

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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SALISBURY, N. C., AUGUST 2, 1839.

NO. VII. OF VOL. XX.
(Whole No. 997.)

TERMS OF CAROLINIAN.

The Western Carolinian is published every Friday, at Two Dollars per annum if paid in advance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if not paid before the expiration of three months.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages 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.

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Miscellaneous.

From the Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

MONSIEUR DURANCE.

(THE MAN OF THE TWO ADVENTURES.)

Being destined early for a mercantile profession, I was sent when a youth of fifteen or sixteen, to Bourdeaux, in order to acquire the knowledge requisite for my proposed pursuits, in the counting-house of one of the first establishments in that ancient city. The head of this firm, which was an extremely wealthy one, was M. Durance, a gentleman who, from an old friendship for my father, took me into his own house, and was most paternally kind to me. M. Durance was well up in his years, round and ruddy in aspect, social in his habits, and possessed of one of the very best of hearts. He had one foible, however, which made the good soul almost intolerable to mankind. Notwithstanding the great extent of the business he had conducted, he had seldom been out of Bourdeaux. He had only once been at Paris; but that once was enough. On that occasion he had met with two adventures. Oh, those ten adventures! Tongue cannot tell, nor brain conceive, the delight which the worthy man took in narrating these incidents. His friends were kept thereby in a state of perpetual alarm. They never heard the words, "Did you ever hear me tell"—or even, "Did you ever?"—without M. Durance's lips without an internal shudder, and an instant retreat, if possible. "Did you?" itself was enough to bring out a cool perspiration. For if the good old merchant once began, pause or rest was out of the question for the succeeding couple of hours. How often have I been compelled, after dinner, to listen to these two eternal adventures! It was not that they were interesting in themselves. On the contrary, they were of a very remarkable order, and still more remarkable as having occurred at one and the same time. But who can listen even to a good thing forever? Nevertheless, as it is not likely the reader can ever have suffered from M. Durance's perpetuities, we shall repeat them once more, with a little more brevity than it was the boast, man's practice to employ.

M. Durance had occasion to go to Paris upon business. He had a carriage or chariot in which he proposed to travel; but at the time when he found it convenient to set out, this vehicle required a slight repair, and the merchant, then comparatively young and active, thought it best to ride slowly forward on horseback for a couple of stages, leaving his servant to bring the carriage after him. M. Durance thus hoped to enjoy, for some part of the way, a more leisurely view of the country, which he had scarcely ever seen beyond a few miles distance from his own house. Accordingly, after giving full instructions to the servant, M. Durance set out, respectable mounted, and well armed, for he carried a large sum in bills and money. To do him justice, he had a stout spirit and a fair share of courage; yet not much of either was required to travel alone at that period, owing to the admirable degree of efficiency in which the famous Fouché had brought the police of the country.

M. Durance's first day's travel was unproductive of any wonderful event. He stopped before nightfall at a village inn, rested comfortably, and next morning pursued his route. While riding slowly along the border of a large wood, in the forenoon of the second day, he observed a party of men on horseback, a short way before him. He continued his course, and they did the same; but the merchant was uncomfortably surprised in the end to observe them frequently turning round, one after another, apparently to look at him. M. Durance thought of his pistols, and began to be very uneasy. The road now struck into the wood already mentioned, and when in the middle of it, poor Durance was shocked to see the men halt, and turn round to observe him, as if simultaneously. The merchant was at this time but a short distance from them, and could not help drawing up his horse also for a moment. While he was in this situation, one of the men, after an apparent consultation with the others, left them and advanced to our friend.

"Now is the time," thought Durance; "here comes the demand for my purse! What is to be done?" And the worthy soul's heart sank within him, as he thought of the heavy sum which he bore.

When the man came up, however, there was no demand of this kind made. The stranger's first words to Durance were, "What is your purpose here?" The merchant hesitated, and at length stammered out, "I am come—upon an honest errand, I hope—like yourselves." "Ah, I thought so," replied the stranger. Then, after a moment's pause, he continued, "Well, what will you take to go away? Will you take one hundred louis?" Mystified thoroughly, Durance, almost by accident, bolted out a "No!" The man again spoke, and said, "I cannot offer you more without speaking to my companions." With which words he turned away, and rejoined his band.

