

# 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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## MISCELLANEOUS.

### RIGHT AND WRONG—AT SEA.

By THOMAS POOR.

The rights of man, whether abstract or real, divine or vulgar, vested or contested, civil or un-civil, common or uncommon, have been so frequently discussed, that one would suppose there was nothing new to be felt or expressed on the subject. I was agreeably surprised, therefore, during a late passage from Ireland, to hear the rights of an individual asserted in so very novel a manner as to seem worthy of record. The injured party was an involuntary fellow-passenger, and the first glance at him as he leisurely ascended the cabin stairs bespoke him an original. His face, figure, gait and gestures, were all more or less eccentric, yet without any apparent affectation of singularity. His manner was perfectly earnest and business like, though quaint. On reaching the deck, his first movement was toward the gangway, but a moment sufficed to acquaint him with the state of the case. The letter-bag having been detained an hour beyond the usual time of departure, the steam had been put on at a gallop, and her majesty's mail packet, the Guebre, had already accomplished some hundred fathoms on her course. This untoward event, however, seemed rather to surprise than annoy our original, who quietly stepped up to the captain with the air of demanding what was merely a matter of course:

"Hallo skipper! Off she goes eh? but you must turn about my boy, and let me get out."

"Let you get out?" echoed the astonished skipper, and again repeating it with the musicians call a saucy, "Let—you—get—out?"

"Exactly so. I'm going ashore."

"I'm rather afraid you are not, sir," said the skipper, looking decidedly serious, "unless you allude to the other side."

"The other side?" exclaimed the oddity, involuntarily turning to England. "Poo! poo! I know sense man; I only came to look at your accommodations. I'm not going across with you; I'm not, upon my word."

"I must beg your pardon, sir," said the captain quite solemnly, "but it is my firm opinion, that you are going across!"

"Poo! poo! all gammon; I tell you I am going back to Dublin."

"Upon my word, then," said the skipper rather briskly, "you must swim back, like a grampus, or borrow a pair of wings from the gulls."

The man at the helm grinned his broadest, at what he thought a good joke of his officer's, while the original turned round, paraded a hyena's laugh at the fellow, and then returned to the charge.

"Come, come, skipper, it's quite as far out as I care for; if you want to treat me to a sail!"

"Treat you to a sail?" roared the indignant officer. "Zounds, sir, I am in earnest—as much in earnest as ever I was in my life."

"So much the better," answered the original; "I'm of joking myself, and have no right to be joked upon."

"Joke or no joke," said the captain, "all I know is this, the mail bags are on board, and it's more than my post is worth to put back."

"Eh! what! how?" exclaimed the oddity, with a sort of nervous dance. "You astonish me! Do—do you—really mean to say—I'm obliged to go—whether I've a right or not?"

"I do, indeed, sir; I'm sorry for it, but it can't be helped; my orders are positive. The moment the mail is on board I must cast off."

"Indeed! well—but you know—why—why, that's your duty, not mine. I have no right to be cast off! I have no right to be here at all! I have no right to be seen any where, except in Merion Square!"

The captain was bothered. He shrugged up his shoulders, then gave a low whistle, then plunged his hands in his pockets, then gave a loud order to somebody to do something, somewhere or other; and then began to walk short turns on the deck. His capture, in the mean time, made hasty strides towards the stern, as if intending to leap over-board; but he suddenly stopped short, and took a bewildered look at the receding coast. The original wrong was visibly increasing in length, breadth, and depth every minute; and he again confronted the captain.

"Well, skipper, you've thought better of it; I've no right in the world, have I? You will turn her round!"

"Totally impossible, sir; quite out of my power!"

"Very well, very well, very well, indeed!"

"The original's temper was getting up as well as the sea."

"But mind, sir, I protest I protest against you, sir, and against the ship, and the ocean, sir, and every thing! I'm getting farther and farther and farther out; but remember, I have no right; you will take the consequences. I have no right to be whipped; ask the crown lawyers, if you think fit."

