

THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

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

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MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New York Sunday News.

THE OLD CLOCK.

"Here she goes, there she goes!"—Some years ago there came to this country a family from England, which settled on the upper part of this Island, and opened a public house. Among their chattels was an old clock which they prized more for its age than its actual value, although it had told the hours for years on years with the most commendable fidelity. This clock is now situated in one of the private parlors of the house, and many a time has it been the theme of remark in consequence of its solemnly antique exterior.

A few days since, about dusk, a couple of mad wags drove up to the door of the hotel, seated in a light and beautiful wagon, drawn by a superb bay horse. They sprang out—ordered the ostler to pay every attention to the animal, and to stable him for the night. Entering the hotel, they tossed off a glass of wine apiece, bemoaned a cigar, and directed the landlord to provide the best game supper in his power. There was a winsome look in the countenance of the elder—a bright sparkling in his eyes which occasionally he half closed in a style that gave him the air of "a knowing one," and a slight curving of the corners of the mouth that showed his ability to enjoy, while his whole demeanor made every acute observer sure of his ability to perpetrate a joke. Now and then, when his lips parted and he ran his fingers through his hair with a languid expression, it was evident he was eager to be at work in his vocation—that of a practical joker! The other was a dapper young man, although different in appearance, yet with features which indicated that his mind was well fitted to be a successful co-partner with his mate, and a dry and as gravely delivered witicism was frequently worked off with an air of philosophy or unconcern that gave him at once the credit of being a first rate wit. Supper on the table, these two Yankees were not so dull as a couple generally will be at table, but made mirth and laughter and wit their companions, and as Wine in his parti-colored flowered robes presided, there was a "set-out" fit for a prince and his associates. The Yankees ate and drank and were right merry, when the old family clock whirred and whizzed as the hammer on the bell struck one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve! The elder looked up at the old monitor before him, stuck his elbow on the table and looked again steadily for a minute, and then laughed out heartily, awakening the waiter, who was just dozing by the window-sill.

"What in the name of Monus are you laughing at?" asked the dapper Yankee, as he cast his eyes now over and around himself to ascertain where the zest of the joke was concealed. The elder winked slyly, and yawning lazily, slowly raised the fore-finger of his right hand and applied it gracefully to his nose. The dapper man understood the hint.

"Oh! I understand—no you don't come over this child! waiter, another bottle of champagne." The servant left the room and our heroes inclining themselves over the table held a long conversation in a low tone, when the elder of the two raised his voice, and with an air of satisfaction exclaimed—

"Clocks always go it!"

Then both cautiously rose from their chairs, and advancing to the clock, turned the key of the door, and looked within, the elder in a half inquiring half decided manner saying—

"Won't it?"

The waiter was on the stairs, and they returned to their seats in a trice, as if nothing had happened—both scolding the waiter, as he entered, for being so lazy on his errand.

Having heard the clock strike one, they were thrown to their beds, where they talked in a subdued tone, and finally sunk to sleep. In the morning, they were early up and ordered their horse to be harnesses and brought to the door. Descending to the bar-room, they asked for their bill, and with becoming promptitude paid over the amount due to the bar-keeper. The elder perceiving the landlord through the window, placed his arms upon the bar, and in a serious tone, inquired of the bar-keeper if he would dispose of the old clock.

The young man hesitated—he knew not what to answer. The old clock seemed to him such a miserable piece of furniture that he had an impression that it might as well be his as his employer's, yet he could not comprehend why such a possession should cost such a ludicrous article. While he was at hesitating to reply, the good natured landlord entered, and the question was referred to him for an answer.

"I wish to purchase that old clock up stairs! Will you sell it?" asked the elder Yankee, while the younger lighted a cigar, and cast his eye over the columns of the Sunday Morning News, which lay upon the table. The landlord who had set so great value upon the clock, except as a heir-loom, began to suspect that it might possess the virtues of Maria Hayward's chair, and be filled with dollars; and almost involuntarily, the three ascended the room which contained it.

