

Edgefield Advertiser.

"We will cling to the Pillars of the Temple of our Liberties, and if it must fall, we will Perish amidst the Ruins."

VOLUME IX.

Edgefield Court House, S. C., May 22, 1844.

NO. 17.

EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER

BY W. F. DURISOE, PROPRIETOR.

NEW TERMS.

Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, per annum, if paid in advance—Three Dollars if not paid before the expiration of Six Months from the date of Subscription—and Four Dollars if not paid within twelve Months. Subscribers out of the State are required to pay in advance.

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All communications addressed to the Editor, post paid, will be promptly and strictly attended to.



Poetic Access:

From the Abbeville Banner.
SPARKLING WATER.

A Temperance Ode.—BY R. S. R.
Bright spirit of the crystal wave
Thou living soul! my lips to lave
In thy clear, sparkling, cheering stream,
Refreshes, as some heavenly dream,
Pure! as thy own bright purity,
Thou didst not iniquity;
But moral strength and vigor come
When thy cool surface laves the tongue.

Sparkling spirit of the mountain!
Gushing dew of mossy fountain!
Thy diamond glance gives joy and health;
Nor need thy vot'ry drink by stealth,
Nor stint the draught, but pledge again,
Thy choicest gift of God to men!
Bright, sweet, and pure, Thou hallowed thing!
We swear allegiance to thy spring.

A witness too of God on earth,
We do not deem to know thy worth;
Without thy purifying leaven,
Thy written Man can't enter Heaven.
Emblem then of God's pure nature,
Let it satisfy his creature,
Charming, sparkling, brilliant water!
Crystals glancing, gem like daughter.

O Water sweet! and Water bright!
We quaff thee with unmixed delight.
Sweet beverage of the crystal spring!
Compared to Wine's infernal sting
How heavenly! and all desire
Engendered for that liquid fire,
Is quenched in Waters living stream,
Sweetly we sleep, and sweetly dream.

Come drunkard! tho' accursed to fame,
Thy thoughts be changed, be heaven thy aim!
Let Woman urge her gentle claim,
Unchanged in mind, she loves the same.
Gladly she comes, with fond delight,
To give water cool and bright.
She loves thee still! O brightest best!
Thy husband's pledge'd and thou art blest.
Abbeville C. H., April 24th, 1844.

THE DYING DRUNKARD.

Toss—Oh no, too near mention her.
Stretch'd on a heap of straw—his bed!
The dying drunkard lies;
His joyless wife supports his head,
And to console him tries:
His weeping children's love would ease
His spirit, but in vain;
Their ill paid love destroys his peace;
He'll never smile again.

His boon companions—where are they—
Who shad' his heart and bow?
Yet come not nigh, to charm away
The horrors from his soul.
What have gay friends to do with those
Who press the couch of pain?
And see us rack'd with mortal throes;
He'll never speak again.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Extraordinary Narrative.—The Port Hope (Canada) Gazette says: "Mr. Peter Moffat, who has for several years been in the habit of teaming between Peterboro, this place and Coburg, states that a team of horses which cost him \$75 was missing on the morning of the 6th of September, 1842. After fruitless search and inquiries in the neighborhood, imagining they were stolen, he started towards Toronto in search of them, and from some account received on the way, was induced to go as far as 100 miles beyond Buffalo but in vain, and after six weeks pursuit he returned home. A day or two afterwards observing that the crows and dogs were frequenting a thicket near his own barn, he searched it, and there, in a stream discovered both his horses dead. As there was but little water at the time, he suspected they had been poisoned, and on opening them a substance was found, which on examination proved to be arsenic. But the most singular part of my story remains to be told. A person named C—, who died shortly afterwards acknowledged on his death bed that he and another person named C—, and one M—, (C—, and M—, being also teamsters,) had poisoned the team and Mr. Moffat states C—, on returning home after the act found one of his own horses hanging at the rack or manger and soon after lost two cows, & that then he himself was taken ill and died and that C—, who is said have lent himself to the others on this occasion, was subsequently shot dead, in a briol, at Peterboro. Thus does an inscrutable Providence, sooner or later, overtake the guilty, however secret or well devised their scheme may be for a season.

