

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.

OUR COUNTRY.

The following paragraph, from a recent number of the New York Literary Gazette, has been travelling the circuit of the press these six weeks:

"A cockney sportsman, who had read with delight Mr. Hoffman's new work on the wild sports of America, took passage in a London packet, and arrived here during the present week, in search of wild game. He brought letters to a highly respectable merchant, with whom we are well acquainted, and desired, after delivering them, to be directed to the best hunting grounds without delay, as he could only remain here a few days, proposing to return in the Great Western. He said that he came to New York principally to shoot bears.—Our mercantile friend, satisfying himself that his new acquaintance was perfectly serious, informed him that the sport had been greatly cut up here, and recommended him to proceed to Philadelphia. He departs for that city this day; and we call upon our friends there to extend to the distinguished stranger their usual hospitality."

There is doubtless somewhat of exaggeration in the statement, and yet it is very true that the ignorance of our country, in England, is much more extensive and profound than would be supposed.—For example, some time ago we received a letter from an English correspondent, making inquiries respecting some unofficial person living in the neighborhood of Natchez—the writer evidently supposing that he must be a neighbor of ours!—Even this, however, is not quite up to another instance within our knowledge. A friend being on a visit to England a few years since, was asked if he knew Mr. Dobbs, from New Castle, upon Tynes. "No sir, I do not," was the reply. "Why you must know him, I am sure," rejoined the other, "for he has lived in America three years!"

But these are not the illustrations which we quote the above paragraph for the purpose of making. Our design was to relate the following incident. One clear bracing morning last autumn, as we were stepping into the Schenectady cars at Albany, whom should we meet but a New York friend, in his shooting jacket, accoutred with pouch and gun, in the act of placing his dogs in an adjoining compartment.

"So ho, friend! Whither are you bound?" we inquired.

"I am only going for a few days shooting in the country."

"Where?"

"Upon a fine prairie in Michigan—only about three hundred miles from Detroit.—I am told there is fine shooting there."

This single incident, which is literally true, speaks volumes upon the extent of our country, the spirit and habits of our people, and the facilities every where enjoyed for intercommunication. Detroit is eight hundred miles from New York, and our friend was bound for the prairie a long way beyond. And yet he was starting forth for a shooting excursion, with as little care of the distance, as an English fox hunter would experience in going upon a chase in a neighboring county.

Our friend had fine sport during his excursion, as we happen to know; as one of our firm, who was himself wandering the prairies at the same time, fell in with him in the hey-day of his frolic.—The sportsman informed us that the other day, that having procured the best "fly" that he ever saw, he was going down to the Kennebec for a day or two, on a fishing excursion!

Nor is this spirit of dashing enterprise an exclusive characteristic of Americans. Foreigners coming hither soon have their ideas expanded by the broad expanse of our country, elevated by the height of our mountains, and inspired by the chase of bears and buffaloes. For instance, in the case of Sir William Stuart, whose pictures of bear and buffalo-hunts amid the stupendous peaks and gorges of the Rocky Mountains, have been exhibited for a few days at the Apollo Gallery—the Baronet, as we are told, having spent five years among the scenes described, started on his return to England, and reached New York on his way. Lingered here a few days his mind reverted to the wild sports of the West. It was asking too much to leave them so soon; so back he started, twenty-five hundred miles into the wilderness, for the pleasure of one or more buffalo chase before he should finally embark for the shores of Albion. He went, and plunged again into the wild pleasures of the Snake Indians, and hunted buffaloes and grizzly bears for another two years, and is now once more on his way to his own land.—N. York Com. Adr.

Burning Lakes of South America.—The following account of the "Baringo Lakes," the most remarkable volcanic phenomena, in the immediate vicinity of Aguchapas, is from Montgomery's Narrative, just published.

