

# 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.

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## NEW TERMS

### TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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Letters addressed to the Editors, must in all cases be paid.

## LIBERTINO GENUCHI.

### AN ITALIAN STORY.

Chiavari, like Genoa, is situated on the declivity of a mountain. It is a provincial town of some importance, and has an executive government of its own. The chief inhabitants are, for the most part, owners and occupiers of the lands, mountains, and productive forests in the immediate district; and they live contentedly on the annual proceeds of their vines, olives, chestnuts, figs, pears, and Italian corn, and of the various other produce of that soil and fertile soil—laying by, with a prudent foresight, a part of each year's profits as a patrimony for their children.

At the period of which we speak, no two families were held in higher estimation than those of Mazza and Genuchi. Thirty years only have gone by their course, and, with one solitary, miserable exception, they are swept from the face of the earth; such are the effects of Italian jealousy and revenge.

As we are unwilling that the thread of our narrative should be broken when once we have begun to spin it out, we will give a brief sketch of the domestic person who took a part in it.

Pietro Genuchi, who was a widower, had two sons, Joanni and Libertino. Andrea Mazza, three sons, and a daughter, then in her fourteenth year.

The characters of the sons of Genuchi formed a singular contrast. Joanni was an Italian Orson, rough both in exterior and manners. He gained a considerable influence and power over all around him, more particularly over his brother, but it was a superiority forced rather than granted willingly; he sought for occupation in the harder pursuits of war. If any injury was inflicted upon any of his countrymen, he was the ready redresser; nor did he deem his efforts, even to the risking his life, until he had procured ample satisfaction. If a wolf appeared in the neighborhood (not unfrequently the case) destroying the flocks and herds without, or entering the town and making havoc upon the lives of its inhabitants within, Joanni singly would seek the ruthless devastator, while others dared not its destruction even in a body; and not unusually did he return, after nights and days passed amongst the mountains, with the bleeding trunk of the lifeless beast—a trophy of his success and valor.—Yet, although his courage was so undoubted, and he had never been known to espouse an unjust cause, Joanni was an object of fear, rather than of admiration. Not so his brother Libertino; he was beloved by every one that knew him; he was mild, placid, and amiable, yet manly, and excelling in every manly exercise, the chief dancer at the village fetes, and the best congerist in Chiavari. No wonder, then, he obtained the admiration of the women, or that he had possessed himself of the early affections of Catarina Mazza.

The brothers of Catarina were his constant companions—the friends of his youth, and of his remaining maturity; Catarina, the beloved of his heart—his early, first, and only love. Catarina was the belle of Chiavari, and, although many envied, none disputed Libertino's claim to her affections. It has already been stated that she was but fourteen; but, in the precocity of an Italian girl, a girl of that age is considered marriageable; at thirty, women bears there the stamp and marks of infancy. The effeminate life of Libertino (as his brother styled it) gave Joanni the greatest cause to regret, and it was frequently a subject for his animadversion and remark.

"Why," would he often say, "will you not follow me? I live a life of ever-varying amusement and profit. While I range the mountains, and inure myself to hardship, which, in these perilous times, no one can say how soon I may put to the test, you spend your hours idly, at the wine-press, or by a girl's elbow. Libertino, I can make nothing of you; you will be a drone—a spiritless, senseless drone—for the rest of your existence."

Libertino would listen with the deference of a younger brother, whose heart confessed the superiority of him who lectured him; but the domestic quiet of his home, the cheerful fireside of Andrea Mazza, and the affectionate welcome of his daughter Catarina, were enjoyments he could not relinquish or abandon willingly even for a day. Great events seldom seem to preponderate in the destiny of man, but the small, and apparently insignificant accidents and occurrences of the day are often, in their result, pregnant with the greatest consequences. Libertino's character had taken its tone from the even tenor of his life. There were but few points on which it was pregnable, and on one of them it was destined that he should be assailed by his destruction.

