

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.

SALISBURY, N. C., MAY 17, 1839.

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TERMS OF CAROLINIAN.

The Western Carolinian is published every Friday, at Two Dollars per annum if paid in advance, and 25 cents for each copy. A deduction of 33 1/3 per cent from the regular price will be made to yearly subscribers. Advertisements will be conspicuously and correctly inserted, at one dollar per square for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuation. 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 price will be made to yearly subscribers. Advertisements sent in for publication, must have the number of times marked on them, or they will be inserted till forbid, and charged for accordingly. Letters addressed to the Editors on business must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.

Salisbury Hotel.



THE SUBSCRIBER

HAVING recently purchased the above Hotel from Thomas A. Hays, Esq., (formerly owned by W. H. Slaughter) informs the Public that he intends carrying it on through his superintendant, Col. Edward Yarbrough, in a style that shall not be surpassed by any establishment of a similar character, in all "Old Rip," or in any other Southern State. Gentlemen who are fond of good Fare, fine Liquors, neat Beds, and Stables well supplied with grain and Provender of all kinds, conducted by a superior Hostler, are respectfully solicited to call, both by the Proprietor and Superintendent, as each is determined that no gentleman or lady shall leave the House dissatisfied. W. M. D. CRAWFORD, Proprietor.
April 24th, 1839.

A CARD.

COL. YARBROUGH is truly anxious to see his old friends and former customers at the above Hotel, and pledges himself to spare no pains to render their situation, during their stay, pleasant and comfortable.

The Raleigh Register, the North Carolina Standard and the Fayetteville Observer, will please give the above advertisement four insertions, and forward their bills to this office.

Attention! Officers 64th Regiment.



Head-Quarters,
Salisbury, May 2, 1839.
YOU are commanded to parade at the Court-House, in the town of Salisbury, on Saturday the 19th of May, at 10 o'clock, A. M., with side arms for drill. By order of
R. W. LONG, Col. Comd't.
J. M. BROWN, Adjutant. [May 2, 1839.—21]

NEW JEWELRY, & C.

JOHN C. PALMER, has another new supply of gold and silver Lever Watches, plain English and French, do. gold, Fob Chains and Keys, Breast Pins, Finger Rings, silver Batter Knives, Pencils, (patent and plain), Tooth Picks, Fob Chains, Spectacles and Trimbles, Steel and Gilt Fob Chains and Keys. Also, a very fine and large assortment of Razors, pocket and pen-knives, by different Manufacturers, with other articles usually kept by Jewelers, all of which will be sold very low for cash, or only six months credit, at which time, interest will be charged. Work done faithfully and punctually.
Salisbury, May 2, 1839.

New Fashions, for Spring & SUMMER, 1839.

HORACE H. BEARD, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he still carries on the TAILORING BUSINESS at his old stand on main street, next door to the Apothecary Store. He is ever ready to execute the orders of his customers in a style and manner not surpassed by any workman in the western part of the State. He is in the regular receipt of the latest London and New York FASHIONS, and prepared to accommodate the tastes of the fashionable at all times. Cutting garments of all kinds attended to promptly; and the latest fashions furnished at all times to country tailors, and instructions given in cutting.
[Salisbury, Jan. 1, 1839.]

Spring Fashions.

JUST RECEIVED FROM NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, LONDON AND PARIS, the Spring Fashions for 1839, by the Subscriber, is prepared to cut and make clothing in the most fashionable and durable style, and warranted to fit. He also keeps a good assortment of Cloths, Casimeres and Vestings of the first qualities, selected by himself in the New York Market, all of which he will sell low for Cash. N. B. He still continues to teach the art of Cutting garments on the most approved plans of the best Tailors in New York and Philadelphia. Cutting for customers done on the shortest notice, and orders from a distance attended to with despatch. His shop will be found in Mr. Cox's large brick building.
BENJ. F. FRALEY,
Salisbury, May 4, 1839.

DOCT. T. J. FOWLER, (Surgeon Dentist)

Will be absent from Salisbury for a few weeks, persons from the County desiring to have operations performed on their Teeth, will be attended to immediately on his return, by leaving their names at the Mansions Hotel.
February 14, 1839.

Miscellaneous.

