

# 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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## TERMS OF THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

CHAS. P. FISHER, Editor and Proprietor.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

**Singular Border Game of Scotland.**—Howitt, in his new work, describing his attendance upon the celebration of the annual border games of Caledonia gives the following account of a totally novel and peculiar species of leaping, called the Hitch-and-Kick. It made him deaf, he says, to all the talk of the old men that the Scottish dales men had degenerated of late years, and seemed the most wonderful of all the gymnastic exercises:

A pole was brought, and set down in the centre of the ring. On it was placed a strong sliding wire, standing out horizontally about a foot from the pole, and having a large ring at the end, as if for the reception of a lamp. Instead of a lamp, however, upon this ring was laid a sort of drum head of parchment, or small tambourine. The wire was slid down the pole to the distance of six feet from the ground. The thing required of the contendors, was to take a short run, give a little hop, or what they call a hitch then spring up, and with the same foot from which they spring, kick off the tambourine, alight again on the same foot, and give another little hop or hitch. If they failed in any one of these particulars, they tumbled altogether. The leaping in this case was the first gymnastic exercise I ever saw. The manner to watch they flung themselves up into the air, and kicked away the tambourine at six feet from the ground, recovering themselves and giving the necessary hitch before they put the wire back to the ground, was splendid. The wire was successively raised, and the tambourine still kicked off by all, till it nearly reached eight feet high, when the number of the contendors who could reach it, was reduced to about three, who had a hard struggle for it.—Leydon, Scott and Robbin.

It eventually reached eight feet three, when neither Leydon, Scott or Robbin could any longer touch it, and the game was supposed to be finished, when a little fellow—O'aver of Mats, who did not seem to have shown much spirit or elasticity in the earlier part of the game, suddenly put forth a most extraordinary display of agility, kicked off the tambourine with ease, and left all the competitors far behind! A new sort of animation seemed to animate them all at the sight. They again put out all their strength but it was vain. Lord John Scott, with a friend or two, had now arrived; and Sir James Graham, the Sheriff of the county, and another gentleman. The contendors had become great.—There was an eager pressure around the ring, and the Duke of Buccleugh's peer a stately fellow in gay tartans, made the air resound with that stirring music to which the Efforts and Armstrongs, the Kerrs and Ferintoshes, had for centuries before marched against the English Borders, whose descendants were now mingled with them in these peaceful contests. The whole scene was novel and striking. A gentleman who was with Lord John Scott was as much surprised as myself at the hitch-and-kick leaping, and offered a sovereign to any one who would kick off the tambourine at one such higher still. It was set, therefore, to eight feet four from the ground, and again O'aver of Mats displayed it seeming to fling himself up into the air as if he could fling himself over a house, and regaining his foot so as to give the final hitch with the most perfect lightness and complete ease.

**The Greatest Wonder of the World.**—It has for ages been a great mystery in the minds of men, that such vast quantities of water as are constantly flowing into the Dead Sea, from the river Jordan and many smaller streams, should not fill up this lake and cause it to overflow; and the only manner in which the phenomenon could consistently be accounted for was by supposing that the Dead Sea had some subterranean outlet, through which its waters escaped to the ocean. But even this supposition has now become wholly invalidated by the result of recent observations taken by a committee of English gentlemen, by which this lake is proved to be 1400 feet below the level of the Mediterranean! The plains surrounding this lake are thus proved to be the lowest lands on the face of the earth. We have hopes that as civilization is progressing in that country, this subject will be further investigated, and that even the bottom of this lake will be in some measure explored by means of the most perfect diving bells, and other submarine apparatus.—New York Messenger.

**Let the Puppy have his Collar.**—The late Lord Althorpe having been spoken to by a Scotch nobleman to solicit for him from King George the second the Green Ribband, did so; but his majesty refused, saying, "he would not bestow the favor upon a fellow who had constantly opposed the Court." "Yes, Sir," said Lord Althorpe, "but the means to be more plausible for the future." "Well, I don't care for that—she is a puppy and shall not have it." The King having said so turned to go away when Lord Althorpe asked what answer he should return to the applicant. "Tell him he is a

puppy! Well, sir, he is a puppy that is sincere, inclined to follow his master." "Aye," retorted the King, "are you sure of that?" "Perfectly so, Sir," "Well, then," said the King "let the puppy have his collar."

