

# THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

THE POWER 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.—

AUSTIN & C. E. FISHER,  
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

SALISBURY, N. C., OCTOBER 11, 1838.

NO XVIII, OF VOL. XIX,  
(NO. FROM COMMENCEMENT 1836.)

## TERMS OF CAROLINIAN.

1. The Western Carolinian is published every Tuesday, at Two Dollars per annum, if paid in advance, or by 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 claim to notify the Editors of a wish to discontinue, at 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 50 cents for each continuance. Court and Judicial proceedings will be charged 25 per cent more than above prices. A deduction of 50 per cent from a regular price will be made to yearly advertisers. Letters addressed to the Editors, must in all cases be post paid.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### DAINGEROUS ADVENTURE.

The enclosed extract is taken from a paper in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, entitled an "Adventure in the North West Territory." It is a graphic description of a most thrilling scene:—  
"After residing nearly a year in one of the most remote parts of the North-West Company, and subsisting the fur trade there, I began to look toward my return to Montreal. I waited with the greatest impatience for the arrival of that post which was to terminate banishment and restore me to society. I was nearly three thousand miles distant from any settlements, and my only companions were two young men, clerks in the establishment, whose characters and limited acquisitions rendered them very uninteresting associates. This lake discharged itself by means of a river into another of much greater dimensions, and thick forests covered every part of the neighboring country.  
One afternoon, I took my gun, and strolled out in search of game. Though it was now the beginning of spring, the lake was completely frozen, and the cold of the preceding winter having been very intense. I soon fell in with a flock of mallards, but before I got a shot at them, they began to fly towards the middle of the lake; however, I followed them fearlessly over the ice, in the expectation that they would soon alight. The weather was mild, though rather blowy. Detached clouds moved rapidly along the face of Heaven in immense masses, and the sun blazed forth in unobscured splendor at one moment, and was completely shrouded from me the next. I was so intent on the pursuit of my game, that I hastened forward almost unconsciously, my progress being facilitated by a thin layer of snow, which covered the ice and rendered the footing tolerably secure. At last I fired at the ducks, and killed one and wounded another. I immediately picked up the first, but its companion having only been winged, I strove to leap away before I caught hold of it. I failed, but had not advanced more than twenty yards, when, to my astonishment, I found that the ice was in many places covered with the water to a depth of several inches. I stopped short, full of alarm, and irresolute what to do. It was evident that a thaw had already commenced, and as I well knew with what rapidity the ice broke up when once affected by a change of temperature, became liable to the dangers of my situation and almost lost sight of moving from the spot on which I stood. The weather had grown calm and hazy, and the sky was very black and lowering. Large flakes of snow began to fall languidly and perpendicularly through the air, and after a little time these were accompanied by a thick shower of sleety rain, which gradually became so dense that I could not discern the shore. I strained my eyes to catch a glimpse of some living object, but a dreary and hopeless expanse stretched on every side; and the appalling silence was sometimes interrupted by the feeble cries of the wounded bird. All nature seemed to be fearfully awaiting some terrible event. I stood in fearful surprise to her. I soon distinguished a distant thundering noise, which gradually became stronger, and appeared to approach the place where I stood. Repeated explosions and hollow murmurs of irregular loudness were succeeded by a tremendous sound like that of rocks bursting under. The ice trembled beneath my feet, and the next moment it was dissipated by a vast chasm, which opened itself within a few yards of me.—The water of the lake rushed upwards through the ice with foaming fury, and began to flood the surface all around.  
I started backwards, and ran as I conceived, towards the shore; but my progress was soon stopped by one of those weak parts of the ice called air-bubbles. While walking cautiously around it, my mind grew somewhat composed, and I resolved not to advance any farther, until I had fixed some way of regulating my course, but I found this to be impossible. I vainly endeavored to discern land, and the morning of the wind among the distant forests indicated that there was any at all near me. Strong and irregular blasts, loaded with snow and sleet, swept widely along, involving every thing in obscurity, and bewildering my steps with malignant uncertainty. I sometimes fancied I saw the spot where our post was situated, and even the trees and the houses upon it; but the next moment a gust of wind would whirl away the fantastic shaped fogs that had produced the agreeable illusion, and reduce me to actionless despair. I fired my gun repeatedly, in the hope that the report would bring some one to my assistance; however, the shores were unacknowledged, by feeble echoes, that the sound had reached them.  
The storm increased in violence, and at intervals the sound of the ice breaking up, rolled upon my ears like distant thunder, and seemed to mutter appalling threats. Alarm and fatigue made me dizzy, and I threw down my gun, and rushed forward in the face of the drifting showers, which were now so thick as to affect my respiration. I soon lost all sense of fear, and began to feel a sort of frantic delight in struggling against the careering blasts. I hurried on, sometimes running along the brink of

