

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.

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SALISBURY, JANUARY 23, 1841.

FRUIT TREES.

THE Subscriber has for sale, at his Nurseries in Davidson county, a large assortment of FRUIT TREES, consisting of Apple, Peach, Pear, Plum, Cherry, &c., embracing many of the best American and European fruits; also a fine selection of Roses and Dahlias. Trees will be delivered at any reasonable distance from Lexington, at the usual price of hauling. Priced catalogues sent gratis to all applicants, the postage being paid. — Direct to Lexington, N. Carolina.
CHAS. MOORE.
December 19, 1840—1841.

WEEKLY MADISONIAN.

For the next Session of Congress.
THE approaching session of Congress will, doubtless, be one of great interest. It will close up some, at least, of the affairs of Mr. Van Buren's administration, and usher in the more auspicious dawn of a new and better order of things. The scenes in Congress will probably be exciting. On one side we shall see the struggles of an expiring faction, and on the other a triumphant party, armed with the confidence of the people, imposing judicious restraints upon the convulsive throes of their opponents, and shielding their country as far as possible from the dangers of malignant and reckless violence, and endeavoring to avert the embarrassments which defeated men, stung with disappointment, will seek to throw in the way of the new administration. On the third of March next, 12 o'clock, P. M., Mr. Van Buren's dull star will vanish, and immediately in its place shall we behold the rising sun of HARRISON.
On the 4th of March, General Harrison, as President of the United States, will attend in the Chamber of the House of Representatives to take his oath of office, according to the direction of the Constitution. On his entrance, as on the entrance of Washington, and Jefferson, and Madison, the audience will not be able to stifle their disposition to applaud. Having taken his seat on the elevated chair of the Speaker of the House of Representatives, the Vice President, Mr. Van Buren, (if present), and the Secretary of the Senate on his right, the Speaker and Clerk of the House of Representatives on his left, and the Chief Justice of the United States and associate Judges at the Clerk's table, he will proceed to deliver his inaugural speech, after which he will receive the oath of office from Mr. Taney, Chief Justice. He will then retire, and such huzzas will go up from the multitude around the Capitol as have never been heard.

Such will be among the interesting incidents which will occupy the columns of the Weekly Madisonian. The paper will contain leading speeches, spirited sketches of the debates, and a summary of the results of the proceedings in Congress, together with the general and political news of the day. It will contain the official returns of the vote in the Electoral College for President, and the inaugural address of the President. This will include the time comprehended between the opening of Congress in December, and its adjournment on the 4th of March. Subscription price for this period FIFTY CENTS, cash in advance. Bank notes of every description received at their specie value. Postmasters will act as agents, and be allowed a commission; they are also authorized by the Department to forward subscriptions under frank. Letters must come to us free, or postage paid.
THOMAS ALLEN.
Washington, Oct. 31, 1840.

* It has been usual of late years to perform the ceremonies of Inauguration on the porch in front of the Capitol, where the area is better fitted to accommodate a large number of spectators. The practice will probably be continued.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE
Western Carolina Temperance Advocate.
A monthly paper devoted to the Temperance Reform, published at Asheville, N. C., and edited by D. R. McANALLY.

The Temperance Convention that was held at this place early in September, resolved on publishing a paper of the above title and character, and appointed Dr. John Dickson and D. R. McAnally to conduct it. From the many pressing engagements, Dr. Dickson already has, he deems it impracticable for him to be recognized as one of the editors, though he will cheerfully use all his influence otherwise, to promote its interest; the subscriber therefore, proceeds to issue this Prospectus in his own name, with a hope that he will be aided in the undertaking, by all the friends of the Temperance cause throughout the country, and that the paper may soon have an extensive circulation.

Friends of the Temperance Cause! In you we make a most earnest appeal—while thousands of dollars are annually expended at theatres, at circuses, at the race track, at groceries, while no pains are spared, the luxury of retirement and ease foregone, and no labor deemed too severe to advance the interests of a cause that must be dear to every true patriot, philanthropist, and Christian? Recollect there are but few, very few, such papers in all the Southern States. The Western part of North Carolina, the Western part of Virginia, and the Eastern part of Tennessee particularly, need a periodical of this kind, and it is for you now to say whether they shall have it.

The very low price at which it was fixed by the Convention, will make it necessary, that a very large subscription be had, before the publication of it can be justified.

TERMS.

