

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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CHAS. F. FISHER,
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MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Pittsburg Advocate.

AN HOUR IN A POWDER MILL.

There are comparatively few, even of the inhabitants of Pittsburg, who have any idea of the extent and variety of the various manufactures which are carried on among us. In pursuance of determination to do what we could to render these better known, we paid a visit the other day, by way of commencement, to the Gunpowder Manufactory of Mr. Andrew Watson, and the following is a faint account of what we saw.

The Pittsburg Powder Mills are situated on the north bank of the Montgomery, about two and a half miles from the city. For the purpose of lessening the dangers attending explosion, the buildings cover a large extent of ground, and each of the many processes to which the material is subjected before it is turned out in the form with which the world is but too familiar, is performed in a separate building. These buildings are of stone, and are connected together by a railway.

But to begin at the beginning. Good Gunpowder, such as Mr. Watson makes, requires good charcoal, and for the purpose of having good charcoal, young and sound wood is required, the water maple being the most desirable. Of these Mr. Watson has large plantations which yield what wood he requires, besides furnishing a considerable number of young trees to the citizens for ornamental purposes. There are also on the premises, plantations of sycamore for hoop poles, which yield \$300 per year, per quarter acre. From the plantations we went to the steam engine. And here the dread of fire which habit has made a second nature to the powder maker, has suggested a number of ingenious contrivances to prevent its coming into contact with the villainous salt-petre.

The smoke from the fires under the boilers is conveyed under ground some 200 feet, and then carried off by a chimney 60 feet high, it is carried off, at a supposed safe distance. In directly the opposite direction, the steam is carried a considerable distance under ground to the engine, which is distant from the place where the last processes—which by its aid the powder undergoes, is some 700 feet. The engine has 6 boilers attached to it, each 30 inches in diameter, and 22 feet 8 inches long, and consumes about 43 bushels of coal per day.

The wood is converted into charcoal by being burnt in large cast iron retorts, and the gas that is evolved is conveyed by pipes into the fire under the retort by which one third of the fuel which would otherwise be necessary, is saved. The prodigious acid which the wood contains, and which this process evolves, it is the purpose of Mr. Watson to distil into vinegar as soon as his arrangements for that purpose can be effected.

We followed the charcoal into the compounding house. Here, after having been crushed between rollers, it is placed in a large hollow cast iron globe, in which are a considerable number of small brass balls; these globes are made to revolve rapidly, which speedily reduces it to an impalpable powder. It is then put with the other ingredients, in the proportion of 15 of charcoal, 10 of sulphur and 7 of nitre, into a mixing barrel, which is made to revolve 30 times per minute.

From the mixing barrel it is taken to the "mill-house" where 4 large rollers of cast iron weighing 250 lbs. each, of the shape of millstones, placed on end, chase each other round a cast iron circle weighing 70,000 lbs. Under these rollers it is crushed for about five hours, and then it is taken to the "press room." In the press room it is put in layers between cloths and boards alternately, and subjected to the immense pressure of a hydraulic press. This is done to condense the powder into a solid substance. The cakes or slabs are then taken to another building and passed through a pair of coarsely grooved rollers, which break it up into small lumps. This is the first process of "graining." These lumps are placed on shelves in a room heated by steam for the purpose of being dried, when they are again passed through various rollers, until the desired "grain" is obtained. From the rollers the gunpowder, as it may now be termed, passes through a hopper into a revolving wire cylinder, the different degrees of fineness in the length of which, screen it into as many kinds of powder; the finest, which is mere dust, is taken back to be re-worked.

The remainder is placed in barrels, about 250 lbs. in each, which are made rapidly to revolve for the purpose of "glazing" it. But one operation remains, and that is the final drying, which is effected in the manner we have before described. It is then taken to the packing house, and from that to the "cargazine," which is a fire proof building at a long distance from the rest of the works.

