

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.

B. AUSTIN & C. F. FISHER,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

SALISBURY, N. C., AUGUST 3, 1838.

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NEW TERMS

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 arrearages are paid, unless at the discretion of the Editors; and a notice to notify the Editors 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 per cent from the regular prices will be made to yearly advertisers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

STEAMBOAT ANSON.



This new and substantial Steam Boat, Coppered and Copper fastened, built expressly for the trade between this place, Georgetown and Charleston, will in a very short time be in readiness to receive freight.

Shippers are confidently assured that in cases of a low river their goods will not be detained, as a sufficient number of lighters have been provided to insure the delivery of goods, directed to be shipped by this boat.

J. ELI GREGG,

President of Merchants and Planters' S. B. Company.
Cheraw, July 4th, 1838. 64

DEFERRED ARTICLES.

Louisiana Election.—The election in this State has resulted in a complete triumph of the Whigs. They elected the Governor, the entire delegation to Congress, and a large majority in both branches of the Legislature.

Warm Weather.—The papers from every quarter of the Union, complain of the excessive warm weather. The Thermometer ranged from 90 to 94 deg. in Philadelphia in the shade,—about the same in Nashville, except on day it was as high as 96 degrees.

Coming right.—Three years ago, the merchants of North Carolina were in the habit of bringing from the North an immense quantity of Cotton Yarns, generally of wretched quality, upon which the consumer paid not only all the charges of a double transportation to and from the North, but a heavy profit to the Northern manufacturer. Since that time, the numerous Factories put in operation in this State, have not only stopped the importation of Yarns, but produced a surplus for exportation. We have heretofore noticed the shipment of yarns from a Factory in this place; and on Saturday last there arrived here 10,000 lbs. from one establishment in the interior, on its way to that great mart where all things find their value and a ready sale, New York. The period cannot be distant, when the entire demand for cotton cloths, as well as yarns, in North Carolina, will be supplied by North Carolina industry. Nothing could contribute more to the independence and prosperity of the State.—There is no business, which, well conducted, yields a better return than the cotton manufacture, and no place better adapted for its success than Fayetteville.

On the same day, there arrived here, also, between six and seven tons of Copper Ore, from Guilford—in wagons, for want of a better conveyance.—*Fayetteville Observer.*

Death from Rupture of the Spleen.—A man in Cincinnati, while wrestling with a companion fell, and after complaining of severe pain in the abdomen, expired in 20 minutes. On examination of the body, it appeared that the injury received was a rupture of the spleen. Hemorrhage was probably the cause of death.

Dreadful Famine in India.—The overland despatch from India (via Marseilles) arrived in London, brings intelligence from Calcutta and Madras to the middle and from Bombay to the end of March. The accounts of the progress of the famine in the western provinces are most horrible; the inhabitants of the Agra are compelled to forego their evening drives on account of the intolerable effluvia arising from the dead bodies surrounding the station. A small river, near Cawnpore, is said to be literally choked with the corpses of the multitudes starved to death. A relief fund has been opened in Calcutta, and on 15th of March the subscriptions amounted to above 40,000 rupees.

Extraordinary Electrical Phenomenon.—A most singular appearance in the heavens is described in the *Carrollton (Miss.) Enquirer*, as having been witnessed in that neighborhood on the night of the 20th ult. For some time previous, there had been an excessive drought. On that night, about 8 o'clock, the air became clouded, the clouds running generally South, and for two hours there was a continual discharge of electricity all around the horizon.—*During this incessant commotion,* says the *Enquirer*, "there shot from the pointed clouds a brilliant volley of sparks, exceedingly bright. Some falling towards the earth, others running in a zig-zag course, crossing nearly the whole firmament. These luminous sparks shot forth sometimes large and singly, and at others branching out in every direction in the most splendid arborescent manner. We are told, for we did not witness it, that the scene was one of the most gorgeous and beautiful ever witnessed. The whole atmosphere appeared uncommonly charged with the electric fluid—the radiant flashes assumed sometimes the form of waves of light rolling with velocity athwart the heavens

—and are said to have been painful to the eye from their frequency.—These sparks, which were vividly brilliant, resembled large balls of fire suddenly struck with a hammer, and flying about in the most fantastic manner. Others have compared them to the sparks sometimes produced by the blow-pipe of metal heated to intensity.

MISCELLANEOUS

AN AFFECTING NARRATIVE.

The following very touching statement is from an account given by Mr. Merritt, of Mobile, one of the survivors from the wreck of the *Pulaski*, to the editors of the *American*.

