

# 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.

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

SALISBURY, N. C., NOVEMBER 29, 1838.

NO XXIV, OF VOL. XIX.  
(NO. FROM COMMENCEMENT 663.)

## TERMS OF CAROLINIAN.

The Western Carolinian is published every Tuesday, at Two Dollars per annum, if paid in advance, or Dollars and Fifty Cents, if not paid before the expiration of three months.

The 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 contract.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

In the second series of "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons."

**Laughable scene in the House of Commons.**—In the first series of this work I gave an amusing anecdote respecting Mr. Martin. A still better one is to be told. My only regret is, that no words convey any idea of the thing itself. He had a speaking of the bad feeling, frequently ending in a squabble, which was often engendered in the minds of honorable members in consequence of a misconception of what was meant, but often of a misapprehension of the fact of the honor of addressing you, Sir, and honorable gentlemen around you, at the poll, and was, sore enough, duly elected for Galway. Well, Sir, after election was over, we met in a hotel, and Dennis came up to me, and says, says he, "Dick Martin [says of laughter.] you was after saying something in your speech on the hustings about me, which was inconsistent with the character of a gentleman."

"Faith, and it's yourself, Dennis my boy, is a mistake in that sense."

"I'm no such thing," said he.

"Indeed, Dennis, you are though; you was no more mistaken in all your blarney life," said I.

"Don't you think to humbug me out of my body any of your nonsense, Dick!" [Renewed laughter, in which the Speaker could not refrain joining.]

"Then what was it I did say I said I."

"You know that as well as I do," said he.

"By—don't," said Mr. Martin, in his unparalytic ludicrous manner.

"Order, order, Mr. Martin," shouted the Speaker, the other thundered out an oath, amidst roars of laughter from all parts of the house.

"Beg your pardon, Mr. Spaker, and the pardon of the honorable House, if I said any thing improper."

"By—do you, though, Dick!" said Dennis.

"Order, order, Mr. Martin; order, order," again said the Speaker, his voice being almost lost amidst the peals of laughter which resounded throughout the House.

"Mr. Spaker!" said Mr. Martin, with great simplicity, mingled with a wonderful shrewdness of wit.

"Mr. Spaker, it was not myself that gave the oath, it was Dennis O'Sweeney!"

"You was the House convulsed with laughter, to such an extent, were the risible faculties of the Speaker affected, that he was obliged to cover his mouth with the folds of his gown, while the folds of his simple wig literally danced about his head and shoulders, in the agitation of his head and his excessive laughter."

"Mr. Martin resumed—"Upon my honor as a gentleman, I don't know what you mean," said I.

"Well then," says he, "didn't you say I was a fool not to tell you, Mr. Spaker, what I said?"

"I observed Mr. Martin, suddenly checking off. Here again the House was convulsed with laughter."

"Dick!" says he, "you must retract."

"I'll be—if I do," says I, "Mr. Spaker."

"Another burst of laughter pealed through the House, and to such an extent was the Speaker infected with the universal risibility, that he was actually obliged to call Mr. Martin to order. The folds of his gown were again in requisition, with the view, of suppressing, by their application to his mouth, what is called a loud laugh. No man ever more ready, at all times and in all circumstances, to uphold the dignity of the House by an uniform decorum in the proceedings, than Mr. Martin's manner, in connection with the oddity of his matter, would have done more for the gravest and most dignified of men. The thing was altogether irresistible. Mr. Martin, as soon as order was in some measure restored, resumed—"And you won't retract," says Dennis.

"No, by—"

"Then said he, I expect the satisfaction which is due to a gentleman; and with that, Mr. Spaker, he was in the very act of leaving the room."

"Dennis," says I.

"Don't let us misunderstand each other," says I.

"It's quite plain," says he.

"May be it's not so plain as you think, Dennis," said I.

"Do you or do you not retract, and no more blarney I said he."

"No, I don't," says I, "but if you'll call on me to-morrow morning at breakfast time, we'll both explain, and then I'll break an egg or crack a nut with you—whichever you please, Dennis." [Loud laughter.]

"Well, I will, Dick," said he.

"And faith, sure enough, Mr. Spaker, Dennis O'Sweeney did kape his word, and he explained, and we both explained, and he left my room quite satisfied, and leaving to me as politely as the Masters in Chancery do to you, Mr. Spaker, when they retire from your honor's table."

And so saying, Mr. Martin resumed his seat, amidst deafening roars of laughter, which lasted for two or three minutes.