"The fact is," said the Yankee, "I once won a hundred dollars with a clock like that!"

"A hundred dollars!" ejaculated the landlord.

"Yes! You see there was one like it in a room over in Jersey, and a fellow bet me he could keep the pendulum swinging with the pendulum for an hour, only saying, 'Here she goes, there she goes.' He could do it. I gave him money out of him."

"You did! You could not walk it out of me. I'll bet you fifty dollars I can do it on the spot!"

"Done!" cried the Yankee.

The clock struck eight, and with his back to the table, and the door, the landlord popped into a chair—

"Here she goes, there she goes!" and his finger waved in a curve, his eyes fully fixed on the pendulum. The Yankee behind him interrupted—

"Where's the money? Plank the money!"

The landlord was not to lose in that way. His forefinger slowly and surely went with the pendulum, and his left disengaged his purse from his pocket, which he threw behind upon the table. All was silent. The dapper man at length exclaimed—

"Shall I deposit the money in the hands of the bar-keeper?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" was the only answer.

One of the Yankees left the room. The landlord heard him go down stairs; but he was not to be disturbed by that trick.

Presently the bar-keeper entered, and touching him upon the shoulder, asked—

"Mr. B—, are you crazy? What are you doing?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" he responded, his hand waving the forefinger as before.

The bar-keeper rushed down stairs; he called one of the neighbors and asked him to go up.— They ascended, and the neighbor seizing him gently by the collar, in an imploring voice, said—

"Mr. B—, do not sit here. Come, come down stairs, what can possess you to sit here?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" was the sole reply, and the solemn face and the slowly moving finger settled the matter. He was mad!

"He is mad," whispered the friend in a low voice. "We must go for the doctor."

The landlord was not to be duped; he was not to be deceived, although the whole town came to interrupt him. "You had better call up his wife!" added the friend.

"Here she goes, there she goes!" repeated the landlord, and his hand still moved on.

In a minute his wife entered, full of agony of soul. "My dear," she kindly said, "look on me. It is your wife who speaks!"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" and his hand continued to go, but his wife would not go; she would stay, and he thought she was determined to conspire against him and make him lose the wager. She wept and she continued—

"What cause have you for this? Why do you so?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" and his finger seemed to be tracing her airy progress, for any thing she could ascertain to the contrary.

"My dear," she still continued, thinking that the thought of his child, whom he fondly loved, would tend to restore him, "shall I call up your daughter?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" the landlord again repeated, his eyes becoming more and more fixed and glazed, from the steadiness of the gaze. A slight smile, which had great effect upon the minds of those present, played upon his face, as he thought of the many unsuccessful resorts to win him from his purpose, and of his success in baffling them. The physician entered. He stood by the side of the busy man. He looked at him in silence, shook his head, and to the anxious inquiry of his wife, answered—

"No, madame. The few persons here the better. The maid had better stay away; do not let the maid—"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" yet again, again in harmony with the wavering finger, issued from the lips of the landlord.

"A consultation, I think, will be necessary; said the physician. "Will you run for Dr. W—ms?"

The kind neighbor buttoned up his coat and hurried from the room.

In a few minutes Dr. W—ms, with another medical gentleman, entered.

"This is a sorry sight," said he to the Doctor present.

"Indeed it is, sir," was the reply. "It is a sudden attack, one of the—"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" was the sole reply.

The physicians stepped into a corner and consulted together.

"Will you be good enough to run for a barber? We must have his head shaved and blistered," said Dr. W—ms.

"Ah! poor, dear husband," said the lady; "I fear he never will know his miserable wife."

"Here she goes, there she goes!" said the landlord, with a little more emphasis, and with a more nervous yet determined waving of his finger in concert with the pendulum; for the minute hand was near the twelve—that point which was to put fifty dollars into his pocket, if the hand arrived at it without his suffering himself to be interrupted.

The wife in a low, bewailing tone continued her utterances—

"No! never; nor of his daughter!"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" almost shouted the landlord, as the minute hand advanced to the desired point.

