

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.

B. AUSTIN & C. F. FISHER,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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PROSPECTUS,

OF THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

Having become the Proprietors of "The Western Carolinian," it is but proper that we should make known to the public our political principles, and the manner in which we intend to conduct it. We will do without the least reserve.

We hold to the political principles of the Republican party as they were understood and practiced by that party first came into power. We are the advocates of a plain common sense construction of the Constitution, and against the exercise of all the powers by either branch of the Government. We think that the Government was established for the benefit of the people, and not that the people were made for the Government; consequently we believe that no more taxes ought to be levied on the people than may be absolutely necessary to carry on the Government in a judicious and economical manner.

We are opposed to the creating of a new National debt in times like the present; because a new debt will soon bring upon the people new taxes. We are utterly opposed to the scheme of revising and increasing the Tariff. We deny that Congress has any right to tax the people, for the purpose of increasing the profits of the manufacturers. We think the present rates of duties already high, but inasmuch as they were fixed by the Congress, we think that arrangement ought not to be disturbed. By that act, the Tariff duties will be increased until 1842, when they will be reduced to such a rate as to produce revenue sufficient to meet all the reasonable expenses of the Government.

We are opposed to the General Government's assuming the power to make Roads, and Canals within the limits of the Individual States; we believe it has no power to collect taxes of the people of North Carolina to make roads and improvements in New York, or any other State;—and if it had such power, it would be unjust and inconsistent to exercise it. Our doctrine is,—let each State carry on its own internal improvements.

We are opposed to all monopolies whatever, because they are contrary to the spirit of our Institutions and dangerous to liberty. We are in favor of a thorough reform in the administration of the General Government. If such a reform does not take place, the United States cannot much longer continue to be a free people.

The administration of John Q. Adams was bad enough in all reason; but that of Andrew Jackson has been infinitely worse. The country for some years past has been reaping the bitter fruits of his selfish course. Mr. Van Buren was brought into power by a prostitution of the money and offices of Government to that purpose, and by a political fraud practised on the people under the name of the "Baltimore Convention"—a grand caucus of office-holders and office-seekers, the more objectionable that it was enacted on a large scale. He, however, is now receiving his reward, the hand-writing is on the wall, and by anticipation we may number him among the political dead. He has, however, more than half of his term yet to serve, and we intend to act in all fairness towards him. We will examine all his public acts with candor, and give such as we may disapprove, and give a frank support to such as we may think just and wise.—Patriotism and honesty require this.

As regards the next Presidency, we cannot say who we will support, for we do not know all who will be Candidates—it is time enough yet to make a choice.—"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Whenever the proper time comes for making a choice, we shall do so under no other than that of our convictions of right.

Although "THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN" will continue to maintain a political character, yet we intend it shall not contain as much political matter as heretofore. We shall endeavor to give a greater variety to its contents.

As many of our readers are Farmers, we shall be careful not to neglect their interest; but keep a constant look-out for something that will prove useful and interesting to them.

Regarding the advancement of Morality as essential to the well-being of society and the prosperity of any people, we shall neglect no opportunity of promoting it to the extent of our limited means.

With these principles for our guidance, we shall move on in our humble sphere, and hope to receive the continued support of all the old Patrons of THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN, and of such new ones as may choose to favor us with their names.

TERMS:
1. The Western Carolinian is published every Thursday, 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 arrears are paid, unless at the discretion of the Editors; 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.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
Advertisements will be conspicuously and correctly inserted, at one dollar per square for the first insertion, and twenty-five cents for each continuance. Court and Judicial advertisements will be charged 25 per cent. more than the above prices. A deduction of 33 1/3 per cent. from the regular prices will be made to yearly advertisers.

Advertisements sent in for publication, without the number of insertions marked thereon, will, in all cases, be published till forbidden, and charged accordingly.

N. B. Letters addressed to the Editors on business, must, in all cases, be Post paid.

A fire occurred at Staunton on Thursday morning, about one o'clock, in a building attached to the Wayne Hotel. Six or seven buildings were destroyed, including the large tavern. Fifteen or twenty horses were burnt, principally belonging to min-

sters and other persons tending the Presbyterian Synod. The loss is estimated at \$50,000.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DEATH OF A ROBBER.

The following graphic account of a robber's death, is from "Burtin, or the Siege," written by Professor Ingraham.