Amidst the influx of foreigners who resorted to Genoa, after its possession by the French, there were many who appeared there for the purpose of purchasing the commodities of its trade, the leading articles of which are gold and silver tissue, damask and velvet; and a house of the first consideration in Paris had sent an agent there in the person of Francois Mallet, a young and accomplished Frenchman, who made friends wherever he went by his liveliness, talent, and good humor.—

He had for some time remained among the Genoese, procuring the most choice of their merchandise, and gaining the hearts of their daughters. On a casual visit to Sestri di Casanto, Francois for the first time caught sight of the lovely and expressive features of Catarina Mazza, who, with Libertino, had gone from Chiavari, a distance of four miles, either to join the holy procession of the Fete de Dieu, or more probably to enjoy a *tete-a-tete* morning with her beloved. Francois was a true Frenchman; he was gallant and persevering. Like Cesar, "veni, vidi, vici," had hitherto been his fortune; and he had no sooner seen Catarina than he resolved on making her acquaintance, and if possible, on discovering her place of residence. To effect this, he foresaw he must introduce himself to her companion, although something whispered to him that the couple were betrothed.—There is seldom a possibility of mistaking that point. Love assumes a thousand disguises, but he is a bad masquerader; he betrays himself to every looker-on. Francois neared the objects of his pursuit in the crowd; and, under the plea of being a stranger—not to the language, but to the customs of the country—he soon entered into familiar conversation with the unsuspecting Libertino.

With there are who can reap the advances, or withstand the captivating manners of an accomplished young Frenchman. Many a *Johanna Bull*, filled with ancient and patriotic prejudices, attends unwillingly his curious wife and roving loving daughters to the Continent, determining to detest every native—simply and abstractedly because he is a Frenchman—whose asperities wear off, and whose prejudices are cast off, long ere he again revisits his native shore. An Italian, both in manners and ideas, harmonises more nearly with a Frenchman, and has less of previous distaste to overcome. Francois made himself most agreeable—his remarks on the scene before them abounded with wit, and excited laughter—Catarina was pleased with him, Libertino declared him a good fellow, and he received and accepted willingly an invitation to return with them to Chiavari. Francois now became the shadow of Libertino, and soon the repository of his inmost thoughts—in personal appearance he was far below his Italian friend—in acquirement and general knowledge by far his superior. From week to week his return to Genoa was delayed, much to the delight of those who felt enjoyment in his society—a dull evening was now unknown—round the supper table, laden with dried peaches, figs, pears, and Italian cheese, with the *vin du pays*, and the sweeter muscatelle, the lively charade passed with redoubled vigor. The persegordino and the more exclusive lucendrus—these, and many others of the Italian dances, were replaced by the light quadrille, but Catarina still remained the constant partner of Libertino.

Joanni Genuchi was sometimes a spectator of the scene; he, however, evinced no interest in it, and betrayed a decided dislike to the lively Frenchman. His brother endeavored to reason him out of the prejudice, but he only rendered him impatient, and yet more inveterate against Francois Mallet.

"What see you in him, Libertino; that you have thus taken him to your bosom? as a Frenchman, he is the enemy of your country, dangerous in every way, and to every one, but more particularly to yourself—mark you not, with what an insolent stare he fixes his eyes on her, you profess to love, and whom you intend to make your wife? Have you no eyes—no heart—no feeling? but gratify your coarse, feed his vanity by your approbation, continue to him the protection of our roof, and a free ingress into Mazza's dwelling, and, as I am your brother, I swear he will play the wolf with your fondling lamb—deprive you of her, and laugh at your credulity. *Corpo di Barco!* that ever I had a brother so blind, so infatuated as thou art!"

The words of Joanni were not spent in vain—Libertino became more observant of the Frenchman and his betrothed, and, once alive to suspicion, accident gave him a thousand trifles to pervert into alarming facts.

"My brother has not spoken without reason," said he to himself, one evening, in returning home after witnessing with a jealous eye the affectionate farewell bestowed by Catarina upon his companion; "I will no longer press his stay."

