

Carolina Watchman.

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SALISBURY, FEBRUARY 21, 1840.

POETICAL.

From the Baltimore Patriot.
JOHN C. CALHOUN MY JO.
A COMIC POLITICAL SONG.
Tune "John Anderson my Jo."

John C. Calhoun my Jo John, I'm sorry for
your fate,
You've nullify'd the Tariff laws, you've nullify'd
your state;
You've nullify'd your party, John, and principles,
you know,
And now you've nullify'd yourself, John C. Calhoun
my Jo.

Oh! John, how could you look into the face of
Henry Clay?
The glory of the Western World and of the
World away;
You called yourself his "master," John, but
that can never be so
For he "would not own you for a slave," John
C. Calhoun my Jo.

The Father of the Tariff, John, and Patron
of the Arts,
He seeks to build his country up in spite of for-
eign parts;
And Harrison will soon upset the little Van &
Co.
And renovate the Ship of State, John C. Calhoun
my Jo.

John C. Calhoun my Jo John, ambition in des-
pair,
Once made you nullify the whole, the half of it
to share;
The "whole hog now you've gone," John, with
Kendall, Blair & Co.
But "you've got the wrong way by the ear,"
John C. Calhoun my Jo.

American mechanics, John, will never sell their
votes
For Mint drops or for Treasury bills, or even
British coats;
They want no English coaches, John, while ser-
vants they forego,
For their carriage is of Yankee stamp, John C.
Calhoun my Jo.

Oh! John he is a slippery blade with whom
you've got to deal,
He'll pass his own clutches too, just like a
living eel;
You think he'll recommend you, John, but Van
will never do so,
For he wants the fishes for himself, John C.
Calhoun my Jo.

John C. Calhoun my Jo John, if this you dare
to do,
Go ask the Living Skeleton, who deals his se-
crets out;
His favorites are mark'd John, the mark you can-
not see,
And you'll soon repeat the bargain made, John
C. Calhoun my Jo.

This is a dirty business, John, go wash your lit-
tle hands,
And never bow your knee again to cunning
Van's commands;
"How you are off for soap," John, I cannot say
I know,
But "your mother does not know you're out,"
John C. Calhoun my Jo.

The brave sons of the South, John, will never
own you more,
And Benton's Mint drops will not save you're
rotten to the core;
The People will no power, John, on such as you
bestow,
And you've jump'd your final somerset, John C.
Calhoun my Jo.

John C. Calhoun my Jo John, you'll ride with
little Van,
From your *Whited Sepulchre*, with all his
molly clan;
The journey will be long, John, now mind I tell
you so,
For they never can return again, John C. Calhoun
my Jo.

Then better men my Jo John, our sad affairs will
fix,
Republicans in principle, the Whigs of Seventy-
Six,
The offices they'll purge, John, Swartwouters
all will go,
And syzyphantic fellows too, John C. Calhoun
my Jo.

The farmer of North Bend, John, will plough
the weed away,
And the terror of Tecumseh then will gaite ano-
ther day;
America will flourish John, mechanics find em-
ploy,
And our merchants will rejoice indeed, John C.
Calhoun my Jo.

John C. Calhoun my Jo John when one term
shall expire,
He'll drop the reins of power and with dignity
retire,
And every Whig will cry AMEN! John C. Calhoun
my Jo.

MILFORD BARD.
Poet's Garret, Baltimore, Jan'y, 1840.

DR. R. T. DISMUKES—Has located at
Col. David Ramsey's, Oakly Grove, Ire-
dell co., N. C., and respectfully tenders his ser-
vices to the public, in the various departments of
his profession.
January 10, 1840—t24

Dr. G. B. Douglas,
HAS removed his office to No. 1
of the office row of the Mansion
Hotel, lately occupied by Dr. B. Austin
January 17, 1840.—t25

THE SUBSCRIBERS GIVE
NOTICE that they have commenced busi-
ness; their Furnace is in blast. Forge and
Nail machines in full operation, and can in a
short time be able to fill any order with which
they may be favored at their former prices.
FULENWIDER & BURTON,
Nicolson co., N. C. Jan 31, 1840—3w27
JOB PRINTING
Of every description neatly done at this
Office.