After this denunciation, the speaker began to pace up and down, like the captain, but at the opposite side of the deck. He was on the boat, however, as well as the engine, and every time that he passed near the man that he considered as his Sir Hobs-a-Love, he gave vent to the inward feeling in a jerk of the head, accompanied with a shorting like grunt. Now and then it broke out in words, but always the four monosyllables, "This is too—bad"—with a most emphatic fall of the feet to each. At last it occurred to a stout, pompous-looking passenger to interpose as a mediator.

He began by dilating on the immense commercial importance of a punctual delivery of letters; though he insisted on the heavy responsibility of the captain, with the promise of an early return packet from Holyhead; and he was entering into a congratulation on the fitness of the weather, when the original thought it time to cut him short.

"My dear sir, you'll excuse me. The case is nobody's but my own. You are a regular passenger. You have a right to be in this packet. You have a right to go to Holyhead, or Liverpool, or to Gibraltar, or to the world's end, if—you—like. But I choose to be in Dublin. What right have I to be here then? Not—one—atom! I've no right to be in this vessel; and the captain, there, knows it. I've no right (stamping) to be on this deck! I have no more right to be tossing at sea, (waving his arms up and down) than the pigeon house."

"It is a very unpleasant situation, I allow, sir," said the captain to the stout passenger; "but as I have told the gentleman, my hands are tied. I can do nothing, though nobody is more sorry for his inconvenience."

"Inconvenience be hanged!" exclaimed the oddity in a passion at last. "It is no inconvenience, sir!—not—the—smallest! but that makes no difference as to my being here. It's that, and that alone, I dispute all right to!"

"Well, but my dear, good sir," expostulated the pompous man, "admitting the justice of your premises, the hardship is countenanced without remedy."

"To be sure it is!" said the captain, "every inch of it. All I can say is, that the gentleman's passage shall be no expense to him."

"Thankee, of course not!" said the original, with a sneer. "I've no right to put my hand in my pocket! Not that I mind expense! but it's my right I stand up for, and I defy you both to prove that I have any right, or any shadow of a right, to be in your company! I'll tell you what skipper;—but before he could finish the sentence, he turned suddenly pale, made a most grotesque wry face, and rushed forward to the bow of the vessel. The captain exchanged a significant smile with the stout gentleman; but before they had quite spoken their minds of the absent character, he came scrambling back to the pinnacle, upon which he rested with both hands, while he thrust his working visage within a foot or two of the skipper's face.

"There skipper! now, Mister What d'ye call! what do you both say to that! What right have I to be sick—as sick as a dog? I've no right to be squeamish; I'm not a passenger. I've no right to get tumbling over ropes and pulleys, and what not, to the ship's head!"

"But, my good sir," began the pompous man, "Don't sir me, sir! You took your own passage. You have a right to be sick; you have a right to go to the aid every five minutes; you've a right to die of it, but it's the reverse with me, I've no right of the sort."

"O, certainly not, sir," said the pomposity, offended in his turn. "You are undoubtedly the best judge of your own privileges. I only beg to be allowed to remark, that where I felt I had so little right, I should hesitate to intrude myself." So saying, he bowed very formally, and commenced his retreat to the cabin, while the skipper pretended to examine the compass very minutely. In fact our original had met with a choke point. The fat man's answer was too much for him, being framed on a principle clean contrary to his own peculiar system of logic. The more he tried to unravel its meaning, the more it got entangled. He did not like it, without knowing why; and he quite disagreed with it, though ignorant of its purport. He looked up at the funnel, and at the deck, and down the companion stairs, and then wound up all by a long snake of the head, as mysterious as Lord Burleigh's, at the astonished man at the wheel. His mind seemed made up. He buttoned his coat up to the very chin, as if to secure himself to himself, and never opened his lips again till the vessel touched the quay at Holyhead. The captain then attempted a humbly apology, but it was interrupted in the middle.

