

# 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."—Gen'l. Harrison.

NO. 35—VOLUME IX.  
WHOLE NO. 451.

SALISBURY, MARCH 27, 1841.

## HEAD QUARTERS, Salisbury, N. C.



### ATTENTION! OFFICERS OF THE 64th REGIMENT.

YOU are commanded to parade at the Court House in the Town of Salisbury on Thursday the 1st of April at 11 o'clock, A. M. armed with arms for Drill, and on Friday the 2nd of April at 9 o'clock, A. M. with your respective Companies, armed as the law directs for Review and Inspection.

By Order of  
R. W. LONG, Col. Mandt.  
J. M. Brown, Adj't.  
P. S. Captains are requested to make their returns on the day of Drill.  
J. M. BROWN, Adj't.  
March 6, 1841.—5w32

### I REMEMBER.

"I remember, I remember,  
When my life was in its prime,  
Yet untouched and uncorrupted  
By the blighting hand of Time;  
When the flow'rs and the sunshine,  
Were companions of each scene,  
And hope was in its vigor, then,  
And pleasure in its green.

"I remember, I remember,  
When the storm of sorrow came,  
And extinguished and forever,  
All the glory of life's flame;  
When one by one the blossoms  
Of affection dropp'd away  
And despair came with the darkness,  
And affliction with the day.

"I remember, I remember,  
But ah, 'tis vain to mourn,  
For the bright hours, and lordly ones,  
That will never more return;  
Let the present have its torture,  
And the past its store of ill,  
To the future—the future,  
We will look with gladness still."

### From the Alabama Patriot.

#### THE SUICIDE.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

"How dreadful are thy judgments, O Lord!"  
The occurrences of daily intercourse, afford sufficient fact, to draw a moral from—but how much more impressive and startling must be the end of the ungodly. The unvarnished tale I am about to relate, came under my own personal observation. How often have I viewed sin, without emotion, and passed the den of vice, without a thought—and as if, to throw a dreadful lesson in my way, I witnessed a scene, which I trust may never again happen. During a stay at the little village of L.—a frontier station, I became acquainted with the D—s, a family of respectability, and shared the comforts and protection of their hospitable roof. D— was a man of unblemished character, and noted for his good works. I have seen him go to his corn crib, and divide its contents with the suffering widow, and many a poor wanderer received his life from this charitable man, when perhaps every door was shut, and the cold look of distrust and scorn met the imploring eye of the invalid. Taken with open arms, watched over with the kindness and solicitude of a father, his own garments to clothe the needy, and when restored to health, the hard earned savings of a life of toil, remunerating the attention of the physician, and supplying the wants of the destitute.

Such was D— and oh! how often have I thought of him, envied the serene bosom, and good heart, which led him to the performance of acts, worthy of an angel, and unknown among the wilds in which he lived. D. married into a family, by which means, he became related to the object of this simple story "Roberts"—who married D's wife's sister. Roberts was a man of natural sternness, and as I understood, received a collegiate education, in one of the best institutions in the United States. Thinking himself above the population at large in natural sense, aided by a superior education, and perhaps led on by ungovernable pride, he determined, "as afterwards he acknowledged"—by artifice and dishonesty, to amass a fortune, gained by vice, from the supposed simple unassuming public. His profession was that of a lawyer, and soon he gained a seat as Judge, in the courts of his country. For some time he prospered. That wealth which he coveted, appeared to flow to him in a steady stream. But soon his hopes were dashed to the ground, and he flushed with continued success, he threw aside the cautionary movement of concealed vice, resorting to the misguided attempt, of overthrowing truth and justice. Great excitement prevailed among the people, with regard to a suit on the court docket, "A swindler prosecuted for obtaining by unfair means a negro belonging to a neighbor." The particulars of the trial, need not be entered, suffice it to say that Judge Roberts, took a large bribe from the swindler, given

