

CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY HAMILTON C. JONES, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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SALISBURY, N. C. MAY 19, 1838.

WHOLE NO. 303.

NEW TERMS

OF THE
Carolina Watchman,
The WATCHMAN may hereafter be had for
Dollars and Fifty Cents per year.
A Class of new subscribers who will
advance the whole sum at one payment,
shall have the paper for one year, at Two Dollars,
and as long as the same class shall
continue to pay in advance the sum of
Two Dollars the same terms shall continue,
and they will be charged as other subscribers.
Subscribers who do not pay during the year
shall be charged three Dollars in all cases.
No subscription will be received for less than
one year.
Advertisements will be discontinued but at the option
of the Editor, unless all arrears are paid
at the time.
All letters to the Editor must be post
paid, or they will certainly not be attended
to.

Terms of Advertising.

One Dollar per square for the first insertion
and Twenty-five Cents per square for each
insertion thereafter.
Advertisements will be charged 25 per cent
more than the above rates. A deduction of
50 per cent from the regular prices will be
made for those that advertise by the year.
No advertisement will be inserted for less
than one Dollar.
Advertisements will be continued until orders
are received to stop them, where no directions
are particularly given.

MARKETS.

SALISBURY.

Cents.	Cents.
Wheat, 95 a 100	Molasses, 55 a 60
Barley, 45 a 50	Nails, a 7 1/2
Oats, 45 a 50	Oats, 25 a 30
10 a 12 1/2	Pork, \$6 00 a \$7 00
10 a 12 1/2	Sugar, br. 11 a 12
10 a 12 1/2	loaf, 18 a 20
10 a 12 1/2	Salt, \$1 02 1/2
10 a 12 1/2	Tallow, 10 a 12 1/2
10 a 12 1/2	Tobacco, 8 a 20
10 a 12 1/2	Tow-linen, 16 a 20
10 a 12 1/2	Wheat, (bushel) \$1
10 a 12 1/2	Whiskey, a 15 50
10 a 12 1/2	Wool, (clean) 40

FAYETTEVILLE.

Wheat, 95 a 100	Molasses, 55 a 60
Barley, 45 a 50	Nails, a 7 1/2
Oats, 45 a 50	Oats, 25 a 30
10 a 12 1/2	Pork, \$6 00 a \$7 00
10 a 12 1/2	Sugar, br. 11 a 12
10 a 12 1/2	loaf, 18 a 20
10 a 12 1/2	Salt, \$1 02 1/2
10 a 12 1/2	Tallow, 10 a 12 1/2
10 a 12 1/2	Tobacco, 8 a 20
10 a 12 1/2	Tow-linen, 16 a 20
10 a 12 1/2	Wheat, (bushel) \$1
10 a 12 1/2	Whiskey, a 15 50
10 a 12 1/2	Wool, (clean) 40

CHEW.

Wheat, 95 a 100	Molasses, 55 a 60
Barley, 45 a 50	Nails, a 7 1/2
Oats, 45 a 50	Oats, 25 a 30
10 a 12 1/2	Pork, \$6 00 a \$7 00
10 a 12 1/2	Sugar, br. 11 a 12
10 a 12 1/2	loaf, 18 a 20
10 a 12 1/2	Salt, \$1 02 1/2
10 a 12 1/2	Tallow, 10 a 12 1/2
10 a 12 1/2	Tobacco, 8 a 20
10 a 12 1/2	Tow-linen, 16 a 20
10 a 12 1/2	Wheat, (bushel) \$1
10 a 12 1/2	Whiskey, a 15 50
10 a 12 1/2	Wool, (clean) 40

SALISBURY RACES.