M. Durance never was so much puzzled in his life, but his spirits rose as he saw an intention on the part of the men to injure him, and he waited quietly till the stranger's return. That personage was not long away, and when he returned to the merchant, a bag of money was in his hand. This bag he held out to Durance, saying, "We have come to the resolution of just offering you three hundred louis at once—here they are—if you choose to go away. Now, do take them," continued he: "upon my word we cannot offer more."

Durance sat more bewildered than ever, and was about to speak, when the bag was thrust into his hand by the stranger, who at the same time said, "Now, do take it without another word. It will be as well for you, perhaps, as you are alone, and I can tell you there are some determined fellows yonder, who would think it nothing to drive you off. But I was for a compromise, and upon my honour, we cannot give more." With this the man turned to move away. Part of his last speech had made a powerful impression on Durance, who, though utterly unable to tell the meaning of all this, thought it wise to pocket the bag, and ride onwards. He did so, and soon lost sight of the strangely liberal party he had met.

M. Durance continued his route peacefully, till nightfall, pondering all the way on what had passed, yet incapable of coming to any conclusion on the subject. On reaching the village where he proposed to rest all night, he was joined by his servant, Joseph Demaray, with the chariot, and on the ensuing day they pursued their journey in this vehicle. Nothing of interest occurred throughout their further progress, until they reached the very gates of Paris. But just as the vehicle was passing the barrier, a gentleman-looking person came up to the carriage side, and thus addressed M. Durance: "Sir, you will have the goodness to go with me." "What?" said the merchant, "whither must I go, and why?" In a low tone of voice, and with the utmost civility, the gentleman replied, "You will permit me to have the honour, sir, of conducting you to M. Fouché." "M. Fouché!" ejaculated M. Durance, in no small alarm at the thought of what the famous head of the police could want with him; "I have committed no offence, I have broken no law, and I cannot understand why I should be sent for by—." The stranger cut short this speech by saying, "I have been waiting for some time upon you, sir, being instructed that you would arrive in a carriage like this; and your person, portmanteau, and every thing about you, answer the description given to me. I cannot therefore be mistaken in the party, and you will have the goodness to attend me to M. Fouché, who will himself explain his business with you, which is more than I can do." There was no resisting this peremptory civil request. By the stranger's directions, M. Durance sent on his servant to the hotel where he proposed to lodge, and, seeing no alternative, followed the messenger to the office of the head of the police.

M. Fouché received our hero with the utmost politeness, and, after requesting him to be seated, entered immediately on a detail of certain matters, which made the eyes of M. Durance grow as round as full moons, and led the good man to the conclusion that Fouché and the gentleman in black were things synonymous. "You are M. Durance, of Bourdeaux, the head of the extensive mercantile house that bears your name; you have in your portmanteau the sum of— (naming the exact sum) in specie, and the sum of— in bills; you are about to reside at the hotel B, near the Boulevard; and it is your custom to retire to rest about eleven o'clock." These are but a few of the particulars regarding M. Durance's situation, purposes, and habits, which the police-funcionary seemed to be aware of. The merchant sat in mute astonishment.

M. Fouché evidently enjoyed his visitor's wonder, and before any reply could be made, the police funcionary continued to these rather startling words: "Sir, are you a man of courage?" We have mentioned already that M. Durance had a good deal of spirit about him, and he was now tempted to make the reply, "that no one had ever doubted his courage, and he begged to know the cause of the question." "Sir," answered M. Fouché, "you are to be robbed and murdered this night." "Robbed and murdered!" exclaimed the thunderstruck merchant of Bourdeaux. "Gracious heaven! can this be true?" "It is true," returned M. Fouché. "You have seen how much of the truth, relative to your affairs, I am acquainted with, and this also is the truth. My reason for putting a question to you, affecting your courage, is this. If you have enough of that quality, you will go to your hotel, and retire to rest at the usual hour, placing your portmanteau, as usual, by your bedside, and betraying no suspicion to those around you. Only take care not to fall asleep, and leave the rest to me. It will be unnecessary, and indeed, improper for you to look into the closets or beneath the bed." "In short, do nothing, but go to rest as you would do at home, and leave the rest to me. Have you resolution to do this?" M. Durance meditated a little, as was not unusual, before giving an answer, on which the head of the police addressed him. "If you do not feel inclined to go through with this affair, I will procure one to personate you. This would render the affair more difficult, and its success less certain, but it might be done." "No, no," exclaimed our friend, "I will do it myself. I will act precisely as you direct, leaving my life in your hands." "You may do so, sir," replied M. Fouché, "with perfect confidence."

