

# THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

THE POWERS NOT DELEGATED TO THE UNITED STATES BY THE CONSTITUTION, NOR PROHIBITED BY IT TO THE STATES, ARE RESERVED TO THE STATES RESPECTIVELY, OR TO THE PEOPLE.—Amendments to the Constitution, Article X.

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

SALISBURY, N. C., DECEMBER 13, 1838.

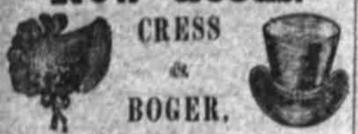
NO. XXVI. OF VOL. XIX.  
(NO. FROM COMMENCEMENT 664.)

## TERMS OF CAROLINIAN.

1. The Western Carolinian is published every Tuesday, at Two Dollars per annum, if paid in advance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if not paid before the expiration of three months.  
2. No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the discretion of the Editors; and a failure 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 25 cents for each continuation. Court and Judicial advertisements will be charged 25 per cent more than the above prices. A deduction of 50 per cent from the regular prices will be made to yearly advertisers.  
Letters addressed to the Editors, must in all cases be post paid.

### New Goods.

CRESS & BOGER.



RESPECTFULLY inform their customers and friends in general, that they have just received their supply of FALL & WINTER GOODS, comprising all the most desirable articles usually kept in this section of country, which they offer upon the usual terms,—cheap for Cash, or to punctual dealers upon a credit of twelve months. Just received a choice selection of the best

### Net Anker Bolting loths,

with a good supply of  
BOHREEN WIRE;

all of which they will dispose of upon the most favorable terms. C. & B. tender their thanks to their friends and customers, and hope by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same.  
Salisbury, Dec. 1, 1838.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### RHEUMATISM.

A correspondent of the Pittsburg Advocate, who describes himself a medical practitioner of twenty years standing, furnishes the following valuable, if well founded, information:

At the age of about seventeen, I was first attacked with the Inflammatory Rheumatism, when after the prompt use of the lancet, cathartics, blisters, and diaphoretics, I was restored. From that period until about twenty years ago, I had six or seven similar attacks, generally requiring venesection, purgation, blisters, and diaphoretics, before I could recover. In these attacks my extremities would be so inflamed that I could scarcely bear to be touched. About the year 1815, I had suggested to me the use of cotton, instead of the woolen, which I had worn next to the skin in form of shirt and drawers.

I immediately conformed to the suggestion, abandoned the woolen, have ever since worn the cotton, and now for about twenty years have never been confined one day with rheumatism. My observations also in an extensive practice, have furnished unequivocal confirmation of the facts, that woolen worn next the skin is utterly incompatible with a rheumatic constitution and that cotton is most decidedly advantageous. A lady who I attended during a very severe attack of rheumatism, found, while in a state of convalescence, that her fingers were becoming rigidly contracted, I recommended her the use of cotton, and now for many years she has been free from the complaint.

Having had occasion, while pursuing my professional avocation in Philadelphia, to protect my hands, when driving my gig, against the cold, that would have rendered them both unpleasant to myself and unskilful to the wants of a patient, I procured the fur lined gloves, but these I could not endure by reason of returning rheumatism, and had my gloves lined with Canton flannel.

As to the therapeutic principles on which to account for the salutary effect of the cotton dress, we are, perhaps, not prepared to give the entire rationale; but one circumstance deserves particular notice. When woolen is worn next to the skin the perspiration not being absorbed by the flannel becomes impeded, and, of course, obstructs both sensible and insensible perspiration.

This objection, it is known, does not lie against the cotton dress, as it absorbs the perspiration, leaving the skin clean and the pores free.

### From the Cincinnatiian.

#### THE SILVER MINE.

In days gone by, there lived in the far-famed "Queen," a silver gunsmith, who had accumulated a large fortune, by means which were known only to himself—and the devil. He was a regular built, stout, and we well remember, when quite a boy, to have incurred his displeasure, by accidentally bringing a ball in contact with his bow window, and breaking a pane of glass; for which juvenile indiscretion we received from him a fine flogging, and being obliged, by a writ of *sequestratus*, to seek out a real Mexican—an article, in those days, that would keep a man from starving at least a month. But to our yarn. The silver grinder waxed old and rich, and not a chick or child had he to leave his spelter to, when he should "shuffle off the mortal coil," and prepare to settle a standing account he had with the other world; with which we have nothing to do at present.

