

TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum in advance. Advertisements inserted at \$1 per square for the first week, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Court Orders charged 25 cents higher.

BOMBARDMENT OF FORT BROWN.

We have been favored by an officer of the army with the subjoined communication, narrating particular acts of gallantry and other interesting incidents which occurred during the bombardment of Fort Brown, on the Rio Grande. The brilliant bravery and gallant achievements which distinguished the battles of the 8th and 9th of May command the warmest admiration; but, as well as on all sides by a vigorous, incessant, and long-continued attack, as Fort Brown was, there is no event in our military annals in which, it appears to us, a higher degree of military skill and resource, courage and endurance, under the most trying circumstances, were displayed, than in the brave and successful defence of that post. In all of these conflicts—those in the field, under Gen. TAYLOR, as well as that of the fort—the high spirit and training of West Point, it should be remembered, were everywhere conspicuous; and, if any thing were needed to sustain the friends of that noble institution against the demagogue-claimors which have assailed it, they might point with pride to these actions on the Rio Grande which have shed so much lustre on our arms.

The various letters which have been written on the subject of the bombardment of Ft. Brown seem to have been got up on the spur of the moment—written during the high excitement which prevailed amongst us, without regard to justice to officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers, and to the importance of such an event in our military history.

Having occupied a position to judge of the combined action of the garrison, and of observing all the various incidents of the bombardment, I take pleasure in furnishing a correct account of it, as I am not only anxious to do justice to all concerned, but am anxious that events which must bear an important place in our military history should be fully and correctly detailed to the public. And if I succeed in rescuing from oblivion any of those events which seemed so much to the credit and honor of our regular army, I shall feel that I have at least contributed my mite towards re-establishing its worth in the estimation of those of our people who, from long-continued peace, had almost forgotten it.

On the 26th of April, the day after the attack and capture of Thornton's squadron of 2d dragoons, we were first possessed of certain information that the enemy had crossed the Rio Grande in considerable force, and it was evident that he had in view one of two objects, either to advance on Point Isabel to cut off our supplies, or to attack Gen. Taylor in position; either of which rendered the completion of Fort Brown of immediate necessity, in order that it might be held by a small force, whilst the remainder of the army was free to move against the enemy, leaving the United States flag still planted and protected on the left bank of the Rio Grande. The importance of this was well conceived by the Commanding General, and its execution was but a portion of a plan of operations not less boldly conceived than successfully accomplished, and to which history shows no parallel. From this time to the 1st of May the forces were kept more constantly engaged on the work, laboring hard by day, whilst at night they were kept constantly on the alert in expectation of an attack.

On the 1st of May the Commanding General ordered the movement of his army, designating the garrison of Fort Brown the seventh regiment of infantry, Captain Low's company of the second artillery, and Lieutenant Bragg's battery of light artillery, composed of two six-pounders and two twelve-pounder howitzers. The army moved at 3 o'clock P. M. on the 1st, and the garrison of Fort Brown marched in—two companies of the seventh infantry being assigned to every position except the one occupied by Captain Low's company, which manned the eighteen-pounder battery of four guns, bearing on the town of Matamoros and the Mexican batteries. When the army marched it was commonly expected that the fort would not be attacked, but that Gen. Taylor would certainly have a fight, either in going or returning from Point Isabel. The fort was now far from being finished, or in a proper state of defence—one curtain entirely unfinished, the drawbridge and interior defences not yet commenced. Our commander saw before him an immense deal of labor to be expended on the work before it could be regarded in a proper state of defence, and that not a moment ought to be lost in its completion.

