

# 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.

Number 39 of Volume 22.

SALISBURY, N. C., SEPTEMBER 2, 1842.

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## TERMS OF THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

CHAS. F. FISHER, Editor and Proprietor.

The WESTERN CAROLINIAN is published every Friday Morning, at \$2 per annum in advance—or \$2 50 if paid within three months—otherwise \$3 will invariably be charged. No paper will be discontinued except at the Editor's discretion, until all arrearages are paid, if the subscriber is worth the subscription; and the failure to notify the Editor of a wish to discontinue, at least one month before the end of the year subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement.

Advertisements conspicuously and correctly inserted at \$1 per square—(of 340 ems, or fifteen lines of this sized type)—for the first insertion, and 25 cent. for each continuance. Court and Judicial advertisements 25 per cent. higher than the above rates. A deduction of 33 1/2 per cent. from the regular prices will be made to yearly advertisers. Advertisements sent in for publication, must be marked with the number of insertions desired, or they will be continued till forbidden, and charged accordingly.

Letters addressed to the Editor on business must come FREE OF POSTAGE, or they will not be attended to.

## JOB PRINTING, SUCH AS.

CIRCULARS, PAMPHLETS, CARDS, LABELS, WAY BILLS, HORSE BILLS, Neatly and expeditiously executed at this Office.

## FOR SALE.

THE SUB for sale a fine new ring and last services. JOHN I. SHAWER. April 23, 1842.

## SALISBURY FACTORY.

THIS establishment is now in complete operation. The Company are manufacturing Cotton Yarn, Sheet, Shirting and Osnaburg, of a superior quality, which they offer to the public at the lowest market prices. J. RHODES BROWNE, Agt. Salisbury, June 3, 1842.

## NOTICE.

THE Subscriber has opened a Public House, in Mocksville, Davie County, where he is prepared to accommodate Boarders and Travellers in style which he hopes will prove satisfactory to all who may favor him with their custom. His Stables will be abundantly furnished with every thing necessary in the line of Provisions—his Bar well supplied with a variety of liquors. All riotous and disorderly conduct will be strictly prohibited. Call and enquire of me. E. R. BURCKHEAD. March 11, 1842.

## LUMBER FOR SALE.

THERE is a large quantity of Plank, Scantling and other building materials on hand for sale at the Mill of Charles Fisher, on South Yadkin River, formerly Pearson's Mill. ALSO—A quantity of choice curled Maple Plank, suitable for making house-furniture of various kinds. Any quantity of sawed Shingles can be furnished at a very short notice. These Shingles are always made out of heart pine, or yellow poplar, of a regular size, and require no painting, but can be nailed on the roof just as they fall from the saw—Price \$25 per 1,000 at the Mill. WILLIAMSON HARRIS, Agt. December 31, 1841.

## Wanted,

THREE or four families to work at the Salisbury Factory—none but those who can come well recommended for industry, and sobriety, need apply. J. RHODES BROWNE, Agt. Salisbury, June 3, 1842.

## FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber having determined on removing to the South, wishes to dispose of his valuable Plantation, lying within three miles of Salisbury, on the Stage road leading to Mr. Locke's bridge and to Lexington, Salem and Raleigh, &c.; it is the same formerly owned by William H. Slaughter, Esq., and it is presented generally well known. The tract contains

## 200 ACRES.

Some of which is cleared and under cultivation, and about ten of it first rate meadow land, it is watered by Goose Creek and two branches which run through the land, an excellent orchard, consisting of a great variety of very choice

## Apple, Peach and Cherry Trees.

There are two dwelling Houses on the tract, the one on the road is well calculated for a house of entertainment, it being a large two story building, very convenient, having all necessary out houses conveniently arranged, and supplied with an excellent spring of water. The other dwelling house is near the meadow ground and a first rate spring, from which it is supplied with water, and a large barn which makes it convenient for packing away hay. The above property is pleasantly situated, and remarkably health.

The subscriber being anxious to sell will give a bargain. Those wishing for further information can be gratified by calling on the premises, on the subscriber. JOHN T. BOWLES. Walnut Ridge, Rowan Co., N. C. April 23, 1842.

