

# THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

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TERMS OF THE  
**WESTERN CAROLINIAN.**  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY—CHAS. F. FISHER,  
Editor and Proprietor.

The WESTERN CAROLINIAN is published every Friday, at \$2 per annum, in advance, or \$2 50, if not paid in three months from the time of subscribing. No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid. If the subscriber is worth the subscription, and the Editor is of a wish to discontinue, at least one month before the end of the year subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement.  
Advertisements are accepted and correctly inserted at \$1 per square—(of 340 ems, or fifteen lines of this sized type)—for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuance. Court and Judicial advertisements 25 per cent. higher than the above rates. A deduction of 3 1/2 per cent. from the regular prices will be made to yearly advertisers. Advertisements not in for publication, must be marked with the number of insertions desired, or they will be continued till failed, and charged accordingly.  
To secure attention, all letters addressed to the Editor on business, must be free of postage.

## CABINET OF MINERALS FOR SALE.

THE undersigned, as Administrator of the late Doct. Austin, offers for sale the valuable  
**CABINET OF MINERALS**  
belonging to the Estate of the deceased. A considerable portion of the collection was made by Dr. Austin himself with much care, and principally consists of Gold, Silver, Copper, and Lead Ores, in their various natural combinations, selected from the mineral regions of this country; besides a number obtained from Europe. Scientific gentlemen, or literary institutions desiring to purchase the whole, or any part of the Cabinet, can have further information on application by letter to the undersigned.  
The collection will be sold as soon as a reasonable price may be offered for it.  
C. K. WHEELER, Adm.  
Salisbury, N. C., Dec. 4, 1840.

## PETERS' PILLS.

AT Wholesale and Retail, at **WHEELER'S.**  
GRAY'S or Harrison's Ointment, Beckwith's Pills, Moffat's Pills and Bitters, Hook's Pains, and Bernard's remedy for Bowel Complaint, for Sale by  
C. B. & C. K. WHEELER.

**FRESH TEAS.**  
Wines, Spirits, Tobacco, and Cigars,  
Just received and for sale, at the Salisbury Drug Store.  
Salisbury, Nov. 20, 1840.

**Cotton Yarns.**  
THE Subscribers, Agents for the Lexington Cotton Factory, would inform the public that they have just received and now offer for sale, wholesale and retail, the Cotton Yarns of said Factory, consisting of various numbers. The superior quality and character of the Yarns of this Factory are well tested and known as to need no recommendation from us—Those wishing to purchase will please give us a call.  
C. B. & C. K. WHEELER, Agts.  
April 24, 1840.

**LADIES AND HOUSE-KEEPERS.**  
WE have just received a large and fresh supply of the celebrated *New Lebanon Shakers' Garden Seeds*, of all kinds. Those wishing Seeds for the next year, would do well to call or send soon, as they "go like hot cakes."  
C. B. & C. K. WHEELER.  
November 13, 1840.

## A FRESH SUPPLY. MR. ROUCHE

HAS just received, at the "Salisbury Coffee House," direct from Charleston, the following fresh articles, in his line—to wit:  
*French Brandy, New Ark Cider, Oysters, Oranges, Lemons, Raisins, Sardines, Cigars.*  
All of which are of the best quality, and will be sold low for cash, or to punctual dealers on the usual credit.—Call and see!  
Salisbury, N. C., Dec. 4, 1840.

SOME person borrowed from the Library of the late Dr. Austin, some time last Spring, a large copy of *Webster's Dictionary*, with the name of "Joseph W. Hampton," written in the back of it. The borrower will please return it to C. K. Wheeler, at the Salisbury Drug Store, without delay.  
Salisbury, Dec. 4, 1840.

## Notice.

THE Subscriber having removed to the country, has appointed Col. A. W. Brandon his Agent, for settling his business in the Town of Salisbury. Col. B. may be found at all times at the Rowan Hotel, where all persons indebted to me are invited to call and make settlement immediately.  
WM. D. CRAWFORD.

N.B. Nothing but any peculiar circumstances could induce me to make this urgent call upon my friends for settlement.  
W. D. C.  
Salisbury, Aug. 25, 1840.

**DR. JAMES G. WOMACK**  
HAVING located himself permanently in the Town of SALISBURY, renders his professional services to its citizens and the adjacent country, in all the various branches of his profession. He can be found at his Office, on Main Street, one door below the office of the "Western Carolinian."  
July 8, 1840.