Immediately after reveille on the 2d of May, the seventh infantry was turned out to work, and continued to labor hard during the whole day, and until long after dark, on the unfinished curtain and gateway, whilst the artillery companies were not less usefully employed in placing their batteries in a condition for offensive and defensive operations. At tattoo at night our gallant commander was on the alert, and fully impressed with the importance of his trust, ordered his command under arms, and saw every man at the post he was to occupy in case of an attack, directing that every man should be instructed to be ready to repair to his place at the parapet at a moment's warning. During the day muskets were placed in the hands of every man capable of bearing arms, and our force numbered five hundred and sixty men and forty officers: thirty-two officers and three hundred and forty-one rank and file seventh infantry; three officers and forty-two rank and file of Capt. Low's company; four officers and fifty-one rank and file of Lieut. Bragg's company; six dragoons, and one officer and ninety-two rank and file of a detachment of inefficient men left from other regiments. Of this number, 95 were on the sick report, seventy-seven being of the number of inefficient men left from other regiments, and the remainder of the five hundred and sixty were citizens and sutlers, twenty-five in number. This was the strength of our force during the whole of the bombardment, and it has been truly said that "we were surrounded by as many thousands as we had hundreds."

Reveille on the memorable morning of the 3d found the gallant Brown at his post, and whilst giving an order to his staff officer to have the seventh infantry turned out to work on the defences, his attention was attracted to the first shot fired by the enemy. With a smile of joy he turned to his staff officer and said: "Sir, we have other work to do to-day; order the batteries manned; go to the right and see that every

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

BRUNER & JAMES,
Editors & Proprietors.

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR
IS SAFE."



ROLES. DO THIS, AND LIBERTY
Gen'l. Harrison.

NEW SERIES,
NUMBER 21, OF VOLUME III.

SALISBURY, N. C., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1846.

man is at his post, I will go to the left." Low's battery needed no order; it was already manned, and each piece directed by an officer, Capt. Mansfield, our engineer, having volunteered to aim the fourth piece. At this time it was observed that the flag had been overlooked and not yet raised, when Lieut. Van Dorn volunteered to raise it; which was done under the fire of the enemy, which was drawn upon him. The work commenced, and, notwithstanding the fear entertained that the axes of the old 18-pounders would not stand it, it was done, and well done.

The enemy's fire was opened on us from the nearest fort, called by us the "Sand-bag Battery," by the Mexicans "La Fortine Redonda." This was composed of one eight-pounder and two mortars, under the command of Captain Passamonte, a Frenchman, who, as he asserts, took up arms for his adopted country and for the protection of his family, but who bravely declined to follow the fortunes of General Arista when he ingloriously fled from Matamoros. To the skill of Captain Passamonte as an artilleryman we can all bear witness, as a constant and well-directed fire was kept up from his battery until his eight-pounder was dismounted by us. The enemy's fire was commenced and continued with nine pieces of artillery—four mortars, the rest six and eight-pounder guns, throwing copper shot and shells. Bragg's battery was now playing upon them well; and in 30 minutes after our first fire "La Fortine Redonda" was abandoned, the eight-pounder being dismounted, and the shells from Bragg's battery having made it rather warm work for them at the mortars. At this time Sergeant Weigart, of B company 7th infantry, was killed by a round shot. The enemy's fire was now continued from the batteries between La Fortine Redonda and the lower fort, (called by the Mexicans La Fortine de la Flecha,) from La Fortine de la Flecha, and the mortar battery in its vicinity. After silencing La Fortine Redonda, our batteries continued a deliberate fire on the other batteries and the town until ten o'clock, when the enemy ceased firing to repair their batteries, the embrasures of which were well torn to pieces. We were compelled to cease our fire, in consequence of the necessity of using our ammunition as sparingly as possible the fort having been left with only one hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition (canister, grape, and round shot) for each eighteen-pounder, and the six-pounder just as badly provided. Lieut. Bragg was now ordered to place his guns in barbettes in the several bastions for defence; one, under his own direction, placed in the bastion commanded by Captain Hawkins; one, under Lieut. Thomas, in the bastion commanded by Major Seawell; one, under the direction of Lieut. Reynolds, in the bastion of Captain Miles; and the other, under the direction of Lieut. Johnson, in the bastion commanded by Captain Lee. In this condition we were surrounded, and without the means of preventing our enemy from placing his batteries almost wherever he pleased, and using against us his immense supply of ammunition to every advantage. The conduct of the officers and men of Captain Low's and Lieut. Bragg's companies during the cannonade with their batteries deserves high commendation as they attracted the admiration of the whole command by the skillful management of their guns. From seven o'clock on the 1st the seventh infantry was kept constantly at work on the defences, though the enemy's shells fell and exploded in all directions around them, every man lying down when a shell fell near, and immediately resuming the spade and pick after it had exploded. Officers were seen showing an example to their men, even in throwing dirt on the parapet. The enemy's fire recommenced in a very short time, and was kept up at intervals until twelve o'clock at night; and when the men of the 7th infantry could no longer work from fatigue, they were ordered to stand to their arms at the parapet and kept on the alert all night. Notwithstanding the excessive fatigue of our men, from constant labor under the fire of the enemy (not being able even to hear the then delightful sound of our own guns) and from constant watching, they were in the highest spirits, only regretting our inability to return the enemy's fire. Capt. Walker, sent from Captain May's command, came into the fort at three o'clock A. M. to bear intelligence from us to the Commanding General. Left us at four o'clock, but returned at daybreak, having found that he was discovered by the enemy and his return before daylight impracticable.