The Curse of the Indian.—The Seneca Indians of New York have addressed a letter to the Governor of Pennsylvania, in which they acknowledge the justice of the sentence and execution of Samuel Mohawk who recently suffered death for a murder committed in Butler county, and deprecate any harsh inferences which might be drawn in relation to the character of the tribe from the crime of one of its members. In conclusion they administer the following caution but severe rebuke to the "civilized society."

"And whilst we feel no disposition to cast any reflection upon any one, yet we must be permitted to express it as our opinion, that ardent spirits was at least one of the causes of this dreadful crime committed by Samuel Mohawk upon your people and that the article is made by the whites and sold to our people, causing death to hundreds of our young men and squaws, whilst at the same time it hurts your people, and prohibit them from selling any more to the Indians, and making them disgrace themselves; and request that the landlords amongst your people, whenever an Indian calls for whiskey, to hold back his whiskey bottle from the Indian's fingers, for he is better off without whiskey, bread, or any other spirituous liquors. Please to do this we pray you."

The Tickling Trick.—On the day before the Mass Convention took place, a crowd had assembled in one of the hotels in Baltimore, and the discourse turning upon pickpockets, a gentleman present placed his hand upon his side pocket, said he kept his money there, and defied any one to steal it from him. A few moments afterwards, this confident gentleman felt a strange tickling in one of his ears. Taking his hand off the pocket containing his funds, he commenced rubbing his ear to allay the titillation, and just as he got through the operation a friend came up and accosted him. At this moment he felt a tickling in the region of the pocket, and placing his hand where his pocket book should have been, he found it not. He had been tickled out of his vigilance and his pocket book at the same time. On making a terrible noise, a police officer, who happened to hear his boast a little while before, remarked with great coolness—"Why, my dear sir, the tickling trick is quite an old affair. The process is, for one pickpocket to tickle the ear with a straw, while a confederate obtains possession of the 'dummy,' as a pocket book is called under such circumstances."

Election Joke.—At the recent election in this city, (says the Worcester, Eng. Journal) the vote of a well known gentleman was challenged by a young whipper-snapper, who officiated, and who knew that the old gentleman differed in politics from him. "It is necessary for you to swear that you have lived in this ward more than ten days," said the challenger. "Why you know that I have," replied the voter: "for more than ten months ago you came to my shop, and purchased the hat you have on, and never paid for it yet."

Dow on Matrimony.—Dow, Jr., closes a sermon on kissing with the following quaint advice, comprising all the essentials to wedded bliss:
"I want you my young sinners, to kiss and get married, and then devote your time to morality and money making.—Then let your homes be well provided with such comforts and necessities as piety, pickles, pots and kettles, brushes, brooms, benevolence, bread, charity, cheese, crackers, faith, flour, affection, sincerity, onions, integrity, vinegar, virtue, wine and wisdom. Have all these always on hand, and happiness will be with you. Don't drink nothing intoxicating—eat moderately—go about business after breakfast—loungue a little after dinner—chat after tea, and kiss after quarrelling; and all the joy, the peace and the bliss the earth can afford, shall be yours, till the grave closes over you, and your spirits are borne to a brighter and happy world."

Genius gathering from Reality.—It has been said, "that we need to suffer to learn to feel." And so it is, even in the suggestions of men of genius.—Gluck (the father of dramatic music) confessed that the conception, "the ground tone" of the noblest passage in one of the finest operas, was the voice of the public which he heard at Vienna crying to their Emperor for "Bread bread!" Here the power of seizing and working into harmony the outpourings from the heart of a nation, the utterance of their instincts, truer than their reason, the voice of a multitude, (the low muttered thunder of many voices) joined to an under current of revenge, madly growling a deep pass over the plaintive moans and weeping of affliction, could only be conceived and ex-

ecuted by a great poetic mind, and thorough master of his art. Such a man was Gluck, and Gluck's music will bear the strictest analysis, and enrapture the most critical judgment.

