

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., SEPTEMBER 6, 1839.

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TERMS OF CAROLINIAN.

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

No paper will be discontinued until all arrears 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 continuance. Court and Judicial advertisements will be charged 50 per cent more than the above prices. A deduction of 33 1/3 per cent from the regular price will be made to yearly advertisers.

Advertisements sent in for publication, must have the number of times marked on them, or they will be inserted till forbid, and charged for accordingly.

Letters addressed to the Editors on business must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.

Summer Goods.

SPRINGS & SHANKLE.

HAVE just received from New York and Philadelphia, an extensive assortment of **SPRING & SUMMER GOODS,**

—CONSISTING OF—

Dry Goods; Hardware, Tinware, Crockery, GROCERIES, Drugs and Medicines, Dye-Stuffs, Paints and Oil, Boots and Shoes, Saddlery, &c., &c.

In short, their Stock comprises almost every article needed by the Farmer, Mechanic, or the Fashionables of the town or country.

N. B. They will sell low for cash, or to punctual dealers on time; or in exchange for country Produce. Concord, May 24th, 1839.

TAILORING BUSINESS.

C. N. PRICE

RESPECTFULLY takes this method to inform his friends and customers in Concord and its vicinity, that he still continues to carry on the above branch of business at his old stand in Concord, South of the store of Messrs. J. F. & C. Philter, where he will be found at all times, ready to do.

Cut, make or Execute,

any work in his line. His long experience in the Business, the pains he is now taking to receive the earliest fashions from Philadelphia and New York, enables him to say, that the work done at his Shop, shall be of the **NEWEST FASHIONS**

AND

Best Workmanship.

N. B. He will also teach (as Agent) the much approved system of T. Oliver of Philadelphia, to any one who wishes instruction in his system of cutting. Concord, Nov. 29, 1838.

The Healing Springs.

THE SUBSCRIBER

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he is now enlarging his Establishment at the

HEALING SPRINGS,

in Davidson county, and making various improvements for the better accommodation of all who may call on him. He has now opened his house and is ready to receive all those who may favor him with their custom, and he assures them that no pains will be spared to render their stay easy and comfortable. He will have more rooms than during the last Summer, they will be better fitted up, and his table shall be abundantly supplied with the best the county affords.

The Healing Springs of Davidson are known to be the purest Calceolate water ever flowed out of the earth. They have long been celebrated for the healing and invigorating effects of the water. Hundreds of invalids who have visited them, can bear testimony to their HEALTH-RESTORING QUALITIES.

These Springs are situated four miles East of the Yelken River, in the midst of the mountains where the air is cool, pure, and refreshing. They are distant from Salisbury about 18 miles, and from Lexington about 15 miles—good roads leading from each place.

The Subscriber flatters himself that those who may honor him with their company when they leave shall have no cause to be dissatisfied either with the waters, or with himself. His charges shall, in all cases, be moderate. **WILLIAM HARRIS,** July 19, 1839.

We have always esteemed the "Healing Springs" of Davidson to be very fine Calceolate water. They have been celebrated for many years for their strengthening, and invigorating qualities. These Springs are located in the midst of a range of considerable mountains, where the air is pure and pleasant. We are glad to see that Mr. Harris is fitting up the Establishment for the accommodation of visitors, and we hope he will receive the encouragement which the waters, and his attentions so well deserve.

**C. F. FISHER, JNO. L. HENDERSON,
JAS. R. DODGE, R. MACNAMARA,
R. W. LONG, JUNIUS SNEED,
SAML' HARGRAVE.**

April 18, 1839.

Town Property for Sale.

I WILL offer for Sale on Tuesday of our next Superior Court, the following real Estate:

No. 1—One house and lot in the great North-west square of Salisbury, known as the taroza house.

No. 2—The house adjoining, kept as a grocery.

No. 3—A new dwelling-house, with all necessary out-houses, adjoining the same.

No. 4—A house and lot, on Main street, opposite Wm. Howard's, with back lot.

Also, 30 acres of land adjoining the town of Salisbury, under a high state of cultivation.

All the above will be sold on good terms privately; if not disposed of sooner, they will be sold on the day above mentioned. **JOHN JONES,**

Salisbury, N. C., August 2, 1839.