THE Races over the Salisbury Course will
commence on Wednesday 30th of May,
and continue 4 days.
1st Day, sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and
fillies, mile heats—Entrance \$50, half forfeit.
The best opened until evening before the race.
2nd Day—Association Purse \$150 mile heats,
for any thing.
3rd Day—Association Purse \$200, 2 mile heats,
for any thing, except the winner on the pre-
ceding day.
4th Day—Purse of \$100 added to the en-
trance and gate money of the week, mile heats,
free for any thing.
Entrance on each of the purse days will be 10
cents, and the amount in stake which it is
desired will be more in each case than above
mentioned, but by no means less. The track will
be in good condition, and the Association
desires the strictest attention to order.
BY THE MANAGERS.
April 7, 1838.—787

NORTH CAROLINA

STATE LOTTERY,
For the benefit of the Salisbury Academy.
Ninth Class for 1838.
To be drawn at WINDSOR, Bertie
County, N. C. on Thursday, the 17th May
1838.
25 Number Lottery—14 Draws Ballots.
LILLY & WHEELER, Managers.

SCHEME.

Prize of \$10,000, one Prize of \$4,000,
one Prize of \$2,000, one Prize of \$1,500, one
Prize of \$1,000, one Prize of \$500, one
Prize of \$250, one Prize of \$100, one
Prize of \$50, one Prize of \$25, one Prize of \$10,
one Prize of \$5, one Prize of \$2, one Prize of \$1.
Tickets \$5, Halves \$2 50, Quarters \$1 25.
To be had at the greatest variety of numbers,
and by the Package or single Ticket of
WHEELER & BURNS,
Salisbury, N. C.
\$65 50
25 Half—32 75
25 Quar. 16 37 1/2

A HUMOROUS SCENE.

A correspondent of the Farmer's Register,
in an interesting letter on rural economy
has introduced the following graphic
sketch:

Some years ago, I rode in the night to
visit a patient, and as I passed the house
of Mr. Samuel Poe, in the lower end of
Prince Edward, I heard the tones of a ban-
jo, and was told by the old gentleman,
(Mr. Poe), that his servants had brewed a
barrel of persimmon beer, and he gave
them the privilege of having what they called
a "beer dance." Curiosity induced me to
ride to the door, accompanied by Mr. Poe,
and the other gentlemen. And there we
saw rare sport! An "unco sight!" Not
however, such a sight as Tam O'Shanter
saw when he peeped into "Kirk-Alloway,"
for the dancers there were "warlocks" and
witches; here they were Virginia slaves,
dancing jigs and clapping "juber," over
a barrel of persimmon beer. It occurred to
me, that if Tam could have made his ap-
pearance about this time on his gray mare,
Maggie more than the "bleeze" of "Kirk-
Alloway" and Tam might have roared out,
"weel done, Cutty Sark? a thousand
times, and torch lights would not have ex-
tinguished.

The ball was opened with great ceremony,
by singing a song known to our Vir-
ginia slaves, by the name of "who-zen-
John, who-zen?"
"Old black bill come down the hollow,
He shake his tail, you hear him bellow;
When he bellow he jar de river,
He paw the yearth, he make it quiver.
Who-zen-John, who-zen?"

This was a sky rocket thrown out, as a
prelude to the grand exhibition, and will
give the reader some idea of what is to fol-
low. Those who could not get seats in
the house, took their stand outside, peep-
ing in the door and through the logs, mak-
ing remarks on the dancers; and here I
will observe, that there was a complete Ba-
bel jargon, a confusion of tongues!
"Down the road, come show me de motion.
Set to your partner, Dolly. Cut him out
Gabe."—Sal, does put her foot good?"
"Yonder come de coal black horse" "The
yellow roan's up! hear how he lumbers!
he's a real stunner, ring cliplets now bel-
cher and drag out!"—Congo is a scrouger,
he's up a gum, and no bug-eater, I tell you,
he carries a broad row, weeds out every
thing—hoes de corn and digs de taters!"
"Molly look like kildee, she moves like
hens—see how she shake herself!"
"Hello! in there, I wish you all sen' us out
some simmon beer?"—Lor! see how Ag-
gy shake her foot! she ken pull the whip
saw down?"—Nick? come here and see
how Ben cross his bow-legs! look at his
mouf! when he grin, he mouf and teeth
like hen ness full o' eggs!"—Nick? I
reckon if Tamar's cat stay in there much
longer, they will wash her guts out; her
skin 'ont hold peas!"—Come here Gabe;
come if you please; Jackson's Dick is
dancing with Ellington's Nance! see how
she quivers! Now, Nance!—Try, Nance!
—She does but look pretty—When she
sets and turns, she is like a picter—and she
is a fine form, back. Dick shan't have
Nance, I'll kick him high as the meat
house first!" (Sings.) "She bin to the
north, she bin to the south, she bin to the
east, she bin to the west, bin so far beyond
the sun, that she is the gin for me."—Dick
hadn't no business dancing with Nance;
he ain't no man of gumption. I tried him,
and he can't be used to understand the
dramatical part of the function, the func-
tion of fundamental, and the imperially of
dramatical things. Gabe? Dick's a fool, &
you may tell him Sambo says so, he is knock-
kneed, and ugly enough to eat Gibbo."
"Well, I know that; sing on Sambo!"
I went from the Great-house, down to the kitchen,
To get a knot of light-wood to see to a fishing.
To treat granny Dinah;
I went to the stable, I coach master gray horse,
I clap the saddle on him and he trot like he
do'nk care.