From the Houston (Texas) Telegraph. THE FORSAKEN.

CHAPTER I.

O, inconstant man!
How will you promise! how will you deceive!
OTWAY'S VENICE PRESERVED.

Spring was beginning to develop its loveliness—the forest trees were resuming their foliage, and every grove was full of fragrance, and the music of birds. The prairies were merging from their sombre dreariness, and assuming their verdure and their thousands of mellifluous flowers: every thing seemed to hail the lovely April morning with joyful gratulation. "Come," said Sophia Hamilton, to her cousin Julia, "come let us take a stroll into the prairie, and gather some flowers, before the heat of the sun gets too oppressive." "Presently," said Julia, as she ran into the adjoining room, to procure her bonnet and a little basket to gather the flowers in; she returned in a few moments, and the lovely girls were soon moving over the beautiful savanna which spread out before them, and ever and anon waved beneath the morning breeze like an ocean of new blown flowers. They tripped along with light hearts and elastic tread, and sang as merrily as the spring lark. Sophia halted of a sudden, and looked as if some painful reminiscence had overshadowed her bosom; she took Julia by the hand, and looking her steadfastly but tenderly in the face, said, "Julia, my dear cousin, let us sit down on this little knoll, I have something to say to you." Julia reluctantly consented; for she almost knew that Sophia was going to speak to her on a subject, which of all others, was the most heart-rending to her. After they were seated, Sophia began: "Cousin, why will you vex and grieve your mother so much!—poor old lady!—her heart is nearly broken. Did you not hear her last night, after she had gone to bed, sighing and weeping as if the very springs of her life were turned into tears and lamentations! Oh, my poor old heart-stricken aunt! how I wept when I heard her tremulous voice lifted to heaven in prayer for her unfortunate, misguided Julia! Julia trembled and turned pale as marble; she tried to speak, but could not; the words died away on her tongue before she could give them utterance; and a deep, long drawn sigh involuntarily came up from the very chambers of her heart, in their stead. All at once, as if recovering from her internal agony, a crimson blush suffused her hitherto death-like cheek; and her agitated bosom found vent for its emotion in words and in tears; a language, which, of all others, flows most directly from the soul. "Oh, my dear Sophia! how your tender reproof wrings my already bleeding heart! If you only knew how it lacerates my feelings, and how how much I love mother, and all my dear relatives, you would not talk to me so." "But, my dear cousin, why do you, despite of your aged mother's advice and entreaties, continue to have interviews and communication with Henry Donaldson, who is nothing but a serpent in disguise, seeking to charm you into his loathsome and poisonous embrace, as he has done others!" Julia was deeply in love with that "serpent in disguise," as Sophia had been pleased to term him; and it was with no little displeasure that she heard such hard things said about him; though she had many times been told that Henry Donaldson was a married man, and that his wife was still living in the United States. She usually would remain silent when that subject was introduced; however much her sensitive bosom might be goaded by the stinging remarks and hard epithets bestowed on him. Her silence heretofore was caused by her fond love, and deep veneration for her aged mother, and a sincere respect for her brother's feelings, together with a consciousness of her entire dependency upon them. On this occasion she did not reply as she would have done to her mother or brothers. "Sophia," said she, giving her cousin rather an angry look, "Sophia, I have always loved you, and had thought that my affection for you was reciprocal; and—'you were not mistaken'—added Sophia, whilst a tear trickled down her glowing cheek, which confirmed the truth of her assertion, in a language far more convincing to Julia than an array of sounding words." Her resentment gave way to her kinder feelings; and she sprang forward, and threw her arms around the neck of Sophia, and sobbed aloud in the fulness of her heart. "Yes, yes, my cousin!" she exclaimed, "I know you love me, and however much you may upbraid me with my 'unfortunate amour,' I will love you—yes, I will still love you, Sophia. Forgive me cousin—forgive me this time, and I will never be angry with you again."

Julia and Sophia had partially recovered from their emotion, and were engaged in plucking the choicest flowers of the prairie, and weaving others of garlands for their heads; and arranging others in festoons for the decoration of the parlor, when suddenly a dark cloud cast its boiling shadow over the prairie; and loud peals of thunder warned them of a gathering storm. They hastily packed up the little basket of flowers, and bounded homeward, like the beautiful antelopes of their own green savanna. How deep and how lasting are the impressions first made on the heart of a young and innocent female! and how undying is the flame which love first kindles in her bosom.