After a repetition of his instructions, and receiving some further particulars relative to the intended attack on him, the worthy merchant left M. Fouché, and having procured a street vehicle, was driven to the hotel whither he had sent his servant and carriage. The evening was now pretty well advanced, and ere M. Durance had rested himself and taken some refreshment, it wanted little more than two hours of bed-time. The merchant felt himself incapable of going out, and he therefore sought a book and sat still. But, with his usual kindness of heart, he did not wish to confine others on his account. His servant Demaray, who was a Parisian, asked to go out and call upon his friends. "By all means, Joseph," said M. Durance; "go to see your friends, but recollect to be here again by eleven." After this, M. Durance attempted to read, but finding himself incapable of following the meaning of two lines together, he laid down the book, and thought.

Joseph returned punctually at eleven, and lighted his master to bed. On being left alone, the courage of the merchant almost gave way. He looked around him. As M. Fouché had said, there were two large closets in the room. The thought that, at that instant, his intended murderers might be there, came across the mind of M. Durance, and he was strongly tempted to satisfy himself before he lay down. But he recollected his promise—he remembered how accurate the intelligence of M. Fouché had been on other points—and he re-

solved to confide in what had been stated to him, and to obey every direction. Having come firmly to this conclusion, he put out the lights and lay down on the bed. The counsel "not to sleep" proved most superfluous in the case of the honest merchant. His mind and senses were too much on the alert to permit him to slumber. Sometimes, within the first hour after he lay down, he thought he heard stifled noises, but they were not continuous, and led to nothing. At length, however, about half-past twelve, the door of his bedchamber was opened, and a glimmer of light fell on the opposite wall. Having purposely arranged the bed-clothes about his head in such a way as to enable him to see without being seen, M. Durance then beheld three men enter, bearing a dark lantern, and each armed with a dagger and pistols. One of them advanced to the bedside, and seized the portmanteau. In this person's face, to his horror, the merchant beheld the features of his own servant, Joseph Demaray! The first act of the men was to rip up and empty the portmanteau; but while they were doing so, each being unable, seemingly, to trust his companions, M. Durance heard them agree upon the necessity of his own immediate death. A report of the means prepared by M. Fouché for his succour, M. Durance felt the perspiration burst upon his body; but he was not kept long in this state, for, ere the rising of the portmanteau could be completed, the closet doors burst open, five or six men rushed out, and in an instant the surprised robbers were in the hands of justice. On the officers coming out, the bedroom door at the same time was opened, and fights brought in, showing that all had been indeed thoroughly prepared for the relief of the merchant and capture of the offenders.

"Aha!" M. Durance would here say, when narrating the story himself, "what think you of my second adventure? More wonderful still than the first, was it not?"

Whatever may be thought on this point, there is obviously less of mystery in the last incident, than in the preceding. The extraordinary degree of information displayed by M. Fouché, resulted simply from the circumstances of the villain Demaray having written from Bourdeaux to Paris, announcing to his associates the prize which was coming in their way. It may be thought that a roundabout and dangerous mode for M. Durance was adopted for the seizure of the offenders, and this may be in part true. But it is to be remembered that the slightest suspicion of preparation would have awakened the suspicions of Demaray, and would thus have prevented, in all probability, the capture of his associates, who, though old offenders, had long escaped detection by the police. As to other points, M. Fouché, doubtless, had been afraid lest Durance, if informed previously of the treachery of his servant, and other particulars, might have prematurely done something to betray the scheme.