## Blanks For Sale Here.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Boston Miscellany for June. CATOCHUS.

It was a breathless night in June. My windows were all open, and yet the flame of my candle scarcely flickered. I had become deeply interested in the pages of a new book, and was heedless of the lapses of time, or the circumstances around me, until suddenly a moth fluttered into the flame, and the crackling of its slimy wings attracted my attention. Upon glancing at my watch which lay beside me on the table, I found to my surprise that it was already midnight. I determined thereupon to read no more, and shutting my book, walked across the room to draw the curtain, intending immediately to go to bed, but the moonlight shone so pleasantly in at the window, that I was forced to sit down and lean upon the sill, and gaze upon the scene. There were a few thin white clouds hanging around the horizon, like the distant wings of an enormous spirit, but otherwise, the sky was perfectly cloudless. Above, the moon was shining peacefully, and below, the world of green lay dreaming in its misty shroud, half obscured, save where the curving river glancing in the moonlight, shone like a burnished belt of steel. There is a strange fascination in sitting in the moonlight and for almost an hour I sat leaning out into the air. All was quiet save the monotonous musical gurgle of frogs in the pond, and at intervals the rustling of green leaves as a tremulous breath of wind swelled gently and then died away, or the prolonged bark of some far off dog. I had fallen into a vague revive when I heard the bell strike the hour of one. I arose and went to bed. But no sooner had I left the window than I felt a sharp pain shoot through my head, which after recurring at intervals through the next half hour, finally settled into a raging headache. My brain throbed violently and seemed loose in my head, so that every motion added to the pain. It was as if an iron hand compressed my temples within its gripping fingers. I lay thus tossing, restless and sleeping for several hours, and finally fell asleep.

I dreamed that I was lying beside a waterfall, half asleep. The water rushed hissing down beside me as if an ocean was loosened, and hurried boiling fiercely, down a rocky declivity. The air was drizzled with spray, which fell over me like hot sparks, and the trees above me, seen through it seemed at times human skeletons, which bent their long bony arms down to my face, and then slowly rising uplifted themselves into the air, and became natural trees again. A thousand circles entangling and interlacing, dilated and contracted incessantly, then slowly the motion decreased and they kept creeping around more gently, until they swam into a broad sea of smooth, glassy water, and fading out of my sight, left the air above me all calm and clear. Soon a small eye seemed placidly looking at me that grew larger and larger, until it filled the wide ring of the horizon; then it changed into a face which looked close into my eyes; gradually the features became distorted into a hideous mask, and growled, and then a thousand similar faces crowded one upon another, until the air seemed full of them; they were huddled together and tossed about without body like the waves of the ocean. Now I suddenly seemed to be crawling on my hands and knees over slimy and slippery rocks, which were covered with damp, green sea weed. As I groped along, the sea-weed began to change into snakes, until the rocks seemed alive with scissoring crawling reptiles that rubbed their slimy sides against my limbs and cheeks, and cast over me a dreadful chill of horror;—all my flesh seemed to creep, and the very scalp to move on my skull. In the midst of my horror and torment, I heard the wild ringing of a bell. I suddenly and convulsively opened my eyes and heard the breakfast bell ringing. For a moment I experienced the most grateful relief from the torment of this night mare, which has more than once thus affected me—and no one can tell the glad gush of feeling which came over me, when I found all this horrible scene was but a dream. I lay thus for a moment, thinking of the change, and then resolved to spring from the bed and dress myself immediately; but what was my surprise and horror, when I found I could not move. My body and limbs seemed rigid as marble and of an intolerable weight. I could neither turn my head, nor hand or foot. My eyeballs were fixed on a spot upon the white wall above my head, and I could neither turn them nor draw down the lid. In vain I strove to move. I was perfectly stiff and stupid and without the power of motion. There seemed to be some appalling disconnection between the will and the muscular system—between the mind and the body, as if my living soul was chained Mezentius like to a dead body. There was no pain—only a fearful sensation as if the whole air had congealed into a firm transparent amber, which held me strictly imprisoned.