One day while the codger was reclining in his maple bottomed chair, looking over his spectacles, and dreaming doubtless of a chemical process by which he could, like alchemists of old, convert every thing he touched into gold; a low tap at his door aroused him from his lethargy, and, expecting a fat customer, he quickly rose and opened it, when in stalked a six foot buckeye—with a broad brimmed wool hat, and a certain *Jane se quo* in his manner, which told that he was a backwoodsman, and knew no more about the world and the things in it, than a Malay Indian. After surveying Shy-

lock for a minute, and the glittering case before him, he said:

"Stranger, are you the fellow that knows what's silver?"

"Certainly, sir, if twenty-five years working it can give me any knowledge of it."

"Well, so I thought, for so every body told me; and that's the cause I've come forty-five miles through the mud and rain to see you," he said, at the same time laying down his beaver and bending his mastodon body in a stentorian manner in a chair.

"You knows that I have buy'd fifty acres of ground in Butler county, and live on Snake Creek, just alongside the fork; well, some of the ground was good, and some wam', and some's so poor that it wouldn't raise yaller taters; well, one day me and one of our people went a fishing in Snake creek, and before we went, we went to dig some worms for bait, when Bill Black said let's turn over this log, and I found this here piece, which the minister says looks like silver."

The eye of the old man brightened, and extending his hand he took the uncouth lump and wiping his specks, examined it with a trembling hand; quickly rose, and without noticing his guest, walked into another room, and returned in about five minutes.

"You say you found this on your ground?"

"Yes, there's plenty more of it, for I have dug up such lumps afore!"

"Plenty of it, you say?"

"Yes, lots of it!"

The old man remained *status quo* for some time, when an idea appeared to strike him, he said:

"My dear friend this resembles silver; and if you will show me the ground you get it out of, I will decide upon it."

"Well, if you will get into that wagon out there I'll drive you there in a short time."

"Thank you, I'll start immediately, for I want to know for your satisfaction of the quality and extent of this ore."

In they went and off they drove, and early the next morning they arrived at Snake creek, and the silver-smith was soon shown the identical spot where the lump was found; when after carefully examining the ground, he said:

"You say that you dug more of this stuff here?"

"Sartin; just wait till I get a pick axe and I'll show you."

The eld-hopper brought the pick, and commenced digging, apparently without casting his eye on any particular spot; when lo, and behold! another lump of a larger size comes up, and the old man trembled at the indubitable evidence of a mine of pure silver.

"That's not half; it's all about here," said his companion, moving off in another direction, and commenced digging again. The silver-smith followed with a quick step, and the woodsman, after swinging his pick a short time, brought forth another lump! and still another! and took the old man around the field and dug up the same stuff in every direction! This was enough to have satisfied Old Nick himself; and the old man at length said:

"Young man, this stuff might be made of some value, by a man who understands smelting it, but it is of no value to you and I would advise you to sell it."

"Yes, but it's so poor ground that nobody will buy it."

"What did you originally give for it?" said the old man.

"Fifty dollars."

"Well, I tell you what, I'll give you one hundred dollars in silver!"

"Well, now, that's fair I think; and I'll just go and ask the old woman."

He went into his cabin and returned in a minute, saying:

"Stranger, I guess I won't sell out now, for there's no more ground about here for sale, and the old woman says she won't move away from her people."

The silver-smith was fired with the prospect he had of grasping the rich treasure, and went on offering the countryman a higher and higher price until he reached a thousand dollars. This appeared to work the fellow, and he walked to his cabin again, and shortly returned:

"Can't stand it stranger; the old woman won't say yes, and there's no use in trying to make her."