Agricultural Matters.

SUGAR BEET.

We would be glad to see our farming friends
introduce the Sugar Beet among their products.
We feel certain that they would never have
cause to regret it. Numerous statistics in our
possession remove every doubt as to its immense
increase and profitability. Those who may be
disposed to try the Beet, should remember that
a deep rich soil, is superior to any other soil.—
But a soil that is free from stones, and can be
rendered very mellow to a good depth, is very
desirable. The yield in a dry soil is said not to
be so large, but more sweet and nutritious. The
Sugar Beet should be planted in rows nearly
three feet apart; the plants in rows should stand
about 8 or 10 inches apart.

N. B. Messrs. C. B. & C. K. Wheeler, a-
mong their very extensive assortment of Garden
Seed, have a supply of the Sugar Beet Seed.—
We would earnestly request our friends and all
who are disposed to make the experiment, to
call and procure a supply.

FOR THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

ROWAN APPLES.

Messrs. Editors:—I have been agreeably sur-
prised to learn, that some of the largest and
finest Apples ever brought to this Town, were the
product of a farm in Rowan county. They are
of a golden yellow color, as sound as a nut,
and of an excellent flavor. Mr. Valentine
Propst, living some 8 or 9 miles south of Salis-
bury, owns the orchard from which they were
gathered, and has very recently sold several
bushels in this place, readily obtaining ten cents
per dozen for them. All the apples Mr. Propst
brought to Town, were of a large size—some
of them measuring 8 to 10 inches in circumfer-
ence, and weighing half a lb. each.

Hitherto, all our best apples have been brought
from the mountains, an impression having pre-
vailed that that fruit could not be brought to any
thing like perfection in a cotton growing coun-
try; but from the successful exertions of Mr.
Propst, and several other farmers of this county,
in engraving their trees, such a notion is now
exploded. With a little extra attention to his
trees, Mr. P. has been enabled to furnish some
of the best fruit, of the apple kind, ever sold in
Salisbury; and to realize therefrom a snug little
sum of pocket money as his reward; while his
neighbors, many of whom perhaps laughed at
him for his pains, have found their apples of a
quality better suited for feeding pigs than for
gracing the tables of the lovers of

GOOD FRUIT.

EVERGREENS.

The best season for transplanting Ever-
greens is in the fore part of June, or the
latter part of May, but without some prelimi-
nary measures, many so removed will per-
ish. It has been recommended, and the
method when tried has proved very success-
ful, that some two years before removal, or
one year at least, that with a sharp spade
be cut off at the distance of two or three
feet from the tree, and that it then be allow-
ed to stand undisturbed till wanted for re-
moval. The result will be, that the earth
near the tree will be filled with abundance
of fine vigorous roots, and if, when taken
up, proper precautions are used in lifting it
from the bed, it may be removed without
the least danger, or scarcely retardation of
its growth.—Genesee Farmer.

SUGAR BEET OR MILCH COWS.

An intelligent gentleman from the east-
ward, assured us a few days ago, that, by
giving his cows a peck of sugar beets twice
a day, cut up in their hay, he was enabled to
get just as rich milk and butter during
the winter as in summer, when the pasture
was at its best. Now as an acre of ground
well manured, planted in this root well at-
tended, would yield beets enough to keep
ten cows from the 1st of November till
1st of May, should not every farmer make
his arrangements for planting beets next
spring? From our own experience, we
have no doubt, that this edition of beets to
the ordinary feed of the cows, would make
a weekly difference of 2lbs each in their
product of butter. From the 1st of No-
vember to the 1st of May there are 26
weeks. This number of weeks x 2lbs addi-
tional butter, would give us 52 lbs. for
each cow during the period named, or 520
lbs. for the 10 cows, and if we set down
the butter as being worth 25 cts. per pound,
it will give us 130 dollars as the value of
additional yield brought about by the feed-
ing with the produce of an acre of ground.
But this is not all—the proprietor of the

cows in the spring, would have the gratifi-
cation to know that he had treated his ani-
mals well, and the satisfaction of seeing
them in good condition.—Farmer and
Gardner.