We cannot in a newspaper article give a minute account of the manufacture, but we trust sufficient has been said to give our readers some notion of it. We were struck in our walks through this manufactory with the few workmen employed, when compared with the extent of the works and

the amount produced. Steam is the never tiring agent—man but the guiding spirit. Mr. Watson, the intelligent proprietor, has our best thanks for his patient explanations, and our best wishes for the success which his skill, ingenuity, and enterprise so eminently deserve.

"What are you doing there all alone in that large house?" said a gentleman to an Irishman, the sole occupant of a dilapidated building. "Sure, and it's an officer I am, your honor," said Pat. "An officer—how so?" "Why you see, the others are all gone, and I'm left tenant."

A Poser.—As a teacher of the "young idea" was employed the other day, in his "delightful task" of learning a sharp urchin to cypher on a slate, the precocious pupil put the following question to his instructor,—"Where dis a' the figures gang till when they're rubb'd out?"

In walking with a lady in public, her opinion of you will not be enhanced if your countenance wears a perpetual smirk or grin, or if you keep dancing around her like a monkey. A consequential strut, or mincing gait, might be avoided with advantage.

Hear both Sides.—"Why, it's good to get drunk once in a while," said a rummer, "for it cleans a fellow out."

"That's a fact, it does," replied a Washingtonian; "it cleans him out of house, home, money, and friends."

Ingenious Defence.—A soldier on trial for habitual drunkenness was addressed by the President—"Prisoner, you have heard the prosecution for habitual drunkenness, what have you to say in your defence?" "Nothing, please your honor, but habitual thirst."

"Holding the word of promise to the ear and breaking it to the hope."—This saying was strikingly verified during our last court, in the case of a juror who had absented himself during an important day—pleading that, and the distance he had to ride, as an extenuation. And to the very last, he believed the excuse a valid one. The Judge said "Mr.—, in consideration of the very inclement state of the weather—the great distance you live from the seat of justice—your former punctuality as a juror—and the fact that this is the first case under the new rule laid down by the Court—we say, all these things being duly considered, we fine you only \$5!" Up to the time of uttering the words "five dollars," two to one would have been bet upon the release of the juror—all laughed as they were pronounced, except the absentee; who, who we are sure, although disappointed at the time, was, after a little reflection, convinced of the justice of the fine.—*Marlborough Gazette.*

Depend upon Yourself.—The success of individuals in life, is, under God, greatly owing to their own resources. Money, or the expectation of inheritance, has ruined more men than the want of it did. Teach the young men to rely upon their own efforts, to be frugal and industrious, and you have furnished them with productive capital which others cannot wrest from them, and which they themselves will not be disposed to alienate.—This is peculiarly the case in this country, where a man is the artificer of his own fortune, where the road to wealth and honor is open to all, and where those who would win must labor for the prize. Gov. Everett has well said, that "the times, and universal experience, abundantly admonish, that however the children of wealth may indulge in indolence and dissipation while their means last—the great mass of Americans must and ought to depend upon their own fortunes, but their usefulness. Fortune is at best precarious; patrimonial dependence is uncertain, and reliance on the friendship and charity of the world, or upon office, is frail and delusive. Self-dependence is the only sure stay. We are ever willing to help those that help themselves. Productive labor is the legitimate source of wealth, individual and to the nation, in proportion to the measure of intelligence and scientific knowledge which guides and directs its operations. Hence it is of primary importance that our youth should be effectually imbued with that kind of knowledge which will instruct them in the principles of their business, render it honorable, and make them independent in their minds and their fortunes."

A NEW RACE OF WELSH INDIANS.

