best—to plough as deep as they find black soil, and no deeper.

Ploughing land that contains a considerable portion of clay, in a state too wet to break, as the furrow leaves the plough, is, thereby, rendered more compact; and when hardened by the sun becomes entirely unfitted for the production of vegetables; and is scarcely to be reduced by any succeeding tillage during the same summer; indeed, I believe, nothing short of a winter's frost will effectually pulverize it. The best devised system of practice may be rendered entirely abortive, by being put into the hands of unskilful practitioners to execute.

Lands that are to be ploughed much deeper than usual, ought to be broken up in the Fall; and would be the better to be ridged, that more surface might be exposed to the frost; if omitted till Spring, it ought to be done as soon as it becomes dry enough to break freely before the plough; no crop should be put in that season that requires to be sowed before it can have several ploughings and harrowings at proper intervals; otherwise, the expectation of the cultivator will probably be blasted.