NEW JEWELRY, & C.

JOHN C. PALMER, has another new supply of gold and silver

Lever Watches,

plain English and French, do. gold Fol Chains and Keys, Breast Pins, Finger Rings, silver Butter Knives, Pencils, (patent and plain,) Tooth-Picks, Fol Chains, Spectacles and

Thimbles, Steel and Gut-Fob Chains and Keys.

Also, a very fine and large assortment of Razors, pocket and pen-knives, by different Manufacturers, with other articles usually kept by Jewelers, all of which will be sold very low for cash, or only six months credit, at which time, interest will be charged.

Work done faithfully and punctually. **Salisbury, May 2, 1839.**

MISCELLANEOUS.

JUGGLERS IN INDIA.

The conversation of a friend, recently arrived from India enables us to notice one or two of the surprising performances, of the jugglers of that country, which though familiar to persons acquainted with eastern matters may be new to many of the readers of these pages.

A party of jugglers came forward on one occasion to perform publicly in the yard of the barracks at Madras. Many hundred people of all kinds, ages, and denominations, including the soldiery of the establishment, assembled to witness the exhibition, and some little temporary arrangements were made, that all might see and hear conveniently. The leader of the jugglers, who were all natives of Hindostan, requested the commanding officer to place a guard of men around the scene of display—a precaution which was adopted, and proved a very wise one. The floor of the court he observed, was composed of sand, firm, and well trodden. On this ground then, after some preliminary tricks of an inferior kind; one man was left alone with a little girl, the latter seeming about eight or nine years old. Beside them stood a tall narrow basket, perhaps three or four feet high, by little more than a foot in width, and open at the top. No other object, living or inanimate, appeared on the ground. After a short period, spent by the man in conversing with the girl, he seemed to get angry, and began to rail loudly at her neglect of some wish of his. The child attempted to soothe him, but he continued to show an increased degree of irritation as he went on. By degrees he lashed himself up into such an apparent fury, that the foam actually stood upon his lips, and being naturally of an unpossessing countenance, he looked, to the white spectators at least, as like an enraged demon as might be. Finally, his wrath at the girl rose seemingly to an uncontrollable height, and he seized her, and put her beneath the basket; or rather, he turned down the open mouth of the basket over her person.—She was thus entirely shut up, the turned bottom of the basket closed her in above. Having disposed of the child, in spite of her screams and entreaties, the man drew his sword, which was as bright as the surface of a mirror, and he appeared as if about to wreak some farther evil on the object of his ire. After some moments, during which he talked to himself and to the enclosed girl as if justifying his anger, he did actually at length plunge the sword down into the basket, and drew it out dripping with blood, or at least blood red drops; the child screamed piteously from her prison, but in vain; for the man plunged the weapon again and again into the scene of her confinement. As he did so, the cries of the girl became faint by degrees, and in the end died away altogether.—The deed of death was consummated!

So at least, thought most of the horror struck persons who witnessed this action, and well it was for the chief performer in it that he had requested a guard to be placed, for it required all the exertions of this guard to prevent the aroused soldiery who believed this to be no trick, but a piece of diabolical butchery, from leaping in the arena, and tearing the man to pieces. The excitable Irishmen among the number, in particular, ground their teeth against one another, and muttered language not very complimentary to the juggler.—Even the officers whose better education and experience made them less open to such feelings, grew pale with uneasiness. But observe the issue of all this!

When the man seemed to have carried his rage to the last extremity, warned perhaps by the looks of the soldiery that it would be as well to close the exhibition without delay, he raised his bloody sword for a moment, before the eyes of the assemblage, and then struck the basket smartly with it. The basket tumbled over to a side, and on the spot which it had covered, in place of the expected corpse of the girl whose last groans had just been heard, there was seen—nothing! No vestige of dress, or any other thing to indicate that the girl had ever been there! The amazement of the spectators was unbounded, and it was, if possible, rendered more intense, when after the lapse of a few seconds, the identical girl came bounding from the side of the court-yard from the spectators' feet it seemed—and clasped the juggler round the knees, with every sign of affection, and without the slightest marks of having undergone any injury whatever. As we have said, the astonishment of the assembly, was immeasurable; and it might readily well be so, seeing that the feat was performed in the centre of a court every point of circumference of which was crowded with spectators, whose eyes were never off of the performers for one instant. As the notion of a subterranean passage, the nature of the ground put that out of the question, and, besides, that nothing of that kind existed, was made plain to all who chose to satisfy themselves on that subject, by looking at the scene of the performance when they had closed. Every one was sure that the girl had been put below the basket, and that she did not get out of it in the natural way. But she did get out; and how? It is impossible to say, though there can be no doubt that it was accomplished by some skillful manoeuvre.