The sinking of the hull and the parting of the promenade deck, as have been heretofore related, threw those who were on it into the sea, and among them Mr. Merritt, his wife and child. Being an excellent swimmer, he was enabled to sustain both, although the difficulty of so doing was greatly increased by the close clinging of the mother to the child.

While thus engaged, a boy of twelve or fourteen years caught hold of him for help, and he too was sustained, until Mr. M. proposed to him to mount a fragment of the wreck floating near. The boy accordingly mounted on it, and seemed to be so well able to maintain himself that Mr. M. asked him to take his child on the fragment, which the lad readily acceded to. Mr. M. was now able to bestow his whole strength in sustaining his wife, when, to his horror, he felt himself clasped from behind, around the lower part of his body, by the iron grasp of a stout, athletic man, evidently struggling for life. An instant was sufficient to satisfy Mr. M. that the grasp of the man would drown them all, and telling his wife that this would be the case without he could extricate himself, he asked her to rally her strength for an effort to reach a piece of the wreck close by, to which she consented. Giving her a push towards it with as much power as his peculiar situation would allow him to do, he saw her gain it. In the meantime his own case called for immediate relief, but he found himself, on making the effort, utterly unable to gain a release from the powerful hold which was fastened around his body with an iron firmness. There was but one hope left, and there was not a moment allowed him to deliberate on it. Mr. M. had been an expert swimmer and diver when a boy, and to sink under the waves with a man clinging to him was the last—the only resort remaining. They went down together, and the man relaxed his hold before Mr. M.'s breath became exhausted. On rising again towards the surface he struck against pieces of the wreck which were now floating over him, and after some difficulty cleared them so as to breathe again, but on looking around he could discover neither his wife nor his child, nor the boy! What had occurred during the brief space that he was beneath the waves, he knew not, but he neither heard nor saw them any more.

From Mrs. Sigourney's Letters.

NEW ENGLAND INDUSTRY.

I have never seen a class of people, among whom a more efficient system of industry and economy of time was established, than the agricultural population of New England. Their possessions are not sufficiently large to allow waste of any description. Hence every article seems to be carefully estimated, and applied to its best use. Their mode of life is as favorable to cheerfulness and health, as it is eminent in industry.

The farmer, rising with the dawn, attends to those employments which are necessary for the family, and proceeds early with his sons or assistants, to their department of daily labor. The birds enliven them with their song, and lambs gambol, while the patient ox marks the deep furrow, or the grain is committed to the earth, or the tall grass humbled beneath the scythe, or the stately corn freed from the intrusion of weeds. Fitting tasks are proportioned to the younger ones, that no hand may be idle.

In the interior of the house an equal diligence prevails. The elder daughters take willing part with the mother, in every domestic toil. The children who are too small to be useful, proceed to school, kindly leading the little ones who can scarcely walk. Perhaps the aged grand-mother, a welcome and honored inmate, amuses the ruddy infant, that she may release a stronger hand for toil. The sound of the wheel, and the vigorous strokes of the loom are heard. The fleece of the sheep are wrought up, amid the cheerful song of sisters. Remembering that the fabrics which they produce, will guard those whom they love, from the blasts of winter, the bloom deepens on their cheeks with the pleasing consciousness of useful industry.

In the simple and abundant supply of a table, from their own resources, which shall refresh those who return weary from the field, all are interested.

The boy who brings his mother the fresh vegetable, selects a salad which his own hand cultivated, with some portion of the pride with which Dioclesian pointed to the cabbages which he had reared. The daughter, who gathers treasures from the nests of the poultry that she feeds, delights to tell their history, and to number her young ducks as they swim forth boldly on the pond. The bees, whose hive, range near the door, add a desert to their repast, and the cows feeding quietly on rich pastures, yield pure nutriment for the little ones. For their bread they have "sown, and reaped, and gathered into barns;" the flesh is from their own flocks—the fruit and nuts from their own trees. The children know when the first berries ripen, and when the chestnut will be in its thorny sheath in the forest. The happy farmer at his independent table, need not envy the luxury of kings.

The active matron strives to lessen the expenses of her husband and to increase his gains. She sends to market the wealth of her dairy, and the surplus produce of her loom. She instructs her daughters by their diligence to have a purse of their

own, from which to furnish the more delicate parts of their wardrobe, and to relieve the poor. In the long evenings of winter, she plies the needle, or knits stockings with them, or maintains the quiet music of the flax-wheel, from whence linen is prepared for the family. She incites them never to eat the bread of idleness, and as they have been trained, so will they train others again; for the seeds of industry are perennial.

