

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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TERMS OF THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

C H A S. F. FISHER,
Editor and Proprietor.

The WESTERN CAROLINIAN is published every Friday Morning, at \$2 per annum in advance—or \$2 50 if paid within three months—otherwise \$3 will invariably be charged. No paper will be discontinued except at the Editor's discretion, until all arrears are paid, if the subscriber is worth the subscription; and the failure to notify the Editor of a wish to discontinue, at least ONE MONTH before the end of the year subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement.

Advertisements conspicuously and correctly inserted at \$1 per square—(of 340 ems, or fifteen lines of this size type)—for the first insertion, and 25 cent for each continuance. Court and Judicial advertisements 25 per cent higher than the above rates. A deduction of 33 1/3 per cent from the regular prices will be made to yearly advertisers. Advertisements sent in for publication, must be marked with the number of insertions desired, or they will be continued till paid, and charged accordingly.

Letters addressed to the Editor on business must come FREE OF POSTAGE, or they will not be attended to.

MISCELLANEOUS.

True and False Delicacy.—Above every other feature which adorns the female character, delicacy stands foremost within the province of good taste. Not that delicacy which is perpetually in quest of something to be ashamed of, which makes a merit of a blush, and simpers at the false construction its own ingenuity has put upon an innocent remark; this spurious kind of delicacy is as far removed from good taste, as from good feeling, and good sense; but that high minded delicacy which maintains its pure and undeviating white amongst women as in the society of men; which abhors that necessary duty, and can speak without enthusiasm and kindness of things which would be ashamed; indeed, to smile or to blush; that delicacy which knows how to confer a benefit without wounding the feelings of another, and which understands also how, and when, to receive one—that delicacy which can give alms without displaying and advice without assuming, and which passes not over the hand or susceptible being in creation. This is the delicacy which forms an important part of good taste, that where it does not exist as a natural instinct, it is taught as the first principle of good manners, and considered as the universal passport to good society. Nor can this, the greatest charm of female character, if totally neglected in youth, ever be acquired in after life. When the mind has been accustomed to what is vulgar, or gross, the edge of feeling is gone, and nothing can restore it. It is comparatively easy to maintain the page of thought unspotted, by closing it against every unproper image; but when once such images are allowed to mingle in the imagination, so as to be constantly revived by memory, and thus to give them tone to the habitual mode of thinking and conversing, the beauty of the female character may, indeed, be said to be gone, and its glory departed.—*Mrs. Ellis's Daughters of England.*

"I hate birds of all kinds," said Seedy to Oats, the other day.

"Why?" asked Oats compassionately.

"Because," said Seedy, "I am always afraid they'll peck their bills!"

A tear trickled down the mug of Oats.

Not Bad.—A maniac asked if he would like to live forever, replied, that considering the state of the times, and the weakness of the Government, he could not care about living more than half of it.

Balloon Ascension.—Thrilling Account.—A Mr. Hugh Parker made an ascension in a balloon from Mobile, a few days ago, and landed about four hours afterwards, somewhere in the swamps of Florida. The descent was a perilous one, and we expect the following notice of it from his account:—"I had always a desire to soar to as great an elevation as it is possible to arrive at, and, having upwards of 60 lbs. of incendiary power, I determined to gratify my wish. Away I sped—continually ascending—leaving the clouds as far beneath me as they were above when I started. I now began to feel cold, large drops of perspiration oozing from my skin, and a tingling sound in my ears, as if something cracking in my head, a vacant feeling and difficulty of respiration—not very cold. The air in my bottle freezing, I took hold of it, in order to try if a drink would calm my nausea the longer; the neck stuck to my hand, and drew the skin off as if blistered by fire. Still uneasy, the drops of perspiration had turned to liquid matter resembling yellow oil—my tongue became swollen, my nails and teeth were loosened, and every joint in me and all my energies appeared relaxed. I looked up, and saw the gas rushing from the neck of my balloon, and endeavored to open my valve to effect its escape, but had not strength to accomplish it. I feared the result, and was not kept long in suspense. I judged myself, at this time six miles high, when the balloon was rent on the top. Away went the gas! Can I describe my feelings at that moment? No, no! as whirling down I came, with a feeling as if the whole system was driving to my head. I entered a dense cloud, the substance of which rushed past me with a winging sound like steam from the escape pipe of an engine. The clouds were some what warmer than the air above, which considerably reanimated me. Looking, I saw that the batton was forced hard against the netting from atmospheric pressure; this circumstance in a measure calmed my agitation, although still descending with all my strength, let go my grapple to its full extent, and noticing that I was approaching the earth with great velocity, braced myself up, to abide the result, and how must I express my thanks to the Dispenser of Events, the giver and preserver of life, for my miraculous preservation, the bulging body of my balloon struck one side of a pine tree, from which cause I was saved, and found myself, instead of being dashed to the ground, only forced against