"Enough said, sir, quite enough. If you've on ly done your duty, you've no right to beg pardon, and I've no right to ask it. All I mean to say is, here am I, in Holyhead instead of Dublin. I don't care what that fat fellow says, who don't understand his own rights. I stick to all I said before. I have no right to be up in the moon, have I? Of course not, and I've no more right to stand on this quay than I have to be up in the moon!"

## INCLEDON AND THE QUAKER.

One night, when Matthews and Incledon joined the Leicester company in passing through, they agreed to perform in the musical piece of the "Quaker, Incledon to play "Steady." It was not until his name was in the play-bills, that he discovered the lameness of the wardrobe. It did not contain a fragment of the Quaker costume. Incledon, always excitable was now stretched; an attempt to patch up a dress made him more miserable still.

At last, as he and Matthews were lounging up the principal street, Incledon caught sight of a portly Quaker, standing at the door of a chymist's shop.

"Charles, my dear boy," said Incledon, winking his eyes, his habit when peculiarly pleased, "do you see that Quaker there? What a dress he has on! just my size. I've a good mind, Charles, to ask him to loan it to me for to-night."

"Aburd!" said Matthews, "you could not think of such a thing." "My dear boy," said Incledon, "only consider what a comfort it would be to me, instead of that tawdry suit from the wardrobe. I'll go in and ask him; he looks like a good natured creature."

Accordingly, in he walked, inquired of Obadiah for some quick medicines, and after some small purchases, he began in his blindest manner, to address the Quaker on the real object which he had in view.

"My dear sir," said the man started,—"allow me to explain to you how I am situated, and grant me a patient hearing." The Quaker looked patience itself; and Matthews curious to hear the result, took his seat in the shop.

"My dear sir," continued Incledon, "I am one of a class of men, of whom, of course, your peculiar tenets cannot allow you to know much. In fact, I am of the theatrical profession—Charles Incledon, of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, first ballad singer in England."

This was uttered with great emphasis and volubility, in his own peculiar dialect, that of Cornwall. The Quaker started back, and looked at Matthews, as if doubting the sanity of the person addressing him. Incledon resumed:—"Pray sir, I am an ac-

tor." I am this night advertised at your—no, not at your theatre—at the theatre of Leicester, for Steady, the Quaker, and it so happens that there is not a dress for the character which is highly complimentary to your people. Independent of the want of effect, from a bad dress, I am truly mortified to do discredit to so respectable a body as yours. In fact part of my own family were originally of your profession, my dear sir; and this is an additional reason why I am anxious to do all possible honor to the revered society of Friends.

In short, my worthy sir, without your assistance, I shall come before all the gentry of Leicester in a dress very degrading to the proverbial neatness of your sect. Will you lend me one of your suits? You and I are of a size. And in so doing you will at once show the liberality of your character, and keep up the respectability of the admirable body of people, so deservedly esteemed by all the world, and by none more than Charles Incledon."

Sam Slick himself, with his "soft swarder" and "human nature," could not have done it better, and the effect was proportionate. The chymist to the surprise of Matthews, melted by the eloquent appeal to the honor of his sect, not only lent a suit of clothes, but yielded to the persuasions of the singer, to be put in a private corner! to be an unseen witness of the manner in which the stage upheld his persuasions. That he was charmed with Steady, there is no doubt, for he readily confessed this to Incledon on his returning the suit of clothes.

—Life of Matthews.

## From the Democratic Review.

### THE BATTLE FIELD.

By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,  
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,  
And fiery hearts and armed hands  
Encountered in the battle cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget  
How gushed the life-blood of her brave—  
Gushed, warm with hope and valor yet,  
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh and still,  
Along the chirp of sitting birds;  
And talk of children on the hill,  
And bell of wandering kine, are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by  
The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain,  
Men start not at the battle cry,  
Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought—but thou,  
Who mingled in the leader's strife  
For truths which men receive not now,  
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warrior! lingering long  
Through weary day and weary year;  
A wild and many-weaponed throng  
Hang on thy front and flank and rear.

