

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

BRUNER & JAMES,
Editors & Proprietors.

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR
RULERS."



"DO THIS, AND LIBERTY IS SAFE."
Genl. Harrison.

NEW SERIES,
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SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1848.

CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

Salisbury, Tuesday, November 21, 1848.

Brother Jonathan for Christmas.

This mammoth pictorial sheet has just been sent us by the publishers, Wilson & Co. of New York. It is a monster among all the former pictorials of Brother Jonathan. The great feature is "The Country Sleigh-Ride," a beautiful and life-like picture, so large that it runs across the whole broadside, or two of the immense pages of the paper. "The Cotter's Saturday Night" and the Christmas Kissing Party," are also two fine large engravings of merit. Jacob Snitch and his Dog—Tom Brown of Shirt-Tail Bend—George Washington Dixon—and some other celebrated personages are here immortalized in song, story and picture. But we have not room to speak of one half the drolleries of this stupendous pictorial, nor is there need, as it can be bought of the publishers at 12 cents per copy, or ten for one dollar. It is highly spoken of by all the city papers. Who does not want a copy?

The attention of the public is directed to the prospectus of Holden's Dollar Magazine. It is a work of interest, being filled with articles from month to month, well calculated to instruct the reader. The number now before us, and we can say without fear, contains its former well-earned character for beauty of workmanship, as well as the judgment displayed in the selection of its articles.

The Union Magazine for this month has been received, and filed, as usual, with interest and amusement. To the ladies it is an almost indispensable work on account of the plate of fashions which each No. contains. James L. De Graw, 140 street, Agent, New York. Price \$3 per annum.

From the National Intelligencer.

MAJ. DOWNING DISCOURAGED.
Private Report to James K. Polk, President of America and his part of Mexico and would a been President of the whole of Mexico if he hadn't give up one half of it.

TELEGRAPH WIRE, OCT. 31, 1848.

Dear Colonel—I've been stumping it round all over the lot for two or three months, tight and tight, for our American friend General Cass, and as I suppose you are very anxious and uneasy to know how it's coming out I thought I would set down and make out a private report and send it on to you, giving you some of the preliminary symptoms, so that when the article comes, you may be a little prepared for it, and not feel so bad. As I said before, I've been all around the lot, sometimes by the steamboats, and sometimes by the railroads, and sometimes by the telegraph, and when there was no other way to go, I footed it. And I'm satisfied the jig is up with us and it's no use in my trying any longer and Mr. Buchanan's was all thrown away too. I'm very sure we shall get some of the States, but I'll be banged if I can tell which ones. There ain't a single State that I should dare to bet upon alone, but telling 'em all in the lump I should still stick out strong for half a dozen at least. I see where all the difficulty is as plain as day. You may depend upon it we should elect General Cass easy enough if it wasn't for General Taylor; but he stands peskily in the way, just as much as he stood in the way of the Mexicans at Bony Vista. As for Mr. Van Buren if he stood agin us alone we should tread him all to atoms; he couldn't make no headway at all especially after we got the nomination at Baltimore. Just between you and me, I don't think much of Mr. Van Buren now. I don't believe now he ever was a democrat. I think he only made believe all the time; and I'd bet two to one he's only making believe now. I wish the old General, dear old Hickory, that's dead and gone could be here now to have the handling of him for a little while; if he didn't bring him into the traces I wouldn't guess agin.

