

# THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

THE POWERS NOT DELEGATED TO THE UNITED STATES BY THE CONSTITUTION, AND RESERVED BY OR TO THE STATES, ARE RESERVED TO THE STATES RESPECTIVELY, OR TO THE PEOPLE.—Amendments to the Constitution, Article X.—

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## TERMS OF CAROLINIAN.

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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, before the end of a year, will be considered as a new engagement.  
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 25 per cent from the regular prices will be made to yearly advertisers.  
Letters addressed to the Editors, must in all cases be post paid.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**Estates.**—He builds too low who builds his hopes on the sky. Let us then be chiefly anxious respecting the present that we may know how to walk by it, and respecting the future only as it is connected with our interests in another world. Behold the various exquisite scenes which open before our eyes as we proceed in our walk. Look at that path which winds before us till it is lost in shade.—See how beautiful its borders are diversified with plants of every tint and every form. Mark how the light breaks in from above, and how it trembles among the leaves. Listen to the note of the wood pigeon, the distant lowing of the cattle, and the bark of the watch dog. How beautiful, how delightful is this scene and its attendant circumstances.  
Yet all the earth is changeable. The yellow leaves of autumn have already begun to discolor the leaves; the winds will speedily lay those leaves in the dust; and the whole face of nature will soon be veiled in the snowy mantle of winter. All these circumstances, therefore, all those changes, even to the falling of a leaf, ought to be received by us as timely warnings not to rest in present scenes, but to press forward towards those which are eternal. And although there is nothing in this sentiment which has not been repeated a thousand times, yet I believe it cannot be too often repeated or too deeply felt.

**The Ancient Greek and Roman Table.**—The difference between the diet of the ancients and that of the moderns is very striking. The ancient Greeks and Romans used to alcoholic liquor, it being unknown to them; nor coffee, nor tea, nor chocolate, nor sugar, nor even butter; for Galen says he had seen butters but once in his life. They were voracious of the greater number of our tropical spices, as clove, nutmeg, mace, ginger, cayenne pepper, curry, pimento. They used neither wheat, nor rye, nor French beans, nor spinach, nor peas, nor lupines, nor arrow-root, nor potato, nor any varieties not even the common, but a sort of munda grown bean; nor many of our fruits, like the orange, or tamarind, nor American maize.—On the other hand, they ate substances which we neglect—the mallow, the herb or ox-tongue, the sweet corn, the lupin. They used radish, lettuce, sardine. They liked the flesh of wild asses, of wild dogs, of the dormouse, of the fox, of the weasel. They ate the flesh of parrots, and other birds, and of lizards. They were fond of a great many fish, and shell fish, which we now hold in esteem. They employed no seasonings, and no condiments.—*Dr. Dick's Diet and Regimen.*

From the Charleston Courier.

## THE NOBLE SCIENCE OF LAW.

A gentleman of the profession, now no more, of the Western Circuit, defended a client for hog stealing, and notwithstanding his efforts a conviction was had. The Act of Assembly in describing this offence, says—"If any person shall be indicted and found guilty of stealing any sheep, goats or hogs, he shall be subject to a fine or penalty of five dollars sterling, for each and every sheep, goat or pig, for stealing of which, he, she or they may be convicted as aforesaid." The next section imposes whipping in default of payment of the fine.  
Upon the trial it came out in evidence, that the stolen animal was a pig. Among the other grounds, in arrest of judgment, and for a new trial, was one which went to the merits of the case, viz:—"That the defendant was found guilty of stealing a hog, when the evidence only established that he stole a pig, which was no offence under the statute."  
Judge Nutt, who was the presiding Justice, asked the learned advocate, if he intended to press that ground.  
Advocate. Certainly I shall press that ground, it is my chief reliance in the case.  
Judge Nutt. You then say a pig is not a hog?  
Advocate. Certainly. What would your honor call a young sheep?  
Judge Nutt. A lamb.  
Advocate. What is a young goat?  
Judge Nutt. A kid.  
Advocate. A young dog?  
Judge Nutt. A puppy.  
Advocate. The young of the domestic hen.  
Judge Nutt. A chicken.  
Advocate. The young of the gaudy butterfly.  
Judge Nutt. A worm.  
Advocate. I think your honor will now see that I have a most ample and irresistible defence, and in the course of my argument, I will be able fully to satisfy the Court on the point. The learned gentleman proceeded in the case.  
**ARGUMENT.**  
May it please your honors: My unfortunate client has been convicted of hog stealing against the most positive testimony. All the witnesses for the prosecution declared the animal taken to be a pig. (Laughter.) Now, I would ask if a pig can grunt? If so, then he can be no hog. When a man says he will go the whole hog, bristles and all, he cannot mean a pig for a pig has no bristles, and is but the skin of a hog. (Laughter.) If your honor was to