a circular opening in the ice, and sometimes leaping across frightful chasms—all the while unconscious of having any object in view. The ice every where creaked under my feet, and I knew that death awaited me, whether I fled away or remained on the spot. I felt as one would do, if forced by some persecuting fiend to range over the surface of a black and shoreless ocean; and aware, that whenever his tormentor withdrew his sustaining power, he would sink down, and be suffocated among the billows that struggled beneath him.  
At last night came on, and exhausted by fatigue and mental excitement, I wrapped myself in my cloak, and lay down upon the ice. It was so dark I could not have moved one step, without running the risk of falling into the lake. I almost wished that the drowsiness, produced by intense cold, would begin to affect me; but I did not feel in the slightest degree chilled, and the temperature of the air was in reality above freezing. I had lain only a few minutes when I heard the howl of a wolf.—The sound was indescribably delightful to my ear, and I started up with the intention of hastening to the spot from whence it seemed to proceed; but hopeless as my situation then was, my heart shrunk within me when I contemplated the dangers I would encounter in making such an attempt. My courage failed, and I resumed my former position, and listened to the undulations of the waters as they undermined, and beat against the lower part of the ice on which I lay.  
About midnight the storm ceased, and most of the clouds gradually forsook the sky, while the rising moon dispelled the darkness that had previously prevailed. However, a thick haze covered the heavens, and rendered her light dim and ghastly, and similar to that shed during an eclipse. A succession of noises had continued with little interruption for several hours, and at last the ice beneath me began to move. I started up, and, on looking around, saw that the whole surface of the lake was in a state of agitation. My eyes became dim, and I stretched out my arms to catch hold of some object, and felt as if all created things were passing away.  
The hissing, grinding, and crushing, produced by the different masses of ice coming into collision, were tremendous. Large fragments sometimes got wedged together, and impeded the progress of those behind them, which, being pushed forward by others still further back, were forced upon the top of the first, and fantastic shaped pyramids and towers could be distinctly seen rising among the mists of night, and momentarily changing their forms, and finally disorganizing themselves with magical rapidity and fearful tumult. At other times, an immense mass of ice would start up into a perpendicular position and continue gleaming in the moonshine for a little period, and then vanish like a specter among the abysses of waters beneath it.  
The wind, which was pretty strong, drove the ice down the lake very fast. My alarms and anxieties had gradually become less intense, and I was several times overcome by a sort of stupor; during the continuance of which imagination and reality combined their distracting influences. At one time I fancied that the snow still drifted as violently as ever, and that I distinguished through its hazy medium, a band of Indian chiefs walking past me, upon the surface of the lake. Their steps were noiseless, and they went along with a wan and dejected look and downcast eyes, and paid no attention to my exclamations and entreaties for relief. At another I thought I was floating in the middle of the ocean, and that a blazing sun flamed in the cloudless sky, and made the ice which supported me melt so fast, that I heard streams of water pouring from its sides, and felt myself every moment descending towards the surface of the billows. I was usually awakened from such dreams by some noise or violent concussion, but always relapsed into them whenever the cause of disturbance ceased to operate.  
The longest and last of these slumbers was broken by a terrible shock, which my ice island received, and which threw me from my seat, and nearly precipitated me into the lake. On regaining my former position, and looking round, I perceived to my joy and astonishment, that I was in a river. The water between me and the shore was still frozen over, and was about thirty yards wide, consequently the fragment on which I stood, could not approach any nearer than this. After a moment of irresolution, I leaped upon the frozen surface, and began to run towards the bank of the river. My feet seemed scarcely to touch the ice, so great was my terror lest it should give way beneath me; but I reached the shore in safety and dropped down completely exhausted by fatigue.