He do'nk care, he do'nk care,
Having become tired of this out of door
conversation, we concluded to view the
group in the house. Here the banjo-man
was seated on the beer barrel, in an old
chair. A long white cow-tail, queued with
red ribbon, ornamented his head, and hung
gracefully down his back; over this he
wore a three cocked hat, decorated with
peacock feathers, a rose cockade, a bunch
of ripe persimmons, and to cap the climax,
three pods of red pepper as a top-not.—
Turning his banjo, grinning with ludic-
rous gesticulations and playing off his wild
notes to the company. Before him stood
two athletic blacks with open mouth and
pearl teeth, clapping Juber to the notes of
the banjo; the fourth black man held in
his right hand a jug gourd, of persimmon
beer, and in his left, a dipper or water-
gourd to serve the company; while two
black women were employed in filling the
fire-place, six feet square, with larded per-
simmon dough. The rest of the company,
male and female, were dancers, except a
little squat wench, who held the torch light.
I never had seen Juber clapped to the banjo
before, and you may suppose I looked upon
such a novel scene, with some degree of sur-
prise. Indeed, I contemplated the dancing
group, with sensations of wonder and as-
tonishment! The clappers rested the right
foot on the heel, and its clap on the floor

was in perfect unison with the notes of the
banjo, and palms of the hands on the cor-
responding extremities; while the dancers
were all jiggling it away in the merriest pos-
sible gait of heel, having the most ludic-
rous twists, wry jerks, and flexible contor-
tions of the body and limbs, that human
imagination can divine.

The whole world is a ball we find,
The water dances to the wind,
The sea itself, at night and noon,
Rises and dances to the moon.

The earth and planets round the sun,
Still dance; nor will their dance be done
Till nature in one blast is ended,
Then may we say the ball is ended.

The rade ballad set to Juber, corre-
sponds admirably with the music and actors
in this wild fantastic dance. While the
clappers were laboring in the performance
of their office, they responded at the same
time to the notes of the banjo.

"Juber up and Juber down,
Juber all around de town,
And Juber round the simmon vat,
Hoe corn! hill tobacco,
Get over double trouble, Juber boys
Juber.

Uncle Phil, went to mill,
He suck de sow, he starve the pig,
Eat the simmon gin me de seed,
I tole him, I was not in need,
Hoe corn! hill tobacco!
Get over double trouble, Juber boys
Juber.

Aunt Kate? look on the high shelf,
Take down the husky dumplin,
Pill eat it wi' my simmin cake,
To cure the rotten belly ache,
Hoe corn! hill tobacco!
Get over double trouble, Juber boys
Juber.

Racoon went to simmon town,
To choose the rotten from the soon,
Dare he set upon a sill,
Eating of a whip-corn-will,
Hoe corn! hill tobacco!
Get over double trouble, Juber boys
Juber.

When supper was announced, the ban-
jo-man, was first served; then the clap-
pers and beer bearer; and lastly, the beax
and their partners. Each had a huge loaf
of larded persimmon bread with a gourd of
beer.

