

# Carolina Watchman.

PENDLETON & BRUNER,  
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

"See that the Government does not acquire too much power. Keep a check upon all your Rulers. Do this, and LIBERTY IS SAFE."—Genl. Harrison.

NO. 15—VOLUME IX.  
WHOLE NO. 481.

SALISBURY, NOVEMBER 6, 1840.

**NEW TERMS.**  
The "WATCHMAN" may hereafter be had for five dollars in advance, and two dollars and fifty cents at the end of the year.  
No subscription will be received for a less time than one year, unless paid for in advance.  
No paper, discontinued (not at the option of the Editors) until all arrearages are paid.  
**TERMS OF ADVERTISING.**  
One dollar per square for the first insertion and fifty cents for each continuation.  
Court notices will be charged 25 per cent. higher than the above rates.  
A deduction of 33 per cent will be made to those who advertise by the year.  
All advertisements will be continued until ordered and charged for accordingly, unless ordered for a certain number of times.  
Letters addressed to the Editors must be post paid to ensure attention.

**PRICES CURRENT AT SALISBURY, NOVEMBER 6.**

Cents.	Cents.
Wheat, 7 1/2	Molasses, 40 a 60
Barley, 4 1/2	Nails, 8 a 10
Peas, 4 1/2	Oats, 15 a 20
Beans, 4 1/2	Pork, 10 a 12
Butter, 12 1/2	Sugar, br. 10 a 12
Flour, 12 1/2	loaf, 18 a 20
Wheat, 14 1/2	Salt, \$1 25
Corn, 35 a 40	Tallow, 10 a 12 1/2
Flour, 35 a 40	Tobacco, 8 a 20
Flour, 35 a 40	Tow-Linen, 16 a 20
Flour, 35 a 40	Wheat, bush 52 1/2
Flour, 35 a 40	Whiskey, 45 a 50
Flour, 35 a 40	Wool, (clean) 40
Flour, 35 a 40	Lord, 7 a 8

**CHERRY, October 23, 1840.**

Beef, 4 a 6	Nails cut assor 7 1/2
Pork, 8 a 10	wrought 16 a 18
Butter, 15 a 25	Oats bushel 40 a 50
Flour, 20 a 25	Oil gal 75 a \$1
Wheat, 10 a 12	lamp \$1 25
Barley, 10 a 12	linseed 1 10 a 1 25
Peas, 12 a 15	Pork 100lbs 5 1/2 a 6
Beans, 12 a 15	Rice 100lbs 4 a 5
Butter, 12 a 15	Sugar lb 8 a 12 1/2
Flour, 12 a 15	Salt sack \$2 1/2
Wheat, 12 a 15	Wool bush \$1 00
Corn, 12 a 15	Steel Amer. 10 a 00
Flour, 12 a 15	English 14
Wheat, 12 a 15	German 12 a 14
Corn, 12 a 15	Teaampe. \$1 \$1 37

**FAYETTEVILLE, October 23, 1840.**

Beef, 50	Molasses, 35 a 37 1/2
Peas, 37 a 42	Nails, cut, 6 1/2 a 7
Barley, 8 a 10	Sugar brown, 9 a 12
Butter, 20 a 25	Lump, 16
Wheat, 12 a 15	Loaf, 18 a 20
Corn, 7 a 9	Salt, 75 a 00
Flour, 12 a 15	Sack, \$2 1/2 a \$2 1/2
Wheat, 12 a 15	Tobacco leaf 4 a 4 1/2
Corn, 12 a 15	Colton bag 16 a 22
Flour, 12 a 15	Bale rope, 8 a 10
Wheat, 12 a 15	Wheat new 85
Corn, 12 a 15	Whiskey 50
Flour, 12 a 15	Wool, 15 a 20