But most people will probably think the tree trick a more wonderful one than any of these. A juggler, in performing this, chooses either a small spot of earth of the extent of two or three feet square, and in the open air; or he takes a large flower pot, and fills it with mould for his purpose. Either of the ways will do. Having this small plot of earth before him, and his spectators ranged around, at the distance of two or three feet, the juggler shows to the company a mango stone, or the stone found in the centre of the eastern fruit known by that name, which varies in size and form from that of an apple, upward. This stone the juggler then plants in the earth, at the depth of several inches, and covers it up. Not many minutes elapse until the spectators behold a small green shoot arise from the spot. It increases visibly in height and size every moment, until it attains the altitude of a foot or so. It then begins to send off branches, leaves begin to appear, bearing the natural hue of vegetation. Buds next present themselves, in every particular, of a miniature tree, some four feet high. The buds are followed by blossoms, and finally the green fruit of the mango meets the

wondering and astonished eyes of the spectators. "Look, but touch not," is all this time the juggler's word, and he himself preserves the character of an on-looker. When the fruit has arrived at something like a fair growth for such a tree, the originator of this extraordinary vegetation plucks it, and hands it to the spectators. This is the winding up of the charm.

The assembled persons handle the fruit, and see nothing in it, in the slightest degree different from the ordinary produce of the mango, elaborated by the slow vegetation of months. Our informant on these points ate a portion of the fruit brought forth by this juggler, and found it to taste exactly like the raw mango. The whole process now detailed, usually occupies only a quarter of an hour, from the planting of the stone to the production of the fruit. Though he gives away the fruit the performer does not part with the tree.

This feat, which is perfectly familiar to all who have been in India, is certainly an extraordinary one, and affords the most effectual evidence of the power of deception to which the race of jugglers has attained.

The feat of sitting without seeming support in the air is one of the few first rate Indian tricks which have been exhibited in Europe; but even this is now held somewhat cheap, the mode of performing it being clearly understood. The feat is performed in this way. In the centre of a ring of spectators, stands the juggler with an assistant. When all is ready for the performance, the assistant holds an ample cloak or awning over the juggler, which covers him completely for the time.—In a few minutes this covering is removed, and the juggler is discovered seated cross-legged in the air, unsubstantial air, at the height of a foot or so from the ground! He is in the thin dress of his country, and on one of his arms, which is extended horizontally in a bent form, and which, as well as the other has a wide sleeve upon it, a fold of a cloak is negligently thrown, the remainder of the cloak hanging down to and resting on the ground. This slight contact of the elbow with the cloak is all that connects the man with the terrestrial things. Otherwise he is totally left in air; and how he maintains himself there is inexplicable to appearance. But the cloak alluded to seems to lie in careless contact with another cloak or portion of attire that rests on the ground further off. Now, it the elbow, a spring of a very powerful kind passes up the sleeve of the arm, and bends down under the body, placing him probably upon a hoop.—The other end of the spring passes off, and finds its support under the second or farthest off cloak it is believed, that at the point where the cloaks rest on this spring, in all likelihood, can be folded up into short divisions, so as to be easily concealed while the awning is thrown over the juggler at the close of the performance, and before he gives liberty to the spectators to examine the spot, which he usually does. This is the received explanation of the feat, but there is still some difficulty in understanding the nature of the weight or support which is placed beneath the cloak. This must evidently be of considerable power to sustain his frame; and how he gets it out of the way is not easily seen.

From the Maysville Eagle.

A HUNTING STORY.