The wretch of a servant and his associates were punished as they well merited. M. Durance, grateful for his escape, blessed the wonderful police of his country, settled his business to his satisfaction in Paris, and in due time returned to Bourdeaux. It was not till after his return, notwithstanding many enquiries, that he could get any rational explanation of the first of his two adventures. Finally, however, by dint of local investigation, the mystery was solved. And what does the reader think was the cause of the three hundred louis being given to him, with such strange and apparently causeless liberality? The explanation is simple: In that wood, on the afternoon in question, there was to be a great sale of cut wood, which the party of men had come from a distance to buy in concert with one another. They looked for a great bargain, having reason to hope that nobody would appear to bid against them. But on seeing M. Durance in their track, they at once concluded that he was on the same "errand" as themselves. On consultation, they thought it worth their while to endeavor to buy up his opposition, by the offer of a good round sum. M. Durance's first words unintentionally confirmed the mistake as to his purposes. The issue is known to the reader.

It is not exactly in our power to say to what extent M. Durance carried his enquiries, with the view of restoring the three hundred louis. We believe he offered publicly to give it up on call, but that it was never claimed from him. Perhaps the parties were ashamed of their extraordinary and simple-witted self-deception.

HOW TO ROUSE THE WATCH ON DECK.

The following very amusing sketch is from the Sea Sketches in the Boston Mercantile Journal, from which sketches we have before made extracts.—N. Y. Dispatch.

"You know shipmates" said Jack, "that some of our West India traders belonging down east, are very apt to neglect keeping a look out ahead during the night time. I once belonged to the brig Nonsuch, Captain Seagull, and was sent from Portland-bound to Demarara with a cargo consisting of lumber and Yankee notions, and we had the sleepiest men on board that I ever met with, and I have fallen in with some pretty persevering sleepers in my day. But I verily believe that some of those long limbed, yawning yankees from 'down east' would sleep with their heads in bucket of water, especially if it was their watch on deck.

One night, about ten days after leaving port, we were crossing the pleasant latitudes of the trade winds, with all sail set closely hauled, when the captain took it into his head to go on deck. It was about four bells in the middle watch, he found the old brig, under the influence of a tight breeze comfortably ploughing her way among towards the south at the rate of two or three knots, and every man on deck was fast asleep.

The mate, and he was a smart fellow enough too, when he was awake, was enjoying a right royal nap on the weather hencoop, to "man at the helm" desirous of following such laudable example, had nipped the tiller with a rope yarn, and stretched himself comfortably on the quarter deck; the other two men of the watch had deposited their carcasses on a couple of soft white pine boards, and were snoring away like good fellows, as if sleeping for a wager.

The Captain saw with a glance the lay of the land, and being a funny dog wail, resolved to have some sport. He went quiet to work, and snarved the tiller rope and unslipped the tiller, and quietly placed it in the small but at the stern.

He then took from the companion-way his large speaking trumpet, which was used only on very extraordinary occasions, and passed out to the flying-jib boom, and hailed the brig with the whole strength of his lungs, and his voice was none of the smallest: "Brig ahoy! Hard up your helm, hard up, hard up, or I shall run you down!"

His horrible hawking awakened the watch and the men, who were enjoying themselves on the soft pine boards when they should have been keeping an eye ahead and under the lee, half frightened out of their senses, and thought of course it came from on board a stranger vessel, about coming down upon them, repeated the order "Hard up your helm!"

The mate jumped off the hencoop, and without stopping to rub his peepers, screamed out like a mad-man, "Hard up your helm!"

By this time the man at helm himself had recovered his wandering senses, and had raised himself upon his legs. He loudly responded to the general cry of "Hard up your helm!" and sprang with unwonted energy to execute the order; but his astonishment may be more easily imagined than described, when he found that the "helm" had disappeared!

The Captain was in the meanwhile hawking out from the end of the flying-jib boom until he was black in the face, "Why don't you put your helm hard up, Hard up at once, or I shall cut you down to the water edge?"

The men in the waste repeated the orders "Hard up," and ran forward to see what was to pay. The mate turned to assist the helmsman, shouting out, "Hard up your helm, you sleepy headed lubber! Hard up your helm at once!" but he was thunder-struck when he found that the tiller was missing, and floundered about like a struck dolphin.

