

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.

CHAS. P. FISHER, Editor and Proprietor.

The WESTERN CAROLINIAN is published every Friday Morning, at \$2 per annum in advance...

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Ghost Outwitted.—A short time ago a joke too good not to be narrated, was played upon a jolly old worthy at one of our mans in the town...

FROM THE PLEASANT.

TRAIRED ON FIRE.—While some of our party were digging into the sand near the edge of the stream with the hope of finding water more fresh, and others were enjoying the luxury of a bath, a loud report as of a cannon was heard in the direction of the camp, and a dark smoke was seen suddenly to arise.

FROM THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

PERILOUS POSITION OF ST. PETERSBURG.—It is melancholy to contemplate the constant danger in which this brilliant capital is placed. If Mr. Leib's picture is not over charged, the occurrence of a strong westerly wind and high water, just at the breaking up of the ice, would at any time suffice to occasion an inundation sufficient to drown the whole population and to convert the entire city with all its sumptuous palaces into a chaotic mass of ruin.

THE WINDS. BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT. Ye winds, ye ungodly currents of the air, softly ye played, a few brief hours ago...

How are ye changed! Ye take the cataract's sound; Ye take the whirlpool's fury, and its might; The mountain shudders as ye sweep the ground...

The weary fowls of heaven make wing in vain, To escape your wrath; ye seize and dash them dead. Against the earth ye drive the roaring rain...

Ye dart upon the deep, and straight is heard A wilder roar, and men grow pale, and pray; Ye fling its floods around you, as a bird Plunges o'er his shivering plumage the fountain's spray...

Why rage ye thus!—a nagrant life for liberty Hips made you mad; ye tyrant, ranging through seas, Hiss chained your pinions till ye wrenched them free...

O ye wild winds! a mightier Power than yours In chains upon the shores of Europe lies; The scepter'd throng, whose fetters he endures...

Yet oh! when that wrong'd spirit of our race Shall break, as soon he must, his long-worn chains, And leap in freedom from his prison-place...

FROM THE NEW YORK STANDARD.

THE PRIDE AND THE MISERY OF ENGLAND.—The situation of England, notwithstanding all her pride of character, is deplorable in the deepest degree. By the advice recently received, the melancholy fact is incontrovertibly established...

There, on the one hand we see the visions of military and naval glory and grandeur, which haunt the eyes and the hearts of the rulers, and light up the lurid fires of an unquenchable ambition to make the subjugated world bow before her arms...

But may he, like the Spring-time, come abroad, Who craves winter's eyes with gentle night, When in the genial breeze, the breath of God, Comes pointing up the untroubled springs to light...

Text: "Owe no man any thing."—Keep out of debt. Avoid it as you would war, pestilence and famine. Shut it as you would the devil. Hate it with a perfect hatred. Abhor it with an entire and absolute abhorrence.

FROM THE NEW YORK STANDARD.

The situation of England, notwithstanding all her pride of character, is deplorable in the deepest degree. By the advice recently received, the melancholy fact is incontrovertibly established...

The glory of England, that has been the subject of such repeated and fulsome eulogy, and which glitters so gorgeously in the character of her conquests and her unprovoked wars in Egypt, India and China, and is reflected in the magnificence of her monarchy, her nobility and gentry...

There, on the one hand we see the visions of military and naval glory and grandeur, which haunt the eyes and the hearts of the rulers, and light up the lurid fires of an unquenchable ambition to make the subjugated world bow before her arms...

But the authorities of Great Britain have been inattentive to this paramount duty to their people. They have given them taxation and oppression for their allegiance and fidelity.

These measures of relief, however, to be effectual, must be far more thorough and radical, than have as yet been suggested. They must consist in the entire repeal of, or a very extensive amelioration in the character of her laws, so as to greatly reduce the price of bread by the admission of foreign grain, and flour almost free of duty.

The rulers of England must also greatly reduce the enormous cost of their monarchical establishment and the Queen herself, if humanity is a virtue she possesses, must set the example.

Text: "Owe no man any thing."—Keep out of debt. Avoid it as you would war, pestilence and famine. Shut it as you would the devil. Hate it with a perfect hatred. Abhor it with an entire and absolute abhorrence.

walls—peddle in tin ware—do anything that is honest and useful, rather than run in debt. As you value comfort, quiet, independence, keep out of debt.

A Singular Story.—The Concord N. H. Statesman of Friday publishes a most singular deposition, taken before a justice of the peace at Grafton, in that State.

Mr. Waitcher stepped to the fire place to get the light, to see what the noise came from, or what caused it. As he took the light and turned around toward the bed, we both saw the room lighted up all at once, with an unearthly crimson colored light.

We were both transfixed—both stood there side by side, as Norris had risen up, Waitcher still holding the candle in his hand and no fire in the fire place.