DEFERRED ARTICLES.

[Correspondence of the Madisonian.]

HARPER'S FERRY, (Va.) Feb. 1st, 1840.

MR. ALLEN: I cannot forbear to congrat-
ulate you and the Republican Whigs of the
Union upon the prospect, which grows brighter
every day, of the coming triumph of Republican
principles. It is now conceded on all hands,
that the action of the Harrisburg Convention was
dictated by purity of purpose, sound judgment,
and wise discretion. The claims of General
Harrison will be much better understood and
more highly appreciated, than at the former
election. There is no doubt that he will combine
the full Whig strength of Virginia, and of the
whole South.

The affairs of the National Armory at this
place, have been most shamefully managed.
The works of the whole Armory have been sus-
pended for several days, for want of wood. The
like never occurred before, since it was an armory,
and owing entirely to the neglect of the offi-
cers providing wood in good season.

Another fact, I will state, for your information
and I think it a fit subject for investigation:
The Paymaster here received a draft on one of
the New York banks, for funds to pay off the
hands employed at this armory. He took the
specie draft and sold it for paper, and made a
handsome premium by it—he paid the hands in
Virginia and Maryland notes and shiplasters,
and some little silver money, and refused to give
them one cent of the premium, to the whole of
which they were entitled. Many of the hands,
of both parties, were very much dissatisfied,
and talked of bringing the matter before the Secre-
tary of War.

What I have stated, sir, can be substantiated
by every citizen of Harper's Ferry. Now, I
will ask, what will be done with the premium,
amounting to several hundred dollars? Who
knows but it may be used for electioneering
purposes, &c.? Do you not think that the affairs
of our whole country have taken strange turns.

Burned to Death!—On the night of the 31st
inst., in the western part of this county, a man
named William Kersey was so badly burned that
he died a few days afterwards.

The deceased was attending a
conventional election, where, the day being cold,
a log fire was built upon the ground. Spirits
(perhaps in the form of "treats") circulated
pretty freely, and Kersey became intoxicated.
By night fall, or a little after, the company dis-
persed and left the unfortunate deceased alone
by the fire, which communicated to his clothing,
burning it off, and literally roasting him alive.
He lingered three or four days before death end-
ed his sufferings.—Greensboro' Patriot.

Steamboat Disaster.—The Steam Boat
Hermitage, from Nashville for New Orleans,
on the 13th came in collision with the Hugh
L. White, in the neighborhood of the Har-
peth Shoals, and sunk in about ten feet wa-
ter. She was crowded with passengers, yet
only one life that of a fireman was lost.

Useful Warning to Anonymous Let-
ter Writers.—We learn from the Ledger
that, in the District Court of Pennsylvania,
last week John Hays brought a suit a-
gainst Joseph Baker for a libel, which libel
consisted in an anonymous letter written to
a third person, charging Hays with dison-
est practices. The authorship of the letter
being made out, the jury returned a verdict
for the plaintiff of \$2,496.

A RICH MAN.