Iron Stairway.—We had the gratification yesterday of receiving another proof of the ingenuity of our Baltimore mechanics, in the examination of a stairway made of wrought and cast iron. It is so constructed as to take but little room, combining lightness of appearance with great strength. The carriages are of wrought iron, as is also the railing, with the exception of the newells, or posts, which are of cast iron the top being an oval cap of the same material. The brackets upon which the steps rest are of cast iron, while the steps themselves are of wood, firmly secured to the brackets by two screws; in addition to the bannisters which pass through them. The bannisters are three-quarter inch wrought iron bolts, and are secured underneath the brackets, through which they pass by iron nuts. The whole is an admirable improvement upon the great heavy awkward stairways generally used in the stores and warehouses of our merchants. It has been constructed in the store of Mr. Thomas Mackenzie, No. 178 Baltimore street, where it can be examined by those desirous to examine it. It is the first of the kind we understand, ever made in this city, and is the work of Mr. H. Devallin, well known as an artisan of the first class in his particular line of business.—American.

Pin Sticking.—A Boston paper states that the pin manufactory near Derby Connecticut, has a contrivance for sticking pins in papers, which is quite marvellous. It takes in England sixty females to stick in one day, by sunlight, ninety packs, consisting of 302,460 pins; the same thing is performed here in the same time by one woman. Her sole occupation is to pour them a gallon at a time, into a hopper, from whence they come out all neatly arranged upon their several papers. The mechanism, by which the labor of fifty-nine persons daily saved yet remains a mystery to all but the inventor; and no person but the single one who attends to it, upon any pretext whatever, allowed to enter the room where it operates.

Important to Farmers.—At this season of the year there is generally a process going on in the manure heap, the consequence of which is the abstraction by volatilization, of the best and most valuable part of the manure! This evolution is nothing more nor less than gaseous ammonia—a principle of great importance to the farmer, and which, as it can easily be economized, he should never suffer to escape.
The strong affinity of this volatile product for sulphuric acid, is well known, and hence, by spreading gypsum or plaster of paris, into which this principle largely enters, upon the floor of our stercorary, we obtain a solid compound, wholly inodorous and highly valuable as a food for plants.—Maine Cultivator.

Cold Affusion in Poisoning by Prussic Acid.—At a meeting of English Chemists, held at Sunderland, Dr. Robinson made the following experiment in the presence of his colleagues. He took two rabbits, and poured on the tongues of each four drops of Prussic Acid. The effect was instantaneous. They fell down apparently dead. He now applied the antidote. Cold water, containing a mixture of saltpetre and common salt, was poured on their heads and along the spine. The rabbits were instantly resuscitated, and in a few minutes hopped about with their usual briskness.

This result was so remarkable, that M. Louyet, Professor of Chemistry at Brussels, desirous of verifying its perfect accuracy, repeated the experiment as follows. He introduced by means of a tube, into the mouth of a young and healthy rabbit, two drops consisting of pure prussic acid recently prepared, one part, and alcohol four parts. When the poison reached the mouth, the animal fell as if struck with lightning, and did not revive. The same application was then made to another, and as soon as the poison was introduced, a solution of common salt cooled down to 15° below zero, was poured on its head and back. In a few moments the animal was perfectly restored. It thus appears that very cold water is an admirable means of restoring the power of the muscles, where it has been destroyed by the poison.

Cure for the Bite of a Rattlesnake.—The most simple and convenient remedy, says a correspondent of the Macon Messenger, I have heard of, was alum. A piece of the size of a hickory nut, dissolved in water and drunk, or chewed and swallowed, is sufficient. I have good authority for saying it has been tried many times, on men and dogs, and that they have invariably recovered. I know of some planters whose hands are exposed to be bitten by rattlesnakes, who always have them, provided with in their pockets, and they have several times found use for it—we have no doubt of its efficacy.

Wounds on Cattle.—The most aggravated wounds of domestic animals are easily cured with a portion of the yolk of eggs mixed in the spirits of turpentine. The part affected must be bathed several times with the mixture, when a perfect cure will be effected in 48 hours.

POLITICAL.

[BY REQUEST]

From the Hamburg Journal.