CHAPTER II.

"Oh! the heart that has truly loved, never forgets, & that as truly loves on to the close; As the swallow turns on her god when she acts, The same look which she turned when he rose."

"Mary," said our hostess, whilst we were at dinner to a village tavern, in the extreme western part of Virginia—"Mary, as soon as the table is cleared, put on your bonnet, my daughter, and carry some of this nice soup and rice custard to that broken-hearted woman." "Yes, Mary," added the old inn-keeper, "don't let the poor woman suffer; you can't tell how soon you may be in the same fix."—"This is certainly a very interesting family—the old lady's maid is another Uncle Toby," whispered my travelling companion, who sat next to me at the table. "Yes," said I, "I will search out the abode of that 'broken hearted woman' of whom they speak so feelingly. Perhaps, John, we can be of some service to the poor creature; if so, I would willingly remain until the next stage." "And I, with all my heart!" exclaimed John, as his noble countenance flashed

with benevolent enthusiasm. After dinner, the old publican gave us directions how to find the abode of the unfortunate female. It was a Sabbath afternoon—and such an one as is calculated to inspire the heart with the most benevolent feelings—with a deep and holy adoration of nature, and of nature's God; and with the purest sentiments of charity and brotherly love. After traversing a considerable portion of the pretty little village we found "miseries abiding place." Just as we were approaching the wretched hovel, we met Mary, the daughter of the inn-keeper, leaving its threshold. She told us we were not mistaken; that that was the house we were seeking. We entered the dilapidated vestibule of the house and wrapped at the door. We heard a slow step advancing across the room; and presently the door opened and she stood before us. Who was she!—who was the being we beheld—as pale as marble; yet delicate as a faded rose? Oh, who was that faded rose that we then gazed on in her "pale dim loveliness," and seemed as if she were "passing away from the earth in beautiful and uncomplaining melancholy?"—Was it the lovely girl we had seen but three years before in Texas, as gay as the playful fawn, and as blooming and delicate as the brightest and tenderest flower of the prairies? Could it be the blithe Julia Emmerman, whom we had seen and admired, in that fair "land of green savanna"—whom we had met in the presence of the mirthful—her brow gaily beamed by the young year's sweetest flowers; and her jetty locks hanging beautifully low upon her snowy bosom,—and she moving through the crowd with such a floating unearthly grace, that the bewildered gazer looked almost to see her fade away into the air, like the bright creation of some pleasant dream. Aye, it was Julia Emmerman! But she was not the happy Julia that we saw three years before, worshipped by her acquaintances, and admired by all. No, no!—a shadow of deep melancholy now rested upon her brow, like the wing of death; and her angel form was passing rapidly away, to that "unknown land, from whose mournful traveller returns." She threw herself into my arms, and wept aloud, and seemed as if she would "pour out her stricken soul gush by gush," till it mingled with kindred spirits on the shoreless ocean of eternity.

It is unnecessary to dwell on her tale of woe. She had, despite of the advice, and even the prayers of her relatives, eloped with Henry Donaldson (who, as he had often done before), violated his vows, and disregarded his promises. He had brought her away from the land of her home, (as she thought,) to make her his wife; but—here I must pause. There she was—and there were we, who had but a few years before, seen her gaily tripping over the flowery lawn; and she the loveliest flower of them all. There were we, who had witnessed her happiness at home, and were now the witnesses of her humiliation and dishonor in a "stranger land." The winds had gone over her life and the bright bud of hope, and the sweet blossoms of passion were scattered down and lay withering in the dust. We endeavored to soothe her wretchedly, but she would not be comforted.