send your servant to market to buy a pig, and he brought you home a hog weighing 200 lbs., I apprehend you would not consider him as having obeyed your orders. (Laughter.) When you speak of a man, you certainly do not mean an infant at the bosom of its mother. If he be one and twenty years of age, he will be a man, but until then, he is an infant in law and fact. When a pig can grunt he is a hog, and not till then. (Laughter.) I shall urge the point no further.

From the United States Gazette.

**RICHARD HURDIS:** or the avenger of Blood. A Tale of Alabama. Philadelphia, E. L. Carey and A. Hart.

A fine, masculine novel, by some unknown hand, said to be a person of considerable eminence, whose name, if disclosed, would alone give extensive circulation to the work. But his name is withheld from personal considerations. The story is one of crime and bloodshed, founded on facts not very remote, and disclosing appalling scenes of iniquity in our own country. The author has displayed unusual ability for narrative and characterization.—The story is a simple one, and the narrator goes straight forward to the conclusion, without suffering the reader's interest to flag from beginning to end.

In order to give our readers a just conception of the writer's powers in description and character, we will select a chapter. To comprehend it fully, the reader must understand that Ben Pickett has been hired by John Hardis to shoot his brother, Richard Hardis, the narrator. He has in his ambush, and shot William Carrington, Richard's travelling companion, by mistake, and returned to his employer, without discovering the error, to claim his reward. The scene between them will bear comparison with Shakespeare's between Hubert and King John, in similar circumstances.

"The murderer of William lay close in the thicket after he had done the deed. The murderer was Ben Pickett, and, as the reader may have divined already, his victim had perished through mistake. The fatal cause of this was in his employment of my horse—a circumstance forced upon him by the necessities of his flight. Pickett knew the horse and looked no farther. It was a long shot, from a rising ground above, where the undergrowth was thick and at such a distance that features were not clearly distinguishable. The dress of William unfortunately helped the delusion. It was almost entirely like mine. We had been so completely associated together for years, that our habits and tastes in many respects had become assimilated. The murderer, having satisfied himself—which he did at a glance—that the horse was mine, it was the prompt conclusion of his mind, that I was the rider. Crime is seldom deliberate—the mere act I mean—the determination may be deliberately enough made; but the blow is most usually given in haste, as if the criminal dreaded that he might shrink from an act already resolved upon. Pickett did not trust himself to look a second time before pulling trigger. Had he suffered the rider to advance ten paces more, he would have withdrawn the sight. The courage of a man is never certain but when he is doing what he believes to be right. The wrong doer may be desperate and furious, but he has no composed bearing. Pickett was of this sort. He shot almost instantly after seeing the horse. He was about to come forward when he saw the rider tumble; but the sudden approach of the pursuers, whose forms had been concealed by the narrow and wooded blind through which they passed, compelled him to resume his position and remain quiet. He saw them take charge of the body, but had little idea that their aim, like his own, had been venal. He saw them busy about the prey, which his blow had struck down, but concluded that they were friends seeking to succor and to save. Under any circumstances, his hope of plunder was now cut off, and he silently withdrew into the forest where his horse had been hidden, and hurriedly so mounting, commenced his return to Marengo. But an eye was upon him that never lost sight of him. The keen hunter that Matthew Webber had set upon his path, had found his track, and pursued it with the unerring scent of the blood-hound. More than once the pursuer could have shot down the fugitive with a weapon as little anticipated, and as accurate as that which he himself had employed; but he had no purpose of this sort in view. He silently followed on—keeping close watch upon every movement, yet never suffering himself to be seen.—When the murderer paused by the way-side, he halted also; when he sped forwards, he too relaxed his reins; and he drew them up finally only, when he beheld the former, with an audacity which he never showed while I dwelt in Marengo, present himself at the entrance of my father's plantation, and requested to see my brother. The pursuer passed also at this moment, and entering a little but dense wood on one side of the road, quietly dismounted from his horse which he fastened in the deepest thicket, and under cover of the underbrush, crept forward as nearly as he could, to the place where Pickett waited, without incurring any risk of detection.  
It was not long before John Hardis came to the gate, and his coward soul made its appearance in his face, the moment that he saw his confederate. His lips grew livid and quivered—his cheeks were whiter than his shirt, and his voice so feeble, when he attempted to speak, that he could only articulate at all by uttering himself with vehemency and haste.  
"Ah, Pickett, that you!—well! what?"  
The murderer had not alighted from his horse, and he now simply bent forward to the other as he half-whispered—  
"It's all fixed, Squire. The nail's clinched.—You can take the road now when you please, and find nothing to trip you."  
"Ha! but you do not mean it, Ben!—It is not as you say!—You have not done it? Are you sure? Did you see?"  
"It's done—I tell you, on sure's a gun."

