

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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EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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TERMS OF CAROLINIAN.

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NOTICE.

The Subscriber earnestly requests all those indebted to him for subscription to the "Carolinian," and who will be in Salisbury during the week of August Court, to call on Messrs. Austin & Fisher, who will be in Town, and close their accounts. He hopes this request will be complied with, as his connection with the paper having ceased it is necessary that his accounts should be settled without further delay.
JOS. W. HAMPTON.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Southern Literary Journal.
RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF REVOLUTIONARY CHARACTERS AND INCIDENTS;
BY ONE WHO HAS OFTEN HEARD THEM NARRATED BY THE ACTORS IN THOSE TIMES OF TRIAL; OR BY LOOKERS ON.

William Cunningham, (or as he was commonly called, Billy Cunningham,) acted too prominent a part in the partisan warfare of Laurens, Newberry and Edgefield Districts, in the Revolutionary times, not to be first remembered and first noticed. He was a native of Laurens District, and a distant relative of Genls. Robert, Patrick, and John Cunningham. Of his parents little is known. His father was an old man at the time when his son's career of blood commenced, and I presume from the incident which was the first in it, incapable of protecting himself against the violent.

William Cunningham is represented to have been a man of great physical powers, and of fine personal appearance. One of his contemporaries (the late Wm. Caldwell) used to say, "that he had often heard it said, Cunningham was a coward; but," added he, "whoever said so, did not know him; he was as brave a man as ever walked the earth."

About the commencement of hostilities at the South, in 1775, he enlisted as a private soldier in the service of the State of South Carolina, in a company commanded by Capt. John Caldwell in Col. Thomson's Regiment of Rangers. He served with great credit; so much so, that his Captain was about promoting him, over the head of his own brother, Wm. Caldwell, who belonged to the same company. Some trivial offence prevented his promotion, and sent him before a Court-martial, by which he was sentenced to be whipped; and he actually suffered the degrading punishment! With his blood on fire, and vengeance his predominant feeling, he deserted the flag of his country and fled to Florida. While there, William Ritchie killed his aged father out of doors. By some means the intelligence reached Cunningham; he swore that he would seek and have revenge in the blood of his father's oppressor. He shouldered his rifle, and most one day traversed the country between St. Augustine and Laurens District, and in Ritchie's own house, in the presence of his family, he consummated his cherished and full purpose by shooting him dead.

He here first tasted blood; and like the tiger, the taste created a thirst which could never be quenched. After that time he was one of the most merciless of the Tory blood-hounds who scourged the country, and hunted to the death her gallant and suffering sons.

He raised an independent command of mounted loyalists. They were like himself, bold and daring spirits; and many of them like him had already tasted the blood of private revenge. Some of their names are still remembered:—William Parker, Henry Parker, William Kilmer, Jonathan Kilmer, Hall Foster, Jesse Gray, William Dunahoo, Isaac, Aaron, and Curtis Mills, Ned and Dick Turner, Matthew Love, Bill Elmore, Hubbles, John Hood, and Moultrie. Of some of these men, in these random recollections, we may have occasion to speak further. One of his earliest feats as a partisan of war, was a visit to his old commander, Major John Caldwell, who had retired to private life. He found him on a summer's day, sitting in his own house, without shoes or stockings. He amused himself by stamping on his toes and kicking his shins; and concluded his visit by telling him that this was ample satisfaction for the whipping he had received while under his command.

His pursuit of Capt. Samuel Moore showed his head-like disposition. They met and charged each other. Moore gave way and fled. Both were well mounted, both were excellent horsemen, and both knew well the ground over which they ran. For miles Cunningham was in sword's length, and in a low conversational style urged his flying foe to redouble his exertions to escape. "Push the rowels in Samny, honey," was his continual peering observation. At length, like the cat tired of his play, he cut his adversary down, and in his death removed another object of private hatred.

