

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.

BY JOSEPH W. HAMPTON.

SALISBURY, (N. C.) MARCH 30, 1838.

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NEW TERMS

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

1. The Western Carolinian is published every Friday, at Two Dollars per annum if paid in advance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if not paid before the expiration of three months.

2. No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the discretion of the Editor; and a failure to notify the Editor of a wish to discontinue, at the end of a year, will be considered as a new engagement.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements will be conspicuously and correctly inserted, at one dollar per square for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuance. Court and Judicial advertisements will be charged 25 per cent more than the above prices. A deduction of 33 1/3 per cent from the regular price will be made to yearly advertisers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To insure prompt attention to Letters addressed to the Editor, the postage should in all cases be paid.

THE CATAWBA SPRINGS.



THE Proprietor of this establishment gives notice, that he is repairing and fitting it up at considerable expense, and in a superior style, and will have it ready for the reception of company by the 20th of May. It is situated on the great Eastern and Western line of Stages, from Salisbury via Lincolnton to Asheville, &c.; (a stage passing there every day in the week but one). The country around it is broken and proverbially healthy, and besides the mineral properties of the waters, there are many inducements to turn the attention of invalids and others towards this place. Its proximity to the lower country—the cheapness of living—the excellence of the neighboring society—the abundance of game—the rich soil afforded to science—especially to Mineralogy and Botany, are facts not to be overlooked by the travelling world. But it is in the **Mineral qualities of the Springs** that the great attraction towards this spot consists. The Proprietor has no exaggerated lists of cures to present to the public, for he has just taken possession, nor would he deem it a compliment either to the good taste or sagacity of the public, to present such if he had them. But he has the assurance of some of the most scientific Physicians and Chemists, to the rare and valuable properties of these Springs. In 1821 Professor Olmsted (now of Yale College) made a strict analysis of this water, and pronounces its ingredients to be

- Sulphurated Hydrogen,
- Sulphate of Lime,
- Sulphate of Magnesia,
- Muriate of Lime.

For a more extended statement see his geological Report of North Carolina, authorized by act of Assembly, pages 129-30. Space will not permit us to do the very flattering remarks of this gentleman—only say that all acquainted with the subject cannot fail perceiving the peculiar adaptation of these minerals, to the disorders that most prevail in the South.

The Proprietor can only superadd his determination to meet patronage, by an unflinching attention to the wants, wishes and comforts of his visitors. The Springs are now, and will be through the year, open for the accommodation of travellers.

JOS. W. HAMPTON.

March 16, 1838.

The Camden Courier, Columbia Times, Charleston Mercury, Augusta Constitutionalist, Hillsborough Recorder, Savannah Republican, and Columbus Enquirer, will insert the above two weeks, weekly, and send accounts to Catawba Springs.

J. W. H.

Temperance Notice.

THE Cabarrus County Temperance Society will hold a meeting at St. Johns, or the Red Meeting House, on Good Friday, the 13th of April next. All citizens and friends are respectfully requested to attend on that occasion.

JAS. F. MORRISON, Sec.

March 23, 1838.

STRAYED

FROM the Subscriber, living in Cabarrus County, 6 miles east of Lincolnton, on Sunday the 18th instant, a grey mare, 4 hands and upwards high, 6 or 7 years old, a natural trotter, does not pace or rack, with a saddle mark, and a white mark on one of her fore legs just above the hoof. I procured said mare of Mr. Leonard Hielick, in Rowan county, and will give a reasonable reward to any person delivering her to me, or who will give information so that I get her again.

JOHN G. HARTSELL.

March 23, 1838.

PHILADELPHIA MEETING.

A very large meeting of the citizens of Philadelphia was held on Monday last, at which resolutions decidedly favorable to the Sub-treasury Bill were adopted. We are told that every political economist of note in the city favors the bill, and unites in the opinion that a separation of Bank and State is absolutely necessary to preserve our institutions and the currency.—*Washington Chronicle.*

POETIC RECESSES.