"Of these lakes or ponds, there are several; and they occupy a considerable tract of land. The largest is about a hundred yards in circumference. In this, as in all the others, the water, which was extremely turbid, and of a light brown color, was boiling furiously, and rising in bubbles three or four feet high. The steam ascended in a dense white cloud, and spread for a considerable distance round, as I stood for some time on the bank of this natural cauldron, gazing with awe upon its tremendous vortex. The heat was so great on the surface of the ground, near the borders of the lakes, that had our feet not been protected by thick shoes, it could not have been endured. On thrusting a

knife into the ground, the blade when drawn out, after a few seconds, was so hot as to burn the fingers. Our horses, which, according to the custom of the country, were not shod, exhibited such symptoms of uneasiness, owing to the state of the ground beneath them, or in consequence of the strong smell of the steam, that it was found necessary to leave them tied at some distance from the scene. In some places a little column of smoke issued fiercely from a hole in the ground, while in others, the water in a boiling state gushed out like a fountain. The ebullitions of these lakes or springs, have formed, on the borders of them, a deposit of the finest clay, and of every variety of colors. But it does not appear that the natives have profited by the facility thus afforded them for the manufacture of pottery. And although nothing would be more easy than to establish there the finest mineral baths in the world, this object has never occupied their attention.—Augusta Chron.

THE DESERT HORSES.

It is part of the historical account of the Bedouin's horses, that the mares are never sold. My Sheik would have sold his soul for a price; and as soon as he saw that I was pleased with his mare he wanted to sell her to me; and it was singular and amusing, in elucidating for this animal, to mark how out of the habits of bargain making, peculiar to the horse-jockey with us, existed in full force among the Arabs; he said that he did not want to sell her; that at Cairo he had been offered fifty dollars, a new dress, and arms complete, and he would not sell her; but if I wanted her, there being nothing that he would not do for me, &c., I might have her.

The Sheik's was an extraordinary animal. The saddle had not been off her back for thirty days; and Sheik, himself a most restless creature, would dash off suddenly a dozen times a day, on a full run across the valley, up the sides of a mountain, round our caravan with his long spear poised in the air, and his dress streaming in the wind; and when he returned and brought her to a walk at my side, the beautiful animal would snort and paw the ground as if proud of what she had done, and anxious for another course. I could almost imagine I saw the ancient war-horse of Idumea, so finely described by Job—"His neck clothed with thunder. Canst thou make him afraid of a grasshopper? the glory of his nostrils is terrible. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted, neither turneth he back from the sword.—The quiver ratteth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shoutings."

Nothing showed the hardiness of these horses more than their drinking. Several times we came to a succession of rain water left in the hollow of a rock, so hot and dirty that I would not have given it to a dog; and while their sides were white with foam the Sheik would take the bits out of their mouths, and sit down with the bridle in his hands, and let them drink their fill; and I could not help thinking that a regular-bred English groom accustomed to insinuate a wet sponge in the mouth of a heated horse, would have been amazed and horrified at such a barbarian usage.—These two horses were twelve and twenty years old, respectively; and the former was more like a colt in playfulness and spirit, and the other like a horse of ten with us; and the Sheik told me that he could count upon the services of both until thirty-five. Among all the recommendations of the Arabian horses, I know none greater than this; I have known a man, from long habit, conceive a liking for a vicious jade that no one else would mount; and one can imagine how warm must be the feeling, when, year after year, the best of his race is the companion of the wandering Arab, and the same animal may bear him from the time when he can first pose a spear, until his aged frame can scarcely sustain itself in the saddle.—Stevens' Incidents of Travel.

From the Southern Literary Messenger, for June.

UNCLE PETE AND THE BEAR.

[By the author of the original "Jack Bowling" Letters.]

It was a bright and calm summer's morning; the quiet pond was sleeping in the sunshine, harmless and beautiful; and every surrounding object in nature looked lovely and inviting. There is something in the effect of a fine landscape, viewed under favorable circumstances, which may be compared to music—it hath charms to sooth the savage breast.—Even uncle Pete felt its influence, as he sat on a little bench by the side of his cottage, yawning and looking listlessly across the still waters, and following the outlines of the forest tree and hill top, and mountains, that hung below the watery horizon, as well defined, as clear and distinct, and even with more softness than those which were towering above. While he gazed, he was seized with a desire for an aquatic excursion. He called his youngest boy, a lad of about a dozen years old and told him to get the hooks and lines, and they would go round the point to the mouth of Ship-pond stream and try for trout. The apparatus was soon in readiness, and they jumped into the little log canoe and paddled off upon the lake.

