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.

MY FIRST AND LAST SPEECH IN THE GENERAL COURT.

BY TOBIAS TURNIPTOP,

Ex-Representative from the Town of Squashboro'.

If I live a thousand years, I shall never forget the day I was chosen representative. Isaac Longlegs ran himself out of a year's growth to bring me the news, for I staid away from town meeting out of dignity, as the way is, being a candidate. At first I could'nt believe it, though when I spied Isaac coming round Slouch's corner with his coat-tails flapping in the wind, and pulling straight ahead for our house, I felt certain that something was the matter, and my heart began to bump, bump so, under my jacket, that 'twas a wonder it did'nt knock a button off. However, I put on a bold face, and when Isaac came bolting into the house, I pretended not to be thinking about it.

"Lieutenant Turniptop!" says Isaac, "hub, rah! You've got the election!"

"Got what?" says I, pretending to be surprised, in a coolish sort of a way.

"Got the election!" says he, "all hollow; we've got a majority of thirteen—a clear majority—clean, smack-smooth, and no two words about it!"

"Pooh!" says I, trying to keep cool, though at the same time I felt all over—I can't tell how, only my skin did'nt seem to fit me. "Pooh!" says I again; but the idea of going into public life, and being called "Squire Turniptop," was almost too much for me. I seemed to feel as if I was standing on the tip-top of the north pole, with my head above the clouds, the sun on one side and the moon on the other. "Got the election?" says I; "ahem! hem! hem!" And so I tried to put on a proper dignity for the occasion, but it was hard work. "Got a majority?" says I once more.

"As sure as a gun," says Isaac, "I heard it with my own ears. Squire Dobbs read it off to the whole meeting—'Tobias Turniptop has fifty-nine, and—is—chosen!'"

I thought I should have choked! six millions of glorious ideas seemed to be swelling up all at a time within me. I had just been reading Dr. Growler's sermon on the end of the world, but now I thought the world was just beginning.

"You're representative to the General Court!" said Isaac, striking his forefinger into the palm of his left hand, with as much emphasis as if a new world had been created. I felt more magnanimous than ever.

"I shan't accept," said I. (The Lord pardon me for lying.)

"Shan't accept," screamed out Isaac, in the greatest amazement, with his great goggle eyes starting out of his head. "Shall I go back and tell them so?"

"I mean I'll take it into consideration," said I, trying to look as important as I could. "It's an office of great responsibility, Isaac," said I, "but I'll think of it, and after due deliberation—if my constituents insist upon my going,—Isaac, what'll you take to drink?"

I could not shut my eyes to sleep all that night, and did nothing but think of the General Court, and how I should look in the great hall of the statehouse, marching up to my seat, to take possession. I determined right off, to have a bran new blue coat with brass buttons; but on second thought I remembered hearing Col. Crabapple say that the members wore their wrappers. So I concluded that my pepper and salt coat with the blue satinet pantaloons, would do very well. I decided though, to have my hat new ironed, and countermanded the orders for the cowhide boots, because kip-skin would be more genteel. In addition to this, because men in public life should be liberal, and make a more respectable appearance than common folks, I did'nt hesitate long in making up my mind about having a watch chain and an imitation breast-pin. "The check handkerchief," thinks I to myself, "is as good as new; and my pig-tail queue will look splendidly if the old ribbon is a little scoured!"

It can't be described how much the affairs of the nation occupied my mind all the next day and three weeks afterwards. Ensign Shute came to see me about the Byfield pigs, but I couldn't talk of anything but my legislative responsibilities. "The critters beat all natur' for squealing," says he, "but they eat capitally to pork."—"Ay," says I, "there must be a quorum before we can do any business."—"The old grubber," says he, "will soon be fat enough to kill."—"Yes," says I, "the speaker has the casting vote."—"Your new pig-pen," says he, "will hold 'em all."—"I shall take my seat," says I, "and be sworn in, according to the constitution."—"What's your opinion of corn cobs?" says he. "The governor and council will settle that," says I.