"MUCH YET REMAINS UNKNOWN."

NEW ENGLAND.

New England! dear New England!
My birth-place proud and free;
A traitor's curse be on my head,
When I am false to thee!
While rolls the bright Connecticut,
In silver to the sea—
While old Wachusett rears its head,
I will remember thee!

By every recollection dear,
By friendship's hallowed tie,
By scenes engraven on the heart,
By love that cannot die—
And by the sweet—the Jarveell kiss
Of dearest Rosalie,
New England—dear New England!
I will remember thee!

I may not climb thy misty hills
At purple eve or morn,
Nor bind among the laughing girls
The yellow sheaves of corn.
I may not tread the crags that bear
The thunder of the sea,
But by the bright autumnal sky,
I will remember thee!

Though in the far and sunny South,
The eyes of love may shine,
And music at the revel charm,
And beauty pour the wine,
I will not listen to the harp,
Nor join the revelry.
But in the fountain plunge my cup,
And drink a health to thee!

And when from weary wanderings,
At length I hasten back,
How blithely will I tread again
The old familiar track.
And if my Rosalie be true,
(And false she cannot be,)
New England! in thy mountain streams,
I'll drink again to thee!

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Genesee Farmer.

The use of Lime in the cultivation of Wheat.

There is no fact connected with agriculture more incontrovertibly proved, than that the presence of lime in the soil is indispensable to the production of wheat. Dr. Mitchell, one of the ablest observers and writers this country has yet seen, appears to have been one of the first to call the attention of farmers to this fact, and attempted an explanation of the reasons which led to such a result. In the meantime, these self-taught philosophers, the Germans of Pennsylvania, had by experience discovered its value and adopted its use, in preparing their soils for the production of this staple crop, and were thus enabled to keep up the fertility of their farms, and their productiveness for wheat; while the Dutch and English farmers in the once rich valleys of New York, and on the banks of the Mohawk and Schoharie, found their farms growing worthless for wheat, and have long been compelled nearly to abandon its cultivation. In New England the result was the same, only the exhaustion was sooner performed, as the stock of calcareous matter in the earth being much smaller, and the effect of the alkaline substances produced in clearing the land of the animal matter existing in the soil, was more quickly dissipated. Art is beginning to restore to the earth the lime which in some places was deficient by nature, or had been exhausted by injudicious farming, and fertility and the capability of raising wheat is returning to those sections, where for years the power has been unknown.

The method in which lime performs the effects which it is undeniable may be attributed to it, does not yet appear to be fully understood. Were not its efficiency, as in the case of gypsum, owing to some chemical rather than mechanical cause, it would seem hardly possible that so small a quantity as is sometimes used, would produce so immediate a result, or where larger portions are applied, that the benefits should be so permanent.

Wonders from Cultivation.

There is scarcely a vegetable which we now cultivate, that can be found to grow naturally. Buffon has stated that our wheat is a factitious production, raised to its present condition by the art of agriculture. Rye, rice, barley, or even oats, are not to be found wild, that is to say, growing naturally in any part of the earth, but have been altered by the industry of mankind from plants not now resembling them, even in such a degree as not to enable us to recognize their relations. The acid and disagreeable opium graveolens, has been transferred into delicious celery; and the edelweiss, a plant of scanty leaves, not weighing, altogether, half an ounce, has been improved into cabbage, whose leaves weigh many pounds, or into a cauliflower of considerable dimensions, being only the embryo of a few buds which in their natural state would not have weighed as many grains. The potato, again, whose introduction has added many millions to our population, derives its origin from a small bitter root, which grows wild in Chili and Monte Video.—*English Paper.*

Cure for the wounds of Cattle.

The most aggravated wounds of domestic animals are easily cured with a portion of the yolk of eggs mixed in spirit of turpentine of Florence.