The allusion to the Masters in Chancery was exceedingly felicitous; for when they have delivered any message from the Lords to the Commons, they retire from the table making a long bow to the Speaker at every third or fourth step they take.

## From the Baltimore American.

### BLACK HAWK—TECUMSEH.

**MEMORIALS:** Hearing of the death of the celebrated Sauk Chief Black Hawk, I am induced to make you the following communication, which may be interesting to some of your readers:

During a residence of several years in what is now the Territory of Iowa, I had many opportunities of seeing and conversing with this noted Warrior, and often look back with feelings of great pleasure to the many tokens of good will and friendship that he has frequently bestowed upon me.

His lodge was always open to the stranger, and he was ever ready to share with him which he might most want, either his furs and blankets for a couch, or his corn and venison for a repast. He always spoke in terms of high regard of the whites, saying that in war he fought like a brave man, but in peace he wished to forget that his hand had ever been raised against them.

His career as a warrior commenced at a very early age; when he was but fourteen years old, his father Pateweese led a war party against the Osages, in which expedition he accompanied him; they succeeded in reaching the village of the Osages, which they attacked, and after a very severe encounter, they routed their enemies and burnt their town.

In this battle Black Hawk's father was killed, but he revengeed his death by killing and scalping the Osage who had slain him. He was fond of recounting his earlier exploits, and often boasted of his being at the right hand of Tecumseh, when the latter was killed at the battle of the Thames.

His account of the death of this distinguished warrior was related to me by himself, during an evening that I spent in his lodge some winters ago. In the course of our talk, I asked him if he was with Tecumseh when he was killed. He replied:

"I was, and I will now tell you all about it. Tecumseh, Shabubine and Caldwell, two Potawatimie Chiefs, and myself, were seated on a log near our camp fire, filling our pipes for a smoke on the morning of the battle, when word came from the British General that he wished to speak to Tecumseh. He went immediately, and after staying some time re-joined us, taking his seat without saying a word, when Caldwell, who was one of his favorites, observed to him—"my father, what are we to do? Shall we fight the Americans?"

"Yes, my son," replied Tecumseh, "we shall go into their very smoke—but you are now wanted by the General. Go, my son, I never expect to see you again."

Shortly after this, (continued Black Hawk) the Indian spies came in, and gave word of the near approach of the Americans.

Tecumseh immediately posted his men in the edge of a swamp which flanked the British line, placing himself at their head. I was a little to his right, with a small party of Sauks. It was not long before the Americans made their appearance; they did not perceive us at first, but as we were by the undergrowth, but we soon let them know where we were by pouring in one or two volleys as they were forming into line to oppose the British.

They faltered a little, but very soon we perceived a large body of horse (Col. Johnson's regiment of mounted Kentuckians) preparing to charge upon us in the swamp. They came bravely on, yet we never stirred until they were so close that we could see the flints in their guns, when Tecumseh, springing to his feet, gave the Shawnee war-cry, and discharged his rifle. This was the signal for us to commence the fight, but it did not last long; the Americans answered the shout, returning our fire, and at the first discharge of their guns I saw Tecumseh stagger forwards over a fallen tree near which he was standing, letting his rifle drop at his feet.

As soon as the Indians discovered he was killed, a sudden fear came over them, and thinking the Great Spirit was angry, they fought no longer, and were quickly put to flight. That night we returned to bury our dead, and search for the body of Tecumseh. He was found lying where he had first fallen—a bullet had struck him above the hip, and his skull had been broken by the butt-end of the gun of some soldier, who had found him paralytic when life was not yet quite gone. With the exception of these wounds, his body was untouched; lying near him, however, was a large, fine looking Potawatimie who had been killed, decked off in his plumes and war paint, whom the Americans, no doubt, had taken for Tecumseh, for he was scalped, and every particle of skin flayed from his body.

I have seen myself in Kentucky pieces of this skin, tanned, and displayed as having belonged to Tecumseh.

Tecumseh himself had no ornaments about his person, save a British medal. During the night we buried our dead, and brought off the body of Tecumseh, although we were within sight of the fires of the American camp."

This is somewhat different from the account which is commonly given of Tecumseh's death, yet I believe it to be true; for after having Black Hawk relate it, I heard it corroborated by one of the Potawatimie Chiefs mentioned by him. I asked him if he had ever fought against the whites after the death of Tecumseh. He said not—that he had returned home to his village on the Missisipp, at the mouth of Rock river, and there he remained until driven away by the whites in the year 1832. The wish to hold possession of this village was the cause of the war which he waged against the whites during that year. He told me he never wished to fight, that he was made to do so; that the whites killed his warriors when they went with a white flag to beg a parley, and that after this was done, he thought they intended to kill him at all events, and therefore he would die like a warrior.