Suddenly, like the swift track of a falling star, the thought shot across my mind that I was dead. Yes, that could be the only solution of this dreadful enigma—I was sure that I was dead, but Oh God! can this be death? Had he been always mistaken, and did the soul remain thus to haunt the body, without the ability to cast it off? Was death only a suspension of power over this fibrous mass, and these finely organized senses, and nicely adjusted muscles? Only the breaking of one link in the subtle chain, that connected all the faculties and powers with their instruments! Perhaps the soul was never freed until the body had rotted off, little by little, into a mass of corruption, and exhaled or fallen to dry dust; and I was destined to inhabit the living house, and feel it slough away from me and perish, ere I could emerge into the light and beauty of a renewed life. This I had never dreamed of, and all the joy and luxury of existence, all the sense of light and sunshine and fresh air, all the thousand fond delights with which God has strewn this pictured world, were not worth such a price. Upon these lips the worm should feed, and I could not drive them away; these eyes through which the soul had looked upon a mild and glorious world, as through clear glasses, would change until they were loathsome and corrupted. Oh God! the agony of such a thought. Nothing I had ever imagined equalled it in terror! And when I recalled the dead faces of those whom I had loved and buried, and remembered the benign and placid smile which shone upon them, like the last foot prints of the freed and rejoicing spirit as it fled heavenward, and which seemed to betoken

the recognition by the soul of a diviner sense, as it was leaving its clay tenements—and thought that, perchance, even at the very moment while I was bending over them to take a last farewell look, with this feeling in my heart, they were enduring the same fierce, burning torments—the same feelings of horror and despair that now gnawed me like a burning worm; it seemed to me as if all the joys I had ever known on earth would not counter balance so dreadful a doubt.

I heard my name called from below; I made another effort, but my tongue was torpid and dull as lead. Still I could not resign myself to the thought that I was dead. I inwardly declared that I would move—I strove with almost superhuman exertions, but in vain—I could not take my eyes from that spot on the wall, which had become secured because I must see it. Side-wise through my eyes I felt the pleasant sunshine glowing into the room; and over my head the bees hummed and buzzed incessantly, and crept now and then across my face.

How long and tedious seemed the moments; they were years to my excited mind—and no one came. An age of torment seemed to have passed when I heard a light tap at my door—I could not answer it. Again I heard a louder knock; I knew it was my sister, for she spoke and called me by name. The door opened and she came forward cautiously, and again spoke as she approached the bed. She looked a moment at me and touched me— I did not speak, but lay motionless with my eyes strained at that infernal spot. She paused a moment, and then uttering a piercing scream, ran to the door and called for my mother. Instantly the horror of the cry brought the family to my bedside. They lifted my hand and it felt again upon the coverlet. They felt my heart—there was not a flutter of a pulse, for all that it seemed to me as if hell itself, could not be worse than the torment that I was enduring. I heard quick convulsive sobs, and felt a soft hand smooth my hair from my forehead. Some one said—“He must have died in a fit; and yet how calm his face is.” “Yes,” was the answer, “he probably suffered no pain and died almost immediately—perhaps in his sleep.” The voices grew more distant and murmuring, and some one left the room. Soon the door opened, and the face of the family physician intercepted the damned spot for a moment. Now, thought I, he will know that I am not dead, and will relieve me from this situation. He felt of my heart and pulse for a moment, and then I heard him say, in answer to the anxious inquiries, “Yes, madam, I am sorry to say he is entirely gone. My art can avail him nothing.” The voices then became lower, and I listened in vain.

It was a long dark pause—then the shutters were closed, and persons trod lightly across the floor, and spoke to each other in an under tone, as if the place were sacred. That silent awe which pervades the chamber of death, and hushes the voice as if the senseless clay could hear, had passed over their spirits like breath stain upon glass. I heard the low confused murmur of voices drone through the darkened chamber. Now and then the door opened and some one went over me and gazed at me, while scalding tears fell upon my face. Then the room was emptied of all persons, and I was left alone in the darkness and stillness. I listened for voices, for any thing was better than this dreary stillness—but in vain: a spell was on the house: its sounds of laughter, its footsteps, its bustle and noise were gone: every step was careful and slow, and every voice a whisper. So went an hour after hour and I still lay helpless, and longing for the moment when I should be able to move and loosen myself from the close deathly grasp which almost pressed the life out of the body. As I lay thus, I suddenly heard a bird's gush of song from the tree beneath my window; how joyously it warbled, unconscious of the agony so near it—and how my heart sickened within me as I heard it.