A **Arcotote.**—An elderly lady, a descendant of Miles Standish, telling her age, remarked that she was born on the twenty-second day of April. Her husband who was by, observed, "I always thought you was born on the first day of April." People might well judge so, observed the matron, "in the choice I made of a husband."

A Remarkable Dream.—The lovers of the macabre will be delighted with the following from the Norfolk Herald:

"The man who professes to be a believer in dreams and other extraordinary auguries of coming events, is sure to be regarded by nine-tenths of mankind as a simpleton, if not a stark idiot; yet that the most calamitous events have been indicated by such premonitions, is an indisputable fact; and it is equally certain that such events have in some cases been controlled by a strict attention to the warnings thus mysteriously given. It is unnecessary for us to specify instances of such warnings as they must be familiar to most readers of historical records. But there is one connected with the stationing in a five-sided figure, and every man recent melancholy event of the blowing up of the taking a crack at his right-hand neighbor—Medora, which remains to be recorded, and which

Commercial Advertiser.

the body of the tree. As soon as I recovered my shattered senses, I hauled up my grapple, lashed the car to the tree, have the bite of the rope around a branch of the pine, and descended to the ground.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

WHAT IS HOPE?

At a dying lamp, the last bright spark,
That flashes up ere all is dark,
The ray upon the tear of grief,
The Polar star of true belief?
The faint yet sweet life-like streak
That dawns on wan Consumption's cheek—
Dawn! no! alas! its fleeting glow
Is sunset on a hill of snow—
The far-cast gaze of her who grieves
Some sea-worn barque she longs to meet—
The thing that dying patriot feels—
Beneath the tyrant's iron heel!—
The tear-drop in the Judge's eye,
Mark'd by the wretch he dooms to die—
A dream of life within his cell,
Who wakes to hear his own death-bell—
A single fibre that is loose—
Seen by him in the hangman's noose—
Cain's bloody hand charr'd o'er again,
As if it never had a stain—
The smile that dead men's tips do wear,
When mourning tools cry "Life is here!"
A riven shield—a broken brand—
Grasped tightly by some dying hand—
The last—loose—rivets loose—brake plate,
That man opposed to his late.

From the Savannah Georgian.

FACTS IN THE HISTORY OF COTTON.

Until the beginning of the 18th century the small quantity of cotton required in England was brought from Cyprus and Smyrna in the Mediterranean. The average annual importation into England, from 1700 to 1705, 1,171,000 lbs.

In 1705, cotton yarn was first spun by machinery by Mr. Wyatt.

In 1753, on the 25th November, Mr. Philip Miller, of Chelsea, England, presented the Trustees for the settlement of Georgia, a paper of cotton seed, which reached here in March, 1754. In 1755, the Dutch Colony of Sappano, in South America, first sent home cotton.

In 1741, the imports of raw cotton into England were 1,600,000 lbs.

