

# Western Carolinian.

It is even wiser to abstain from laws, which however wise and good in themselves, have the semblance of inequality which find no response in the heart of the citizen, and which will be evaded with little remorse.  
Dr. Channing.

[BY BURTON CRAIG.]

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## TERMS.

The WESTERN-CAROLINIAN is published once a week at Two Dollars per annum, if paid within three months; or two dollars and fifty cents if paid at any other time within the year. No Paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the Editor's discretion. A subscription will be received for a less time than one year.  
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## MISCELLANEOUS

### Some Particulars of the Escape of Skyrznecki.

Skyrznecki found that it was now high time to effect a retreat from Warsaw, and the only question was, how to effect it. His host, in conjunction with his wife concerted the means, and at length induced the son of an old servant of Skyrznecki's step-mother, who resembled Skyrznecki in stature and complexion, to apply for passports to enable him, as it were, to leave Warsaw on his own account. The passports being obtained, they were delivered to Skyrznecki, and a night fixed for his departure. Disguised as a valet, Skyrznecki repaired at the time appointed to a neighbouring street, where a carriage and his own horses waited to receive him. He jumped up and started off at a hard pace, successfully passed the barrier, where an person was compared with the description given in the passport, and succeeded in reaching an inn not far from the next town. While he remained at the inn, two men of arms, came in, and demanded his passports, which having been shown accompanied by a rouble, they left the place. The innkeeper, a Pole, perceiving however that his guest was a more distinguished individual than his papers set forth, earnestly counselled him not to pass through the town. "For you must know, Sir," said he, "the commandant of the place is accustomed to sit at his window, to watch all travellers, to stop and question them; and believe me, Sir," he added, "you will never pass the scrutiny, for you do not look like a servant." Skyrznecki deemed it prudent to act on this disinterested counsel; and after refreshing his horses, set forth on another route, or rather plunged into a forest, (whose mazes were unknown to all but the peasantry of the country, who warmly assisted the flight of their superiors,) and drove on until he reached the benches of a town, where a priest to whom he was known, and who was attached to him, resided. He consulted with this priest the means of advance while his horses were feeding; and another priest having been called in, it was agreed he should again alter his route, since the river, Polca, which it was necessary to cross, offered an impediment to his progress, inasmuch as all the bridges had been destroyed during the campaign by Skyrznecki's own orders, to prevent the Russians from harassing his rear. Being ignorant of the newly proposed route, a peasant was engaged, for a trifling sum, to convey Skyrznecki and his driver to the proposed destination. After a reconnaissance they set off. On their road they encountered two Polish dragons in the interest of the clubbists, but testifying neither alarm nor curiosity at this circumstance, they escaped their suspicion or scrutiny. Reaching a narrow part of the river, they crossed it on rafters, and continuing their route, reached a town where they stopped to refresh themselves and horses. At the inn where Skyrznecki put up, the Burgmeister of the town presented himself and questioned Skyrznecki as to his person, his intentions, destinations, &c. Skyrznecki evaded his questions in a good-humoured way, and told him he should know after dinner. The repast being finished, the Burgmeister renewed his inquiries, upon which Skyrznecki informed him that he was a Major Stanishewski, and desired to proceed to a particular town. The Burgmeister, however, frankly told him he believed him to be a Russian spy. Skyrznecki reasoned with him on the absurdity and injustice of such a supposition, and in evidence of his being a genuine Pole, mentioned the names, condition, residences and means of various persons in the country round. The Burgmeister, nevertheless, was sceptical but after detaining our hero four hours, became a little more accessible to reason, and permitted Skyrznecki to depart, accompanied by an officer of the police, three verses from the town when he was overtaken and arrested by six lancers, who had orders from the irascible Burgmeister to carry him back. Skyrznecki, finding it vain to attempt resistance, submitted to the mandate and returned. He was, however, finally permitted to proceed.

