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"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE, UNWARD BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS."

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MISCELLANEOUS.

The annexed article affords curious information respecting the peculiar habits of the Wild Pigeon of this country. It is taken from Silliman's Journal for April last, for which periodical it was furnished by S. P. Hildreth.

WILD PIGEONS.—The most remarkable characteristic of these birds is their associating together, both in their migration and also during the period of incubation, in such prodigious numbers as almost to surpass belief; and which has no parallel among any other of the feathered tribes, on the face of the earth, with which naturalists are acquainted.

These emigrations appear to be undertaken rather in quest of food, than merely to avoid the cold of the climate; since we find them lingering in the northern regions around Hudson's Bay, as late as December; and since their appearance is so casual and irregular, sometimes not visiting certain districts for several years, in any considerable numbers, while at other times they are innumerable. I have witnessed these migrations in the Genesee country—often in Pennsylvania, and also in various parts of Virginia, with amazement, but all that I had seen of them were mere straggling parties, when compared with the congregated millions which have since beheld in our western forests, in the states of Ohio, Kentucky, and the Indiana territory. These fertile and extensive regions abound with the nutritious acorn, which constitutes the chief food of the wild pigeon. In seasons when these acorns are abundant, corresponding quantities of pigeons may be confidently expected. It sometimes happens that having consumed the whole produce of the acorn trees in an extensive district, they discover another at the distance perhaps sixty or eighty miles, to which they regularly repair every morning, and return as regularly in the course of the day, or in the evening, to their place of rendezvous, or as it is usually called the roosting place. The roosting places are always in the woods, and sometimes occupy a large extent of forest. When they have frequented one of these places for some time, the appearance it exhibits is surprising. The tender grass and underwood are destroyed, the surface is strewn with large limbs of trees broken down by the birds clustering one above another; and the trees themselves for thousands of acres, killed as completely as if girdled with an axe. The marks of this desolation remain for many years on the spot; and numerous places could be pointed out where for several years after, scarce a single vegetable made its appearance.

When these flocks are first discovered the inhabitants from a considerable distance visit them in the night, with guns, clubs, pots of sulphur, and various other engines of destruction. In a few hours they fill many sacks, and load their horses with them. By the Indians, a pigeon nest, or breeding place, is considered an important source of national profit and dependence for the season; and all their active ingenuity is exercised on the occasion. The breeding place differs from the roosting in its greatest extent. In the western countries above mentioned, these are generally in beach woods, and often extended in nearly a straight line across the country for a great way. Not far from Shelbyville in the State of Kentucky about five years ago, there was one of these breeding places, which stretched through the woods in nearly a north and south direction; was several miles in breadth, and was said to be upwards of forty miles in extent. In this tract almost every tree was furnished with nests, wherever the ranches would accommodate them. The pigeons made their appearance there about the tenth of April, and left it together with their young before the twenty-fifth of May.

As soon as the young were fully grown before they left their nests, numerous flocks of the adjacent country, came with wagons, axes, and cooking utensils, many of them accompanied by the greater part of their families, and encamped for several days at this immense nursery. Several of them informed me, that the noise in the woods was so great as to terrify their horses, and it was difficult for the person to hear another speak without

howling in his ear. The ground was strewn with broken limbs of trees, eggs and squab pigeons, which had been precipitated from above, and on which herds of hogs were fattened.

Hawks, buzzards, and eagles were sailing about in great numbers, and seizing the squabs from their nests at pleasure; while from twenty feet upwards to the tops of the trees, the view through the woods presented a perpetual tumult of crowding and fluttering pigeons, their wings roaring like thunder; mingled with the frequent crash of falling timber; for now the axe-men were at work cutting down those trees that seemed most crowded with nests, and contrived to fell them in such a manner, that in their descent they might bring down several others; by which means the falling of one large tree sometimes produced two hundred squabs, little inferior in size to the old ones, and almost one mass of fat. On some single trees upwards of one hundred nests were found, each containing one young one only, a circumstance in the history of this bird not generally known to naturalists. It was dangerous to walk under these flying and fluttering millions from the frequent fall of large branches broken down by the weight of the multitudes above, and which in their descent often destroyed numbers of the birds.