The concerns of the whole commonwealth seemed to be resting all on my shoulders as heavy as a fifty six, and every thing I heard or saw made me think of the dignity of my office. When I met a flock of geese on the schoolhouse green with Deacon Dogskin's old gander at the head, "There," says I, "goes the speaker and all the honorable members." This was talked of up and down the town, as a proof that I felt a proper responsibility; and Simon Sly said the comparison of the geese was capital. I thought so too. Every body wished me joy of my election, and seemed to expect great things; which I did not fail to lay to heart. So having the eyes of the whole community upon me, I could'nt help seeing that nothing would satisfy them if I did not do something for the credit of the town. Squire Dobbs, the chairman of our selectmen, preached me a long lecture on responsibility; "Lieutenant Turniptop," says he, "I hope you'll keep to the reputation of Squashborough."

"I hope I shall, Squire," says I, holding up my head, for I feel my dignity rising.

"It's a highly responsible office, this going to Gineral Court," says he.

"I'm altogether aware of that," says I, looking serious; "I'm aware of that, totally and officially."

"I'm glad you feel responsible," says he.

"I'm bold to say that I *do* feel the responsibility," says I—"and I feel more and more responsible, the more I think of it."

"Squashborough," says the Squire, "has always been a credit to the commonwealth—"

"Who doubts it?" says I.

"And a credit to the Gineral Court," says he.

"Ahem!" says I.

"I hope you'll let 'em know what's what," says he.

"I guess I know a thing or two," says I.

"But," says the Squire, "a representative can't do his duty to his constituents without knowing the constitution. It's my opinion you ought not to vote for the dog-tax."

"That's a matter that calls for due deliberation," says I. So I went home and began to prepare for my legislative duties. I studied the statute on cart-wheels, and the act in addition to an act entitled an act.

People may sit in their chimney-corners and imagine it's an easy thing to be a representative, but this is a very great mistake. For three weeks I felt like a toad under a harrow, such a weight of responsibility as I felt on thinking of my duties to my constituents. But when I came to think how much I was expected to do for the credit of the town, it was overwhelming. All the representatives of our part of the county had done great things for their constituents, and I was determined not to do less. I resolved, therefore, on the very first consideration, to stick to the following scheme.

To make a speech.

To make a motion for a bank in Squashborough.

To move that all salaries be cut down one half except the pay of the representatives.

To second every motion for adjournment,—And

Always to vote against the Boston members.

As to the speech, though I had not exactly made up my mind about the subject of it, yet I took care to have it all written beforehand. This was not so difficult as some folks may think; for, as it was all about my constituents and responsibility and Bunker Hill and heroes of seventy-six and dying for liberty, it would do for any purpose, with a few words tucked in here and there. After I had got it well by heart, I went down in Cranberry Swamp, out of hearing and sight of any body, and delivered it off, to see how it would go. It went off in capital style, till I got nearly through, when just as I was saying, "Mr. Speaker, here I stand for the Constitution," Tom Thumper's old he-goat popped out of the bushes behind, and gave me such a butt in the rear, that I was forced to make an adjournment to the other side of the fence, to finish it. After full trial, I thought it best to write it over again, and put in more responsibility, with something about "fought, bled and died."

When the time came for me to set off to Boston, you may depend upon it I was all of a twitter. In fact, I did not exactly know whether I was on my head or my heels. All Squashborough was alive: the whole town came to see me set out. They all gave me strict charge to stand up for my constituents and vote down the Boston members. I promised them I would, "for I'm sensible of my responsibility," says I. I promised, besides, to move heaven and earth to do something for Squashborough. In short, I promised every thing, because a representative could not do less.

At last I got to Boston; and being in good season, I had three whole days to myself before the session opened. By way of doing business, I went round to all the shops, pretending I wanted to buy a silk handkerchief. I managed it so as not to spend anything, though the shopkeepers were mighty sharp, trying to hook me for a bargain; but I had my eye-teeth cut, and took care never to offer within ninepence of the first cost. Sometimes they talked saucy in a joking kind of a way, if I happened to go more than three times to the same shop; but when I told them I belonged to the General Court, it struck them all of a heap, and they did not dare to do anything but make faces to one another. I think I was down upon them there.

The day I took my seat was a day of all the days in a year! I shall never forget it. I thought I had never lived till then. Giles Elderberry's exaltation when he was made hog-reeve, was nothing to it. As for the procession—that beat cock-fighting! I treated myself to half a sheet of gingerbread, for I felt as if my purse would hold out forever. However, I can't describe every thing. We were sworn in, and I took my seat, though I say it myself. I took my seat: all Boston was there to see me do it. What a weight of responsibility I felt!