## From the Mississippi Guard. THE GRAVE.

Why should the good go there?  
'Tis a cold and dark abode,  
For the holy men of peace and prayer;  
Who have dwelt so long in the pleasant air  
And sunshine of their God.

Why go the learned and wise  
To a house so close and damp?  
They can gaze not there at the mystic skies,  
Nor watch the stars as they fall and rise,  
Nor read by the midnight lamp.

Why go the rich and gay,  
To a hut, so mean and small?  
No chance is there for a proud display;  
There is a scarcely room in the walls of clay  
For the busy worms to crawl!

But for him who is struggling on  
In wild ambition's race,  
Who feels that the goal cannot be won—  
That his spirits droop and his strength is gone,  
'Tis a quiet resting place.

As for him who has weary grown,  
Of a world that loves him not,  
Whose joys have vanished and hopes have flown,  
Whose only wish is to be alone,  
Indeed, 'tis an envied spot!

**A Printer's Anecdote.**—It used to be related of Corporal Nym, a printer, well known for many years in this town as being more remarkable for his odd humour than the length of his purse, that while he was travelling from Lowell to Boston he was met by a highwayman, who politely (as is the custom of those gentry) demanded his purse. "My dear sir," quoth Corporal Nym, "I perceive you don't know me?" "That is nothing to the purpose, sir, give up your purse immediately," demanded the highwayman. The Corporal repeated with earnestness which could not be misunderstood. "Positively you don't know me." "Well," said the highwayman, surprised at the manner of the Corporal, "who the devil are you?" "Why I'm a printer." "A printer did you say?" "Woe! I'm off, — dry picking!" — Lowell Paper.

**The Drummer Boy of Lundy's Lane.**—Major Gen. Winfield Scott while on the frontier during the late border difficulties, at a complimentary dinner given him by the citizens of Cleveland, related the following characteristic anecdote that occurred during the battle of Lundy's Lane in the last war. In the very midst of the battle his attention was attracted by observing at a little distance where a whole company of riflemen had just been cut down by the terrible fire of the enemy, three drummer boys quarrelling for a single drum, all that was left to them.—Soon the two stronger ones went to "fisticuffs," while the third quietly hid his arms, awaiting the issue of the contest. At the moment a cannon ball struck the boys, and killed them both. With one bound the little fellow caught the drum from between them and with a shout of triumph, and a loud "tattoo," dashed forward to the thickest of the fight. "Said the General, "I so admired the little soldier that I rode after him and enquired his name, which was—, and directed him to find me at the close of the battle, but I never saw him afterward." At this moment Mrs. — one of the most respectable merchants in Cleveland arose, and with a smile and bow, informed the company that he was the Drummer Boy of Lundy's Lane.

**A plea in Abatement.**—In one of the Quarter Sessions Courts of Tennessee, one Joe Phillips was indicted for assault and battery. The solicitor called him to the bar and addressed him thus: "You are indicted for a misdemeanor and stand charged in those words.—The Jurors for the State upon their oaths present, that Joe Phillips, late of the county of —, on the 10th of August, 18—, with force and arms, and upon the body of one John Scroggins, with malicious intent and assault did make, with guns, swords, pistols, dirks, and clubs, with violence aforesaid—" "Stop, Mr. Lawyer," said Joe, "there was something of it, but you are making it a—sight worse than it was."

"Well, how was it, Joe," says the solicitor. "Why, I and John met one day on the road, and says I to John, 'this is a bad day for soaking.' Then says he to me, 'Not very bad neither, for I killed one near upon a rod long.' Then after a good many such compliments passed between us, says John to me, 'I don't milk my neighbor's cows as some folks do.' And then I hit him a lick with my fist, side of his head; and then we had a real scuffle—a fair fight, then just quit so; and had not a gun, nor pistol, nor club neither—so you couldn't be takin' all that nonsense over to the court, when there was no such thing; and John says he's willing to strike again, if I'll let him strike first."