I had left the public road to visit the remains of the breeding place near Shelbyville, and was traversing the woods with my gun, on my way to Frankfort, when about one o'clock the pigeons which I had observed flying the greater part of the morning northerly, began to return in such immense numbers, as I never before had witnessed. Coming to an opening by the side of a creek called the Benson, where I had a more uninterrupted view, I was astonished at their appearance. They were flying with great steadiness and rapidity, at a height beyond gun-shot in several strata deep, and so close together that could not have reached them, one discharge could not have failed of bringing down several individuals. From right to left far as the eye could reach, the breadth of this vast procession extended, seeming every where equally crowded.—Curious to determine how long this appearance would continue, I took out my watch to note the time and sat down to observe them. It was then half past one. I sat for more than an hour, but instead of a diminution of this prodigious procession, it seemed rather to increase both in numbers and rapidity; and, anxious to reach Frankfort before night, I rose and went on. About four o'clock in the afternoon, I crossed the Kentucky river at the town of Frankfort, at which time the living torrent above my head seemed as numerous and extensive as ever.

CHINESE MODE OF FISHING.

The Chinese are masters in the matter of fishing. The rivers, lakes, and seas, abound with scaly tribes; and besides the lines, nets, and ordinary instruments for taking them, they have two ways of fishing, which are thus described by Le Compe, as quoted in the Chinese Repository for November, very singular and odd:

The first is practised in the night, when it is moonshine; they have two very large straight boats, upon the sides of which they nail, from one end to the other, a board about two feet broad, upon which they have rubbed white varnish, very smooth and shining; this plank is inclined outward, and almost touching the surface of the water. That it may serve their turn, it is necessary to turn it towards the moonshine, to the end that the reflection of the moon may increase its brightness, the fish playing and sporting, and mistaking the color of the plank for that of the water, jerk out that way, and tumble before they are aware, either upon the plank or into the boat, so that the fisherman, almost without taking any pains, hath in a little time his small barque quite full.

The second manner of fishing is yet more pleasant. They breed, in divers provinces, cormorants, which they order and manage as we do dogs, or even as we do hawks for game; one fisherman can very easily look after one hundred; he keeps them perched upon the sides of his boat, quiet, and waiting patiently for orders, till they are come at the place designed for fishing; then, at the very first signal that is given them, each takes its flight, and flies towards the way assigned it. 'Tis a very pleasant thing to behold how they divide among them the whole breadth of the river, or of the lake; they seek up and down, they dive, and come and go upon the water a hundred miles, till they have spied their prey, then do they seize it with their beak, and immediately bring it to their master. When the fish is too big, they hold one another interchangeably, one takes it by the tail, another by the head, and go after that manner to the boat; the men hold out long oars to them, upon which they perch themselves with their fish, and then suffer the fishermen to take their prey from them, that they may go and seek for another. When they are weary, they let them rest awhile, but give them nothing to eat till the fishing is over; during which time their throat is tied with a small cord, for fear they should swallow the little fish, and when they have filled their bellies, refuse to work longer.

From the New-York American.
THE PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF
JAS. O. PATTIE;
Edited by T. Flint, Cincinnati, E. H. Flint,
New-York, Peter Hill.

To those who delight in tales full of incident, of those among savage hordes, and encounters with ferocious beasts—of wandering in interminable forests, and exposure upon arid sands; or to those who look deeper than the mere interest in the scene of the moment, take pleasure in studying its effect upon the characters brought beneath their observation,—this remarkable narrative will prove highly interesting. The author—whose veracity is endorsed by Mr. Flint, to which we have Mr. P.'s express word for stating, that he is indebted only for a few verbal alterations and topographical illustrations—is a thorough backwoodsman—a plain, blunt man, who delivers his story in unvarnished tale with an appearance of truth and simplicity that must at once obtain him credit, even while it makes his readers smile.

His father, who it appears distinguished himself as a subaltern in the last war, was induced by a reverse of fortune and domestic calamity to leave St. Louis early in 1824 upon one of those hunting and trading expeditions which the occasionally starting from that place to Mexico.—Young Pattie, then about twenty, made one of the party; which, from consisting of but a few in the first instance, gradually increased in number, until it amounted to one hundred and sixteen well armed and well mounted adventurers, skilled in the use of weapons and familiar with the dangers and resources of frontier life. It may give some idea of the sufferings, hardships and dangers which this party encountered, to mention, that from exposure and accident, famine, fever, and deadly conflict with the Indians, there were but sixteen of its number surviving at the end of five years; and the majority of these either captives in New-Mexico, or wandering, stripped of every possession, even to their arms, over a country where the face of every man was turned away from them as "inbred dogs," who had been justly punished for trying to spy out the nakedness of the land. For the general course of the narrative, we refer those desirous of becoming acquainted with the most striking peculiarities of life in the wild regions traversed by Messrs. Pattie, to the book itself; but we have marked a number of passages, which, for the bold situations they exhibit, and the thrilling interest they excite, are hardly excelled even in the most highly wrought works of fiction.