It beats all nature to see what a difficulty there is in getting a chance to make a speech. Forty things were put to the vote and passed, without my being able to say a word, though I felt certain I could have said something upon every one of them. I had my speech all ready and was waiting for a chance to say "Mr. Speaker," but something always put me out. This was losing time dreadfully—however, I made it up in seconding motions, for I was determined to have my share in the business, out of regard for my constituents. It's true I seconded the motions on both sides of the question, which always set the other members a laughing, but says I to them, "That's my affair, how do you know what my principles are?"—At last two great questions were brought forward, which seemed too good to lose. These were the Dogtown turnpike, and the Cart-wheel question.—The moment I heard the last one mentioned, I felt convinced it was just the thing for me. The other members thought just so, for when it came up for discussion, a Berkshire member gave me a jog with the elbow, "Turniptop," says he "now is your time. Squashborough forever!" No sooner said than done; I twitched off my hat and called out "Mr. Speaker!"

As sure as you live, I had caught him at last; there was no one else who had spoken quick enough, and it was as clear as preaching I had the floor. "Gentleman from Squashborough!" says he,—I heard him say it. "Now," thinks I to myself, "I *must* begin, whether or no." "Mr. Speaker," says I again; but I only said it to gain time, for I could hardly believe I had the floor, and all the congregated wisdom of the commonwealth was listening and looking on; the thought of it made me crawl all over. "Mr. Speaker," says I, once more. Everybody looked round at me. Thinks I to myself a second time, "there's no clawing off, this hitch. I *must* begin; and so here goes!"

Accordingly I gave a loud hem! and said "Mr. Speaker," for the fourth time. "Mr. Speaker," said I, "I rise to the question"—though it did not strike my mind, that I had been standing up ever since I came into the house. "I rise to the question, Mr. Speaker," said I. But to see how terribly strange some things work! No sooner had I rose to the question and got a chance to make my speech, than I began to wish myself a hundred miles off. Five minutes before, I was as bold as a lion, but now I should have been glad to crawl into a knot-hole. "Mr. Speaker, I rise to the question," says I: but I am bound that instead of rising, my voice began to fall. "Mr. Speaker," said I, "I rise to the question," but the more I rose to the question, the more the question seemed to fall away from me. And just at that moment, a little fat round-faced man with a bald head, that was sitting right before me, speaks to another member and says, "What squeaking fellow is that!" It dashed me a good deal, and I don't know but I should have sat right down without another word, but Colonel Crabapple, the member from Turkeytown, gave me a twitch by the tail of my wrapper, "That's right, Turniptop," says he, "give them the grand touch!" This had a mighty encouraging effect, and so I hemmed and hawked three or four times, and at last made a beginning.

"Mr. Speaker," says I, "this is a subject of vital importance. The question is, Mr. Speaker, on the amendment. I have a decided opinion on that point, Mr. Speaker. I am altogether opposed to the last gentleman, and I feel bound in duty to my constituents, Mr. Speaker, and the responsibility of my office, to express my mind on this question. Mr. Speaker, our glorious forefathers fought, bled and died for glorious liberty. I am opposed to this question, Mr. Speaker,—my constituents have a vital interest in cart-wheels. Let us take a retrospective view, Mr. Speaker, of the present condition of all the kingdoms and tribes of the earth. Look abroad, Mr. Speaker, over the wide expansion of nature's universe beyond the blazing billows of the Atlantic! Behold Bonaparte going about like a roaring thunderbolt! All the world turned topsy-turvy, and there is a terrible rousing among the sons of men. But to return to the subject, Mr. Speaker. I am decidedly opposed to the amendment: it is contrary to the principles of freedom and the principles of responsibility. Tell it to your children, Mr. Speaker, and to your children's children, that freedom is not to be bartered, like Esau, for a mess of potash. Liberty is the everlasting birthright of the grand community of nature's freemen. Sir, the member from Boston talks of horse-shoes, but I hope we shall stand up for our rights. If we only stand up for our rights, Mr. Speaker, our rights will stand up for us, and we shall all stand uprightly, without shivering or shaking. Mr. Speaker, these are awful times;—money is hard to get, whatever the gentleman from Rowley may say about pumpkins. A true patriot will die for his country. May we all imitate the glorious example and die for our country. Give up keeping cows! Mr. Speaker! What does the honorable gentleman mean? Is not agriculture to be cultivated? He that sells his liberty, Mr. Speaker, is worse than a cannibal, a hottentot or a hippopotamus. The member from Charlestown has brought his pigs to the wrong market. I stand up for cart-wheels, and so do my constituents. When our country calls us, Mr. Speaker, with the voice of a speaking-trumpet, may we never be backward in coming forward: and all honest men ought to endeavor to keep the rising generation from falling. Not to dwell upon this point, Mr. Speaker, let us now enter into the subject: In the first place,"—