The door partially opened as the bolt left its bed, and through the crevice Pascalet saw the old man at his bench, intently occupied in his labor, with his pile of gold and silver glittering before him. He looked down and clenched his dagger; then, glancing again at the miser, seemed to hesitate whether he should become both assassin and robber. The helpless appearance of his victim seemed to plead even to him for lenity. Replacing his stiletto, which he had taken from his bosom, he drew up his sleeves, and opened and contracted his fingers, as a leopard does its claws when about to spring upon its prey; then applying his foot lightly against the door it flew wide open—in two bounds, that gave back no sound as his unshod feet touched the floor, he was at the old man's side, with his fingers clasped around his throat.

His eyes started from their sockets; his lips vainly essayed to articulate; a sovereign which he had just taken up, fell to the floor; the clippers dropped from his hand; pain and terror were horribly depicted on his withered visage. For an instant Pascalet held him thus; then gradually relaxing his grasp before life should escape, he held him by the throat with one hand, while, suspending his knife over him with the other, he threatened him with instant death if he moved or spoke. Joseph clasped his hands and silently pleaded for mercy. Pascalet knew not the meaning of the word. Leading him, exhausted by terror and suffering, to his cot, he caused him to lie down upon his face. "I'll bury my dagger in thy withered carcass," he whispered in his Franco-English;—but, for the sake of energy, we give the purer English—in his ear, "if thou stir hand or foot.—Tell me where thou hast hidden thy gold, or thou diest."

"Gold! Oh, I'm not worth a ha'pence (half penny) in the world.

"Thou liest! and speak above thy breath again, and thou shalt taste my knife!" "Twas of mercy thou didst not feel its edge e'en now, instead of the grips of my fingers. Whose gold is this, if not thine?"

"Oh the colony's, the colony's—sent to me to be weighed," he cried, rolling his eyes in despair towards the pile.

"The colony's! Then I'll be debtor to the state the full sum, and not harden my conscience by robbing a poor wretch," he said, advancing to the bench heaped with coins. "Ha, mort de vie!" he exclaimed, as he detected the tray of clippings; "is this the way thou servest the states money? I'll drag thee before the governor, and have thee hung higher than ever Haman was."

"Mercy, good youth," said Joseph, his eye brightening; "'tis not the states! I meant it is just. And, since thou sayest it will go against thy conscience to rob a poor wretch, 'tis mine own!"

"Ciel! thou art, then, no poor wretch, if thou ownest all this gold; so my conscience will be clear on this score."

"But 'twill make me a poor wretch, if thou rob me!"

"Then, when thou art made a poor wretch, I will not rob thee. So conscience hath it both ways."

Domine Joseph groaned in bitterness of spirit. Pascalet, unheeding him proceeded, still keeping an eye on his victim, who seemed to be paralyzed as if under the gaze of a basilisk, to convey the dollars and sovereigns to his pocket, without being nice in selecting the clipped from the unclipped.

"Now, old Nicodemus," he said, "I'll leave thee thy clippings for thy pains. But thou hast more than this coin, I'll warrant me."

"As true as there's a Heaven above, and a judgment day to come! I have not another penny. I am impoverished, and must beg my bread about the streets. Oh, mercy, good youth, mercy! Do not rob an old wretch! Think on my conscience!"

"Have I not argued that point with thee? So hush, and give me thy keys," he added, approaching the cot where the old man had lain trembling and groaning, with his eyes directed towards the robber, as sovereign after sovereign disappeared in the capacious repositories in the habiliments of Pascalet.

"Untie that thong, or my knife shall do it for thee."

"'Tis but the key to the outer door. Oh, mercy! oh!"

Pascalet pressed his hand roughly upon his mouth, and with his dagger cut the string. Having possession of the keys, he began to examine the room. After making an unsuccessful search, he suddenly advanced upon the miser, and said with terrible emphasis, placing his mouth close to his ear.

"Tell me where lies thy money, or thou diest!" and the point of the dagger pressed painfully against the skin of his victim.

Domine Joseph, as if terrified into compliance, pointed to the chimney, crying, in the accents of despair, "There! there!"

Pascalet seized the light to explore it, and the old man's face lighted up with something like a smile at the temporary delay he had gained. He closely searched the fire-place, turning up every loose brick, and even looking up the chimney, but in vain. "Old man," he said, advancing to him fiercely, "thou hast deceived me!" He raised his arm to strike the dagger into his back; when Joseph, in extremity of unfeigned alarm, cried out,

"Mercy! mercy! I'll tell thee!"

"Where?"

"Be-beneath my—my cot."