What, for instance, can be more animated than the following account of a midnight attack from a bear, with the melancholy consequences of his ferocity:

"We came to water, & encamped early. I was one of the guard for the night, which was rather cloudy. About the middle of my guard, our horses became uneasy, and in a few moments more, a bear had gotten in among them, and sprung upon one of them. The others were so much alarmed, that they burst their fastenings, and darted off at full speed. Our camp was soon aroused, and in arms for defence, although much confused, from not knowing what the enemy was, nor from what direction to expect the attack. I still stood at my post, in no little alarm, as I did not know with the rest, if the Indians were around us or not. All around was again stillness, the noise of those in pursuit of the horses being lost in the distance. Suddenly my attention was arrested, & I gazed in the direction from which the alarm came, by a noise like that of a struggle at no great distance from me. I espied a bulk, at which I immediately fired. It was the bear devouring a horse, still alive. My shot wounded him. The report of my gun, together with our men from the camp, where they awaited a second attack from the unknown enemy in perfect stillness. Determined to avenge themselves, they now sallied forth although it was so dark, that an object ten steps in advance could not be seen. The growls of the bear, as he tore up the ground around him with his claws, attracted all in that direction. Some of the men came so near, that the animal saw them, and made towards them. They all fired at him, but did not touch him. All now fled from the ferocious animal, as he seemed intent on destroying them. In this general flight one of the men was caught. As he screamed out in his agony, I happening to have reloaded my gun, ran up to relieve him. Reaching the spot in an instant, I placed the muzzle of my gun against the bear, and discharging it, killed him. Our companion was literally torn in pieces. The flesh on his hip was torn off, leaving the news bare, by the teeth of the bear. His side was so wounded in three places, that his breath came thro' the openings; his head was dreadfully bruised and his jaw broken. His breath came out from both sides of his windpipe, the animal in his fury having placed his teeth and claws in every part of his body. No one could have supposed that there was the slightest possibility of his recovery, through any human means. We remained in our encampment three days, attending upon him, without seeing any

change for the worse or better in his situation. He had desired us from the first to leave him, as he considered his case as hopeless if ourselves did. We then concluded to leave from our encampment, leaving two men with him, to each of whom we gave one dollar a day, for remaining to take care of him, until he should die, at which then bury him decently."

The feelings of his companions recur so strongly to the deserted sufferer, that they return to him; and after carrying him a day's journey further upon a litter, the painful company of leave-taking again ensues, till he is left to perish in this untried region.

A cavalry charge of Indians, like the one here described, must be a goodly sight to look upon:

I do not think an eye closed in our camp that night; but the morning found us unmolested, nor did we see any Indians before the sun was at the point spoken of. When it had reached it, an army of between 6 and 800 mounted Indians, with their faces painted, as black as though they had come from the infernal regions, arrayed with furs and spears and shields, appeared before us. Every thing had been done by the Indians to render this show as intimidating as possible. We discharged a couple of guns at them to show that we were not afraid, and were ready to receive them. A part advanced towards us; but one alone, approaching at full speed, drew down his bow and arrows, and began to sing in our ears, saying in broken English, "Comanches no good, me lot of good man." He gave us to understand, that the Iotan nation was close at hand, and would not let the Comanches get us, and then started back. The Comanches fired some shots at us, but from such a distance that we did not return them. In less than half an hour we heard a noise like distant thunder. It became more and more distinct, until a band of armed Indians, whom we conjectured to be Iotans, became visible in the distance. When they had drawn near, they reined up their horses for a moment, and then rushed in between us and the Comanches, who charged upon the Iotans. The latter sustained the charge with firmness. The discharge of their fire-arms and the clashing of their different weapons, together with their war-whoops and the shrieks of the wounded and dying were fit accompaniments to savage actors and scene. I do not pretend to describe the deadly combat between the two Indian nations; but as far as I could judge, the contest lasted fifteen minutes. I was too deeply interested in watching the event, to note it particularly. We wished to assist the Iotans, but could not distinguish them from the mass, so closely were the parties engaged. We withheld our fire through fear of injuring the Iotans, whom we considered our friend. It was long before we saw to our great satisfaction the Comanches dismounted, which was the signal of their entire defeat.