"We hadn't got but a little ways round the point," said uncle Pete, "and I was setting in the stern, paddling along at a moderate jog, and little Pete was sitting in the bow; and by-and-by he called out to me and says he, 'O, father, what great black critter is that swimming off here towards us?'"

I looked round towards the shore, and there was the tawniest overgrown bear that I ever seed in all my life, swimming towards us. He had been weighed I believe he would a weighed every pound of four hundred.

I never examined uncle Pete's head phenologically, and cannot say whether his organ of marvellousness was of extra size or not. The reader must therefore be content with such evidence as we have with regard to the weight of the bear; and it rests solely on uncle Pete's word and judgment. He always stood to it the bear would weigh four hundred pounds.

"And the tarvel critter," said uncle Pete, "was pulling right towards us as fast as he could swim. I'd been so careless in coming away, that I only took one small paddle with me, and that was't a very good one, and the old canoe was very heavy; so I found, do the best I could, the bear would swim faster than I could paddle. But I thought

could keep him off well enough if he should set out to meddle with us, so I turned the boat and peddled a little towards him. I thought that would make him turn and go off. But the old savage kept swimming right towards us, and come up close to the side of the canoe, and began to open his mouth, and show a great ugly set of teeth as ever you see. He come up so near that I hit him a lick over the head with a paddle and split it in two. At that he come right at the boat fiercer than ever, and put his paw right up on to one side of it. I sprung into the middle of the boat, and bore on tother side of it for I knew if I did'nt he would upset us in a minute; and I thought I should'nt like very well to have a grapple with him in the water. So while I was keeping the balance of the boat, the rascally old varmin pokes up 'tother paw and begins to crawl up. I could'nt go to fight him off, for then we should all go in the water together. So I had to hold still and see the great black nigger crawl clear up into the boat. He got pretty near the stern, and I stood about in the middle. As soon as he got fairly in, he looked round to me, and then he rared right up on to his hind legs and walked towards me as straight as a man. He was as tall as I was, and looked as big as a clever young ox. I stood facing him, and while I was thinking how it was best to give battle to him, he marched straight up to me, and put one paw on my right shoulder, and 'tother on my left. Thinks I, this is ben't a little bit too sociable for a stranger; and I was just going to tell him hands off, when his weight pressing against me made me step back a little, and my heel hatched against something in the boat, and I fell flat on my back in the bottom of the boat, and the old bear on top of me. By this time I begun to think matters was getting worse and worse, and it was time for me to begin to look about myself. I twisted one way and 'tother and we began to have considerable of a squabble; but the old bear had altogether the advantage of me, and I could'nt seem to do much. I tried to get hold of my jack-knife, but I could'nt get it out of my pocket, all I could do. The old bear did'nt seem to be willing to wait to give me fair play at all; for in a minute I felt him trying to stick his huge tusks into my forehead, just as a boy digs his teeth into the side of a great apple. Thinks I, this'll never do; something must be done pretty quick. I made a terrible twist, and drew my legs up under him, and got so I could give a push with my feet, and my knees and hands, and then all at once I leched an everlasting spring, and how I did it I don't know but somehow or other the bear went overboard, and plunged head foremost into the water. I was on my feet as quick as a steel trap. The old bear came up to the top of the water and snarled, and looked up at me a minute; but I heaved him fairly skinned him out of it. He turned about and swam for the shore, and I paddled for home. When I got to the house, I told my wife what had happened for dinner, and let the fish go."

RETURN OF THE JEWS TO PALESTINE.

Many accounts, recently received, state that great numbers of the Jews have gone to their native country, Palestine. The number now, it is said, amounts to about 40,000, and is rapidly increasing by annual additions of this scattered people from all parts of the earth.