In 1742, the first cotton spinning mill was erected at Birmingham; the motive power was animal or horses.

In 1760, the entire value of cotton manufactured goods in England, was valued at only \$300,000.

In 1761, Arkwright (afterwards Sir Richard) obtained his first patent for his spinning frame, though it was not brought to any great perfection until some years subsequent.

In 1767, James Hargraves invented the spinning Jenny, which spun eight threads instead of one, and was ultimately improved to an astonishing extent. The imports of raw cotton this year were only about 5,000,000 lbs.

In 1770, cotton was first exported from England, inhabiting the exportation of utensils employed in the cotton manufacture.

In 1779, the mule Jenny was invented.

In 1781, Ireland first exported cotton goods to England, having sent over cotton 237 lbs. manufactures and mixtures of cotton to the value of \$157 cotton stockings, 17,333 pairs.

In 1782, Brazil first exported cotton to England.

There was imported this year into England 11,828,000 lbs., and exported 121,000 lbs., the quantity manufactured is set down at eleven and a half millions lbs.

In 1785, the power loom was invented by Rev. Mr. Cartwright.

Steam engines of Watt's invention were first introduced as the motive power of machinery in cotton factories.

In 1786, Chloride first used as a bleaching agent.

In 1787, cotton spinning machinery first set up in France.

In 1789, Sea Island Cotton first introduced into the South, and short staple cotton began to be cultivated.

In 1790, Mr. Slater erected the first cotton mill in America, at Pawtucket R. I. The village in its vicinity is now called Haverhill.

In 1792, Eli Whitney of Connecticut, but then of Georgia, invented the cotton gin.

In 1798, Cotton mills introduced into Switzerland.

Exports from the United States, 9,300,000 lbs.

Prices in America 39 cents; in England 22d, to 45d.

Value of American exports, three and a half millions dollars.

In 1803, first Cotton factory built in New Hampshire.

In 1815, the first power loom introduced into the United States, at Waltham, Massachusetts.

In 1822, first cotton factory erected at Lowell.

In 1823, Egypt first exported cotton to England.

In 1826, Robert's self-acting mule spinner invented in England.

This from £300,000, the value of cotton goods manufactured in England in 1760, it rose in a little more than a century to over £34,000,000.

In 1841, the capital invested in the Eastern States of this Union, in the cotton manufacture was \$10,612,000.

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we class among the most remarkable which have fallen within our notice. Three weeks before it occurred, the sad catastrophe was distinctly represented in a dream to the mate of the Jason (one of the fine steamers for which the Medora was intended.) He saw her making trial of her machinery—saw her blow up—saw the helpless victim of the explosion in the water round her struggling for life—saw the last sink, and identified Capt. Sutton (her commander) clad in a white dress. He told his dream afterwards—and was laughed at. The Jewess, it will be remembered, left here for Baltimore on Thursday night, (after the explosion,) and passed in the bay, the next morning, the steamer Georgia, on her way down to Norfolk; and when passing the G's flag mast, he exclaimed in a tone of grief—"

"There! my dream is out—the Medora is blown up!" The boat passed each other far distant to hail, and it was not known to those on board the Jewess until her arrival in Baltimore, that such was indeed the melancholy fact."

Discovery for Gardener.—Plants will grow most luxuriantly beneath glass of a green color. Beneath the yellow and red glasses, the natural process is entirely checked. Indeed it will be found that at any period during the early life of a plant, its growth may be checked by exposing it to the action of red or yellow light.

This discovery is announced by Mr. Hunt, the Secretary of the Royal Polytechnic Society, in England, who says, in reference to it: Blue glass admits the blue or chemical rays, to the exclusion, or nearly so, of all others; yellow glass admits nearly the perversion of the luminous rays, while red glass cuts off all but the heating rays, which pass freely. Yellow and red rays are destructive to germination, whereas, under the influence of violet, indigo, or blue light, the process is quickened.

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