This ended the beer dance, and as I
left the house, I thought to myself, that
Virginia slaves were the happiest of the
human race—and I still think so.
"The learn'd is happy to explode,
The fool is happy that he knows no
more."

Solomon, the wisest man, says: "in
much wisdom, there is much grief; and
he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth
sorrow."

The beer dance, I have attempted to de-
scribe, in a faint representation of what ac-
tually occurred. It requires an abler pen
to do it justice. I feel mortified that I can-
not give a more vivid and glowing descrip-
tion of these black beax, who acted so
conspicuous a part with their partners in
the persimmon junket. The broad grin,
the smile of the little squat wench, seen
through her torch-light, and humid lip, the
twist of the tongue, the white teeth, the
oblique look, the glance of the eye, the
toss of the head, the quaint bow, the curv-
ed stin, the bandy leg, the nimble jig, the
affected air of the wench, the profuse
perspiration, the cloud of dust, the lucid
room, the phiz of the banjo's tum, tum,
tum, and Juber's song and clap, would
call forth the combined talent and lively
imagination of a Wirt, an Irving, a Burns,
an Addison, and a Dryden. And if a north-
ern Abolitionist, with his pocket filled with
inflammatory documents and resolutions,
could have witnessed such a scene in Vir-
ginia, he would in my opinion, have con-
signed them to the flames, his great love for
the blacks, to the contrary notwithstanding.

AN UNHAPPY MARRIED MAN.—The sub-
joined outpourings of a married man, are
from the "Charcoal Sketches" of Neal.
Courtship has been aptly termed a paradise,
and matrimony the way from that happy re-
gion to earth again. The following, if true,
is a pretty good illustration:

"What made you get married if you don't
like it?"
"Why I was deluded into it—fairly deluded
into it. I had nothing to do of even-
ings, so I went a-courting. Now, court-
ing's fun enough; I hav'nt got a word to say
agin courting. It's about as good a way
of killing an evening as I know of. Wash
your face, put on a clean dicky, and go and
talk as sweet as nugee or molasses candy
for an hour or two—to say nothing of a
few kisses behind the door, as your sweet-
heart goes to the step with you."

"When I was a single man, the world
wagged along well enough. It was just like
an omnibus; I was a passenger, paid my
levy, and had'n't nothing more to do with
it but sit down and not care a button for
anything. S'posing the omnibus got up-
set—well, I walks off, and leaves the man
to pick up the pieces. But then I must
take a wife and be banged to me. It's all
very well for a while; but afterwards, it's
playgy like owning an upset omnibus!"

Ann? queried Montezuma—what's all

that about omnibuses?
"What did I get by it?" continued Ga-
maliel, regardless of the interruption, "How
much fun? why a jiving old woman and
three squallers.—Mighty different from
courtin' that is.—What's the fun of buy-
ing things to eat and things wear for them,
and wasting good spreeing money on such
nonsense for other people? And then, as for
doing what you like, there's no such
thing. You can't clear out when people's
owing you so much money you can't stay
convenient. No—the nabbers must have
you. You can't go on a spree; for when
you come home missus kicks up the devil's
delight. You can't teach her manners—
for constables are as thick as blackberries.
In short, you can't do nothing. Instead of
"Yes, my duck" and "No my dear,"—As
you please, honey," and "When you like,
lovey," like it was in courtin' times, it's a
riglar row at all hours. Sour look and cold
potatoes; children and table clothes had off
for soap—always darning and mending and
nothing ever darned or mended. If it
wasn't that, I'm particularly sober, I'd be
inclined to drink it a excuse enough. It's
heart-breaking, and it's all owing to that
I've such a pain in my gizzard of mornings.
I'm so miserable I must stop and sit on the
steps."

"What's the matter now?"
"I'm getting aggravated. My wife's a
savin' critter—a sword of sharpness—she
cuts the throat of my felicity, stabs my hap-
piness, chops up my comforts, & snipe up all
my Sunday-go-to-meetings to make jackets
for the boys—she gives all the wittels to the
children, to make me sry and jump about
like a lamp-lighter—I can't stand it—my
troubles is overpowering when I come to
add 'em up."