He was now to enter upon the most dangerous part of his peregrination. He had the choice of either attempting to pass the Russian outposts, or the outposts of a branch of the Polish army, composed of and attached to the clubbist party. Divers reasons influenced him in the choice of the latter difficulty, and after nightfall he approached a spot where the Polish piquets were bivouacking. He was challenged on his arrival, and having given the name he assumed, was conducted to a tent of the Lieutenant-Colonel commanding, who proved to be a cousin of Madame Skyrznecki's and an old acquaintance of the General's. After taking some refreshments, and discussing with this person the affairs of Warsaw (of the latest news of which place our fugitive was the bearer,) he desired to depart; but the Lieutenant-Colonel told him to his surprise, that he could not suffer him to proceed until he had apprised Gen. Roushinski who commanded the whole of the outposts, on his arrival.  
Here again, after parley, he was permitted to depart, on condition that he repaired to a certain town indicated.  
Without appearing to consent, they suffered him to depart, and four German miles he pursued his route undisturbed by any other reflections than those suggested by his situation, and by a struggle as to whether he should ultimately take a road which led to one of his own farms, or keep his promise towards the ruffians he had recently left. In this state of mind he arrived at a point where the road branched off in two different directions, one leading to the town he had promised to repair to, the other to his aforesaid farm. He deliberated a moment between inclination and his parole, and ultimately suffered a high sense of honour to triumph over the suggestions of nature. At the end of another mile he reached the town, but found that a short time previously he was pursued by two clubbists on horseback. On arriving at the barracks his first question was, as to where Prince Czartorinski might be found. A house with lights in the window was pointed out to him, and thither he repaired at full speed, the clubbists still in hot pursuit. He entered the house and found the Prince and several friends in council.—They received him with open arms, and earnestly solicited intelligence of the state of affairs at the capital. In the mean time the clubbists, who had followed Skyrznecki, were endeavoring to raise a clamour in the town, and shortly collected a crowd around the house.—A Lieutenant-Colonel of firm character and extensive influence went down, and partly by reason, partly by threats and reproaches, subdued the angry spirit that had been shown.—He then conveyed Skyrznecki to his own chateau, gave him fresh horses, and accompanied him without farther molestation to Cracow.  
It might have been supposed that in this independent little republic his troubles would have ended, but the treason which sapped the fountain of his eminence, and hastened the Polish catastrophe, had spread its poisonous influence to the very confines of Poland. Even in Cracow, clubbists, who had sought a retreat from the disasters of the campaign, meditated the murder of their chief. He was, therefore, obliged to take refuge in the house of the Bishop of Cracow, until a new enemy, in the persons of the Russian troops under Rudiger, entered the town, and obtained information of the place of his retreat. It now became necessary to screen him from the vigilant search of his foes, and a large dark cellar beneath the Bishop's house was selected for the purpose. In the mean time the Austrian Consul was solicited privately to assist his flight into the Imperial territories, to which he consented and after a little time contrived to convey the illustrious subject of this sketch across the Vistula to Podgerze, in Galicia, where he was received with cordiality and distinction.  
The following excellent maxims are from the *Journal of Health*, published last week in Philadelphia.—They are worthy of a careful perusal.  
**Maxims for the Season.**  
—Keep yourself as cool as possible. Although we are well aware, that by many, this direction will be treated with ridicule, it constitutes, nevertheless, one of the chief means for preserving health during the warm season. It does not imply that you are to live in an ice-house, or to seek for any refrigerant, but simply to avoid all unnecessary excitement whether moral or physical.  
—Let your clothing be light or loose—at the same time that this maxim is adhered to, care must be taken, whenever any sudden reduction of temperature occurs, to adapt the clothing to this change; hence, a warmer dress will be required early in the morning and late at night, than during the middle of the day.  
—When in a state of profuse perspiration, never throw off a portion of your clothing. The best plan in such cases is to retire immediately within doors, and change the damp clothes for others perfectly dry, the whole surface of the body being previously well rubbed with a towel. The same precaution is proper when you have been accidentally wet by a shower of rain.  
—Eat moderately of plain wholesome