On the morning of the 4th, at five o'clock, we were again saluted from the enemy's batteries, and the fire continued at intervals during the day. To-day our labor was continued under the fire of the enemy's mortars, and at night the unfinished curtain and gateway were nearly completed, but night-fall could afford no rest to our men: there were barriers to be removed on the outside which might afford protection to an approaching party of the enemy, and it was necessary to move them at night; for, if attempted during the day, our men would have been exposed to a galling fire of canister, grape, and round shot. As much of this work was done to-night as possible, but comparatively little, owing to the fatigue of the men, when they were permitted to get what rest they could, with arms in hand, at the parapet. This evening Capt. Walker left us to return, much fear being entertained for his safety, although he was not only confident himself of his safety, but expressed his determination to kill or capture one of the enemy's pickets on his return. At nine o'clock to-night, when we were all seeking a little repose from our labors, a random fire of musketry was heard about three or four hundred yards off in our rear, and extending some distance up the river, the object being either to annoy us, or, by imitation of a fight, to draw out a small party. This fire was extremely annoying to us, as the balls, although spent, fell all around us, being thrown from a gun called by the Mexicans "escoquetas," (a short gun, carrying a ball nearly as large as a grape shot,) and which, being elevated, threw the balls a considerable distance; this fire continued about an hour, but served to keep us on the alert all night.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

THE CONFLICT.

Rev. George C. Cheever, in his 9th lecture to the Pilgrim's Progress, after speaking of Bunyan and his dangers, and encounters with Apollyon in the Valley of Humiliation, as representing the temptation which Christians meet with on their way to heaven, thus speaks of the conflict. "There is a conflict in this world between heaven and hell, sin and holiness, life and death, Christ and Satan, good angels and bad, good men, reprobates, and demons. There is a conflict between the hosts of heaven and the hosts of hell for the soul, and a conflict between grace and nature, good and evil, the Spirit of God and the spirit of the worldliness, in his soul. Eternal life or eternal death depends upon the issue. The soul's great adversary is one of inconceivable power, skill, and malignity. There is but one other being who is able to cope with him, and even that Almighty and glorious Being, to accomplish his wondrous plan and purpose, became like one of us, yet without sin, and in our nature became obedient unto death, that he might destroy him that had the power of death, even the devil. There is therefore no way for Christ's disciples to overcome his adversary but by the blood of the Lamb, and the world of their testimony in regard to redemption.

To some men Satan reveals himself more clearly than to others, assaults them more violently, and makes them feel more of his power and malignity. But all men know what it is to enter into temptation, and when that is done, Satan is not far off. Apollyon is near. Therefore our blessed Lord, in the prayer he has taught us, puts the two petitions in company. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the Evil One. And Satan is called the Tempter, and the shield of faith is given to the Pilgrim for this very purpose, that he may be able to quench all the fiery darts of the Wicked One. Now there is enough of sin in every man's own heart to tempt him, and every man is tempted when he is led away of his own lust, and enticed. And when a man thus goes after his sins, he rather tempts Satan than Satan tempts him. There is no need for Apollyon to advance towards such a man for such an one is coming over to Apollyon; he rather enters into the devil, than the devil into him. A man is waited for of Satan, he enters into temptation, and there is much in that expression, enter into. Our blessed Lord never said Pray that ye be not tempted, but Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation, that ye enter not within it, as a cloud surrounding you and taking your light, and leading you to deceive you; that ye enter not into temptation, for when that is done the soul is weakened and easily conquered.