TO OUR FRIENDS IN S. CAROLINA.
Having noticed two communications in the Edgefield Advertiser, of a late date, over the signature of "Carolina," calling on us for an explanation of Mr. Clay's principles on several matters, we feel disposed to express them, in as few words as possible, least we should be considered alarmed and unwilling to send them forth boldly and above board. We are ever ready to divulge the principles of the man whom we look upon, at this juncture, as best calculated to fill the presidential chair. To you we address ourself. Courtesy alone should have reminded "Carolina" that he ought to have presented himself to us in an original communication, and then have published his questions in every paper in the Union, for aught we care. He has refused to come out like a gallant knight, and break a lance with us, but shelters himself behind the press, and under the guardian arms of a faithful editor. All that we desired was, to know whom we were bound to answer; yet this boon has been refused. The editor declines giving names; but assures us that the author of "Carolina" is a gentleman of high standing in society, of good moral character; and if he is not very much mistaken, our private friend, although he may differ with us in politics—he is, in fact, a gentleman in every sense of the word, and one, he thinks, entitled to an answer upon any question. Therefore, having obtained this much information, we now address you as our friends in South Carolina, with all due deference and love of citizenship. "Carolina" may have a trap prepared for us, but he ought to be careful lest he get caught in it first. The questions proposed, are but familiar words with every American, and we feel surprised that a citizen of this State, especially such a person as "Carolina" is represented to be, should appear so unacquainted with the principles of Henry Clay, when they are engraven upon the door posts of every house in the United States. To use the language of one of Virginia's sons—"he has done for himself what friends and fortune can do for no man, and what neither friends nor foes can take from him—a fame for which he himself has fought, and from which no man's censure can detract." And that fame his reward—office could not add a cubit to his stature. He has reflected honor on the place of his birth; he has maintained the reputation of Virginia's sons, and Virginia is the mother of heroes, statesmen, and sages. That is enough for any man. But to our pleasing task.

Mr. Clay does not admit that Congress has the constitutional right to impose duties for the protection of Northern Manufactures alone, but says, let there be an adequate revenue, with fair protection to American Industry, whether it be of the North or South, or of the West. Read his Speech in "Defence of the American system," delivered in the Senate of the United States, Feb. 2d, 3d, and 6th, 1812. He is in favor of establishing a National Bank—a sound National Currency, regulated by the will and authority of the nation.
He is not in favor of the reception of Abolition petitions. He is a slaveholder himself, and supports our domestic institutions. For further information, our readers are referred to the speech of Mr. Clay, "on Abolition Petitions," delivered in the Senate of the United States, Feb. 7th, 1839. Also, his reply to Mr. Men-denhall, at Richmond, Indiana, Oct. 1st, 1842.

He is in favor of a distribution of the proceeds of the sale of the Public Lands, a faithful administration of the public domain, with an equitable distribution of the proceeds of the sales of it among the States.
He is in favor of a system of Internal Improvements,—believing that the Government incontestably possesses the constitutional power to execute such internal improvements as are called for by the good of the whole. See his speech "on Internal Improvement," Jan. 16, 1824.

He is in favor of restricting the "Veto" in the President—"just restraints on his power, embracing a further restriction on the exercise of the Veto."
He is supported by the Whig party, and by a large majority of the Democrats proper.

He goes for an honest and economical administration of the General Government leaving public officers perfect freedom of thought; and of the right of suffrage; but with suitable restraints against improper interference in elections. Also, for an amendment to the Constitution, limiting the incumbent of the Presidential office to a single term. With these objects obtained, he thinks we should cease to be afflicted with bad administration of the Government.
As to the annexation of Texas, he says, in a letter, dated, Raleigh, N. C., April 17th, 1844, "In conclusion, they may be stated in a few words to be, that I consider the annexation of Texas, at this time, without the assent of Mexico, as a measure compromising the national character, involving us certainly in war with Mexico, probably with other foreign powers, dangerous to the integrity of the Union, inexpedient in the present financial condition of the country, and not called for by any expression of public opinion."

In conclusion we give the following extracts from Mr. Clay's speeches:—"I shall stand erect, with a spirit un-

conquered, while life endures, ready to second the exertions of the People in the cause of Liberty, the Union, and NATIONAL PROSPERITY."

"The colors that float at the mast head should be the credentials of our Seamen."
"No portion of our population is more loyal to the Union, than the hardy freemen of the West; they cling to it as their best, their greatest, their last support."

