Carolina Watchman.

PENDLETON & BRUNER, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS. } *Published Weekly at Two Dolls. and Fifty Cts.* { NO. 39—VOLUME VIII. WHOLE NO. 403.

SALISBURY, APRIL 24, 1840.

LOW spirits is a certain state of the mind, accompanied by indigestion, wherein the greatest evils are apprehended upon the slight grounds, and the worst consequences imagined. Ancient medical writers supposed this disease to be confined to those particular regions of the abdomen, technically called hypochondria which are situated on the right or left side of that cavity, whence comes the name hypochondriasis.

SYMPTOMS.

The common corporeal symptoms are flatulency in the stomach or bowels, acrid eructations, giddiness, spasmodic pains, giddiness, dimness of sight, palpitations, and often an utter inability of fixing the attention upon any subject of importance, or engaging in any thing that demands vigor or courage. Also languidness—the mind becomes irritable, thoughtful, despondent, melancholy, and dejected, accompanied with a loss of derangement of the nervous system—The mental feelings and peculiar train of ideas that haunt the imagination and overwhelm the judgment exhibit an infinite diversity. The wisest and best of men are as open to this affliction as the weakest.

CAUSES.

A sedentary life of any kind, especially sedentary study protracted to a late hour in the night, and merely relieved by social intercourse, or excess in dissolute habit, great excess in eating and drinking, the immoderate use of mercury, violent purgatives, the suppression of some habitual discharge, (as, the obstruction of the menses,) or long continual eruption; relaxation or debility of one or more important organs within the abdomen, is a frequent cause.

TREATMENT.

The principal objects of treatment are, to remove indigestion, to strengthen the body, and to enliven the spirits, which may be promoted by exercise, early hours, regular meals, and pleasant conversation. The bowels (if costive) should be carefully regulated by the occasional use of a mild aperient. We know nothing better calculated to obtain this end, than Dr. William Evans' Aperient Pills—being mild and certain in their operation. The bowels being once cleansed, his inestimable Camomile Pills, (which are tonic, anodyne, and anti-spasmodic) are an infallible remedy, and without dispute have proved a great blessing to the numerous public.

Some physicians have recommended a free use of mercury, but it should not be resorted to; as in many cases it will greatly aggravate the symptoms.

Interesting and Astonishing Facts.

ASTHMA, THREE YEARS' STANDING—Mr Robert Monroe, Schuylkill, afflicted with the above distressing malady. Symptoms:—Great languor, flatulency, disturbed rest, nervous headache, difficulty of breathing, tightness and stricture across the breast, dizzinesss, nervous irritability and restlessness, could not lie in a horizontal position without the sensation of impending suffocation, palpitation of the heart, distressing cough, costiveness, pain of the stomach, drowsiness, great debility and deficiency of the nervous energy. Mr R. Monroe gave up every thought of recovery, and dire despair sat on the countenance of every person interested in his existence or happiness, till by accident he noticed in a public paper some cures effected by Dr Wm. EVANS' MEDICINE in his complaint, which induced him to purchase a package of the Pills, which resulted in completely removing every symptom of his disease. He wishes to say his motive for this declaration is, that those afflicted with the same or any symptoms similar to those from which he is happily restored, may likewise receive the inestimable benefit.

A CASE OF TIC DOLOREUX.

Mrs. J. E. Johnson, wife of Capt. Joseph Johnson, of Lynn, Mass. was severely afflicted for ten years with Tic Doloreux, violent pain in her field, and vomiting, with a burning heat in the stomach, and unable to leave her room. She could find no relief from the advice of several physicians, nor from medicines of any kind, until she had commenced using Dr Evans' medicine of 100 Chatham street, and from that time she began to amend, and feels satisfied if she continues the medicine a few days longer, will be perfectly cured. Reference can be had as to the truth of the above, by calling at Mrs Johnson's daughter's Store, 389 Grand street, N.Y.