Men that are led away of their own lusts, that are under the power of a besetting sin, or that are utterly careless and insensible, do not need to be tempted of the devil; he can safely leave them to themselves, for he has a friend within the citadel. He need look after such men only once in a while for, going on as they do, they are sure of ruin."

PORTRAIT OF A HARD CASE.

BY DOW, JR.

Now you that was cut out for a man, but was so villainously spoiled in making up, I'll attend to your case.—For what end did you burst open the world's door, and rush in uncalled, like a mad bull?—What good do you expect to bestow on your fellow men?—Some useful invention, some heroic act, some great discovery or even one solitary remark? No! those that look for any thing good from you, will be just as badly fooled as the man who caught the skunk and thought it was a kitten; or the woman who made greens of gunpowder tea. You know where the neatest, tightest pants, with the strongest straps can be got "on tick," but you don't know where the next useful lecture will be delivered. You know the color of a vest, but never studied the gorgeous hues of the rainbow, unless it was to wish for a piece to make a cravat of; you know how a fool feels in full dress, but you don't know how a man feels when he eats the bread earned by the sweat of his own brow; you know how a monkey looks, for you see one every day twenty times in your landlady's looking-glass, but you don't know how a man feels after doing a good action; you don't go where that sight is to be seen. Oh! you wasp-waisted, catfish-mouthed, baboon-shouldered, caliper-legged, goose-eyed, sheep-faced, be-whiskered drone in the world's bee-hive! What are you good for? Nothing but to cheat your tailor, neatly to lisp by note a line from some milk and cider poetaster, sentimentally talk love, eat oysters and act the fool most shamefully. I say does your mother know you're out? I am afraid you have no mother nor never had!

You are of no more use in this world than a time-piece in a beaver dam, or a mattress in a bog pen. You fill no larger space in this world's eye than the toe nail of a musquito would in a mark house, or a stump-tailed dog in all out doors: you are as little thought of as the fellow who knocked his grand-mother's last tooth down her throat; and as for your brains, ten thousand such could be preserved in a drop of brandy, and have as much sea-room as a tad pole in Lake Superior—and as for your ideas, you have but one (and that

is stamped on your leaden skull an inch deep.) that tailors and females were made to be gulled by you and that you think decent people envy your appearance.—Poor useless tobacco worm! You are decidedly a hard case!

BE COMPREHENSIVE.

Talk to the point and stop when you have reached it. The faculty that some possess, of making one idea cover a quire of paper, is not good for much. Be short and comprehensive in all that you say or write. To fill a volume upon nothing is no credit to any body; though Lord Chesterfield wrote a very clever poem upon nothing. There are men who get one idea into their heads, and but one, and they make the most of it. You can see it and almost feel it when in their presence. On all occasions it is produced, till it is worn as thin as charity. They remind one of a twenty-four pounder discharged at a humming bird. You hear a tremendous noise—see a volume of smoke, but you look in vain for the effects. The bird is scattered to atoms. Just so with the idea. It is enveloped in a cloud, and lost amid the rumbling of words and flourishes. Short letters, sermons, speeches and paragraphs are favorites with us. Commend us to the young man who wrote to his father—"Dear sir, I am going to be married"—also to the good old gentleman who replied—"Dear son, go ahead."

Such are the men for action. They do more than they say. The half is not told in their cases. They are worth their weight in gold for every purpose in life. Reader, be short—and we will stop short with our advice.—Portland Bulletin.