One might expect more agreeable visitors than those, whose unceremonious call is mentioned below:

The following morning my companion and myself separated, agreeing to meet after four days at this spring. We were each to ascend a fork of the river. The banks of that which fell to my lot were very brushy, and frequented by numbers of beasts, of whom I felt fearful, as I had never before travelled alone in the woods. I walked on with caution until night, and encamped near a pile of drift wood which I set on fire, thinking thus to frighten any animals that might approach during the night. I placed a spit with a turkey I had killed upon it, before the fire to roast. After I had eaten my supper I laid down by the fire of a log with my gun by my side. I did not fall asleep for some time. I was aroused from slumber by a noise in the leaves, and raising my head saw a panther stretched on the log by which I was lying, within six feet of me; I raised my gun gently to my face and shot it in the head. Then springing to my feet, I ran about ten steps, and stopped to reload my gun, not knowing if I had killed the panther or not. Before I had finished reloading my gun, I heard the discharge of one on the other fork, as I concluded, the two running parallel with each other, separated only by a narrow ridge. A second discharge quickly followed the first, which led me to suppose that my comrade was attacked by Indians. I immediately set out and reached the hot spring by day break, where I found my associate dead. The report of my gun had awakened him, when he saw a bear standing upon his hind feet within a few yards of him growling. He fired his gun, then his pistol, and retreated, thinking, with regard to me, as I had with regard to him, that I was attacked by Indians.

Among other descriptions of animals, we find one of a singular breed of sheep: Upon these we saw multitudes of mountain sheep. These animals are not found on level ground, but being slow of foot, but on these hills and rocks they are so nimble and expert in jumping from point to point, that no dog or wolf can overtake them. One of them that we killed had the largest horns that I ever saw on animals of any description. One of them would hold a gallon of water. Their meat

tastes like our mutton. The horns are short like a deer's though fine. It is short for call them the *grass corns*, from French for their horns, which curl around size of their ears, like our domestic sheep, their animals are about the size of a deer.

And another, of a race of hogs equally remarkable:

In these bottoms were great numbers of wild hogs, of a species entirely different from our domestic swine. They are fox-colored, with their nasal on their back, towards the back part of their bodies.—The hoof of their hind feet has but one dew-claw, and they yield an odor not less offensive than our poleacs. Their figure and head are not unlike our swine, except that their tail resembles that of a bear.—We measured one of their tusks, of a size so enormous, that I am afraid to commit my credulity, by giving the dimensions. They remain undisturbed by man and other animals, whether through fear or on account of their offensive odor, I am unable to say. They have no fear of man, and that they are exceedingly ferocious, I can bear testimony myself. I have many times been obliged to climb trees to escape their tusks. We killed a great many but could never bring ourselves to eat them.

An Indian's idea of baptism:

Mocho asked us how we baptised our people? I answered that we had two ways of performing it; but that one way was, to plunge the baptised person under water. He replied promptly, now there is some sense in that; adding that when a great quantity of rain fell from the clouds, it made the grass grow; but that it seemed to him that sprinkling a few drops of water amounted to nothing.

A good shout:

We had scarcely made our arrangements for the night when 100 of these Indians followed us. The Chief was a dark and snaky looking savage, and he made signs that he wanted us to give him a horse.—We made as prompt signs of refusal.—He replied to this by pointing first to the river, and then at the furs we had taken, intimating, that the river with all it contained, belonged to him; and that we ought to pay him for what we had taken, by giving him a horse. When he was again refused, he raised himself erect, with a stern and fierce air, and discharged his arrow into the tree, at the same time raising his gun and shooting the arrow as it still stuck in the tree, in two. The chief seemed bewildered with this mark of close marksmanship, and started off with his men. We had no small apprehensions of a night attack from these Indians.

These bows and arrows, however, though no match for the western rifle, are not to be despised as efficient weapons; and any one who is skilled enough in the noble sport of archery to drive the head of an arrow through an inch board at a reasonable distance, can readily believe that what is stated below can be accomplished by more practised hands with the same weapon:

We had the merriest sport imaginable, in chasing the buffaloes over these perfectly level plains, and shooting them with the arrows we had taken from the Indians we had killed. I have killed myself, and seen others kill a buffalo, with a single shot of an arrow. The bows are made with the ribs of buffalo's, and drive the arrows with prodigious force.

Here, in five lines is a complete picture of a whole race of Indians:

Here we met a band of the Grasshopper Indians, who derive their name from gathering grasshoppers, drying them, and pulverizing them, with the meal of which they make mush and bread; and this is their chief article of food. They are so little improved, as not even to have furnished themselves with the means of killing buffaloes. At sight of us these poor two-legged animals, dodged into the high grass like so many partridges.

