

THE MUSE.

FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

ENNUI.

'Tis pleasant, now and then, to have those hours of thought, that modern gentry call the "blues," Moments of calm felicity, when the powers of Earth let go us: Ah! 'tis sweet to muse On these, Maria, as thou wast when we Stray'd through the welkin region, on the wing Of youthful fancy; or when with thee I linger'd on the fairy haunts of spring; And listened while the airy choristers rehearsed Their mutual loves—or when, by ocean's side, From the high distant rock, we heard the burst Of angry tempests and the reckless tide. But twenty-five has past,—thou hast forgot These passages, so tender and so dear: And so have I—except when 'tis my lot To feel the "hysterica passio" of poor Lear. Then, thou art surely welcome, Ennui! take thy sway,

Thou gentle, dull and sombre potentate! Thy reign with me is short. Accept this lay: For naught but these my muse can animate.

BIRNAR COCKLOFF, THE YOUNGER.

COMMUNICATION.

FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

"Parturient montes; nascetur ridiculus mus."

MR. WHITE: In looking over your paper of the 18th inst, I observed a publication signed Lawson Henderson. Curiosity led me to read it, to see what this gentleman had to say for himself; and for my soul I could not help laughing, and applying the above line of Horace: "The mountains are in labour, and only bring forth a mouse." It is, sir, truly to be regretted, that Maj. H. should be so far led astray by a base vindictive disposition, contrary to his better judgment. For, sir, with all this man's folly and foolishness, he is a man of good natural sense. Nor can I account for his present conduct, in any other way than this: This man has heretofore ruled almost without a rival; his assertions and calculations have been taken as a standard rule; and if, by chance, any one discovered an error in his conduct, the most of people were awed into silence by this overbearing man. Till lately, some of us, not willing to sit and receive the crumbs that fall from the table of this rich man, and have his dogs to lick the sores inflicted by himself, have taken it into our heads to judge for ourselves, and not receive his mandates as inflexible as the bulls of the Pope. And, sir, you cannot think how this has nettled the old man; who, by the by, I think must be in his dotage, and on that account I view this old creature's conduct with more charity (and I hope the people will too) than I otherwise should, believing his actions are the product of a fretted, superannuated old man.

The first declaration worthy of notice in the elaborate sarcasm of Maj. H. is, that he, L. H. (for he was the author of the publication signed "an enemy to imposters") had no intention of bringing any thing of a private nature before the public. Is it possible any person can be deceived with these barefaced assertions? Was it for the public good, to call me an "imposter?" Was it for the public good to say, "this doctor, if I may be permitted to call him so?" Is it not a self-evident fact, Mr. Editor, that L. H. made use of Hafner's case as a veil to cover his malignant design on me? Yet this man has impudence enough to say, that this was intended all for the good of the public. If L. H.'s design was to warn men against the baneful effects of Quackery, as practised in Hafner's case, why did he not confine himself to that case alone? But, sir, under this cover he aimed to seize me with his venomous fangs; and under the name of administering an antidote to the public, gives to me a deadly poison.—This is the man who wishes to do all for the public good. From such, O! from such, let me turn away. But again; L. H. says my bill was loudly complained of. But, sir, who was it that complained? Was it Williams? No! no, sir, it was no other than this gentleman, L. H. and a few of his sycophants. And why? because they think the bill too high? O! no; that's not their object; their design is my destruction, if it should be at the expense of their reputation. This is the man who wishes you to believe he is doing all for the public good. From his judgment, I appeal to my brethren in profession, and the public, to say whether my bill is too high or not, "Hic niger est; hunc tu" America "caveto." But Maj. H. states, that his statement about William's case is true. I deny it; I confess the "friend to truth" made a statement which is true, and which can be proven so, by half a