His deeds of blood, which are, however, best remembered, are those which occurred in what is called the "bloody scout." This followed the execution of Gov. Rutledge's impolitic order directing the wives and children of the Tories in the British service, to be sent in to the British lines near Charleston. This was well calculated to arouse the vindictive feelings of such men as Cunningham and his blood-hounds. And they swore to be revenged on all who had executed the order.

His company left Charleston in detached parties,

made their way up the Edisto, concentrated in Edgefield, and attacked Turner's station. The resistance was gallant but unavailing. The garrison surrendered and was put to the sword, with the exception of a single man (Warren Blecher). In that affair fell two of the Butlers, father and son,—the grand-father and uncle of the present Governor and Judge Butler. Blecher was saved by Aaron Mills. It was a rule of the company, that after Cunningham had selected his victims, each member might select the objects of his vengeance.—Sometimes mercy ruled the hour, and a soldier was allowed to save friend or acquaintance. Blecher was known to Mills and was protected by him during the massacre. When the company left the bloody scene, it was determined that Blecher should be conveyed as a prisoner to the next halt, and there probably his life would have paid the forfeit. He was mounted behind Mills. As the company proceeded at a round gallop, Mills affected that his horse was overburdened, and began to lag behind; he fell back behind first one and then another until he was entirely in the rear. The company had crossed a branch grown up with cane, as he approached it, Mills said to Blecher: "Jump off and run for your life." He did so. Mills suffered him to gain the covert before he cried out: "The prisoner has escaped." Pursuit was in vain.

Cunningham was next seen in Newberry District. When he crossed Saluda (perhaps at the Old Town,) he met with and captured John Towles. He had been concerned in seducing off the women and children of the Tories, and had been especially engaged in driving in their cattle. Cunningham swore he should die in his trade, he therefore hung him with a piece of an untanned cow-hide.

At Easley's shop he killed Oliver Towles and two others. The only surviving member of the Caldwell family of the Revolution, Mrs. Gilham, then a girl, visited his shop alone soon after Cunningham's party had left it, to see what consequences had followed from the report of their going. When she reached it she found Oliver Towles and two others, her acquaintances, dead. One was stretched or laid out upon the pier bench.

On his march to Edgell's, Hayes' station, he passed the house of his old commander John Caldwell. Two of his men, Hall Foster and Bill Elmore, were his videttes in advance. They found Major Caldwell walking in his garden, shot him down, and charged their horses in and out of the garden in fond-like sport. When Cunningham arrived he affected to deplore the bloody deed; he presented with tears that he would as soon have seen his own father shot as Major Caldwell. Yet in the next instant his horse by his orders was wrapt in flames, and his widow left with no other shelter than the heavens, seated by the side of her murdered husband. His gallant brother, James Caldwell, whose scarred face testified to his gallantry in the most gallant of all affairs, the battle of the Cowpens, finding her in this situation, forgot every thing else than vengeance, and on the succeeding day his sword drank the blood of two of Cunningham's stragglers.

Hayes was a bold, inexperienced, incensurable man. His station was at Col. Edgell's, in Laurens District, east of Little River and Simmon's Creek, on the old Charleston road from Raubun's Creek to Orangeburg. The dwelling house built of logs was his fort. He was told by William Caldwell to put himself in a position of defence; pointing to the smoke, he said, "that is my brother's house, and I know Cunningham is in the neighborhood." Hayes was at work in a blacksmith shop, making a cleat to hold a lady's netting, and heeded at Caldwell's suggestions, saying that Cunningham had too much sense to come there. Caldwell replied: "I will not stay here to be butchered;" and mounted and fled at full speed. As he went out at one end of the old field he saw Cunningham's company come in at the other.