to produce a favourable issue. The house was thronged with the people, and after a long discussion, the Jury, retired to consider the case, and returned with a verdict, as it should have been, in favor of the injured party. Judge Roberts, remonstrated, pleaded, commanded; in vain, the jury were obstinate, and the swindler received the sentence of imprisonment and a heavy fine for his rascality. Exasperated beyond measure, he openly proclaimed the bribe given to the Judge, before the crowded house, and the guilty Roberts, fled from the court-house to conceal the workings of shame bursting from his pride stricken breast. Through the intercession of his friends, suit was not brought against him, but he no more filled the dignified seat of a public administrator of justice. As a common resort, of the discovered sinners, Roberts sought to destroy the upbraiding of a guilty conscience, by drowning reason in the burning potatoes of the drunkard. In vain was every effort tried, to soothe him, and gradually to bring him to a sense of duty. Confinement, reasonings, during the short intervals of consciousness, even the kind implorings of a gentle affectionate wife, failed to excite a single spark, to ignite the soft flame of repentance within him; but instantly destroyed all the generous and heavenly feelings of the repentant sinner, and again, and again, plunged deeper, and deeper, into the descending vortex to infernal damnation. It was a awful sight to behold the once highminded, intellectual man, fallen from the rational plane to the most degraded around the gaming table, and the most blasphemous of the drunkard's sots. His property was soon wasted, his home a domestic hell, and more than once the upraised arm, dashed the heart-broken wife to the floor, answering her most awful curses and blasphemies against his maker, for casting him out from the path of duty. At last none dared to approach him, and one evening, he seriously maimed a bystander, so that it was thought prudent to confine him. Thrust into the dark dungeon, instead of exciting feelings of remorse and repentance, he gave way to the most horrid curses, fruitlessly attempted to tear down the strong walls, with his feeble strength wrought up to the highest pitch, and no doubt aided by a disordered mind, the midnight air re-echoed his revellings, and hoarsely did he shout to the listening villagers, many a dreadful phantom, as it appeared before his heated imagination. Suddenly all was still, and the keepers of the Jail, thinking that he had sunk into slumber, from the exertions and fatigue, attending his attempts to escape, thought proper not to enter his cell until morning. At last morning broke, and we entered the damp place of confinement—but instead of beholding the abandoned, in a state of unconsciousness, attending the infatigable draughts of the wine cup, we beheld him, suspended, *hung*, from the grate of his window! Oh how dreadful was to see, the awful end of a man, sent by his own hands, into the presence of the Almighty God. I turned and sickened, as I thought of his still more bitter curses, in the fiery flames, perhaps at the present moment, "prepared for those that hate God." Never shall I forget the look of agony, and the fiendish expression of despair, on his countenance,—the distorted eyeballs!—and convulsive clasp of the bloated hands, over the guilty heart. But Judgment did not stop here, his wife in the course of a month sickened and died. After eight or ten days of insensibility, and the most excruciating pain, she passed also into the presence of her Creator.—Neither possessed the hope of the christian. And so were the proud and wicked cut down, truly slowing the truth of the passage "in the midst of life we are in death." The infant child, became the adopted daughter of the hospitable D— who protected the young blossom, from the rude, unkind treatment, of the cold winds of adversity. I went with the executor, to the deserted house, and as the goods were passed into the wagon, I rather boldly from more idle curiosity, took the liberty of examining the books of the departed Roberts, to find out his taste and selections. On the top of a pile of books, my eye caught the inscription of "Holy Bible." I snatched it down and opening it, surprised at the holy writ being in the possession of one who publicly denied the Saviour—I found the following lines written with much care:

"Beware of pride, for it is the arch deceiver—beware of intemperance, for by it I have fallen, and by it I must receive eternal damnation!"  
From the date, it was written 5 days before the melancholy end of this wretched man. Was not this an awful judgment to the one, and an awful lesson to the thinking mind! As I turned away my heart swelled with gratitude to God, for having protected me from the numerous enticing snares and glittering temptations, set in the path of the unwary.