If ever a prophecy was more literally and remarkably verified, it is that given in the Holy Volume, that this people should be persecuted by, and scattered throughout every kingdom that knoweth under heaven; and we believe the prophecy will be equally verified in regard to their return to the Holy Land—the land of their ancient forefathers, worship and homes, from which they have been for many hundred years driven. The present appearances seem to indicate that the day is not far distant when the chosen, though erring and deeply punished people, shall revisit and occupy as a nation, the long forsaken banks of Jordan, where the Psalmist once tuned his sacred lyre, and uttered his prophetic songs, the blighted plains of Galilee;—where once the Savior wended his way to cheer the disconsolate; the ruined city of Jerusalem, once the terror of surrounding nations; the forgotten temple, whose walls once echoed back the accent of that voice, "which spake as never man spake." It is by no means beyond the bounds of probability, that, ere the lapse of a few years, this once populous and fertile country, so celebrated in the sacred history, may be again occupied by its owners, and again the song of praise swell her solemn temples to the God of Israel and the Savior of the world.—Dover Gazette.

A few days ago a young man, Leopold Devereux, was awake early in the morning by the visit of a gentleman of thirty-six or forty years of age, dressed with great care, and who smiled in the most amiable manner on entering, demanding if he had the honor of speaking to M. Leopold Devereux. He continued—"I am come, sir, for the person in question."

"What person, sir?"

"The widow of New Orleans, you know, sir."

"I do not understand you; there must be some mistake."

At this moment the door opened again, and another gentleman of the same age, and dressed with equal care, smiling also, advanced saying—"I am come, sir, for the widow of New Orleans." "Les Petits Affiches," and this article—"A widow of New Orleans, twenty-five years of age and possessing 60,000 francs a year, desires to marry again; she prefers a man who—"

"And what have I to do with this widow?"

"For further particulars, apply to M. Devereux, Rue de Belfaux, No. 15."

Five other visitors arrived during this colloquy, and Leopold Devereux had all the trouble imaginable to defend his house from the invasion it was threatened with that day, and several succeeding ones. The porter was obliged to have recourse to the Gard Municipal; and, in spite of a most

effective retaliation inserted in the Petits Affiches, this army of visitors for the widow of New Orleans continued for nearly a week. It was simply a joke played off on M. Devereux, who, however, has not been able to find out the author of it.

In reading "A Visit to Texas," we were struck with the account of an adventure, from which every politician might draw a useful moral. The story is of a young traveller who loses his way in one of the boundless prairies of that region. He attempts to extricate himself by stretching forward as an obdurate straight course; and, when he has pushed his horse in this manner for many hours, he is at last cheered by coming on the fresh traces of another wayfarer like himself, whose track he hastens to pursue with the hope of speedily finding guidance and food—the latter of which he had by this time begun to have pressing need. The night overtakes him and he sleeps upon the trail; but, rising early, pursues it with renewed vigor, until at last, after a long and severe ride, his hopes are excited afresh by the appearance of another recent trace, which joins that which he was following. He keeps forward, though much exhausted, with augmented speed, but is still unable to overtake those after whom he is toiling so hard. He perseveres, however, like one whose last hope is before him, and, once more, when the second day is near its close, finds a third horseman's trail, that has joined the route of the two former. He is astounded, but still goes on, till he comes upon some object which he thinks he had already seen; and gradually discovers that the first, as well as all the subsequent, traces were his own unconscious wanderings in the same continued circle!—Columbia Telescope.

Edinburgh Review—Curious Reminiscence.—The Savannah Georgian has looked up the following significant paragraph in the London Monthly Magazine of April, 1803:

"A Review of Books, to be published quarterly, has lately been commenced in Edinburgh by some young men of promising talents. Mr. Sydney Smith, the author of two volumes of sermons, Mr. Brougham, Mr. Horner, and Mr. Jeffrey, three going advocates, together with Mr. Brown, the author of some ingenious observations on Darwin's Zoonomia, are the critics who have thus undertaken to direct the taste of their countrymen."