The surprise was complete and overwhelming. Hayes and his men almost without resistance were driven into the house, and Cunningham's pursuit was so close, that John Tinsley struck a full blow with his sword at Col. Hayes as he entered the door. A few guns were fired. One of Cunningham's men was killed in the assault, and one of Hayes' men was killed in the house by a ball shot between the logs. A pole tipped with flax, saturated with tar, was set on fire and thrown upon the house. It was soon in flames. Hayes and his party on a promise of good quarters, (as it has always been said,) surrendered. Cunningham selected Hayes and Maj. Dan'l Williams, (a son of Col. Williams, who fell at King's Mountains,) as his victims. He was about hanging them on the pole of a felder stuck, when he was coasted by a younger son of Col. Williams, Joseph Williams, a lad of sixteen or seventeen years, who had from infancy known Cunningham.—"Capt. Cunningham, how shall I go home and tell my mother that you have hanged brother Daniel?" Cunningham instantly swore that he should not have that melancholy duty to perform. He hung him up with his brother and Hayes. The pole broke with their weight and with his sword he literally hewed them to pieces. While wiping his reeking sword, he observed, that one of his comrades in cutting a captive to pieces had broken his sword,—he quickly handed to him his, observing, that it wouldn't break. James Tinsley, Major Wm. Dunlap and John Commins were the only survivors of Hayes' party; James Tinsley and his brother were, I had supposed, saved by their gallant kinsman John Tinsley; but within the last few years, James Tinsley assured me, that such was not the fact. He said their lives were saved by another of Cunningham's party, (whose name to my great regret has escaped my recollection,) at the peril of his own life. Major Dunlap of Hatterville, Laurens District, was then a lad; no one then or ever since could be his enemy. He was discharged the next morning covered with the blood and brains of his comrades. John Commins, (commonly called King Commins,) was too much the Lenther-stock of the lower part of Laurens District to be an object of vengeance. He still lives at a great age to fight all his battles over.

Passing from Hayes' station to the west side of Little River, Cunningham crossed at O'Neal's mill. This he burned. The owner, Hugh O'Neill, on the top of Edgell's mountain, had in sorrow and sadness witnessed the massacre of his neighbors at Hayes' station. From the same lofty stand he saw his all, in a peculiar point of view, swept away by the fire brand of him who never knew to pity or spare. On the next day he and some others of the neighbors committed to the earth the mangled bodies of the slain at Hayes' station. Two large pits constituted the graves of all who fell there; and there undistinguished and almost unknown they still remain.

Cunningham encamped on the night succeeding the massacre on the Beaverdam, at a place now known as Odell's mill. From this point he commenced his retreat. His bloody foray had aroused the whole whig population. Col. Hammond (Sam'l) from the time Cunningham passed Saluda River, was in hot pursuit. Cunningham's company retired embosomed until they passed Little Saluda (at West's.) It was there that late Geo. Butler leading the van of the pursuit confronted almost alone the whole of Cunningham's company. Numbers forced him to pause, and before his exhausted companions could reach him, Cunningham had resumed his rapid flight; and breaking into detached parties, he and his followers plunged into the pine barrens and swamps of the Edisto country, and by different routes reached Charleston.

On this, or some other occasion, Butler and his company chased a party consisting of Cunningham, Foster and Hoos. Here again Butler kept nearly equal pace with the pursued, but his companions could not. In the midst of the race Cunningham's horse sunk in a mire. While he was struggling out of it, Cunningham's trusty companions turned like lions at bay, and again Butler's vengeance for a father's and brother's blood was prevented from taking effect.

On another occasion, it is said, Butler single handed pursued Cunningham alone for miles; each of their horses, straining every nerve, ran in the jockey style, nose and tail. Butler was often near enough to have struck Cunningham's noble and generous steed and thus disabled him; but his generous nature forbade, the rider not the steed was the object of his vengeance. Cunningham's pistol was often thrown over his shoulder and snatched at the pursuer. At length Butler's horse sunk in a hole in the woods, and his rider could again resume pursuit Cunningham was beyond it.

The noble war horse which had borne Cunningham through so many of his bloody adventures, and never failed him at his greatest need, died in Charleston, and was buried almost with the honors of war by his blood-stained master.

Of Cunningham I know no more certainly, save that in him was not fulfilled the Scripture. "The violent man do not die a violent death. His life was sought most diligently and fearlessly by the surviving kinsmen of his murdered victims. He lived to a good old age and died quietly in his own bed in the West Indies."