The editor of the Statesman, in connection with the affidavit, tells the following story: About forty or forty five years since, a man by the name of Hodgson was working in Landaff, N. H., as a joiner.

Noyes died a few days since, and on his death-bed, intimated that he had something to disclose before he could die in peace, but Mann went a day or two before his death, and spent a whole day with him, and nothing more was said about divulging any thing, and he expired apparently in the greatest mental agony and under horrible remorse of conscience, frequently exclaiming O God! forgive me that one sin.

A school boy, asked to translate the axiom Poeta nascitur non fit, rendered it after the following literal fashion: "A man born a poet is fit for nothing else."

BLANDERING THE LADIES BEHIND THEIR BACKS.—Boston Post.

A Bashful Man.—The following police report from a Dublin paper, is done up in a style of excellence that shows the author, when writing it, knew what he was about:

Our College street police court was yesterday enlivened by the following somewhat whimsical case:—A tall, athletic gentleman, connected with one of the learned professions, was brought by two constables of the E. division, in company with some of his friends, before their worship and charged with having outraged public decency by having committed his lady frame to the waves which "gently swell and softly flow" upon the strand of Kingstown.

Magistrate.—"But, sir, the constable was perfectly right in apprehending you, if he conceived you were outraging public decency."

Prisoner.—"How could he conceive so!—Ah, sir, 'conception is a blessing'—but not as a police constable conceives. [Laughter.] I am a peculiarly bashful man—modest even to a fault; and I do assure you, sir, that I am the last man in the world that would outrage decency, either publicly or privately. Had I seen a lady coming I do verily believe that, like the heroic youth who did the same in the waters of the Ohio, I also would have drowned myself, and died in the cause of extreme delicacy on the instant. [Great laughter.]"

Magistrate.—"It would be a little too much to expect you to go to such lengths; but you might have selected some retired locality."

Prisoner.—"And so I did, your worship and as I did. Come down with me on the train, (I'll pay your fare) and judge for yourself. Why, Zimzansman might have written upon solid ground on the book where I sprang into the deep. It is really too hard that a gentleman cannot refresh himself with a tumble into the salt sea without being molested by those greatest enemies of the human race, the police, the police. Ah, my beautiful Naples! how often have I stood in the pellucid waters of thy enchanting bay—unmolested by habitations of any sort—abandoning myself to the easy and graceful movements of unfeathered nature, and nobody there to fault with me, or to infringe my liberty."

Bulweric, when he was interrupted by the magistrate, who told him that they would not enforce the penalty this time, if he would promise never again to offend in a similar manner.

Prisoner.—"The next time I bathe, your worship, it shall be in a little creek on the Wicklow shore, where I verily believe three people have not been since the flood." [Laughter.]

The prisoner then bowed gracefully and left the office.

FEDERAL DECEPTION.

By the Federal Tariff bill which has passed the House, coarse printed calicoes are valued at THIRTY CENTS PER YARD, which cost only SEVEN AND A HALF CENTS per yard, and on this false, arbitrary and iniquitous valuation they impose a tax of thirty per cent, by which the poor are taxed ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY per cent, or four times as high as the rich. This is the grossest injustice that the mind is capable of conceiving.—Chillicothe Advertiser.

FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

FACT NO. 1.

Take the period of sixteen years from 1824 to 1841, (both inclusive) the first eight of which were years of high tariffs, and the last eight of which were years of comparatively free trade.

During the first eight years, our total exports were \$469,198,564, being at the rate of an annual average of about \$58,000,000.

During the last eight years, our total exports were \$768,332,362, being at the rate of an annual average of \$96,000,000.

The annual average of increase is \$39,000,000, being vastly greater than the increase of our population during the same time.

The great and ruling law of trade is, that imports and exports in any considerable period of time must balance each other in value, and if importation is destroyed or checked by high duties, exportation suffers in the same ratio, and with it, all those branches of industry, connected with the production of articles of export.

FACT NO. II.

Take the period of twenty years from 1821 to 1841, (both inclusive) and compare the first 12 with the last eight, so far as trade with the British empire (including all its dependencies) is concerned.

From 1821 to 1832, (both inclusive,) our total exports to the British dominions were \$483,116,913, and our total imports from the British dominions were \$459,626,422; showing an excess of exports of about \$23,000,000.

From 1833 to 1841, (both inclusive,) our total exports to the same dominions were \$473,132,871 and our total imports from the same dominions were \$459,807,395, showing an excess of exports about \$13,000,000.

Thus then, with respect to our trade with that nation, with which we trade the most, the free trade years show a balance of trade in our favor, and the high tariff years a balance of trade against us.

Undoubtedly importations are greater under free trade, and so also are exportations. The balance is always preserved, and high duties only direct industry from one channel to another, and less profitable channels.

FACT NO. III.

From 1821 to 1832, (both inclusive) being the