A Learned Pedlar.—Some years ago, a gentleman who had been appointed professor in the department of Oriental Literature in one of our Colleges, went out to Asia to perfect himself in the necessary learning for his new duties. Not finding all the teaching which he desired, he came back to Germany, hoping among the savans of that intellectual country to find some one with whom he could complete his studies. There he was told that the most learned man in that department was a Jew, who had been for several years in America. The professor returned, and after applying to the Rabbi at Boston, finally touched on the object of his pursuit, when, to his great surprise, it was the very Jew who had been during all his absence peddling jewelry and trinkets in his professor's own College yard. The pedlar proved to be really possessed of the learning which had been attributed to him, and since the discovery, the young professor has been pursuing his studies under the learned pedlar's tuition, with much satisfaction.—N. Y. Jour. of Com.

MR. McLANE.—The New York Express of the 5th instant states, that our late Minister to England, arrived at the City Hotel on Saturday morning. The Express also states, that he will be waited upon by the members of the Chamber of Commerce, and by the Common Council, with congratulations upon the happy success of his mission and with expressions of good wishes for himself.

A dinner we understand, will also be tendered him, which we trust, he will accept.

Three leading minds, with others, no doubt, have powerfully contributed to settle our difficulties with England, as well as Mr. McLane. Mr. Calhoun we name first and foremost amongst them, because he had the courage and the power to breast the stormy current of his party, and to divert the whole Southern portion of it from "the whole or none of Oregon." Mr. Benton we name next, because his irony, ridicule, denunciation, as well as his irresistible facts, demolished the fifty-four forties, and made the whole concern contemptible. Mr. Webster satisfied England that she must take the line of forty-nine as the basis of negotiation, and hence her offer which was accepted.

THE PAGAN MOTHER.

Where the noble Ganges refloweth,
Through broad fields of living green,
Where its moving wavelets flasheth,
With their bright and silvery sheen;
There, beside those lovely waters,
With her features fixed and wild,
Stands the wretched Pagan Mother,
Stands, to sacrifice her child.
With the blackness of its darkness,
Round that Mother's bleeding heart,
Ignorance hath thrown her mantle,
Wove, by superstitious art,
Doubt and error with their thraldom,
Cast their fold around her mind,
Reason's voice can never enter,
Hope, an entrance never find.
What are shackles on the body,
What are dungeons dark and drear,
What are all the forms of slavery,
That proud man inventeth here?
Faint and feeble to pre-figure,
Tame, to show that deeper gloom,
Which the heart and mind reveleth,
In that Pagan's living tomb.
God, alone can break these fetters,
He, can set the prisoner free,
His mighty power that toucheth
Sightless crystals, that they see,
But with human means He worketh,
And, with feeble human aid,
He, the promised gospel sendeth
To redeem the soul He made.
Now he calls upon the mighty,
On the pious—on his Friends,
And with deep and God-like pity,
His own blessed spirit sends.
On the borders of his riches,
Swards of his bounty here,
For their and he-soo is calling,
O, that they His voice might hear.
Christian Mother! while you cherish
Those bright beings at your knee,
Think upon the hosts that perish,
Waiting that which blesteth thee.
Think; upon that Pagan Mother,
With her features fixed and wild,
Standing now beside the Ganges,
Think; and try to save her child.

ASHLAND—HENRY CLAY.

A writer in the National Intelligencer, who has been travelling in the South and West, and who dates his letter from the "White Sulphur Springs, (Va.) Sept. 3," gives us the following description of Ashland and his interview with that whole-souled patriot and greatest of living Statesmen—Henry Clay:

"Kentucky presents a generous soil and a generous people. I had often heard of the elegant hospitality of Lexington, and of her beautiful environs, but you can form no idea of them till you enjoy them. Lexington is, I imagine, the most prosperous and wealthy inland town in the U. States, and will continue to march onward, albeit no river sweeps by its borders. Delicacy forbids my mentioning the names of gentlemen whose residences I visited, and of whose hospitality I partook; but looking upon Henry Clay as national property, I consider that I do not violate propriety in describing him as I saw him at home, and his own laurelled Ashland. But I must begin with Ashland, a place celebrated because it is the abode of one who, 'take him all in all,' is the greatest and most admired Statesman of the land."