The following account of the wonderful and deserted City of Petra is extracted from Stevens Travels in the East.—PETRA is once a celebrated City and is situated in the valley of Edom, near the Dead Sea.

This ancient extraordinary city is situated within a natural amphitheatre of two or three miles in circumference, encompassed on all sides by rugged mountains five or six hundred feet in height. The whole of this area is now a waste of ruins, dwelling houses, palaces, temples, and triumphal arches, all prostrate together in undistinguishable confusion. The sides of the mountains are cut smooth, in a perpendicular direction, and filled with long and continued ranges of dwelling houses, temples, and tombs, excavated with vast labor out of the solid rock; and while their summits present Nature in her wildest and savage form, their bases are adorned with all the beauty of architecture and art, with columns, and porticoes, and pediments, and ranges of corridors, enduring as the mountains out of which they are hewn, and fresh, as if the work of a generation scarcely yet gone by. Nothing can be finer than the immense rocky rampart which encloses the city. Strong firm and immovable as nature itself, it seems to deride the walls of cities, and the puny fortifications of skillful engineers. The only access is by elambling over the wall of stone, practicable only in one place, or by an entrance the most extraordinary that nature, in her wildest freaks, has ever framed. The loftiest portals ever raised by the hands of man, the proudest monuments of architectural skill and daring, sink into insignificance by the comparison. It is, perhaps, the most wonderful object in the world, except the ruins of the city to which it forms the entrance. Burkhardt had been accosted, immediately upon his entry, by a large party of Bedouins, and had been suffering to remain, but a very short time. I expected a scene of some kind; but at the entrance of the city there was not a creature to dispute our passage; its portals were wide open, and we passed along the stream down into the area, and still no man came to oppose us. We moved to the extreme end of the area; and when in the act of dismounting at the foot of the rock on which stood the temple that had constantly faced us, we saw one solitary Arab straggling along without any apparent object, a mere wanderer among the ruins; and it is not an uninteresting fact that this poor Bedouin was the only living being we saw in this desolate city of Petra. After gazing at us for a few moments from a distance, he came towards us, and in a few moments was sitting down to pipe and coffee with my companions.

Among the ruins is a circular theatre, cut out of the solid rock, containing 33 rows of seats, and capable of holding 3000 people. Although the front pillars have fallen, yet the whole theatre, says Mr. Stevens, is in such a state of preservation that if the tenants of the tombs around could once more rise into life, they might take their places on the seats. "Where," he exclaims, "are ye inhabitants of this desolate city? ye, who once sat on the

seats of this theatre, the young, the highborn, the beautiful and brave: who once rejoiced in your riches and power, and lived as if there was no grave! where are ye now? Even the very tombs whose open doors are stretching away in long ranges before the eyes of the wandering traveller, cannot prevent your doom. Your dry bones are gone. The robber has invaded your grave, and your very ashes have been swept away to make room for the wandering Arab of the desert."

No description without the aid of plates, can give an adequate conception of the ruins of this wonderful city. Sufficient may be gathered from the preceding account, to convince every reader, that Petra was once a populous, wealthy and luxurious city, adorned with temples, arches and theatres; and that it was for a thousand years utterly forgotten, and that it is now destitute of a single inhabitant.

The most interesting and important consideration connected with the city is, that its ruin is a distinct fulfillment of the ancient prophecies. Jeremiah, Isaiah, Amos, Joel, Obadiah, and Malachi, have announced the desolation of Edom, and some of them in language, which most graphically describes the situation of Petra, "in the clefts of the rocks," and "in the height of the hill." Mr. Stevens says: "Aid all the terrible denunciations against the land of Idumea, her cities and the inhabitants thereof, 'this proud city among the rocks' doubtless for its extraordinary ruins, was always marked as a subject of extraordinary vengeance. 'I have sworn by myself, saith the Lord, that B zrah (the strong or fortified city) shall become a desolation, a reproach and a waste and a curse, and all the cities thereof shall be perpetual waste. Lo, I will make thee small among the heathen, and despised among men. Thy terriblest hath deceived thee, and the pride of thine heart, O thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, that holdest the height of the hill; thou shouldst make thy nest as high as the eagle, I will bring the down from thence saith the Lord. They shall call the nobles thereof to the kingdom but none shall be there, and all her princes shall be nothing; and thorns shall come up in her places, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof, and it shall be a habitation for dragons, and a court for owls.'"