food. The system demands a much less amount of food in summer than in winter—the sensation of hunger and emptiness should, however, always be avoided; but let what is necessary be taken in plain, light and easy digestion. While the ordinary condiments, in moderation, are not improper, stimulating the stomach by food highly seasoned is invariably injurious. It is not true that spices communicate tone to the digestive organs.  
—Fresh meat, in moderation, is to be preferred in warm weather, to that which is salted, dried or smoked. It is perfectly absurd to suppose, as some do, that the latter constitutes a more wholesome food in summer than fresh meat. On the contrary, salted, dried and smoked meats, are less nutritious, more stimulating, and less easy of digestion than fresh meat, consequently, they have a great tendency to excite and disturb the stomach.  
—Avoid all uricæ, fatulent and acid fruits, and such as are difficult of digestion. A large number of the bowel complaints, fevers, and choleras, which occur in the warm season, may be attributed to a neglect of this rule.—Immoderate eating of any kind of fruit, it may be proper to observe, is injurious to the stomach.  
—Drink nothing but water. The experience of the last fifteen years in almost every climate, and at every season of the year, has shown incontestably that the water drinker is far less liable to disease of every kind, and especially of the stomach and bowels, than he who makes use of either distilled or fermented liquors. The epidemic cholera, while it has consigned millions of the latter to the grave, has attacked but few who habitually refrain from the use of all intoxicating drinks. During the warm season, and especially during the present summer and autumn, they who wish to avoid an attack of the cholera, will act wisely in making water, toast water, or an infusion of the slightly aromatic herbs their common drink.  
—Never drink large draughts of cold water, especially when in a state of profuse perspiration or when exhausted by fatigue. Hydrant or river water, that has stood a short time after it has been drawn, drunk in moderation, will never produce any inconsequence; and all should recollect, that a small quantity of water leisurely swallowed is far more effectual in allaying thirst, than large draughts hastily swallowed.  
—Rise early in the morning. By rising the summer with the sun, we gain two or more hours, at the most pleasant part of the day, when exercise and labour can be the most advantageously pursued, while we avoid the heat and the sun, which are so wearying and so much time exposed to the enervating influence of a warm bed and a confined atmosphere.  
—Never walk in the sun without an umbrella. The shade of an umbrella is a very great protection against the injury which is so liable to result from exposure to the direct rays of the sun. We have often thought that all mechanics who are obliged to labor in the open air would be immense gainers in comfort and in health, were they guarded, in summer, from the sun by an awning or a shed of boards. The additional trouble and expense of the erection of such a screen would be amply repaid by its good effects.  
—If possible, remain within doors, during the middle of the day, from 12 to 3 o'clock. This maxim might be followed by a larger number of persons than would at first be supposed. Early rising and a diminution of secular holy days, spent too often in dissipation and in incurring diseases which cause the loss of many other days, would make up, to the lower class of mechanics who work in the open air, the time lost by leaving work during the period specified.  
—When fatigued, or in a profuse perspiration, never lie down upon the ground, or fall asleep in the open air. By such imprudence the body becomes always more or less chilled, and diseases of a very dangerous character are often produced.  
—Keep the body strictly clean by frequent bathing.—They who neglect this maxim, deprive themselves of a very powerful safeguard to health, and a source of real enjoyment.  
—Never use a cold bath when the body is in a state of exhaustion from fatigue or perspiration. Without entering into a consideration of all the rules to be observed in bathing, we think it important to urge upon our readers the foregoing precautions. Many persons who would hesitate to wet their lips with cold water plunge their bodies fearlessly into the river, or a cold bath, at a time when from the energies of the system being reduced, the most serious injury is to be apprehended from the chill which invariably results.  
—Never sleep in crowded apartments, nor with a draft of air blowing upon the bed. During sleep the system is always more liable to suffer from morbid causes than when awake: hence the impure and confined air of a crowded chamber, and the chill produced by a current of air is far more deleterious during the night than they would be during the day. We wish it to be understood, however, that while we deprecate in the strongest terms, the habit of sleeping exposed to a draft of air we at the same time insist upon the necessity of a free ventilation of the bed-