"Oh, nonsense! behave rice—don't make
a noise in the street—be a man!"
"How can I be a man, when I belong to
somebody else? My hours 'ot my own—
my money 'ant my own—the old woman and
them three children. I'm a partnership
concern, and so many has got their fingers
in the till that I must bust up. I'll break
and sign over the stock in trade to you."

From the Lynchburg Virginian.
FABLES FOR GREAT MEN.
FOR MR. CALHOUN.

THE WOLF AND SHE-GOAT.—[Altered
from Esop].
A Wolf in pursuit of a She-Goat,
chased her into a pit, and fell in after her.
The Goat drew up in a corner and stood
on her defence. But the wily Wolf at
once understood his situation and address-
ed the Goat in the most affectionate manner.
"My dear madam," said he, "what means
this appearance of alarm? Is it possible
that it was fear that made you fly from me
when I was so desirous of becoming ac-
quainted with you? I could almost re-
pudiate the accident which thus enables me
to introduce you, and to show you that, so
far from being your enemy, even this pit is
delightful, when shared with you."

The poor Goat was well pleased to hear
this language, and they soon became the
best friends in the world, and enjoyed
each other's society too much to think of
getting out of the pit. Meanwhile the
Goat told the Wolf all the secrets of her
family, boasted of the number of kids, and
told where they slept and where they were
then feeding. When, at length, they came
to think of their situation, the Wolf propo-
sed that the Goat should leap up against the
side of the pit, and let him climb out
on her head, and then draw her out
by the horns. But no sooner was he out
than he made off, when the Goat called to
him claiming his promise. The Wolf
looked back at her with a grim smile: "I
should be glad to do it," said he, "but I am
afraid I am not strong enough. Besides,
you are rather old and tough, and I am im-
patient to feast on the dainty little kids you
have been talking about. Some days
hence, when I have eaten them, I may
come and try to scratch you out, and eat
you too!"

Application.

When Mr Van Buren found himself
with an empty treasury, and discovered that
his popularity was gone with his money,
he set about to recover both. But the
scheme would not take; so he flatters
Calhoun, by affecting to adopt, as an Oracle
of Wisdom, an inconsiderate saying of
his uttered some years ago. Calhoun
comes to his aid, and gains time for him to
rally his friends, and pass the bill without
his farther assistance. The provisions
therefore which had been introduced into
the bill to gull him, is dropped, and he
is left at the bottom of the pit. Mean-
time the little flock which had been led by
him is scattered: some have fallen into
the jaws of the Wolf; some have wandered
into the stray-pen of the U S Bank; and
the rest straggling without a guide, betake
themselves to the rocks, where they may
starve in safety.

FOR MR. CALHOUN AND MR.
STRANGE.

THE STRANDED WHALE.
A violent storm threw a Whale high and
dry on the shore. The other animals ga-
thered around him, and alarmed at his enor-
mous bulk and portentous bellowings, deter-
mined to destroy him. How to go about

it was the difficulty. But the Whale knew
well enough that, even if they let him alone,
his doom was sealed. So he determined to
turn their malice to account. Accordingly,
he began a pathetic remonstrance against
their cruelty to a poor wretch just providen-
tially rescued from a watery grave; and
affected such a dread of the water that they
not knowing how else to despatch him de-
termined to drown him. They set to work
accordingly; and the Elephant with his
tusks, and the Bull with his horns, once
more launched him into the deep.

Application.

When Van Buren found himself high
and dry, he instructed Mr. Strange of N. C.
[see his speech on the Sub-Treasury] to
complain of the load of odium under
which he labored in consequence of the
patronage of his office. Mr. Strange did
so, and proved, by the Rule of Three, that
nothing but the most meritorious conduct
on the part of Mr. Van Buren could save
him from being crushed by a barthen heav-
ier than that of Atlas. Mr. Calhoun catches
at the idea, and seizes the occasion of
the Sub-Treasury scheme, to heap a heav-
ier load on the shoulders of his fallen enemy.
He proposes [and calls on all good
State-Rights men to aid him] to bury him
like the fabled Giants of old, beneath
mountains of patronage.