The Western Carolina Temperance Advocate will be published on a medium sheet, in quarto form, each number making eight pages, and will be furnished at the very low price of Fifty Cents a copy. Where single copies are taken, the payment must be made invariably upon the reception of the first number.

Postmasters, editors or publishers of papers, and all Ministers of the Gospel, are authorized agents.

BLANKS

Of all descriptions for sale at this Office.

THE GRAVE OF THE YEAR.

For the 31st day of December.

Be composed every toil and each turbulent emotion
That encircles the heart in life's treacherous snares,
And the hour that invites to the calm of devotion
Undisturbed by regret, unembarrassed with cares,
How cheerless the late blooming face of creation
Weary Time seems to pause in his rapid career;
And, fatigued with the work of his own desolation,
Looks behind with a smile, on the Grave of the Year!

Hark! the wind whistles rudely—the shadows are closing.
That enwrapped his broad path in the mantle of night,
While Pleasure's gay son's are in quiet repose,
Undimmed at the wrecks which have numbered his flight.
From your temple, where Fashion's bright tapers are lighted,
Her votaries in crowds decked with garlands appear,
And as yet their warm hopes by no specter are frightened,
Assembled to dance round the Grave of the Year!
Oh, I hate the stale cup which the idlers have tasted,
When I think of the ills of Life's comfortless day—
How the flowers of my childhood their verdure have wasted,
And the friends of my youth have been stolen away.
They think not how fruitless the warmest endeavor,
To recall the kind moments neglected when near,
When the hours that Oblivion has cancelled forever
Are interred by her hand in the Grave of the Year!

Since the last solemn reign of this day of reflection,
What throngs have shed the last tear of dejection,
How many have shed the last tear of dejection,
And closed the dim eye in the darkness of death!
How many have suddenly their pilgrimage ended
Beneath the low pall which enveloped their birth,
Cut off in life's bloom, to the lone tomb descended,
And made their cold beds with the Grave of the Year!

'Tis the year that so late its new beauties disclosed,
Rose bright on the careless, the happy and gay,
Who now on their pillows of dust are reposing,
Where the sod presses damp on their bosom's clay!
Then talk not of bliss while our smiles are ex-
ploding,
Disappointment still drowns them in misery's
Recess, and be wise—for the day is retiring,
And to-morrow will dawn on the Grave of the Year!

Yet a while and no seasons around us will flourish,
But silence for each her dark mansion prepare,
Where beauty no longer her roses shall nourish,
Nor the lily o'erspread the wan cheek of despair;
But the eye shall with lustre unfading be bright-
ened,
When it wakes to true bliss in our orient sphere;
By sunbeams in splendor immortal enlivened,
Which no more shall go down on the Grave of the Year!

Agricultural.

The American Farmer on the authority of respectable farmers publishes the following remedies for the diseases specified.

To cure the Cholera in Horses.—Make and give him a drench composed of a table spoon full of strong mustard, dissolved in a black bottle of water. Having prescribed and described the drench, how is it most conveniently administered? Raise the horse's head high in the air, and give the dose from a junk or black bottle. For this purpose every farmer should have a bottle at hand, (always kept in one and the same place, and so with many other things) the neck of which, to prevent its breaking in the horse's mouth, should be well seized or wrapped round with twine. If it be uncertain when the horse was taken, as in that case there will be danger of inflammation, on discovery of the disorder, breathe a rain immediately. The remedy here described, is said to be immediate and infallible. How apt most farmers are to wait until the case occurs, and life and death hang on the issue of the moment, before they inquire about the cure—and how many there are who do not keep on hand the ingredients to fill up the simplest prescription. Be it then remembered from this time forth—a table spoon full of mustard for the worst cholera, and furthermore—keep always at hand a black bottle—Strong mustard—sulphur—glauber salts—and phlegms to bleed with. To make the horse swallow when his head is thus elevated, instead of choking him or squeezing his gullet or windpipe, from which inflammation may supervene, give him a smart slap on the lips, with the open hand.

P. S. Some prudent farmers, keep at hand, with which to give drenches most conveniently, a well shaped cow-horn, with the little end sawed and smoothed off; through that pour down the dose from the bottle.

Good medicine for Hogs.—When your hogs get sick, you know not of what, give them years of corn, first dipped in tar, and then rolled in sulphur. 'Tis ten to one but it arrests the disease, and thus we gathered in the course of the same familiar fire-side chat, from the same gentleman who gave the prescription for the cholera in horses. His remedy for.