"He's dead then?" said John Hardis in a husky whisper.—Richard Hardis is dead you say? and he tottered forward to the rider with a countenance in which fear and eagerness were so mingled as to produce an aspect striking even in the bosom of his confederate.  
"I've said it, Squire, and I'll say it again to please you. I had dead aim on his button—just here, (he laid his hand on his breast)—and I saw him tumble and come down all in a heap like a bag of feathers. There's no doctors can do him good now, I tell you. He's laid up so that they won't take him down again—nobody. You can go to sleep now when you please."

"The greatest idea of the two shrank back as he heard these words, and covered his face with his hands. He seemed scarce able to stand and leaned against the post of the gate for his support. A sudden shivering came over him, and when that passed off, he laughed brokenly as if with a slight convulsion, and the corners of his mouth were twitched until the tears started in his eyes. To what particular feeling, whether of remorse or anticipation, he owed these emotions, it would be difficult for me to say, as it was certainly impossible for his comrade to conceive. Pickett looked on with wondering, and was half inclined to doubt whether his proprietor was not out of his wits.—But a few moments re-assured him as John Hardis again came forward. His tones were most composed, and though still unaltered, when he addressed him, and, perhaps, something more of human apprehension dwelt upon his countenance.

"You have told me, Ben Pickett, but I am not certain. Richard Hardis was a strong man—he wouldn't die easily. He would fight—he would strike to the last. How could you stand against him? Why, Ben, he would crush you with a blow of his fist. He was monstrous strong."  
"Why, Squire, what are you talking about? Dick Hardis was tall, I know, and stout-hearted. He would hold on till his teeth met, for there was no scare in him. But that's nothing to the matter for, you see there was no fight at all. The rifle did the business—long shot and steady aim—so, you see, all his strength went for nothing."

"But how could he let you trap him, Ben Pickett? Richard was suspicious and always on the watch. He wouldn't fall easily into trap. There must be some mistake, Ben—some mistake. You're only joking with me, Ben—you have not found him? he was too much ahead of you, and got off—well—it's just as well you let him go—I don't care, indeed—I'm almost glad you didn't reach him. He's in the 'Nation,' I suppose, by this time?"  
"But I did reach him, Squire," replied the other, not exactly knowing how to account for the purposeless tones of John Hardis' speech, and wondering much at the unlooked for remark of purpose which it implied. There was something in this last sentence which annoyed Pickett as much as if it surprised him. It seemed to imply that his employer might not be altogether satisfied with him when he became persuaded of the truth of what he said. He hastened therefore to reiterate his story.