At the last meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, in a communication from Sir James Alexander, on his late travels in the Rocky Mountains, a reference was made to a singular race of Indians living far in the interior, who were described of a fair complexion, possessing a superior knowledge of the arts, and speaking a language of themselves, who it was considered might be the lost Welsh colony, who, if they still existed, it must be in a parallel of 42 degrees latitude. A colony, it is known, left Wales under Prince Madoc in 1169, who, tired of the wars in their own country, set sail to discover some other settlement. Some of these returned to Wales, and gave a favorable account of a new country, to which they induced many others of their own countrymen to go; but the expedition has never but once been heard of. In 1619, a Welsh clergyman having been taken prisoner by a tribe of Indians, was doomed to death; when he solicited time to pray, which he did in his own language. This attracted the notice of one of the Indians, who recognizing his language, interfered and saved his life, and took him to the descendants of his own countrymen, on his return from whom he testified the circumstances on oath before a Court at Virginia. A young Welsh gentleman at New York had started thence last August, for the purpose of endeavoring to reach this lost tribe, his intended route being to Santa Fe, &c., from whence he would cross the Rocky Mountains by the best caravan. He has not since been heard of, but the result of his inquiry is looked forward to with considerable interest.—*Examiner.*

An honest man need not feel the assaults of his enemies. Talent will be appreciated, industry will be rewarded, and he who pursues, in any calling,

an open, manly, and honest course, must in the end triumph over his enemies, and build for himself a good name which will endure long after his traducers are forgotten.

MEMORY.

Stand on a funeral mound,
Far, far from all that love thee,
With a barren heath around
And a cypress bower above thee:
And think, while the sad wind frets,
And the night in cold gloom closes,
Of spring, and spring's sweet violets,
Of summer, and summer's roses.

Watch in the deepest cell
Of the foeman's dungeon tower,
Till hope's most cherished spell
Hath lost its cheering power:
And sing, while the galling chain
On every stiff limb freezes,
Of the huntsman hurrying o'er the plain
Or the breath of the mountain breezes.

Talk of the minstrel's lute,
The warrior's high endeavor,
When the homied lips are mute,
And the strong arm crasped forever:
Look back to the summer sun,
From the midst of dark December
Then say to the worn and weary one
"Thy pleasant to remember!"

From the Elevator. THE FIRE-DAMP.

[BY PROFESSOR J. A. WARDER.]

In England, where the coal is all dug from deep underground mines, a peculiar gas often collects in such quantities as to be very dangerous, because it is not only inflammable, but when mixed with the oxygen gas of the common air will explode violently when a flame comes near it. This is called fire-damp by the miners, who have great reason to dread it, as they require the light of lamp to pursue their arduous toil. We shall furnish upon another occasion a description of Davy's safety lamp, which is justly esteemed one of the most triumphant applications of scientific knowledge to practical purposes in the whole range of the history of the arts.

The chemical name of this gas, is carburetted hydrogen; showing that it is composed of two inflammable substances, carbon, or charcoal, and hydrogen gas. It is not found in coal mines alone, but occurs when vegetable matter decays under peculiar circumstances, especially when leaves and sticks accumulate and rot in a muddy pool. The following graphic account is from the pen of Moses B. Lockwood, prime actor in the scene he so well describes, that we leave the mode of collecting and experimenting upon this curious compound to be gathered from his own words.—*Ex.*

The students at West Town Boarding School, Chester county, Pa., for want of a better place, bathe in a mill pond of very limited extent. Chester Creek, a mere brook, enters at the northern extremity. The banks on all sides are covered with timber, from which an abundance of leaves and decayed wood find their way in the pond. Thence the great quantity of gas, that every person wading in the pond must have noticed.

I first visited the place in the year 1834, and on noticing the gas, determined to collect some for the purpose of examination. Taking as apparatus a bell glass furnished with a stop cock, a tabor, and as companion an assistant teacher in the school, we proceeded to the pond, readily filled the receiver, and fired the gas issuing from the stop cock.—We next proposed to burn the bubbles as they arose from the water.—On stirring the leaves the gas ascended up in large quantities, affording an admirably successful experiment. No sooner was the lighted taper brought near the surface of the water, than we found ourselves enveloped in flames. To retreat was of course the first impulse.

Fire and water though usually antagonist elements, in this instance formed an alliance so friendly, that to our amazement as well as our consternation we were pursued to the very banks. We however escaped with but a slight scorching. We soon found means, however to repeat the experiment with perfect impunity. This was done by selecting a position where the water was three or four feet deep, lying upon our backs with our legs extended; and allowing no part of our persons to touch the bottom except the feet, over which the gas might be inflated, and would continue to burn as long as the leaves were stirred beneath.