Now it happened that just at this moment the little fat, bald-headed, round-faced man wriggled himself round exactly in front of me, so that I could not help seeing him; and just as I was saying "rising generation," he twisted the corners of his mouth into a queer sort of a pucker on one side, and rolled the whites of his little grey, winking eyes right up in my face. The members all stared straight at us, and made a kind of a snickering *cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck*, that seemed to run whistling over the whole house. I felt awfully bothered,—I can't tell how,—but it gave me such a jerk off the hooks that I could not remember the next words; so I felt in my pocket for the speech—it was not there:—then in my hat,—it was not there:—then behind me, then both sides of me, but lo and behold! it was not to be found. The next instant I remembered that I had taken it out of my hat in a shop in Dock Square that morning, while I was comparing the four corners of my check handkerchief with a bandanna. That was enough,—I knew as quick as lightning that I was a gone goose. I pretended to go on with my speech, and kept saying, "rising generation, my constituents, enter into the subject, Mr. Speaker." But I made hawk's meat of it you may depend. Finally nobody could stand it any longer; the little fat man with the round face put his thumb to the side of his nose, and made a sort of twinkling with his fingers; the Speaker began to giggle, and the next minute the whole house exploded like a bomb shell. I snatched up my hat under cover of the smoke, made one jump to the door, and was down stairs before you could say "Second the motion."

A physician in this city called a few days since to see a young man who was quite sick, and among other things he left a blister plaster, which he ordered to be placed on the young man's chest. He called the next morning to see his patient, and inquiring how the blister had operated, was informed by the lady of the house that as the young man had no chest, she had put the blister on his trunk; and sure enough, there the blister was, stuck upon a large wooden trunk by the side of the bed.—*Pawtucket Gazette.*

A CHAMBER SCENE.

She rose from her untroubled sleep,
And put aside her soft brown hair,
And in a tone as low and deep
As Love's first whisper, breathed a prayer!
Her snow white hands together press'd—
Her blue eye shelter'd in its lid—
The folded linen on her breast
Just swelling with the charms it hid;
And from her long and flowing dress
Escaped a bare and slender foot,
Whose fall upon the earth did press
Like a snow-flake, soft and mute:
And there from slumber soft and warm,
Like a young spirit fresh from heaven,
She bowed her light and graceful form,
And humbly prayed to be forgiven.

Oh God! if souls uncoiled as these
Need daily mercy at thy throne—
If she, upon her bended knees,
Our loveliest and our purest one—
She with a face so clear and bright,
We deem her some stray child of light—
If she with those soft eyes in tears,
Day after day, in her first years,
Must kneel and pray for grace from thee,
What far, far deeper need have we?
How hardly if she win not heaven,
Will our wild errors be forgiven.

From the Cultivator.

THE PAGEANTRY OF REPUBLICS.

BY JUDOR BURL.

To maintain republican principles and a republican government, it is necessary that we preserve republican habits and customs. We affect to be free, yet we glory in being the slaves of party. We profess toleration, yet we proscribe as unworthy of public confidence the brother who dissents from our political creed, or who refuses to support our candidate, be he ever so bad. We are republicans by profession, but aristocrats or sycophants in practice.