"He'll never get nearer to the 'Nation' than he is now. I tell you, Squire, I came upon him on a by-road leading out from Tuscaloosa, that ran along among a range of hills where I kept. There was a double hill close by, and the road ran through it—it was a dark road. I tracked him and Bill Carrington twice over the ground. They had business further down with a man named Webber, and they stopt all night with a Colonel Grafton. I got from one of his negroes all about it. Well, I watched when he was to come back. When I heard them making tracks, I put myself in the bush, clear ahead, in a place where they couldn't come upon me till I was clean out of reach. Soon he came running like mad, then I give it him, and down he came, I tell you, like a miller's bag struck all in a heap."

"But that didn't kill him? He was only hurt! You're not sure, Ben, that he's dead? You didn't look at him closely?"  
"No—dickens—they were too hard upon me for that. But I saw where I hit him, and I saw him tumble."  
"Who were upon you?" demanded Hardis.  
"Why, Bill Carrington, and the man he went to see, I suppose. I didn't stop to look, for just as I sprang him out, they came from the road behind him, and I saw no more. You didn't tell me that Bill Carrington was going with him?"  
"No—I wasn't certain. I didn't know. But didn't Carrington come after you, when you shot Richard?"  
"I reckon he was too much frightened—he jumped down beside the body, and that was all I stopped to see. I made off, and latched a compass through the woods that brought me out with dry feet into another road. Then I kept on without stopping, and that's all I can tell you."

"It was strange Bill Carrington didn't take after you—he's not a man to be frightened easily?"  
"He didn't, though."  
"But you're not sure, Ben, after all! Perhaps you've only hurt him!—You have not killed him, I think! It's a hard thing to shoot certain at a great distance—you were far off, you say?"  
"A hundred yards or so, and that's nothing being down hill too."  
"Richard was a tough fellow."  
"Tough or not, I tell you, Squire, he'll never trouble you again. It's all over with him. They've got him under ground before this time—I know by the sort of fall he gave that he hadn't any life left—he didn't know what hurt him."

John Hardis seemed convinced at last.  
"And yet to think, Ben, that a man so strong as Richard should die so sudden. It was only four days ago that he had his hand on my throat—he had me down upon the ground—he shook me like a feather—and he spoke with a voice that went through me. I was like an infant in his hands—I felt that he could have torn me in two. And now, you say, he cannot lift an arm to help himself!"  
"No, not to wave off a buzzard from his carriage, was the reply."

The arm of John Hardis fell on the neck of Pickett's horse at these words, and his eyes, with a vacant stare, were fixed upon the rider. After a brief pause, he thus proceeded in a muttered soliloquy, rather than an address to his hearer:  
"If Richard would have gone off quietly, and let me alone—if—but what's the use to talk of that now? He's pained, but again began in similar tones and a like spirit. "He was too rash—too tyrannical. Flesh and blood could not bear with him. Ben. He would have mastered all around him if he could—trampled upon all—suffered no life to any—spared no feelings. He was cruel—cruel to you, and to me, and to all; and then to drag me from my horse and take me—his own brother—by the throat! But it's all over now. He has paid for it, Ben—I wish he hadn't done it, though—for then—but no matter—this talk's all very useless now."

Here he recovered himself, and in more direct and calmer language, thus continued, while giving his agent a part of the money which he had promised him.  
"Go now, Pickett, to your own home. Let us not be seen together much. Take this money—'tisn't all I mean to give you. I will bring you more."

The willing fellow pocketed the price of blood, and made his acknowledgments. Thanks too were given by the murderer, as if the balance of credit lay with him who paid in money for the life of his fellow creature.  
"I will come to you to-night," continued Hardis: "I will wear all of this business. I would know more. Stay! What is that? Some one comes! hear you nothing, Ben?"  
Guilt had made my wretched brother doubly a coward. The big sweat came out and stood upon his forehead, and his eyes wore the irresolute expression of one about to fly. The composure with which his companion looked round, half re-assured him.