After giving her money to purchase any thing she might need during our absence from that village; and after mingling our tears with hers, we bade her an affectionate adieu, and renewed to her our assurances that she was not altogether forsaken. We returned to the village of—after an absence of about two months; and on our arrival, were informed by our landlord that Julia Emmerman had "passed off to the silent land of the sleepers." The tears of regret swelled in our eyes, and the good old publican shared deeply with us in our sympathy. He had had her decently buried, and assured us that "her funeral was attended by every female in the village, and that there was not a dry eye among them." We offered to settle the expenses of the funeral; but the old man told us she had left money enough to defray all the expenses, and a surplus sufficient to erect a marble slab over her grave. We expressed a desire in her last moments, that she should be shewn her grave on our return. On the following evening our host conducted us to her tomb. It is under the shade of a beautiful oak and a murmuring rivulet winds its way hard by. It was the place of her own selection. There was an air of mournful solemnity in every thing around; even the chant of birds seemed more plaintive here than elsewhere—and the murmurings of the brooks over the pebbled bottom—and the sighing of the breeze, as it rustled through the leaves over our heads, fell upon our ears like the music of a mournful strain. Over her grave there is a plain marble slab, with this simple, but affecting inscription on it: "here lies the forsaken."

A COSMOPOLITE.

Houston, March 10, 1839.

IT IS EASY TO SPOIL A SON.

There are but very few that can bear the band of indolence without injury. In our country, in most instances, those who are to be great or useful, must make themselves so by their own exertions; and often by very vigorous efforts. Nine cases out of ten, the young fellow, who feels that he is provided for—that his "father is rich"—will relax his exertions, and become a poor fool, whatever may be his occupation. There is nothing so destructive to morals, and we may add, to the peace of any community, as the neglect of parents, rich or poor, to teach their sons the importance of being early engaged in some active employment. Too many of the citizens of every place, under the influence of false pride, suffer their sons, after quitting their schools, to lounge about the public offices and taverns, in their place of residence rather than cause them to engage in some important branch of the mechanic arts, or force them, by dint of their own industry and energies, to seek their fortune in other pursuits. Nothing is more detestable in our eye, than to see a healthy good looking youth, breaking loose from the restraints of honorable industry, returning to his father's domicile for support, and loafing it about rather than pursuing some occupation which will not only support himself, but give gratification to his worthy parents. We would say to every father, who has such a son, be he rich or poor—rather drive him to "cut a cord of wood a day," than suffer him to spend his time in idleness. "An idle hand is the devil's workshop,"—and we may add, that idle hands

are the implements he employs to execute his dark designs.—Watchtower.

SELECTION FROM A LATE FOREIGN JOURNAL.

Determined Suicide.—An inquest was held on Thursday afternoon, at the Crown, Longacre, before Mr. Higgs, on the body of Eliza Parry, aged 22, who committed suicide by hanging herself, in a lodging house in Leg Alley, on Tuesday evening. It appeared from the evidence that the deceased was in the most distressing state of destitution; that she was the mother of an illegitimate child; and that she had on Sunday slept in the open air in Covent Garden market, with her child. She had been relieved by a person named Galliard with money, and he had taken the child home to his own house. The jury returned a verdict of "suicide under temporary derangement." Three letters, which were recognized to be in the hand-writing of the deceased, and which were close by her on the bed, were handed in and read by the coroner.—The following are copies:

"MY DEAR MOTHER: By the time you receive this, your unhappy child's troubles will have ceased. I have been a great trial to you; may you find support in my dear sister. Keep my faults a secret from her and my poor orphan child, and do not teach her to despise the memory of her mother. Oh, never let her become the wretched being that I am. I am scarcely 22 years of age, and what am I? A despised, neglected creature, whose very presence is avoided. I have been wandering about the streets thirty-six hours, cold, hungry, homeless, and friendless, and there is no alternative but the awful one which I am about to adopt. Good bye, my dear mother. Give my kind love to my sister, and, if you can, protect my child.
ELIZA. (No date.)

"MOTHER, DEAR MOTHER: I would take my child, my dear beautiful child, with me, but I have not the courage. I am mad, my mother; but I know what I am doing. There, I don't trouble now; see what hand I am writing, [the letters were written in a beautiful style,] but I must tell you.—The last meal my child had was obtained by the sale of the last article of value I had in the world; but I cannot take her with me—she is too young and her smiling prattle has dispersed the bitterness of her mother's heart for hours. Even now she smiles upon me, and half turns me from my purpose; but I cannot live to see her starve. God bless you, my dear mother; and may God, whose protection I have forfeited, watch over you, and may God Almighty bless you. Addressed to my mother.
ELIZA.