In this way we could cause the flame to follow us several rods. By raising the feet at pleasure it would expire.

With this experience, we determined to repeat the experiment in the presence of the scholars. Their next visit to the pond was deferred till evening, that darkness might render the phenomena more imposing. The boys were simply informed that "Master Moses was going to set the pond afire," and that their assistance would be necessary to the satisfactory performance of the experiment. The usual preparation for bathing being made, fifty of the less timid entered the water, with the injunction to step as lightly as possible till the pond was discovered to be on fire, when all would be at liberty to proceed as would best suit their inclinations. We soon came to a favorable spot, and the gas beginning to come up freely, a lighted taper was brought near the surface, when in an instant the radiant flame played upon our unprotected bodies, and cast a gloomy light upon the surrounding forest, disclosing here and there amid the thick underbrush the pale faces of their shaming companions who remained upon the bank. In the hurry, the injunction to step lightly was forgotten, and the general stir of the leaves which took place excited the gas in such abundance that the flames rose several feet above our heads. As they separated from me I raised my feet from the bottom, and found it much more difficult to suppress my laughter than to extinguish the flames.

Alas! Poor Dog!—There was a dog catastrophe at the Upper Falls, on Wednesday, that will bear a passing remark. It seems a fine water dog was playing about the Railroad bridge, when something was thrown into the river. The dog, true to his instincts, plunged in for its recovery, regardless of the strength of the current that was carrying the object of his pursuit to the boiling brow of the cataract.—No sooner did he strike the water, than his "half reasoning" powers told him that the dread plunge was impending. Heroically he struggled to stem the current, but in vain. Then he veered momentarily toward one shore—that would

not do. Then, a wistful look was thrown upon the other—that was equally impracticable. His resolution was then taken, and, as a dernier resort, he struck boldly down the current, making for the recumbent trunk of a tree which the flood had deposited on the very brow of the fall, where it lay athwart the stream. The effort was successful—the barrier to his impending descent was gained, and throwing his paws over the log, he drew himself partially across it, and peered down the abyss he had struggled so hard to avoid.

Poor faithful, life-loving brute! He had placed a barrier between him and the leap he dreaded, but to no purpose. And could not be afforded.—There were no means of reaching him, when, to put an end to his suspense, a rifle was brought and a ball driven through the creature's head! A death-spring raised him over the fallen tree, and the poor brute was lost amid the confusion of the descending waters.—*Rochester Advocate.*

WILLIAM PITT.

Pitt, tall and slender, had an air at once melancholy and sarcastic. His delivery was cold, his intonation monotonous, his action scarcely perceptible; at the same time the lucidness and fluency of his thoughts, the logic of his arguments, suddenly irradiated with flashes of eloquence, rendered his talent something far above the ordinary tone. I frequently saw Pitt walking across St. James's Park, from his home to the palace. On this park, George the Third arrived from Windsor, after drinking beer out of a pewter pot with the farmers of the neighborhood; he drove through the mean courts of this mean habitation in a grey chariot, followed by a few of the horse guards. This was the master of the Kings of Europe, as five or six merchants of the city are masters of India. Pitt, dressed in black, with a steel hilted sword by his side, and his hat under his arm, ascended, taking two or three steps at a time. In his passage, he only met with three or four emigrants who had nothing to do; casting on us a disdainful look, he turned up his nose, and his pale face, and passed on.

At home, this great financier kept no sort of order; he had no regular hours for his meals, or for sleep. Over head and ears in debt, he paid nobody, and never would take trouble to cast up a bill. A valet chambre managed his house. Ill dressed, without pleasure, without passion, greedy of power, and honor, he would not be anything more than William Pitt.