**TIME.**  
Time is the most und-fineable, yet paradoxical of things; the past is gone, the future is not yet, and the present becomes the past even while we attempt to define it, and like the flash of lightning, at once exists and expires—  
Time is the measure of all things, but is itself immeasurable, and the grand discoverer of all things, but is itself undisclosed. Like space, it is incomprehensible, because it has no limit, and would still be more so if it had. It is now in its source than the Nile, and in its termination than the Niger; and advances like the ocean tide, but retreats like the swiftest torrent. It gives wings of lightning to pleasure, but feet of lead to grief, and lends expectation a curb, but denies it a spur. It robes beauty of her charms, but shows them on her brow, and builds a monument to merit, but denies it a house; it is the promise and the deed, the flatterer of falsehood, but the friend and foe of truth. Time is the most subtle, yet the most insatiable of depredaters, and by appearing to take nothing, is perceived to take all; nor can it be satisfied, until it has stolen the world from us, and as from the world, it constantly flies, yet overcomes all things in its flight; and although it is the present only, it will be the future conqueror of death. Time, the cradle of hope, but the grave of ambition, the stern corrector of fools, but the salutary counsellor of the wise; bringing all things to their end; like Cassandra, it warns us with a voice that even the senses discredit too late. Wisdom walks before it, opportunity with it, and repentance behind it; he that has made a fool of himself, will have little to fear from his enemy, but he that has made it his enemy, will have little to hope from his friends.—Burns'

**Destructive Machine.**—A late London paper, in speaking of some newly invented exploding machine, which are not described, says:—  
"In my opinion, the merits of these inventions are so extraordinary as to vest the absolute sovereignty of the seas in the hands of the first person that shall adopt them; for I am fully persuaded that it is impossible for any thing that can be invented, either at close quarters or at great distance, even to a range of five or six miles. The strongest fortifications in Europe could not withstand these extraordinary weapons for a single hour; in river-ways and narrow passages, as in India, the largest armies would be annihilated without a chance of escape; and the most difficult mountain passes would be rendered untenable against their operation. The country might by their application be rendered impregnable; for 100 sail of the line might be destroyed by a single small ship constructed on the principles I have explained to me; and whether it might be necessary to call this power into action, its effects would be attained at a trifling expense, and upon the shortest notice."

**An extraordinary Rencontre.**—Recently on board of a hotel in Havre, France. Amongst the travellers who had arrived on the same day, were dining at the table d'hôte, were several gentlemen, who were relating to each other the adventures of one who had arrived after an absence of twenty years, from the United States, and who had been to improve his fortune, and had succeeded. Another, who had left France at the same time, had gone to Egypt, and entered the military service of Pacha, who had advanced him with fortune and honors; and the third had been attached to various voyages of discovery as an artist, and now returned with a large amount of money and pension from the state. These three persons are brothers! and were born at the same house! At the death of their father, they all set out on the same day! and, after a long absence, they returned on the same day! after an absence of twenty years during which period they had never even heard of each other!