By this time, however, Francois had obtained too firm a footing in the house to be easily displaced without a breach of common hospitality; and Libertino, whose nature it was to avoid, as far as possible, the asperities of life, suffered day after day to pass over his head without resolving on any plan by which, without an open rupture, he could explain to his companion that he had already outstayed his welcome.

Jealousy and doubt, in the mean time, like noxious weeds, obtained a rapid growth within his breast, and stifled the nobler feelings that had hitherto held it in possession.

Francois was not long in perceiving that a change had taken place by no means favorable to himself in the mind of Libertino—he made his arrangements accordingly, and, when he announced them, they were wormwood to the unhappy Italian, who wished, yet dared not as yet, express his thoughts.

"I have trespassed long upon your father's hospitality, Libertino," he observed, "and had intended to have taken my leave on my return to Genoa; but, as my employers will not require my services for another month, I have this evening accepted the invitation of Andrea Mazza, and, for a time, shall remain an inmate in his house; but we shall see as much of each other, my friend, as ever, since Mazza's doors are as open to you as your own."

This was too much for Libertino, and with difficulty did he suppress his feelings; had he spoken, the effect would have been as an avalanche, and he would have hastened a crisis that he feared to be inevitable; for the time he restrained himself, and received the intimation in silence. For the first week of Francois' change of residence, Libertino scarcely once lost sight of him; he also became a

constant guest (although not an inmate of Mazza's cottage; but he felt the course he was pursuing to be unworthy him—he was enacting the spy, and his yet untried generosity of feeling rendered the task repugnant. He went into the opposite extreme—seldom visited the cottage by day, and was often missing from his accustomed corner at the evening fireside. Catarina remonstrated, but he evaded her enquiries, and was deaf to expostulation.

The terrific fury of a thunder-storm is fitly can scarcely be imagined by those who have not witnessed its effects. The awful swelling of the thunder—the vivid rapidity of the lightning, carrying destruction in each flash—the ponderous mass of hailstones, that lays prostrate the beasts of the field, and splits asunder the massive trunks of the deeply rooted trees—the accompanying awful tremor of the elements (which we designate as earthquakes)—oh, it is a fearful sight, and conveys an appropriate and most painful feeling to those who meet its terrors for the first time. Libertino, on returning from the cottage and evening, was exposed to such a storm, and, entering his home, perceived Joanni sitting gloomily before the dying embers of the fire—he had resting on the palm of his hand, his fingers entangled in the matted jetty locks that covered it.

"An awful night, my brother!"  
"Yes," replied Joanni, "to fools and maidens. I like the storm, and am now off to the mountains; go you to bed, my gentle brother, and dream of love and petticoats," he said with a scornful laugh.  
"You do me wrong, Joanni; I am neither weak nor a fool."

"Where is your popinjay, the Frenchman?"  
"At Mazza's—"

"And you no fool! Oh, Libertino, have you not sense to feel, nor arm to redress your wrongs—have I endeavored but in vain to open your eyes? Did he not remain here professionally out of friendship to yourself? Why, then, is he at Mazza's? Are you not engaged to Mazza's only daughter? Why, then, is he her father's inmate? Awake from this lethargy—feel and act like a man; be it undermining your peace, and will ruin that of Catarina. I know, I have seen more than you imagine—to be forewarned is to be forearmed. Once again, I say, beware of Francois Mallet!"

Libertino buried his face within his hands. He drank in with too willing an ear the insidious counsel of his brother. After a pause he remarked—  
"Joanni, I am at last convinced of my error; be you my guide and counselor; I will act as you direct me."

"Spoken like a man," exclaimed his brother, with energy, rising and seizing warmly his hand; "but you are cold," said he, "and ill. To-morrow you are in Genoa with the olives, I also shall be at the market, and we will speak further on the subject! To bed, my brother!" He seized his gun, and, followed by his dogs, left the house, and, in defiance of the pitiless raging storm, bent his way to the mountains.