By this time the watch below of which I was one came running on deck to see what was the matter, and a scene of alarm and confusion ensued, which went a little beyond anything I ever saw before or since. It was at last put an end to by Captain Seagull who came in from the jib-boom, in an agony of laughter. As soon as he was able to speak, he loudly raved the watch for their neglect of duty, and he never had occasion to complain of a failure to keep a good look out afterwards.

Anecdote.—A friend of mine, Captain W. Aug. Thomson, R. N., residing near Edinburgh, has a dog, both the parents of which were natives of New Foundland. At the time I refer to (1830) he was, I believe, only two years old, but exhibited all the indications of great muscular power, and singular sagacity. He was considerably larger at that time than many full-grown animals of the same breed, and I always imagined his eye possessed a very peculiar degree of intelligence. One day my friend walked down to the sea-beach to observe the military, whose barracks are in his neighborhood, performing their evolutions, and took the dog with him. All went on very well till the cavalry commenced firing; but such a sound was too much for the astonished Bounce, as the dog is called. Being quite a puppy, like many other puppies, he was not very willing to stand fire, and he therefore considered the best thing he could do to sound a retreat. Accordingly without casting a single glance towards his master, he dashed away homewards at full gallop, with his tail depressed, and in evident terror. His master's residence is about a mile from the beach, and it appeared the dog ran the whole way at full speed, but as the house is in a garden, and surrounded by a lofty wall, having a gate which is always shut, and which communicates with the house only by a bell, it became a problem to our canine reasoner, how to get within the walls so as to be in safety. The gate he could not open, the wall was too high to leap; how then could he enter? He perceived at once his predicament, and no doubt thought of the bell he had so often seen his master pull, and the sounds of which were so often followed by the opening of the gate. Crossing the road, he ran up to a laboring man who was passing, and with all the gentleness he could assume, seized him by the wrist and held him, at the same time wagging his tail, and endeavoring to direct the man's attention to his situation. The man was at first, naturally enough, much terrified; but the perfectly gentle appearance of the animal prevailed his fears from increasing. He, therefore, accompanied the dog across the road, and was led close up to the bell, which he at once perceived the animal required him to pull; this having done, he was no longer detained a prisoner, and the gate being opened, he related in astonishment to the servant the singular conduct of the dog. This little story is entitled to the highest credit, not only on account of the source I derived it from, but because I myself have seen the dog, when desirous of leaving the room, take his master by the wrist and lead him to the door in order to open it. All this I have been assured is solely the result of the dog's instinct, or rather, indeed, reason, as he never received any instruction. I trust that, although this anecdote has little direct reference to humanity in animals, I may be excused taking this opportunity of mentioning it.—Fraser's Rights of Instinct.

THE LIGHT OF NATURE.

The celebrated Mr. Hume, wrote an essay on the sufficiency of nature, and the no less celebrated Dr. Robertson, wrote on the necessity of Revelation, and the insufficiency of the light of nature. Hume came one evening to visit Robertson, and the evening was spent on the subject. The friends of both were present, and it is said that Robertson reasoned with accustomed clearness and power. Whether Hume was convinced by his reasoning or not we cannot tell; but at any rate, he did not acknowledge his conviction.—Hume was very much of a gentleman, and as he rose to depart, bowed politely to those in the room, while, as he retired through the door, Robertson took the light to show him the way—"O, sir," he continued, "I find the light of nature always sufficient," as he bowed on. The street door was open, and presently, as he bowed along the entry, he stumbled over something concealed, and pitched down stairs into the street. Robertson ran after him with a candle, and as he held it over him, whispered softly and cunningly—"You had better have a little light from above, friend Hume," and raising him up, he bade him good night, and returned to his friends.

An expensive Joke.—In the beginning of last month, Baron de Klossberg, a student in the University of Prague, being on his way to Vienna, arrived at the little town of Estadi, in Bohemia, and stopped for the night at the Black Eagle Inn. Being required to insert his name in the travellers' register, the youth put down a correct account of himself, but on coming to the column, "object or motive of the journey," ventured the joke, "to blow his brains out." The inn-keeper in compliance with the police regulations, transmitted the register to the burgomaster at eight in the evening. At ten, when the baron was in bed, a police soldier entered his room, drew his sword, and sat down by his couch.