dozen witnesses. But H. still persists that it is not more than ten miles; that the road is not measured, and the distance is conjectural. Is it possible this man can make such a barefaced, false assertion! Does he not know the ten-mile post stands in Black's lane, and that W. lived one mile below, on the Burke road? He certainly does know it. But, sir, he has made a false statement in his first publication, and still persists in it. "Hominis est errare, insipientes vero perseverare." But, sir, this Maj. H. says he had no intention of eulogising Dr. S. or drawing a comparison between Dr. S. and Dr. B. As L. H. has given us his empty declaration, he has also given us some of his actions, and exhibited some of his conduct to the public, which cannot be deceived as to his intentions. But here he asserts the "friend to truth" has made an unprovoked attack upon Dr. S. and that he, Dr. S. is the gentleman; and that he, Dr. S. has advertised the "friend to truth" as an infamous liar and scoundrel: Now, sir, let us examine the conduct of this gentleman Physician, with a half dozen diplomas stuck to his back. Wherein has the "friend to truth" published a lie about Dr. S? Is it relative to Hafner's case? If it is, apply to David Zimmerman and Jacob Ramsour, for they can substantiate the charge made by the "friend to truth." Or is it when the "friend to truth" states Dr. S. charged one dollar and twenty-five cents for a few drops of laudanum. Ah! Mr. editor, this is the lie. Well, sir, what is the true statement. Caleb Miller says Dr. S. charged for one drop of laudanum, twenty-five cents; for prescription for one drop of laudanum one dollar; and that he, Dr. S. wants people to know that this is the way he charges; for a dose of medicine twenty-five cents, for direction or prescription to take that dose of medicine, one dollar. Now, sir, who is the liar, Dr. S. or the "friend to truth?" But, sir, let us examine the conduct of this man a little further. This gentleman Dr. S. called on Capt. — and said "he ought to, or, if it was him, he would" publish, that the case alluded to by the "friend to truth," under the head of a respectable woman, which by the by, was a false statement, with which request Capt. — refused to comply, and that very justly too; for the case as stated by the "friend to truth" is substantially true, and can be proven by several witnesses equally as respectable as this gentleman Dr. or his friend L. H. Again, Mr. editor, L. H. says the "friend to truth's" attack upon Dr. S. was unprovoked. Let us examine this statement, and see how far it is true. Dr. S. shortly after he settled in this place, applied to L. Moman, Esq. for a copy of my bill against Williams, (as the bill was left in Moman's hands.) Dr. S. could not be provoked by me to do so, as we had scarcely been introduced to each other at this time. Therefore, he did it without provocation on my part. This gentleman Dr. got this bill and carried it in his pocket, wherever he went, and made such insidious remarks on it as he thought best calculated to injure my practice. Is this not provoking? But, sir, Squire Moman says Dr. S. is the only man that ever did get the bill from him. Now, sir, I would ask where did L. H. get a copy of my bill? Is it not most probable, from Dr. S. Now, sir, where is this barefaced assertion of Dr. S. and L. H. that the "friend to truth" made an unprovoked attack on Dr. S.? Now, sir, who is the liar and scoundrel? Let it recoil on their own heads.

Again, Mr. editor, L. H. says he is no Physician; and he will not presume to judge of the extent of the qualifications of Dr. B. I do pity this man, that he did not think of this before. It would have saved him many a restless hour, and others the trouble of writing to prove his assertions false. His oblique hints I shall pass over, as only worthy of a soul (as black as despair) like his. But, sir, he brings forward a case of splenitis, to prove I do not know the difference between splenitis and dropsy. This, I suppose, is to establish my skill, as this man, L. H. has set himself up for a judge of the complaints that my patients are laboring under, for I know not upon whose judgment he relies; for it cannot be on Dr. Harris's, as I shall shortly prove. I suppose this is the case of J. C. As he and his harpers have been harping on it for some time, I shall endeavor to give a true, and not a false statement, as he is in the habit of doing. C. applied to me, with an

enlargement of the abdomen. On trial, I discovered an obscure fluctuation of fluid in the abdomen, with a hardness low down in the left side, extending across to (or near) the right side. From the examination and symptoms, I did not hesitate to say his complaint was the beginning of dropsy, caused by a diseased state of the spleen; or probably it might be caused by chronic inflammation of the Peritonium. C. took medicine a few weeks, and not mending as fast as he thought he ought, he concluded to consult Dr. Harris. I wrote to Dr. H., and without entering into any Pathological statement of C's complaint, stated I believed he had the dropsy; (at this time the swelling was considerably less, and fluctuation not easily discovered;) and then went on to state to the Dr. the plan of treatment I had pursued with C.; and as I have Dr. H's letter before me, I shall take the liberty of making a few extracts from it. "This is a case that has so often baffled the skill of the most learned Physicians, that it may well be put in that group of diseases emphatically called *aproprium medicinarum vel medicarum*." Further, he says: "After a sharp examination, I have formed an opinion that dropsy is not formed in the abdomen, nor yet conceived; but I am satisfied that there does exist powerful causation for generating a dropsy ascites." He then proceeds to state his opinion, that the complaint was a *vitiated enlargement of the spleen*, (not splenitis as stated by L. H.) After giving his Pathological view of the case, he proceeds: "With your letter before me, I have to mention, that I do sincerely and heartily approve of your conduct and management for Dr. C. in the present case." &c. Now, Mr. editor, where is the unskillfulness in this case, and where does Maj. H's assertions stand? But, sir, C. is now laboring under the dropsy—his belly has been gradually increasing ever since; and should it continue to enlarge, he shortly must have the water drawn off by an operation. But this is the case Maj. H. brings forward to prove my ignorance.