In speaking of his defeat, he said it was what he expected; that he did not mind it, but what hurt him were if an any thing else, was our Government degrading him in the eyes of his own people, and setting another Chief (Kaukuck) over him. This degradation appeared to feel very sensibly,—still he continued to possess all his native pride. One instance that came under my own observation, I recollect well, in which it was strongly displayed.

He happened to be in a small town in Iowa on the same day in which a party of Dragoons, under Capt. — arrived, and in paying a visit to a friend with whom he always partook of a meal, whenever he stopped at the village, he met with the Captain, who had been invited to dine. Black Hawk remained, also expecting the usual invitation to stay and eat with them, but when the dinner was ready the host took him aside, and told him the Captain, or rather the white man's chief was to dine with him that day, and he must wait until they had finished. The old Chief's eye glistened with anger as he answered him, raising the forefinger of one hand to his breast to represent the officer—"I know the white man is a Chief, but I," elevating the finger of the other hand far above his head, "was a Chief and led my warriors to the fight long before his mother knew him. Your meat—my dogs should eat it."

Saying this, he gathered the folds of his blanket about him, and stalked off, looking as proudly as if he still walked over ground that he could call "my own."

Black Hawk possessed, to a great degree, one fine trait which it is not usual for us to concede to the Indian—kindness and affection for his wife.—He never had but the one, and with her he lived for upwards of forty years; they had several children, three of whom still survive, two sons and a daughter. The eldest son is now one of the most promising young braves of the Nation, and bids fair to be one of its most noble men. The daughter is still quite young, and is considered to be the most beautiful maiden belonging to her tribe.

He has now departed on his long journey, to join those of his people who have gone before him to their happy hunting grounds far beyond the setting sun. May the Great Spirit grant him a clear sunshine and a smooth path.

I have never, however, until now, thought proper to deceive the holders as to the authenticity of their honorable trophies.

## BEDLAM AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

One of the Sophians bequeathed a considerable sum to be appropriated to the establishment of an asylum for mad people, and about a tenth of it was expended in the erection of the present hospital.

We first entered a gloomy court shaded by nut-berry and cypress trees; in the centre was a pagoda and fountain, and all around a square of low buildings, in which were a number of cells, with an iron grate to each. In each of these cells were from one to two and three unfortunate mad-men, chained together like wild beasts; a thick leathern collar was fastened round their necks, to which was attached a chain made fast to a ring in the wall.

Their daily fare is bread, rice, and water, and when outrageous they are bastinadoed till they are quiet. The first cell we entered was occupied by two Turks, the one a reverend old man with a long white beard, sitting upon a miserable bed smoking a pipe, and looking very tranquil; the other a tall, fierce-looking young man, outrageously mad. He stood erect, at the full length of his chin, like a wild beast, sometimes with clenched fists, and glaring eye-balls, shouting at the full pitch of his voice, and then catching up a carpet, he whirled it in the air, first spreading it one way, then taking it up and spreading it another, then stamping on it, continually repeating some Turkish words, which our dragoman interpreted, "They have betrayed me," which he shouts night and morning; and although they have tried the usual effect of the bastinado, they cannot keep him quiet. On inquiry, we were told he was a very respectable person, and had been in this state but a short time. He had fallen in love with a young girl, and demanded her as his wife; but, as he could not produce money sufficient to satisfy the father, the girl was married to a richer man whom she had never seen, and from that time he lost his reason. Two or three inhuman wretches were trying to take his carpet from him, and were amusing themselves with his furious rage.

In the next cell sat two melancholy, broken-hearted looking individuals, who, the dragoman told me in an under tone, were perfectly sane, but had formerly belonged to the Janissaries; and since the suppression of that body, having spoken more freely than was prudent, were clapped in here to be kept out of mischief.