But as I said afore General Taylor is peskily in the way all over the country. First I thought I would figure round in some of the strong Whig districts for thinks I if I can make our friends show a bold front for Cass there, it will be such a wet blanket for the Whigs that they'll give it up. Well I called a public meeting without distinction of party; and I put it to 'em strong for Cass and the Constitution, and California forever. They all listened and every little while some of 'em holla'd and clapped; and thinks I, the tide is turning, I'm going to carry this place all hollow, Whigs and all. But when I got through, an old rusty faced farmer, away back in one corner got up and looked round, and says he—"Three cheers for Zachary Taylor." Thunder and cannon! if there wasn't a roar set me down for a liar. Why, Colonel, I had heard nothing like it since the storming of Chapultepec. It took me right off my feet. I see at once the little was all agin us there, and thought I better make my escape under the smoke of it as fast as possible. At first I felt rather bad about it; and then agin I thought I ought to have expected it, for I know the Whigs had voted that General Taylor was a Whig and had made up their minds to go for him. So I streaked it off for a strong Democratic district for I found our main dependence must be among our own friends. Here I called a mass meeting without distinction of party; for I was sure we should get up such a roar for Cass that the Whigs would be dumfounded, and be pretty likely to fall in with us. Well, how do you think it worked? I made a rearin speech for Cass—told 'em what a great statesman and great warrior he was, and how he had proved the former by offering to swallow all Mexico and how he had proved the latter by breaking his sword in a passion; and more than all that since the nomination at Baltimore, he was the greatest Democrat in the country. And now says I, my friends, three cheers for Cass, Congress and California. Well, they gin three good loud cheers, and I thought that nail was well drove and cleaved. Then a blacksmith, with a smutty nose and a leathery apron on, gets up and sings out, "Nine cheers for old Rough and Ready!" And by jingo it went like a hurrican—full twice as loud and three times as many as the cheers for Cass. I had a good mind to cut and run and give it all up; but at last I plucked up courage and faced the storm, I called out to the blacksmith and says I my

friend when we called this meeting without distinction of party it was all meant for General Cass, the Democratic candidate and it's not very handsome for a Whig to come here and interrupt us in this way.

"You take me for a Whig then, do you?" says he.

"To be sure I do," says I; "you are no Democrat to act in this way."

At that he reddened up so the smut on his face turned blacker than it was before and says he, "I'd have you know, sir, I'm as good a Democrat as you are. My father and mother was Democrats before me; I was born and bred a Democrat and I mean to live and die a Democrat, but I go for old Rough and Ready, let who will go agin him." Then he called out agin for nine cheers for old Rough and Ready; and the way they roared then out was a caution. I see it was no use talking about Whigs and Democrats, I must try some other look.

So I crossed round on the free soil territory and got up meetings, and preached up the Wil-mot Proviso hot and heavy; and told 'em General Cass would go for it with all his might to the day of his death. Then I thought I would get 'em on the hip in a way they couldn't help giving me a rousing hurra, so called out "three cheers for free soil and General Cass!"—Well, three cheers, come as quick and as true as Pa-dy's echo, for it was, "Three cheers for free soil and General Taylor!"

I begin to think the only chance for us was to try to carry the South. So I wheeled about and turned about and jumped Jim Crow, in the slave States. I told 'em they must stir around and elect General Cass or the whole slavery business would be upset; but if they would only elect him they might feel safe, for they had his letters to show that he was in favor of upholding slavery all weathers, and of carrying it into every territory we could lay our hands on.—They all answered me very coolly, that they had much rather trust a straight forward Southern man, that they knew had no tricks about him, than to trust a Northern man with Southern principles; and they reckoned, on the whole, they should go for General Taylor. As a last chance I thought I would try to rouse 'em up in old Pennsylvania. So I went to 'em and told 'em their coal and iron was in danger and the only way for 'em to save it was to elect General Cass, who would protect it, he was as good a tariff man as Henry Clay. At that, every one of 'em Quakers, and Germans, and Dutchmen, and all put their fingers agin the side of their nose and said, "Friend, we tried a tariff last time, but we didn't save our coal and iron by it; so we have made up our minds to try an honest man this time—we are going for Zachary Taylor."

By this time I was convinced that the game was up, and it was no use to stamp it any longer. We've got into the current where we can't help ourselves and are going down over the Falls of Niagara as fast as we can go and I hope you and all the rest of party will be as calm and composed and considerate as the Indian was that went down there when awful falls a great many years ago. He tugged and pulled his canoe against the current with all his might till he found there was no chance left, and then he laid down his paddle, and took up his bottle of rum, and sat down quietly in the bottom of the canoe, and tipped the bottle to his mouth and sat and drank, and took the good of it, till he pitched head over heels down the falls, and went out of sight forever.