I would that the skeptic could stand as I did, among the ruins of this city among the rocks, and there open the sacred book and read the words of the inspired penmen, written when this desolate place was one of the greatest cities in the world.

* Jer. 49: 13, 16. † Isaiah 24: 14, 15.

Power of Resistance in the Living Skull.—A boy five years old, a son of Mr. Marston, a farmer on Long Island, in the harbor of Boston, fell accidentally in following his father by the side of an ox-team, with his head exactly in the rut of the cart forward of the wheel. Before Mr. Marston could possibly snatch the child from the dreadful impending danger, a heavy hay cart wheel having a thick, broad iron tire, rolled directly over his child's head—rising up over the space between the crown and the ear, and down to the ground again from the temple. The agonized father ran with the supposed mutilated, if not dead body to the house.—On examination by the mother, the scalp was found to be cut by the edge of the tire, as though a knife had been drawn over it, yet little or no blood flowed—showing the white bone below. As no injury of the skull could be detected, she closed the external wound with a simple dressing, which kept the edges in juxta-position. The boy exhibited considerable confusion, but it could hardly be called a delirium, and occasionally vomited blood for about a week. He also bled at the mouth and nose. It is plain, therefore, that the blood thrown from the stomach, was swallowed from time to time. At the end of six days the little fellow was quite restored, and we rarely see a finer specimen of robust, juvenile health and happiness, than in the person of this hard-headed boy. A wheel of half the weight, rolled over a dry skull, would have ground it to powder. To the admirable carpentry of the bones of the head presenting inimitable strength in every direction, together with the resistance of the living principle, vitality, which is only known by its name, are we to look for the preservation of this child.—Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.

Anecdote.—While travelling in Western Virginia, happening one day to be in a dry good store, situated in a small village, an old lady from the country came in. She purchased several articles of the clerk, and at length, observing a neatly painted and varnished pair of bellows hanging at a post, she inquired what it was. The clerk perceiving that the old lady was rather ignorant, and being something of a wag, informed her that it was a new fashioned fan which he had lately received from the East, and at the same time taking the bellows down and puffing with it in his face, told her that was the mode of operation. The old lady repeated the operation on herself, and was so delighted with the new fan, that she purchased it forthwith and departed.

On the next day our informant, the minister, had an appointment to preach at a school-house in the neighboring county. The congregation being assembled, while the minister was in the act of reading the hymn, who should pop in but the old woman with her new fashioned fan; and having taken her seat, immediately commenced puffing away in good earnest. The congregation knew not what to make of it; some smiled and some looked astonished, but the ludicrous prevailed over every thing else, and to such an extent, that the minister himself was obliged to stop reading, and to hand the book to his brother in the desk. After the usual preliminary services, he rose to preach, but there sat conspicuously the old lady with the bellows in front, a hand hold of each handle, the nose turned up towards her face, and with much self complacency, puffing the gentle breeze into her face.—What to do, or how to proceed he knew not, for he could not cast his eyes over the congregation without meeting with the old lady. At length,

summoning resolution, and trying to feel the solemnity of the duty imposed upon him, he proceeded. He finished his discourse, but it cost him more effort than any before or since.—Mount Vernon Watchman.

Errors of Diet in Infancy.—Many mothers consider every expression of uneasiness as an indication of appetite, and whenever a child cries they offer it the breast again, although ten minutes may not have elapsed since its preceding repast. Nothing can be more injurious than this custom. It overloads and oppresses the stomach, excites griping and bowel complaints, restlessness and fever, and not unfrequently leads to fatal diseases in the brain. It does harm also by withdrawing the mother's notice from the real source of uneasiness.