Libertino hastened to bed, but sleep was a stranger to his eyelids. He almost repented of having listened to his brother, yet more that he had promised to abide his counsel; he had, however, gone too far to retract, and awaited with impatience the communication of the ensuing day.

On rising, Libertino remembered that it was the morning of a fete, and to leave Catarina to the enjoyment of the evening dance without his protection, added to the bitterness of his feelings.

Before he set out on his journey, he made his way to Mazza's dwelling, and called his daughter to the door.  
"Catarina, it is the fete of St. —"  
"Yes! dear Libertino, and we shall have the dance earlier than usual; remember, we are to try Francois' new quadrilles."

"Curse Francois," exclaimed he, impetuously. Catarina looked alarmed—he soothed her by the softest endearments.

"I am not well, Catarina—I know not what I say—I am obliged to be at Genoa to receive payment for our olives—it annoys me, for I must be able to return this night."

Catarina expressed her regret in the most lively manner; he kissed her affectionately, and, after a pause, continued—  
"Catarina, I think you loved me once."

"Think I loved you? Oh, Libertino, what have I done! I do love you fondly and devotedly. I would die to make you happy."

"Have a care, my love, or I may put your affections to the test."

"Name it," she replied, "and judge me by it, if you will."

"Catarina, I have had a dream—a foolish, but a painful dream—L thought I held you in my arms, close to my heart, and a wolf came and tore you from me. It was at a dance, love. I am almost ashamed of my weakness and my request, but—do not dance to-night."

"If that be all that is necessary to give you comfort," replied the smiling girl, "I will grant your request most willingly; I will not dance this night, or any other when you would that I should refrain from doing so. Ah! there is your sweet smile again. Heaven bless you, Libertino! you had almost drawn my tears; but that smile has more than repaid me the sacrifice, if it be one, that you require."

Libertino went on his way with a lightened heart; his approaching interview with his brother was his sole remaining cause of vexation. "I will no longer dilly with that sweet girl's feelings," thought he, "this day will I purchase our wedding ring, and next week shall see us married. Then, at my own home—at least, she will be safe from the insidious wiles of that crafty Frenchman."

After executing the business which had taken him to Genoa, Libertino made purchase of the wedding-ring; but fearing, from its size, that it would ill suit the taper finger of his beloved, he purchased another as a guard, in which a single brilliant was fixed. His brother he found awaiting him at the Piazza del Aqua Verde.

"You are punctual, Libertino; but I shall not long detain you. Do you stay here the night?"  
"I do."

"The well, poor boy; then Catarina is no longer yours. Hear me," he exclaimed—seeing that Libertino was about to interrupt him—"I had intended to have opened to you a long train of suspicions that have entered my mind; I will now merely state one single damning fact.—Did not Catarina promise you she would not dance this night?"

"She did; but how came you —"  
"To ascertain it, you would say. On seeking my horse this morning I found him lame; I went to Mazza's to borrow one; the door was ajar. I heard Catarina decline the dance; but also heard the wily spells of the Frenchman, and his insidious persuasions, nor did I leave the spot until she had consented to forswear herself. Francois Mallet will this evening triumph over you, and in defiance of the hold you vainly imagined you self to possess over a woman's heart and a woman's will —"

Libertino staggered against a pillar, scarcely able to support himself.  
"Can it be possible!" he exclaimed.  
"Judge for yourself. Return instantly; I will accompany you. Witness the dance from without—yourself unseen—then judge the truth of my assertion, and revenge yourself as a man."

The ride homewards was accomplished with speed, and in silence; scarcely a word was exchanged between the brothers. Joanni had effected his purpose—he had aroused the dormant energies of his brother for purposes which will be explained hereafter. Libertino had given entrance to the direct passions of the human heart; and, like the nursing pelican, they fed upon the heart's blood of their cherisher. The neighboring villagers had all crowded to the dance; the towns-people had also assembled there in throngs. The brothers, after having changed their attire, entered the extreme end of the building appropriated for that purpose; but remained in another room, where the elder part of the community were enjoying themselves with their various games of cards.

