The Western Democrat.

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WILLIAM J. YATES, Editor and Proprietor.

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CHARLOTTE, N. C.

A FACT.

Some newspaper, in speaking of the light literature of the present day, says—

"You may read the New York Ledger for a year and scarcely find a *fact* which will make you wiser or better—all fiction, romances, lies in velvet and feathers, little fiends equipped in smiles and crinolines, big scoundrels in epaulettes, and with a love of moustache, turning the brains and stealing the hearts of simpering maidens, the every-day history of life ingeniously belied and genteelly outraged—and yet it always ends beautifully!"

And yet hundreds of persons, who never think of taking a home paper, spend three or four times the amount in this vapid, abominable trash!—a species of reading that, instead of benefitting themselves and families, is absolutely a curse to them.

And are not the Editors of our home papers greatly to blame for introducing such papers to their readers? They will insert flaming advertisements of such papers as the New York Prize, &c., for which they will never get one cent, and thus help to starve themselves out, besides being guilty of recommending injurious literature among the people. Let the Press of North Carolina look to this, and reform!—*Raleigh Age.*

We notice that the agents for northern publications manage to get the recommendation of some prominent man, a minister for instance, and with this they go to work and solicit subscribers. Ministers ought to be careful to what they subscribe their names and thus endorse.

A "DOMESTIC" ROMANCE.—A few days since, an Irish domestic, in the employ of one of the "first families" in the Nineteenth Ward, met with most singular good fortune in being united in marriage to a wealthy Southerner. The story is, that the man was in some romantic manner smitten with her charms, and proposed marriage, when he was promptly accepted. The fair domestic went to her mistress, and tearfully resigned the charge of the kitchen, stating that she intended soon to assume the duties of the parlor. She then departed in a carriage, and soon after returned in full dress, proceeding to dispose of her former wardrobe, to her less fortunate friends. She was soon after married to her "lovyer," who turns out to be a wealthy Southerner, with plenty of property in the Southern States. The names of the parties have not yet transpired.—*New York Tribune.*

And it is not likely they ever will transpire.

GEN. QUITMAN'S DEATH.—A correspondent of the Vicksburg (Mississippi) Southerner says Gen. Quitman was one of the guests who dined at the National Hotel on that fatal day, which has since cost thirty-one persons their lives—and has not had a well hour since. His travelling home from Washington after the adjournment, aggravated the disease, and he took to his bed directly on reaching Natchez. The letter adds:

The marriage, a few days afterwards, of his daughter to Captain Lovell, United States Navy, of the "Water Witch," revived his spirits—greatly depressed by his disease—and he hospitably remained up until after midnight, to do the honors to the guests with that courtesy and affability which characterised him. The fatigue and excitement of this occasion was too much for his enfeebled constitution, and increased his malady.—The physicians who attended him, it is said, perceived in his disease the unmistakable effects of arsenic.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN ON THE SIXTH OF SEPTEMBER NEXT.—There will be a total eclipse of the sun on the 6th of September next, visible in the United States only at extreme Southern points, and best to be witnessed in South America, where it will be central. English astronomers have had facilities offered them by their government to proceed thither, while our Government has hitherto made no movement in the matter. Private enterprise, however, has nobly stepped in to the aid of the cause of science. The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer says:

"The last steamer brought a communication from Mr George Wheelright, of Newburyport, Mass., now in London, authorizing a friend to draw on him for a sum sufficient to pay the expenses of an American astronomer to Peru. He offers it as a cheerful contribution for the promotion of science.

"The arrangements for the expedition have not been completed, but I am able to say that it will be under the patronage of the Smithsonian Institution; and that the astronomer selected is Lieut. James M. Gillis, U. S. N., whose character and reputation are sufficiently established from his splendid success as Superintendent of the late Astronomical Expedition to Chili, whose primary object was the determination of the solar parallax.

The Wheeling Intelligencer says: "The clerk of an up-town grocery, a few days since, opened his eyes wider, and was seized with a nervousness akin to the 'buck fever.' When emptying a sack of Rio coffee, he discovered in the middle of it two small cotton cloth bags or purses. On examining the contents of one of the bags he found a note on the Royal Bank of Brazil, with the characters of a '$1,000,' purporting to be payable at that institution for value received, dated 1857; also a piece of silver coin, about the size of a quarter of a dollar, of Brazilian stamp, issued under the reign of 'Petros II,' and dated 1837. The contents of the other bag proved to be twelve 'yaller boys,' a little larger than our dollar pieces, also of Brazillian coinage; and marked very plainly with the figures '20,' '40' and '80.' How the described treasure came to its hiding place is a matter of curious conjecture."

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT.—A man named Wm. Laycock recently undertook to walk ten miles and throw five tons' weight over his head in the space of two hours. He accomplished this extraordinary feat in four minutes less than the time. In the first hour he walked six miles, and threw a 50 lbs. over his head 120 times.

☞ At Columbus, Ohio, they have bored 1,378 feet without finding water.

THE SORE OR "BLACK" TONGUE.

Our exchanges, generally, refer to the prevalence of this disease among Cattle, the fatality attending it and the danger which must necessarily follow the use of Beef, thus afflicted.