Reader, how much would make a man rich?
Or, with how much would you be satisfied? I
only ask for information. It may not be impro-
per, however, to premise, what we very well know,
that a man's desires after increase with his ac-
quisitions. A man sets out in life with the idea,
that \$20,000 would be enough.—He is success-
ful; and what then? Why, neighbor B is
worth \$50,000; and why should he, (Mr. A.)
be satisfied with less? And so he presses for-
ward—till he, also, can say, I am as rich as Mr.
B. But, says he to himself, fifty is but a half
number—half an hundred—Well, then, I must
by all means, labour—labour—labour till I am
worth a round one hundred thousand dollars!
But, Reader, think you, that A would be satis-
fied with one hundred thousand dollars, perhaps
he would aspire to one million!—perhaps he
would labour to become as rich as Gerard; nay,
more, not consider himself as rich—till he could
say—that he owned millions!—All this premis-
ed, the reader is prepared for the following an-
ecdote:—Some years ago, Mr. Astor, so well
known as the great trade dealer, and as be-
ing worth about \$25,000,000, met with Mr.
Cone, formerly Mayor of the city of New York,
when the following dialogue, in substance, oc-
curred:

Astor: "Friend Cone, where have you been
for so long a time?"
Cone: "In Wall st. you mean."

Astor: "Certainly, in the Merchant's money
market."

Cone: "Why, friend Astor, I had laboured
hard, and cleared \$700,000; and so I thought
I should be satisfied! and I would up my con-
cerns and retired."

Astor [standing for some time amazed, and ap-
parently at a loss what to say, at length ex-
claimed:—] "Well, well, friend Cone, I do not
see but that you may, upon reflection, be as well
satisfied as though you were a RICH MAN!"
The reader will make his own comment.

A NEGRO WITH THE BLUES.

"I say Sam Johnning, what for you look so
sorely dispirited? You must usually alter a
suffin, but now you face looks as gloomed and
black as the last spell of wedder."
"Why, child, I feels bad—'as got what de

white fokes calls de blues and de was sort at dat,
dat what I has, Pete Gombu."
"Dat what you call 'em, Sam?"
"De blues—de real indigo blues?"
"Dares where you corner dis child Sam;
you's ahead ob me dis time. Now if it don't
make no terial difference to you, I'd just like to
hear you explainly wat dis blues is."

"Why, w'y, Pete, you don't no notin. I tort
you'd more 'quaintance wid de flosify ob de hu-
man nature. Well, you see, when a man's got
de blues, he looks forward into de common foot-
big lottery—he feels like as if all de deligh-
tful prizes in dis low down scene hadn't single num-
ber on 'em. When he gets up in de mornin'
he feels bad, and when he gets to bed at night
he feels wusser. He tinks dat his body is made
of ice cream, all 'cept his heart, and dat's a
piece ob lead to de middle. All sorts ob sights
are hobbering round, and red monkeys is buzz-
ing about his ears. Dar, dem's what I got now,
and dem's what I calls de blues. How you like to
hab 'em Pete?"
"Tank you, Sam, dis child don't wish for
none, not if dem's de sort."

From the New York Evening Star.

"THE MARRIED MAN'S EYE."

Here is an admirable story under this ti-
tle, in the last Knickerbocker, which we
venture to predict will find its way into ev-
ery corner of the Union. How the ladies,
young and old, will chuckle over it! And
how husbands, young and old, and those
who are going to be husbands and wives,
will ponder over it! It now only remains
for some bachelor (and that we understand,
has been done, and well done for the K.)
to give us "The Married Woman's Eye"
but to the story. "Uncle Andover is an
old bachelor, who has never been married,
because he has always seen husbands, even
the best, 'scourge their wives with the eye;
and for the same reason he advises a young
nephew not to marry, if he can't do better;
and they finally sally out on a walk, to test
the truth of his objections. Their first call
is on a happy bride and groom, before the
honey moon is over.

The newly-married couple were sitting
together very lovingly, and everything around
them was bride-like and comfortable. They
jumped up quickly to welcome us, for my
uncle, as I said, was a general favorite. He
praised every thing over again: even the ugly
clock on the mantel-piece had his kind
notice.

"Yes I knew you would like it," said the
lively little lady, "but James does not think
it suitable for this small room. It is rather
large, to be sure; but then bronze is so
much more fashionable than gold. I am
sorry now since he dislikes it so much, that
I did not take the gilt one; but, Mr. Ando-
ver, how could I tell, then, that he preferred
the gilt one? Then, he thought as I thought,
and as I uniformly preferred the bronze
clock, why he was only too happy to approve;
was you not, James? I never heard, then,
of his dislike to this poor clock; but a
month after marriage makes a great differ-
ence, you know, Mr. Andover."