This only made the avaricious silver-smith more furious, and after expostulating for some time with the countryman, he said:

"Go and tell your wife I will give her two thousand dollars for this tract."

He went again and soon returned with a smile upon his phiz, which plainly told the old man's success.

"Well, stranger, I'll tell ye what; the old woman says that, if you will give her three thousand wheelers down and let us live here until we can move, she'll take it."

"Agreed!" said the voracious silver-smith, and a contract was at once made; a bill of sale was drawn up by the Squire—and a check on Nick Diddle given for the amount, which the countryman sold for the ready, and they parted—the silver-smith to the city, and the eld-hopper to his cabin.

Two days after the silver-smith returned, and with a host of miners commenced operations on a grand scale, but after digging for some hours without finding more lumps, a feeling of apprehension began to take hold of them, and the silver-smith grew pale, and trembling with fear and suspense, he walked straight to the woodsman's cabin, and inquiring for the countryman, found him seated quite contentedly by a large fire smoking a pipe.

"Good morning, sir—I have come, sir—I have had my men at work five hours, sir—and have found none of that ore you showed me!"

The remainder may be better conceived than described.

### YAN AMBURGH THE LION TAMER.

This remarkable man, who is now exhibiting his wonderful collection of tame animals in London, is a native of the State of New York, in the United States. He was born at Fishkill a beautiful town on the North or Indian River, about 30 miles from New York. He is descended from one of the original Dutch settlers of that State, better known under the title of "Knockabokkers," a name which was given them since the early works of Washington Irving were published.

When about 15 years of age, with a fine constitution and good temper, Van Amburgh left the little village of Fishkill, and visited New York. He became there for several years a clerk in the warehouse of a relative. But this kind of life not suiting his enterprising spirit, he packed up, and set out on his travels, as every adventurous Yankee or Yankee Dutchman does. In the ups and downs of life he became connected with a caravan of living animals that belonged to a company in the United States. By this time young Van Amburgh had reached his 20th year. His fine figure, iron frame, and Herculean strength, fitted him admirably for his new vocation. At this present writing, Van Amburgh is probably about 26 years of age, and one of the most athletic men of his size in the world. He is singularly made. His body is perfectly round, but rather thicker than broad. His bones large and firmly set, and his flesh almost muscle. Yet, from the peculiar conformation of his body, he seems to have all the grace and lightness of a Mercury.

His first intercourse with lions, &c. was accidental. At a little town in New Jersey, near New York, a caravan of living animals was exhibited. The lion was uncommonly good tempered, and one of the keepers was in the habit of going into the cage as a part of the exhibition. On a certain occasion this person was absent, the audience impatient, no one to enter the lion's cage, and a terrible row in prospect. In the extremity of distress, Van Amburgh had charity. "I'll go into the cage," said he to the managers. He took a cane entered the cage, walked up to the lion, talked to him and in a few seconds they became quite intimate. "In approaching wild animals," says Van Amburgh, "courage is every thing."

After this success he went farther. The lion soon died, and the company broke up. He then joined a caravan, called the Zoological Institute, in New York, which contained some of the choicest animals ever exhibited. He there prosecuted his favorite pursuit—studied the temper of the animals, and proceeded step by step till he brought them all into a singular state of civilization.

His first association, in the same cage, of a lion and tiger, presented remarkable scenes. These two animals would fight whole months, and sometimes he would give over one of them for dead. On such occasions Van Amburgh, after they had exhausted each other, would enter the cage, and begin his course of discipline to control both. Gradually he added animal to animal, till he got as far as ten animals in one cage. On many occasions he had severe conflicts, with the tiger particularly, but nothing dangerous. When he talks of these animals, he is highly interesting. "The tiger," says Van Amburgh, "is like a reckless, good-for-nothing, drunken rascal who spends his time carelessly at taverns, and fights in a moment. Tigers all have spiteful tempers. The lion is not so irascible; he is slower and cooler, but there is not the generous feeling about him which he has been cracked up for. The leopards are like cats—playful, but easily provoked."

There is nothing more interesting than to hear Van Amburgh give a history of his intercourse with these animals.