Our news journals, for the last two months, have been filled with accounts of pageant processions, laudatory addresses and sumptuous entertainments, got up, ostensibly, in honor of distinguished citizens, whose duties or pleasures have induced them to travel abroad. Thousands, many thousands, have been expended, a vast deal of time has been wasted, and some of the more dangerous of the human passions invoked, in getting up these shows—not so much, we suspect, with the view of doing real honor to the individual, as of strengthening the interests of party, and subserving the sinister purposes of individuals.

As republicans, we ridicule the adulatory homage paid to the crowned heads and privileged classes of Europe, by what we term an ignorant and enslaved population; and yet we outstrip them in indiscriminate and fulsome panegyric, and partisan worship. Our constitution and laws regard public officers as public servants, not elevated for their own, but for the public good; yet, in our practice, we treat them as our masters, and it would be no wonder, such is human propensity to abuse power, if they soon assume to be such. Rome granted triumphs to her distinguished men; and these distinguished men became her masters. Elections by the legitimate authorities soon ceased to be voluntary; and Cæsars were raised up by the tumultuous acclamations of the mob, of the army, to curse and enslave the republic.

We would by no means withhold from public officers, the respect due to their stations, nor from distinguished individuals, the honor due to their merits. We would as cordially tender our hand, and our respects, to merit, as any man, yet we verily think that this respect and this honor would be more compatible with our republic professions, less derogatory to our dignity as freemen, and equally complimentary to those whom we would honor, if processions, cavalcades and military parade were dispensed with. It is but too apparent, that these pageants are got up for party, and not for public benefit; and that if tolerated, they will increase in frequency and in mischief. It is not the evils that have happened that we so much deprecate, but the evils that are likely to grow out of these anti-republican precedents.

It should be a man's virtues, his public services, and his fidelity to our republican institutions, that should recommend him to public confidence and support—and these are likely to be known whenever they are developed—and not the number of partizans which can be drummed up to swell his cavalcade. A good man needs not these extraneous anti-republican contrivances, and a bad man is certainly not entitled to them.

We intend no political or personal allusions in these remarks. We consider the practice a bad one, inconsistent with our republican professions, one that is growing upon us, and one that should be discountenanced by the sober, reflecting part of the community.

JUDICIAL COMBAT.

A letter from Tiflis mentions the occurrence of a single combat, in one of the Caucassian districts, which is worthy of the chivalrous spirit of the middle ages. Prince Shenchedeli, of the race of the Kabardes, having carried off the daughter of Bey of Bolyraki, kept her in his possession without offering compensation by making her his spouse.—The young maiden's father enraged at the disgrace which this atrocious deed had brought upon his family, one of the oldest and richest in that part of the country, ordered Meslick, his eldest son, to challenge the prince to single combat. The Prince took up the gauntlet, and the 26th of October was appointed for the encounter. Punctually at noon on that day the two combatants met in the plain of Arsiana, between Derbend and Buinacki, both gallantly mounted, and accompanied by a retinue of twelve Nukirs, or knight followers, well horsed, bearing the banners of their respective chiefs. The whole party were habited in coats of mail and steel gloves with armlets and plumed helmets of the same metal, and bore gorgeous shields, each with a spear in his right hand and sword on his left side. Prince Shenchedeli's banner displayed a golden falcon on a green ground; the Bey's a black bear, surmounted by three argent stars on a scarlet field. Four individuals of advanced ages, chosen by either party as judges were seen seated on an elevated stage; these announced to the challenger and challenged that they had adjudged, that, which ever of the combatants in chief, should be thrown out of his saddle, and which ever of the two parties of knight followers should be worsted or driven from the field, should be held amenable to whatever resolve the conqueror should lay down. The encounter was opened on both sides with great spirit, and soon became of the most obstinate character; each individual singled out his antagonist, and fourteen knights were laid low, when Meslick, though streaming with blood from three desperate wounds, suddenly made a violent and dexterous lunge at Prince Shenchedeli, and forced him out of his saddle. The only condition which the conqueror exacted from the fallen, was that he should espouse his sister. The conquered Prince obeyed, and the espousals were celebrated accordingly on the 27th of the same month.

The Blessin' of livin' in a free country.—Jim Byrnes, a tight little lump of a boy, "from Cork's own town," arrived yesterday in the Isaac Hicks from Liverpool, and proceeded to the boarding house of Nicholson Matthewson, of 330 Water St. Here Jim soon found his way to the bottom of several glasses of cogniac, which had the miraculous effect of stirring up his wrath and his patriotism to the boiling point, and also of making him very loquacious.