The barber arrived; he was naturally a talkative man, and when the doctor made some casual remarks, reflecting upon the quality of the instrument he was about to use, he replied—

"Ah, ha! no, Monsieur, you say very bad of my razor—'ros beautiful—eh!—look-look—very fine, is it?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" screamed the landlord, his hand waving on—on, and his face gathering a smile, and his whole frame in readiness to be coaxed with joy.

The barber was amazed. "Here she goes, there she goes!" he responded in the best English he could use—"Vare! vare shall I begin? Vat is dat he say?"

"Shave his head at once!" interrupted the doctor, while the lady sank into a chair.

"Here she goes—there she goes!" for the last time cried the landlord, as the clock struck the hour of nine, and he sprang from his seat in an ecstasy of delight, screaming at the top of his voice, as he skipped about the room—

"I've won it!—I've won it!"

"What!" said the bar-keeper.

"What!" echoed the doctors.

"What!" rejoined the wife.

"Why, the wager—fifty dollars!" But casting his eyes around the room, and missing the round-

men who induced him to watch the clock, he asked the bar-keeper—

"Where are those young men who supped here last night? I bet, quick, where are they?"

"They went away in their wagon nearly an hour ago, sir!" was the reply.

The truth flashed like a thunderbolt through his mind. They had taken his pocket-book with the one hundred and seven dollars therein, and decanted—a couple of swindling sharpers, with wit to back them! The story is ripe on all men's tongues in the neighborhood where this affair occurred, and the facts are not otherwise than here set down; but we regret that the worthy landlord, in endeavoring to overtake the rascals, was thrown from his own wagon, and so severely injured as to be confined to his room at the present moment, where he can watch the pendulum of his clock at his leisure.

On Subterraneous and Ominous Sounds.—Sir Joan Herschell has lately considered this subject, and conjectures that the noises of Nacoois in Arabia may be owing to the subterraneous production of steam, by the generation and condensation of which, under certain circumstances, sounds are well known to be produced.

He also remarks, that wherever extensive subterraneous caverns exist, communicating with each other, or with the atmosphere, by means of small orifices, considerable differences of temperature may occasion currents of air to pass through these apertures, with sufficient velocity for producing sonorous vibrations. The sounds described by Humboldt, as heard at sunrise by those who sleep on certain granite rocks, on the banks of the Orinoco, may be explained on this principle.

The sounds produced at sunrise by the statue of Memnon, and the twang like the breaking of a string, heard by the French naturalists to proceed from a granite mountain at Carnac, are viewed by him as referable to a different cause, viz: To pyro-metric expansions and contractions of the heterogeneous material, of which the statue and mountain consist. Similar sounds, and from the same cause, are emitted, when heat is applied to any connected piece of machinery; and the snapping often heard in the bars of a grate affords a familiar example of this phenomenon.

The following amusing account of an ominous sound is given by Gardner, in his book on the "Music of Nature": "In one of the baronial castles of the North, which has been uninhabited for years, there were heard at times such extraordinary noises as to confirm the opinion among the country people that the place was haunted. An old story was current, that an heir apparent had been murdered by an uncle that he might possess the estate. This wicked man, however, after enjoying it for a time was so annoyed by the sounds in the castle, that he retired with an uneasy conscience from the domain, and died in France."

Not many years ago, the property descended to a branch of the female line (one of the heroes of Waterloo) who, nothing daunted, was determined to make this castle his place of residence. As the noises were a subject of real terror to his tenantry, he formed the resolution of sleeping in the castle on the night he took possession, in order to do away those superstitious fears. Not a habitable room could be found except one occupied by an old gardener and his wife in the western turret, and he ordered his camp bed to be set up in that apartment.

It was in the autumn, at night-fall, that he repaired to the gloomy abode, leaving his servant at the village inn, and dismissing the antiquated pair to take lodgings at a farm hard by. It was one of those nights which are checkered with occasional gleams of moonshine and darkness, when the clouds are riding in a high wind.