Sheep with foul Noses.—Make a small mop, by wrapping a rag about the end of a stick—dip this in tar, taking up as much as will adhere to it—roll this around in salt and then thrusting it into the sheep's mouth, hold it there until he is forced to withdraw and swallow the tar and salt, and your sheep will soon get good health and clean noses. Try it, and if it succeeds, you will say it is worth a saddle of mutton, as good as Mr. Lloyd or Major Mercer, of N. Martin or Gov. Stevens ever sent to market. Now gentle reader, we have taught you, as we have been taught, at one short sitting, how to burn lime, how to cure a horse's cholera, how to cure a hog's quinsy, and how to clean a sheep's nose—and so we wish you good health, and a merry Christmas!

MAJOR DOWNING.

We have just received the following letter from our old friend Major Downing, and as it contains some timely and useful hints to our readers. We could have hoped that his application at least would have found favor, but it seems that the Major realizes the truth of the old saying, that "the Shoe-maker's wife is the worst shod woman in the Parish." However great our dependence on his philosophy, we have still greater in his Patriotism in reconciling the General's advice to his own good sense—and we trust the moral will not be lost.—Express.

LEG. CABIN, NORTH BEND,
Dec. 28, A. D. 1840.

To the Editors New York Express:

Ever since I sent you that letter telling you about the Fox Chase I have had just as much as I could spring to in helping the General read over petitions and applications for office. I thought, store things up pretty sure that we would carry the day, that these petitions come in considerable strong; but ever since I have been known that the General had won the battle, they have come in by hundreds, and the General can tell you how he feels about the outside on "Fox Chase." The General one day—during the last war when the volunteers had been as numerous, but however, says he, "we must fold up and mark all these in regular order—for there is no telling yet how soon we may want men to defend the country; and having all these good names at hand, we can send to them and tell them that although I could not appoint them all as collectors, and postmasters, and land receivers, and marshals, and district attorneys, yet I hope, as they are willing to serve the country, they will answer to their names at 'roll call.' And so I am making out a list, and I only the half on 'em too the mark then we shall ask quick work against an enemy, when fighting times come." The most on 'em are the rule true democracy too—for they say, in their petitions they once was all Jackson and Van Buren men, but came round in good time and voted for the General and ever since then go the entire Cider and Log Cabin, and no mistake. It is truly curious to see how some folks measure themselves, and get their friends to back 'em, assuring the General that in all creation round he could not find a better man than this applicant for the office he asks, and about 500 ask for the same office. "Bless Mr. Major," says the General, "how things have altered since I first grew up!—wh—," says he, "in them days a man of any kind of spunk and pride, would not more ask for an office than he would for vittles—and the appointing power would just about as soon select a man to fill an office, who went round getting people to sign a petition for him as a man would select the gal for his wife who brought him a long petition in her lap, however," says the General, "a good deal of this I'm afraid has been encouraged by some of my late illustrious predecessors" who took a notion of keeping up their party list by making times hard and distressing honest industry and then making folks work sharp and look for reward by seeking for an office.

I said to the General one day, says I General, I was thinking I might as well put in a petition myself for an office before it is too late, for according to services, says I—tho' I say it—I don't know any man who has done more work for nothing, than I have. This seemed to puzzle the General considerably. He looked at me a spell, and then he scratched his head and to rights he shook it, and says he "Major, I don't know any man in your rank who has a bigger debt due him from his country than you have, and when folks say the public debt is paid

off, they forget your claim; but it is a good investment as ever was and I advise you to hold on to it—there is no telling what it may reach if you let it run on, and don't ask any part on 'r principal or interest, to be paid off. Now if you take any office, it will make a considerable hole in it, and some folks may say, 'there is one big debt wiped out at last.' No, no, Major, says the General, "I can't afford to settle that debt and part with you yet for there is no telling what we may find to do when we get to Washington and where your slate and ax may be wanted. In the first place we have to examine the inventory of all the property of the people, or make a new one of all we find there; hussle up matters in the Treasury, and count over all the hard currency in the iron chests of the sub-Treasurers; look into matters in the Land Office, in the Post Office, and all the other offices and see what is not there, and what ought to be there, and especially to see if any of the folks now there have by any accident left any of their own money behind them, and have it paid to them, so that every honest man gets his dues—and the rogues (if there are any) may get their dues also. And after getting all these matters strait, then, Major," says the General, "if you want an office I'll see that you have one, and the best one I can advise you to take is, to watch your chance and when you see a quarter section well located going at minimum prices, cut in and take it—and if you haven't got the money to pay for it, I'll lend you; and then shoulder your ax, and build your own cabin, and dig your own diggins, and if your country calls on you to fight, shoulder your musket and go; and there is no telling but the time may come when the People may drag you off your retirement, as they have me and make you their President."