"No—there's nobody," said the other—"a squirrel jumped in the wood, perhaps."  
"Well—I'll come to-night, Ben—I'll meet you at the Willows."  
"Won't you come to the house, Squire?"  
"No!" was the abrupt reply. The speaker recollected his late interview with the stern wife of his colleague, and had no desire to encounter her again—"No—Ben, I'll be at the Willows."  
"What time, Squire?"  
"I can't say, now—you'll hear my signal. Three hours and a long bark."  
"Very good—I'll be sure."

John Hardis remained at the gate a long time after Pickett rode away. He watched his retreating form while it continued in sight, then seated himself on the ground where he had been standing; and unconsciously, with a little stick, began to draw characters in the sand. To the labors of his fingers his mind seemed to be utterly heedless, until aroused to a sense of what he was doing and where he sat, by the approach of some of the field negroes returning from the labors of the day. He started to his feet as he heard their voices, but took his guilty heart tremble, when his eye took in the letters that he had unwittingly traced upon the sand. The word "murderer" was distinctly written in large characters before his eyes. With a desperate but trembling haste as if he dreaded lest other eyes should behold it too, he dashed his feet over the letters, nor stayed his efforts even when they were perfectly obliterated. Fool that he was—of what avail was all his toil? He might erase the guilty letters from the sand, but they were written upon his soul in characters that no hand could reach, and no labors obliterate. The fiend was there in full possession, and his tortures were only now begun.

There are other scenes in the novel not inferior to this. It is needless to say that the writer is a first rate hand.

**Excitation in Law and Physic.**—Our men folks, if they can't get through a question how beautifully they can get round it, can't they? Nothing ever stops them. I had two brothers, Joseph and Elisha, one was a lawyer and the other a doctor.—They were talking about their examination one night at a huskin frolic, up to the Governor Ball's big stone barn at Stickville. Says Jessy, when I was examined, the judge asked me about real estates, and says he Joseph, says he, what's a fee? Why, says I, Judge, it depends on the matter of the case. In a common one, says I, I call six dollars a pretty fair one; but Lawyer Webber has got afore now, I have heard tell, 1000 dollars, that I do call a fee. Well, the judge he larked nearly to split his sides, (thinks I, old chap, you'll burst like a steam boiler if you hav'nt got a safety valve somewhere or another) and says he, I vow that's superfine; I'll endorse your certificates for you, young man; there's no fear of you, young man; there's no fear of you, you'll pass the inspection brand, any how.

Well says Elisha, I hope I may be shot if the same thing didn't even almost happen to me at my examination. They axed me a nation site of questions; some on 'em I could answer, and some on 'em no soul could, right off the real at a word, without a little cypherin'. At last they axed me, "How would you calculate to put a patient into a sweat, when common modes wouldn't do, how?" "Why," says I, "I'd do as Doctor Comfort Payne served in there." "And how was that," said they. "Why," says I, "he put him in such a sweat as I never seed him in afore, in all my born days, since I was raised, by sending in his bill, and if that didn't sweat him, it's a pity; it was an active dose, you may depend." "I present that ere chap has cut his eye teeth," said the President, "let him pass as approbated."  
—*Sam Slick.*

**Excellent Advice.**—Never attribute sinister motives to a person because you do not understand his actions.—Allow him the best motives, and you will be right in a large majority of cases; and, even when you err, it will be on the side of charity, the greatest virtue that man possesses. As you would

have others judge you in kindness, so do you extend to them the same consideration.

## AGRICULTURAL.

### IS EVERY THING RIGHT?

This is a question which every farmer should put to himself as he commences his labor of the field; for if there is a defect in the beginning, it is possible he may labor on through the whole season to little or no effect.

It is essential to success in farming that there should be a plan; and equally so, that the plan should be a good one. Farming at random is seldom profitable. Every thing should be done by a system,—the division and arrangement of the fields, the rotation of the crops, the adaptation of the culture and the crops to the soil; and these plans should be right at first or all will continue to grow wrong.