**MATCHLESS SANATIVE.**  
THIS invaluable Medicine is for sale by the subscriber, at Millersville, Montgomery Co., N. C.  
W. E. BRIDGE  
February 21, 1840.

## STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, DAVIDSON COUNTY.

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, November Term, 1840.

George Miller vs. William Northern. Attachment.  
IN this case, it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that the Defendant, William Northern, hath absconded or so concealed himself that the ordinary process of the Law cannot be levied upon him;—It is, therefore, ordered by the Court, that publication be made for six weeks in the Western Carolinian, for the said William Northern to appear before the Justices of our Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, at the next Court, to be held for said County at the Court-House in Lexington on the second Monday in February next, and reply, or Judgment, *pro confesso*, will be entered against him and the property levied on condemned to the satisfaction of the Plaintiff's debt.  
Test—CHAS. MOCK, c. c. c.  
Dec. 4, 1840.—6w.—Printer's fee \$5 50.

## DR. LEANDER KILLIAN

**H** RESPECTFULLY offers his professional services to the citizens of Salisbury, and the surrounding country. His office is in Mr. West's new brick building, nearly opposite J. & W. Murphy's store.  
Salisbury, N. C., August 30, 1839. tf.

## DR. G. B. DOUGLAS

**H**AVING removed his Office to 2nd Door of Mr. Cowan's brick row (formerly occupied by Dr. Ashbel Smith,) nearly opposite Michael Brown's Store, publicly tenders his professional services to the public.  
Salisbury, August 21, 1840.

## Notice.

WILL be sold at the Court-house, in Salisbury, on the first day of January next,

## Two likely, valuable Negroes,

belonging to the Estate of John Steward, dec'd.: One woman, between the age of thirty and thirty-five; one boy, between the age of twelve and fifteen. In case said Negroes are not sold on that day, they will be hired to the highest bidder for one year. A small amount of the purchase money will be required immediately.  
GEORGE L. SMITH, Ex'r.  
December 4, 1840. 4t.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the *Crayon Papers* of Washington Irving.

In the Autumn of 1823, Governor Duval, and other Commissioners on the part of the United States, concluded a treaty with the chiefs and warriors of the Florida Indians, by which the latter, for certain considerations, ceded all claims to the whole Territory, excepting a District in the Eastern part, to which they were to remove, and within which they were to reside for twenty years. Several of the chiefs signed the treaty with great reluctance; but none opposed it more strongly than Neamathla, principal chief of the Mickasookies, a fierce and warlike people, many of them Creek by origin, who lived about the Mickasookies in lake. Neamathla had always been active in those depredations on the frontiers of Georgia, which brought vengeance and ruin on the Seminoles. He was a remarkable man; upwards of sixty years of age, with a fine eye, and a strong marked countenance, over which he possessed great command. His hatred of the white men appeared to be mixed with contempt; on the common people, he looked down with infinite scorn. He seemed unwilling to acknowledge any superiority of rank or dignity in Governor Duval, claiming to associate with him on terms of equality, as two great chieftains. Though he had been prevailed upon to sign the treaty, his heart revolted at it. In one of his frank conversations with Governor Duval, he observed: "This country belongs to the red man; and if I had the number of warriors at my command, that this nation once had, I would not leave a white man on my lands. I would exterminate them. I can say this to you, for you can understand me; you are a man; but I would not say it to your people. They'd cry out I was a savage, and would take my life. They cannot appreciate the feelings of a man that loves his country."  
As Florida had but recently been erected a Territory, every thing as yet was in simple style. The Governor, to make himself acquainted with the Indians, and to be near at hand to keep an eye upon them, fixed his residence at Tallahassee, near the Fuel towns, inhabited by the Mickasookies. His Government Palace for a time, was a mere log house, and he lived on hunter's fare. The village of Neamathla was but about three miles off, and thither the Governor occasionally rode, to visit the old chieftain. In one of the visits, he found Neamathla seated in his wigwam, in the centre of the village, surrounded by his warriors. The Governor had brought him some liquor as a present, but it mounted quickly into his brain, and rendered him quite boastful and belligerent. The theme ever uppermost in his mind, was the treaty with the whites. "It was true," he said, "the red men had made such a treaty, but the white men had not acted up to it. The red men had received none of the money and the cattle that had been promised them; the treaty, therefore, was at an end, and they did not mean to be bound by it."  
Governor Duval calmly represented to him, that the time appointed in the treaty for the payment and delivery of the money, and the cattle had not

yet arrived. This the old chieftain bore full well, but he chose, for the moment, to pretend ignorance. He kept on drinking and talking, his voice growing louder and louder, until it resounded all over the village. He held in his hand a long knife with which he had been rasping tobacco; this he kept flourishing backward and forward as he talked, by way of giving effect to his words, brandishing it at times, within an inch of the Governor's throat. He concluded his tirade by saying, "that the country belonged to the red men, and that sooner than give it up, his bow and the bones of his people should bleach upon its soil."