"P. S. Thursday, Friday and Saturday, were passed in the streets. Sunday morning that good man took my dearest little one.—This is Tuesday, and to-night will terminate 'my strange eventful history'; to-night will this breathing body be cold and inanimate as man's heart, or Lamma's feelings—God bless him!"

"Monday, I have passed this day without a calm.—I slept last night in Covent Garden market, on the fruit baskets and boxes; and some one stole the bonnet off her head. There were two of nature's noblemen amongst the plying, deriding crowd, one of whom gave me a shilling and some pence, and the other took my shawl. May his Maker and my eternal blessing rest on him! You will find my body at No. 5 Leg alley, Longacre. It is a bad house, dear mother; but I had no money to pay my lodgings. Adieu!
ELIZA-PARRY.

"P. S. You will find my little dear child at the house of Mr. Samuel Galliard's, No. 1 Caraby street, Golden Square."

THINGS I LIKE TO SEE.

I like to see a young man fond of ladies' society. I like to see the ladies encourage young men, more on account of their good characters, than their good clothes. I like to see a young man wear his old coat, until he can afford to buy a new one. I like to see economy without meanness:—when you are invited to ride, 'tis as little as you can do to pay the toll. I like to see a man's income excel his expenditures; 'tis more respectable to be seen in the custody of an officer, than to be considered poor. I like to see a young man attend to his business first, and pleasure afterwards. I like a good reputation; it is the best capital in any business. I like sincerity—the genuine article, not the counterfeit of hypocrisy.—News.

From the Boston Mercantile Journal.

THE THIRTEEN VOTES, OR THE WAGER.

A TRUE STORY.

In a town in the interior of the Granite State, not many years since, a gentleman of some property, and not a little political consideration, resided, whose name we shall call Martyn. He was a great stickler for party principles, inasmuch that he was sometimes induced by party zeal to violate his moral duties. On one occasion in particular, when a very important election was taken place, upon the result of which, perhaps, the very existence of his party depended, he was so carried away by his party feelings, as to deposit thirteen votes for one individual at the same time in the ballot box, in defiance of the law which provides that no man to whichever party he may happen to belong or however worthy may be his favorite candidate, shall deposit more than one ballot for any one individual, for one office!

Wattie Martyn was unfortunately detected in this equivocal act—and although no legal action was had in relation to the subject, yet there were those in the town in which he resided who were unwilling to admit that excess of party zeal was a sufficient apology for his dereliction of moral duty—and the simple act of depositing thirteen votes for one candidate at one time in the ballot box, although palliated and excused by some of his warm political friends, was severely censured by others. This occurrence furnished a subject of conversation among the worthy citizens of the town for several weeks—at the end of which time, it gradually and partially died away, but was not forgotten. Poor Mr. Martyn was doomed to hear the words "thirteen votes" occasionally repeated by his political foes in the most significant manner—evi-

dently with the design of disturbing the equanimity of his feelings. In this they succeeded but too well. These words, so hazardous in themselves, or when applied to others, if addressed to Mr. Martyn, or even uttered in his hearing, seemed to possess the power of a magic cabala, so wonderful and so instantaneous was the effect which they produced on the appearance and conduct of that gentleman. The moment thirteen votes reached his ear, his features were clouded with a frown of indignation; his eyes were lighted up with a most unwholy fire—his hands involuntarily grasped the weapon of offence within his reach; and his voice, naturally clear and sonorous, was changed into deep and unearthly mutterings, resembling the sound of distant thunder, or the rumblings of pent up volcanoes. Indeed, the effect produced on Sir Percie Shalton, by the sight of the bodkin, as related in the Monastery of Sir Walter Scott, was not more sudden and terrible than the effect produced on Wattie Martyn, by repeating the simple words "thirteen votes." His weakness on this point was proverbial, and a wicked youth of the village, now a very worthy and respectable legal practitioner in the city of Boston, once made Martyn's infirmity the means of playing off a mischievous and cruel practical joke to the great amusement of the by-standers.