In the month of June, 1822, Lord Liverpool took me to dine at his country house. As we crossed Putney Heath, he showed me the small house, where the son of Lord Chatham, the statesman who had Europe in his pay, and distributed with his own hand all the treasures of the world, died in poverty.—*Chateaubriand.*

A Ludicrous Mistake.—Passengers by railroad should be careful and get into the right cars. A ludicrous mistake occurred at the depot in this town last week, by a neglect of such caution. A gentleman and his wife wishing to go west took seats in separate cars, the gentleman having waited until the train was about starting, to transact some business. Before he had proceeded far, he found himself minus a wife, and on inquiry ascertained that he had placed her in one of the cars of the Eastern train, and that the distance between them was increasing as rapidly as the wings of steam could accomplish it. He got out at the W. Springfield depot, and the last we saw of him he was trudging baggage in hand, back to Springfield.—*Springfield Gazette.*

The Pittsburg Chronicle has perpetrated the best thing we have seen for a long time. Hear him:

"Dr. Ezra Bliss, Jr., has escaped from the custody of the Sheriff of Johnson county, Iowa. We presume he may be styled *unheard of Bliss!*"

Deacons of the Old School.—In the days of Baillie Nichol Jarvie's father, the office of deacon was esteemed no mean distinction. Two worthy incumbents, not far from the banks of Ayr, happened to be invested with the above named dignity on the same day. The more youthful of the two flew home to tell his young wife what an important part of the civic edifice he had been allowed to become; and searching the "but and the ben" in vain, ran out to the byre, where, meeting the cow, he could no longer contain his joy, but, in the fullness of his heart, clasped her round the neck, and it is creca said kissed her, exclaiming, "Oh, Crummie, Crummie, you're nae langer a common cow now—ye're the Deacon's cow!" The elder civic dignitary was a sedate, pious person, and felt rather "blate" in showing to his wife that he was uplifted about this world's honors. As he thought, however, it was too good a piece of news to allow her to remain any time ignorant of it, he lifted the latch of his own door, and stretching his head inwards, "Nelly!" said he, in a voice that made Nelly all ears and eyes, "Giff ony body comes spierin' for 'the Deacon,' I'm just owre the gate at John Tamson's!"—*Ayre Advertiser.*

To make permanent Marking Ink.—Take 61 cents worth of lunar-caustic, and, having put it in an ounce vial filled with vinegar, cork it tight and hang in the sun. In a couple of days it will be fit for use.

To make the preparation for the above, take a lump of pearl ash the size of a chestnut, and dissolve in a gill of rain water.

The part of the muslin which is to be written upon is to be wet with the preparation, and dried and glazed with a warm flatiron; immediately after which it is ready for marking.

A little vinegar, in which a rusty nail has remained for a few days, makes a mark on linen which is not easily obliterated—forming what is commonly called iron-mould.

A nobleman, who had a splendid library, and wanted a copy of a very rare and magnificent book was informed that it had been bought by a tradesman of Paris. "Then," said he, "the book will be mine; for I will make an offer which no tradesman can refuse." He was introduced to the possessor, who was M. Renouard. When he saw his library, and discovered his taste and learning, he dropped the idea of bribery, and said, "Sir, I call

ed on you to solicit the honor of your acquaintance."—*Note in Dr. Valpy's Catalogue.*

AN OLD NEWSPAPER.

There is nothing more beneficial to the reflecting mind than the perusal of an old newspaper.—Though a silent preacher, it is one which conveys a moral more palpable and forcible than the most elaborate discourse. As the eye runs down its diminutive and old-fashioned columns, and peruses its quaint advertisements and bygone paragraphs, questions force themselves on the mind—where are now the busy multitudes whose names appear on these pages? were it the puffing auctioneer, the pushing tradesman, the bustling merchant, the calculating lawyer, who each occupies a space in this chronicle of departed time? Alas! their names are now only to be read on the sculptured marble which covers their ashes! They have passed away like their forefathers, and are no more seen! From these considerations the mind naturally turns to the period when we, who now enjoy our little space of existence in this chequered scene, shall have gone down into the dust, and shall furnish the same moral to our children that our fathers do to us? The sun will then shine as bright, the flowers will bloom as fair, the face of nature will be as pleasing as ever, while we are reposing in our narrow cell, heedless of every thing that once charmed and delighted us!