The father and brothers, having recess from their toils of busier seasons, read aloud such books as are procured from the public library, and knowledge thus entering in with industry, and domestic order, forms a hallowed alliance. The most sheltered corner by the ample fire-side is reserved for the hoary grand-parents, who, in plenty and pious content, pass the eve of a well-spent life.

The sacred hymn and prayer, rising daily from such households, is acceptable to Heaven. To their humble scenery, some of our wisest and most illustrious men, rulers of the people, sages and interpreters of the law of God, look back tenderly, as their birth place. They love to acknowledge that in the industry and discipline of early years, was laid the foundation of their greatness.

From the *Old Monthly Magazine*.

THE CUP OF POISON.

Weevil, unfortunate as he was in his jokes, was no less so in his more serious attempts; his whole career was one grand mistake—cloping with a sweet young lady who was reported "to be a fortune," he discovered, too late to retract, that she was the dowless daughter of an extravagant insolvent.—To add to his disappointment, Mrs. Weevil proved an incorrigible shrew, whose eloquent tongue annoyed him unceasingly.

Proud, however, of his boasted tact and abilities, Weevil resolved to tame her; and after pondering for some months upon the subject, resolved to put in form the following novel and extraordinary experiment.

Having purchased some white arsenic, upon the paper of which was duly printed "arsenic—poison," he consigned the deleterious mineral to the flames, and replenished the envelope with the white sugar.—Watching his opportunity when Mrs. Weevil was in her tantrums, he calmly proceeded to the closet, and pouring out a cup of milk, mixed up the sweet poison.

"Jane," cried he, in a melancholy tone, stirring the portion with the fore finger of his right hand,— "Jane, listen to me for a few short moments—I shall not be a burden to you."

His look and impressive manner silenced the storm. Quaffing the draught at one gulp, he cast the cup into the grate, and threw the paper upon the ground.

"What have you done?" shrieked Mrs. Weevil, snatching up the paper, and turning pale as Parian marble.

"Poison!" muttered Jesse, with the most thrilling tragedy look he could assume; and clapping his hands to his face, he buried his head in the cushions of the sofa.

A shriek, followed by an awful silence, ensued. Jesse ventured to peep between his fingers, expecting to see his rib extended on the hearth rug in a swoon, but she had vanished.

"Where the dickens is she gone?" cried he, rising. "Jane"—no answer. He rested upon his elbow and listened. A trampling of many feet upon the stairs aroused him from his posture; and the next moment his better half rushed wildly into the room, followed by three men and the servant maid.

"My dear M., Weevil," said the foremost gentleman in black, in whom Jesse recognized a neighboring apothecary; "what could have compelled you to this rash act?"

Weevil was really alarmed by the crowd which he had so unexpectedly brought about his ears.

"What act?" demanded Weevil.

"You have swallowed poison!"

"Nonsense—nonsense!" said Weevil.

"Where is the cup, ma'am?"

"He has thrown it away," replied Mrs. Weevil, sobbing aloud; "but here is the horrible paper."

The apothecary looked at the paper, shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and then looked significantly at his assistant, who immediately laid violent hands upon the disconcerted Weevil, and threw him at full length upon the sofa.

"What in the devil are you about?" demanded Jesse, glaring wildly upon the medical operator, as he drew a stomach pump from his coat pocket.

"You must submit, sir," said he, resistance will avail you nothing."

"Pooh! pooh! nonsense—'pon my soul 'twas only a joke!—a mere ruse—don't be a fool," cried Jesse, struggling. "May I die if—"

The forcible introduction of the admirable machine put an end to further opposition. Weevil kicked and plunged in vain. The whole operation was admirably performed; and feeble, spiritless, and exhausted, the unfortunate patient was left extended on the couch. The apothecary promised to send a composing draught immediately, and left him in the meanwhile, to the tender care of his wife, who alternately wept and scolded; winding up her hysterical harangue with a bitter remark upon his cruelty in wishing to leave her unprovided for!

Death of a Hermit.—An inquest was held on the 4th of July, over the body of Hope Peterkin, a Scotchman, aged about 45 years, found drowned in the Passaic river, a short distance below this city.

It appeared by the evidence of some boys on the shore at the time, that he went into the river to bathe, and swam out into the middle of the river and attempted to return, but soon sunk out for help and began to sink, and before assistance could reach him, disappeared. His body was recovered in a short time, but too late to save his life. The verdict of the jury was "accidental death by drowning while bathing in the river." Hope was the

son of a Scotch Presbyterian Clergyman, and came to this country to seek his fortune about 19 years ago. He first established himself in the bleaching business at the English Neighborhood in Bergen county; and succeeding to his satisfaction, disposed of his property there and went to the South. Here he fell into the hands of sharpers and lost all his property.