Now, my last advice to you, dear Colonel and to all our friends and especially to dear old Mr. Richie is, to set down quiet and composed in the bottom of boat, and eat away at the public crib, and drink away at the bottle of the sub-treasury till the 4th of March when we shall all pitch over the falls together, drinking our last guggle.

I remain your dear friend,
MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

Secret of Living Easy.—An Italian bishop, having struggled through great difficulties without complaining, and met with much opposition in the discharge of his functions, without ever betraying the least impatience, an intimate friend of his, who highly admired those virtues, which he considered it impossible to imitate, one day asked the prelate if he could tell him the secret of being always at ease. "Yes," replied the old man, "I can teach you my secret, and will do so very readily. It consists in nothing more than in making great use of my eyes." His friend begged him to explain. "Most willingly," said the bishop. "In whatever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven, and remember that my principal business here, is to get there; then I look down upon the earth and call to mind the space I shall shortly occupy in it; I then look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes there are, who, in all respects, have more cause to be unhappy than myself.—Thus I learn where true happiness is placed; where all my cares must end; and how very little reason I have to repine or complain."

IT IS EASY TO MISTAKE.—Did you ever make a mistake!—once in your life at least? Then for the sake of mercy have charity. Many a man has been shunned and despised by those who would not make his acquaintance, because they had heard strange stories respecting him—when after all they mistook the man, or some body else had who reported the tales. Men are apt to mistake—very apt indeed. Sometimes they think they see evils where there really are none—sometimes their prejudices carry away their reason—and sometimes men look so much like other men, that the real sinner escapes and another has to bear his iniquity. How much need have we of Christian charity one towards another! Who will repeat a bad story, even if it be true? What good will it do? And what if you should sometimes mistake the person—how would you feel? Be charitable, we pray you—have real charity one towards the other.

THE PATENT OFFICE ROBBERY.

The robbery of property, valued at some twenty thousand dollars, which took place at the Patent Office on Wednesday night last, has become a topic of conversation. How it was accomplished so successful is indeed exceedingly mysterious. Two watchmen, as we understand, are nightly employed on the first floor of the Patent Office, and yet not one of these guardians knew any thing of the robbery until informed of it in the morning by the individual whose duty it is to sweep out the second floor of the building, where the stolen articles were deposited. They are enclosed in a glass case about three feet long, which case was enclosed in a still larger case. In reaching the valuables the robbers were compelled to break two panes of glass; and, as it is probable the instrument they used was a hammer, it seems astonishing that the watchman did not hear the noise which must have been made by the hammering. The keeper informs us that the robbers could not have been secreted within the building previous to the time of closing, whence we are compelled to conclude that they must have entered by means of false keys. If such was the case, then how is it that the watchmen, who pretend to have their stations on the first floor, did not see the robbers when they entered?

Some of the articles just stolen from the same office only about five years ago; but, owing to a bargain made by the Government with the robbers, they were all restored.

We take from the Clipper the following particulars and surmises:

"The articles above enumerated were in a double case, the glass of which had to be broken to reach them. For fear of making a noise, the robbers first spread a piece of pink blotting paper with gum arabic, and pasted it to the outer glass; then with a knife, or piercer, the glass was broken by prying it around the edges. The fragments adhered to the paper, and were thus silently removed. It is evident that an effort was made to slide back a portion of the outer case to gain access to the treasure; but being unsuccessful, the inner glass was likewise broken. The gold snuff box was fastened in such a manner that its removal would pull a wire and cause an alarm of a bell, the sound of which could be heard all over the room; but, as there were no watchmen there, no good purpose was attained by the arrangement. The robbers (it is supposed there were two) went out at a window, about twenty feet above the landing. A thick gimblet was found sticking in the frame, to which the end of a rope was sustained. On the sill a bottle of gum arabic was discovered, and a coil, made of rope, with a place for the hand, and heavy ends of lead. This was the means of defence—a silent instrument of death."