It is astonishing, indeed, with what exclusiveness of understanding eating is regarded even by intelligent parents as the grand solatium or panacea for all the pains and troubles which afflict the young. If a child falls over a stone and bruises its leg, its cries are immediately arrested by a sugar biscuit, stuffed into its open mouth. If its temper is discomposed by the loss of a toy, it is forthwith soothed by an offer of sweetmeats, the ultimate effect of which is to excite colicky pains in its bowels, which are worse than the original evil, and for which in their turn, it is presented with "nice peppermint drops," or some other equally pleasant antidote. Because the mouth is open when the child is crying, and the mouth leads to the stomach, parents jump to the conclusion that it is open for the purpose of being filled, and proceed to cram it accordingly; forgetting all the while that the mouth leads also to the windpipe, and may be open for the admission of air to the lungs as well as of food to the stomach, and that if they stuff it with cake or pudding when it is open for the reception of air, they run the risk of suffocating the little innocent, when their wish is only to sooth him.—Medical Advertiser.

BUTLER in his Reminiscences says.—That his literary acquisitions were principally owing to the strict observance of the four following rules:

1. To direct his attention to one literary object at a time.
2. To read the best book upon it; and where the subject was controversial, to read the best book on each side.
3. To find out men of information, and in their society to listen, not talk.
4. To verify early rising, and a systematic division of time.

We should manage our thoughts in composing any work; as shepherds do their flocks in making a garland: first select the choicest, and then dispose them in the most proper places, where they give a lustre to each other.
Many men have been capable of doing a wise thing, more a cunning thing, but very few a generous thing.

AGRICULTURAL.

REMARKS ON THE GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF HUSBANDRY.

1. Whatever may be the nature of your soil, and situation of your farm, remember that there is no soil so good, but it may be exhausted by bad tillage, and that there is none so bad that cannot be rendered fertile by good tillage, even barren heath if it can be ploughed and swarded.

2. The true art of husbandry consists of suffering no crop to grow on your land, that will so far exhaust your soil as to lessen the value of your succeeding crop, whatever profit such a crop may afford you.

3. To avoid this, suffer no one crop to grow two years successively upon the same piece of ground, excepting grass, or buck-wheat without the fertilizing aid of rich manures to support the strength of the soil; and even then, a change of crops will generally do best, excepting onions, carrots, and hemp.

4. Every plant derives from the earth for its growth, such properties as are peculiar to itself; this plant when followed successively for two or more years upon the same ground, will exhaust the soil of those properties peculiar to itself, without lessening its powers to produce some other plant; this fact is most striking in the article of flax, which will not bear to be repeated oftener than once in seven years, and it is common to all crops, with the exception of those noticed as above.

5. To avoid this evil, arrange your farm in such divisions as will enable you to improve all the variety of crops your lands may require, in such regular succession, as to form a routine of 5, 6, or 7 years, according to the nature, quality and situation of your farm.
This method will make poor land good, and good better. Try it, and see.

To Destroy Caterpillars.—Take strong Soap Suds, and with a broom or brush sprinkle it over their nests either in the evening after they have retired to them, or in the morning before they leave them; this falling on the purse which contains these insects, will cause them to crawl out and fall in masses, without any necessity for crushing or burning them.

To Preserve Cattle from Disease in the Winter.—When cattle are kept out in the winter, it is recommended as a useful practice to rub some tar at the root of the horn, which prevents the wet from getting between the root and the skin; and it is said, contributes to preserve the health of the animal, and to keep it free from various diseases to which it may otherwise be liable.

To make Cream yield Butter quickly in cold weather.—Cream will readily yield up the butter it contains in the coldest weather, if as much boiling water be poured in, as will bring it to the temperature of new milk, that is, milk just from the cow; cream so managed, will require very little churning, and no other disadvantage accrues, except that the butter will be white for a day or two.