This is all the notice that was taken in one of the most able periodicals of that day, of this valuable acquisition to our critical literature. It is worth noting what became of these five young men. Brougham's career needs no notice. Smith is at the head of his profession—as a pulpit orator and writer both. Jeffrey is Lord Advocate of Scotland, and among the most brilliant critical writers of modern times. Horner has gained a very high name in the law; and Brown, though less known, has up to now, and probably will, when all preserve a respectable place in the Republic of Letters. Thus it is to the exertions of five young men of literary taste, that we owe the existence of the first critical work of any age or country; and no doubt their very association as editors of the Review first pointed out the way to what they subsequently attained.—The Globe.

AGREEABLE DILEMMA.

Being in a crowd at the post-office, and a fellow weighing about three hundred, treads on your chosen nose, and with a very pleasant smile begs your pardon. N. B. No letters.

On board a steamboat going up the Mississippi about the first of July—a boat crowded with passengers, one half children, who amuse you with delightful squalls, particularly in the night—a large squall torn in the musquito bar, and no light to be had.

Go to the Planter's Hotel about half past six, with the intention of taking an oyster pie, find two fellows with elbows akimbo monopolizing the dish. N. B. In about one minute the crust left; wants none, as you are of course crazy enough yourself.

Buy a new pair of pants for a ball, and get them elegantly bespattered by the sinking of a flag stone. Go to your room for a clean pair and find your room mate has gone to the theatre with the key in his pocket.

Set down a new seven dollar umbrella to transact a moment's business, and find some gentleman has took it by mistake. As it is raining hard, run home without it, and spoil a new hat.

Sitting at a table enjoying a glass of wine, a fellow helps himself to a tumbler out of your bottle, remark that it is yours, and he tells you he pays for his dinner as well as yourself. N. B. You wish to send a glass to a friend and find the bottle empty.

Walking in Canal-street and a sudden equal blow of your beaver; give chase for about ten rods; hat beats until fetched up in the gutter. N. B. Every body laughs but yourself.

Ran to a steamboat with an important letter for a correspondent; plenty of mud on the levee, and when about out of breath ascertain that she has left about two minutes. N. B. If a clerk you get a blowing up for not going quick.—Schuyler's Southern Counterfeit De trees.

Galassie.—In one of Frederic the Great's battles, the horse of his nephew was killed by a cannon ball, and it was at first thought the rider was also slain. "Ah!" said the King, riding by without stopping, "there's the Prince of Prussia killed; let his saddle and bridle be taken care of!"

From the Edgefield Advertiser.
Something Singular.—There now lives in two miles of this place, a lady verging on her 70th year, who for thirty years and upwards, has not visited this famous town. This lady is in good health, and spry, and has all the comforts of life about her. Within ten miles of this Village, there is another old lady who has lived in her present neighborhood, for half a century, and never saw Edgefield Court-House in her life. She also is in good health, and could easily visit the place, if she wished to do so. Such a want of curiosity, is perhaps unparalleled. These females certainly do not inherit that restless spirit of curiosity, which is believed by some to be characteristic of the sex, from grandmother Eve. The wood-man has fell to the forest around them, and towns and hamlets have sprung up thickly in their vicinity, but they pass them by as the idle wind, and regard them

not. Like a personage celebrated in classic story, they are content to dwell on their own ground, "Along the cool sequestered vale of life, They keep the noisless tenor of their way."

Theory of Storms.—Professor Eddy has lately verified the correctness of his ingenious theory of storms in a conclusive manner. The Philadelphia Inquirer says:—"It is worthy of remark that last month Professor Eddy stated that a storm was raging in the latitude of Charleston, S. C. The statement was recorded in one of the Insurance Offices of this city, as the President has publicly declared. Several days afterwards the Southern mail brought intelligence fully verifying the assertion. The matter has been circumstantially published in several of our newspapers."

SLEEPY HOLLOW IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

Washington Irving in the last Knickerbocker, has three or four articles, all in its very best vein, and among them a description of Sleepy Hollow, in the different eras of its history. The vice or indolence is glanced, apparently in the following picture of the ancient inhabitants of that spell bound region.