So that is pretty much all I have got to look for, and I thought I would tell it, just to let a good many folks see what the General's notions are if they don't get an office, —for it is just as like as not, if he don't appoint them it is because he wants to keep them to cut a bigger figure hereafter.
Your friend,
J. DOWNING,
Major, &c. &c. &c.

A GLORIOUS RECORD.

At New London, Connecticut, the following inscription is found on a grave-stone. The records of ancient Rome of Greece do not exhibit a nobler instance of patriotic heroism:
"On the 20th October, 1781, 4,000 English fell upon the town with fire and sword—700 Americans defended the fort for a whole day; but in the evening about 4 o'clock, it was taken. The commander of the besieged delivered up his sword to an Englishman, who immediately stabbed him; all his comrades were put to the sword. A line of powder was then laid from the magazine of the fort to the sea, there to be ignited, thus to blow the fort to the air. William Hummel, who lay not far distant, wounded by the explosion of the bayonet in his body, he held it, and said to one of his wounded friends, who was also still alive, 'We will endeavor to crawl to the lines; we will completely wet the powder with our blood; thus will we, with the little life that remains to us, save the fort and magazine, and perhaps a few of our comrades who are only wounded.' He alone had strength to accomplish this noble design. In his thirty-third year he died on the powder, which he oiled with his blood. His friends and seven of his wounded companions, by that means had their lives preserved." After this simple narrative, are the following words in large characters, READ, REVEREND WILLIAM HUMMEL.

THE GREAT MISSOURIAN.

The following extract of a letter is from a gentleman formerly of this City, now on a tour through the Western States, and at present in St. Louis, from whence he writes:
"I sent the other night to look at the greatest curiosity that I have ever seen. It is called the Great Missourian, and is the greatest animal ever known. It was found about two hundred miles West of this place, in this State, by a German. It measures 16 feet high, is 32 feet long, has two legs, but are from 10 to 12 inches in diameter and 16 feet apart. The head and neck weigh 1100 pounds. The joints of the knee in the fore legs are inverted so that he bends his knee the contrary way from any other animal. He appears to have been found dead, has no hoofs, but toes about 8 or 10 inches long. The owner has computed its size, in comparison to the size of an ox here that weighs 1000 pounds, and he is just 100 times larger than the ox, so that he must have weighed when alive, 100,000 pounds (50 tons). I should think he would have required five or six Buffaloes for breakfast. The six musicians, who play at the exhibition of the animal, sit upon his ribs. The owner has been offered \$20,000 cash for him. He leaves in a few days for New Orleans, thence for New York, thence to Europe. It is worth a good fortune for any six men, but the owner will not sell it."—Troy Whig.

One of the most important female qualities is sweetness of temper. Heaven did not give to woman insinuations and persuasions in order to be unprincipled, it did not give them a sweet voice to be employed in scolding.
"Oh mother," said a little child, "Mr. M. does not love me," she says by her—he whispers to her—and hugs her."
"Why may your aunt don't suffer that does she?"
"Suffer it, yes mother, she loves it!"
"Do you like novels?" said a Miss Langlois to her country lover.
"I can't say," answered he, for I never ate a novel, but I'll tell you what, I'm tremendous at a young person 149

CONSUMPTION.

The editor of the N. Hampshire Telegraph in an article relating to the frequency of this disease among us, and its character, says: "If there be a disease in this world of ills which seems in a peculiar manner to fit its victim for the fate which human skill cannot avert, that disease is consumption. To one who is full of life, and hope, and joy, the first conviction that it has fastened its death grasp upon him, the fearful certainty of its end, will flash through him with a thrill of horror—more doubtless than that of most other diseases. Struggling it must be, indeed, to tell for the first time, that there is a worm gnawing at one's vitals, whose greedy teeth no human skill can stay—starting to feel the certainty of disease within, whose end is surely death. But how soon does the spirit grow calm; and as he feels the disease toasting at his heart-strings, & his strength wasting away before it, how calmly then does the soul plume itself for its upward flight—how trustfully then does it lean itself upon the bosom of its God, and when flesh and heart grow faint and fail, how sweetly sinks to its rest the victim of consumption."