## Agricultural.

### From the Farmers' Register. METHOD OF KEEPING SWEET POTATOES.

Some time last Fall, as well as I now recollect, one of your Virginia correspondents asked for information on the subject of keeping sweet potatoes through the winter; and perhaps the writer was desirous to obtain Virginia practice; but if our Georgia plan should not be altogether applicable to your region, (I know of no reason why it should not be,) your correspondents may derive some useful hints therefrom; and though I give our plan too late for any practical use the present season, it will, if at all, be of service the coming one. There are various modes adopted in Georgia for saving potatoes, but as the one I practice, in common with many others, has always been so successful, I shall describe that only. As soon as the frost slightly affects the potatoe vines in the fall, (about the middle of October here,) I begin to make preparations for digging; and by the time the vines become thoroughly killed, I am prepared for the harvest. I select an elevated piece of ground, and throw up circular mounds, or hills, (twelve or fifteen inches above the common surface, the diameter of which should be about ten feet, to contain sixty bushels of potatoe. The situation and elevations of the hills are objects of importance, to prevent the possibility of the potatoe getting wet. In order to make the potatoe lie on the hill the better, the edges should be somewhat elevated by drawing the earth from the centre, giving it slightly the appearance of a bowl. Common pine heart boards are now placed on the earth, radiating from the centre to the circumference of the hill; and on these a layer one foot thick, of dry pine leaves. The hill being now ready to receive the potatoe, I select dry, mild weather, and commence digging in the morning, and stop time enough in the afternoon to haul up all dug during the day; for if left out at night, the frost, if any, would injure them. If possible, the hills should be filled and completed the same day, but if not, the potatoe should be well covered with straw to protect them at night, and uncovered next morning. When the pile becomes two or three feet high, place a pole horizontally across, of sufficient length to pass entirely through the hill. A better ventilator would be an oblong box, four or five inches square, with several sugar holes in it. The potatoe may now be put on, (fill the pile is about five feet high, and left in a conical form. Next, procure dry leaves and lay them all over the potatoe, at least six inches thick. Pine heart boards like those used at the bottom of the potatoe, are now placed over the straw, and a covering of earth six or eight inches thick, is put over the whole, and patted smooth with a spade. A small aperture should be left at the top of the hill, to assist in ventilation; or a short oblong box may be inserted down to the potatoe, and the earth drawn nicely up to it. If a pole is used as the horizontal ventilator, the earth should be removed from below it, where it projects from the hill.—All the apertures should be left open, for a few days after the operation is finished, and then only closed during severe weather, with a handful of pine leaves. Shelters, should be erected over the hills to exclude the rain entirely. I consider it important to perform the whole business in dry weather.

**Columbus, Ga.**  
As to the best method of keeping sweet potatoe through winter, the following story may direct your attention to a quarter from which you may obtain some useful information.  
In the Fall of 1833, I called at the house of J. G. near the Water canal. He had just put up his potatoe crop; chiefly in a house of the following construction. It had a double log wall, and the space between the walls (15 or 18 inches,) was filled with earth. The top or loft was floored with stout puncheons, and these covered over with clay 10 or 12 inches thick, above which there was a common board roof. The ground floor was sunk about two feet below the surface of the earth. The area of the house was about 8 feet wide, 8 feet high, and 15 long, which he computed to hold 800 bushels. It was entirely filled with potatoe.

What struck me most, was to see the

door (the only opening to the house,) closed up, and all the same in the shutter and facing carefully chinked up with cotton and tar; if I remember right, Mr. G. gave the following explanation. For two or three years, on first housing his potatoe, he was careful to have the door kept open until they had gone through a sweat; yet found that he had lost a third by dry rot. At length he was told that the air ought to be carefully kept out until the sweat was over. The truth of this was strongly confirmed to his mind by the recollection that in using his potatoe he found that the farther they lay from the door the sounder they had kept. He added that he had preserved two crops on the new plan with entire success; and that after the sweating was past, the door was often left open all day, in cold weather, without any sensible injury to the potatoe.

Would it not confer a public benefit, for you to learn if this plan continues successful, and give your readers the information? W.

**To improve Cream.**—Have ready two pans in boiling water, put the milk, immediately after taking it from the cow, into one of them, and cover it with the other, and our word for it, you will find a great increase in the thickness and quality of the cream.

An old gentleman of Montgomery Co., Pa., says:—Dig potatoe in dry weather, if you wish them to preserve well." That's correct.

**AUTUMN.**  
Sweet Sabbath of the year,  
While evening lights decay,  
Thy parting steps methinks I hear  
Steal from the world away.

**Amid thy silent bowers**  
Thy sad, yet sweet to dwell,  
Where falling leaves & drooping flowers,  
Around me breathe farewell.

Along thy sunset skies  
Their glories melt in shade,  
And like the things we fondly prize,  
Seem lovelier as they fade.

A deep and crimson streak  
Thy dying leaves disclose;  
As, on consumption's waning cheek,  
Mid ruin blooms the rose.