He slept well for the first two hours, and was then awakened by a low mournful sound that ran through the apartments. This warned him to be up and accounted. He descended the turret stairs with a brilliant light, which, on coming to the ground floor, cast a gigantic shadow of himself on the high embattled walls. Here he stood and listened, when presently a hollow moan ran through the corridor, and died away. This was followed by one of a higher key, which directed his footsteps with more certainty to the spot. Pursuing the sound, he found himself in the hall of his ancestors, and, vaulting upon the large oaken table, set down his lamp, and, folding his cloak about him, determined to wait for the appearance of all that was terrible.

The night which had been stormy, became suddenly still, the dark flitting clouds had sunk below the horizon, and the moon insinuated her silvery light through the chinks of the mouldering pile. As our hero had spent the morning in the chase, Morpheus came unbidden, and he fell asleep upon the table. His dream was short; for close upon him issued forth the horrid groan; he started up, and sprang at the unseen voice, fixing, with a powerful blow, his Toledo steel in the arras. The blade was fast, and held him to the spot. At this moment, the moon shot a ray that illuminated the hall, and showed that, behind the waving folds, there lay the cause concealed. His sword he left, and to the turret retraced his steps.

When morning came, a welcome crowd, greeting, asked if he had met the ghost. "O yes," replied the knight; "dead as a door-nail; behind the screen he lies, where my sword has pinned him fast; bring the wrenching bar, and we'll haul the disturber out." With such a leader, and broad day to boot, the valiant throng tore down the screen, where the sword was fixed, when lo! in a recess lay the fragments of a chapel organ, and the square wooden trunks, made for hollowed sounds, were used as props to stay the work when the hall was coated round with oak. The wondering clowns now laughed aloud at the mysterious voice. It was the northern blast that found its way through the crannies of the wall to the groning pipes that alarmed the country rout for a century.—*Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.*

Perseverance.—It is a precept as good in commerce as in theoretic philosophy, to make the best of all fortunes, and in every instance get all that we can. If there is seldom any good so perfect as not to have its alloy of ill, so it is seldom any disappointment so complete, as to leave no hook of hope. It is a lesson that we have learned from experience, that if half the time and natural vigor which is usually consumed in lamenting a misfortune was more wisely employed in

mody, there are few disappointments which will not admit of alleviation.

Discontent.—How universal it is!—we never yet knew the man who could say, "I am contented." Go where you will, among rich or poor, the man of competence or the man who earns his bread by the daily sweat of his brow; you hear the sound of mourning and the voice of complaint. The other day we stood by a cooper, who was playing a merry tune around the cask—"ah," said he, "mine is a hard lot—forever trotting round like a dog, driving at a hoop. 'Heigh ho, heigh ho, blackamish, in one of the hot days, as he wiped the drops of perspiration from his brow, while the red hot iron glowed on his anvil—'this is life with a vengeance! melting and frying one's self over a burning fire.' "Oh that I was a carpenter," ejaculated a shoemaker, as he bent over his lap stone, "here am I day after day, wearing my soul away in making soles for others, cooped up in a little 7 by 9 room. 'Heigh ho! I am sick of this out door work,' exclaims the carpenter, broiling under a sweltering sun, or exposed to the inclemencies of the weather; 'if I were only a tailor!' 'This is too bad,' perpetually cries the tailor, 'to be compelled to sit perched up here, plying the needle all the time; would that mine was a more active life.' 'Last day of grace, Banks won't pay, what shall I do?' grumbles the merchant. 'I had rather be a truck horse, a dog, any thing!' 'Happy fellow! groans the lawyer, as he scratches his head over some dry dusty record, 'I had rather hammer stones than cudgel my brains on this tedious question.' And so through all the ramifications of society, all are complaining of their condition, finding fault with their peculiar calling. If I were only this or that, or the other, I should be content, is the universal cry, any thing but what I am. So wags the world, so it has wagg'd, and so it will wag.