Van Amburgh has a novel and practical theory to account for his power over them. From the first moment of his intercourse with them, he talked to them as he would to a human being. "They believe," says he, "that I have power to tear them in pieces if they do not act as I say. I tell them so, and have frequently enforced it with a heavy crow bar. The personal strength, the peculiar cast of his eye, the rapidity of his movements, the tone of his voice, all tend to present to these animals an idea of superior power, which in sudden bursts of his passion makes them crouch in the corner of the cage. Van Amburgh's eyes are peculiar; one of them has a remarkable cast, which rather heightens the effect of his expressive face, as is said of the "terrible eye of Caliph Vathek." On one occasion in New York the tiger became ferocious. Van Amburgh very coolly took his crow-bar, and gave him a tremendous blow over the head. He then said to him, in good English, as if he was a human creature, "You big scoundrel, if you show me any more of your pranks, I'll knock your brains out," accompanying it with loud menaces and strong gesticulation. After this, the tiger behaved like a gentleman for a couple of months.

In coming over to this country, Van Amburgh was separated from these animals for several weeks. They arrived in London, he went to Liverpool. As soon as he reached London, he went to see them. On his appearance outside the cage, one of the strongest scenes was presented that ever was beheld. The lions, tigers, and all recognised him at once. When he entered among the group, they crouched, they crawled, they lashed their tails, with every demonstration of delight at beholding him again. He scratched the neck of the big lion, and his majesty growled forth his pleasure in tones like the sound of distant thunder.

In ancient and modern history we have heard of attempts made to tame single animals; but till the present era we have never seen such a mighty exhibition of human, over animal power, as Mr. Van Amburgh presents. The lion and the lamb literally lie down together. Yet the feats of familiarity performed nightly at Astley's are nothing, it is said, to those he performed at N. York.—London Times.

From the Augusta Mirror.

Jane laughs at later's rous and shame,  
And men had better do the same.

A friend of mine has recently returned from an excursion into the circuit of this State. He tells me that while in the county of—be strayed into the Court House, and was present at the arraignment of a man by the name of Henry Day, who was charged with attempting to kill his wife.—Day was a pale little man, and the wife, who was present, was a perfect Behemoth. The indictment being read, the prisoner was asked to say, whether he was "Guilty or not Guilty." He answered "there's a mighty chance of lawyer's lies in the papers, but some part is true. I did strike the old lady, but she fit me so powerfully first. She can swear equal to a little of any thing, and her kicks are awful. I reckon what you say about the devil moving me, is tolerable correct, seeing as how she moved on. I have told you all I know 'bout the circumstance, Mister. I gin Squire Jones there, a five dollar bill, and I allow he'll talk it out for me." Squire Jones thereupon rose, and said he had a law point to raise in this case, which he thought conclusive. It was an established rule of law, that man and wife were but one; and he should like to know how a man could be punished for whipping himself; he should be glad to hear what the Solicitor General could say to that. The Solicitor General answered, that he thought his brother Jones had carried the maxim a trifle too far; men had often been punished for beating their wives. If a man should kill his wife, it would not be suicide. Here Squire Jones interposed; and defied the Solicitor General to produce an authority to that effect. The Solicitor General looked over Green's and Lumpkin's Georgia Justice for some minutes, and then observed, that he could not find an authority just then, but he was sure he had seen the principle some where, and he called on the judge to sustain him. In the enthusiasm of the counsel on this point, they forgot to offer any evidence as to the guilt or innocence of Day in the premises. The judge being likewise oblivious of this fact, proceeded to charge the jury. He told them, that man and wife were one, and were two. If the wife ran in debt or abused a neighbor, or knocked down or dragged out a fellow citizen, then man and wife were one. If the husband did any of these things, then man and wife were two. He remarked, that in either event, the man was legally bound to suffer, and therefore come it as they would, Day was undoubtedly guilty. He said, he would not decide the question, whether if a man kill his wife, it was murder or suicide. He was not prepared to express an opinion upon that point. It was a very delicate one, and he had no idea of committing himself. (Some one in the room here observed, that he was mighty fond of committing others.) He then called up the bailiff, a tremendous looking cracker, wearing a broad brim white hat with craps, (I never saw a man South of latitude 33, that did not wear a white hat with craps) and proceeded to admonish him, that the jury were very much in the habit of coming in drunk, with their verdicts, and that if it happened in this case, he would discharge the prisoner, and put his punishment upon him, (the bailiff). The bailiff, giving a significant glance at the judge, replied, that other people besides the jury came into court drunk,—that some people thought other people drunk, when some people were drunk themselves. The jury then retired and so did my friend. The next day he returned and found matters in *status quo*, except that Day and his wife had made up, and were discussing together the merits of a cold fowl, and a quart of beer, and now and then interchanging kisses, despite of the frowns and backs of the officers. The judge, clerk and sheriff had been up all night, and looked wolfish, and the bailiff was seated on his white hat at the door of the jury room, and his countenance expressed that he had swallowed the concentrated venom of a thousand wild cats. The most awful curses, oaths and sounds proceeded from the jury room—some were roaring like lions—some crying like children—mewing like cats—neighing like horses, &c. At last, a short consultation was held at the door of the jury room between the foreman and the bailiff, whereupon, the latter putting his white hat one-sided on his head, came into the court room, and addressed the judge thus: "Mister, Tom Jakes says the jury can't agree about this here man, and if you keep him (i. e. Tom Jakes) without grog any more, he'll lick you 'on sight.'" The judge appealed to the bar, if it was not a contempt of court, and "Green and Lumpkin's Georgia Justice" having been consulted, it was finally decided, that as it was a threat addressed to the judge as a private individual, and was, to whip him "on sight," and not on the bench, it was not, (under the free, enlightened and democratic principles of Georgia legislation,) a contempt of court. This being settled, the judge directed the bailiff to say to Tom Jakes, the foreman, that the jury should agree, if they stayed there through eternity. The bailiff retired, and so did my friend; but he gives it as his opinion, from the frame of mind in which he left all parties, that the jurors and bailiff are still there.