Yet serve thy spirit to the proof,  
And blench not at thy chosen lot;  
The timid good may stand aloof,  
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not!

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,  
The hewing, stinging bolt of scorn;  
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,  
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;  
The stern laws of God are here;  
But error, wounded, writhes with pain,  
And dies among its worshippers.

Yes, though thou lie upon the dust,  
When those who helped thee flee in fear,  
Die full of hope and manly trust,  
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,  
Another hand the standard wave,  
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed  
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave!

## BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

The Boston Mercantile Journal selects the following from the Foreign Review for April, 1839, as one of the finest passages in the whole range of English literature. The subject treated of, is the benefit of printing:

"When Tamerlane had finished building his pyramids of seventy thousand human skulls, and was seen standing at the gate of Damascus, glittering with steel, with his battle-axe on his shoulder, till fierce hosts fled to new victories and carnage, that a pale on-looker might have fancied that nature was in her death-thrill—for havoc and despair had taken possession of the earth, and the sun of manhood seemed setting in seas of blood. Yet it might be so that very gala day of Tamerlane, a little boy was playing nine pins in the streets of Meitz, whose history was more important to them than twenty Tamerlans! The Tartar Khan, with his shaggy demons of the wilderness, passed away like the whirlwind, to be forgotten forever—and that German artisan has wrought a benefit, which is yet immeasurably expanding itself, and will continue to expand through all countries and all times. What are the conquests and expeditions of the whole corporations of Captains from Walter the Penyles to Napoleon Bonaparte, compared with the moveable types of Johannes Faust!"

## ANECDOTE.

Capt. Marrayt gives the following account of a scene which was enacted by a man who appears to have been a good deal "worse for liquor" at the table of a public house in Upper Canada.

He sat down opposite to me, at the same table. It appeared as if his vision was incited by the quantity of liquor he had taken, every thing close to him on the table he considered out of his reach, whilst every thing at a distance he attempted to lay hold of.

He sat up as erect as he could, balancing himself so as not to appear *carried*, and fixing his eyes upon me, said, "Sir, I'll trouble you for some fried ham." Now the ham was in the dish next to him, and altogether out of my reach, I told him so. "Sir," said he again, "as a gentleman, I ask you to give me some of that fried ham."

Answered with the curious demand, I rose from my chair, went round to him, and helped him. "Shall I give a potato?" said I, the potatoes being at my end of the table, and not wishing to rise again. "No sir," replied he, "I can help myself to them." He made a dash at them, but did not reach them; then made another, and another, till he lost his balance, and lay down upon his plate, this time he gained the potatoes, helped himself and commenced eating. After a few minutes he

again fixed his eyes upon me. "Sir, I'll trouble you—for the pickles," repeated he, after a time.

"Well, there they are," replied I, wishing to see what he would do.—"Sir, are you a gentleman—by a gentleman—I ask you as a gentleman, for them 'ere pickles." It was impossible to resist this appeal, so I rose and helped him. I was now convinced that his vision was somehow or other inverted, and to prove it, when he asked me for the salt, which was within his reach, I removed it farther off. "Thank ye, sir," said he, sprawling over the table after it. The circumstance, absurd as it was, was really a subject for the investigation of Dr. Brewster.

An American told me one day, that a company had been working at a coal mine in an eastern State, which proved to be of a very bad quality; they had sent some to an influential person as a present, requesting him to give his opinion of it, as that would be important to them. After a certain time he forwarded to them a certificate couched in such terms as these: "I do hereby certify that I have tried the coal sent to me by the company at —, and it is my decided opinion, that when the general conflagration of the world shall take place, any man who will take his position on that coal-mine will certainly be the last man who will be burnt."