"Until his ground,
Singeing its pate against the burning
zone,
Makes Ossa like a Wart."

The speech of Mr. Strange is the only
explanation yet given of Mr. Calhoun's as-
sertion that the passage of the Sub-Treasury
Bill would crush the power of the
Federal Executive.

FOR MR. VAN BUREN.

THE OLD LION AND HIS PET JACKALL.

The fondness of the Lion for the Jack-
all is proverbial. He feeds him with the
offal of his prey, and thus, at once, grati-
fies him, uses him as a scavenger to keep
his den clean. One day the Lion caught a
fat Hog that had been beaten and wound-
ed by the other hogs, and wandering alone,
became an easy prey. He bore him to his
den, and he and the Jackall feasted, and
both pronounced that there was no meat
like pork. But the Lion was old and lazy
and one day he sent the Jackall out to pur-
vey for both. But he not knowing the na-
ture of the Hog, except as an article of
food, went like a fool, and jumped into
the hog-pen, and was torn to pieces by
them, and eaten by an old sow.

Application.

When General Jackson set the Banks
whether by the ears, he obtained an easy
victory over the U. S. Bank, and left it to
his successor to destroy the others. How
he has sped is shown in the late elections,
from that of New York, to that of Vir-
ginia. The result is that many feel the ne-
cessity of a Bank of the U. S. who never felt
it before, the establishment of a new Bank
of the U. S. will be the consequence, and
then it will feed on a fat Government fat-
tened by its former depredations on prop-
erty.

NEW OR RARE DISEASE.

Died on Saturday, a child of Mr. Wheeler,
in Rivington street. Spots appeared upon its
face and body, on Friday morning, of a
dark color, distinct as those of the leopard.
They continued to spread until they extend-
ed over the whole surface, leaving the fine
of demarkation between them so plain as to
give a singularly variegated appearance.—
These spots were for the most part regul-
arly circumscribed, but some of them bran-
ched off into clusters. These upon the face
and shoulders before death became confu-
sured and ran into each other, so that the skin
resembled that of an African negro. We
were informed that the child had been re-
markably healthy from its birth up to the
time of this extraordinary appearance. Dur-
ing the two days of its illness some thirty
or forty of the oldest and most distinguish-
ed physicians and surgeons of this city were
invited by Dr Oatman the attending physi-
cian, to visit the child, as he could not give
a solution of the case. No one of this
number had ever seen a parallel. The dis-
ease appeared malignant, but without pu-
trulence or gangrene, as no important change
took place after death.

We are pleased to learn that Dr Oatman
employed an artist to take a full and accu-
rate likeness of the appearance of the dis-
ease, which we presume he will take plea-
sure in exhibiting to the scientific and cu-
rious, at his residence, No. 98 Eldridge
street.—Baltimore American.

BREWSICK, (Ga.) April, 19.

MAMMOTH BONES.—In the excavation of
the Brunswick and Altamaha Canal, there
has been discovered, about five miles from
this place, a large deposit of bones of ex-
traordinary size, and in a remarkable state
of preservation. Several vertebrae of eight
inches in transverse diameter, have been
discovered. Teeth in which the top is
nine inches longer diameter, and five inches
in breadth, and about as large as a man's
but, have also been excavated. These
were evidently of a molar character. There
have been found also, smaller teeth of more
solid structure, with pointed crowns, and
apparently belonging to some carnivorous
animal. Portions of large tusks have also

been excavated, of the perfect structure of
ivory. These last were much crumpled,
but to judge by the size of the circles mark-
ed in the ivory, the original diameter of the
tusks could not have been less than ten or
twelve inches. It is probable that the prin-
cipal deposit of bones has already been
reached as yet, though several cart loads
have been excavated; all that has been
discovered were within six feet of the sur-
face. They lay mostly embedded in a blue
clay. Thus far they have not been uncer-
eaved with care, and do not have been taken
of the relative positions in which the
different species of bones have been found.
In future the excavation will proceed im-
mediately with the attention due to the dis-
covery of such curiosities. We believe they
are the first of the kind that have been
found in Georgia. Specimens will be for-
warded to scientific Societies, and we wait
the result of their examination with great
interest.