**ASTROLOGY.**  
A celebrated writer, treating on this subject, said it was remarkable that among the many predictions which have been made by astrologers from time to time, so few of them have been verified. History, however, records many instances where the predictions of astrologers have been fulfilled. In the present age, when such events occur, they are merely considered remarkable coincidences.  
The Duke of Athol, uncle of James I. of Scotland, had been assured by a pretender to the occult sciences, that he would live to be a King—and would be crowned publicly in presence of a large assembly of the people. He put faith in this prediction, and to hasten the fulfillment of the prophecy, caused his nephew to be assassinated. But he paid the penalty of his crime—and was led to execution, in one of the public squares of Edinburgh. He was taunted and reviled by the populace—who placed on his head an iron crown, on which was inscribed "The King of Traitors."  
The fate of *Echylus*, the Greek tragedian, is well known. It has been predicted that he would be killed by the falling of a house. One day, while he was walking in the fields, at a distance from any human habitation, an eagle, which had carried off a tortoise in his talons, but could not disengage the meat from the shell, perceived the bald head of the poet, and probably taking it for a rock, let the tortoise fall upon it from a great height. *Echylus* had the worst of it—for his skull was fractured, and he died on the spot.  
An Astrologer at the Court of Louis XI. of France, predicted an afflicting event, which came to pass. The King sent for the sage, having previously ordered his satellites to be prepared at a given signal to seize him and throw him out of the window. The king said to him, on his entrance, "You, who pretend to lift the veil of futurity, can you foretell the exact hour of your own death?" "No, Sir," said the wary Astrologer, with admirable presence of mind, suspecting the design of the tyrant, "I only know that I shall die exactly three days before your Majesty!" The king was thunder-struck at this answer, and refrained from giving the signal. Sir Walter Scott has very ingeniously interwoven this anecdote into the tale of *Quentin Durward*.  
Cardan, a soothsayer, who dealt extensively in horoscopes, was not particularly fortunate in his predictions. In one instance, however, he made use of a very effectual means to guard against any mistake. He predicted the day of his death—and when the time drew near, and his health, much to his mortification, continued unimpaired, he absolutely abstained from food, and died of hunger, on the day predicted, that he might not falsify his prediction.  
That oracle of mortal and political wisdom, Lord Bacon, in his chapter upon Prophecies, speaking of modern predictions and prophecies, says: "My judgment is, that they ought all to be despised; for they have done much mischief. I see many severe laws made to suppress them. That which hath given them some grace and some credit, consisteth in three things. First that men mark when they hit, but never mark when they miss, as they do generally. The second is that probable conjectures or obscure traditions many times turn themselves out prophecies. The third and last (which is the great one) is, that almost all of them, being infinite in number, have been impostures, and by idle and crafty brains merely contrived and feigned after the event passed."  
**Rome in the third Century.**—All I know is what I witnessed towards the end of the sport. Never before did I behold such a form, nor such feats of strength! He was another Hercules. It was rumored he was from the forests of Germany. If you will believe it, what I scarce can, though I saw it, he fought successively with six of *Soma's* best men, and one after another, laid them all sprawling. A seventh was then set upon him, he having no time to breathe, or even drink. Many, however, cried out against this. But *Romans*, you know, like not to have their fun spoiled, so the seventh was taken off. As every one foresaw, this was too much, by just one, for the hero; but he fought desperately, and it is believed *Soma's* man got pastes he will never recover from. He was soon, however, on his knees, and then on his back, the sword of his antagonist at his throat, he lying like a gasping fish, at his mercy—who waited the pleasure of the spectators a moment before he struck. Then was there a great shouting all over the theatre in his behalf, besides making the sign to spare him. But just at the moment, as for him ill fortune would have it, some patrone cried out, with a voice that went all over the theatre, "The dog is a Christian!" Whereupon like lightning every thumb went up, and down plunged the sword into his neck. So, master, thou seeest what I tell thee every day, there is small virtue in being a Christian. It is every way dangerous. If a thief runs through the streets, the cry is, "A Christian! a Christian!" If a man is murdered, they who did it accuse some neighboring Christian, and he dies for it. If a Christian fall into the Tiber, men look on him as on a drowning dog. If he slip or fall in a crowd, they will help to trample him to death. If he is sick or poor, none but his own tribe will help him. Even the Jew despises him, and spits upon his gown as he passes. What but the love of contempt and death can make one a Christian, 'tis hard to see. Had that captive been other than a Christian, he would not have fallen as he did.—*Letters from Rome.*  
**Blushing.**—An Irish drummer, whose round and rosy cheeks gave notice that he now and then indulged a niggerin of right good *potteen*, was accosted by the inspecting general. "What makes your face so red, sir?" "Please your honor," replied Pat. "I always blush when I speak to a general officer."