When the late celebrated John Kemble received the positive promise of Lord North, that in case of his marriage within a certain time, a certain sum of money was to be placed at his command, he thought it both prudent and necessary to select a helpmate before the period of limitation expired; and, therefore, one morning after rehearsal, he, in his usual pompous and declamatory manner, addressed himself to Mrs. Bereton, who was the widow of an actor, and on the boards herself.—"Mrs. Bereton," said Kemble, "from the friendship I indulged for your late husband, and my personal observation of your conduct, I have no objection to making you my wife. This is Thursday, and by this day week, you will oblige me with an answer." Mrs. B. was surprised, both at the offer and the manner to which that offer had been made, and on her return home consulted her mother, Mrs. Hawkins, as to the course she should adopt. Her advice was that her daughter should accept the offer; and, on the following Thursday, when Mr. Kemble applied to her for her decision, the answer was favorable. The only notice Mr. Kemble took was to name the day, and he paid no more attention to his bride elect till she met him on the morning of their marriage. Bannister gave a wedding du-

ring to his friend, after which Kemble repaired to the theatre where he was announced to perform one of his principal characters, and from whence he forgot to return to Bannister for his bride, who, however, was escorted by her friends to her new home in Great Russell street. This singular courtship turned out most happily for Mr. Kemble. He had not failed in the estimation of the qualities of the companion he had chosen; and she perhaps a better wife than the lady, in consequence of whose attachment this happy match was projected, might eventually have proved.—Anecdotal Reminiscences.

A writer in the "Spirit of the Times" gives the following account of being wrecked on the Mississippi.

"Among other adventures, he had been wrecked while acting as a 'hand' on a flat boat, navigating the Mississippi. He said, he had come all the way from Pittsburg, at the head of the Ohio, to within two or three hundred miles of New Orleans, without meeting with any other accident, than that of getting out of whiskey twice. But one night, the captain of the flat boat said the weather was 'crafty,' a thing he thought himself as it was most quiet to last so long. After detailing several other particulars he finished his story by being wrecked, as follows: "After the quiet weather I spoke of lasted a little, all of a sudden it changed, the river grew as rough as an alligator's back, that was the tallest kind of a noise—over head, and the fire flew up, like fire in a cat fight. 'We'll put in shore,' said the captain, and we tried to do it, that's certain, but the way we always walked off from a tree, what we might have tied up, was a caution to steamboats. 'Keep the current,' said the captain, 'and let us sweat it out.' We went on this way some time, when I told the captain, 'I, captain, I have never been in these dangers before, but if I haven't seen the same landscape three times then I am a liar.' At this, the captain looked hard, and swore we were in an eddy, and doing nothing but whirling around. He lighted a cigar at this time, was very accommodating, and showed us a big tree in the river, that had stuck fast, and was bowing up and down, ready to receive us, and we found ourselves rushing straight on to it. The owner of the bacon was on board, and when he saw the 'sawyer,' he eyed it as hard as a small thief would a constable says he, 'captain, if that ar fellow at the sawp,' (saw) 'fellow' meant me; said he, 'captain, if that ar fellow at the sawp, don't bear on it like—' and keep us off that tree, I am a blasted pig merchant." I did bear on it as hard as he suggested, but the current was too strong, and we went on like a dried leaf would have done, bark and planks scattered, and I was half a mile to death, ashore. I lost, in the whole catastrophe, just two shirts, eight dollars in baggage, and half a box of Kentucky tobacco, besides two game cocks; I tell you what, a storm on that ar Mississippi ain't to be sneezed at."