### Correcting children in anger.

There is another common error—that of correcting a child hastily and harshly, and then, feeling that injustice has been done, to compensate him by some soothing sugar-plumb or honeyed apology. It is not easy to conceive of anything more likely to degrade the parent in the eyes of his offspring than such inconsiderate folly; nothing more sure to destroy his influence over the mind, to harden the young heart in rebellion, and make it grow bold in sin. In proportion as the parent sins in his esteem, self-conceit grows up in the mind of the undutiful child. Young people as well as old pay great respect to consistency, and, on the contrary, despise those whose conduct is marked with caprice. The sacred relation of parent is no protection against this contempt. Those therefore who would preserve

their influence over their children, who would keep hold of the reins that they may guide them in periods of danger, and save them from probable ruin, must take care not to exhibit themselves as governed by passion or whim, rather than fixed principles of justice and duty.

## MESSAGE.

To the Honorable  
The General Assembly of North Carolina.  
(Continued from last week.)

The use of similar kind of notes and the issuing them only from the principal Banks would impress them upon the memory—render the signatures and general character of the bills so well known as to obviate the late United States Bank and thus facilitate their circulation, and diminish the chances of forgery.

The receivability of these notes in all the States of the General Government, throughout the Union, would render the interest of the Banks to keep exchanges at fair rates, to prevent the collection and accumulation of their notes in large masses at points where trade has a tendency to concentrate, and the States may interfere against over issues. Indeed, the sphere of competition, instead of the several Banks of the same State vying with, and harassing each other, the rivalry will be between the Banks of the different States; and they will more effectually and uniformly keep each other in check and order, whilst at home we will have the full and concentrated vigor of all our capitals.