To YOUNG MEN.—A Warning Voice—  
A late writer in the Knickerbocker draws in the subjoined brief sketch, a revolting picture:—  
Yet how many young men are chasing gilded but terfles, things of a day! How unaccustomed to the world, to that of the heartless and false doll of dress, whose every word is for effect, and every thought a desire for admission; who can sacrifice domestic pleasure, and follow fashion and vice—vice of thought—who lives only in crowds, and is miserable alone—who loves pleasure supremely, takes a husband for house and carriage, and enters matrimony for the liberties it allows her. There are such women—the idlers of the ball room, the belles of the watering places. They enjoy a butterfly celebrity, and then decay early in mind and body, victims to fashion or worse.—What thought must linger around the bosoms of such women on their dying beds, as they think of their neglected God? Young men know not what they follow, as they glide on in the wake of the syren of the dance. They are the false lights which meteors hold out to draw the tumbling ships upon the rocks. They lure us on with music and the pattering of tiny feet and jewelled fingers and false smiles and false beards; and when a victim is caught, like the veiled prophetess they display their awful hideousness. No, Love is found in a gentle heart. It dwells not amid the riots of pleasure, it does in the glare of splendor, and cannot live in a heart devoted to dress and weak follies; it matures more in quietness than loud applause or the world's praise. Give me the sharply defined feelings of a young and timid girl, and I leave you the professions of the gaudy coquette. Give me the beaming glances of a liquid eye, and I yield the bright and flashing blaze of the proud beauty to others.

Love.—Many are those, especially of the softer sex, who might have passed the first years of youth, without knowledge of this passion, which they more frequently imagine than feel, had they not acquired its rudiments from female companions, or the perusal of novels; somewhat in the same manner as hypochondriacs suppose themselves to experience the diseases of which they either hear or read. The ephemeral fancies, young ladies dignity with the appellation of love, no more resemble the real sentiment, than do the imaginary maladies resemble those for which they are mistaken; but the effects of both are equally dangerous. Many a girl has madly rushed into a marriage, believing herself madly in love, who has had to deplore her infatuation through a long life of consequent penance; and many a *malade imaginaire* has sunk under the results, of a supposed visionary disease.

Whatever romantic notions may have by the inexperienced been entertained, or whatever may have been said or sung of first love, it is not so arbitrary or durable in its influence as many persons imagine; and that, however unromantic it may sound a second love is not inferior in the hopes, fears and tenderness to which it gives birth. It has only one deterioration, and that is the humiliating consciousness that it may, like the former one, subside, and even this consciousness like that of the former one, has little effect on the conduct of mortals.

CHEERFULNESS.  
The moral and physical advantages of a cheerful state of mind, are fully appreciated probably by but few. In the bright sunlight of prosperity, when friends smile, business flourishes and vigorous health sends the warm blood leaping along our veins, then it is but floating on the smoothly gliding current to be cheerful—it requires no effort. But let friends prove faithless, let riches take wings, let health depart, and then the man who maintains a cheerful equanimity of spirit proves his cheerfulness to be the result of settled principle and conscious rectitude.

A moping melancholy is alike incompatible with interest and reason. It drinks up the spirits and drives to wretchedness, and even madness; it sours the temper, and imparts its baneful contagion through the circle in which it moves; it undermines the foundations of health and life, and sends prematurely to the grave.

And what goodness is gained by gloomy sadness of spirit? Has a friend proved treacherous? Why should you allow his perfidy to destroy your peace? You are in a better condition than you were before; for now you are undeceived, and the rottenness is unveiled which before was hidden and therefore capable of injuring you.

Is property lost? what of that? A manly fortitude and a cheerful spirit will sustain you, and either carry you up to your former condition or render you happy in your present one. If you have acted honestly, honorably, hold up your head like a man; you are worth as much as ever, and if you act out under trying circumstances the man and the philosopher, your real worth will be more clearly seen and more fully appreciated by the wise and good than it was in prosperity. Away with cowardly moping and dissipated melancholy; shame on all men thoughts of cords, razors, and millponds, as a remedy for little trials, such as the loss of a few thousands, which it were better to laugh at than to mope over. The world owes the honest, industrious man a subsistence, and such a man's draft it seldom dishonors.

Have you lost health? Despondency will but make the matter worse. It predisposes to disease even in the healthy, and gives food and power to the disease in the invalid. Physicians will tell you that a cheerful man is not half so liable to disease as one of opposite character, and is much more easily cured when disease does take hold of him. Cheerfulness of spirit, whether as a preventive of disease or an auxiliary to cure, is better than all the nostrums and panaceas that can be supplied.

A man with a good conscience has no right to be gloomy. Act well your part then; be firm, be cheerful, and you will be healthier and happier, and live longer.—Louisville Messenger.

