

ATLAS, W. ATWIN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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From the Knickerbocker. Pictures of the Past.

Four hundred years ago, in a dark and gloomy forest of a German city, there sat a man absorbed in silent meditation. He was alone, with his high thoughts and dreams of glory. A hand laid on his forehead, and he started, not with a start of alarm, but with a start of joy. It was the hand of a woman, and she was smiling at him. He looked up, and saw a woman with a face that was like a flower in the sun. She was the first woman he had ever seen, and she was the first woman he had ever loved. She was the first woman he had ever known, and she was the first woman he had ever met. She was the first woman he had ever seen, and she was the first woman he had ever loved. She was the first woman he had ever known, and she was the first woman he had ever met.

Arabian Pilgrims to Mecca.

A letter from Algiers contains the following: "I have just witnessed a ceremony very curious to European eyes—the return to their families of the caravan of pilgrims to Mecca. Their approach had been announced on the previous day, and the whole Arab population went out to meet them, some on horseback, others on foot, with their wives and children. Some of them carried flags of various colors, and many of them kept firing all their guns, without which there can be no fête with this singular people. I joined the cortege, and, after preceding for some time in the midst of this picturesque group, I perceived the looked-for travelers approaching. The whole party, with whom I was, commenced singing, or rather shouting, in chorus—O pilgrims, in the House of God have you seen the prophet of the Most High? We have seen him, and we left him at Mecca; he there prays, fasts, performs his ablutions, and reads the holy books, was the reply. After which they hastened to salute them, to kiss their garments, and to offer them hospitality. Happy was he who could entertain them, in order to draw down on his head the blessing of the All-Powerful. Each of the pilgrims had brought from Mecca small chaplets which they distributed to their relatives and also phials filled with water of Buzemzen, a fountain in the Holy House. This water is kept to sprinkle over the holy dead. The Arabs consider the journey to be attended with much danger, as the road is infested with robbers and the expedition occupies from twelve to fifteen months, during which time they have to undergo the hardships of a long and arduous journey, the endurance of which they however hope will be the means of their obtaining pardon for their sins."

The Indians called the falls of St. Anthony.

The Indians called the falls of St. Anthony, in the Mississippi river, *Mesa Anka*—the water that tangles. Do well while thou livest; but regard not what is said of it. Be content with desiring peace, and your posterity shall rejoice in hearing it. One Mr. B. Basswell was arrested at New Orleans a few days since, for attempting to sell a free black man, named Evans, to a gentleman from this city. Basswell is from North Carolina, and Evans was sold for him as a servant. "The fire is smoldering cold," said an old negro, who was trying to warm his toes in the moonlight on a snow bank!

The Wild Horse of Texas.

We rode through beds of small green hills to extent, their dark rocky crevices and rolling yellow leaves following the sun through the day from East to West, and dropping when the shadows fell over them. These were sometimes beautifully varied, with a delicate flower of an azure tint, yielding to perfume, but forming a pleasant contrast to the bright yellow of the sandstone. About half-past ten, we detected a creature in motion at an immense distance, and instantly started to pursue. Fifteen minutes riding brought us near enough to discover, by its form, that it could not be a buffalo, yet it was too large for an Antelope or a deer. On we went, and soon distinguished the erect head, the flowing mane, and the beautiful proportions of the wild horse of the prairie. He saw us, and he sped away with an arrowy flight, till he gained a distant eminence, when he turned to gaze at us, and suffered us to approach within four hundred yards, when he bounded away again in another direction with a graceful velocity delightful to behold. We paused, for to pursue him with a view to capture was entirely out of the question. When he discovered we were not following him, he also paused, and now seemed to be inspired with curiosity equal to our own; for after making a slight turn, he came nearer, and we could distinguish the inquiring expression of his clear, bright eye and the quick curl of his inflated nostrils. We had no hopes of catching, and did not wish to kill; but curiosity led us to approach him slowly. We had not advanced far before he moved away, and circling round, approached on the other side. It was a beautiful creature, a grayer, with jet black mane and tail. As he moved, we could see the muscles quiver in his glossy limbs, and when, half playful and half in flight, he tossed his flowing mane in the air, and flurried his long silky tail, our admiration knew no bounds, and we longed, hopelessly, to possess him. We might have done it, for the very possession of that liberty we longed to take from him, but we would not kill him. We fired a rifle over his head. He heard the shot and the whizz of the ball, and away he went, disappearing in the next hollow, showing himself again as he crossed the distant ridges, still scoping smaller, until he faded away to a speck on the far horizon's verge.—Kennedy's Texas.

McColloch's Leap.