chamber, which can readily be effected, particularly when the room is sufficiently spacious and properly constructed, without any abridgement of the maxim we here laid down.  
**SWISS LEGEND OF WILLIAM TELL.**  
The following extract respecting the hero of Switzerland is taken from a most valuable and excellent work. The History of Switzerland, which forms the 26th volume of Dr. Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopaedia*—William Tell, who was one of the sworn at Ruth, and noted for his high and daring spirit, exposed himself to arrest by Gessler's myrindons, for passing the hat without making obeisance. Whispers of conspiracy had already reached the vogt, and he expected to extract some further evidence from Tell upon the subject. Offended by the man's obstinate silence, he gave loose to his tyrannical humour, and knowing that Tell was a good archer, commanded him to shoot from a great distance at an apple on the head of his child. God says an old chronicler was with him; and the vogt, who had not expected such a specimen of skill and fortune, now cast about for new ways to entrap the object of his malice; and seeing a second arrow in his quiver, asked him what that was for? Tell replied evasively, that such was the usual practice of archers. Not content with this reply, the vogt pressed on him further, and assured him of his life, whatever the arrow might have been meant for. "Vogt," said Tell, "had I shot my child, the second shaft was for THEE; and be sure I should not have missed my mark a second time."—Transported with rage, not unmixed with terror, Gessler exclaimed, "Tell! I have promised thee life, but thou shalt pass it in a dungeon." Accordingly, he took a boat with his captive, intending to transport him across the lake to Kussnacht in Schwytz in defiance of the common right of the district, which provided that its natives should not be kept in confinement beyond its borders. A sudden storm on the lake overtook the party; and Gessler, was obliged to give orders to loose Tell from his fetters, and commit the helm to his hands, as he was known for a skillful steersman. Tell guided the vessel to the foot of the great Axenberg, where a ledge of rocks, distinguished to this day as Tell's platform, presented itself as the only landing place for leagues around. Here he seized his cross bow, and escaped by a daring leap, leaving the skill to wrestle it in the billows. The vogt also escaped, more signal from Tell's bow in the narrow pass near Kussnacht. The tidings of his death not only enhanced the courage of the people, but also alarmed the vigilance of their rulers and greatly increased the dangers of the conspirators, who kept quiet. These occurrences marked the close of 1307.  
**Extraordinary Dream.**—In 1513, there were 7000 prisoners of war confined at Rochester Castle, in Hampshire. One of them, an Italian, was celebrated among his companions as a discoverer of hidden treasure. The place where they were confined was surrounded by a very high wall, and occupied nearly two acres of ground. The Italian dreamed one night that, if he should dig near the middle of this enclosure, to the depth of 24 feet, he would find coins of immense value. He applied to Capt. Lock of the Navy, for leave to dig. The Captain was a Scotchman, and likely as superstitious as the writer of this—at all events he believed in dreams, and readily granted permission to dig. Many of the prisoners who knew the Italian, declared that to their knowledge he had frequently found out concealed treasure by dreams, and eagerly volunteered their services. When they had dug to the depth of 18 feet, a quantity of female hair was found in perfect preservation, and nearly three feet long. At the depth of 22 feet, a large key, fourteen inches long and three inches in circumference, was dug; and at the depth of 21 feet a bag containing several thousand coins was found.—The Italian, however, declared that the money he had dreamed of was not found, which was generally believed. The communicator (J. C., Esq.) of this circumstance, was an eye-witness.  
*Edinburgh paper.*  
The most confirmed drunkard we ever knew, was an old man in the land of pumpkin, who possessed the greatest of all possible abhorrence for 'Anti-temperance.'—Having drank nine mugs of cider at a neighbor's house one evening, he concluded to leave off in a pure denial by taking another. "I believe neighbor T," says old Guzzelfunction, "I'll take another draft of your cider—I do like good cider, as well as any body, but as for swilling it down as some people do, I never could!"  
*Camden S. C. Journal.*  
**Prodigy.**—An Irishman recommending an excellent milch cow, that she would give milk year after year without having calves; because it ran in the breed, as she came of a cow that never had a calf.