Mrs Anne F. Kenny, No 115 Lewis street between Stanton and Houston sts., afflicted for ten years with the following distressing symptoms: Acid eructation, daily spasmodic pains in the head, loss of appetite, palpitation of the heart, giddiness and dimness of sight, could not lie on her right side, disturbed rest, utter inability of engaging in any thing that demanded vigor or courage, sometimes a visionary idea of an aggravation of her disease, a whimsical aversion to particular persons and places, groundless apprehensions of personal danger and poverty, sickness and weariness of life, discontented, disquietude on every slight occasion, she conceited she could neither die nor live; she wept, lamented, desponded, and thought she led a most miserable life, never was one so bad, with frequent mental hallucinations.

Mr Kenny had the advice of several eminent physicians, and had recourse to numerous medicines, but could not obtain even temporary alleviation of her distressing state, till her husband persuaded her to make trial of my mode of treatment.

She is now quite relieved, and finds herself not only capable of attending to her domestic affairs, but avows that she enjoys as good health at present as she did at any period of her existence.

J. Kenny, husband of the aforesaid Anne Kenny.

Sworn before me, this 14th day of December, 1836.

PETER PINCKNEY, Com. of Deeds.

REMARKABLE CASE OF ACUTE RHEUMATISM, with an Affection of the Lungs—cured under the treatment of Doctor WM. EVANS' 100 Chatham street, New-York. Mr Benjamin S Jarvis, 13 Centre st. Newark, N. J., afflicted for four years with severe pains in all his joints, which were always increased on the slightest motion, the tongue preserved a steady whiteness; loss of appetite, dizziness in his head, the bowels commonly very costive, the urine high coloured, and often profuse sweating, unattended by relief. The above symptoms were also attended with considerable difficulty of breathing with a sense of tightness across the chest, likewise a great want of nervous energy in the nervous system.

The above symptoms were entirely removed, and a perfect cure effected by Dr Wm Evans.

BENJ. J JARVIS.

City of New York, ss.

Benjamin S Jarvis being duly sworn, doth depose and say, that the facts stated in the above certificate, subscribed by him, are in all respects true. BENJ. S. JARVIS.

Sworn before me, this 25th of November, 1836.

WILLIAM SAUL, Notary Public, 96 Nassau-street.

Sold by the following Agents.

GEORGE W BROWN, *Salisbury, N. C.*
JOHN J INGLIS *(Bookstore) Cheraw S. C.*
J. H. ANDERSON, *Camden, S. C.*
JOHN HUGGINS, *Columbia, S. C.*
W. M. MASON, & Co. *Raleigh, N. C.*

May 10, 1839—41 1y.

Agricultural Matters.

From the Maine Farmer.

PROPOSITION FOR KEEPING MORE STOCK AND KEEPING IT BETTER.

Mr. Holmes:—Do not farmers now, like our fathers, depend more than they ought upon the scythe and pitchfork on arable land in securing hay as food for their cattle, and not enough upon corn, barley and roots? I would say to them, use all your barn and hog manure on a small piece of land for corn, be careful to plant an early variety and till well, and it has proved to be as sure a crop for half century past in the centre of Maine as any other. If we get a ton and a half of hay to the acre we think we do pretty well; but if we get 40 bushels of corn to the acre, the stalks, husks, and small corn are worth as much for stock as the ton and half of hay. Then we have 40 bushels of good sound corn left, which for stock is worth four tons of hay. I am aware that the labor is more on the corn acre, but the land is left in much better order for succeeding crops, all can see.

Next as to roots, for according to the above proposition the farmer has no manure to put on to his land for them; but suppose he procures 4 bushels of common salt, the

cost of which is	$2,67
4 bushels of plaster,	1,20
A cask of lime (slack it)	2,00
8 bushels wood ashes	1,00
Procuring, say	1,00
	$7,87

Take this mass on to your barn floor, and with a shovel mix it well. When you have prepared an acre of land for sowing your carrots, sugar beets or ruta baga, all but the last harrowing, spread on one half of it and harrow it in. At the first hoeing top dress with the other half, & you will be likely to get a crop of 600 bushels from your acre; every 50 of which is worth a ton of hay, to a man who knows that roots will keep stock well with barley, straw or poor hay—and that they are a treat as a change, &c. Here we get what is equal to twelve tons of hay, for feed for cattle to the acre. I know there is difficulty in breaking away from the use of the pitchfork and from 'father's customs," but if we could or would do it, we might winter our stock at less than half the expense we usually have, and of course, we could keep many more and have more and better manure.