The parts affected must be bathed several times with the mixture each day, when a perfect cure will be effected in 48 hours.—*Farmer and Gardener.*

The State of Pennsylvania has disbursed for the construction of Canals and Rail-Roads, twenty-two million two hundred and twenty-nine thousand dollars. In the last year these works brought a net revenue of near five per cent, on the cost.—*Pittsburgh Visitor.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

From "the Clockmaker, or the Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick."

SISTER SALLY'S COURTSHIP.

There goes one of them ere everlasting rotten poles in that bridge; they are no better than a trap for a critter's leg, said the Clockmaker. They remind me of a trap Jim Munroe put his foot in one night, that near about made one leg half a yard longer than tother. I believe I told you of him, what a desperate idle feller he was—he come from Union county in Connecticut. Well, he was courtin' sister Sall—she was a real handsome looking gal; you scarce ever seed a more out and out complete critter than she was—a fine figure head, and a beautiful model of a craft as any in the State, a real clipper, and as full of fun and frolic as a kitten. Well, he fairly turned Sall's head; the more we wanted her to give him up, the more she wouldn't, and we got plaguy uneasy about it, for his character was none of the best. He was a universal favorite with the galls, and tho' he didn't behave very pretty neither, forgetting to marry where he promised, and where he had't ought to forget, too; yet so it was, he had such an uncommon winnin way with him, he could talk them over in no time—Sall was fairly besetled.

At last father said to him one evening when he came a courtin', Jim, says he, you'll never come to no good, if you act like old scratch as you do; you ain't fit to come into no decent man's house, at all, and your absence would be ten times more agreeable than your company, I tell you. I won't consent to Sall's going to them ere huskin parties and quatin frolics along with you no more, on no account, for you know how—Now don't say he, now don't Uncle Sam; say no more about that; if you know'd all you wouldn't say it was my fault; and besides, I have turned right about, I am on tother tack now, and the long leg, too; I am steady as a pump bolt now. I intend to settle myself and take a farm. Yes, yes, says father, but it won't do. I knew your father, he was our sergeant, a proper clever and brave man, he was too; he was one of the heroes of our glorious revolution. I had a great respect for him, and I am sorry, for his sake, you will act as you do; but I tell you once for all, you must give up all hopes of Sall, now and for everlastin'. When Sall heard this, she began to nut away like mad in a desperate hurry—she looked foolish enough, that's a fact. First she tried to bite her breath and look as if there was nothin' particular in the wind, then she blushed all over like scarlet fever, but she recovered that pretty soon, and then her colour went and came, and came and went, till at last she grew as white as chalk, and down she fell slap of her seat on the floor, in a faint fit. Face, says father, I—

Now, you eternal villain, and he made a pull at the old fashioned sword, that always hung over the fire place, (we used to call it old Bunker, for his story always begun 'when I was at Bunker's Hill,') and drawing it out he made a chop at him as wicked as if he was stabbing a rat with a hay fork; but Jim, he outs of the door like a shot and draws it too arter him, and father sends old Bunker right through the panel. I'll chop you up as fine as mince meat, you villain, says he, if ever I catch you inside my door again; mind what I tell you, you'll swing for it yet. Well, he made himself considerable scarce arter that, he never set foot inside the door again, and I thought he had giv'n up all hopes of Sall, and she of him; when one night, a most particular uncommon dark night, as I was a comin' home from neighbor Dearborn's, I heard some one a talkin under Sall's window. Well, I stops and listens, and who should be near the ash saps but Jim Munroe, a tryin to persuade Sall to run off with him to Rhode Island to be married. It was all settled, he should come with a horse and shay to the gate, and then help her out of the window, just at nine o'clock, about the time she commonly went to bed. Then he axes her to reach down her hand for him to kiss, (for he was proper clever at soft sawdler) and she stretches it down and he kisses it; and he says, I believe I must have the whole of you out arter all, and gives her a jerk that kinder startled her; it came so sudden like it made her scream, so off he sot hot foot, and over the gate in no time.