"The hollow at the time was inhabited by families which had existed there from the earliest times, and which by frequent intermarriage, had become so interwoven, as to make a kind of natural commonwealth. As the families had grown larger, the farms had grown smaller, every new generation requiring a new subdivision, and slow thinking of swarming from the native-birth. In this way, that happy golden mean had been produced, so much extolled by the poets, in which there was no gold and very little silver. One thing which doubtless contributed to keep up this amiable mean was a general repugnance to arduous labor. The early inhabitants of Sleepy Hollow had read in their bible which was the only book they studied, that labor was originally inflicted upon man as a punishment of sin; they regarded it therefore with pious abhorrence, and never humiliated themselves to it but in case of extremity. There seemed, in fact to be a league and covenant against it, through the Hollow, as against a common enemy. Was any one compelled by dire necessity, to repair his house, mend his fences, barn, or get in a harvest, he considered it a great evil, that entailed him to call in the assistance of his friends. He accordingly proclaimed a "bee," or rustic gathering; whereupon all his neighbors hurried to his aid like faithful allies; attacked the task with the desperate energy of lazy men, eager to overcome a job, and when it was accomplished, fell to eating and drinking fiddling and dancing for very joy that so great an amount of labor had been vanquished with so little sweating of the brow.

"Yet let it not be supposed that this worthy community was without its periods of arduous activity. Let not a flock of wild pigeons enter the valley, and all Sleepy Hollow was wide awake in an instant. The pigeon season had arrived! Every gun and net was forthwith in requisition. The flail was thrown on the floor; the spade rusted in the garden; the plough stood idle in the furrow—every one was to the hill side and stubble field at day break, to shoot or entrap the pigeons in their periodical migrations.

"So, likewise, let but the word be given that the stall were ascending the Hudson, and the worthies of the Hollow were to be seen launched in boats upon the river; sitting great staves, and stretching their nets, like gigantic spider webs, half across the stream, to the great annoyance of navigators. Such are the wise provisions of nature, by which she equalizes human efforts. A laggard at the plough is often extremely industrious with the fowling piece and fishing net; and whenever a man is an indifferent farmer, he is apt to be a first rate sportsman. For catching shad and wild pigeons, there were none throughout the country to compare with the lads of Sleepy Hollow.



Agricultural.

The following is extracted from that amusing publication, The Clockmaker:

"The base of this country, Squire, and indeed, of America is havin' too much land; they run over more ground than they can cultivate, and crop the land so severely that they run it out. A very large portion of land in America has been run out by repeated grain crops; and when you add that to land naturally too poor to bear grain, or too broken for cultivation, you will find this great country in a fair way to be ruined. The State of Vermont has nothin' like the exports it used to have; and a plaguy sight of young folks come down to Boston to hire out as helps. The two Carolinas and Virginia are covered with places that have been given up as ruined, and many other States. We hav'n't the surplus of wheat and grain we used to have in the United States, and it never will be so plenty again. That's the reason you hear of folks clearin' land, makin' a farm, and sellin' off again, and goin' further into the bush. They've exhausted it, and find it easier to clear new lands than restore the old. A great deal of Nova Scotia is run out; and if it warn't for the lime, marsh-land, sea sand, salt sand, and what not, they've got here in such quantities, there'd be no cure for it. It takes good farmin' to keep an upland location in order, I tell you, and make it sustain itself. It takes more to fetch a farm too that's had the gizzard taken out of it than it's worth. It actually frightens me when I think your agriculture in Britian is progressing and the land better tilled every day, while thousands upon thousands of acres with us are turned into barrens. No traveller as I've seed has noticed this, and our folks are not aware themselves of the extent of the evil. Squire, you and I won't live to see it; but if this awful robbin' of posterity goes on for another century, as it has progressed for the last hundred years, we'll be a nation of paupers. Very little land in America, even of the best, will carry more than one crop of wheat ariter its cleared off; it wants manure;