**Head of the Laocoon.**—A Lyons Journal publishes the following letter from Mr. Valmore, an artist at Brussels:—"In the gallery of the Duke d'Arburg there are many things which are not known to any but the initiated. Among them is the original head of the Laocoon. This fine group, when first discovered in Italy, was without the head of the father, and an arm of one of the sons. The head was supplied by a celebrated artist, who copied it from an antique bas relief. Sometime afterwards, the original was found in some Venetian connoisseurs and was ultimately sold to the grandfather of the Prince for about 150,000fr., and brought to Brussels. When Napoleon, during the Consulate, had the group transported into France, he knew that the real head was in possession of the Duke, and offered him its weight in gold for it. This was refused, and as it was known that Napoleon was not scrupulous in gratifying his desires, the Duke d'Arburg sent his child away to Dresden, where it remained concealed for ten years but was brought back again into Brussels when Belgium became tranquil. It expresses in the highest and with admirable degree moral grief mingled with most physical pain.—The compression of the teeth and the contraction of the under jaw are almost too horrifying to be long contemplated, and yet in this intense expression of suffering there is not the slightest grimace. The pupils of the eyes are so exquisitely executed, that they actually seem to flash from the marble: A cast from the head now on the statue is placed by the side of the original, and the vast difference between the two is at once evident.—Galignani's Messenger.

**Napoleon and Murat.**—The contrast in the personal appearance of Napoleon and Murat, while on the battle field, is well described in the following extract from Blackwood:

"The external appearance of Napoleon formed a striking contrast to that of his royal brother-in-law. When they rode together along the front of the troops, Murat attracted universal attention by his commanding figure, his superb theatrical costume, the splendid trappings and beautiful figure of his horse, and the imposing military dignity of his air. The dazzling display contrasted strangely, but characteristically, with the three cornered hat, dark surtout, leather gaiters, huge boots, curled side, and carelessly cut napoleonic; which had become monumental in the representations of Napoleon. The imposing aspect of Murat, was, however, weakened, rather than heightened, by the rich and fantastic dress which he wore. Dark whiskers on his face contrasted with piercing blue eyes; his abundant black locks spread over the neck of a splendid Polish dress; upon, above the shoulders, the collar was richly adorned with gold brooches, and from a splendid gorilla of the same material hung a light sabre, straight in the blade, after the manner of the ancient Roman, with the hilt set in diamonds. Wide pantaloons, of a purple or scarlet color, richly embroidered with gold, and boots of yellow leather, completing this singular costume, which resembled rather the gorgeous trappings of the nobility, than the comparatively simple uniform of modern times. But his greatest distinction was a large three cornered hat, surmounted by a profusion of magnificent white ostrich feathers, rising from a broad gold band, which encircled the sides a superb horn plume. His noble charger was set off with gorgeous bridle and spurs,

richly gilt after the Turkish fashion, and enveloped in trappings of azure blue, the tint of the Italian sky, which also was the prevailing color of his liveries.—Above the fantastic but dazzling attire, he wore in cold weather a magnificent pelisse of dark green velvet, lined and fringed with the richest aables."

Do not enter the room suddenly where you know there is a young lady and gentleman sitting, busily engaged in fanning a flame.

A man took off his coat to show a terrible wound he had received on his arm. Not being able to find it, said he recollected—'twas brother Bill's arm.

**The True Test.**—A collier at Leyden, who used to attend the public disputation held at the academy, was once asked if he understood Latin.

"No," replied the mechanic, "but I know who is wrong in the argument."

"How?" asked his friend.

"Why, by seeing who is angry first."

**Chemical Process of Petrifying Human Flesh.**—The most novel and piquant treat of all others to me in the beautiful capital of Florence, was my several visits to Signor Sigate, a scientific gentleman possessed of a wonderful art unique and unknown to all the world beside. Incredible, if not marvellous, as it may seem, he had discovered a chemical process by which he could actually petrify, in a very short time, every animal substance, preserving permanently, and with minute accuracy, its form and internal texture, and in such a state of stony hardness that it could be sawed into slabs and elegantly polished!