Singular Contest—Battle with an Eagle.—Tuesday last was a very disagreeable day. The wind blew a hurricane, the snow filled the air and the weather was immensely cold. A young man saw an eagle alight near the barn, in which he was at work; at the corner of Pine and South Division streets, apparently fatigued and seeking shelter from the storm, he threw a little stick at the royal bird, and as that did not startle him, conceived the bold idea of taking him alive. With no other arms than those with which nature had provided him, he advanced towards the eagle, which immediately attacked him, striking at him with its beak, wings and talons. The young man defended himself with his fists, and the battle lasted for ten or fifteen minutes, when the eagle flew off a short distance and alighted. Again the youth advanced, and again the eagle attacked him, with the same result as before, and this was repeated a number of times.

The contest lasted three hours and a half, and the eagle was finally secured without injury, and brought to the city. It was a bald eagle of large size, measuring nine feet from the tip of one wing to that of the other. The young man is wounded in several places by the claws of the eagle, and received many severe blows from its beak and wings. A number of times during the contest the eagle rose in the air to a considerable height, and then made a rapid descent at his face; and he says he several times thought the eagle would get the better of him. When he succeeded in capturing him, they were nearly a mile and a half from the place where the contest commenced, and he was nearly exhausted from protracted exertion. He says he would not willingly risk a similar battle.—*Buffalo Mercury.*

A True Incident.—When Mr. Cambrelong moved, on Saturday night's setting, that the House go into a committee of the whole on the state of the Union to take up certain appropriation bills.

Mr. Chambers asked to withdraw the motion to enable him (Mr. C.) to make a statement; and Mr. Cambrelong having withdrawn his motion, Mr. Chambers said the statement he wished to make, related to a matter affecting himself, in some degree, and he would therefore barely submit it to the House to do in the matter what might seem right and proper. He said he had for some weeks past, and during the last session, been waylaid about the rotunda and on the stairs and passage of the Capitol by a lean, hungry, starved-looking man, who met him at every turn, and the vision of whose ghastly face haunted him even in his hours of rest.

This man had been one of the real laboring men; a sub-contractor—who had macadamized the beautiful avenue immediately in front of the capitol during a period of deep calamity and distress in the city, when the cholera prevailed. The superintendent of the work having reserved the right to abrogate the contract for any delay or suspension of the work, refused to permit the contractor to suspend it, but sent physicians among the laborers to advise them not to work early in the morning or late in the evening, and not to work hard at any time. Disease, death, and alarm dispersed the greater part of the operative force, the contractor was ruined, and the sub-contractor was involved in all the worst consequences of the failure, and in debt for a great part of the labor.

He had repeatedly been imprisoned for debt, and separated from an interesting family for want of bread to feed them; disease had followed, and the man was now, and had been, for many months, here soliciting justice at the hands of the Government, in a state of actual suffering for the comforts of life, while the Government owed him upward of five thousand dollars, which for years he has been begging for—yes begging for justice—for he is broken in spirit, and suffering has almost made him mad. The Senate (Mr. C said) had at last passed a bill for his relief, and this day while the House was in session, the Committee over which he had the honor to preside (and it was high honor to preside over that committee, for they earned their daily bread,) had examined the bill and ordered him to ask leave to report it without amendment, and ask a departure from all the rules which might obstruct its commitment to a committee of the whole; and he would even ask that it should go to the committee of the whole on the state of the Union.

Mr. C. begged leave to add that he had some doubt whether this man had not to-day committed

the committee of claims emerged from their room, the poor fellow, as usual, was in waiting at the door in fear and trembling, and on being told the committee had decided to recommend to the House to pass his bill, and that every effort would be made to get through, his shallow face turned pale as death, and the fountains of his eyes overflowed, and the members of the committee, without exception, though not greatly given to the "melting mood," joined the poor fellow's undignified expression of feeling. He, unfortunate man, again saw in prospect his suffering wife and little ones assembled around him, and himself freed from the danger of a return to his prison—it depended upon the House whether it should be so or not.