Thy scene each vision brings  
Of beauty in decay;  
Of fair and early faded things,  
Too exquisite to stay;

Of joys that come no more;  
Of flowers whose bloom is fled;  
Of farewells wept upon the shore;  
Of friends estranged or dead;

Of all that now may seem,  
To Memory's tearful eye,  
The vanished beauty of a dream,  
O'er which we gaze and sigh.

## Miscellaneous.

**From the Quebec Mercury.**  
**THE VICTIM OF A PROOF READER.**  
"Fool murder hath been done. Lo! here's the proof."  
Oh! for the good old times of typographic, when operatives in the art, could read the ancients—when Caxton translated 'Ye Sages of Troye' from the language of Greece. Would that, in this latter age, when Champeillon has deciphered the hieroglyphics of Egypt; when the spirit of inquiry is every where abroad—some one might be found who could contrive to shelter from typical aggression a writer for the press?

I am the victim of a proof reader. The blunders of others, and not my own, have placed me in a state of feeling akin to purgatory. Ever since I began to shave for a beard, I have been more or less afflicted with the *cacoethes scribendi*, and I flatter myself that I have not always been unsuccessful in my writings. But my printed efforts have neither been honorable to my genius nor grateful to my vanity; "on the contrary, they have been quite the reverse." I have had the sweetest poems turned into three solid stupidities; sentences in prose, on which I doated in manuscript, have been perused in a deep perspiration, and with a positive loathing in print. All this has arisen from a conspiracy which seems to have been formed against me by all the typographic gentlemen of the country. It is true I write what Mrs. Malaprop might call an "intelligent hand;" for, to the painful minutiae of crossing 't's, and dotting 'i's, I never could descend. I have often given directions to publishers, that if a word was otherwise "past finding out," they should count the marks; but the plan failed, as have indeed all my plans for correct habits of thought before the public. If this narrative shall prove to be correctly printed, it will be the first article from my pen that has ever met with such an honor, and I shall be proportionately pleased.

Like all other mortals, I am penetrable to the arrows of Cupid. My heart is not encased with the epidermis of a rhinoceros, or the bull hides of Ajax; consequently I am what they call in romances a suscepti-

ble person. When I was nineteen, I fell in love; and as I found prose too tame a medium, no staid drapery for my thoughts what could I do but express to my fair one my passion in song? She was a beautiful creature; "a delicious arrangement of flesh and blood"—a country parson's daughter with excellent tastes and accomplishments. She was fond of poetry and so was I. This circumstance sent my fancy a wool-gathering for tropes, figures, and emblems.—Young ladies have a passionate admiration for genius, and I determined to show that I was not deficient in that particular; that I belonged of right to those who merited the saying, "*poeta nascitur non fit*." During the spring of 18—, I was attacked with a perfect incontinence of rhyme. My lady love was always my theme. But of all my compositions, none satisfied me save the following, which I produced with great time, labor, and studious care. I think poorly enough of it now. Mr. Neal would call it twaddle, and so do I.

**"TO EMILY B.—"**  
"Dear girl! an angel sure thou art,  
The muse of every spell,  
What brings one transport to my heart,  
And bids my bosom swell.

"And oh, carnation on thy cheek  
Its richest tints lends;  
And thy blue eyes forever speak  
A welcome to thy friends.

"Alas! if fate should bid us part,  
Life would be nought with me;  
A load would rest upon my heart,  
Without a smile from thee.

"Where shall I meet a leaf so fair  
In nature's open page?  
With thee the beautiful flower compare,  
And e'en my grief assuage?"

"Forgive my love, this hasty lay,  
And let its numbers be  
Sweet monitors that daily dry,  
Shall bid thee think of me!"

"This production I sent to the village newspaper. I awaited a long week to see it appear. Finally, the important Wednesday arrived. I hastened to the office; but the affair was not published. I glanced with a hurried eye over the damp sheet, and found a notice at last, commencing with three stars turned up and down. It read thus:

"The tribute to Emily by J. S. is unavoidably postponed until our next, by a press advertisement, for which we are thankful; since we do that kind of business, as likewise all sorts of job work, on the most reasonable terms, blanks, cards, handbills, and other legal documents, being executed by us at the shortest notice. Not to digress, however, we would say to J. S. let him cultivate his talents; he has tremendous powers, but writes a bad hand—He should make his pen do his hand his poetry—perfect."