O! "thou false slenderer of a" case too good: "Thou mean deceiver of" a truth too plain!

But, sir, Maj. H. brings another case forward, with about as much truth as the former, to wit: a "simple case of strangulated hernia," (as he is pleased to call it.) This was a case, I suppose, of a traveller at Maj. Harry's. This man was attacked violently, and from the obstinacy of the case, I apprehended an operation would have to be performed; in consequence of which, some of the neighbors sent for Dr. Harris, while I was away visiting a patient. Dr. H. could not come, but wrote a few lines to Dr. — to go. During this time, the stricture or strangulation, began to give way, which was followed by a relaxation of the parts. On Saturday morning, I visited the young man, discovered a considerable relaxation, but not sufficiently to replace the intestine. I gave him an anodyne, and told him I would be back at twelve o'clock, at which time I expected to be able to replace the intestines. But about this time, Dr. — came; he found my patient as I had predicted, and replaced the intestine without giving me any notice, which was easily done. Every medical man knows, when the intestine becomes strangulated properly, that it is impossible to reduce by what is called the *Laxis*, in that state; but when the parts are relaxed, it is quite an easy matter, and often goes up of itself.

But, sir, Maj. H. goes on to state to you, I cannot withhold my Harpy bill from the defamation of female virtue. I suppose, Mr. editor, the young woman is gone from this place, to whom I suppose he has an allusion.—But, sir, did she ever deny the charges I made against her? I presume she did not; and if she had, I was able to prove them. Now, sir, if it is a Harpy bill to state the truth when called on, (which this young woman did) then, Mr. editor, I plead guilty. But is it a Harpy bill to say L. H. turned his wife out of doors when she was expecting to be, and actually was, brought to bed in a few days after? Is this a Harpy bill or Billingsgate language? If so, the actions must be much more so. Now, sir, let the Harpy bill slander and Billingsgate, fall on his own head.

But, Mr. editor, well might the "friend to truth" exclaim, O! O! tell it not in Gath, publish it not on the plains of Lincoln! But, sir, Maj. H. expresses a desire to examine the case of his half bushel candidly. Has he done so, is now the question? And

as the Maj. has brought forward a certificate to prove his half bushel too large, instead of being under size, (it is a pity to accuse a man for selling by measures too large,) without making any remarks on this paper, I shall proceed to state what is said to be a true statement. Maj. H. sent some where about 28 bushels of wheat to Gancellor's mill; after screening it, I think the miller says it measured 23 1-2 or 24 1-2 bushels. Jas. Hain, Esq. who then attended the mill, and does yet, sent Maj. H. word that his wheat lost so much. Maj. H. not satisfied to think he should lose so much in 28 bushels, went to see Hain (probably thought he would find a Vickers, but he was mistaken) to know the reason of such a loss. However, after some conversation, Hain asked H. how many quarts his half bushel held; he told him 16 quarts, dry measure; upon which Hain replied, his was sealed and held 20 quarts. However, Hain and Gancellor went on the next day, with their half bushel, to the standard keeper, and had their half bushel tried by the standard, with which it perfectly agreed; they then measured it with a quart, and found it held 20 quarts.—Some time after this, Henderson brought over his half bushel, and had it tried by the standard also, and found his half bushel was about a quart less than the standard. He then contended the standard was a quart too large, and got a certificate from the standard keeper stating the standard was 64 or 65 inches too large. In consequence of which, the county court appointed a committee to cut down the standard to the proper size. They have done so, and now the question is, have this committee cut down the standard 65 inches, or not? The way I shall undertake to prove this, is by Hain's half bushel. As soon as the standard was reduced to its proper size, Hain bro't his half bushel to be sealed over again; and as the half bushel is a square one, and is still in existence, it can be easily measured, which has been done.—The present standard keeper when he reduced it according to the standard now, put a piece of plank in the bottom of it, and reduced it to the standard in that way. This piece of plank is 5-6ths of a quarter of an inch thick, and 10 inches square; which would make 20 inches and 5-6ths of an inch; this would be a little over three gills. Now, sir, if this be correct, which I believe is, then the present standard was reduced, I say 30 inches, to be within bounds: if this be correct, it would leave Maj. H's half bushel smaller than the law directs—that is, if the present standard is right, which the committee say is. (A quart contains 57 75.100 solid inches, according to Nichol. Encyclo.) This, sir, is the truth of the half bushel, as far as I know. And if I know myself, I have no disposition to state any thing else, for I think the truth is enough, and is what all men are entitled to.—From the facts here stated, I leave the public to judge for themselves.

As to the charge against Vickers, I doubt the truth of what the Maj. has said; for the owner of the mill, P. Gancellor, has said that he believed Vickers an honest man, and that he had to turn him off to satisfy L. H. Therefore, it is doubtful with me whether this man does not possess more honor and honesty than Maj. H.