If these ideas should cause a single farmer in town who has arable soil, to think, investigate, and try a different course from that of his father, and thus his neighbors see his success, which I have no doubt of, they would certainly follow, and we should all be much, very much benefitted. Many more roots have been raised on an acre than the amount I have named. Still as we need some hay, if we have fresh meadow or unsightly swamps, let us clear away the bushes and mow them. If our farms are not arable, we must be content with keeping less stock. Don't forget to raise potatoes to mix with your apples, pumpkins, squashes and other roots for your grunters.

E. S.

A CURIOUS GRIST.

A Yankee, who migrated some twenty years since to Illinois, devised the following ingenious substitute for a grist mill. At the foot of a fall in a small stream, he drove down a crotch stick; he placed another horizontally about eight feet long, to one end of which he had fixed a pestle, and on the other a bucket. The water from the fall filled the bucket, carrying that down and raising the pestle Near the ground he had driven a peg, upon which the one side of the bucket would strike, capsize and empty itself, letting the pestle fall into a large Indian Mortar, containing the corn. In that way he made all the meal he used. One day, on returning from his work to his mortar, he found an addition to the stock he put there, in the shape of a raccoon, which was pounded up, hide, hair and bones with the corn, to a similitude in consistency, to workhouse soup. The 'coon not observing any thing to interfere with his intentions in reference to the corn, or not understanding the unintermitting operation of machinery, put in motion by a natural agent, perched himself upon the mortar, meditating a luncheon upon the provender, so providentially fell in with, when the pestle, in the even tenor of its vibration, put an end to his meditations, by knocking him in the cranium. Illustrating, in a signal manner, the uncertainty of all earthly calculations.—*Greenville Mountaineer.*

THE SHIPWRECK.

A GOOD STORY WITH A GOOD MORAL

"He was *poor* and unworthy of her."—Unworthy, because poor—ah, thought I, how many hearts has this false idea broken."

"——And oft she wept,
At what a sailor suffers——"

"Do you see that tall, sickly looking girl?" said Allan to me, when on a visit to the shore, we were walking arm in arm along the beach; "look how she wanders among the willows, and how steadfastly she gazes on the sea." I turned, and for the first time observed a slendor, delicate female, apparently a youth, in the grove on the borders of the ocean not far distant; her form and motion were of themselves sufficient to attract notice at any time, and in any situation; the time at early sun rising, and the scene one of lone yet grand and beautiful simplicity, shed now a double interest around her; scarcely knowing what we did, we wandered down towards her. She withdrew silently at our approach, and, gliding away to the mansion house, disappeared behind broad portals, but as she passed we had a full view of her. A pretty smile played on her lips as she gracefully returned our morning salutation; and that single glance revealed a face most exquisitely beautiful for the symmetry of its proportions, the expression of its features, and the flash of light that was shed over it by bright and most bewitching eyes, and not less beautiful for the impress of sickness it bore, and the soft feverish flush that mingled with the paleness of a fine fair cheek. But she passed on, and we looked in vain for her appearance among the guests at breakfast. We could only learn that she was an individual under the care of her brother, and she constantly kept her room.

The morning passed away in the usual round of amusements; and a large hunting party was made up in the afternoon, of which the brother of the fair invalid was one. He wore, however, a forbidding countenance, and his manners were so far from being agreeable, that his presence threw a dampness over social intercourse; the pleasures of the sport were marred, and meeting with but poor success we returned to the boarding house two hours before sun down.

The day had been calm and tranquil: and as the evening drew towards a close, the anticipation of a lovely night softened the weariness of a sultry day. To increase the beauty of the splendid prospect before us, made up of an endless expanse of waveless waters; covered with small craft, and single masted coasters, the shadow of a noble ship was discovered on the utmost verge of the horizon, rapidly growing larger, as if brought on by winds which had not as yet driven one breaker to the shore; and as it grew larger and larger, a streak of cloud seemed to rise out of the bosom of the ocean and spread round the horizon to the setting sun.

That little cloud began to gather blackness as it spread abroad; the sea fowl flew screaming from the water; the light shallops that glided peacefully off the shore, seized the first breese, and spreading their sail crowded towards the harbors to the east. "We shall have a blow to night," remarked an old weather beaten Captain, who set lolling against a pillar of the portico, "and yon ship has not sufficient offing to weather it, if it comes on as it promises."