"I had the curiosity to advertise columns to the publishers things of traffic bad. There were but three, and a wife eloped from bed and board. I read the sheriff's notice with that deep interest which these documents usually excite. I discoursed of lands, messages, and tenements, designated by a line beginning at the north west corner of Mr. Jenkins' cow house; running thence north seventy five chains, fourteen links; thence east twenty nine chains, eleven links, to a stake and stones; and so on the end of the chapter.

"Yet the notice filled me with exceeding great delight. I sent it to Emily: I told her that J. S. was myself, but begged her not to mention it to a third person. She kept her secret as women usually do, to three days it was all over town that I had a piece, that I had made out of my head, coming forth in the next week's newspaper addressed to Emily Brinkenhoff.

"Never did seven days sail more slowly round the fortnight interval which followed the foregoing notice, in the publication of the 'Euclidator of Freedom, and the Torson of the People.' When it did finally come out, I sent Emily an affectionate letter, with a copy of the paper, assuring her that the poem contained my real sentiments. I determined not to read it myself until I visited her in the evening. By great self-denial I kept my resolve, and when the young moon arose, bent my steps towards the mansion of my mistress.

"She received me coldly. I was surprised and abashed. 'What is the matter, Em?' I tenderly enquired; 'did you get my billet-doux, and the verses to-day?'  
"Yes they came safe."  
"Well, how did you like them?"  
"The note was kind and good, but the verses were foolish, ridiculous nonsense."

I was thunderstruck. I asked to see the paper. Emily rose and handed it to me; and sitting down by the vine clad window, patted her little foot angrily on the floor. I opened the Euclidator and Torson, and read my poem. Solomon of Jerusalem! what inhuman butchery! idiocy! But I will give the effusion as it is printed, and shame the devil!

**"TO EMILY B.—"**  
"Dear girl! an angel sure thou art,  
The muse of every spell;  
That brings, o'er transports to my heart,  
And bids my bosom swell.

"And oh, carnation o'er thy cheek  
Its richest tints lends;  
And thy blue eyes forever speak  
A welcome to thy friends.

"Alas! if fate should bid us part,  
Life would be nought with me;  
A load would rest upon my heart,  
Without a smile from thee.

"Where I could meet a lamp so fair  
In Nature's open passage?  
With thee the barbarous flower compare  
And own my grief assuage?"

"Forgive my bore this hasty lay,  
And let its numbers be  
Sweet monitors that daily dry,  
Shall bid thee think of me!"

"When I had read over this diabolical mass of stuff, I flew into an uncontrollable rage. In the blindness of my chagrin, I depreciated the judgment of Miss Emily; I thought every person could see the errors and detect them as readily as I did; and I said to my young friend that she must have been very stupid or inattentive, not to see how the poem ought to read. This roused in her bosom 'all the blood of the Brinkenhoff's.' She handed me my hat and pointed significantly to the door. I went out at the aperture thus indicated, and have never darkened it since. Emily now is the Connecticut school master, who blows the pitch-pipe and leads the choir on Sunday in her father's church.

"This was my first passion and my last, except that into which I have been roused every time I have sent a piece to be published. Yet I still love to console my dreary bachelorhood by writing and seeing my thoughts in print; but I despair of ever seeing them rightly uttered. Fate, in that regard is against me, and probably always will be.  
JOHN SMITH"