Soon persons came and wrapped me up in white linen, and swathed my limbs and made the noble funeral arrangements. Some one said, “How ghastly his eyes look,” and then gently pressed down the lids over the balls of my eyes. Never till that moment did I dream that that accursed spot, on which my gaze had been riveted for many hours, could become dear to me. The thought that we are viewing an object, however mean, for the last time, always raises it in importance, and gives it a fictitious charm; and now this spot to me was the straw to a drowning man, the silver line of sunlight in a prisoner's dungeon—the last link with this visible earth. I strove in vain to keep open the lids—slowly they yielded to the pressure of the fingers, and gradually the range of vision became more and more confined, until all was utterly lost. Never before had the fear of being buried alive suggested itself, but now it came over me like a gulphing wave. I thought that I should be laid down alive in the charnel house among the decaying corpses and stilled from the clear breath of heaven, famish, if indeed I were not dead then. All the frightful stories of such occurrences that I had ever read came to my mind, and the hope of ultimate recovery grew feebler and feebler.

The night came; and another unending it seemed. One after another I heard the hours struck by the clock, until at last, from pure exhaustion, I lost my sensation. It must have been late in the morning when I returned to consciousness. I felt hands upon me—they were lifting me into my coffin! I heard them screw in screw after screw until the lid was fastened, and only the narrow space over my face remained open. I felt the sides of the coffin jar and rub against my arms, and I despaired that I should ever recover my power of motion.

The coffin was lifted and placed upon a table. Some one asked when I was to be buried—“This afternoon,” was the answer—“he has been dead two days.” I had then been unconscious for the length of the whole day. Now the time instead of drawing a weary length, seemed to fly with rapidity like lightning. The past seemed endlessly long—the future was fore shortened to a breath, a moment. The clock ticked faster and faster, and time seemed to pour itself away in rapid moments, as a rising thundercloud empties its fierce, heavy drops more and more rapidly.

It was afternoon—the company gathered—the shutter creaked beside me, and the window was opened. I felt the warm breath of the spring air steal over my face like a delicious odor. I heard the birds singing among the branches, and the

gentle rustling of the waving trees as the wind stirred among the leaves. I thought of all the gladsome earth—the blue of the rippling brooks, half sunlight, half shadow—of the early evening clouds, whose hues shift like colors on the dove's neck—of the stars, of the moon, of the swelling and heaving ocean, and cling to the memory of the more than a mute despair, loving them the more the nearer I came to losing them.

At last the dim whispering hum about the room ceased—the clock ticked loudly, and the clergyman's voice repeated those first sentences in the services for the dead—“I am the resurrection and the light.” &c.

His voice ceased—I gave myself up to despair. I tried to resign myself to the dreadful thought that I was to be buried alive. Some one lifted the lid to screw it down ere I should be removed: I heard a faint exclamation from some one bending over me—“Good God! he must be alive yet; there are drops of perspiration now upon his forehead!—Bring a mirror and place it to his lips, he may breathe yet.” It seemed that the extremity of my agony had wrung out a cold dew upon my skin. No sooner had the words been spoken than there was a wild hurly and suppressed exclamations of fear, and doubt, and surprise about the room. What a moment of agony was the next! The fearful anticipation, lest, after all, there should be no sign of breath, was worse than before. The mirror was brought, and then I knew by the sudden and fearful cry, that my real state, that of Catochus, was at last known.

I was bled instantly; between my lips a few drops of brandy were forced, and my limbs and head were fomented with heated cloths, with such effect, that in two hours I regained my power of motion and sat up, though weak from loss of blood and entirely exhausted by the dreadful suffering through a fiery ordeal. Believe me, these pains I would not suffer again, if the price should be a showing of all the wealth and glory that the world can bestow. Such suffering does not leave a man where it finds him. I rose an altered man, with my moral and mental constitution completely changed.