Duval saw that the object of all this bluster was to see whether he could be intimidated. He kept his eye, therefore, fixed steadily on the chief, and the moment he concluded his monologue, seized him by the bosom of his hunting shirt, and clanking his other fist:

"I've heard what you have said," replied he. "You have made a treaty, yet you say your bones shall bleach before you comply with it. As sure as there is a sun in heaven, your bones shall bleach, if you do not fulfill every article of that treaty! I'll let you know that I am first here, and will see that you do your duty!"

Upon this, the old chieftain threw himself back, burst into a fit of laughing, and declared that all he had said was in a joke. The Governor suspected, however, that there was a grave meaning at the bottom of this jocularity.

For two months every thing went on smoothly; the Indians repaired daily to the log cabin palace of the Governor at Tallahassee, and appeared perfectly contented. All at once they ceased their visits, and for three or four days not one was to be seen. Governor Duval began to apprehend that some mischief was brewing. On the evening of the fourth day, a chief, named Yellow-Hair, a resolute, intelligent fellow, who had always evinced an attachment for the Governor, entered his cabin about twelve o'clock at night, and informed him, that between four and five hundred warriors, painted and decorated, were assembled to hold a secret war-council at Neamathla's town. He had slipped off to give intelligence, at the risk of his life, and hastened back lest his absence should be discovered.

Governor Duval passed an anxious night after this intelligence. He knew the talent and daring character of Neamathla; he reflected the thousands he had thrown out; he reflected that about eighty white families were scattered widely apart, over a great extent of country, and might be swept away at once, should the Indians, as he feared, determine to clear the country. That he did not exaggerate the dangers of the case, has been proved by the horrid scenes of Indian warfare that have since desolated that devoted region.—After a night of sleepless cogitation, Duval determined on a measure suited to his prompt and resolute character. Knowing the admiration of the savages for personal courage, he determined, by a sudden surprise, to endeavor to overawe and check them. It was hazardous much; but where so many lives were in jeopardy, he felt bound to incur the hazard.

Accordingly, on the next morning, he set off on horseback, attended, merely by a white man, who had been reared among the Seminoles, and understood their language and manners, and who acted as interpreter. They struck into an Indian "trail" leading to Neamathla's village. After proceeding about half a mile, Governor Duval informed the interpreter of the object of his expedition. The Indians among whom they were going, were among the most desperate and discontented of the nation. Many of them were veteran warriors, impoverished and exasperated by defeat, and ready to sell their lives at any hazard.—He said that if they were holding a war council, it must be with desperate intent, and it would be certain death to intrude among them.

Duval made light of his apprehensions; he said he was perfectly well acquainted with the Indian character, and should certainly proceed. So saying, he rode on. When within half a mile of the village, the interpreter addressed him again, in such a tremulous tone, that Duval turned and looked him in the face. He was deadly pale, and once more urged the Governor to return, as they would certainly be massacred if they proceeded.

Duval repeated his determination to go on, but advised the other to return, lest his pale face should betray fear for the Indians, and they might take advantage of it. The interpreter replied that he would rather die a thousand deaths, than have it said he had deserted his leader when in peril.

Duval then told him he must transcribe faithfully all he should say to the Indians without adding a word. The interpreter promised faithfully to do so, adding that he well knew, when they were once in the town nothing but boldness could save them.

They now rode into the village, and advanced to the Council-house. This was rather a group of four houses, forming a square, in the centre of which was a great Council-fire. The houses were open in front, toward the fire, and closed in the rear. At each corner of the square there was an interval between the houses, for ingress and egress. In these houses sat the old men and the chiefs; the young men were gathered around the fire.—Neamathla presided at the Council, elevated on a higher seat than the rest.

Governor Duval entered by one of the corner intervals, and rode boldly into the centre of the square. The young men made way for him; an old man who was speaking, paused in the midst of his harangue. In an instant, thirty or forty rifles were cocked, and leveled. Never had Duval

heard so loud a clink of triggers; it seemed to strike on his heart. He gave one glance at the Indians, and turned off with an air of contempt.—He did not dare, he says, to look again, lest it might affect his nerves; and on the firmness of his nerves every thing depended.