## DIOCESE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Bishop Izles has just completed his visitation to the western and northern Churches of his diocese; having confirmed eighty-six persons, consecrated one church, examined the children of each parish in the Catechism, and addressed them on the subject of their baptismal gifts and duties. In the midst of these labours—rendered unusually arduous by bad health—the Bishop has been not a little encouraged by a manifest increase of parental solicitude and exertion to communicate to the rising sons and daughters of the Church, a fuller knowledge and a deeper sense of their relation to God by holy baptism; so that he begins to look with confidence on the next generation of Churchmen in North Carolina, as comparatively recovered, by the powerful instrumentality, under the blessing of the Holy Ghost, of the Church Catechism—applied by the anxious and prayerful teaching of mothers—from the thralldom of multifarious and long continued error; and as standing upon the high ground, occupied by the saints of that pure, and almost apostolic age, when this blessed "form of sound words," was first embodied and inculcated. It continues, however, to be a matter of grief, that the views of the Church should be so grossly misrepresented in regard to these things; that with her liturgy shining before the eyes of men, and her ministry faithful to their holy calling, she should still be charged with resting upon her sacraments and ordinances and catechetical instructions, as the end of the Christian profession; and not—as we affirm from Holy Scripture—as the divinely ordained, means of that newness and holiness of heart and life, which alone can make the Christian profession valuable—alone can fit us for the true fellowship of our Saviour here, and for the everlasting "joy of our Lord" hereafter.

The Bishop went to the duties of this visitation with the hope, that his efforts to obtain for Lincoln and Burke counties—fields already white to the harvest—a suitable labourer, would be found successful. In his meeting there, an able Missionary already engaged in his work. But he is again called to suffer disappointment; and in view of that most interesting region, to pray more fervently, and to entreat his brethren to join the prayer "to the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest."—Banner of the Cross.

**An evidence of Sincerity.**—At a recent religious meeting held in a Methodist Church in Spartanburg District, sixty-four were added to the communion of that Church.—Among that number was a retailer, who kept hard by his grog-shop a *Nine-pin Alley*, where men collected on Sabbath as well as other days, to drink and carouse. But so soon as this man's eyes were opened to see the purity and extent of God's Law, and his heart, as we trust, opened to receive and love the truth, he saw at once the sin of keeping a grog-shop. He therefore gave notice immediately, that he should abandon the practice of retailing, and did so.

Are there any members of the Church of Christ who are engaged in this unholy calling? Pause for a moment, we entreat you, and consider the effects of your trade on the temporal and eternal interests of your fellow men.—*Temperance Advocate.*

Advice, like snow, the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the heart.

**Naval Architecture.**—It is worthy of remark that the proportions of the British Queen steamship the last great effort of marine architecture that has interested the world, are exactly those of Noah.

LETTER OF Mr. STANLY, OF N. C., TO Mr. BOTTS OF VIRGINIA.

Washington, Oct. 23, 1840.  
My Dear Sir—I have read with much pleasure your letter in your commitments, relative to the celebrated plan of Forsyth, and the House case. I really pity the President & his Secretaries, who have made themselves and colors, in their attempts to shield themselves from public indignation. There are gross inconsistencies and contradictions in their letters, which cannot be reconciled. But this you have handled well, and nothing remains for me to say.

I wish, however, to say a word relative to the conduct of the Judiciary Committee. The President, in his electrifying letter to Mr. Berry, says, "that this committee are silent upon the subject." After Mr. Storr, of Connecticut, resigned, I was placed on that committee to supply the vacancy. The case of Lieut. Howe was then referred to us, and the committee, were out as we all were, by the warm weather, sitting up late at night, and the press of business, found it impossible, with the little at our command, to consider this case, without neglecting all the other business before the committee.

As well as I remember, there was not a full meeting of the committee after I became a member of it. But what was it proposed that the Judiciary Committee should do? I have lately seen an article in the Government organ, commencing upon the vote in the House, on the resolution of Mr. Chapman, of Alabama, and of course misrepresenting the whole affair. By reference to the journal, you will observe that on the 4th of July, a motion was made by Mr. Chapman, of Alabama, that the rules in relation to the order of business be suspended, to enable him to move the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the Judiciary Committee, having charge of the case of Lieut. Howe, do forthwith report a bill to this House, prohibiting the enlistment of negroes or colored persons in the service of the Navy or Army of the United States."