"The glorious Banner of our country with its unstained stars and stripes, still proudly floats at its masthead—with stout hearts and strong arms, we can surmount all our difficulties. Let us rally around that Banner, and firmly resolve to perpetuate our liberties."

"I have no fears for the safety of the Union; whilst our liberties are preserved, it is a tough and strong cord, as all will find who shall presumptuously attempt to break it."

"Our Agricultural is our greatest interest; it ought ever to predominate: all others should bend to it."

"The measure of the wealth of a nation is indicated by the measure of its protection of its industry."

"Merchants, Mechanics, Traders, Laborers, never cease to recollect that without Freedom you can have no Commerce, or business, or that without laws, you can have no security for permanent liberty."
"This Government is to last, I trust, forever, we may at least hope it will endure until the wave of population, cultivation and intelligence, shall have washed the Rocky Mountains, and mingled with the Pacific."

"Nations, like men, fall in nothing which they boldly attempt when sustained by virtuous purposes and firm resolution."
"Let us create a home market, to give further scope to the consumption of the produce of American industry."

From the Spectator, May 11.
THE GLOBE, COL. BENTON AND MR. CALHOUN.

Never, in the history of our Government, has such an attack been made upon any public man, as that now going on in the columns of the Globe. An attack so unmanly, so unjust, vindictive, and malicious—so uncalled for by any act of its victim, past or present—that the whole public, without distinction of party, are struck with amazement at its ferocity, and disgust for its authors. Everybody involuntarily asks, what has Mr. Calhoun done, to call down upon him the concentrated wrath of Mr. Benton and the Globe? How has he specially offended them, or thwarted their hopes for the future? That it is their selfishness, and not their patriotism, that is alarmed, no one can doubt. For it is one of the instincts of that mean principle, to hate every one whom it supposes an obstacle in their way to the accomplishment of its purpose. In what then, has Mr. Calhoun offended? It is known to all, that for reasons deemed sufficient by himself, and unanimously approved by his friends, he had voluntarily withdrawn his name from the list of Presidential candidates. He had also resigned his seat in the Senate. He had retired from the strife of politics, to the grateful and congenial avocations of his farm.—His friends every where were merged with the friends of Mr. Van Buren, in advocating his claims, and in carrying the local elections throughout the country. Whilst in this position, he was called upon by the President to fill a place in his Cabinet, made vacant by the most appalling calamity. This appointment was made by Mr. Tyler, as was universally understood at the time, with special reference to the settlement of the Texas and Oregon questions. It was known that initiatory steps had been taken for the formation of a treaty for the admission of Texas into the Union. It was Mr. Calhoun's known feelings and sympathies in favor of these measures, as well as his high moral qualities and pre-eminent abilities, that pointed the President to him above all other men, to aid him in carrying out his views. The Senate, participating in these feelings, instantly and unanimously confirmed the appointment; and it was followed by one universal voice of approbation, from Maine to the confines of Texas itself. In forming the treaty, then, he has but carried out the views of the President, and fulfilled the general expectations of the public. Yet, in the face of these facts, Mr. Benton and the Globe, lashed into fury at the announcement from ten thousand sources, that Mr. Van Buren could not succeed against Mr. Clay, immediately turn upon Mr. Calhoun, seize him by the throat, and in the desperate extremity of rage and disappointed hope, pour upon him a torrent of abuse and vilification, even unparalleled in the columns of that unsparing print. The most absurd and false statements are made; the most dishonorable as well as ridiculous motives are ascribed; the most inconsistent and foolish reasons assigned; the most cruel and unjust aspersions; all to punish him for what he had no agency in producing, nor no power on earth to prevent. The unavailability of Mr. Van Buren has been produced by causes which no one man, nor no one thousand men, could either set in motion or control. Its development has been as irresistible as it was unwelcome. Still it has become apparent; and the whole country, except Col. Benton, the Globe, and a few others, are willing to acknowledge, because they absolutely know, that from whatever cause produced, Mr. Calhoun and his friends have had nothing to do with it—nothing of the kind. But we will tell them that ten thousand letters, written by the Republicans of all ranks and conditions

throughout the land, coming up from every State, and county, and town, and neighborhood in the country, taken in connection with the recent elections, where, to a considerable extent, issues and questions common to the Presidential election were involved, forced the reluctant, but palpable conviction, that with Mr. Van Buren as our candidate, and his opposition to the immediate annexation of Texas, we must be beaten. And it is notorious that such are the opinions and convictions of nine-tenths of the Republican members of both Houses of Congress. For, excepting some ten or a dozen individuals, who expect, by the election of Mr. Van Buren, to subservise some selfish end, to be placed "in line of safe precedents," or to receive some of the highest Executive appointments, all others here admit the necessity and desire to take up a new candidate.