As to Maj. H's charging me with erasing my name from a subscription paper, before any contracts were made on said subscription, and after the Legislature had provided a way to build said Academy, I feel myself perfectly justifiable. As to the mistake in W's bill, it is what we are all liable to; and I feel I have done what was right.—Whenever I was informed of it, I told a gentleman that I was willing to rectify any mistake made in it, whenever called on by Carpenter, and that I should not take any advantage on the judgment. I am still willing to pay the dollar to Carpenter, whenever he calls for it.

Maj. H. has often insinuated and said I am not a man of a liberal education, and that I am not a respectable Physician. As to my education, Mr. editor, it is true I was a poor orphan boy. What education I have, I obtained by the sweat of my brow. I was born to no lordly fortune, and consequently had to depend upon my own exertions for my support. As to my respectability as a Physician and a private individual, I appeal to the public to say what I am. To the public I am answerable, by the public I stand or fall.

Again, Mr. editor, this gentleman has undertaken to criticize and give a translation of the Latin, used by the "friend to truth." But, sir, has he shown the scholar in doing so? I presume not. The line made use of by the "friend to truth," is taken from Horace, and ought to have been, "Invadens altera macrescit rebus opimis"—not *macrescit*, as says L. H. Again, sir, the "friend to truth" never designed to use the word *crotalus*, but *crotalus*. The translation of this passage in the "friend to truth," by L. H. shows his butting his head against the walls of an academy, has not done him much good; as the true translation of *crotalus horridus*, is horrible serpent, or rattlesnake. But, Mr. editor, if I should commit an error, I hope the public will have some charity towards a man who "can't spell one word out of five." As the application of the above lines, I believe the "friend to truth" fixed them in their proper place, and applied them to the proper person.

It may be thought that I am too severe on this man, and that I should have been more moderate. If telling the truth is severity, I am guilty; but that I have told any thing but the truth, I am fully satisfied I have not. But I am open to conviction, and willing at any time to correct any error I may have fallen into, when convinced of it.

I could go on to charge Maj. H. with a great many acts which would so develop his character, as to put it beyond all doubt: such as going into a grand jury, and examining witnesses to find a bill in favor of himself; such as refusing to sign a deed for a lot of land, in conformity to an act of the Assembly, when he was authorized by law to do so. Yet this man has the impudence to say, all he does is for the public good. Yes, sir, this old man, whose head has grown hoary in sin—whose face is furrow'd o'er in years of wickedness, would now sacrifice me on the altar of his vengeance! This is the man who would glory in the destruction of my family, by destroying my reputation, their only support.—This is the man whose eyes would sparkle with joy to see my children in ratters, and me reduced to the necessity of begging the crumbs that fall from his table, to feed them. O! Virgil, could you look from the land of spirits, would you not apply the following line to this man:

"Flectere si neque superos, Acheronta movebo."

Now, sir, I bid adieu to this gentleman forever. As to any future publications I shall deem them unworthy of an answer. I now have to ask pardon of those gentlemen whose names I have been compelled to introduce in this publication, and hope my thus acting may not be construed into any thing unfriendly to them. With respect, Mr. editor, I remain yours,

JAMES BIVINGS.

May 28, 1824.

[Both parties in this unfortunate controversy having now dismissed the subject "forever," we may be permitted to say that, henceforward, we shall be cautious of laying ourselves under any obligation to publish such acrimonious private quarrels. They are painful and mischievous enough, when confined to the neighbourhood where they originate; but when they gain admission into the columns of a newspaper, they are unprofitable to the printer, and disgusting to the public. Each party having had the privilege of rebutting his antagonist's charges through our columns, we are now compelled, from respect for, and duty to, the public, to refuse the publication of any thing further on the subject, in the shape of a communication. We are requested to say, that the letter B. in Major Henderson's publication, was intended as the initial of Dr. Bivings' last name—and S. for that of Dr. Simpson's.]

AN EXTRACT.

Let every one be convinced of the reasonableness of early piety; it is in no respect unnatural or hard. We know that youth is an age of cheerfulness; and we know likewise that religion is no enemy to this, since it deprives no one of any thing that is truly desirable—but only cautions and forbids the practice of that which is prejudicial and hurtful.

"As to life, a virtuous man will probably live longer than one who is vicious—and no innocent diversion is forbidden by religion. Superstition, indeed, quarrels with every thing pleasing and happy—but whatever she teaches men, Religion is a friend to all the innocent pleasures of life, if enjoyed in temperance and moderation."

Excellent Cement for Broken China, May be made from a mixture of equal parts of glue, white of egg, and white lead.