While she was laughing out gaily, in the
pride and joy of a young bride's heart, Orms-
by was trying to catch her eye. I saw that
her prattle disconcerted him, and he want-
ed to stop her; but she ran on, and my un-
cle listened with as much glee & innocence
as herself. Ormsby walked across the room,
so as to get in front of her, under pretence
of pushing the clock straight.

"I believe James is satisfied with all my
purchases," said she, "but that foolish clock;
and if I could I would change it, yet, for
the gold one. Why only a little before you
came in—"

Her husband caught her eye (this time,
and his look quelled her; for her laugh and
her joyousness were at an end. She was
puzzled to know why her little nonsense
was taken amiss now, when it was always
so pleasantly listened to before her mar-
riage. This was evidently the first stroke
of the married man's eye. It embarrassed
her; she cast a timid glance at her husband,
and was silent.

"Did you see the fellow's eye?" asked my
uncle, when on our way to the next house.
"Now the poor child said nothing amiss;
she was only a little childish. Ormsby did
not like the exposure. I showed he had
struck the false colors of courtship, and
had nailed up the red stern flag to the mast-
head. Men are all alike, Leo.

They proceeded with their calls upon the
clergyman, the physician, the merchant, the
manufacturer, and in all with various but
perfectly natural circumstances, they trace
the workings of "The Married Man's Eye."
The young nephew is also; yielding the
point, as invariable fact.

"You see," said my uncle, "that it runs
through all ranks and degrees; and if every
one would keep a good look out, as you
and I have done to-day, the married man's
eye would be seen in every house. It is so
common a thing, that it is never noticed.
It is looked upon as a part of the marriage
ceremony, or rather as having been engrafed
upon a man in consequence of the cere-
mony."

"Yes! I shall now be for ever watching
the married man's eye; but just for fun's
sake, if you are not too tired, let us go down
into this oyster-cellar, and see what kind of
eye old Cato has. I hear the pan going,
his wife is frying oysters!"
"His eye will work, too, depend upon it!"
said my uncle, with a smile, "he will quell
her—he will quell her!"
But no such thing. To our amazement

his eye never shot an angry glance at the
poor, heated, tired, woman, doing her best,
as nine wives out of ten always do. My
dear uncle was quite 'put out' about it, for
he was loath to admit that the rule did not
hold good with all men. We staid all
half an hour, seated on a clean bench, near
the door-way, chatting with the old man and
woman who, in the time dispensed two pan's
full of oysters, nicely fried to their custom-
ers.

My uncle, as I thought, made several ef-
forts to provoke a shot from the eye of old
Cato; but it made no impression. I told
him that I suspected he was playing false;
but he denied it, though he said if the glance
could be obtained, it would not signify
whether it was provoked, or whether it
came naturally. It was the promise to
make use of the eye—the authority of the
married man's eye—that he rebelled a-
gainst.

But no unlocky word or deed from old
Dinah had any effect upon her husband's
dim, bleared eyes. My uncle now 'set in
to talk,' first to Cato and then to Dinah,
who was now preparing a third pan of oys-
ters. "I will show you Cato's eye yet,"
said my uncle. "I doubt it," I replied.
"How many children have you Cato?" I
used to see four or five playing about you,
a year or two ago, and now I only see the
little girl who carried out the oysters?"

"I have nine, massa Andover, and all
doing pretty well," captain Clarys, who lost
her good husband, poor thing! So I told my
Dinah to let her and de tree children come.
Dat little girl is her oldest child."

"This comes very hard upon you Cato. I
must tell my sister to look into it."