He had in this way formed a museum of various animals, such as frogs, fishes, toads, snakes, and a great variety of parts of the human body in a natural and diseased state. In my presence, he threw the human liver, lungs, heart, and other parts thus petrified, about the floor with perfect impunity, and without the least injury being done to them. Still more curious, Sigate, with Italian taste, cut the most complete tables of mosaic work so that it gave him as much delight as it did me astonishment, to find that I could with my finger designate to him, on this precious centre table for a surgeon's drawing room, the appropriate name and character of each individual object thus spread out before me in a pathological chart of real specimens. Thus a pulmonary tubercle or ulcer here, a hydatid of the liver there, a cicatrix in the brain in another compartment, and a calculus in the kidney, or ossification of the heart's auricles and valves in a fourth. It struck me that, for all anatomical and surgical purposes, and all objects of natural history, this was an art of inappreciable value, and the most desirable ever discovered; and with that view I conversed with him relative to a visit to our country, believing it would be of national importance if we could have the benefit of his services.

Lyon entered into some preliminary negotiations with the design of obtaining him for my own purposes, but I found him sadly involved in debt and that his demands were to be complied with. I, however, made him liberal offers, and did not entirely despair that he would have acceded to them, when, to my regret, about three weeks after we left Florence, I was informed by letter, that he was suddenly attacked with a violent inflammation of the lungs, which proved fatal, and what is as much to be deplored, that his unprecedented discovery died with him. He never would divulge the least part of his marvelous process, but was pressed by me on the subject, stated that he had acquired it in his various journeys in remote Eastern countries; and it is hardly to be hoped that some one may ere long appear who, in pursuing this inquiry, will be enabled to recover the art among those people from whom he initiated he had obtained it. It is worthy of observation, how, in this extraordinary process, art accomplishes in so brief a time, what nature requires so long a period to effect, and then never with anything comparable to the perfection, we may say almost identity, with which this mode preserves an exact fac simile of the original; in truth, the original itself. In this surprising and almost magic art, not only, as we have said, the exterior outline is faithful and exactly represented, but also the most minute and delicate interior arrangements of structure admirably perpetuated; as, for example, the entire viscera of the chest and abdomen, with all their varied and beautiful convolutions, were clearly exhibited, retaining even the color of the blood vessels, in preparations of frogs, birds, and other animals, besides the human body.—Dr. Matt's Treatise.

A Capuchin friar, preaching on a warm day, in honor of the saint, ran through the lives and characters of the renowned *serafin*, and rating such much below the subject of his theme, he exclaimed at the close of every investigation, "Where shall we place him? this great man!" At last, a humorist in the audience, wearied by the length of the discourse, and foreseeing no end to it, rose when the orator again asked the ever recurring question, and said with an air of obtuse simplicity, "I may put him in my place, for I am going away."

Rome in the days of her grandeur, was supplied with water by 13,594 pipes, extending from the aqueducts, erected in various parts of the city.

An old Connecticut Parson, whose peculiarities of preaching were proverbial, was one day told by a parishioner, that he didn't like his sermons. "Well," said the old man, "I don't wonder at it, I don't like 'em myself." It is also related of him that, being one day pursued by some impatient young rogues, who cried after him, "Parson M.—Parson M.—did you know the devil was dead?" he turned round, shook his grey head, and spread

his hands over them, saying in tones of compassion, "Poor Fatherless Children."

**Comfortably Modest.**—An editor in Mississippi says it is about time candidates for Congress were nominated and concludes with recommending himself thus:—

"We know no one in our section of the State, more deserving of the office, or better qualified to represent us, than ourself. We are opposed to the State Bonding system in toto, to the bonds of sin, to all bonds but the bonds of love, and are sound in politics. We are strictly moral in every respect; and no one can charge us with a bad set committed since we came to years of discretion—that is, since we cut the credit system. The Democrats of Lafayette will go for us heart and hand. With our anti bond friends have a meeting and prevail upon us to consent to serve the party. We only want a little coaxing, like a bashful young widow. 'Tis true we are no orator, but we have got a good voice, and have joined the debating club for the express purpose of learning to speak in public on the stump. We haven't joined the teetotalers yet, but we shall take the pledge at the next meeting. What more need we say! Editors throughout the State will please announce that we are a candidate; provided they will wait for their fees until we receive payment for Chancery Court advertising done by us during the past two years."