In this community much is being said in reference to the appearance of the disease and the propriety of discontinuing the use of beef, at least until its disappearance, hence in order to advise ourselves on the nature of the disease, marking its several stages, we visited the butchering establishment of Messrs. Crawford & Nelson, of this city, who have very properly discontinued supplying Beef for the present, and saw several cases now under treatment for the disease.

A fine steer, (to our eye in excellent condition for slaughter,) on examination of the mouth and tongue we found so far gone as to sicken us at the sight, notwithstanding the tongue appeared healthy. The gums and roof of the mouth were in a bad state of decay, so much so that the smell was extremely offensive.

Others which had just taken the disease showed no external symptoms, but on examination we found the mouth sore and much inflamed, satisfying us that, notwithstanding the animal could safely be butchered and served to customers the public would unthoughtedly consume unhealthy food.—*Columbia Guardian.*

The Cattle and Deer Scourge in Florida.—The Apalachicola Commercial Advertiser, of the 15th inst., says:

The murrian or black tongue that has been so destructive to the deer and cattle in East Florida, we are sorry to learn, has made its appearance in this section of the State. Deer are found dead in the woods, or so far gone as to make no effort to escape from man or boy; and one or more of the stock raisers in the adjoining counties have lost several heads of valuable cattle.

If the disease has made its appearance in any part of North Carolina we have not heard of it.

THE SCALP-DANCE OF THE SIOUX.

The "scalp," as taken by the Sioux Indians includes not only the part of the head covered with hair, but the skin of the forehead and cheeks to the corners of the mouth. This is stretched on a hoop about two feet in diameter, the ornaments of the ears still on it, and the hair fastend in the centre of the scalp. A pole hoop and the flesh side of the scalp are painted with vermillion; the skin, where not covered with hair, is painted blue or some other color.

After a great deal of ceremony in dressing, the dance begins. A procession of squaws carries the scalp around the encampment, singing and shouting, the men, meanwhile, beating rude drums made of powder kegs, and making a noise with rattles and every way they can.

After a while the men stand in a row with their music, the scalp is set up and the dance begins. The squaws arrange themselves in ranks of three or four together, standing so as to form tangents to a circle, about twelve feet in diameter, (the scalp in the centre.)

The drumming begins, and the squaws, by a "half-hitch, half-jump," go round backwards.

The music, if it may be so called, is in double quick time, a light stroke and a heavy one, alternately, about forty measures to a minute, the "step" taken at the heavy or accented stroke. Every one who can get something to beat with does so. The time is kept very exactly. The singing or yelling, for it is both, is very violent, occasionally a few words in connection are chanted, but generally the only articulate sounds are *ho, yo, ho, yo,* the first syllable a violent explosive. The tones are better than the music; they are frequently so regular in their construction as to create surprise. I have heard intervals struck truly and repeatedly by the squaws that I have known choirs to drill upon for hours, beside the organ, and then pronounce them difficult. One tune they begin as high as the voice can reach, and descend by "diminished thirds" to the low base tones, and then rise by similar succession.

They sing until they are tired and then off into a bark, like a dog. Some of the squaws frequently accompany the singing with a harsh gutteral "squawk," like the notes of a wild goose, in the same manner as a "la la" accompaniment in some of our glee books. The most surprising part of all this is that it is kept up so long. I have noticed the throats of the men swell out, the veins turged, and their eyes looked as if starting from their sockets—but still they kept on.

These dances are continued night after night all night for months.

The sad effects of such exercises on the mind can be easily imagined. The hideous scalp, the fiendish exultation over the premeditated murder of those who had never done them harm, slain in a war of which they know neither the time or cause of its origin, excites a feeling of horror not easily described.

A GOOD RETORT.—Hon. Alex. H. Stephens, of Georgia, was once running for Congress with an opponent of unusually large stature, and on the stump one day the discussion became exceedingly warm. Whereupon the large man said, contemptuously, of and to Stephens, who is exceedingly small and frail:

"Why, I could button your ears back, and swallow you whole, sir." To which cannibal remark, Stevens annihilatingly retorted, "and if you did, sir, you would then have more brains in your stomach, than you ever had in your head!" The laughter which followed, effectually dissipated the ill-humor which was gaining ground.

YOUNG MAN, PAY ATTENTION.—Don't be a loafer, don't call yourself a loafer, don't keep loafers' company, don't hang about loafing places. Better work hard for nothing and board yourself than sit around day after day or stand at corners with your hands in your pockets. Better for your own mind, better for your own prospects. Bustle about means to have anything to bustle about for. Many a poor physician has obtained a real patient by riding hard to attend on an imaginary one. A quire of blank paper tied up with red tape carried under a lawyer's arm may procure him his first case and make his fortune.—Such is the world—to him that hath shall be given.—Quit droning and complaining, keep busy and mind your chances.

AN INDIAN FIGHT AT SEA.