The main incident of this story, however improbable it may seem, is founded on a fact, and has occurred within a range of a writer's experience. Catochus is only a peculiar form of Catalepsy, in which the patient retains the use of his various senses, while the power of motion is entirely suspended, and presents an appearance which may easily be mistaken for death. In removing some bodies from the vault of a church in a neighboring city, on the occasion of erecting a new church, it was discovered that three bodies had assumed such a situation as could only be accounted for on the supposition of their having been buried while in a state of suspended animation or stupor, they having turned over in their coffins upon the recurrence of consciousness. The occurrence of such a fact alone, together with the known existence of diseases which assume the semblance of death, should induce the extreme caution, and make it a matter of duty to apply before burial, such tests as leave no shadow of doubt and no room for mistake with regard to the actual fact of death. W. W. S.

## NIAGARA FALLS.

Lord Morpeth has left at Niagara, the following:

NIAGARA. There's nothing great or bright, thou glorious Fall! Thou may'st not to the fancy's sense recall— The thunder, riven cloud, the lightning's leap, The straying of the chambers of the deep, Earth's emerald green and many-tinted dyes, The fleecy whiteness of the upper skies, The tread of armies, thick'ning as they come, The boom of cannon, and the beat of drum, The brow of beauty, and the form of grace, The passion and the powers of our race, The song of honor in its loudest hour, The unrequited swop of Roman power, Britannia's Trident on the azure sea, America's young shout of liberty! Oh! may the wars that madden in thy depths, These spend their rage, nor climb th' encircling steep; And, till the conflict of thy surges cease, The nations on thy banks repose in peace!

Remarkable Fact.—One year ago, Mr. Caleb Harshorn, of this place, while chopping logs in the woods, cut his own foot off, just below the ankle, with his axe. We are informed on the best authority that a new foot has grown out since, in its place. It is one of the most providential things we have ever heard of.—Arkansas Gazette.

Providential! Not at all. What says the poet— “There is a Divinity that shapes our ends Rough hew them as we will!” Detroit Daily Advertiser.

A Deed of Separation.—A good story was told the editors at the expense of an Eastern gentleman who came to our city on a matrimonial speculation. The unfortunate subject of this practical joke, it seems, had been married in the morning at one of our chief hotels, and had gone with his bride on board a steambot to take passage for home, when the wife recollected that in the confusion of her mind, so natural to her new degree, she had left her reticule in the cab, and dispatched our friend in pursuit. While in the cab the steamer lifted to the great mortification of the husband, who tore round like a madman, threatening all sorts of vengeance on the Captain. His rage, however, was appeased, and he returned to wait for the next boat. It was remarked that the glances which he occasionally bestowed on the unfortunate reticule were any thing but complacent.—N. Y. Express.

The Moon Uninhabited.—An old lady, who had been reading the famous moon story very attentively, remarked with emphasis, that the idea of the moon's being inhabited was incredible to be believed; “for,” said she, “what becomes of the people in the new moon, when there is nothing left of it but a little streak?”

An Irishman once riding to market with a sack of potatoes before him, discovered that his horse was getting tired, whereupon he dismounted, put the potatoes on his shoulder and again mounted, saying, “it was better that he should carry the prates, as he was fresher than the poor baste.”

## POLITICAL.

REMARKS OF MR. CALHOUN, OF SOUTH CAROLINA, In Senate, July 23, 1842.

On the Tariff. The proposition being to reduce the duty on cotton bagging.

MR. CALHOUN said the duty proposed by this bill on cotton bagging was heavy, and would act oppressively on those he represented, and the whole cotton-producing States. Five cents on the square yard equalled 6 1/2 on the running. The cost of the article abroad this year was from 4 to 5 pence, as he learned by a letter received recently from a highly respectable importing house in Charleston. Assuming 9 cents to be the average cost, a duty of 6 1/2 cents on the running yard would be about 63 per cent. ad valorem. It would take 5 1/2 yards for a bale of cotton of 400 pounds, which would make the duty on the bagging equal to 33 1/2 cents the bale.

But as heavy as would be this tax on the bagging, that proposed by the bill on the rope and twine was still the more so. They would be subject to a duty of 6 cents per pound; which would equal, on the rope, 150 per cent. ad valorem, taking the cost abroad from official documents. On the twine it would be less; but how much, he was not certain. It would probably, however, not fall short of 50 per cent., and might be much more. Assuming 6 pounds of rope and a quarter of a pound of twine to a bale, the duty for the rope would be 30 cents, and the twine 1 1/2 cents—making, that for the bagging, 71 1/2 cents the bale.