The ground where Maj. Samuel McColloch took the great leap to avoid being made prisoner by the Indians, is but a few rods from Wheeling, and yet such is the negligence of those who inhabit the scenes of great exploits, that we venture the remark that not one dozen men have thought of Major McColloch, or been upon the table land from which that leap was taken, during the last year. It was on the 27th of September, 1777, that Fort Henry was attacked by Indians, led on by the notorious Simon Girty. The Indians were estimated at about five hundred warriors. The fort contained at first but forty-two fighting men, of these twenty-three were killed in the corn-field below the hill, before the attack on the fort. The siege of the fort was sustained by these 19 men, until the next morning about daylight, when Maj. McColloch brought 40 mounted men from Short creek to their relief. The gate of the fort was thrown open, and McColloch's men, though closely beset by the Indians, entered the fort in safety. McColloch, like a brave officer, was the last man, and he was cut off from his men and nearly surrounded by the Indians. He wheeled and galloped towards the hill, beset the whole way by Indians who might have killed him; but who wished to take him alive, that they might weak their vengeance more satisfactorily upon one of the bravest and most successful Indian fighters of the nation. He presumed he could ride along the ridge, and thus make his way again to Short creek, but on arriving at the top he was headed by a hundred savages, on the next they were gathering thick and fast up the hill, among the trees and bushes, while the main body were following his path. He was beset on all sides but the East, where the precipice was almost perpendicular, and the bed of the creek lay like a gulf near 200 feet beneath him. This too, would have been protected by the cautious savages, but the jutting crags of limestone and slate, forbade his climbing or descending it even on foot, and they did not for a moment suppose, that the fearless horseman or high mounted steed could survive the leap if made. But with the Major it was but a chance of death, and a narrow chance of life. He chose like a brave man. Sitting himself back in his saddle, and his feet firmly in the stirrups, with

A Good Story to Soothe People Who have had Luck.

It is often told of General Green, of the little State of Rhode Island, that while he was independent of all favorites, he had a capital knack of soothing the disappointment of defeated candidates for office; and, on such occasions, he used to tell a favorite story, in a style of inimitable humor, which reconciled every body who happened to have had a dash of ill fortune. The substance of the story is this, though the zest with which the General used to tell it, is of course lost when it is put in type: A field-slave in the South, who was a rare blessing, one day found in his trap a plump rabbit. He took him out alive, held him under his arm, poked him, and began to speculate on his qualities.

The Primer's Ten Commandments.

- 1. Thou shalt love the primer—for he is the standard of thy country. 2. Thou shalt subscribe to his paper—for he seeketh much to obtain the news, of which ye may not remain ignorant. 3. Thou shalt pay him for his paper—for he laboreth hard to give ye the news in due season. 4. Thou shalt advertise—that he may be able to give ye the paper. 5. Thou shalt not visit him, regardless of his office rules—deranging the paper. 6. Thou shalt touch nothing that will give the printer trouble—that he may not hold thee guilty. 7. Thou shalt not read the manuscript in the hands of the Compositor—for he will hold thee blameful. 8. Thou shalt not seek the news before it is printed—for he will give it you in due time. 9. Thou shalt ask him but few questions of things in the office—from it, thou shalt tell nothing. 10. Thou shalt not send abusive and threatening letters to the editor.

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Stenograph.

Stenographs have their uses as well as other things. Like printers, doctors and lawyers, they have to say some very odd things. The "great people" have been told it is "no trouble to show goods" all they believe it. See what it is coming to. On the last trip up the Missouri, the obliging steward Henry Dry, was loaded the "greenback" baggage of an obscure landing, and resorted to, supposing he wanted to take a passage. The boat swung round pulling horse and impatient. "Halloo, captain!" "Coming aboard!" "No—but I thought maybe somebody might be traveling to buy meat, and I'd just as you." "The Henry Dry gave a short and snappy, enough to burst for boilers, as she turned on her heel and got under way again—the great "unbanged" tramp man sweating that she had no accommodation for her.

Deep Ploughing.

"A word to Farmers" is spoken in the New York Tribune. In relation to deep ploughing, that journal says— "As to deep Ploughing, all science, all practice, all authority recommend it, and yet three-fourths of our farmers persist in skimming their land over from five to eight inches deep, or not half what is required. We saw field after field of corn which will not yield ten bushels to the acre, (and poor stuff at that) which might have been put up to its ears by deep Ploughing alone. Of course, one year would not exhibit all the benefit of this culture; though even the first year, if a dry one, would show its decided advantage; but let land have time to get used to Deep Ploughing, and it will tell you plainly how it relishes that treatment. And the man who plows deep is pretty apt to put something else into the soil as well as iron. He will have more and more from his swamp holes and a noble compost heap near his barn. We hear Farmers complain, and most truly, that they can make nothing by their business—and this while they are paying taxes, keeping up fences, and perhaps paying mortgage interest, on twice as much land as they can cultivate well, and letting half of it go from year to year without tillage, without fertilizing and often growing up bushes and all manner of mischief. Now the wonder is not that such farmers do not thrive—the marvel is that they manage to exist. Let any manufacturer, mechanic or merchant do his business after this pattern, and he must fall—there is no help for it. But must we conclude that bad farming has become inevitable among our people—that our farmers have reached, though they know better, to hold twice or much more land they can till thoroughly, and torment it till it ruins them. We will not give it up. Every farmer we see admits the evil—says he and his neighbors run over too much land, cultivate too slovenly, are not sufficiently wide awake to the march of improvement, and lay out too much man strength on what could be easier and better done by the aid of skill and science. All are aware that they must farm better or break; for the care of improvement moves on, and the only choice is to ride on or be run over by it.