He became disheartened, dejected, and disgusted with the world, and wandered from place to place, until he finally reached Newark, about six years ago. He obtained permission to build himself a small hut in the woods, near the Passaic river, where he lived a secluded hermit's life, entirely alone, occasionally working for the neighbors, to enable him to procure the necessaries of life. He was, in the language of those best acquainted with him, one of the honestest men living. In his youth he had received a liberal education and was a first rate scholar. He spent most of his time in reading and writing. His remarks on certain passages of the Bible, written in the margin, show that he was no stranger to its contents. He left no property, excepting a great number of letters from his friends and correspondents in this country and in Europe, and a large bundle of manuscripts of his own writing. Hope had never been married, and the reason he gave for remaining single was that he had been engaged to a lady in Scotland, and never to the day of his death, did he abandon the idea of yet being able to return and fulfill his engagement with her.—*Newark Eagle.*

From the *Nashville Whig*.

DEATH OF AN OLD PATRIOT.—THE LAST SOLDIER OF THE OLD FRENCH WAR IN CANADA GONE.

Died.—In Warren county, Tennessee, on the 8th of June, Mr. JOHN LUSK, (pronounced Lisk in his native Dutch) at the advanced age of one hundred and four years. He was born on Staten Island, New York, on the 5th Nov. 1734, and was of Dutch extraction. Mr. Lusk was in regular service for well nigh sixty years! He commenced his career in the army in the war Acadie, commonly called the French war, when about twenty years of age; and served through the whole of it. He was a soldier at the siege of Quebec—fought in the memorable action of the plains of Abraham, seventy-nine years ago—saw the brave Gen. Wolf fall; and participated in all the sufferings and hardships of that arduous and memorable campaign. He was also at the conquest of Acadie, now called Newfoundland, by Gens. Amherst and Shirley; and assisted in the dispersion of the captured French through the colonies of New England, by the Anglo-Americans.

Mr. Lusk early enlisted in the war of the Revolution and fought like a soldier and a patriot till its close. He was attached to the expedition to Canada under Gen. Arnold, was at the building of Fort Edward, and was there wounded. He was in the battle of Saratoga, where Burgoinie surrendered, and was at the siege of Yorktown, and had the singular and remarkable fortune to see Cornwallis surrender to Gen. Washington.

On the restoration of peace the old soldier laid down his musket and his knapsack for awhile, but he did not remain long in inactivity. The "piping times of peace" were no times for him. He left "in glorious ease" as he esteemed it, on the first opportunity, and enlisted in the army of Gen. Wayne, against the Indians, nothing daunted by the terrors of the wilderness or the stratagems of the powerful and wily foe, though he had already weathered the storms of sixty winters.

At the close of this brilliant and successful campaign, he joined the regular army under Col. Butler, and was stationed at West Point in this State, now called Kingston. While at his station he became renowned for his skill at catching fish from Clinch river. But at last the brave old man, being worn down with age and infirmities, was discharged as unfit for duty, when near eighty years of age. He left the army in entire destitution, and subsisted for several years upon the cold charities of the world, together with the little pittance he earned by his daily labor as a broom maker. On the passage of the Pension Law in 1818, he availed himself of its privileges, and from that time has been furnished with all the necessaries of life. Mr. L. retained to the last all his faculties except that of sight, which for the last ten years had been growing dim. He was a man of remarkable strength of constitution, and elasticity of frame. He never had a spell of sickness in his life! He was in the habit of walking to the town of McMinville, a distance of seven miles, and back again in the same day, and this too after he had reached one hundred years of age—retaining the perfect upright form and firm step and movement of a soldier till the last.

Thus lived and died one of the most remarkable men of the age. He was witness to more remarkable events, perhaps, than any man living. What revolutions have not rolled over the earth since he was born! He was almost coeval with our colonial history. He was an old man when this nation commenced its career. He has seen empires rise and fall, thrones demolished, and new kingdoms spring to existence. Since he hung upon his mother's breast twenty-five hundred millions of the race have lived and died. But the old man has gone to his father's at last. Peace be to his memory, and may the grass grow green upon the Patriot's grave.

London is the largest and richest city in the world, occupying a surface of 32 square miles, thickly planted with houses, mostly three, four and five stories high. It contained, in 1831, a population of 1,471,410. It consists of London City, Westminster City, Emsbury, Marylebone, Tower Hamlets, Southwark, and Lambeth districts.—*Poulson.*

AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

IMPROVEMENT OF LAND.