"Ashland is about two miles from Lexington, and its old-fashioned mansion, after catching a view of it at some distance, is suddenly hid among the lofty trees that almost surround it. When our party reached the gate, which stood wide open, no house could be seen: we entered it, and, winding through the copse, Ashland in all its beauty flashed upon us. We had scarcely entered his hall when Mr. Clay came to meet us with his bland smile and cordial shake of the hand, which made me, at least, feel as if I were at home. The grounds of Ashland are in a high state of cultivation, and it would do a farmer good to look upon them. He boasted not of it, but some of his neighbors told me that Mr. Clay stands 'A No. 1.' (as we merchants say,) especially in cultivating and putting up hemp; and, from all I heard and witnessed, I dare say he is as well qualified to impart useful information to the cultivators of the soil as he is to enlighten us on the great political questions of the age. There he sat at Ashland, in his plain farmer's dress, discoursing with his accustomed frankness on many subjects, and sometimes giving utterance to sentiments that other men should write books upon; but not an unkind expression towards any individual, whether private or public, escaped his lips. Time has laid but a sparing hand upon the great American Statesman. I never saw him look better or happier; his step is elastic, his faculties appear fresh and vigorous, and the chances are that he will live to witness the election of several Presidents."

LINCOLN SUPERIOR COURT.

Adjourned on Saturday evening last, the week being principally occupied by State cases. The negro girl charged with arson was acquitted for want of evidence, on the part of the prosecution.

Hugh Williams, indicted for the murder of his slave, was found guilty, and sentenced to pay the penalty of the law next October; but through circumstances were against the unfortunate man, the unpurchasable sympathies of his Judge, his Jury, and his fellow citizens were with him, as evidenced by the unanimity with which a petition in his behalf was signed. From the doubtful character of the case, evidence of which can no doubt be furnished—from the high testimonial character—from the old age of Mr. Williams, if not from the petition sent, we cannot but trust that His Excellency, the Governor, will exercise the power given him by the constitution, by granting this poor old man a clear and unconditional pardon. During the week, John Medlin, and two sons (of Union county) were brought before his honor on a writ of *habeas corpus*. The parties were charged with beating to death a negro, property of J. Medlin. After hearing the case, his honor admitted the two sons to bail \$4,000 each but the father (although taken as bail for the sons) was remanded to the jail of Mecklenburg County.

His honor has appointed the old day, Thursday, as to be set apart for the trial of State cases in future; which alteration gives general satisfaction.—Lincoln Courier.

Perpetual Motion.—The N. O. Commercial Times, of the 14th inst., says:—"The Feliciana Whig has a communication from a mechanic, named James Asgood Dalton, declaring solemnly, with an affidavit affixed, that he has perfected perpetual motion. He has been at work on projects for many years, and as he declares; has at last perfected a machine which demonstrates his complete success. He is now anxious to raise one thousand dollars to build a model engine that will ensure him the benefits of his discovery, and place the world in possession of the incalculable benefits to flow from it. He refuses to receive a cent from any one whom he cannot convince at once of the truth of his discoveries."

The principle he has applied is the attraction of gravitation, and his motion is produced, says the Vicksburg Sentinel, as near as we can conjecture, by an artificial and continual change in the position of various parts of a heavy body. The Whig states that he is a poor man, and an industrious, sincere and honest mechanic; and for this reason hopes that his efforts may be noticed by the press.