**The Virtue of Publicity.**—Nothing evinces more the progress of public opinion in Scotland than the present state of law reporting, compared with what it was forty years ago. When the late Mr. Robert Bell published his reports of cases decided in 1792, containing the opinions of the judges, it was considered a most extraordinary proceeding, almost amounting to a contempt of court; and although in his subsequent reports the names of the judges were withheld, and the opinions themselves only given, yet the court had so great a dislike, at having what they said in open court thus given to the public, that they found means to compel Mr. Bell to desist from his undertaking. At a later period, a short-hand writer was brought from London, to take down the opinions of the judges in deciding one of the York Building Company's cases, for the use of the Lord Chancellor, it having been previously resolved to appeal the cause, but the judges expressed themselves to be greatly annoyed by his presence. The reporter was supposed to be pretty well out of sight in the gallery of the court, but Lord Braxfield having observed him, remarked "My Lords, you had much need to take care what you are about; I see a man sitting there writing down every word you say; we will now have to write down our speeches at home, and come here with them ready to read." With such jealousy on the bench, no attempt was made for many years to report the opinions of the individual judges. Our present judges have got over this silly prejudice. They are daily surrounded with short hand writers and note takers of all kinds, and every thing that takes place in the court is communicated to the public in four distinct sets of reports. No one can doubt that great benefit arises to the administration of justice from the change we have described. The profession and the public have the earliest notice of every thing happening in the courts worth the knowing, and are thus guided in their transactions. The judges will prepare themselves with more care, when they know their opinions are to be published and handed down to posterity, than they would do, when they were merely to be delivered in presence of the parties and their lawyers, and perhaps a few writers' apprentices. Agents as well as parties are deterred from bringing into court discreditable causes, which will inevitably be published, and counsel exert themselves more, when they are aware that the agents will judge of their industry and talents and the propriety of employing them managed the causes already before the court.  
*Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle.*  
**The Sea of Matrimony.**—A gallant youth belonging to "this quarter," by some means or other found it practicable to court a winsome lass in Borrowstounness, and went up the Firth the other day to consummate his bliss. The happy pair returned by a stirring boat on Thursday, with flags and pennants streaming in honor of the occasion, and so exhilarated was the young gude-man, that he "jump overboard height" on the deck of the steamer; and was with difficulty prevented from perpetrating an act of liration with the mermaids beneath the paddle-wheels! The exuberance of his joy had not evaporated when the boat reached the chain-pier, and before she had rightly hoove-to, the anti-Malthusian—"brisk as a bee, and light as a fairy,"—made a leap intended to terminate the landing-place, but his eye not being in a state to calculate distances to a nicety, plump went the "brisk gude-man" into the fickle deep. The bride screamed with fear, and the passengers with laughter, while the unfortunate wight was taking matters very coolly underneath. He was, however, soon rescued from his untoward dip, and in place of being carried to the Humane Society, where his suspended animation might have unhappily been restored, he was consigned "a gadder and a better man," to the humane society of his wife.  
*Scotsman.*  
Horne Tooke is said to have given in his return under the property tax, as having an income of only sixty pounds a year. Being, in consequence, summoned before the commissioners, who found fault with his return, and desired him to explain how he could live in the style he did with so small an income, he replied, "that he had much more reason to be dissatisfied with the smallness of his income than they had; that, as to their inquiry, there were three ways in which people contrived to live above their income, namely, by begging, borrowing, and stealing, and he left it to their sagacity which of these methods he employed."