It is amusing to observe the indifference with which the writer, as he proceeds in his narrative, speaks of his hostile encounters with the Indians, which seem to excite not half the concern of a bear fight. Yet while he talks of dropping Indians from trees with his rifle, and hearing their bodies rattle through the branches like wild turkeys falling to the ground, his heart melts at the sufferings of his dog; and when he comes to kill his horse, he is completely unmanned. But the stout backwoodsman must speak in his own words:

Almost on the outset of our expedition we began to suffer greatly for want of provisions. We were first compelled to kill our dogs, and then six of our horses. This to me was the most cruel task of all. To think of waiting for the night to kill and eat the poor horse that had borne us over desert and mountains as hungry as ourselves, and strongly and faithfully attached to us, was no easy task to the heart of a Kentucky hunter. One evening after a hard day's travel, my saddle horse was selected by lot to be killed. The poor animal stood staidly and bridled before us, and it fell to my lot to kill it. I loved this horse, and he seemed to have an equal attachment for me. He was remarkably kind to travel, and easy to ride, and spirited too. When he stood tied in camp among the rest, if I came any where

near him, he would fall to neighing for me. When I held up the bridle towards him, I could see consent and good will in his eye. As I raised my gun to my face, all these recollections rushed to my thoughts. My pulses thrummed, and my eyes grew dim. The animal was gazing at me with a look of steady kindness.—He whistled, was dizzy, and my gun fell after a moment for recovery. I shot him over skin to any one who would buy this price. One was soon found at this price. I was the last horse we had these surplus horses. I had it been otherwise, we should have all perished with hunger.

We have still many interesting passages marked for extract, which are not here quoted, having already given more than our usual room to this little volume. The most amusing of these, perhaps, is one in which the band of hunters first came to tide water, at which they were almost as much astonished as the followers of Alexander. They encamp upon the sand-bar of a Mexican river and being flooded by the tide coming in from the sea in the night; which they mistake for a freshet, paddle their canoes to the shore, where, upon composing themselves to sleep, they are equally surprised to find their-elves left high and dry by the retreating waters in the morning. We take leave of this volume with the persuasion that Mr. Flint has done a service to the reading public in preparing it for the press.

The following anecdote may, we think, be read with advantage by some of our dyspeptics, who actually drink and eat themselves into dyspepsia.

A wealthy manufacturer from the west of Scotland, while at Edinburgh on business, called upon Dr. Gregory for his advice. He was a man of middle stature, rather corpulent, with a rosy complexion, and whose exterior altogether bespoke the comfortable liver. After seating himself, the following dialogue ensued:—
Gentleman—Well, Dr. Gregory, I have come up to Edinburgh in the way of business, and I just thought I would seek your advice about my health:

Doctor—Your health, sir? what is the matter of you?

Gent. I'm no just sae weel? the stomach as I'd like to be.

Dr. The stomach! I suppose you are a drunkard or a glutton then, sir?

Gent. Na, na, Dr. Gregory; ye canna say that—ye canna say that; ye maun believe that I am a sober man, and a temperate man; and a deacon of the kirk, as my father was afore me.

Dr. Well, let us see; what do you eat and drink? what do you take for breakfast?

Gent. I take coffee or tea w' toast, and a fresh egg, or a bit o' salmon, though I have no much appetite for breakfast.

Dr. Yes, and then you take something by way of lunch between breakfast and dinner?

Gent. I canna say I care over much about the lunch; but can take a bit o' bread and cheese and a glass o' ale, if it be there, but I canna say I care over much about it.

Dr. Well, what do you eat for dinner?

Gent. O! I'm no very particular, though I maun say I like my dinner.

Dr. I suppose you take soup first?

Gent. Yes, I can say I like my soup.

Dr. And a glass of porter or brandy and water with it?

Gent. Yes, I like a glass of something wi' my soup.

Dr. And then you have fish or beef and mutton, with vegetables?

Gent. Yes.

Dr. And a glass of ale or porter with them?

Gent. Yes, I take a glass o' ale now and then w' my meat.

Dr. And then you have boiled fowl and bacon, or something of that sort, I suppose?

Gent. I maun say I like a bit of fowl and bacon, now and then.

Dr. And a glass of something with them?

Gent. Yes.

Dr. And after the fowl, you have pudding?

Gent. I'm nae fond o' the pudding, but I can take a bit, if it be there.

Dr. And you must drink wine with your pudding?

Gent. I canna take over much o' the wine, but if I ha' a friend w' me, I take a glass or so.

Dr. And then you have cheese or fowl?

Gent. Yes, the gude wife is over fond of them, but I canna say I care about them.

Dr. But you take a glass of wine of two with your nuts?

Gent. Yes, a glass or two.

Dr. Well, you do not finish your dinner without whiskey-punch?

Gent. I find my dinner sits better on my stomach with a little punch, so I take a glass or so.

Dr. And you have tea, I suppose?

Gent. Yes, I maun take my tea w' the gude wife.

Dr. And a bit of something with it?

Gent. Yes, I can take a bit of something, if it be there.