Pascalet bent down, and seeing the box, his eyes sparkled with pleasure. Finding that it was secured to a bolt, he made the old man, lest he

should attack him while at work, lie on his face upon the floor. Domine Joseph stretched himself upon the boards, as he were lying down to die, trembling and tortured with the prospect of losing his wealth; yet his eyes anxiously and with curiosity watching every movement of the robber, as he displaced the cot, kneeled, fitted the key to the lock, and raised the lid. Then did the heart of Joseph Grozet grow faint within him; but, as he heard the silver ring in the scrologious hands of Pascalet, who surveyed his treasures with delight and wonder, he cast his eyes desperately upon the blunderbuss which hung at the head of his bed.—He then glanced at the well-knit frame of Pascalet and his glittering dagger, and, shutting his eyes despairingly, groaned aloud.

Pascalet, after surveying for a moment the glittering heaps he had discovered, proceeded to transfer them to his own person. He filled his pockets, and then stripping from his neck his yellow handkerchief, commenced filling it with Spanish dollars. He at length became so absorbed in this delightful occupation, that he forgot Domine Joseph, his own situation, and, indeed, every thing but the piles of money before him. Not so Domine Joseph. As his alarm subsided, his alertness and presence of mind increased, and he began to meditate, even at the risk of his own life, defending his property. He therefore saw with no little pleasure, that the attention of the robber was wholly fixed upon his treasure, and that, in the eagerness of transferring it, he had not only forgotten to watch him, but had laid down his dagger at his side. He desperately resolved to gain possession of the weapon. Therefore, to ascertain what prospect he had of succeeding, he made a slight noise with his shoe upon the floor. The robber did not notice it. He then moved his whole person. Pascalet only heard the sound of his gold and silver. A third and somewhat noisier movement attracted no attention; and the old man, emboldened by these successes, muttered something like a prayer, and his face became rigid with desperate determination as he drew himself along the floor towards the bed, which stood between him and the robber. Inch by inch he worked himself along under the cot until he came within reach of the dagger. He stretched forth his arm and seized it in his long bony fingers with the resolute grasp which the terrible urgency of the occasion gave him; and then, with equal coolness, drew himself back from beneath the cot until he could stand upright. He now grasped the dagger more firmly, rose to his feet, and leaning over the bed, raised it in the air.

"Mort de vie!" said Pascalet to himself, "I shall ride in my gilded coach."

The next instant the dagger was buried to the hilt in his back. He fell as he was transferring the last gold coin to his handkerchief; glared wildly at the old man, clenching his fingers as if he would grasp him; and then, with a curse trembling on his lips, he died.

From the Ladies' Magazine.

Not many years ago, it happened that a young man from New York visited London. His father being connected with several of the British Aristocracy, the young American was introduced into the fashionable circles of the metropolis, where in consequence of his very fine personal appearance or that his father was reported to be very rich, or that he was a new figure on the stage, he attracted much attention, and became quite the favorite of the ladies. This was not at all relished by the British beaux, but as no very fair pretext offered for a rebuff, they were compelled to treat him with civility. Thus matters stood when the Hon. M. P. and his lady made a party to accompany them to their country seat in Cambridgeshire, and the American was among the invited guests. Numerous were the devices to which those devotees of pleasure resorted to kill the old fellow who will measure his hours, when he ought to know they are not wanted, and the ingenuity of every one was taxed to remember or invent something novel.

The yankees are proverbially ready of invention, and the American did honor to his character as a man accustomed to freedom of thought. He was frank and gay, and entered into the sports and amusements, with that unaffected enjoyment which communicated a part of fresh feelings to the most worn out fashionists in the party. But a combination was at last formed among a trio of dandies, staunch patrons of the Quarterly, to annihilate the American. They agreed to vary the eternal evening waltzing and piping, by charades, playing various games, and having interested one of those indefatigable ladies, who always carry their point in the scheme, it was voted to be the thing.

After some few charades had been proposed of, one of the gentlemen begged leave to propose the game called "Crowning the Wisest." This is played by selecting a Judge of the game, and three other persons, either ladies or gentlemen, who are to contest for the crown by answering successively the various questions which the rest of the party are at liberty to ask. The one declared to have been the readiest and happiest in his answer receives the crown.

Our American, much against his inclination, was chosen among the three candidates. He was aware that his position, the society with which he was mingling, required of him the ability to sustain himself. He was, to be sure, treated with distinguished attention by his host and hostess; and generally by the party, but this was a favorite to the individual, and not one of the company understood the character of republicans or appreciated the Republic. The three worthies had arranged that their turn for him should fall in succession and be the last. The first one, a perfect exquisite, and with an air of the most ineffable condescension put his question.

"If I understand rightly the government of your country; you acknowledge no distinctions of rank, consequently you can have no court standard for the manners of a gentleman, will you favor me with information where your best school of politeness is to be found?"