**MOHAWK AT A LONDON BALL.**  
"During his stay in London, a grand fancy ball or masquerade was got up with great splendor, and numerously attended by the nobility and gentry.—Captain Brant, at the instance of Earl Moira, was also present, dressed in the costume of his nation, wearing no mask, but painting one half of his face. His plumes nodded as proudly in his cap as though the blood of a hundred Percies coursed through his veins, and his tomahawk glittered in his girdle like burnished silver. There was, likewise in the gay and gallant throng a stately Turkish diplomat of high rank, accompanied by two hours, whose attention was particularly attracted by his singular and, as he supposed, fantastic attire. The pageant was brilliant as the imagination could desire, but among the whole motley throng of pilgrims and warriors, hermits and shepherds, knights, damsels, and gipsies, there was to the eyes of the Mussulman, no character so picturesque and striking as that of the Mohawk, which, being natural, appeared to be the best made up. He scrutinized the chief very closely, and mistaking his rouge et noir complexion for a painted visor, the Turk took the liberty of attempting to handle his nose. Brant had, of course, watched the workings of his observation, and felt in the humor of a little sport. No sooner, therefore, had Hassan touched his facial point of honor, under the mistaken idea that it was of no better material than the parchment nose of the Strasburg trumpeter, than the Chieflain made the hall resound with the appalling war whoop, and at the same instant the tomahawk leaped from his girdle, and flashed around the astonished Mussulman's head as though his good master, the Sultan, in a mimic war, would be relieved from any further trouble in the matter of taking it off. Such a piercing and frightful cry had never before rung through that salon of fashion, and breaking suddenly, and with startling wildness, upon the ears of the merry throng, its effect was prodigious. The Turk himself trembled with terror; while the female maskers—the gentle shepherds and fortune telling crones, Turks, Jews, and gipsies, bear leaders and their bears, Falstaffs, friars, and fortune tellers, Sultans, savages, and Columbiuses, shrieked, screamed, and wraddled away as though the Mohawks had broken into the festive hall in a body. The matter, however, was soon explained; and the incident was accounted as happy in the end as it was adventurously enacted by the good humored Mohawk.—*Stor's "Life of Brant."*  
*From the Missouri Saturday News.*  
**THE LOAFER—A SOLILOQUY.**  
"The seat itself is well enough, it is substantial and it reminds me of abundance, but I can't say I like these hooks, they are an annoyance to the covering of the head; mine, however, is a shocking bad hat. If one of the steaks which have hung here was before me, I would dread (I can't say as much of myself) I would wave invitation and fall to—I hate ceremony. I feel rather chilly—I will make a philosophical experiment, and see if there is any heat in moonshine; there certainly should be, for she borrows her light from the sun, and it would be a pity if she didn't get a little heat along with it: They say the moon is inhabited, I wonder if any poor, lonely, disconsolate devil there, like me, is looking at this dark colored planet. There is a more just appreciation of merit in the moon, or any other planet than on this one. I have seen a more loofer-looking gentleman than I am, clothes and all, at the bar before now, and our legislative hall are full of them. There is no coming at merit from outside appearance. Now I, for instance, look as ragged as a shell-bark hickory—but I have a soul as big as the market-house. Trouble and love, and whiskey, if its new, will deprave a man no matter where he graduates; but I am too proud to beg, and a little too lazy to pound stone. There is no chance for the display of genius in any thing Mr. McAdams has left for his successors—it is servile imitation he would expect of us. I would try poetry if I could borrow a garret—an attic I should say, to be classic. If it were not for the social qualities of my heart, I would imitate Cincinnatus and go to agriculture, but I'll wait until some of those agrarians are entrusted with the distribution of the subdivisions of the public domain. I wish I had been a State when the surplus was distributed. I should have been rich now, and unembarrassed with poor kin. I cannot account for the bad taste of the musquitos, for if they were to go a little farther they would fare better, and sup on the rich blood of a well fed gentleman—he would never miss a quart, I have none to spare—thus it is the whole world is picking at me! and the coroner will, in all probability, pay me the last visit. The dread of his oppressively polite attentions will drive me to reformation in spite of my vagrant habits. "I will abjure sack, live clean, take physic twice a week," and become a temperance lecturer, and then I shall make as striking a hit as other great geniuses have before me including a converted Jew. There is only one step from the ridiculous to the sublime; converted, inverted subverted."  
**East Indies.**—England is beginning to be uneasy about her East India possessions. Russia has captured the important city of Teberan, in Persia, and it may not be long before the Russian Army may be permitted to march to the confines of that Empire. England, in reference to these gigantic strides of the Ameer, has induced Mehemet Ali to settle his difference with Turkey. A rail road will be made from Cairo to the Red Sea, which will be navigated by steamboats to Sabelmandel and across the Indian Ocean, so that with steamers from England to Egypt, the British can throw in troops into India in fifty days.  
**War and Peace.**—The difference between war and peace has been well defined by one of the ancients:—"In the time of peace the sons bury their fathers; in the time of war the fathers bury their sons."