I dwelt only upon two others of these melancholy sufferers; one, a barbarian of gigantic stature, with long hair hanging down his shoulders, an immense pair of black mustachios, and immense tusks, rather than teeth, with which he was grinding a

piece of bread, sawing his head about like a Peled bear, and rattling his chain; the other, a calm, silent man, bearded whom his mother and a young female, who had come to pay him a visit, and brought him a watermelon to eat. The poor woman would wash his mustachios, stroke his beard, then pat his face and put her hand on his forehead, talking to him in the most affectionate manner, which the unfortunate man would return by every now and then looking up in her face and laughing. I have heard much of the strong affection of Turkish mothers for their children, and I am told the poor woman pays him a long visit regularly every morning, bringing him some little dainties, like this watermelon.—*Addison's Journey to the East.*

## HOPE.

There is no happiness which hope cannot promise—no difficulty which it cannot surmount—no grief which it cannot mitigate. It is the wealth of the indigent, the health of the sick, the freedom of the captive. As soon as we have learned what is agreeable, it delights us with the prospect of attaining it; as soon as we have lost it, it delights us with the prospect of its return. It is our flatterer and comforter in years which need still more to be flattered and comforted. What it promises, indeed, is different in those different years; but the kindness and irrefragable persuasion with which it makes the promise are still the same; and while we laugh in advanced age, at the easy confidence of our youth in wishes which seem incapable of deceiving us now, we are still, as to other objects of desire, the same credulous, credulous beings, whom it was then so easy to make happy. Nor is it only over terrestrial things that it diffuses its delightful radiance; the power which attends us with consolation, through the anxieties and labors of our life, does not desert us at the close of that life which it has blessed or consoled. It is present with us in our last moment. We look to scenes which are opening on us above, and we look on those around us, with an expectation stronger than the strongest hope, that in the world which we are about to enter, we shall not have only remembrance of what we loved and revered on earth, but that the friendship from which it is so painful to part, even in parting to Heaven, will be restored to us there.—*Brown.*

**Corsets.**—When we breathe we take into the chest, or inhale, and give out or expire, a certain quantity of air, which can be measured by breathing through a curved tube, into a bell-glass full of water, inverted over a pneumatic tub. Dr. Herbart, of Göttingen, has lately been performing some curious experiments, in relation to the quantity of air that is breathed. Now the commonest understanding will appreciate from them, the comfort of full and unrestrained breathing. Dr. Herbart says that a man in sound mind, twenty years old, after a natural expiration or emission of air, inspired or took in, eighty cubic inches, when dressed, and one hundred and sixty when his tight dress was loosened. After a full dilatation of the chest, he inhaled one hundred and twenty-six cubic inches when undressed. Another young man, aged twenty-one, after a natural expiration, took in fifty while dressed, and one hundred and twenty-six when undressed. Had Dr. Herbart made his observations on some of the ladies who carry the use of corsets to extremes, we apprehend that he would have obtained results of a nature really alarming. If the wheel of fashion, which revolves even more rapidly than fortune itself, would but bring up something oriental in costume it would go far toward reforming the public health.

At the Hotel Dieu, the great hospital at Paris, a young girl of eighteen, lately presented herself to M. Breschi for his advice—on the right side of her throat, she had a tumor of variable size, but never bigger than one's fist; if touched from the collar bone as high as the thyroid cartilage, (called in common language, Adam's apple) when pressed downward, it wholly disappears; but returns as soon as the pressure is removed; it is lobulated, soft and elastic. It is observed to be the largest when the chest is tightly laced in corsets. In short by placing the ear on it, the murmur of respiration can be heard in the tumor, which proves that a protrusion of the lungs has taken place; or in other words, that the poor girl has been laced so tightly that her lungs, having no longer sufficient place in their natural position, are squeezed out of it, and are forcing their way up along her neck.

**Reading Aloud.**—"To how many otherworldly and useless hours of life, may a female impart both delight and improvement by the charm of reading well? If a wife, she can soothe many a season of a husband's weariness or sickness. If a mother, what an advantage to her offspring, to have before them, as they are growing up, a living model, in the person of one whom they are led to reverence and love, of an accomplishment which our schools and academies, and colleges find it so difficult to impart. This latter consideration, to my view, has immense weight; for our habits of pronunciation, speaking and reading were first formed in childhood, and in the domestic circle; and being once formed, it is a task of extreme difficulty to alter them."

**A Lady in the House of Commons.**—The late Duchess of Gordon, had so ardent a desire to hear Mr. Pitt speak in the House that she was induced to adopt the expedient of entering the gallery habited as a man. The Duchess had not, unfortunately, made a secret of her design, and secretly was she comfortably seated in expectation of the Minister's speech, when the Sergeant-at-arms appeared, and very politely whispered to her Grace that her sex was discovered, and that there existed a standing order of the House against the admission of ladies into the gallery. "Pray inform me, sir," inquired the Duchess, "whether there exists any standing order for turning a female out who has once got in?" a question that so effectually posed

Mr. Coleman that he effected his retreat, leaving the adventurous lady in quiet enjoyment of her place.