The ship was now in full view; for, as if the crew had caught the presage before us, they had been crowding all sail to make the narrows before night; a steady breeze now bore it at a rapid rate; but the clouds gathered even more rapidly upon it. Still but little anxiety was felt—it was a sight majestically grand, and the very nearest of danger added sublimity to the picture. As if in the confidence of being able to reach a place of safety, the vessel stood towards New York and though the sun disappeared in its setting among the clouds, and the wind whistled round the mansion, and drove the breakers into furious clamor, the point seemed yet within reach.

Suddenly the scene changed. A huge mass of blackness that hung over the sky, seemed to break up; a violent gale set in, and, when too late, the indefatigable mariners attempted to make off. From the moment the ship changed her course, anxiety and fear seemed written on every brow, which were increased each minute. But she made headway, apparently worked to admiration, and we at last lost sight of her, in the thick gloom of gathering clouds, and the darkness of the approaching night.

A hurricane came on. The shore seemed to shake with the very thunder of the dashing waves, but we could see no light displayed over all the ocean. We retired; out an hour before midnight, the cry of "a vessel is coming on the beach!" roused us from our slumbers, and as far as the news spread all came rushing to the shore. The lightning played in awful vividness among the clouds, and in the light of its blinding flashes we saw the vessel which had sailed so gracefully over the bosom of the sea a few hours before, not indeed a wreck, but just on the borders of the mountain breakers; a moment elapsed, and one white surge of foam seem to envelop it—she had struck!

Crowds succeeded in getting over to the beach; and just as I was preparing to embark, the beautiful stranger, whom I mentioned as having seen in the morning, came rushing down crying and clasping her hands in agony. Her brother who had remained with philosophical indifference behind, now followed her, and asked assistance to take her back.—Her life seemed to depend upon it; and I reluctantly stepped out of the boat, and helped to carry her almost senseless to the mansion, while she still feebly raved about the storm, the ship, and Henry. We conducted her to her room, and having given her charge to the domestics, we both determined to go over to the beach.

The scene was of so novel and mysterious a nature to a stranger like myself, that the hitherto forbidding visitor broke the mysterious silence he had before observed, by the single observation. "Poor Henrietta, she once loved a foolish sailor; and since she never sees a ship without believing him on board, and will not allow herself to dream of any thing but the dangers of the sea, & storms & tempests, & shipwrecks, always associating her idol with them all."—"And where is he now?" I asked, "Oh," said he, 'he went to India three years ago, and I believe died there—for nothing has been heard of him, as he was poor and unworthy of her." Unworthy, because poor—ah, thought I, how many hearts has this false idea broken.

The very feeling a brother could thus turn to scorn, I profess operated differently on me I now beheld the effects of cross and disappointed love in the remains of a broken heart. The wild and incoherent fancy that fluttered in the breast of that poor victim of pride, bore witness to the power of her affections; and I sighed for her while I stepped into the boat which was to convey me and the stranger to the beach.

The ship lay within 40 rods of the beach; but the sea was making a tremendous breach over her, and the fury of the waves rendered approach impossible. A boat which had been dragged over was manned, however, by three fishermen, who made a bold attempt to reach her; as was expected, the boat had scarcely put off before she was crushed down and but two of the adventurous men gained the land once more.—Several flashes of lightning which followed swift upon each other now blazed around the wreck, and we saw some plunging into the waves, others clinging to the remaining rigging for life, and others again in despair, resigning themselves to their fate. All was once more dark. Six hours passed in fruitless attempts to render assistance to the sufferers. At last the day broke, the winds declined, the waves were hushed into comparative stillness, and a full view of the wreck presented itself to the eye. She was a noble ship; the boatswain boarded her; she was an Indiaman; several of her crew and passengers were found lifeless corpses, scattered along the shore. Thirteen only remained of all that had composed the company.

As day grew bright along the eastern sky, a little boat was seen issuing from a neighboring bay, and shaping its course towards New York, with two solitary individuals in it. I traced it as far as the eye could reach, gliding swiftly over the blue expanse of waters, till it vanished far off towards the shores of Staten Island. As it fled thus away, apparently heedless of the ruins the storm had strewed along the coast, it seemed a phantom boat conveying the spirits of the departed mariners from the scene of their gloomy exit.