MR. EDITOR: Yesterday morning Mr. Joshua Barter, of Wisconsin Territory, who, for a few weeks past, has been taking the benefit of a residence at the White Sulphur Springs, in Lewis county, Ky., for the improvement of his health, made an excursion into the hilly regions, lying east of these Springs, to amuse himself in his favorite sport of hunting. During his ramble he chanced while meandering through a deep rich valley, to arrive at a small, almost impenetrable cane-break between two towering ridges.—Mr. B. made his way for some time along the border of the thicket, not intending to penetrate farther than its suburbs, when his ear caught an unusual sound which came from its interior. At first he paid no particular attention to the strange noise, supposing it proceeded from a nest of young birds of some sort or other, but passed along, cautiously glancing his eye on every side in search of game. As he proceeded the noise became louder and more distinct—yet, from all his acquaintance with fowls, and beasts of the forest, his keen sagacity in this instance was not able to recognize the present author.—Curiosity at length became interested, and Mr. B. concluded to trace it up, and learn the unknown object. Accordingly, he entered the cane slowly, and with difficulty found his way through the matted cloud, whose thick clustered foliage over his head excluded every ray of the sun, and prevented him from seeing more than ten or twelve feet in either direction. After penetrating a few rods, he was startled by two or three sudden blows like the sound of a heavy club beat upon the ground just before him. He halted—and through the intricacies of the leaves, surveyed every thing within the little space his eye was partially able to command, but saw no living creature, and again proceeded. A minute—and the beating was renewed. He passed again—gazed every where—but still nothing appeared in sight. In this manner he continued to make his way some distance farther; when he stopped the beating ceased—when he advanced, it began, and louder at every step he made. If he walked backward, or sideways, all was quiet, but to go forward, put the unknown spirit in motion.

Mr. B. not being one of those persons who believe in wizards, witches or ghosts; or of being frightened by any thing he might chance to hear or see in the woods, determined now to push forward and know what, or who it was that attempted thus to dispute his way. He inspected the priming and flint of his rifle, took from his pocket a knife, opened it for ready use, and once commenced his march. The thickness of the cane prevented him from carrying his gun in any other mode than that of a presented position close to his body; or of poking its muzzle forward between the stalks to make way for himself to pass, which would have rendered it quite a useless weapon had an enemy approached him suddenly from any direction than in front. A few steps however, revealed the whole mystery; for on reaching the butt of a large fallen tree, his eyes glancing along the pathway, occasioned through the thicket by its prostrated trunk, discovered towards its top a copious pile of leaves and fine brush, in the middle of which wallowed a

couple of young black animals, whose constant howling it was that had first drawn his attention.

He was now certain that to proceed further on his journey in a direct course towards its object, could not be accomplished without some fighting. The creature which had been pounding the earth so long before him, was warning him not, and threatening him if he did continue, had now taken its post a little at his side. The young animals in the nest, were young bears; and to have gone on step further towards them, seemed sure of bringing down upon him with terrible fury, the huge monster whose jaws he could now hear smacking together—anon, like the percussion of rock against rock; and whose paw, as she angrily raised it and struck on the earth, sounded like the stamp of a horse eager for battle. As he discovered the clubs, Mr. B., fearful of an immediate attack, sprang upon the butt of the fallen tree, to give himself thereby a little space, should it be necessary, in wheeling and whirling himself about with his arms to better advantage.

From this position he tried in vain to discover the shape of her body through the leaves, which only gave him a mere glimpse of her form; to enable him to direct a sure and deadly fire. Being well aware of his imminent danger, should he fire and only inflict a wound, he did not think proper to run any risk by mere guess work; nor was he willing to retreat without making sure of both old and young as his own game. He next tried to get little nearer, but as he cautiously advanced, she gave way keeping at the same distance, hid in the thicket; and allowing him to go in any direction peaceably, except towards the cubs. Finding his endeavours ineffectual, he returned and again mounted the log at the place he had first occupied; and from which he had a fair prospect of the cubs. Then adding an additional ball to the charge in his rifle, took off his frock coat, buttoned it up nicely before, stuffed it full of leaves and twigs which he could hardly reach on either side without leaving his place, fixed on the end of the budget his hat, and threw it towards the young bears.—This stratagem had the desired effect. No sooner had it landed on the nest, than the old bear plunged forward with the utmost fury, sweeping every thing in her way, and leaped upon her deceptive prey. This manoeuvre brought her body in plain view of her enemy, who, while her attention was thus employed, poured the contents of his rifle through her heart, and she fell dead.