Fattening Hogs.

This is an important article to the farmers of N. C. I am not a practical farmer myself, but my extensive travels through this State, have thrown me within the reach of many a good experience on this subject. Most of the N. C. farmers fatten their hogs upon corn—Corn of itself, in a raw state, has been discovered to produce stiffness and fever, after the animal has fed on that alone a few weeks. To avoid these bad effects, some have let their hogs run at large or in extensive pasture; to get green roots, &c. This helps young hogs to grow, while they increase but little in fat. Others have the corn made into meal and wet with water; still the animal is subject to disease, as above described. Some build their corn; then the hog is thrifty, but the flesh is not so solid. Some add points, the fat in this case again is found not to fatten. An experienced farmer informs me, that he has, for many years, raised a great quantity of pumpkins, and never fails to have the first quality of meat when he kills his hogs. This gentleman having made a fortune by his skill in farming, &c., I have been induced to believe his experience is good. His fattening is confined in a close pen; well supplied with water, weeds, cornstalks and a variety of trash, so that while he is making

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most be mowed an immense amount of manure. I was assured that one hog, if kept in a pen twelve months and well supplied with "litter," would produce twenty good loads of manure. This will make corn and pumpkins enough to raise two hogs the following year. Let him that reach understand. P. S. A very successful farmer says a mixture of weak lye and corns left in a vessel to itself near the hogs which they will frequently lick, will cause them to thrive and keep their health. BY THE WAY. Plymouth, Sept. 1, 1845. From the North Carolina Farmer. Caution. Many farmers often lose stock, such as pigs, sheep, cattle &c. Sometimes the loss of each stock is ascribed to a distemper, when in fact a local cause exists. But to find out that cause, there lies the difficulty. Before no field to your cattle and sheep, where the common red cherry is growing, so that their leaves may be picked by the stock. These cherry leaves are sure poison, especially if cropped in a withering state. I have heard of many instances of flocks of sheep, and occasionally of cows being killed, by being pastured about these trees. I have seen a whole litter of young pigs killed by eating the berries of the china tree. To young pigs they are very destructive, by clodding in the stomach, and thus stopping all passage of water or food. I have known the chaff of bearded wheat to kill whole litters of pigs. The pigs of a farm should never be suffered to root among this chaff until it has been well wet with rain. BY THE WAY. Plymouth, Sept. 4th, 1845. Tea in North Carolina.—It appears from the September number of the Southern Planter, that a successful attempt has been made to cultivate the Chinese tea plant, by Mr. N. Packett, of Lynesville, Granville county. Mr. P. has raised a quantity of the seed, which he offers for sale, with directions how to manage it. He finds that the plant flourishes handsomely in our soil and climate, and makes excellent tea. If Mr. P. will deposit a few of his seed with us, we think we shall be able to sell them for him, which we should do with pleasure, as we desire to see the plant introduced in this neighborhood.—N. C. Farmer. Great Yield of Wool.—Mrs. Luther Smith, of Springfield, Mass., recently brought into that town from the east a lot of Spanish Merino sheep, from one of which she sheared four, ten pounds, and from three others, thirty-three pounds ten ounces of wool, being one year's growth.—N. C. Farmer. A Spider Catching Fish.—The following curious occurrence was witnessed by an artist, a friend of ours, says the Pittsburg Chronicle, while taking a sketch at a few miles distant from this city, last week. It strikes us as a curious and novel incident in the natural history of the spider. Our friend had seated himself beside a clear, limpid pool, fed by a small stream, and was egregiously casting small fragments of some cake upon the water, which the numerous fish were jumping after with greedy voracity. All at once he observed a large spider carefully creeping down the limb of a tree, which extended into the water, and as one of the pit-mous fish came to the top for a crumb of the cake, the spider seized it with great dexterity and carried it safely to the shore, notwithstanding the fish was at least an inch and a half in length. A Wholesome Poisoner.—There was a famous poisoner known in Italy during the 17th century, by the name of "Water Tofano, virus poison." It was prepared by a woman named Tofano, who sold it in small flat vials. She is said to have carried on the traffic for a long series of years, and when arrested, confessed the poisoning of six hundred people.—The preparation was chiefly used by married women who were tired of their husbands. It was as clear as water, and five or six drops were fatal, but not suddenly, thus avoiding suspicion. Temperance Convention.—It has been unanimously resolved by the Executive Committee of the State Temperance Society, to call a State Convention of the friends of the Temperance reform, to meet in this City, on the first Friday in December next. The proceedings of the Committee will be published in a few days; and every Temperance Society in the State will be urged to arouse themselves to action, and prepare to send delegates to the Convention.—Star. Improvement in Buxles.—The Boston Transcript Editor, recommends the immediate manufacture of air-tight buxles from India Rubber, so made as to keep constantly blown up—the warmth of the body expanding the air within. They are looked upon somewhat in the light of life preservers, and their general operation is urged, especially in warm weather, as being lighter and less expensive than those stuffed with old clothes, boots and blankets. Quelling and tight lacing are two fashionable modes of slaughter! In the one case a bullet is the instrument of death.—In the other a string.

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