But the beauty of the rising sun, the majestic roll of the lately storm-tost billows, the scenes of devastation which the coast presented, and the silent departure of the little unknown skiff, though collectively presenting that morning a picture full of rich and touching interest, attracted but a secondary degree of notice. No one left the wreck until the surviving sufferers had been conveyed on shore, and the property was safe in the charge of the wreck master.—We then returned to the boarding house, fatigued and exhausted; and sat down to an excellent and acceptable meal.

But breakfast was not over before an alarm was given. The pretty invalid girl, whom her brother had given as a prisoner into the hands of the domestics in the night, was no where to be found. She had escaped from her window. Search was made far and near and at last she was given up for lost.

The brother was inconsolable for her loss—Now, when the opportunity of reparation was past, he cursed his own unfeeling conduct, and declared that the recollection of a sister's sufferings and death, would haunt him to his dying day. The shore was diligently searched for the body, but in vain; and in a few months after a splendid monument rose to her memory in Philadelphia, under the direction of her relative.—But days and years passed on; that monument half hidden in tall grass in the church yard, ceased to attract notice; the brother removed to the south; and the name of the unfortunate girl ceasad to be spoken, as her virtues, her endurance, and her fate ceased to be remembered.

It is thus that time, in his triumphant course, prostrates and obliterates the mutable associations of the world; at one moment breaking in upon the peaceful circle of relatives and friends, and calling one and another unexpectedly away, and then breathing upon the frail monuments of past affection, and withering the flowers of memory. There is not a solitary grave but gives an example of the former; and but few, indeed, that do not bring forcibly to mind the latter.—We die and are forgotten. A tear, a sigh, perhaps one pious ejaculation, or a prayer, and the earth is shovelled in upon the coffin lid; the place of sepulture is left, and the letters that mark the spot are obliterated; and the once beloved form commingles with the dust, and if ever it occupies one wondering thought, it is when we approach the grave and contemplate the end of the journey of life.

But this is a digression, and perhaps an improper one in this place. The footsteps of a frequent visitant, was not seen among the green grass that surrounded the monument of M. but there was one, who often thought of it, though far away, in solitude and tears—it was a brother.

When many years had been spent at a distance, he came once more to Philadelphia, to pay a last tribute of respect and love to her with whose death he still charged himself. Now a man debilitated, but not by years, with a grey head, and supported by a staff, he walked into the grave yard, and knelt beside the mouldering monument.—While bending over it in silent devotion, a light step shook the weeds behind him, and turning, he beheld an interesting female, leaning upon the arm of a gentleman, and who appeared to have broken in accidentally upon the hours of meditation. They asked pardon; "ah, it is granted," said the feeble man: "tears shed on the monument of a sister, have no claim to secrecy." The strangers wept. Affected himself to tears, the old man sobbed aloud. The unknown lady read the name upon the monument, and gazed upon the mourner's face. "Can this be Agustus Hampden—can this be my long lost brother?" She said, as she reached out her trembling hands. "I had one only sister," said Agustus; "the name engraved upon this tomb was her's, and yet I see her image in your face; has the tomb returned its victim, or was I deceived, and did the waves, not indeed, receive her?"

The history of that monument, and the causes of that brother's sorrows, burst upon her. She remembered the shipwreck. She recollected escaping from her room, to the sea side on the night it happened, where she found an exhausted seamen, who had been thrown there by the surges, and in him found her former lover, and her present husband. She called to mind their escape in a sail boat to New York, to avoid the arm of her brother, and at this moment, rich and honored, she presented to him Agustus. How is the impotent endeavor of man to disunite hearts whom heaven has destined for each other. How misspent the tears that flow incessantly over events, however apparently melancholy, when all things are directed by the wisdom of a power above us!

MARRIAGE.