Among the passengers by the steamer Columbia, from Portland, O. T., was an Indian chief of great celebrity, named John, and his son, a young warrior. They belong to Upper Rogue River Indians and are men of the first consequence in the tribe. About four years ago, John gathered a hundred of his warriors and ravaged the whole country as far as Fort Walla Walla, conquering all who opposed him, and wielding undisputed sway. He subsequently defeated Captain Smith, of the U. S. dragoons, at the head of a considerable force, and was the *Hydas Skookum Tyee* of that whole region. Despite, however, his warlike renown, his gallant feats in arms, his personal prowess, and his gigantic strength John was at length compelled to yield, and located on the Reservation. It can be very well supposed that his proud spirit chafed at the unaccustomed bondage, and he was lately discovered inciting the other Indians on the Reserve to revolt against their conquerors. In order to get rid of so dangerous a firebrand, John was placed on board the steamer Columbia, to be delivered to the military authorities at this place, as a prisoner of war—in company with his son, "a chip of the old block," and an ambitious young warrior, anxious to adorn his girdle with the scalps of his "Boston" (American) enemies. At first the two warriors appeared to take matters in a very phlegmatic and resigned manner, but the sequel showed that they were only bottling up their wrath for a good opportunity.

Accordingly, when the Columbia was at anchor off Humboldt Bay, the chief thought the chance too good to be lost, and about 1 o'clock in the morning commenced operations by blowing out all the lights in the steerage. They next attempted to steal the revolvers of the Sergeant, under whose charge they were; but he woke up and caught them in the act. Then commenced the struggle; the old chief throttling the sergeant, who was lying in his birth, and the young warrior striving to assist his father. At this juncture, John gave his ear-piercing war-hoop, which seemed to have acted with galvanic effect upon the passengers, who incontinently quitted their berths and ran as fast as their legs would carry them up the hatchways and into the cabin, where each one declared that the Indians had taken the ship, and were slaughtering all the passengers.

They had all forgotten to take their revolvers with them in their hasty flight, and supposed that the warriors had possessed themselves of these.

In the meantime, the struggle between the sergeant and the two Indian warriors was fiercely carried on, and during it, the pistol they were contending for was discharged, the ball passing just underneath the sergeant's throat and cutting his whisker. The pistol was broken to pieces in the contest.

Capt. Dall, with his first officer, Mr Nolan, the second mate and some of the passengers, then formed themselves into two bodies, four men in each, and after closing the hatches, armed and provided themselves with lights, ready at a given signal, to jump down both hatchways and secure the two warriors. This plan was executed, and as soon as they landed on the steerage deck, shooting and cutting commenced in lively style on both sides. John, the old chief, made at Mr Nolan, the first officer, with an iron bar, and aiming a blow at his head, struck him violently on the shoulder. Mr Nolan returned the compliment, cutting at John with a sabre, (he should have used the point,) but the chief caught the blade of the weapon in his hand. Mr Nolan, however, succeeded in drawing it away, and gave him another cut over the head. The second mate was also busy with a revolver, and fired at John three times, one ball passing through his leg. By this time the other assailants had gathered in and the two Tyees were overpowered after a most desperate struggle—not, however, until they had shot one man in the breast and wounded three others, besides a woman. The latter had a little girl, at whom the young chief aimed a blow; but she threw up her arm and received a cut upon that limb.

The little girl exhibited much presence of mind, for she instantly concealed herself under a mattrass and remained quiet until the affray was over. The sergeant, whose bravery cannot be too much lauded, escaped with but little damage, besides a serious choking. It was probably owing to his desperate and determined resistance, that several lives were not sacrificed by the infuriated savages. After being subdued, the warriors were taken to the quarter deck, weltering in blood, and for some time pretended to be dead, hoping that their bodies would be thrown overboard, when they could easily swim ashore and effect their escape. The ruse, however, was detected.

John and his son were landed, and sent to the Presido, as prisoners of war.—*San Fran. Paper.*

ARREST OF A FUGITIVE.—Deputy Sheriff Hendricks, accompanied by H. H. Hicks, succeeded in arresting an individual who gave his name as Col. H. Folk, having arrived the day previous and taken up his quarters at the Pavillion Hotel. From some information imparted to officer Hendricks he was led to believe that the Col. answered the description of a fugitive from justice, who had been lodged in the jail of Robeson county, North Carolina, some time in April last, on the charge of homicide. He had broke jail, however, and a reward of $200 was offered for his arrest by Reuben King, Esq., Sheriff of said county. He made no resistance when arrested, but stated that he was on his way to Florida, where he intended to settle, and had several negroes of his own with him. He underwent an examination before the Mayor, who gave an order for his commitment to jail to await the orders of the parties interested. Ben. Howell, who broke jail at the same time as the above individual, for whom there is a reward offered, is still at large.—*Charleston Courier.*

AN ITEM FOR COTTON PLANTERS.—The Belton (Texas) Independent says:

"In the Patent Office Report of 1855, we find that Townsend Glover Esq., who is a scientific man, and who was employed by the Department for that purpose, has made a report of his investigations regarding insects. He reports that spiders, Carolina tiger beetle, devil's coach horse, Ichneumon fly, Syrpus, lady-bird, and the lace-wing fly, are very beneficial to the cotton plant, being constantly engaged in destroying those insects which feed off the cotton stalk and its product.