## VERIFICATION OF AN ANCIENT PROPHECY.

The following prophecy is said to have been delivered by a British bard, in the time of William the Norman, and preserved by some of the monkish annalists, viz: That no more than three monarchs, in direct succession, should ever again reign over these kingdoms, without some violent interruption:

1 William the Norman,  
2 William Rufus,  
3 Henry the first.

Interrupted by the usurpation of Stephen.

1 Henry the second,  
2 Edward the first,  
3 Edward the second.

Interrupted by the abdication and murder of Edward the second.

1 Edward the third,  
2 Richard the second,  
3 Henry the fourth.

Interrupted by the deposition of that monarch.

1 Henry the fourth,  
2 Henry the fifth,  
3 Henry the sixth.

Interrupted by the restoration of the house of York.

1 Edward the fourth,  
2 Edward the fifth,  
3 Richard the third.

Interrupted by the usurpation of Henry Richmond.

1 Henry the seventh,  
2 Henry the eighth,  
3 Edward the sixth.

Interrupted by the election of Lady Jane Grey.

1 Mary,  
2 Elizabeth,

A foreign king, (James of Scotland,) called in to assume the crown.

1 James the first,  
2 Charles the first,

Interrupted by the deposition of that monarch, and the establishment of another form of government in the person of Oliver Cromwell.

1 Charles the second,  
2 James the second,

Interrupted by the abdication of that king and the election of a foreigner.

1 William the third,  
2 Anne,

Interrupted by the parliamentary appointment of a foreigner.

1 George the first,  
2 George the second,  
3 George the third.

Interrupted by the unfortunate incapacity of that sovereign, and a parliamentary appointment for exercising the sovereignty in the person of the Prince Regent.

1 George the fourth,  
2 William the fourth,  
3 Victoria the first.

Whom may God bless, but what is to be the next interruption?—Liverpool Courier.

## ASIATIC PROVERBS.

That which a man suffers for this world, fills his heart with darkness, but that which he suffers for the other, fills it with light.

He who is worthy of being called a man, is unshaken in adversity, humble in prosperity, active and bold in danger; and if he be not learned, has at least a love for learning.

Man often gives himself much trouble to succeed in an affair from which he derives only vexation in the end.

He is a freeman who desires nothing; and he is a slave, who expects that which he wishes.

The advice of a wise man is to be considered as a prediction.

The man who is governed by his passions, is in a worse state than the most miserable slave.

Live not on credit, and you shall live at liberty.

When the soul is ready to depart, what avails it whether a man die on a throne, or in the dust?

Envy has no rest.

He who has least wisdom, has most vanity.

Life is a sort of sleep from which we awake not, but in death.

The life of man is a path that leads to death.

The heart of the fool is in his mouth, and the tongue of the wise man is in his heart.

He who runs with a slack rein, guided only by Hope, encounters the last moment of life, and falls.

The most perfect pleasures in this world are always mingled with some bitterness.

He who considers consequences with too much attention, is ordinarily a man of no courage.

Two things are inseparable from lying, many promises, and many excuses.

You cannot keep your own secret,—what cause then have you to complain, if another to whom you have declared it should reveal it.

A rich man who is not liberal, resembles a tree without fruit.

## FALSE DELICACY.

One of the most remarkable traits in the character of the American women, is their extreme and almost excessive modesty. It has been noticed by Captain Maryatt, and almost all foreigners who have travelled among us. Mrs. Trollope, whose book cannot be so denigrate of truth and justice, as some have pretended, since it has reached the fourth American edition, often alludes to this point in the character of our country women; and she illustrates it with some very laughable examples. The conversation between a gentleman and a lady about a shirt, which she gives us, in one of her chapters in which the gentleman tries all his skill to make the lady confess what sort of a garment she is making; and the lady on her part, doubles every way, uses all her ingenuity, and resorts at last to downright falsehood to avoid pronouncing so indecent a word as shirt, is very amusing, and is confirmed by almost daily experience.