**Wonderful Instance of Somnambulism.**—An excellent amateur of magnetism, enjoying his ottoman can dignitate in a suburban villa at Passy, was lately visited by a young somnambulist, calling himself a painter by profession, and who assured him that he had the happiest natural disposition for the science of the famous Mesmer, that when under the influence of a magnetic fit he could see like a cat in the dark, and that in that state it frequently occurred to him to commence and finish a painting in a single sitting. The delighted magnetizer opened his eyes to their full extent, and appointed the next day for the young stranger to come to his house at Passy, and give a taste of his quality in the united exercise of somnambulist and painter. Punctual to the hour, the young man arrived with his canvass, palette, and brushes, and was ushered into the amateur's private cabinet, from which every ray of light was carefully excluded to facilitate the scientific purposes for which it was destined. The painter had stipulated as a sine qua non that when the fit was on him he should be left completely alone in the cabinet, as on each occasion the presence of another person invariably disturbed his attention, and detracted from the merits of his performance as a painter. The necessary dispositions having been made, and the fit of somnambulism having been produced to the heart's content of the magnetizer, the latter according to his convention quitted the cabinet, and turning the key upon the sleeper, left him undisturbed to his operations. At the expiration of about an hour the amateur magnetizer returned, and was met at the door of his cabinet by the young man, who was now perfectly awake, and displayed to his enraptured view an exquisitely painted landscape, the product of his ecstatic fit! After making a promise of this charming production to his delighted host, the young somnambulist took his leave, with a promise to return the next day, and repeat the experiment which had been crowned with such complete success. Some three quarters of an hour afterwards, the jeweller had some business in his cabinet, into which he admitted a little light and to his utter stupefaction found that the lock of his Secretary had been forced open, and 2,500 fr. in silver and bank notes, with other objects of value, abstracted from the drawers by the clear-sighted somnambulist. He had brought a painting with him, covered with a cloth of white lead, over which, when left to himself, he had passed a wet sponge—an expedient to which a large white spot on the floor bore ample testimony.

## AGRICULTURAL.

### ON THE MANAGEMENT OF BEES.

I make my hives of inch boards, nearly of one size, say 12 to 14 inches square, and 15 inches high, and put four sticks cross-wise through each one, to prevent the comb from falling; in them I put my swarms, and when they have nearly filled that hive, I raise it up, and place another of the same size under it, without any lid, so that the bees may continue the comb through both hives, which an early swarm will often do the first season. These I let stand, until they have done swarming the next year, say about the 20th of July, when the young ones will be principally hatched. I then prepare another hive of the same size, without any lid, which I place on a cloth, spread on two sticks, laid on the ground near the hive, so that it will be a little bagging below to hold the bees; this I tie tight round the hive with a string. I then take the two hives together, which contain the bees, and set them gently over the empty hive, so that the bees may go down in the lower hive, at the same time tying a cloth round where the hive meets, to prevent the bees from coming out, (if any place should be left large enough.) I then bore two or three large gimblet holes in the lid of the top hive, and blow in a little tobacco smoke, say two or three pipes full, which drives the bees down in the lower hive in fifteen or twenty minutes. I then take a long knife, and run it in between the first and second hives, and cut the comb all off as square as I can between them. I then loosen the top hive, and set it in a tub, and spread a cloth over it, to prevent the bees from coming out, and carry it in the cellar. At the same time I put a new lid on the other hive, and either nail it gently on, or put some weight on to steady it; the cloth may then be loosened, when the bees will return into the hive. I then set the two hives in the old place, or set them there before I loose the cloths, as may be most convenient. All this should be done in the evening, as soon as the bees have done coming in. The next morning, I have my outside cellar door open, when the bees which remain in the hive which I carry to the cellar gradually leave it, and go to the old place. If they do not leave it soon, if they come out of the hive, I brush them off with a quilt; if they do not come out, I blow tobacco smoke in as before, and continue blowing in smoke and brushing at intervals, until they do leave it. I generally hang the hive up by the lid, so as to get them out the better; by these means I always get the best of the honey, as the tops of the hives are filled in the early part of the season, and are the best. I also preserve all my bees by leaving them a sufficient quantity of honey to winter on. Most persons, unacquainted with this mode, would suppose it dangerous, on account of getting stung, but this is seldom the case with me; after I get them in the cellar, they appear to be inoffensive; if I get stung, I apply a little lard or camphor, to prevent it from swelling. If my swarms are late, I wait until the next year, after they have done swarming, before I double them, and always have them double one year before I take them off. I have kept bees a number of years, and have always got my honey in this way, and have never killed a swarm yet. I last year took about five hundred pounds of honey to