"Will you take a bond at *treccetti*?" said one.  
Joanni—he declared; "for you, Libertino, at *bi-cambigio*?"  
"No," said Joanni, "he purposes trying a hand at *marriage*, if he play at all."

It was said pointedly, and the equivocal was not lost upon his brother.

"This scene pleases me not," said Joanni, "I shall return home; you will find me there, should you require my services."

With his brother departed Libertino's firmness. He longed, yet dreaded to ascertain the truth; for he had sworn within himself a revenge so deep, so fearful, were he but betrayed, that the very thought was less bearable than the execution.

After a time, he summoned resolution to ascertain his fate. He went without the house, and approached cautiously the window; by the glaring of the lights too soon did he perceive that he was undone—Catarina was in the act of dancing, and the lively Frenchman was her partner. Then was the die cast; and from that moment Libertino seemed to lose his former self, and to be swayed yet more strongly than his brother by the scorching passions of the soul. He rushed homewards; his brother was already there, and asked him the result of his investigation, but no answer was returned—a livid pallor overspread Libertino's face. His lips were parched—his brows were so contracted that they met together.—At last, in a deep and solemn tone he exclaimed—  
"I am the lost unhappy wretch you painted me. Beware! your counsel!"

"Go to your room, you will find a better counselor and assistant than myself behind the door."

Libertino mounted the stairs—he reached the chamber—he found his brother's belt appended there. A stiletto, or rather cobbellata, together with a brace of double-barreled pistols, and a plentiful supply of ammunition, were placed in it; and a double-barreled gun, already loaded, rested in the corner. He took them all—affixed the belt to his waist, and slung the gun over his shoulder.—He spoke not a word as he passed his brother; but hastening to the festival, he approached the window, and with the diamond of the ring he had purchased that day in Genoa, described two circles in one of the panes, rather larger than the muzzles of his pistols.

For a moment he hesitated—Catarina was smiling, and looked more lovely than he had ever seen her. His own love knot was at her breast; but she smiled again and again, and that at Francois. The demon of vengeance triumphed—his pistols were raised, and with a barrel of each, he laid the lovely girl and her thoughtless companion breathless on the ground. Screams rent the air—all was in confusion—Libertino stopped for one moment to gain a last, last look at the still placid features of her he had destroyed; and then, like the fell demon who left his first estate and glorious paradise, he fled—but he was abashed, heart-struck, almost annihilated—although revenged!

[To be continued.]

Extracts from Notes of Lectures, delivered by Mr. Buckingham, who has recently travelled through Egypt, and the East,—and is now lecturing in our Northern Cities.

## MUMMIES.

The mummies, or embalmed bodies of the dead, are, as has before stated, found in immense numbers in all parts of Egypt. The doctrines which they believed, and which led them to build such imperishable sepulchres for their dead, led them also to embalm the corpse, so as to preserve the body entire, until the spirit which once possessed it, shall return to re-animate its former tenement. The art of embalming, which was applied to all, whether of high or low degree, is now unknown; and the present inhabitants of Egypt, who for the most part have descended from Arab stock, bury their dead after the manner of Christian nations.

There are various uses to which the ancient mummies are made subservient. In the first place, they are bought by European institutions, especially those which are found in the ornamental sarcophagi, and exhibited as specimens of curiosity, and are thus made to enrich their owners. Another use to which they are put, is that of filling a place in the pharmacopoeia; and the drug known by the title of *monia*, may be purchased, as a sovereign cure for all inward bruise, at almost any of the apothecaries. They are again used by the artist, being pulverized and ground, and mixed into a color resembling a dark amber, which is said to give to the picture the appearance of the antique. But the common use made of the mummies by the inhabitants of the country, is to cut them up for fuel; and the traveller may view upon the hearth of the Egyptian cottage or peasant, the blazing portions of some disjointed mummy. The odor of the burning mummy is very grateful and pleasant; the ignition is quick, and being full of a resinous substance, they burn freely, and not unlike the Cannel coal. This seems to be a fortunate circumstance for this people, that some substitute for the more natural kinds of fuel is to be found; for there is no coal in the land, and wood is extremely scarce; there being not much else than the palm-tree, which yields them food, and is therefore too valuable to be cut down.