To this resolution I was decidedly opposed, and gave my reasons for it. In these, if I remember right, you concurred. By reference to the journal, on the 17th July, you will find I succeeded in having these objections entered on the journal. I asked to be excused from voting, that I might be enabled to assign my reasons, which were as follows:

"Mr. Stanley asked to be excused from voting, because the Judiciary Committee had not time at this period of the session, to examine and prepare any law on any subject; because the President and the Secretary of the Navy, had already full power and authority to exclude them from giving testimony against white men, and to set aside the proceedings of courts martial, if they saw any thing requiring their interference; and because (Mr. S.) could not consent that the Navy should be deprived of the services of negroes, as cooks, stewards, and servants, for there is no necessity they should be white-see; and because, to enact such a law as the gentleman from Alabama proposes, would, in effect, make white men negroes."

This explains my opinions, as a Southern man, and as a member of the Judiciary Committee.—And after deliberate examination, I believe those views are correct; and I know a large majority of Southern men will think with me. The great laboratory of lies, the Globe, gives the names of those who voted against Mr. Chapman's resolution.

If you will look at the journal, you will find, on the 14th of July, Mr. Chapman introduced his resolution to have the rules suspended, and the yeas and nays are there given. The Globe would have the South to believe, that all the Locofocos who supported Mr. Chapman in his motion are good Democrats, and friends of the South. But to expose this unfounded and hypocritical pretension, I need only call your attention to the names of H. Williams, and Wm. Parmenter, both of whom are found voting with Mr. Chapman. Both of whom, therefore, the Globe intends to palm upon the South as friends of the institution of slavery, and in favor of excluding negroes from entering the service.

I have before me copies of the letters written by Messrs Parmenter and Williams, before they were elected members of Congress, and I give you an extract from each. The extracts I here give you I read in the House of Representatives, and they were not denied by Parmenter and Williams:

**Extract of a letter from Wm. Parmenter to Dr. Amos Parsonsoth, dated East Cambridge, October 16, 1835.**

"That the existence of Slavery is an evil of great magnitude is not disputed, excepting by a very small portion of the citizens of the Union. In my opinion, the powers possessed by Congress should be exercised to prohibit *inter State slave trade, and to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia*, whenever such measures can be adopted consistently with the safety of the nation; and I deem it the duty of Congress to regard the requirements of justice and humanity as well as the other obligations of the Constitution of the United States.

I am not in favor of the admission of any new State whose Constitution may tolerate slavery, and in this sentiment I believe the People of this section of the country almost unanimously coincide.

Respectfully, and truly yours,  
WILLIAM PARMENTER.

**Extract of a letter of H. Williams to Rev. P. Crandall, Fall River, dated Taunton, November 1, 1835.**

"Dear Sir—I have this day received your letter of the 31st ult., proposing to me inter-registries in behalf of the Bristol County Anti-Slavery Society, and for answer refer you to my course in the Massachusetts Senate, and to a letter written to Andrew Robeson, Esq., about one year since, and published in the newspapers of that time. That letter contains opinions I have long entertained and often expressed. I have since seen no reason to change them. I still believe slavery to be contrary to the laws of God and the best interests of man; that it ought not to be extended by the admission of new States into the Union with Constitutions tolerating so great an evil; and that it is the imperative duty of Congress to adopt immediate measures for its abolition in the District of Columbia.

H. WILLIAMS.

Now, both these men, Parmenter and Williams, are full blooded Locofocos, and according to Globe logic, are genuine friends of the South; and if they are defeated at the next election, we shall hear that the Abolitionists have triumphed over these immaculate Democrats! Anti slavery resolutions were introduced into the Massachusetts Legislature. The question was taken by yeas and nays upon each resolution. Here are two of them:

"Resolved, That Congress, having exclusive legislation in the District of Columbia, possesses the right to abolish slavery and slave trade therein, and that the early exercise of such right is demanded by the enlightened sentiment of the civilized world, by the principles of the revolution, and by humanity.

Wm. Parmenter & H. Williams