Col. Benton informs us of three awful "shocks," which the earthquake diplomacy of former times have inflicted upon him. These were "shocks" to his moral sensibilities. It is a matter of history, too, that he has received three others of a physical nature. One was a stroke of the cholera; another a plunge from a steam boat into the surges of the Ohio; and yet another, from the bursting of the big gun on board the Princeton. "But we take leave to inform him, that his disinterested patriotism is shortly destined to receive three others, quite equal in duration and intensity to all the others put together; and from the effects of which he is not likely soon to recover. We shall not now name them: Besides, it would be of little use, either for admission or reproof; because we understand that he has a way of escaping the effects of every thing said unfavorable to himself—he boasts that he never reads them. This is wise." It certainly answers two good purposes: it saves the mortification of a little harmless vanity which he is said to possess, and the inconvenience of replying to some annoying matters of fact, that most other men, who value their reputation, would think it a very sacred duty to repel. But although he will not read, yet we can assure him that the public will; and where charges are sustained by circumstances and facts, they will believe what they do read. We assure the Colonel further, that his course in regard to the local matters of his State, together with his impolitic and anti-American course in regard to Texas, and his unwarrantable and ferocious conduct towards the author of the treaty, will defeat his election to the Senate. If the effects of his conduct resulted in his own defeat only, it would not excite regret or sympathy; but as it will most probably defeat the nominations of the Democratic party, we have no words to express our regrets at the prospect of such a calamity.

We are happy to see, however, that the tone of the Globe improves; with the improving health of its editor. Its leading article this morning is quite deprecatory. We doubt not that a full restoration to health will restore his wonted serenity of temper. In the mean time, we shall advert to some things advanced in that print, not heretofore noticed by us, because we awaited a full development of its course, before we replied to them. But "every thing in its order."—BUCKEYF.

Benton, Birney, Blair, and the Free Negroes.—We congratulate the Globe on their new allies in abusing Mr. Calhoun—Birney and the free negroes. The free negroes in New York have held a meeting to abuse Mr. Calhoun, and we are assured that the style is truly Bentonian, and worthy the Globe itself. We suppose the proceedings will appear at large in the Globe. He and Col. Benton first went with the Whigs and Clay against the treaty—now they are in full fellowship with Abolitionists and free negroes, in abusing Mr. Calhoun.—Fine company in such an enterprise.—Wash. Spectator.

The Home for Seamen. in Pearl street has been established one year. The manager gives the following report for the twelve months ending 30th ult.
Whole number of sailors received. 1313.
Signed the pledge at the Home 670.
Signed previously 345.
Balance who drink a little, and sometimes a little too much, 298.

Over six thousand dollars have been deposited into the Seamen's Bank for Savings, and more than that amount has been sent home to their friends. More than fifty young men have made their way to the quarter deck from the forecastle, and the whole aspect of things, as it respects seamen, is fast changing for the better. The means of grace for the spiritual welfare of seamen, are fast multiplying; two new churches in the seventh ward being now in contemplation, and are soon to be erected. And it may be added, that these labors have not been in vain, a great number having become, as we believe, lastingly benefited by them. Indeed, the old proverb of "as drunk as a sailor," will soon pass over to the land, unless we bestir ourselves and press with energy upon that inalienable wine bibbers the necessity of giving up such habits with as much success as has attended the labors of temperance men among a more humble portion of our population.—N. Y. Sun.

A Washingtonian says, the man who will entice a reformed inebriate back to his cups, and reduce him to his re-awakened appetite to the pangs of anguish, remorse, and self-degradation, should be hung by heels in August, and kicked to death by grasshoppers.