The following very pretty sentiments on one of the most interesting of all subjects, we copy from the Little Genius: "Marriage is to woman at once the happiest and saddest event of her life. It is the promise of future bliss, raised on the death of all present enjoyments. She quits her home, her parents, her companions, her occupations every one on which she has hitherto depended for comfort, for affection, for kindness, for pleasure. The parent by whose advice she had been guided, the sister to whom she avowed to impart every embryo thought and feeling, the brother who has played with her—by turns, the councellor and the councelled—all are to be forsaken at one fell stroke; and yet she flies with joy into the untrodden path before her. Buoyed up by the confidence of re-quited love, she bids a fond and grateful adieu to life that is past, and returns with excited hopes and joyous anticipations of the happiness to come. Then wo to the man who can blight such fair hopes, who can treacherously lure such a heart from its peaceful enjoyment and the watchful protection at home—who can, coward like, break the illusions that have won her, and destroy the confidence which love has inspired; wo to such a man."

LOCUSTS AT SEA.

A letter from the mate of the brig Levant of Boston, to his friends in Beverly, dated Montevideo, January 16th, 1840, published in the Salem (Essex Co.) Register, states that after having encountered a very severe gale, on the 13th September, when in latitude of about eighteen degrees north, and the nearest land being over four hundred and fifty miles distant, they were surrounded for two days by large swarms of locusts, of a large size; and in the afternoon of the second day, in a squall from the north east, the sky was completely black with them. They covered every part of the brig. There was no land to the northwest for several thousand miles. Two days afterwards the weather being moderate, the brig sailed through swarms of them floating dead upon the water.

The Levant was waiting for the raising of the French Blockade, which event did not seem likely to happen soon. The French had some fifty sail of men of war there. The writer says that he counted from an eminence on shore, over one hundred and fifty vessels, most of them waiting. No vessels, except a few small craft attempted to run up, and they were pretty sure to be taken.

Richmond Compiler.

For a fit of extravagance and folly.—Go to the work house, or speak with the ragged and wretched inmates of a jail, and you will be convinced:

Who makes his bed of brier and thorn,
Must be content to lie forlorn.

From the Boston Pilot.

The following beautiful lines form no idle picture of the fancy. How many a female, bred up in ease, in affluence and refinement, and afterwards made happy in the husband of her choice, has been doomed at length to realize the sad reverse which is here described.

SOLILOQUY OF A DRUNKARD'S WIFE

Time was, when much he loved me,
When we walk'd at the close of day t' inhale
The vernal breeze: well do I remember,
How then, with careful hand, he drew my mantle,
Round me—fearful lest the evening dews
Should mar my fragile health. Yes, then his eye
Looked kindly on me: when my heart was sad,
How tenderly he wip'd my tears away,
While from his lips the words of gentle soothing
In softest accents fell.

How blest my evenings too, when wint'ry blasts
Were howling round our peaceful dwelling,
O! it was sweet, the daily task performed,
By the swept hearth, and cheerful fire to sit
With him I loved, to view with glistening eye,
And all a parent's fondness, the budding graces
Of our little ones.

Then ye had a father,
My lovely babes now no more than helpless orphans!
Your mother more than widow's grief has known:
Yes, sharper pangs than those who mourn the dead,
Seiz'd on my breaking heart, when first I knew
My lover—husband—O, my earthly all,
Was dead to virtue—When I say the man
My soul too fondly loved transformed to brute;
O, it was then I tasted gall and wormwood!
Then the world looked dreary! fearful clouds
Quick gathered round me: dark foreboding came:
The grave before was terror; now it smiled.
I long'd to lay me down in peaceful rest,
There to forget my sorrows. But I lived:
And oh, my God! what years of wo have followed!
I feel my heart is broken. He who vow'd
To cherish me—before God's altar vow'd—
Has done the deed. And shall I upbraid him—
The husband of my youthful days—the man
To whom I gave my virgin heart away?
Patient I'll bear it all.

Peace, peace my heart!
'Tis almost o'er. A few more stormy blasts,
And this shatter'd, sickly frame will fall,
And sweetly slumber—where the weary rest—
The wicked cease from troubling.

"HOW WE APPLES DO SWIM."