"What is your business?" inquired the astonished baron.

"I'm come to watch you," replied the warrior. "I shall be on duty two hours; at midnight, a comrade will relieve me, and he will be succeeded by others until ten to-morrow morning, when you will be transferred to Jung Buntzlau, the chief place of this district."

"Why am I dealt with as an offender?"

"Because you have expressed the intention of killing yourself; a proceeding which the burgomaster will not suffer under any pretence whatever."

M. de Klossberg begged hard to be taken forthwith to the magistrate, but the soldier declared that his orders were to keep strict watch over him in his room. Next morning at ten o'clock, a non-commissioned officer and eight burzars made their appearance, and the baron was conveyed in a carriage to the police-junction. There he was subjected to the examination of two doctors, whom, on their reporting that they could detect in him no symptoms of insanity, and no bump of insubordination he expected his immediate restoration to liberty. Not so, however; the factious traveller was handed to the jailer of the municipal prison, and sent introduced to the parochial tribunal for having trifled with the veneration due to magistrates, by writing an unbecoming thing in a public register. Unanimously found guilty, he was sentenced to a month of detainer; a fine of about £20; to the payment of all the expenses of watching him at Estadi, and conveying him to Jung Buntzlau; and lastly to all costs.—The baron let the wretch of Buntzlau resolve never to kill himself even *pour rire*.—London paper.

RULES to be observed in practical life.—By Mr. Jefferson.

Never put off till to-morrow, what you can do to-day.

Never trouble others with what you can do yourself.

Never spend your money before you have it.

Never buy what you do not want, because it is cheap.

Do not covet to see what is longer, thirst, and cold. We never repent of having eaten less food.

Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly. Take things always by a smooth handle.

When angry count ten before you speak; if very angry, a hundred.



Agricultural.

PLANTING TOO MUCH LAND.

The following is extracted from that amazing publication, The Clockmaker:

"The lane of this country, Squire, and indeed, of America is havin' too much land; they run over more ground than they can cultivate, and crop the land so severely that they run it out. A large portion of the land in America has been run out by repeated grain crops; and when you add that to land naturally too poor to bear grain, or too broken for cultivation, you will find this great country in a fair way to be ruined. The State of Vermont has nothin' like the experts it used to have; and a plucky sight of young folks came down to Boston to hire out as help. The two Carolinas and Virginia are covered with places that have been ruined, and many other States. We hav'nt the surplus of wheat and grain we used to have in the United States, and it never will be so plenty again. That's the reason you hear of folks clearin' land, makin' a farm and sellin' off again, and goin' farther into the bank. They're exhausted it, and find it easier to clear new lands than to restore the old. A great deal of Nova Scotia is run out; and if it warn't for the lime, marsh-mud, sea weed, salt sand and what not, they've got here in such quantities, there'd be no cure for it. It takes good farming to keep an upland location in order I tell you, and make it sustain itself. It takes more to litch a farm two that's had the gizzard taken out of it than it's worth. It actually frightens me when I think your agriculture in Britain is progressing and the land better tilled every day, while thousands upon thousands of acres with us are turned into barrens. No traveller as I've read has noticed this, and our folks are not aware themselves of the extent of the evil. Squire, you and I won't live to see it; but in this awful rotting of posterity goes on for another century, as it has progressed for the last hundred years, we'll be a nation of paupers. Very little land in America, even of the best, will carry more than one crop of wheat after it is cleared where it wants manure; when its cleared so fast, where's the manure to come from it puzzles me! (and I won't turn my back on any man in the farming line) the Lord knows, for I don't; but if there's any thing that scares me it is this.

Yes, too much land is the ruin of us on this side of the water. Afore I went to England I used to think that the unequal division of property there, and the system of landlord and tenant was a curse to the country; and that there was more dignity and freedom to the individual, and more benefit to the nation for every man to own the land he cultivated as with us. But I've changed my mind; I