The chief threw up his arm. The rifles were lowered. Duval looked more freely—he felt disposed to leap from his horse, but restrained himself and dismounted leisurely. He then walked deliberately up to Neamathla, and demanded, in an authoritative tone, what were his motives for holding that Council. The moment he made this demand the center sat down. The chief made no reply, but hung his head in apparent confusion.—After a moment's pause Duval proceeded:

"I am well aware of the meaning of this war Council; and deem it my duty to warn you against prosecuting the schemes you have been devising. It is a single hair of a white man in this country falls to the ground, I will hang you and your chiefs on the tree around your Council-house. You cannot pretend to withstand the power of the white men. You are in the palm of the hand of your Great Father at Washington, who can crush you like an egg shell! You may kill me—I am but one man; but recollect, white men are numerous as the leaves on the trees. Remember the fate of your warriors whose bones are whitening in battle fields. Remember your wives and children who perished in the swamps. Do you want to provoke more hostilities? Another war with the white men, and there will not be a Seminole left to tell the story of his race!"

Seeing the effect of his words, he concluded by appointing a day for the Indians to meet him at St. Marks and give an account of their conduct. He then rode off, without giving them time to recover from their surprise. That night he rode forty miles to Apalachicola river, to the tribe of the same name, who were in feud with the Seminoles.—They promptly put two hundred and fifty warriors at his disposal, whom he ordered to be at St. Marks at the appointed day. He sent out runners, also, and mustered one hundred of the militia to repair to the same place, together with a number of regulars from the army. All his arrangements were successful.

Having taken these measures, he returned to Tallahassee, to the neighborhood of the conspirators, to show them that he was not afraid.—Here he ascertained, through Yellow-Hair, that nine towns were disaffected, and had been concerned in the conspiracy. He was careful to inform himself from the same source, of the names of the warriors in each of these towns who were most popular, though poor and destitute of rank and command.

When the appointed day was at hand for the meeting at St. Marks, Governor Duval set off with Neamathla, who was at the head of eight or nine hundred warriors, but who feared to enter into the Fort without him. As they entered the Fort, and saw troops and militia drawn up there, and a force of Apalachicola warriors on the opposite bank of the river, they thought they were betrayed, and were about to fly; but Duval assured them they were safe, and that when the talk was over, they might go home unmolested.

A grand talk was now held, in which the late conspiracy was discussed. As he had foreseen, Neamathla and the other old chiefs threw all the blame upon the young men. "Well," replied Duval, "with us white men, when we find a man incompetent to govern them under him, we put him down and appoint another in his place. Now, as you all acknowledge, you cannot manage your young men, we must put chiefs over them who can."

So saying, he deposed Neamathla first, appointing another in his place; and so on with all the rest; taking care to subordinate the warriors who had been pointed out to him as poor and popular, putting models round their necks and investing them with great ceremony. The Indians were surprised and delighted at finding the appointments fall upon the very men they would themselves have chosen, and hailed them with acclamations. The warriors, thus unexpectedly elevated to the command, and clothed with dignity, were secured to the interests of the Governor, and sure to keep an eye on the disaffected. As to the great chief Neamathla, he left the country in disgust, and returned to the Creek nation, who elected him a chief of one of their towns. Thus by the resolute spirit and prompt sagacity of one man, a dangerous conspiracy was completely defeated. Governor Duval was afterwards enabled to remove the whole nation, through his personal influence, without the aid of the General Government.

## DEATH NOT A PAINFUL PROCESS.

It has been observed many commit suicide from a sense that death from natural causes, is attended with considerable agony. This is the generally received notion, but is an erroneous one. Those who have often witnessed the act of dying affirm that it is not a painful process. In some delicate and irritable persons, a kind of struggle is, indeed, sometimes excited when respiration becomes difficult; but more frequently the dying calmly endures for nothing, and expires so unconscious. Those who die of chronic diseases, the gradation is slow and distinct. Consumptive patients are sometimes in a dying state for several days; they appear at times to suffer little, but to languish for complete dissolution; say, we have known them to express great uneasiness when they have been recalled from the consciousness of immobility by the cries of their friends, or the efforts of the attendants to alleviate

their pain. In observing persons in this situation, we have always been impressed with an idea, that the approach of natural death produces a sensation similar to that of falling asleep. The disturbance of respiration is the only apparent source of uneasiness in the dying, and sensibility seems to be impaired just in proportion to the decrease of that function. Besides, both the impressions of present objects and those recalled by memory are influenced by the extreme debility of the patient whose wish is for absolute rest. We could never see the close of life under these circumstances, without recollecting those beautiful lines of Spenser:

"Sleep after toil; part after stormy seas;  
Ease after war, death after life's dark terrors."  
The Anatomy of Suicide.