Assuming that the crop of cotton this year would be two millions of bales, (which, from appearance, could be an under estimate,) the actual amount of the duty on these three articles only, on the crop, would be the enormous sum of \$1,422,222; estimating the average price for the year at 7 1/2 cents per pound, (which, he apprehended, was too high,) the gross amount of the crop in value would be \$60,000,000, on which \$1,422,222 would be about 2 1/2 per cent. It would, of course, be a loss of 2 1/2 bales in a hundred, or 1 in 37, to the planter, making an aggregate loss on the crop of 47,000 bales. Such would be the amount of the burden on the cotton planter, under the proposed duties on bagging, rope, and twine. If we were now deliberating on an income tax to raise revenue to meet the wants of the Government, instead of a duty on the imports, the share which would fall on the cotton planters, would not exceed the sum proposed to be levied on them by the duty on those three items. The annual income of the people of this Union cannot be estimated at less than \$1,200,000,000. It is probably much more; but on that sum a tax of 2 1/2 per cent. would give a revenue of \$28,000,000, about equal to the sum proposed to be raised by this bill. If to this heavy burden there be added the heavy list of other oppressive duties proposed by the bill on almost every article consumed by the cotton planters, and which they cannot transfer to the shoulders of others, by a single duty in their favor, some conception may be formed of the extent of the burden which the growers of this great staple must bear, should this bill become a law.

He would now ask, why should such high duties be laid on the articles used in packing and baling the cotton? He could see no good reason for it. On the contrary, it seemed to him that, on sound principle, and according to analogy, they ought to be either duty free, or subject to a very light one, or at least entitled to drawback on the shipment of the cotton abroad. The process of ginning and packing the cotton after it has been cultivated and harvested, may be fairly considered as a manufacture. It takes more machinery, and is more expensive, than many which are highly favored by this bill; and it would be but justice to place the materials necessary for the process (the bagging, rope, and twine) on the same footing as those which enter into the process of other manufactures—such as dye stuffs, raw hides, and others—all of which are exempt from duty, or subject to very light ones, on importation, under this bill. Indeed, they are entitled to a more favorable consideration. Most of the articles for which these are used, are sold at home; and the increased cost, on account of the duties, may be laid on in their sale. Not so is the case of cotton. That is, for the most part, sold abroad, where not a cent more can be had for duties paid. Viewed in that light, they come fairly under the drawback principle, as applied in the case of refined sugar from imported brown sugar, or rum from imported molasses, and the like, which on shipment abroad, are allowed a drawback for the duty on the articles used in their manufacture. The reason in the one case, is as strong as in the other. The only difference is, that in one case the process is carried on in one portion of the Union, and on the other in another.

But we are told that nothing is lost to a planter in consequence of the duty; and that, for the extraordinary reason—that he gets as much for the bagging by the pound, in the sale of the cotton, as for the cotton itself; and that, when the price is ten cents or more per pound, he loses nothing. If it were so, there is no reason why he should be deprived of the advantage by the imposition of heavy duties. But there is a great mistake in supposing that the buyer does not allow for the weight of the bagging. He gets nothing for it when he sells. In the great cotton market, (Liverpool,) the bale is stripped and weighed, and nothing paid for but the cotton sold. Some small allowance is made for bagging, but nothing like its price; so that the duty in all cases is a dead loss. It is too absurd to suppose the buyer would pay, when he can get nothing; and we may be assured that, where no deduction is formally made for the weight of the bagging, the buyer takes it into account, in fixing the price he gives. The bagging, rope, and twine, on a crop of two millions of bales, would weigh at least 30 millions of pounds—equal to \$200,000,000 in value, estimating the price of cotton at the lowest rates—a sum rather too large for the buyer or the manufacturer to present as a gift to the factors annually. They are not quite so generous as to do it intentionally, and are too sagacious to do it by mistake. But the Chairman of the Finance Committee has read from the documents, that the whole amount of cotton bagging imported in 1840 was not quite three millions of yards; and that at five cents a yard, it would give a revenue of only \$150,000. Does he intend it should be inferred that only that