The modes of improvement best adapted to our soil, climate and circumstances,* and which therefore particularly deserve our attention, may be summed up and combined in the following simple means, viz: 1. Manuring. 2nd. Good ploughing. 3. The cultivation of artificial grasses, and 4th. Inclosing.—These means if skillfully and industriously applied, will be found to constitute the most effectual modes of improving those vast bodies of exhausted lands with which our State too unfortunately abounds, and which are the principal object of solicitude. There may be other modes which may be preferable for lands in good heart, but there are none which will be found to promote the improvement of lands deficient in fertility in so cheap, certain and rapid a manner.

An opinion too generally prevails with farmers, especially those who have not made the experiment, that the common resources for manuring are scanty and unequal to the end of fertilizing a poor soil.—This opinion is the offspring of a want of industry or skill to collect, or combine them with the other specified means. By preserving every species of litter, especially corn stocks, and applying it before or about the commencement of fermentation; by penning their pens with leaves or straw, and folding them on litter in winter; and by preserving the manure arising from both means, from being wasted by premature putrescence or evaporation, a poor farm may be gradually improved, until it will yield interest resources, adequate to a copious annual manuring of one seventh at least of its arable contents.

By good ploughing, is principally to be understood deep ploughing, which may be considered as the basis of all other improvements, as upon it depend the improvement and preservation of the soil. If manure is to be applied to the soil, deep ploughing is rendered highly necessary to insure and prolong its effects by depositing deep, thereby securing it from evaporation and from being washed off by rain. Deep ploughing is the only sure remedy against washing in hilly lands, particularly if combined with horizontal ploughing.

All worn-out fields, which have been turned out and grown up in broom sedge, may be highly improved by inclosing them and ploughing them deep, so as completely to turn under the broom straw and letting them lie one year. By that period such fields will have improved sufficiently to produce a respectable crop of corn, provided they have been strictly inclosed and all stock prevented from treading the ground; in this case the ground will be preserved light and loose during the year it is inclosed, and the broom sedge will become sufficiently rotted to benefit the corn. This fact is warranted by repeated observation and experience. Perhaps it may be unnecessary to remark, that the longer such fields which are ploughed in this way are inclosed, and a crop kept off, the more rapidly they will improve.

The cultivation of artificial grasses is highly indispensable in this system of improvement. It is a maxim in agriculture, which is as true as any axiom in science, that land which is not under the plough and which is at rest, should be in grass.—The advantages of resting land under grass are numerous; its roots hold the soil together and thereby effectually prevent the land from washing, it affords to it shade in the summer, and warmth in the winter, and is at the same time drawing supplies of manure from the atmosphere through the vegetable process, to be given to the earth through the agency of the plough.

The cultivation of grasses gives to the plough its greatest efficacy; because the advantages of good ploughing towards improving the soil, depend in a great degree upon turning a coat of vegetable matter below the surface, and thus protecting it against the effects of heat, moisture and air, until its fertilizing principles are caught and absorbed by the crop, instead of being evaporated into the atmosphere. Manure is vegetable matter, and of course vegetables are manure. By cultivating grasses, we prepare a valuable auxiliary for the plough, from which it derives its chief effect in fertilizing the earth; and thereby provide a copious supply of food or manure for other crops.

Inclosing vastly accelerates the process of improving the soil, by increasing the quantity of vegetable matter or manure to be turned under by the plough. To practise it, successfully, however, it must be combined with some resources equivalent to the loss of the scanty pasturage, from which it excludes the emaciated cattle. Artificial grazing and hay meadows, of high or lowland, is a resource, by which, whilst nineteen acres are manuring themselves without human toil, one may be made to produce more grass, than the whole twenty now do; and stocks of every kind may be thus rendered infinitely more valuable, both for furnishing subsistence to man, and for fertilizing the earth.

It remains now only to point out the manner in which the proposed system of improvement, may be practised to the greatest advantage. Every farm where there is a sufficiency of open land, should be laid off into four divisions (reserving enough for lots for hay and grazing) and each division to constitute a shift; these shifts should be under one fence, cross fences being entirely excluded, for the purpose of carrying effectually into operation the inclosing system.—Each shift in succession should be put in Indian corn, to be followed by wheat, and then to remain at rest inclosed and ungrazed for two years and a half. According to this plan, one half of the farm will be in grain, and the other half inclosed and at rest; the ground reserved for the stock should be laid off into lots and highly manured and put in some cleaning crop, to be followed by small grain, on which grass seed should be sown. To illustrate this plan, let us suppose a farm to consist of five hundred

* The author's remarks are confined to North-Carolina, yet they may be well applied to several of the adjoining States.