Mr. Smith, the young gentleman to whom we allude, being one day at the village tavern, entered into conversation with a genteel looking stranger, while the landlord was preparing some refreshment, with which to recruit the exhausted frame and spirits of her guest. The conversation turned on the difficulty of pronouncing some of the names of places of Indian origin, which are so frequently met with in the New England States. In the midst of the colloquy, Mr. Smith saw his political opponent, Wattie Martyn, coming down the road. He was certain that Wattie would pop in the tavern, and in the spur of the moment laid his plan accordingly.

"What you say, sir," said Mr. Smith, respecting those jaw-breaking names, is perfectly correct—I agree with you entirely, and am much gratified to make the acquaintance of a gentleman of so much taste. But, my dear sir, there are familiar English words, and combinations of words which, although they may not be very difficult to pronounce, are exceedingly difficult to repeat. For instance, it is almost impossible for any one not familiar with the practice, to pronounce the words "thirteen votes, thirteen votes, thirteen votes," for any length of time, without making the most ludicrous mistakes."

"Thirteen votes! thirteen votes!" repeated the stranger. "I do not see any difficulty in that. I could go on repeating the words thirteen votes! thirteen votes! thirteen votes! until to-morrow morning."

"It is far more difficult, my dear sir, than you imagine," replied Mr. Smith in the blandest manner. "I am not much in the habit of botching, but for the curiosity of the thing, I am willing to bet you the price of a dinner for yourself and horse, that you cannot repeat, in rapid succession, the words 'thirteen votes, thirteen votes, thirteen votes' without making some egregious blunders."

"Done," said the traveller—who rejoiced at the idea of paying the landlord's charges so easily, and I will begin at once." So saying he took out his watch and noted the time—then planting himself firmly against the wall, with his face towards the door, he assumed a look of great determination, as if he had undertaken an unpleasant job and was resolved to go through with it at all hazards, and commenced pronouncing in a loud clear voice, with due emphasis and discretion, the cabalistic words: "Thirteen votes! thirteen votes! thirteen votes!"

In the mean time, Mr. Martyn not dreaming of the insult which awaited him, bent his steps as was his wont towards the tavern. As he reached the threshold of the door he heard the offensive words, "Thirteen votes! thirteen votes!" pronounced—and with a frame trembling with passion, and with fury strongly imprinted on his rufous visage, he abruptly entered the bar room, to confront the man who dared thus trifle with his feelings, and attempt to overwhelm him with insult. His eye, beaming with wrath, fell upon the stranger, who regarded his withering glances with the most provoking indifference—and who passed not a moment in his recitation, but continued to say "thirteen votes! thirteen votes!"

The indignant Martyn next caught a sight of Mr. Smith's countenance, convulsed with laughter. "What's the meaning of this, sir," said he in a voice of thunder. But the only reply he received was from the mouth of the stranger, who, with the most irritating pertinacity, continued to bawl, even louder than before, "thirteen votes! thirteen votes!"

Martyn then advanced towards the stranger, his frame absolutely quivering with rage. "Who are you, scoundrel!" demanded he in the most imperious manner, "and how dare you insult me in this way!"

The stranger thought the rage of Martyn was counterfeited, and a ruse of Smith to win the wager; and the answer to his question shouted out in a still louder voice than before, was "thirteen votes! thirteen votes!"

"I will not put up with this insult," screamed Martyn, doubling up his fist—and putting himself to fighting attitude.

"Thirteen votes, thirteen votes, thirteen votes," vociferated the stranger at the top of his lungs. "If you repeat those words again, I will knock you down, you rascal," said the infuriated Martyn, with a howl of desperation.

The stranger felt somewhat indignant at being addressed in this rude and unceremonious manner, but was determined to win the wager, and raising his voice, bawled out with the lungs of a stentor, "thirteen votes, thirteen votes, thirteen votes."

"Take that then for your insolence," shrieked Martyn, suiting the action to the word, and giving the luckless traveller a box on the ear which laid him prostrate on the floor.

But as the stranger felt his yell of surprise, anger, and agony, took the sound thirteen votes, thirteen votes, thirteen votes!"

Highly exasperated at what he conceived to be a base and unfair contrivance to cheat him out of his wager, the stranger rose in great dudgeon, still exclaiming in a voice which a boatswain in a hurricane might have envied, "thirteen votes, thirteen votes," and fell pell-mell upon poor Martyn, pound-