**Licentiousness of the Bar.**—A court, Dunning was too often in the habit of displaying that sort of overbearing and arrogant manner into which successful counsel are too apt to be betrayed, a fault that once subjected him to a pruning rebuke from the witty Solicitor-General, Lee, best known among his professional brethren by the familiar appellation of Jack Lee.—Dunning was relating to him how he had just completed the purchase of some capital manors in his native county. "Aye, in good manners in Westminster-hall."—The following may serve for a sample of the consequence he brought on by an unsuccessful attempt at brow-beating a witness.—It was in a crim. con. case, where he was retained for the defendant. To prove the fact of adultery, the lady's maid had been called, and had deposed to thy having seen the defendant in bed with her mistress. When it came to Dunning's turn to begin the cross-examination, he desired the witness, in a stern tone, to take off her bonnet, that he might have a full view of her face, and convince himself by her looks whether she was speaking the truth. The girl happened to be an Abigail of that description which Moliere has so well portrayed in the persons of his *Louettes* and *Toinettes*, so, it may be imagined, she was not easy to be abashed; and, having a pretty face to show, she felt not the least objection that bench, bar, attorneys, jurors, and by-standers should command a full view of it.—When the bonnet was removed, Dunning began and endeavored to shake her testimony as to the identity of her mistress's bed fellow. "Was she sure it was not her master who had not seen in that conjugal capacity?" "Perfectly sure." "What! did she pretend to say she could be certain, when the head only appeared above the bed-clothes, and that enveloped in a night-cap?" "Quite certain." "You have often found occasion, then, to see your master in his night-cap?" continued the questioner. "I see very frequently."—"Now, young woman, I ask you, upon your oath, does not your master occasionally go to bed with you?" "Oh!" answered Toinette, nothing daunted, "that trial does not come on to-day, Mr. Slabberchops." A loud shout of laughter all around achieved the discomfiture of Dunning, who had nothing for it but to adjust his hands, change the position of his wig, and look very foolish.—Lord Mansfield leant back on the bench in an uncontrollable burst of mirth, and he had not more than half recovered the judicial gravity of tone, when he asked whether Mr. Dunning chose to put any more questions. A short-angust was recorded of a shock to his personal vanity, which, was, perhaps, the more effective, that it was given apparently without intention, and in perfect simplicity of heart. An old woman, witness in an assault case, administered this bitter dose. Here, too, his object was to invalidate the evidence as to the identity of a party; but here he went about it with much gentleness.—Something like the following dialogue took place between them.—"Pray my good woman," he said, "are you very well acquainted with this person?" "Oh, yes, your worship, very well indeed." "Come, now, what sized man is he? Is he short or tall?" "Quite short and stumpy, sir; almost as small as your honor." "Humph! What kind of nose has he?" "What I should call a stumpy nose, sir; much such a one, just for all the world, as your own, only not quite so cocked-like." "Um! His eyes?" "Why he has a kind of cast in them, sir, a sort of squint. They are very like your honor's eyes.—Pah! You may go down, woman."—*The last number of the Law Magazine: Life of Lord Ashburton.*  
**Medical Candour.**—Dr. Samuel Garth, who was one of the Kit-Kat Club, coming there one night, declared that he must soon be gone, having many patients to attend; but, some good wine being produced, he forgot them. When Sir Richard Steel reminded him of his appointments, Garth immediately pulled out "his list, which amounted to fifteen, and said, "It's no matter whether I lose them to-night or not, for none of them have such bad constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't save them, and the other six have such good constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't kill them."  
The Exeter News-Letter is always talking some tougher. In the last, it is stated that, on a young lady's backing out of a stage, her bonnet, which was very large, caught in the door way, and there she hung, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth, until relieved by cutting away her bonnet strings!  
An Indian chief being asked his opinion of a cask of Maderia wine presented to him by an officer in the company's service, said, he thought it a juice extracted from women's tongues and lions' hearts; for after he had drank a bottle of it, he said, 'he could talk forever and fight the devil!'