"Tanky, massa Tanky; but it is not for
me to complain; only Dinah my poor
woman. I tell her she will fry her eyes out. I
have nothin' to do but to sit still half de
time and open oysters; but tank God we
have a great run, massa; and Dinah, nobody
can please de customers so well as she,
massa. Den, wea I have taken out de
shells, I does nothin' but go about and muss
myself in de garden, lean over de wagon,
and get tings cheap. But it comes berry
hard on my poor woman dere; and Cato
cast a tender, human glance at his wife, hav-
ing just finished her oysters and was turn-
ing them in a plate.

My uncle looked at me from the corner
of his eye, to see if I had observed the old
man's. "I saw it," said I, "it was a glance
worth a guinea."

In a moment Dinah stood before us, with
a tray, on which were two plates, each con-
taining six of the finest oysters I ever saw.
A little table was placed between us, on
which was a snow white cloth, bread, pick-
les, mustard, pepper and salt.
She turned aside to look at Cato; and
what a delighted eye the affectionate hus-
band cast on her! He fairly rubbed his
hands with joy, at this mark of attention to
us.

"Dat's it, Dinah, dat's it; now why
didn't I tink ob dis too! But she is always
beforehand wid me, massa bachelor Ando-
ver. I tink women are ollers cutter den
men in such tings; but when it comes to
open oysters, den we beat 'em! Yahl, yahl!"

"O never mind it, Dinah, woman," said
Cato, when the poor soul, in her haste to
hand my uncle a glass of water, knocked
over the mustard-cup, the contents of which
ran on his boots; "neber mind it, old woman,
massa dont care, for I can soon polish him
up again, and I'll buy you another mustard-
cup."

"Here is a dollar towards it," said my un-
cle, "and here are two," said I, "for not cast-
ing an angry look at your wife, when
she knocked the cup over?"

"He look mad at me?" said honest Dinah.
"Lucky!—why, young massa, Cato never
looked mad at me once in his life, as I can
remember."

"Well, who would have thought it!" said
my crest fallen uncle, as we left the table.
"I must own that I tried hard, at the
first going off to provoke his eye to do its
accustomed duty."

The Lessons of this story are of the best
description; and its truth to nature cannot
be doubted.

Running away with an Heiress.—The New
York Whig gives the following romantic inci-
dent:—

On Monday afternoon, about 2 o'clock, a
horse carriage containing a lady and gentleman
was observed in Third Avenue, proceeding west-
wards, but at such a pace as to excite no curi-
osity. Suddenly, however, the carriage seem-
ed to leave Tenth street—than a gentleman, in
high state of excitement, and mounted on a pow-
erful bay horse, came up, riding furiously, and
having made a brief enquiry relative to the pa-
ty in the carriage, and learned they were a short
distance in advance of him, dashed off at full
speed. Two gentlemen in surprise followed
until they reached Seventeenth street, when
they found the dismounted horseman lying on
the road side, in a state of insensibility, and
a man and woman crouching his temples, and
rubbing his hands, in order to restore him. The
fortunate gentleman had received a severe wound
in the head, and the thumb of his right hand
was broken—a heavy club was lying on the ground.
The man and woman was questioned and they
they had perceived the carriage driving on at
rapid rate, and the single gentleman in pursuit,
and the moment the latter came up with the
vehicle, he struck at one of the parties with
a club. The gentleman in the carriage then
snapped a pistol in the face of the rider, but
missed fire, whereupon he jumped out of the
carriage, and at the same instant, the horse-
man sprang to the ground and grappled with him.
The parties struggled fiercely with each other
for about half a minute, but the single rider,
being by much the largest and most powerful,
man flung his opponent to the ground, and
his knee upon his breast, and was commencing
to beat him violently upon the face with clenched
hands, when suddenly the lady threw herself
out of the carriage—and having seized the club
which had fallen from the horseman's hand,
she dealt his horse a tremendous blow, which
caused him to dash off like mad in the direction
of the city. She then advanced upon the strug-
gling parties, and struck at the head of the
powerful, but he parried the blow with his right
hand, thereby receiving the injury in his de-
fense.