Mr. Adam Mott gives the following statement in the Maine Farmer:

"A friend of mine, who resides in Industry, in this State, told me that his wife was sick of what the Doctors called the Consumption. She was visited by four physicians, who gave her over.—She was very sick—was unable to sit up—had a very severe cough, and grew no better, 'but rather worse'—she failed very fast. She recollected that she had before received benefit from the use of St. John's wort; her husband procured some of it, it was steeped, and she made it a constant drink—for four or five days there appeared to be but little alteration; but after this she grew better very fast; her health was so much improved that in the course of six or eight weeks she was able to resume her customary occupations.—She commenced weaving, and wove about 40 yards of cloth. During this time she made constant use of St. John's wort tea.—What has been done may again be done. It helped her; it may help others.

The tea may be made as you would make peppermint or any herb tea to drink—by merely steeping the herb in water. The herb may be gathered any time after it is large enough—but the best time for gathering it is during the seventh month. A supply may now doubtless be found in almost every hay mow where there is any hay. I much approve of this simple remedy.

Despatches.—In the Senate a day or two ago, Mr. Buchanan said that while he was ambassador at St. Petersburg, his despatches from Washington sent by mail were regularly opened by every European Government through whose territory they passed—so that when they reached him the eagle on the seal so formally affixed looked like a turkey-lizzard. No European Government thought of sending despatches by mail.

An Indian complained to a retailer that the price of his liquor was too high.—The latter in justification said that it cost as much to keep a hoghead of brandy as to keep a cow. The Indian replied: "May be he drink as much water, but he no eat so much hay."

Election Anecdote.—At one of the late Elections an old man, with a purple and orange favor on his coat, joined the crowd mounted on a d. n. key, profusely decorated with blue ribbons.—"Hollo! master, why you are for both sides." "Oh no!" "Why you wear the colors of both parties." "Why, you see, I dunner like coercion; so I go wi' my party, and let my ass go wi' his'n."

An able and impartial London journal, of Democratic principles, takes the following view of the present position of the United States:

The present position of the United States is an anomaly in the history of nations. Very poor lands have very poor exchequers; very indolent people amass little national wealth; but, rich in natural treasures, potent in the energies of their people, the United States are the first nation, with means unlimited, utterly destitute of national credit. After the war of independence, the Union made gigantic and successful efforts to earn the endowment of an unshaken name in money matters. Of late years, however, the doctrine that one generation, or even one set of administrators of public affairs cannot build another, has made such progress among the separate States, and has been so fully embraced by many, that the faith in the aggregate is clean gone. In the city of London, in New York itself, there are doubtless many men whose word is their bond; but President Tyler, in a message which he has just sent to Congress, declares that the Union cannot obtain credit on any terms without giving some security in pledge.

Congress authorized loans to the extent of \$17,000,000; but Mr. Tyler says that the Government "cannot chaffer for terms in the market," without offering the security of some specific fund; and he asked to be allowed to pledge the land fund, the proceeds of which Congress has just enacted shall be distributed among the several States. The request was refused. In the mean time, there is a deficiency of \$14,000,000; and the military estimates for the year, swelled by the projected cost of fortifying the frontier and the seaboard, will probably amount to \$10,000,000. In this dilemma, Mr. Tyler, like Sir Robert Peel, has a tariff scheme; but it is of a different kind. Under Mr. Clay's bill, the duties of the very restrictive tariff were to be gradually reduced until they stood at 20 per cent. ad valorem in September, 1842. Mr. Tyler proposes to restore the restrictive tariff; cutting off all chance of increased import-revenue. The result of that enlightened policy is foreshadowed in the past. In the thirty years ending 1830, the import trade from the chief countries of Europe had decreased; and for forty years, all the principal exports of natural produce remained stationary, with one exception—the export of cotton to England. The restrictive system has effectually restricted the growth of the national wealth.