"This is Ameriky isn't it?" said he to the landlord.

"It is," answered the landlord.

"I knew it was," replied Jim with a flourish; "an if any has any thing to say fornest it, let him only come this way an I'll make poor house broth ov him. Landlord can't we all do as we like in Ameriky?"

"To be sure we can," replied the smiling Bonaface.

"Thin, be Jazus, here goes," exclaimed the patriot Mr. Byrnes, "here goes to show what a blessin it is to live in a free country."

Saying which he seized a cut glass decanter by the neck, and in an awkward attempt to break "mine host's head with it," pulverized it against the counter; he then paid his respects to a couple of chairs, which he converted into excellent kindling wood in a little less than no time, and was proceeding to prove his patriotism on a dresser of cups and saucers, when some persons interfered.

"What in the devil are you doing man!" said they.

"Why ye spalpeens, don't yees see I'm enjoying me liberty Garryowan, an down wid the peelers."

And here he made mincemeat of a looking-glass, but was prevented from doing any other mischief, by being carried away to the lock up. In the morning Mr. Byrnes was taken all aback—and declared that he used to have a better opinion of it—when he was informed that they had such things as laws, watchhouses, and magistrates, in America and his patriotism was also considerably damped by perceiving that a quart or so of American brandy can give a man a d—l of a headache. The charge about rioting and breaking not being preferred, the magistrate fined Mr. Byrnes $2 for being drunk, and gave him some excellent advice, touching the model by which he should regulate his future conduct.

Slander.—It is a poor soul that cannot bear slander. No decent man can get along without it—at least none that are actively engaged in the struggle of business life. Have you a bad fellow in your employment, and discharge him, he goes round and slanders you—refuse another some very modest boon which he has asked, he goes round and slanders you—let your conduct be such as to create the envy of another, he goes round and slanders you. In fine, as we said before, we would not give a cent for a person who is not slandered—it shows that he is either a milk-sop or a fool. No—no—earn a bad name from a bad fellow, (and you can easily do so by correct conduct,) it is the only way to prove that you are entitled to a good one.

Never branded before.—A rogue was branded on the hand, and before he went from the bar, the judge bade them search if he were not branded before.—"No, my lord, I was never branded *before*." They searched, and found the mark. "Oh, you're an impudent slave, what think you now?"—"I cry your honor mercy," says he, "for I ever thought my shoulders stood behind."

Unconscious Irony.—The other Sunday the clerk of one of the Dissenting Chapels in the city, previous to the commencement of the service, dirtied his hands by placing them accidently on some new black paint, and unconsciously rubbing his face, besmeared it so as to resemble a son of Vulcan.—He turned into the singing desk, where he naturally attracted much attention, which was considerably increased when he gave out the first line of the hymn, "*Behold the brightness of my face.*" The congregation could no longer preserve their gravity, and an involuntary laugh burst from every corner of the chapel.

Tricks of Paris.—The day I purchased them (bracelets) was marked by the following circumstances. I was walking across one of the bridges in Paris, when a well dressed man suddenly threw himself over the parapet into the Seine. Fortunately he fell into a place where the water was not very deep, and he was speedily rescued from his perilous predicament. A crowd immediately surrounded him—I amongst the rest. He opened his eyes, his words were, '*Mes—enfans—mes pauvres enfens!* My children, my poor children!' These piteous exclamations moved me, and I immediately gave the man a couple of Napoleons, they being all the money I had about me. 'Dear bless you, sir,' said an Englishman, whom the occurrence also attracted to the spot, 'he's done that already three times this week. He regularly drowns, or poisons, or stabs himself, four or five times every week.' 'Why does he do that?' said I; 'is he mad?' 'Mad! no;' returned the man; 'he is a clever fellow on the contrary, and picks up a good deal of money in this way. It's an excellent business. He lives better by dying five or six times a week than I do by working hard.' 'What! is he an imposter, then?' cried I, naturally indignant at the gross manner in which I had been imposed upon. 'That's a harsh word, sir,' answered the man; 'but he's something like it, though.'