(The good feeling of the House was manifested by a general cry of "leave, leave." The bill was afterwards specially taken up in committee, reported to the House, and after 4 o'clock in the morning.)—*National Intelligencer.*

Ruins of Carthage.—We may have new light on the history of Hannibal and ancient Carthage, a theme of such interest in the Roman wars. The indefatigable Sir Greenville Temple has employed six months in executing excavations in the neighborhood of the site of Carthage, and his labors have been rewarded by a variety of interesting discoveries. In the ruins of the temple of Juno Caelestis, at Gauth, the protecting divinity of Carthage, he found about 700 coins, different articles of glass, and earthenware utensils. But the most remarkable and unexpected of his discoveries has been that of a villa on the sea shore, and 15 feet under-ground. Eight chambers have been entirely cleared, and their form and decorations prove that the house belonged to some distinguished personage. The walls are painted, and the vestibule is paved in super mosaic, in the style as those of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and representing a variety of objects, such as marine divinities—of both sexes, fishes of different species, marine plants, a vessel with women dancing on the deck, and surrounded by martial admirers, lions, horses, tigers, leopards, zebras, bears, gazelles, herons, and other birds. In the different chambers were found several human skeletons, supposed to be the remains of warriors killed during the storming of the villa.

In another house Sir Greenville has also discovered various interesting mosaics, representing gladiators combating with animals in the arena, with the name of each combatant written over his head. In another part are men breaking in young horses. It is to be hoped that Sir Greenville will publish full particulars of his interesting discoveries.



Agricultural.

From the Farmers' Advocate.

SUGGESTIONS TO FARMERS.

Our Agriculture, though the main spring of other employments, and the source of which they all depend, and from which they must all be measurably supplied, is really in a deplorable condition, of which undeniable proofs are plainly presenting themselves to the view of every observing individual, in the evident deterioration of our lands. The very same fields which but a few years ago, were capable of producing 30 or 40 bushels of corn to the acre, now, with the same culture, will not produce half that quantity, and indeed many fields, which not more than twenty years ago were forest land, are now abandoned as useless, thrown out into common, washed into gullies, and not even fit for pasturage. Now these are facts, which no candid man who has been acquainted with our agricultural career for the above mentioned time, will attempt to deny.

We are required to cultivate the soil, in order to procure the indispensable necessities of life; but we read in the fable, that the boy found cause of regret, that he had killed his geese which laid him golden eggs, in order to obtain sudden riches; and if we are not grossly mistaken, many farmers have regretted, and many more will have cause to reflect, when too late, on the course they have taken in cultivating their lands, whereby they have exhausted fertility, and rendered their unproductive and useless; when, had they pursued a judicious course, instead of exhausting they might have improved their fertile properties, and in the mean time realized much greater profits than they have hitherto done, with the same exertions.

The next injury will perhaps be, in what manner can we cultivate our lands, so as to improve their fertility, and at the same time realize greater profits with the same exertions?

For successful efforts in pursuit of these desirable objects, we would recommend the following rules.

First. Cultivate less ground.—We have almost universally witnessed in our estimation, a considerable curtailment of clear profits, occasioned by over cropping; so that the performance of the labor could neither be so well nor so timely executed, both of which we consider very essential to the farmer.

Secondly. What you undertake, do well.—What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. Our farmers too generally suffer quite serious losses, by performing their work in a slovenly manner.

Thirdly. Cultivate more extensively Root crops, and Artificial Grasses.—It is next to an impossibility for a farmer to accumulate wealth without these auxiliaries, or a heavy tax upon both his constitution and his soil, and too often upon his morals.

Fourthly. Observe the strictest economy in collecting and preserving manure, and applying them to the soil, so as to obtain the greatest possible benefit.—We generally see this prime source of wealth most shamefully neglected; and yet those who most neglect their manure, are the very persons we hear making the loudest complaints of their lack of means to make manure.

Fifthly. Adopt a systematic rotation of crops, in such order that the same kind of grain may not