A serious objection urged against a Bank of the United States was the large amount of money yielded by one set of men, enabling them to contract or expand the currency, and then cooperate upon the business and politics of the country. This objection, in my estimation, holds much more strongly against the Steamboat Institutions now becoming common at the North and free of the restraints I have proposed. The Bank of the United States was responsible to and controlled by Congress for her acts in all the States. But those institutions holding charters from the States can only be controlled by the power from which they derived their being, and this power will never be exerted except far more injurious to their own citizens and improper within their own limits. Beyond these limits, in other States they are almost irresponsible, and their conduct will be marked by the wanton abuses of the most unrestrained despotism. If you require illustration, turn to the Pennsylvania Bank of the United States dealing in cotton and local Bank stocks, appropriating almost exclusively the trade of the great staples of the country. Pennsylvania either could not, or would not control her; and without some further restraint than that of the States, we will again see the legitimate business of our merchants wrested from them and the country driven to deal in a depreciated currency, and the occupation of the merchants succeeded by the agents of the Bank.

If facts were necessary to demonstrate to you our urgent need of more Bank capital, I would direct your attention to the European markets, overrun with our applications for loans. I would ask you to compare the amounts profitably employed by our sister States, possessing natural advantages requiring improvement, infinitely inferior to our own, with the amounts employed by us. New York's little share of our Territorial extent in 1790 had less number of inhabitants, she adopted the use of Banks, and we did not, for a number of years. In 1800 she surpassed us in population, she increased her Banks consecutively to her wants and improvements, we did not, and she now numbers three times our population. Besides other and valuable improvements she has finished—commenced and cleared canals and Rail Roads 3,833 miles—costs nearly ninety millions of Dollars. For a more particular exposition of the advantages derived by that State from her appropriations for Internal Improvements, I submit to you the documents marked C. and D. Reports of committee to the Legislature of that State, communicated to me in my Executive capacity.

For the benefit and protection which this Bank will enjoy from the State, it should make a subscription to the Yadkin and Fayetteville Rail Road stock of a half million of Dollars.

Agriculture as the basis and support of all other interests is the most important, and merits your most deliberate consideration. The landed property of our State is held in too tight confinement, and our attachments to the soil hangs too loosely about us. The places of our birth and early recollections—the theatre of our many struggles, and mature associations; the very grave yards of our fathers tempt us to abiding attachments, but are sold and transferred with less emotion than are the bread of life upon them. Prematurely worn out by a loose and ruinous system of culture, our lands are parted from, without regret, and seldom descend to the third generation.

This indifference arises, no doubt, in part, from the abundance of our land and temptation presented by richer soils to cultivate more congenial to the favorite production of the day, Cotton. But in a greater degree to our laws, affording to this primary and paramount interest, no preference or advantage over others. It is your duty as Legislators to investigate the causes and to provide the remedies if in your power.

Might not this end be attained, (in part at least) by securing to every family in proportion to their number, certain portions of land immediately around and including their dwellings against all claims—subject during the life of the owner, widow or unmarried daughter, to their control and support, and afterwards to descend to the eldest married child, who has offspring, and so on forever. Liable, however, to be sold at all times by the proprietor with the consent of his wife. By this means an asylum would be afforded under every contingency for the family; and widows and orphan children from the degradations and sufferings of want. Owners of estates would here find inducements for systematic and permanent improvement—emigrants to purchase and locate among us, filling upon too sparse population, and enhancing the value of our too depreciated soil.

Much may doubtless be effected by an improved system of husbandry, under proper stimulants and inducements; if we turn for a moment to the improvements successfully achieved in Massachusetts with decidedly inferior climate and soil, our doubts will be removed. She greatly outstrips us in our peculiar interests. In proof of which, allow me to refer you to an agricultural survey recently made in that State, marked B. and so valuable, in my estimation, as to induce me to recommend that a similar survey be authorized in our State.

But, gentlemen, it is only to a liberal and well digested system of Internal Improvement that we can look for the regulation and permanent prosperity of our State. Our towns are small, our markets distant and difficult of access—our water courses for purposes of navigation, naturally indifferent and wanting improvement, whilst our infant manufactures are struggling for existence against the matured and mighty workshops of Europe and New England. We have no branch of enterprise sufficiently advanced and powerful to render assistance to another. It is in truth the

R. M. C.