What is the difference between a brewer and a flea?—The one buys, and the other takes, hops.—Boston Post.

From the Temperance Advocate, of March 18.

LYNCH LAW.  
This is certainly a strange caption for an article relative to any proceedings in a Town so extensively celebrated for intelligence and refinement, as Columbia. We regret that we are compelled to use it.

It seems, that some low fellow had married a negro woman in Columbia—the ceremony having been performed by a negro preacher—a gross outrage certainly upon the moral sensibilities of any community, and one that was considered of dangerous tendency from the fact that the fellow was a Northern man. Some of our citizens, incensed at his conduct, gave him warning to leave the Town, or he would be drowned out—perhaps tarred and feathered. He refused to do so, and they, in connection with some of the College Students, went to his house on last Saturday night week, broke in, dragged him from bed, and marched him up street, where they obtained 'tar' (some say paint), stripped him, except his pantaloons, and poured it over him. They then went back to his house, ripped open his bed, and emptied it over him, making in the mean time a great noise, blowing horns, shouting, &c., and marched him over the bridge.

These, so far as we have been able to learn, are substantially the leading facts. And did we regard an Editor as a mere news caterer, for a wonder-loving public, we should stop here; but he has higher and nobler duties: one of which is, to give his influence, great or little, to the support of LAW, GOOD ORDER, and INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS. These, we believe, were all violated, and it becomes the reflecting and influential portion of our community to frown down, in its incipient stage, this disposition to set aside the laws of the land, and resort to mob-law.

We wish it distinctly understood, that so far as the low vagabond himself, who was tarred and feathered, is concerned, we believe he deserved all he received. So do we believe that there is many a man who richly deserves to be hung, who nevertheless is permitted to go at large; but we should as strenuously object to any set of men assuming to themselves the prerogative of deciding that he deserved the gallows and proceeding to execute him, on their own mere belief that he did deserve it. This, however, is a legitimate result of the principle acted on in tarring and feathering this man; and we have no hesitation in saying, that if we pass by such proceedings without censure, it will be regarded as tacit approbation, on the part of the community, and have no security that the same self constituted court may not proceed to inflict capital punishment at some future day.

From the Boston Commercial Journal.

STEAMIN NAVAL WARFARE.  
It is evident in case of a war with a maritime power, as France or the United States, Great Britain would place great reliance on her steam frigates—a vast number of which, heavily armed, she would be able, even at the present time, to bring into action. The power of Steam, as an agent in naval warfare, has been forcibly demonstrated by the bombardment and capture of Acre. General Bonaparte, in 1799, besieged this strong fortress for 52 days, with an army of 10,000 men, without success. But a British fleet, composed of line of battle ships, and steam frigates with guns of immense calibre, demolished the batteries and blew up the fortress in a few hours! Steam ships of war are independent, in a great degree, of the wind and the weather—and can choose their own point and time of attack, and advance or retreat, or change their position at pleasure.

It is by no means surprising that the British, fully aware of their superior power in this respect, should already raise the shout of "Triumph!" and their papers should teem with language, such as is held in the following paragraph from the Liverpool Standard:—  
"The only serious danger that ever presented itself in the case of an attack upon a maritime fortress, by an adequate naval force—namely, the danger of being unable to withdraw from the land, is now at an end; and as the easy reduction of all the Syrian fortresses, in succession, demonstrate, no city or fort on the sea, however strongly soever it may be fortified, can count upon resisting a British fleet for twenty-four hours; consequently no coast is any longer inaccessible to a British military descent; we may be said to be on the confines of every maritime nation for all purposes of attack, though happily ourselves unassailable; and, therefore, whatever nation, having seacoast, shall make war upon us, most line that coast from end to end with troops, or calculate upon having the war upon its own soil, and in a spot chosen at our own discretion. Such are the immense advantages which the new arm in war—steam navigation—has conferred upon us, to keep them as long as we shall be able to maintain our naval ascendancy!"