This excessive prudery, though certainly altogether less blame-worthy and less dangerous than the opposite extreme, is still ridiculous enough, and often interrupts, without any sufficient reason, the easy flow of conversation. It is not however, peculiar to the Americans, as the following story will show.

When the young Queen of Philip IV, of Spain, was on her way to Madrid, there for the first time to behold a husband whom she had married without ever having seen him, she passed through a little town in Spain, famous for its manufacture of gloves and stockings. The magistrates of the place, thought they could not better express their joy, on the arrival of their new Queen, than by presenting her with a sample of those manufactures for which their town was so celebrated.

The Major Domo who conducted the Princess, received the gloves very graciously; but when the stockings were presented, he flung them away with great indignation, and severely reprimanded the magistrates for having been guilty of the egregious indecorum and indecency, of offering such a present. Know, said he, that a Queen of Spain has no legs. The young Queen who at this time understood the Spanish language but imperfectly, and who had often been frightened with stories of Spanish jealousy, imagined that when she arrived at Madrid they would immediately cut her legs off; just as the Chinese render their women cripples, to keep them at home, and preserve them from being exposed to temptation.

As the young Queen was altogether too fond of motion, to be willing to part with her legs, she fell a crying, and begged the Major Domo to conduct her back to Germany, protesting, most seriously, that she never could endure the operation. It was not without great difficulty, and after many tedious explanations that her attendants could appease her. Philip IV, is said never in his life to have laughed heartily but once; and that was when the story of his new wife was first told him.

—Boston Atlas.



## AGRICULTURAL.

Rotation of Crops.—The following principles are laid down by Chapin for a rotation of crops:

1. All plants exhaust the soil. They are partially supported by the earth, the juices from which, constitute an important part of their nourishment.

2. All plants do not exhaust the soil equally. Air and water help to nourish them; different kinds of plants require the same nourishment in different degrees.

3. Plants of different kinds do not exhaust the soil in the same manner. Plants with spudded or tap roots, draw nourishment from layers of soil in contact with the lower part of the soil; while those whose roots are spread near the surface, exhaust only that part of the soil.

4. All plants do not restore to the soil either the same quantity or the same quality of manure.—The grains exhaust a soil the most, and repair the injury the least. While some leguminous plants restore to the soil a great portion of the juices they receive from it.

5. All plants do not foul the soil equally.—Plants are said to foul when they promote or permit the growth of weeds. Plants which have not large leaves fitted to cover the ground, foul the soil.

From the above principles the following conclusions have been drawn:

1. That however well prepared a soil may be, it cannot nourish a long succession of crops without becoming exhausted.

2. Each harvest impoverishes the soil to a certain extent, depending upon the degree of nourishment which it restores to the earth. The cultivation of spudded or tap roots, ought to succeed that of running and superficial roots.

3. It is necessary to avoid returning the same to the cultivation of the same, or analogous kinds of vegetables, in the same soil.

4. It is unwise to allow two kinds of plants, which admit of a ready growth of weeds among them, to be raised in succession.

5. Those plants that derive their principal support from the soil should not be sown, excepting when the soil is sufficiently provided with manure.

6. When the soil exhibits symptoms of exhaustion, from successive harvests, the cultivation of those plants which restore most to the soil should be resorted to.—The Yankee Farmer.

The Twin or Okra Cotton.—Some interesting particulars respecting this new species of cotton, as is detailed in a letter from a planter, is published in the Savannah Georgian. This discovery of it appears to have been entirely accidental. A gentleman of Augusta, Malabar, a few years ago bought some Petit Gulf seed. In a field sown with this seed a single stalk was observed without limbs, and having great numbers of bolls adhering immediately to the stock or in clusters on very short limbs. From these seeds the variety has been propagated. In 1837 the seed sold as high