Are your farming tools in order?—and are they all of good quality? Don't imagine that you are going to save any thing in the end, by using worn-out, ill-constructed implements of husbandry. A good plough, harrow, hoe or scythe will pay for themselves in a season by goodness and ease of working, over a clumsy inferior article. Are all those things right?

How are your fences? None of our business, some may reply; but it will be the business of your animals, and those of your neighbors to examine them thoroughly before the summer comes round; and if not right they will be sure to find it out, and the report will be accordingly. If any wall has fallen down let it be carefully replaced; if rails have been blown off by the winter wind, see that they are all laid in their place; have stakes been frozen out, drive them over; and remember that most of the neighborhood hard fencing that exists, might be prevented by a few hours examination and repair of outside fences. Look to it then that these are all right.

Have you made proper provision for the moral and intellectual culture of yourself and family? It is all important that every thing should be right on this point, for on no one would a mistake be so fatal as on this. Newspapers, books, schools and the religious institutions of society, should be at command and enjoyed; for ignorance and inaction is as fatal to the mind as to the body, and without sound morals, and general knowledge, no man can be adequately prepared to act his part in a free country and popular government like ours. Be careful that all is right here; and begrudge not the trifling expenses the attainment of such good may require.—*The Geesee Farmer.*

**Cure for Warts.**—A subscriber in Canada says—"When I was a school boy, I had a large wart upon my thumb. My teacher told me to rub the wart against my front teeth as soon as I awoke in the morning, for a number of mornings, and it would soon disappear. I obeyed him, and my wart disappeared in less than two weeks, without pain, except in the act of rubbing. I may add that I have had wartiness impudence, (being now fifty-four years of age,) and the same means applied for a short time always removed them."—*Id.*

### SHEEP WORM.

There is a fly that deposits its eggs in the nostrils of sheep, usually in August and September, where it hatches, and then makes its way up into the head and often causes death. The frequent application of tar to the nose of sheep, is considered the best preventive. Put tar on boards and strew on salt, and the sheep will smear their noses with tar in eating the salt. The following method is recommended by some sheep masters. Take a small log, dress it a little upon the upper side, bore holes into it with a large auger at short intervals, about two or three inches deep, fill these holes with salt, and with a brush apply tar as often as once a week around the holes, and give the sheep daily access to the salt. A small quantity of tar frequently given to sheep is considered conducive to their health. Alexander Reed, Esq., of Washington county, Pa., observes, "we have long been satisfied that the use of tar as a medicine or condiment for sheep has not been duly appreciated.—The cough and foul nose, I am disposed to think, are both produced from the same disease. When we notice them we lose no time in removing them from the flock, and make a free use of tar. It rarely fails to effect a cure in a few days, unless the animal is old or unsound."—*Farm. & Gard.*

### IMPROVEMENT OF CORN.

We are happy to notice in the patent office some beautiful samples of corn, deposited by Thomas N. Baden, who resides near Nottingham, Prince George county, Maryland. The stalks have 6, 7, and 8 ears on them respectively. Mr. Baden has raised this kind of corn to its present state of perfection by 24 years' careful examination. Many small parcels were last year distributed by the commissioners of patents, (the Hon. H. L. Ellsworth,) and in this way the corn has been happily introduced into the southern and western states. 100 bushels can be raised to an acre of rich land, and it is said 125 have been raised to an acre in the Wabash valley.—*Globe.*

Mr. Baden has made this corn thus productive by carefully selecting the seed for twenty-four years. He took the best, and from stalks that had the most ears upon them. Every crop a farmer raises can be improved by the same process. But unfortunately too many think "any thing will do for seed," and therefore send the best of every thing they raise to market. As long as this is practiced, no improvement will be made. But by following Mr. Baden's example, great results may be produced.

**An excellent pickle for Butter.**—1 part of water, 2 qts. fine salt, 4 lbs. loaf sugar, 2 oz. saltpetre, well boiled and skimmed. Cover the butter entirely with this pickle, and it will keep sweet the year round.