**AGRICULTURAL.**  
**IMPROVEMENT OF LAND.**  
Before we proceed to detail the best modes of improving land, perhaps it will first be proper to mention those practices which have combined to produce their destruction—in order that farmers may more clearly see the propriety of abandoning them, and of adopting the modes to be proposed for their renovation and improvement.  
The first cause, or the foundation of all the practices which have evidently tended to the impoverishment of our lands, has arisen from a misconception in farmers as to the true business of agriculture. It should never be forgotten, that it is the office of agriculture, as an art, to improve, instead of impoverish land. Was this principle duly impressed on mind and properly attended to, it would soon change the face of the country, from sterility to fruitfulness, and bestow upon its cultivators plenty and happiness, instead of misery and want. "Arts improve the work of nature. When they injure it, they are not arts, but barbarous customs. It is the business of agriculture, as an art, not to impoverish, but to fertilize the soil, and make it more useful than in its natural state. From this we discover that farmers have for two centuries past been pursuing agriculture, not as an art, but a barbarous custom; for it is a fact, that lands in their natural state, are far more valuable, than those which have undergone the habit of agriculture, of which emigrations are complete proofs."  
Unwise farmers are fully impressed with the necessity of attending to the principle, that "it is the business of agriculture to improve, instead of impoverish land," it will be needless to point out any modes of improving land, as they would be disregarded and neglected, as they have heretofore been. It is high time for farmers to retrace their profession from that decline and degradation under which it has so long languished; and to consider and pursue it as an art capable of the highest improvement, and not only worthy of their attention, but of the talents and attainments of our wisest men.  
The system of tillage which has generally been pursued under the name of the three-shill system, has also tended greatly to the destruction of our lands. This system is Indian corn, wheat pasture under it, the great body of the farm receives no manure, and no rest; and the result is, that the phrase "the land is killed and must be turned out," has become common over a great portion of the United States.  
It will be granted by every reader, that both Indian corn and wheat are exhausting crops; there are, of course, remain no doubt, but that these two ten impoverishes and two years in three. The only question then is, whether this loss will be compensated, by grazing the field bare during the third year. From whence is this recompense to come? The ground being loose and open by recent tillage, and unprotected by a strong sward, is exposed to all the injury the tooth and the hoof can inflict. The stock are turned in—all vegetation is cut off, and the ground is "trod to death," by which its pores are closed to all refreshments from the atmosphere, and its naked surface exposed to the heat of a summer's sun, which is able to pierce and expel from itself. The same land is again put in corn, and undergoes the same system of tillage, by which it is soon destroyed. This three-shill system has only one merit; honesty. In theory it promises to kill our lands; in practice it fulfills its promise.  
The neglect of manures. Nothing has more betrayed a want either of industry or of agricultural skill among farmers, than their great neglect of manures. Instead of pursuing the only rational mode for having a flourishing system of agriculture,—that of giving to the earth as much or more than they take from it;—they have, on the contrary, continued to extract exhausting crops from the earth almost every year, without bestowing upon it hardly one dust of manure in return. Under such a system as this, the richest ground in the world would finally be impoverished and rendered unproductive. Injudicious culture. As much land has been more speedily destroyed by washing, arising from injudicious culture, as perhaps from any other cause whatever. If we cast our eyes over the country, we shall find that all hilly lands that have been any time in cultivation, are sterile, not so much by the crops cultivated thereon, as by the soil itself being removed by washing. This evil has principally arisen from the practice of shallow ploughing. If ever a material reformation takes place in our system of agriculture, it will chiefly be founded on deep and horizontal ploughing.  
In North Carolina, it has been found that the effects of shallow ploughing on hilly lands terminate in the destruction of the soil. In the improved districts of Virginia, it is found from experience, that when deep and horizontal ploughing are combined they effectually prevent land from washing, and soil which had heretofore been so much dreaded.  
In fine, to effect the improvement of our lands, I would propose, that the system by which they have been reduced to their present state of poverty, be in all points reversed.  
They have been reduced principally by shallow ploughing, an ill chosen rotation of crops, and a total neglect of manures. Let them be recruited by deep and horizontal ploughing, a favorable rotation of crops, and all the manure which the most skillful and industrious management will afford.  
**THE MAIN OBJECTS**  
Of farming are, or should be, two fold, viz: 1st. The greatest net profit, with reference, however, 2dly, to the improvement, or at least to the preservation of the fertility, of the soil. He that wears out his land, by a parsimonious stinting of manure and labor, and close cropping, with a view to present gain, may be compared to the intemperate man who parts with his last cow, that fed his family, to gratify intemperate indulgences. While good land pays always a liberal reward to labor, poor land often beggars its proprietor. The fault