Well, I cyphered over this all night a calculatin how I could recopierate the trick with him, and at last I hit on a scheme. I recollected father's words at partin', "mind what I tell you, you'll swing for it yet," and thinks I, friend Jim, I'll make that prophecy come true, yet, I guess. So the next night, just at dark, I gives January Snow, the old nigger, a nudge with my elbow, and as soon as he looks up, I winks and walks out and he arter me—says I January, you can keep your tongue within your teeth, you old nigger, you? Why massa why you axe that are question? my goodness, you think old Snow he don't know that are yet; my tongue he got plenty room now, debil a tooth left, he can stretch out ever so far; like a little leg in a big bed, he lay quiet enough, massa, neber lear. Well, then, says I, bend down that are ash saps softly, you old Snowball, and make no noise.—The saps was no sooner bent than secured to the ground by a notched peg and a noose, and a slip knot was suspended from the tree, just over the track that led from the pathway to the house. Why my dogs, massa, that's a—Hold your mug, you old nigger, says I, or I'll send your tongue a searching arter your teeth; keep quiet and follow me in presently.

Well, just as it struck nine o'clock, says I, Solly, hold this here hank of twine for a minute, till I wind a trifle on it off; that's a dear critter. She sot down her candle, and I put the twine on her hands, and then I begins to wind and wind away ever so slow, and drops the ball every now and then, so as to keep her down stairs. Sam, says she, I do believe you won't wind that are twine off all night; do give it to January, I wont say no longer. I'm een most dead asleep. The old feller's arm is so plaguy onsteady, said I, it won't do; but hark, what's that, I'm sure I heard something in the ash saps, didn't you Sall? I heard the geese there, that's all, says she, they always come under

the window at night, but she looked scared enough, and says she, I vow I'm tired a holdin' out of my arms this way, and I woud do it any longer; and down she throwed the hank on the floor. Well, says I, stop one minute, dear, till I send old January out to see if any body is there; perhaps some o' neighbor Dearborn's cattle have broke into the sarce garden. January went out, tho' Sall said it was no use, for she knew the noise of the geese, they always kept close to the house at night for fear of the varmin. Presently in runs old Snow with his hair standing upon end, and the whites of his eyes lookin as big as the rims of a soup plate; oh! massa, massa, said he, oh massa, oh Miss Sally, oh! What on arth is the matter with you? said Sally, how you frighten me, I vow I believe you're mad—oh goodness said he, oh massa Jim Munroe he hang himself on the ash saps inder Miss Sally's window—oh, my dogs!!! That shot was a settler, it struck poor Sall right atwixt wind and water; she gave a lurch ahead, then heeled over and sunk right down in another faint fit; and June, Snow's wife carried her off and laid her down on the bed—poor thing she felt ugly enough, I do suppose.

Well, father, I thought he'd a fainted too, he was so struck up all of a heap, he was completely bung fugged; dear, dear, said he, I tho't it woudn't come to pass so soon, but I knew it would come; I foretold it, said he, the last time I seed him; Jim says I, mind what I say, you'll swing for it yet, Give me the sword I wore when I was at Bunker's Hill, may be there is life yet, I'll cut him down. The lantern was soon made ready, and out we went to the ash saps. Cut me down, Sam, that's a good fellow, said Jim, all the blood in my body has swashed into my head, and's a rumm out o' my nose, I'm een a most anothered—be quick, for heaven's sake. The Lord be praised, said father, the poor sinner is not quite dead yet. Why, as I'm alive—well if that don't beat all natur, why he has banged himself by oneleg, and's a swingin like a rabbit upside down, that's a fact. Why, if he ain't snored, Sam; he is properly wired I declare—I vow this is some o' your doings, Sam—well it was a clever scheme too, but a little grain too dangerous, I guess. Don't stand starn and jawin there all night, said Jim, cut me down, I tell you—or cut my throat, and be c—d to you, for I am choakin with blood. Roll over that are hoghead, old Snow, said I, till I get atop on it and cut him down; so I soon released him, but he couldn't walk a bit. His ankle was swelled and sprained like vengeance, and he swore one leg was near about six inches longer than the other. Jim Munroe, says father, little did I think I should ever see you inside my door again, but I bid you enter now, we owe you that kindness, any how.