By the assistance of several gentlemen and a team, all three were brought to the Springs last evening to the great wonder and curiosity of the numerous gentlemen and ladies now residing here. The old bear is one of the largest ever taken in this country; and it was supposed by good judges that had she been in fine order, she would have weighed seven hundred pounds. The cubs are still alive, and will be kept for the amusement of those who may visit the Springs during the season.

Very respectfully yours,

A. H. G. FLETCHER.

July 30, 1839.

THE SLUMBER OF DEATH.

Peaceful and fair is the smiling repose
That the breast-cradled slumber of infancy knows;
Sound is the rest of the weary and worn,
Whose feet have been galled with the dust and the thorn.

Sweet is the sleep on the eye-lids of youth,
When they dream of the world as all pleasure and truth;
Yet child, pilgrim, youth shall awaken again
To the journey of toil and the trials of pain.

But oh! there's a fast and a visionless sleep,
The calm and the stirless, the long and the deep;
'Tis the sleep that is soundest and sweetest of all,
When our couch is the bier, and the night-robe our pall.

No voice of the foe or the friend shall impart,
The proud flush to the cheek or warm throb to the heart;
The lips of the dearest may seek for the breath,
But their kiss cannot rouse the cold stillness of death.

'Tis a long, 'tis a last, 'tis a beautiful rest,
When all a wrow has passed from the brow and the breast;
And the lone spirit, truly and wisely, may crave
The sleep that is dreamless—the sleep of the grave!

THE FATE OF "THE INTREPID."

The following passages from Cooper's History of the American Navy, comprise one of the finest pieces of descriptive writing in our language.—The American officers of the harbor of Tripoli are anxious to destroy the effect of the Dey. A little vessel is prepared as a floating mine, to be sent in the gloom of night and blown up close to the enemy's fleet. Thirteen intrepid men volunteer to guide her in—she sails.

The night was darker than usual, and the last that may be said to have been seen of the "Intrepid," was the shadowy forms of her canvass, as she steered slowly, but steady, into the obscurity, where the eyes of the many anxious spectators fancied they could still trace her dim outline, most probably after it had totally disappeared. This sinking into the gloom of night was no bad image of the impenetrable mystery that has veiled the subsequent proceedings of the gallant party on board her.

When the "Intrepid" was last seen by the naked eye, she was not a musket shot from the mole, standing directly for the harbor. One officer on board the nearest vessel, the "Nautilus," is said, however, to have never lost sight of her with a night glass, but even he could distinguish no more than her dim proportions. There is a vague rumor that she touched on the rocks, but it does not appear to rest on sufficient authority to be entitled to absolute credit. To the last moment she appears to have been advancing. About this time the batteries began to fire. Their shot is said to have been directed towards every point where an enemy might be expected, and it is not improbable that some were aimed against the ketch. The period between the time when the "Intrepid" was last seen, and that when most of those who watched without the rocks learned her fate, was not very long—

This was an interval of intense, almost of breathless expectation, and it was interrupted only by the flashes and roar of the enemy's gun. Various reports exist of what those who gazed into the gloom beheld, or fancied they beheld, but one melancholy fact alone would seem to be beyond contradiction: A fierce and sudden light illuminated the panorama, a torrent of fire streamed upward, that, in

shape resembled the great eruption of Vesuvius as it has been described by Pliny, and a concussion followed that made the cruisers in the offing tremble from their truck to their keel. This sudden blaze of light was followed by a 100-fold intensity, and the guns of the battery became mute, as if annihilated. Numerous shells had been seen in the air, and some of them descended on the rocks, where they were heard to fall, but much the greater part were extinguished in the water. The mast, too, had risen perpendicularly, with its rigging and canvass blazing, but the descent veiled all in night.

So sudden and tremendous was the eruption and so intense the darkness which succeeded, that it was not possible to ascertain the precise position of the ketch at the moment. In the glaring, but fleeting light, no person could say that he had noted more than one material circumstance, the fact that the "Intrepid" had not reached the point at which she aimed. The shells had not spanned far, and these which fell on the rocks were so many proofs of this important truth. There was no other fact to indicate the precise spot where the ketch exploded. A few cries arose from the town, but the subsequent and deep silence that followed was more eloquent than any clamor. The whole of Tripoli was like a city of tombs.