If the ancient cubit was 23 inches, as was supposed, Noah's Ark was 547 English feet long, 93 broad, and 50 high, measuring according to Bishop Wilkins, 72,625 tons.

The purity and stability of the Government depend upon the virtue of the people.

**The Difference.**—By being, you forfeit your character—by borrowing, you only forfeit your word.

## From the Agriculturalist. ORIGIN AND NECESSITY OF AGRICULTURE.

The oldest occupation of mankind was that of cultivating the earth; and from the time that the first pair, "hand in hand," went forth exiles from Paradise, it was constituted the great business of the human race. Cain was a tiller of the ground, Abel was a wool grower, and Noah was a husbandman. To Moses we are obliged to look for the first history of agriculture as well as the earliest records of our race. Traditional accounts in latter writers of antiquity trace its history far back towards the Noachian period, but the earliest catalogue of domestic animals, and the first direct statement of the condition of patriarchal society, are to be found in the history of Abraham.

Illustrious writers, as Siliogadost and Newton Remond and Grimm, have endeavored to trace the origin of agriculture to some particular part of the world, and Egypt seems to have been a favorite starting point with these and other writers. That Egypt was very early and extensively grown in Egypt, cannot be doubted; but the culture of grain there rather than in other districts then occupied by the human race, appears to have been as much the result of the ease with which the banks of the Nile could then, as now, be cultivated, as of any positive advances in agriculture. There appears little room for question, that wherever man was found, the cultivation of the soil more or less prevailed. There is no reason to suppose that the state of things in the plains of Mesopotamia, Tartary, or Arabia, five thousand years ago differed essentially from the present; and as we know that three thousand years have passed over them, and left their habits and their systems of agriculture unchanged, those habits and systems may be considered a fair specimen of those which the necessities of man first originated and which have been there perpetuated.

As must have been expected, the implements used in the infancy of agriculture were of the most simple kind. The most ancient sculptures and coins, and above all, the paintings found in such perfect preservation in the long deserted temples and tombs of Egypt afford the most ample evidence on this point. That the most early instrument used to loosen the soil was a kind of pick, made at first of stone, bound to a handle of wood, is certain. The employment of animals instead of human labor in tilling the soil, or the substitution of the first for the last, early occurred; and the use of huffers in ploughing, or where these were not at hand, the substitution of the ass, is clear from the frequent historical notices of these facts.

It is not to the necessity which agriculture forced upon men, of associating for the protection and preservation of their crops, that the origin of society may fairly be traced; otherwise the world had remained, as it now is, a mass of isolated families, with conflicting interests, and constant additions to the elements of dissension and confusion. The right of soil, the nature of property, the accumulation of wealth, the progress of civilization, and the spread of knowledge, are all more or less, to be traced back to such associations, and to the permanent occupancy of the earth to which societies like these gave a tenacity and security. To live, it was necessary to sow; to induce men to sow security must be given, that what is sown shall be reaped for the benefit of the sower; and an association of families, or in other words, society, could only do this; and thus to agriculture, to the tilling of the soil, we owe civilization and its multitudinous blessings.

**To Cure Sheep Skins with the Wool on.**—Take a spoonful of alum and two of salt petre; pulverize and mix well together, then sprinkle the powder on the flesh side of the skin and lay the two flesh sides together—leaving the wool outside. Then fold up the whole skin as tight as you can and hang in a dry place; in two or three days as soon as dry take down, and scrape with a blunt knife till clean and supple. This completes the process, and makes you a most excellent saddle cover. It when you kill mutton you treat the skin in this way, you can get more for them from the saddlers than you can for the wool and skin separately disposed of otherwise.

N. B.—Other skins which you desire to cure with the fat or hair on may be treated in the same way.—S. W. Pomeroy.