The "Progressives."—A proposition introduced in the New York Convention to make the Judges elective, periodically, by the people, is treated with very happy decision in the annexed paragraph, which we copy from the Providence Journal. Perhaps ridicule is the best weapon to employ against the jacobinical tendencies of modern democracy and the unremitting war it wages, wherever it obtains ascendancy, against every safeguard of society. Could the fathers of the Republic have imagined the follies and corruptions which the lapse of half a century would see grafted on the fair fabric of freedom which they founded, they would have recoiled from their virtuous labors in dismay. It would be a fortunate thing for the world if a community of unmixt Democrats could be set apart, in some secure corner of the earth's surface, in which to carry out without let or hindrance their peculiar notions of government and of social institutions. A model government, the most perfect which the genius of democracy could rear, would be invaluable to mankind, either as a warning or an example. Hear the Journal:

"We rather hope the experiment of elective Judges) will be tried. Let the Judges be elected by the people, and on short terms of course; for the principle which refers their election to the popular suffrage requires responsibility to the electing power, and that the people should have frequent opportunities of reviewing their decisions. Important cases generally remain before the courts for several years. In New York, we believe, a single generation is a short term for the duration of a chancery suit, and, under there should be an appeal provided for the decisions of the judges to the body of the people assembled in mass meetings; it would highly conduce to the ends of justice that some great case pending in the courts should be made an issue in the election, and that the choice of the judges should depend upon the manner in which they should pledge themselves to decide in this way the collected wisdom of the people would be brought in aid of the judiciary, and could not fail to have a salutary effect upon the calmness and disinterested fairness of judicious decisions. The ermine of justice might occasionally be soiled by being dragged through the gutters of partisan strife, but there are a dozen preparations to restore it to its original purity. The kind of judges who would be elected in the anti-republican districts, and the kind of justice that would be administered there, are refreshing to think of. We should no longer have to weep over the cruel fate of Big Thunder, or to prove the innocence of the patriots who shot down a sheriff while serving a process. Big Thunder himself might be seated upon the bench, unless his talents, which are decidedly executive, might lead him to take the subordinate but more active duties of sheriff."

From the Watchman and Observer.

A CALL FOR THANKSGIVING.

"The Christian Magazine of the South," which is published at Columbia, S. C., very appropriately reminds its readers, of the coming of the drought of last summer and the plentiful harvest of the present season, and remarks that "it becomes a people to be as grateful for mercies received, as to be penitent for sins committed, or humble for judgments inflicted."

"If the judgments of God upon the land afford occasion for fasting, humiliation and prayer, there must be a demand for thanksgiving, when those judgments are removed, and propitious times have returned. If the last year which was one of drought and threatened destruction made it proper to fast and pray, the Christian community will need no arguments to convince them that the present year should be a time of giving thanks. It is well known that the year of last year, which had been economically disastrous to man and beast was exhausted, and the opportunity of receiving supplies offered little in the mountains, Columbia, Hamburg or other points along the rail road, where northern western corn was deposited for sale,—that wheat harvest of unprecedented abundance and plenty came in, to the great relief of the country. In addition to this, the prospects of the year in the growing crop as far as we can learn, promise a plentiful year. If last year the harvest were as brass and the earth as iron, the year is one in which the God of Providence calls on us to prove him herewith, if he will not open the windows of Heaven, and pour out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it—one in which 'he rebukes the devouring of our sakes.' It becomes a people to be as grateful for mercies received, as to be penitent for sins committed, or humble for judgments inflicted."

BACK AGAIN.—The packet ship Shenandoah, says the Philadelphia U. S. Gazette, sailed from Philadelphia, yesterday, taking home over 100 steerage passengers, the greater part of whom are of the best class of artisans, who return to their native country, in the full anticipation that better wages will be there had under the tariff bill of 1846, during the coming year than in this country, sufficiently so to warrant all the extra expense, with the certainty of employment. All this, of course, comes from the calculation that the manufacturing for this country will be done in Europe. Men like these above noticed, understand the current of business, and watch well its settings.

The Carpet Weavers.—The Ashburn weavers have stopped work, as Messrs. Barton & Co. the employers, refuse to give the old money. The operators were waiting to learn the decision of the National Convention; here, however, moving. If these weavers are wise they will go to work, and not hurry the building of a machine called "the power loom," which means "strikes," and will do the same work for \$200 that is done by hand for 24. The weavers have a right to stand out, and the mill-owners have a right to use "power looms." We have heard told that twenty looms have been ordered for Auburn; and some for other places.

These numerous strikes are among the results of the new Tariff,—that necessarily results from a necessary reduction of wages.—Y. Express.