## AMERICAN DEFERENCE TO THE FAIR SEX.

The one most important, and without which it would be impossible to travel in such a generous way, is an universal deference and civility shown to the women, who may in consequence travel without the least chance of annoyance or insult.—This deference paid to the sex is highly creditable to the Americans; it exists from one end of the Union to the other; indeed, in the Southern and more lawless States, it is even more chivalrous than in the more settled. Let a female be ever so indifferently clad, whatever her appearance may be, still it is sufficient that she is a female; she has the first accommodation, and avoid she does it, no man will think of himself. But this deference is not only shown in travelling, but in every instance. By English ladies, and our visiting friends, it is proved at the inauguration of Mr. Van Buren, by some mistake, she and her two daughters alighted from the carriage at the wrong entrance, and in attempting to force their way through a dense crowd, nearly crushed to death. This was prevented, and the word was given—make room for the ladies.—The whole crowd, as if by one simultaneous effort, compressed itself to the right and left, looking themselves together to meet the entrance of the ladies, and made a wide lane, through which they passed with ease and comfort. "It reminded me of the females passing through the Red Sea with the wall of waters on each side of them," observed the lady. "In any other country we should have been crushed to death." When I was on board one of the steamboats, an American asked one of the ladies to what she would like to be helped? She replied, to some turkey, which was within reach, and off of which a passenger had just cut the water and transferred it to his own plate. The American, who had received the lady's wishes, immediately passed with his fork upon the wing of the turkey, and carried it off to the young lady's plate; the only explanation given, "For a lady, sir!" immediately elicited an exclamation—*Exquisite!*—*My lady's Diner.*

**Model at the Beginning of the Fifteenth Century.**—They had neither looked into any of our earth, neither into the sea or land, as has been done since. They had philosophy without experiment, and mathematics without instruments. Geometry without scales, astronomy without observation.—They made war without powder, and without cannon or mortar;—they, the only mode of their battles without spears or crossbows. They went to sea without compass, and sailed without the needle. They viewed the stars without telescopes, and measured altitudes without barometers.—Learning had no printing power, writing no paper, no ink. The letter was forced to send his mistress a dull letter for a letter, and his letter done might be about the size of an ordinary treacher. They were clothed with manufactures, and their richest robes were the skins of the most formidable monsters. They carried on their trade without books, and their correspondence without posts—their merchants kept to accounts, their shopkeepers on cash books—they had surgery without anatomy, and physicians without materia medica—they gave medicine without speculations, and cured agues without bark.

**A Secret worth Knowing.**—When, on your comfortable bed, you are just getting into that dreamy, poetical state which precedes sleep, and you receive a stab under the fifth rib, by one of those accidental surgeons, called Red Dogs, never put your finger on the wounded part to catch the assassin; but rub your finger on the bed opposite to the place bitten, and you'll be sure to cure him. You need only put your finger to your nose, to ascertain the fact that you have been too cunning for him. Now, Sir, let me, the physician say, is beneficial when a man is too phlegmatic; but I never did like to be chaste humored, though there is nothing which understands surgery better than a Red Dog, for the way he can urge his needle into a vein, is a caution to mortals. He is like many two-legged assassins, who stab you in the dark, and will not meet you face to face. I have made this discovery, and promulgate it, for the benefit of suffering humanity.—It is a good plan to alleviate those night prowlers with material comfort, and swell up their gums so that they cannot bite. Salvation to them, in Salvation to yourself.—*Baltimore Clipper.*

**Wine.**—M. Crocq, a writer on the hygienic system, gives the following advice: "There exists a universal prejudice with regard to wine, namely: that it is a digestion, that it strengthens the stomach, and that it is therefore necessary for persons whose digestion is disturbed, or trilled down. An experience of twenty years, for which we are indebted to the influence of physiological doctrine, proves that persons in this condition, digest much better by drinking pure water. This is not the smallest service we owe to Professor Broca, in having delivered the sick from the use of wine, which physicians in former times were in the habit of prescribing for their patients."

Goldsmith justly observes, "The country of fools may begin by making us laugh, but ends by making us melancholy."