While England and France are extending their naval resources, by means of this tremendous agent, steam, what is doing by the Government of the United States? How many frigates could we bring into action immediately, in case of war with a foreign power? Not one! unless, indeed, the Fulton may be pronounced one. We have two now building, which, we hope, will not prove entire failures—one of which will be launched in a few days and the other in the spring, and this is the amount of our steam naval force! And we cannot increase this force by purchasing steam vessels built for other purposes—as our steam navigation is confined almost exclusively to our rivers and lakes—and steamboats are slightly built, and could not be used war-steamer on the coast. Not so, however, with Great Britain. In that country there are a great many large and strong built steamboats, which navigate the North Sea, the Irish Channel, the English Channel, or run as packets to Lisbon, the Mediterranean, and across the Atlantic. These vessels are all well calculated for war service, and in case of a war, would be transformed without but little delay, into steam frigates; and the ocean would be traversed with them in all directions. Under these circumstances it behoves us to build steam frigates, and to put our maritime fortifications in order, that we may be prepared for the worst.

Baltimore, March 8.

Another Attempt to break Jail.—A Prisoner killed!—An attempt to escape was made on the afternoon of Saturday last by fifteen prisoners confined in one of the wards of the jail, several of whom are men of the most dangerous character, and now remain in jail awaiting their trials in adjacent counties, to be removed thither on their own demand. The sewer extending underground to the Falls was the means of egress that they first selected—this sewer being necessarily accessible to the occupants of the prison apartment, but the attempt to escape through that outlet was detected by the Warden, Mr. Disney, before they could effect an entrance into its interior. Being foiled in this attempt, the prisoners retreated to their wards, the inner door of which they strongly barricaded by means of a bench and spikes, and bade defiance to the officers, threatening death to any who might enter, and fiercely declaring their determination to persist in their efforts to escape until they should succeed. Boiling water and missiles, thrown through the gratings, were also employed by them to prevent an entrance of the officers. At an early stage of these proceedings, the Warden had dispatched a messenger for a portion of the City Police, whose arrival had no effect in calming the tumult and excitement of the prisoners, which had now extended to the inmates of adjoining wards; and, as the only means of quelling the revolt, it became necessary to fire upon the chief insurgents, and one of their number was killed; the others then yielded, and were securely ironed. The person killed was Wm. McCas, a fugitive from Philadelphia, who had been apprehended in Washington by an officer from the former city, and committed to jail on Friday last, to be there confined until he should be claimed by the Governor of Pennsylvania.

An inquest was held over the body of the prisoner killed, by Seth Pollard, Esq.—the verdict being in accordance with the facts above stated.—Republican.

The hundreds of idle young men scattered throughout the country, and lounging about our large towns, furnish indisputable evidence that many of the rising generation are acquiring habits which, in after life, will cause a large amount of sorrow and wretchedness. Labor is not respected as it should be, and the consequence is, that the idle takes the place of industry, and poverty, ghastly and wretched, and of cheerfulness and content.

Fluency of Speech.—Dean Swift says the common fluency of speech, in most men and most women is owing to a scarcity of matter and a scarcity of words; for whoever is a master in language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt, in speaking, to hesitate upon the choice of a word; whereas, common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in, and these are always ready at the mouth, so people come faster out of church when it is almost empty than when a crowd is at the door.

The Nantucket Islander says, "Society makes criminals and then punishes them for their misdeeds." There is a great deal of much truth in this.

NEW TERMS.  
The "WATCHMAN" may hereafter be had for one dollar in advance, and two dollars and fifty cents at the end of the year. A subscription will be received for a less time than one year, unless paid for in advance. No paper discontinued (but at the option of the Editors) until all arrears are paid.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.  
One dollar per square for the first insertion and twenty five cents for each continuance. Court notices will be charged 25 per cent. higher than the above rates.  
A deduction of 50 per cent will be made to those who advertise by the year.  
All advertisements will be continued until ordered and charged for accordingly, unless order for a certain number of times.  
Letters addressed to the Editors must come post paid to insure attention.