"So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore."

An Exploit.—A "whip" paper reports that Gen. Harrison lately knocked a man down, with his own presidential fist, for calling him a coward, in Louisville, Kentucky. The paper which gives this account is called the "Democratic Press," and is under the supervision and control of a Federal Junta in New York.—We presume the fact will not be disputed as it is recorded by Harrison's own friends, and to moreover cited as a proof of his valor and physical energy.—This is in fine keeping with the delusory and bullism exhibited by the whiggery at the late election.—R-leigh Standard.

We had heard this story before; & thought at the time we heard it, that General H. had sufficient provocation for the exercise of his "presidential fist." An acquaintance, who was in Kentucky at the time, informs us that he heard the matter frequently spoken of. While Gen. H. was at Louisville, and receiving the congratulations of his personal and political friends upon his success, some gentlemanly rascal thrust his finger up to the General and said, "You are a damned old coward!" The General instantly knocked him down. The wrath in doubt presumed upon Gen. H. position before society in order to pass this insult with impunity. The act of knocking him down was one of impulse; but it vindicated the spirit of the "coward" and the weight of a "granny's arm." We venture to say there are very few men who would acknowledge that they would not have done a similar thing under similar circumstances.—Greensborough Patriot.

RESPONSIBILITY OF FATHERS.

There is a sense in which fathers bear a double responsibility. In regard to the temperance cause, this is emphatically the case. In addition to the diligence and watchfulness necessary to preserve themselves from a drunkard's grave, they are bound to see that their children also walk in the ways of virtue and temperance. The young, whose principles and habits are not already formed, are peculiarly exposed to the insidious devices of the great enemy, and nothing will save them from the maelstrom of intemperance, but parental watchfulness and prayer followed up with unwearied teaching and correct example.—The relation of father, therefore, is fearfully responsible, but no less interesting than responsible, where there is principle to govern, and love to secure watchfulness and prayer.

Responsibility of Mothers.

too, is both interesting and fearful. Interesting, because they have the power and means of giving character to the world. In their hands is an instrumentality, with which they may relieve the necessities of the poor, deliver the oppressed, reclaim the inebriate, and bless the world. Fearful, because of the dreadful consequences which will certainly result to themselves, to their children, and to mankind, if they neglect the duties which the relation of mother enjoins upon them. It is the mother's appropriate and delightful work, to cultivate and improve the moral and intellectual endowments of their children—to furnish opportunities to their minds "interesting and profitable employment—to give direction to every budding thought—to cherish every development of virtue and religion—to discourage, and, if possible, annihilate every tendency to vice. Mothers should teach temperance to their children while they are yet in their cradle, and instead of cultivating a vicious appetite by the administering of cordials and stimulating (drinks) through misguided affection, as thousands ignorantly do, they should endeavor to create a relish for pure cold water only, the best and only beverage nature ever furnished. We might speak of the ten thousand ways by which vicious and unnatural appetites are formed, but for the present let this simple direction suffice—that mothers give no other beverage to their children than such as nature has provided.

Mothers who thus train up their children may, with the blessing of God, save their souls from death, and plant as many stars in the Redeemer's diadem of glory.

Miseries of Indolence.

None so little enjoy life as those who have nothing to do.—The active only have the true relish of life. He who knows not what it is to labor knows not what it is to enjoy.—Recreation is only valuable as it unbinds us. The idle know nothing of it. It is exertion that renders rest delightful, and sleep sweet and undisturbed. That the happiness of life depends on the regular prosecution of some laudable purpose or calling which engages, helps and enlivens all our powers; let those dear witnesses, who after spending years in active usefulness, retire to enjoy themselves. They are a burden to themselves.

RATIO OF REPRESENTATION.

The result of the New Census of the United States will soon be known, and it will devolve upon the present, or next Congress to fix the ratio of the apportionment of Representatives from the various States in the lower House of Congress, for the next ten years.—Ref. Reg.
"My son, can you tell me what year of the World this is?" "Nath. Jan. 1890 and 1891."—Globe.