Well, to make a long story short, Jim was so chapp fugged, and so down in the mouth, he begged for heaven's sake it might be kept a secret; he said he would run the State, if ever it got wind, he was sure he couldn't stand it.—It will be one while, I guess, said father, afore you are able to run or stand either; but if you will give me your hand, Jim, and promise to give over your evil ways, I will not only keep it secret, but you shall be a welcome guest at old Sam Slick's once more, for the sake of your father—he was a brave man, one of the heroes of Bunker's Hill, he was our sergeant, and— He promised, says I, father, (for the old man had struck his right foot out, the way he always stood when he told about the old war; and as Jim couldn't stir a peg, it was a grand chance, and he was going to give him the whole revolution from General Sage up to Independence,) he promises, says I, father. Well it was all settled, and things soon grew as calm as a pan of milk two days old; and afore a year was over, Jim was as steady a gait man as Minister Joshua Hopewell, and was married to our Sall. Nothing was ever said about the snare till arter the wedding. When the minister had finished axin a blessin, father goes up to Jim and says he, Jim Munroe, my boy, give him a rumm slap on the shoulder, that sot him a coughin for the matter of five minutes, (for he was a mortal powerful man, was father,) Jim Munroe, my boy, says he, you've got the snare round your neck, I guess now, instead of your leg.

We had a most special time of it, you may depend, all except the minister; father got him into a corner, and gave him chapter and verse of the whole war. Every now and then as I came near them, I heard Bunker's Hill, Brandywine, Clinton, Gates, and so on. It was broad day when we parted, and the last that went was poor minister. Father followed him clean down to the gate, and says he, Munroe, we had't time this mornin, or I'd a told you about the crackatin' of New York, but I'll tell you that the next time we meet.

A SNAKE STORY.

A curious fact in Natural History was related some time since by Dr. Anseim, professor of Natural History at Turin. A snake called in Italy, Serpe Nerva, the Coluber Natrix of Linnæus, is well known to be extremely fond of milk and the Italian peasantry pretend that it makes its way into dairies to gratify its inclination. They even assert that it is sometimes entwined round the legs of cows, drawing milk from their teats. Of this fact Dr. Anseim himself had an opportunity once of being an eye witness. He says: "Walking, as usual, one morning, on the road called the Park, bordered by pastures containing a great number of sheep and horned cattle. I observed an old but vigorous cow, separate from the others, and looking, with her head raised in the air, her ears erect, and shaking her tail. Surprised at the noise she made, I seated myself on the bank of a stream, and followed her with my eyes, wherever she went. After running for some minutes, she suddenly stopped in a sequestered spot, and began to ruminate. Inquisitive to discover the cause, I went to the place. After going into a pond to drink, she came out, and waited on the brink for a black snake which crept from among the bushes and approaching her, entwined himself round her legs, and began to suck her milk. I observed this phenomenon two successive days, without informing the herdsmen. The third day I informed him of it; and he told me that for some

time the cow kicked at the approach of her calf, and that he could not, without difficulty, be compelled to suffer it to suck. We took away the snake, which we killed. On the succeeding day the cow, after waiting for the sucking, ran about the meadow in such a manner that the herdsmen was obliged to shut her up."

Short and Sweet.

"I can't speak in public, never done such a thing in all my life," said a chap the other night at a public meeting, who had been called upon to hold forth, "but if any body in the crowd will speak for me, I'll hold his hat."