Who made way with upwards of two millions of the people's money? Van Buren's officials! Who were unwilling to go into an investigation for the purpose of shewing the situation of the public funds and the connexion of Reuben M. Whitney with the Deposite Banks! The Van Buren party! Who evinced a disposition to stifle enquiry and suppress facts, so as the people might remain in darkness, and not know any thing of the corruptions of the Government? The friends of the Administration in the House of Representatives? Who wanted a Branch of the United States Bank at Albany? Martin Van Buren?—Who signed a memorial to Congress praying for a Branch of United States Bank at Nashville, Tennessee? General Jackson and Felix Grundy! Who thought it glory enough to have served under such a Chief, and then wheeled about and sought a little more glory by suffering his name to be run for the Presidency? Martin Van Buren! Who pledged himself to follow in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor? Martin Van Buren! No slave never expressed a sentiment more servile in the presence of his master. Who voted for free negro suffrage in the Convention of New York? Martin Van Buren! Who voted for the Tariff of 1828? Martin Van Buren! Who proved his identity with that oppressive measure by making known the fact that he had vested twenty thousand dollars in sheep! Martin Van Buren! Who called John C. Calhoun, Catiline after the Roman conspirator? Francis P. Blair! Who now lands him as a Patriot? Francis P. Blair! Who denounced John C. Calhoun in 1834, as a disorganiser, and an enemy to his country? The Van Buren party! Who are now willing to run him for the highest office within the gift of the people? The Van Buren party! Who encouraged the Pet Bank system in 1834? The Ruling Dynasty! Who are waging war against that system now? The same power! Who said if he had been capable of thinking during the Revolutionary war, he would have been a tory? C. Ingersoll, a Van Buren Candidate for Congress in Pennsylvania last year! Who give utterance to the sordid doctrine "to the victors belong the spoils?" Ex-Governor Marcy of New York, a Van Buren man, and the very pink of loco-focoism?—Who gloried in having marched under the federal banner, so long as it waved in New Jersey? Jarratt Ward, a Van Buren Senator in Congress! Who as Vice President of the Senate of the United States, voted against the nomination of Martin Van Buren as Minister to the Court of St. James? John C. Calhoun! Who is one of the great champions of Van Buren's Administration now? John C. Calhoun, who opposed the little kinderhooker with as much bitterness as any man living. And this the party, and these the men that have the unblushing effrontery to taunt the Whig Republicans with inconsistency. The end at which such selfish and intriguing politicians aim, do not accord with the spirit of the Constitution, or genius of our people. Their success is a prelude to their down fall. There is nothing more certain than that deceit is the most suicidal of all possible policy, and that popularity cannot be permanent unless founded on truth, honesty and virtue.

Roanoke Advocate.

From the Washington Globe of the 11th inst.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE!

A fire broke out between 1 and 2 o'clock this morning, in the building occupied by Messrs. Langtree and O'Sullivan, and Thomas Allen, as printing offices for the Democratic Review and the Madisonian. Before the fire companies reached there, the fire had made such progress as to leave no hope of saving the building, or any considerable portion of the printing materials in it. Messrs. Langtree and O'Sullivan saved most of the stereotype plates of the Madison papers, and about 1,000 copies of the first volumes, we believe, were entirely destroyed. The edition 1,800 copies, three volumes to each, valued at from $10,000 to $12000. They were insured for $6,000; and their property destroyed is estimated at from $15,000 to $18,000. The materials of the Madisonian office were all destroyed, and no insurance on them. They were worth, we suppose, from $6,000 to $8,000. The roof and the upper floor of the Medical College were burnt: insured for $3,000 and it will require that sum, it is supposed, to repair it. The Baptist Church was injured to the amount of $500 or $600. A frame soap factory was entirely destroyed, worth, probably, between $800 and $1000.

It is not ascertained how the fire originated. Some of the hands in the Madisonian office were at work until after 12 o'clock; and the fire had made great progress when discovered, about half after 1 o'clock. But the prevailing opinion is, that it occurred in Messrs. Langtree and O'Sullivan's office.

CURE FOR DISCONTENT.

There was an Italian Bishop, who had struggled through great difficulties without repining, and who met with much opposition in the discharge of his episcopal function, without ever betraying the least impatience. An intimate friend of his, who highly admired those virtues, which he thought it impossible to imitate, one day asked the prelate if he could communicate the secret of being always easy. 'Yes,' replied the old man 'I can teach you my secret, and with great facility; it consists in nothing more than making a right use of my eyes." His friend begged him to explain himself.—"Most willingly returned the bishop. "In whatever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven, and remember that my principal business is to get there. I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind what a small space I shall occupy, when I come to be interred. I then look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes are there