### PRICES CURRENT AT SALISBURY, March 27.

Cents.	Cents.
Wheat, 7 a 8	Molasses, 40 a 60
Brandy, sp. a 40	Nails, 7 1/2 a 8
peach, 50	Oats, 15 a 20
Butter, 12 1/2	Pork, \$4 1/2 a 5
Cotton in seed 1 1/2	Sugar, br. 10 a 12
clean, 7 a 8	loaf, 18 a 20
Coffee, 14 a 18	Salt, \$1 25
Corn, 25	Tallow, 10 a 12 1/2
Peas, 35	Tobacco, 8 a 20
Flour, \$4 1/2 a 5	Tow-Linen, 16 a 20
Wheat, 62 a 65	White, bush 62 1/2
Flour, per lb. 4 1/2 a 6 1/2	Whiskey, 45 a 50
Lard, 11 a 12 1/2	Wool, (clean) 40
Gal. 11 1/2	Lard, 7 a 8

### FAVETTEVILLE, March 13, 1841.

Wheat, 3 a 5	Nails cut assor. 7 1/2
Rice, 8 a 9	wrought 16 a 18
Butter, 15 a 20	Oats bushel 33 a 40
Tallow, 20 a 25	Oil gal 75 a \$1
Flour yd 25 a 28	lamp \$1 25
Wool 10 a 12	linseed 1 10 a 1 25
Coffee lb 12 1/2 a 15	Pork 100lbs 5 1/2 a 6
Cotton 8 a 11 1/2	Rice 100lbs 4 a 5
Corn bush 40 a 50	Sugar lb 8 a 12 1/2
Flour bu 5 a 5 1/2	Salt sack \$2 1/2
Peas 40 a 45	bush \$1 00
Iron 100lbs 5 1/2 a 6 1/2	Steel Amer. 10 a 00
Lard 11 a 12 1/2	English 14
Molasses 40 a 50	German 12 a 14
Tallow 12 1/2	Tea impe. \$1 \$1 37

## PROCLAMATION.

TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD  
STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY EDWARD B. DUDLEY,  
GOVERNOR, &c.

To all whom these presents shall come—greeting:  
WHEREAS it has been officially reported to this department, that on the 13th day of November, 1839, one Nathan Lambeth, of Davidson county, in this State, was so beaten, bruised and maimed that he died; and whereas JOHN GOSS stands charged with the commission of said deed; and whereas Lee Wharton, Abner Ward, Alexander Bishop Joshua Deer and Hepe H. Sken were present aiding and abetting and maintaining the said John Goss in the perpetration of said felony; and whereas said offenders have fled and secreted themselves from the regular operations of the Law and Justice:

Now, therefore, to the end that the said John Goss and his accomplices in the murder, may be brought to trial: I have thought proper to issue this my Proclamation, offering a reward of Two Hundred Dollars for the apprehension of the said John Goss, and a further reward of One Hundred Dollars each, for one or either of his accomplices, to any person or persons who will apprehend, or cause to be apprehended, any or all of the offenders and fugitives aforesaid, and confine them, or either of them, in the Jail, or deliver them, or either of them, to the Sheriff of Davidson county, in the State aforesaid. And I do, moreover, hereby require all Officers, whether Civil or Military, within this State to use their best exertions to apprehend, or cause to be apprehended, the fugitives and offenders aforesaid.

Given under my hand as Governor and the Great Seal of the State of North Carolina, Done at our City of Raleigh, this 29th day of October, 1840.  
By Command,  
C. C. BATTLE, Private Secretary.

Description of the Offenders named in the above Proclamation:  
JOHN GOSS is about 35 years old, 5 feet, 9 inches high, dark complexion, dark curly hair, and has some specks of gunpowder in his hair—stout made and quick of speech.  
Lee Wharton is about 25 years old, 5 feet 8 inches high, fair hair and complexion, his fore teeth broad and wide apart, large eyebrows, a downy look, voice fine, slow spoken and is stout made.  
Abner Ward is about 38 years old, and 5 feet 6 inches high, stout shoulders, fair complexion, blue eyes, soft spoken and gray headed.  
Joshua Deer is about 28 years old, 5 feet 8 inches high, fair skin, blue eyes, spare made, thin visage, quick spoken, hair dark colored.  
Alexander C. Bishop is about 25 years old, fair and pale complexion, sandy colored hair, quick spoken, 5 feet 6 or 7 inches high and dark eyes.  
Hepe H. Sken is about 35 years old, 5 feet 8 or 9 inches high, fair complexion and full face, dark hair and chunky made, and speaks in the ordinary way when spoken to.  
October 30—If

JOHN B. TODD, Adm.  
March 6, 1841.—5w32