If every eye had been watchful previously to the explosion, every eye now became doubly vigilant to discover the retreating boats. Men got near the sides of the vessels, holding lights, and placing their ears near the water in the hope of detecting the sounds of even muffled oars; and often was it fancied that the gallant adventurers were near.—They never re-appeared. Hour after hour went by, until hope itself began to fail. Occasionally a rocket gleamed in the darkness, or a sudden gun was heard from the frigate, as signals to the boats; but the eyes that should have seen the first were sightless, and the last tolled on the ears of the dead.

A GERMAN WIFE.

"The most extraordinary suicide in the world's record," it is said has lately occurred at Jena.—It seems that a Doctor H—S—whose name is suppressed from delicacy, was taken ill with a singular species of hypochondriacism, which plunged him into incurable low spirits, and baffled all the efforts of the Doctors. His wife a lovely and accomplished young lady of high connections at Leipsic, being informed that nothing but a real and lasting grief would cure his malady, by turning his thoughts into another channel, resolved to offer herself a sacrifice to her husband's health. She accordingly, one evening when the professor was absent stabbed herself with a dagger to the heart. On forcing an entrance they found her dead. The unfortunate husband arrived at this moment. The following letter, written with a firm hand upon a sheet of common paper lay upon the table:

"More happy than thou has been, thou canst not be, my most beloved; happiest thou mayest become with real misfortune. There is often a wonderful blessing in misfortune; you will surely find it so. We suffered together one sorrow; thou knowest how I suffered in silence; no reproach ever came from you—much has thou loved me. It will be better for thee. Why? I feel, but have not words to express what I feel. We shall meet hereafter free and unfettered. But thou, thy destiny, and act with energy. Salute all whom I loved, and who loved me in return, till in all eternity we meet.

Thy, — 9 CHARLOTTE.

Do not betray weakness—be firm, strong, and resolute.

Marvellous to say, the Doctor has recovered entirely since the tragic and awful sacrifice has been made for his happiness. The physicians declare with truly German notebalance, that no medicine could have worked with half so much potency either on mind or body. There is something painfully interesting in the magnanimous error of a noble nature, notwithstanding the abundant love and heroic self-devotion which it exhibits, there is in such conduct something so unnatural,—such an utter want of all religious feeling,—that we cannot repeat a sensation of horror at the mystic enthusiasm which could cause such a deed.

Fatalism of Russians.—The fatalism of the Russian peasant is so extraordinary, that they will sleep in the most dangerous situations, stretched on the ridge of some roof they are repairing, on the edge of the narrow parapet, or on the very narrow edge of a loaded barge near the strongest part of the stream. They use a kind of ladder sixty feet high, composed of a single tree, with steps about fifteen inches nailed across it, affording scarcely any hold for hands or feet—on the very top of this machine a man may be seen brushing and whitewashing away, as thoughtless as though upon the pavement, while some companion below shifts the ladder every minute to bring his comrade into a new position. Sometimes a man falls and is dashed to pieces; the mangled body is carried to the hospital, and the survivor, calmly raising the ladder, mounts to the vacant post, humming his interrupted song, before the blood has dried upon the shoes. Tell him of his danger is thus exposing himself, remonstrate with him on his rashness, and he will not understand you. He does not know what fear is; his fatalism makes him careless of life.

Be Careful.—It is said that Helvetius, one day, in passing a stable door, saw a hostler standing at the heels of the horse, while he arranged the crupper.

"Young man," said Helvetius, "why do you stand so near the horse, and behind him he may kick you."

"Because," said the boy, "I can do the work much sooner in this position, that I can when I stand at the horse's flanks."

"Perhaps so; but if the horse should kick you once, and you should even escape death, the time lost in curing your wound, would be double all that you could save in the longest life, by standing, as you now do, to crupper a horse, rather than to occupy a place of safety a little on one side his heels."

Whether the hostler obeyed or not, we cannot tell, but we have often thought of the anecdote when we have seen people attempting to save a half minute of time, and risking their life, by jumping from a steamboat before she was fastened to the wharf, or from a railroad car before it was