Two travelers being robbed in a wood and tied to trees, some distance from each other, one of them exclaimed, in despair, "Oh, I'm undone!" "Are you?" said the other: "then I wish you would come and undo me."

A Methodist preacher one day was conversing with an old lady, when he said, "No person on this earth has ever committed a crime but it was found out before they died." To which the old lady very knowing replied: "Ah, sir, I knowa better dan dat, for I've stole a hog 20 years ago from mine nabor, and nobody nose it yet—dare now, your argumnt caint doo."

Either way will do.

"Will you have me Eli-za?" said a young man to a modest girl. "No, John," said she, "but you may have me, if you will."

The papers have so long amused themselves with notices of tall men, that bipeds of that class are pretty much "used up." Next comes the short ones. We have heard of a man so short that he could not reach high enough to button his own jacket.

Another so short that he could not look over a fence, after he had climbed to the top.

Absence of Mind.

A man thinking he was at home, a few evenings since, laid down in the common, and put his boots outside the gate to be blacked in the morning.

Another person after getting home one rainy night put his umbrella in bed, and leaned up in the corner himself.

Another gentleman at the supper table dropping a biscuit on his pocket handkerchief, wiped his mouth with the biscuit and very deliberately went about buttering his handkerchief.

One once had a physician who, being unwell, covered up a pill in the bed, and swallowed himself!

Another.

A steward being visited by a perance agent, just as he was about to take down his morning bitters, kicked the decanter out of doors, and swallowed the agent.

A Sailor's Wedding.

A tar just returned from sea, met one of his female acquaintances. He was so overjoyed that he determined to marry her; but at the altar the parson demurred, as there was not cash enough between them to pay the fees; upon which Jack offered a few shillings, saying: "Never mind, brother, marry us as far as it will go."

A Yankee Trick.

An eastern pedlar lately desired accommodation for the night at a tavern in the south part of Virginia, but from the prejudice frequently existing against this class, our host for a long time refused. At last he consented, on condition that the pedlar should play him a yankee trick before he left him. The offer was accepted. On rising in the morning, Jonathan carefully secured the coverlet of the bed, which among other articles he pressed the landlady to purchase. The low price of the coverlet operated at once on the latter, who insisted that her husband should buy it, adding that it matched her's exactly. Jonathan took his money, mounted his cart and had got fairly under way, when our host called to him that he had forgotten his yankee trick he was to play on him. O, never mind, says Jonathan, you will find it out soon enough.

Indian Anecdote.

A son of the Emerald Isle, travelling in the Cherokee country, met a native: "Good morning," said the traveller.

"O-see-a," replied the Indian (meaning good morning).

"You see me," replied the Irishman, "be Jesus, I see you too."

"Skrae-unake," (meaning mean white man) said the Indian, somewhat offended at the rough language of his fellow traveller.

"Skin my neck," cried the Irishman in a burst of passion. "By the height of the bill of Hoath, I'll skin your neck first," and he forthwith began to pummel the unfortunate native more unmercifully.

"Nok-va," (meaning quit) yelled the Indian.

"Yes," said the Irishman, "I'll knock you till your heart's contented with the bating I'll give ye."

From the "Sketches of Western Adventurers."

THE TWO JOHNSONS.

Early in the Fall of '33, two boys by the name of Johnson, the one twelve and the other nine years of age, were playing on the banks of Shori creek, near the mouth of the Muskingum, and occasionally skipping stones into the water. At a distance they saw two men, dressed like ordinary settlers, in hats and coats, who gradually approached them, and from time to time threw stones in the water, in imitation of the children. At length when within 100 yards of the boys, they suddenly threw off masks and rushed rapidly upon them, took them prisoners. They proved to be Indians of the Delaware tribe. Taking the children into their arms they ran hastily into the woods; and after a rapid march of about six miles, they encamped for the night. Having kindled a fire, and laying their rifles and tomahawks against a tree, they lay down to rest, each with a boy in his arms. The children as may be readily supposed, were too much agita-