"For your benefit," replied the American, smiling calmly, "I would recommend the Falls of Niagara—a contemplation of that stupendous wonder teaches humility to the proudest, and human nothingness to the vainest. It relates the trifler and arouses the most stupid; in short, it turns men from their idols; and when we acknowledge that God only is Lord, we feel that men are our equals. A true christian is always polite."

There was a murmur among the audience, but whether applause or censure the American could not determine, as he did not choose to betray any anxiety for the result by a scrutiny of the faces which he knew were bent on him.

The second now proposed his question. He affected to be a great politician, was mustachood and whiskered like a diplomatist, which station he had been coveting. His voice was bland, but his emphasis was very significant.

"Should I visit the United States, what subject with which I am conversant would most interest your people, and give me an opportunity of enjoying their conversation?"

"You must maintain as you do at present, that a monarchy is the wisest, the best government, which the skill of man ever devised, and that democracy is utterly barbarous. My countrymen are proverbially fond of argument, and will vent you on both these questions, and if you choose, argue with you to the end of your life."

The murmur was renewed, but still without any decided expression of the feeling with which his answer had been received.

The third then rose from the seat, and with an assured voice, which seemed to announce a certain triumph said.

"I require your decision, on a delicate question; but the rules of the pastime warrant it and also a candid answer. You have seen the American and the English ladies; which are the fairest?"

The young republican glanced around the circle. It was bright with flashing eyes, and the sweet smiles which wreathed many a lovely lip, might have won a less determined patriot from his allegiance. He did not hesitate, though he bowed low to the ladies as he answered.

"The standard of female beauty is, I believe, allowed to be the power of exciting admiration and love in our sex, consequently those ladies who are most admired, and beloved, and respected by the gentlemen, must be the fairest. Now I assert confidently, that there is not a nation on earth where woman is so truly beloved, so tenderly cherished, so respectfully treated, as in the Republic of the United States, therefore, the American ladies are the fairest. But," he again bowed low, "if the ladies before whom I have now the honor of expressing my opinion, were in my country, we should think them Americans."

The applause was enthusiastic; after the mirth had subsided so as to allow the Judge to be heard, he directed the crown to the Yankee.

A Living Skeleton.—In passing through a village, I was struck with the sight of a stiff and shrivelled corpse, clothed and seated in a chair, laid slanting against a wall, so that the feet were in the air, and the head was bent upon the breast.—While I stood looking at it, I was startled by a jerking motion in the right arm and then seeing two black and vivid eyes straining to catch my attention. This was a human and living being, which had existed in this shrivelled and motionless state for 25 years; the flesh seemed to have disappeared from his bones; the skin had shrunk and was almost black; I have seen mummies that appeared in a better state of preparation. The joints were all fixed, with the exception of the right shoulder and the jaws. This freedom of the shoulder, amounts, however, only to three inches of a see-saw movement of the fore arm, and he keeps working it backwards and forwards, as he says, for exercise.—Urquhart's Travels in the East.

ARABIAN HORSES.

One must see the stables at Damascus, or those of the Emir Beshir, to have a correct idea of an Arabian horse. This superb and graceful animal loses his beauty, his gentleness, and picturesque figure, when he is taken from his native and accustomed habits, and brought to our cold climate, and the shade and solitude of our stable. He must be seen at the door of the tent of the Arab of the desert, his head between his legs, tossing his long black mane, and brushing his sides, shining like copper or silver, with his long tail, whose extremity is always tinged with henna; he must be seen decked with brilliant housings, trimmed with gold and embroidered with pearls; his head covered with a net of blue or red silk, woven with gold or silver, and edged with tinkling points which fall from his forehead over his nostrils; and with which he conceals or shows, at each movement of his neck, his very large and intelligent eye-ball; he must be seen, above all, in numbers of two or three hundred, some lying in the dust of the court, others fettered by iron rings and fastened to long cords which cross these courts; others free upon the sands, and leaping with one bound over the rows of camels which stand in their path; some held by young black slaves, clothed in scarlet vests, the horses affectionately putting their heads upon the shoulders of these children, and some playing together as free and unconfinced as the wild colts on a prairie, standing around, rubbing their heads together, or mutually licking each other's shining and silvery hair, all looking at us with an uneasy and curious scrutiny on account of our European dress and strange language, but soon becoming familiar, and coming gently, holding out their necks for us to stroke. The restless expression of the physiognomy of these horses is perfectly incredible, till one has seen it for himself. All their feelings are expressed in their eyes, and the nervous movements of their mouths and nostrils, as distinctly and expressively as upon the countenance of a child.