"Mr. Reed, pa wants to borrow your newspaper."  
"I'll lend him my breakfast, if that will do, as I haven't read the paper yet."

## AGRICULTURAL.

### THE MULBERRY AND SILK WORMS.

Mr. P. FORCE, of this city, has lately published a volume, comprising some 200 pages of letter-press, and ten or twelve engravings, which we should deem of great value to a growing branch of industry in our country, and one which promises, at no distant day, to constitute an important addition to the national wealth. The publication we refer to is a work on the cultivation and production of silks, being a "Summary of the principal Chinese treatises upon the culture of the Mulberry and the rearing of Silk Worms." This Summary was first translated from the Chinese language into French by order of the Minister on Agriculture and Commerce, and a copy transmitted to our Secretary of State, by whose recommendation it has been translated into English, and published here by Mr. Force.

The making of silk has become an object of more or less attention in every portion of the Union. Unlike other branches of industry, it is confined to no section of the country, and appears well adapted to all. It has already acquired a magnitude that will probably entitle it to be considered one of the objects for statistical inquiry and report at the taking of the next census. Should it be so we have no doubt that the result will be as surprising to the public as it will be gratifying. The Government deserves the credit of having done something to encourage this interesting object of industry. Congress has, on two or three occasions, incurred the expense of having prepared and printed, for gratuitous distribution, large numbers of tracts, containing the best information on the subject within its reach. The work now published, on the recommendation of the Secretary of State, coming from the most ancient silk-producing country in the world, and embodying in a compact form the fruits of its matured experience, must possess peculiar value. Would not the same expense be well bestowed which would be requisite to place a dozen or two copies in the hands of each member of Congress for distribution in this district.—*Nat. Intelligencer.*

### BRIMSTONE FOR CATTLE.

It is probably not known to many of our farmers, that brimstone is valuable for cattle, in keeping them from ticks. These vermin are not only fit in their appearance, but an injury to cattle. A piece of brimstone as large as a grain of corn, well pulverized, given in salt, will cause them to drop off, and prevent others from getting on for eight or ten days. I consider brimstone as necessary for a cow in summer as salt.—*Ohio Farmer.*

### EFFECTUAL CURE FOR A SNAKE BITE.

Last summer a black man, in Frederick county was bit on the finger in the corn house about dark by a snake, supposed to be a copper head, from the circumstance that one was killed the next day under the house. Immediately the arm swelled to twice the ordinary size. I applied first the breast of a chicken cut open, next a large phial of whiskey to the wound. We also bathed the arm and hand frequently during the night and the next day until 10 o'clock with salt-water without any visible abatement of the swelling. At that time a physician arrived and immediately sent for the root of the Yellow Poplar Tree, (more properly called the American Tupelo Tree,) he had a strong decoction made of the bark, washed the swelled part with it frequently; gave the patient half a pint every half hour, and applied the bruised bark which was boiled as a poultice. The relief was almost instantaneous, the swelling soon subsided, and the pain which was very excruciating in a short time ceased altogether. The doctor assured me that had it not been for the administration of this simple remedy, the man would not have lived many hours; and I am convinced from what I saw, that had it been applied in the first instance, the suffering would have been very light.—I wish this remedy to be generally known, it may save the lives of hundreds.—*Franklin Farmer.*

**Pruning Trees.**—Many persons prune fruit trees in March or April. Experience proves this practice to be wrong.—Prune in June, and you will find that the wounds heal up and are covered with bark much sooner than any other time.