In the salt marshes upon the shore of our
bay are found, at the depth of from six to
fifteen feet, frequent roots and stumps of
the cypress—a tree which grows only in
fresh marshes. May it not be that the At-
lantian once discharged its waters at this
port, and that in the convulsion of nature
which changed its bed—removing it twelve
miles to the northward, these great animals
were destroyed and embedded together, hav-
ing sought for security what was then the
highest point of land.

From the Baltimore Sun.

A good anecdote is told of the Rev. J. L.
Weems, that elegant biographer of Washing-
ton. It is only known that Weems wrote books,
but that he peddled them, also. In one of his
excursions of this nature, he accidentally fell in
with a pair of young people who were about to
be married. Mr. Weems having made himself
known, was immediately applied to perform the
ceremony uniting them in wedlock. After this
important matter had been settled, the idea nat-
urally suggested itself to some of the company
that a dance would be very proper on the oc-
casion. Mr. Weems had no objection; and the
only difficulty which appeared to render the
proposal impracticable was, that they had no
fiddler. It was whispered that the difficulty
could be overcome if certain arrangements could
be made.—Accordingly, a curtain was suspend-
ed from one side of the room to the other, and
presently behind it, the thumping and tuning of
a violin was heard, and soon after, the merry
dances began.

All things went on gaily and merrily for a
while, but suddenly, the curtain was torn loose,
when the Rev. J. L. Weems, fiddling away, as if
for poor dear life itself, but really for the amuse-
ment of the dancers. It is certainly a happy
faculty to be able to turn one's hand to any
thing.—Mr. Weems was one of the most elu-
quent preachers of his time—one of the best
writers—an honest pedlar—a first rate fid-
dler, and above all, a good man.

From the West Tennessee.

MAN! WHY SPILLED THOU THY FELLOW'S BLOOD!

It is our painful task to lay before the public a
scene, perhaps as tragic as any acted upon the
theatre of life. Our feelings at present will not
allow us to give more than a brief description of
it. It was witnessed in Mill's Point, Ky., on
Friday and Saturday last. Dr. Rivers and Col.
Ferguson of that place, friend to the parties in
the late tragic scene at Clinton, were authorized
to draft a statement relative to that affair, to be
laid before the public. In the discharge of this
office, they could not agree. Several difficulties
had arisen between them with reference to the
matter; but they were finally settled by a social
drink from the flowing bowl.—In the face of this
adjustment, and against the laws of man and
heaven, Ferguson deliberately loaded his rifle,
placed himself at his window, in front of the
public street, and shot Rivers dead as he passed,
(his little child following him.)—perhaps uncon-
scious of any danger. He fell exclaiming—"Oh,
God! I am dead—I am dead." Ferguson, pro-
ceeding from his room to the fatal spot, and see-
ing his fallen victim, cried out—"Rivers is dead!
I did it." He was arrested and confined in a
room. A brother to Dr. Rivers, hearing next
day of the occurrence, rushed forth armed with
a crowd to the room, in which F. was, and find-
ing he could not enter at the door, he broke
through the window. Ferguson retreating to
another. Some of the crowd, observing the es-
cape of the latter, cried out to Rivers—"He is
out!" At which Rivers immediately returned
from the room, and shot Ferguson running at
the distance of thirty yards. He fell instantly,
but was not dead. Rivers approached, no one inter-
vening, and snatched two pistols at him—the
third presented to his breast, drove his spirit in-
to eternity, whilst Ferguson prayed piteously for
mercy. Rivers is yet untried.—These are the
circumstances connected with this horrid scene.

THE MURDERERS ARRESTED AND CONDEMNED.

Our readers will remember that about three
weeks ago, we published an account of the mur-
der of Mr. Wm. C. Comer, by three negroes be-
longing to Mr. Adair Webster of Rockingham
Co., N. C.

The murderers have been tried, convicted and
sentenced to be hanged on Friday the 1st day