When we approached them for the first time, they exhibited as much dislike and curiosity as a

man would feel at the sight of an unexpected and disagreeable object. Our language especially astonished them; and their ears picked up and bent backward, or thrown forward, showed their surprise and uneasiness. I admired especially several valuable mares, reserved for the Emir himself. I offered, by my interpreter, 10,000 piastres for one of the handomest; but an Arab would not sell at any price a mare of the breed. I therefore was unsuccessful.—De Lamartine.

From the London Metropolitan.

ABSURDITIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

Not good to bed when you are sleepy, because it is not a certain hour.

To stand in water to your knees fishing for trout when you can buy them in a clean dry market.

Curates, younger brothers, &c. marrying out of hand, and when they find themselves with a numerous progeny, lamenting the severity of their lot, and abusing bishops, elder brothers, and patrons of all denominations for not providing for them.

Men committing suicide to get rid of a short life and its evils, which must necessarily terminate in a few years, and thus entering upon one which is to last forever, and the evils of which they do not seem to take the wisest method of avoiding.

People of exquisite sensibility, who cannot bear to see an animal put to death, showing the utmost attention to the variety and abundance of their tables.

The heir of an avaricious uncle paying him the compliment of the deepest mourning.

The lovely widow of a cross old man wearing weeds; and the gay survivor of a rich old shrew being particular in the choice and display of his weepers.

To buy a horse from a near relation, and believe every word he says in praise of the animal he is desirous to dispose of.

A man shall curse and swear at his groom or his tailor; but in polite company nothing so vulgar as an oath shall escape his lips.

To suppose every one likes to bear your child cry, and you talk nonsense to it.

The perpetual struggle of affection to pass for an oddity.

Old men affecting the gayety and gallantry of youth—young men assuming the gravity and anxiety of age.

To the loss of time and money at the card-table to add that of your temper.

You have a dozen children with different dispositions and capacities, and you give them all the same education.

To send your son to travel into foreign countries, ignorant of the history, constitution, manners, and language of his own.

To tell a person from whom you solicit a loan of money that you are in want of it.

You lie in bed till eleven, take a luxurious breakfast, lounge about, return to a sumptuous board at seven, play at cards till midnight, eat heartily again at supper, and wonder that you do not enjoy a perfect elasticity and health of mind and body.

You indulge your child in an unlimited passion for fine clothes and good living, and are afterwards shocked at his being a coxcomb and a glutton.

To put out ones fire on a given day of the year, though cold easterly winds should blow.

That any man should despair of success in any the most foolish undertaking, in a world so overstocked with fools.

Such a man is indebted to you in a large sum of money, and has no means in possession or in prospect of paying you—that it may be utterly impossible for him to earn it by his industry, you immure him in a prison.

You make a foolish match, and gravely ask a judicious friend his opinion of your choice.

Two armies who know not even the cause of quarrel, previously indulging in the work of slaughter, on the sound of a trumpet and on beat of a drum, instantaneously stopping and reciprocally performing every act of kindness.

AGRICULTURAL.

OCTOBER.

Fall Ploughing.—As opportunity presents itself, all stiff, clayey grounds intended for Spring culture, should be ploughed up this and the ensuing month. By ploughing 7 inches deep and taking furrows 9 inches wide, the furrows will be laid at an angle of about 45 degrees, the best possible position at which ground can be laid to receive the greatest amount of benefit from the fertilizing effects of winter frosts and snows. Grounds thus treated are always infinitely better suited to the purposes of Spring culture than if left untouched. But besides the advantages arising from the following effects of the weather, much less work will have to be done in the Spring, when time is invaluable.

Gathering and preserving Potatoes.—As soon as your potatoes are fit for digging, take them up and be sure to put them away with as little exposure to the sun as possible, and care should be taken to bruise them as little as possible.

Pumpkins.—As your pumpkins ripen, gather them and put them away in a dry warm room. It is important that they be housed before being exposed to the frost of the field.

Hogs.—As soon as the range in which your hogs may be running ceases to be a pasture, put them up, and if you design commencing your feeding with pumpkins, boil them, as by so doing you not only render them more nutritious by concentrating the saccharine matter, but by destroying the vegetable acid you deprive them of the power of scouring your hogs, a thing always to be avoided if possible. Once a week, while your hogs are fattening, throw either rotten wood or charcoal in to them. Either will correct the acidity upon their stomach, and keep them to their appetites.

Cabbages.—Towards the latter end of this month put away your cabbages; be sure to do it before the frost injures them, and they will keep better.