THE BEST DOG POWER.

We saw a few days since at the Cabinet shop of Mr. Joseph Peckover, in this city, a most excellent application of dog power to the propulsion of machinery, which from its simplicity and cheapness and construction could be used to advantage wherever a small power is wanted. It consists of a large wooden drum 11 feet diameter and 15 inches wide, the axle of the drum turning on friction wheels in order to lessen the friction. The dog was placed inside the drum turning it by his weight in the same manner that a squirrel turns a wheel. By the power thus produced Mr. Peckover drives two upright saws for curves, one small circular saw and two turning lathes for wood, but not all at once.—He employs two Newfoundland dogs for this work and has trained them for it admirably. By a word from his master the dog leaps from his kennel in the yard, runs down into the cellar and jumps into the wheel. After working two hours this dog is released by the other, and so alternately through the day. We noticed in our paper a few weeks since the dog power which was exhibited at the Fair in this city. In that case the dog was fastened by the neck to a circular platform and made to work it around, the operation being much more laborious for the dog and producing less power. By Mr. Peckover's plan the dogs are not fastened and seem delighted at the privilege of turning the drum. At a very trifling cost any farmer can employ his dogs at churning, winnowing, pumping water, turning the grind stone, &c.

HYDROPHOBIA.

A cure for hydrophobia has been tried with complete success by Dr. Haller, of New York, Pa., in consultation with Drs. Mellvill and Fisher. The patient, a lad twelve years of age, was bitten by a mad dog in April. Symptoms of hydrophobia appeared on the 2d of October, instant. The doctors ordered him to take two grains Dover's powder every four hours—to drink freely rubbed with equal parts of Granville's lotion and olive oil. Under this treatment, (although but little was hoped) he commenced in ten hours to show symptoms of amendment and has been gradually improving. He took eighty grains of each article without producing any other sensible effect upon his system than tranquillizing the spasms and producing sound sleep.

A SEASONABLE STORY.

The following story revived is too good to be passed by at the present time:

The Used Up Politician.—Peter Brush was in a dilapidated condition—out at the elbows, out at the knees, out of pocket and out of spirits, and out in the streets, an "out and outer" in every respect. He sat on the curb stone, leaning his head upon his hands, his elbow being placed upon a stepping stone. Mr. Brush had for some time been silent, absorbed in deep thought, which he relieved at intervals by spitting through his teeth, forlornly into the gutter. At length, heaving a deep sigh, he spoke:

"They used to tell me, put your trust in princes, and I haven't. None of 'em ever wanted to borrow money of me, and I never see any of them to borrow nothing of them. Princes! pooh! put not your trust in politicians! Them's my sentiments. There's no two mediums about that. Haven't I been serving my country like a patriot for this five years going to meetings; huzzing my day lights on, and getting blue as blazes; havin' I broken windows, got licked fifteen times, carried I don't know how many black eyes and broken noses for the good of the common wealth, and the purity of legal rights and for what? Why for 'nix!

LARD LAMPS.

We extract the following from a letter from one of our subscribers:

"I have tried several kinds of lard lamps, but have never been very well satisfied with them. I took a common glass lamp, enlarged the vent hole and made another one opposite to it, then took a piece of wire as large as a large knitting needle bent up like the letter U, and put the ends of the wire through the hole in the top of the lamp (each side of the wick) so as to reach the bottom of the lamp and come up about 2 an inch above the top of the wick where the bow of the wire will be in the blaze of the lamp. This keeps the lard melted neatly to the bottom of the lamp and burns finely, and all the extra cost of the lamp is merely for the wire. Iron wire would answer the purpose but it is not so good a conductor of heat as copper. If this is new or worth publishing, your subscribers are welcome to it. The lard should be partially melted at least when the lamp is first lighted, or it may not burn." Yours truly, L. F. M.—Albion, N. Y.

NEW LUBRICATING OIL.

MR. EDITOR.—I take the liberty to inform you that I have discovered and applied for letters patent for a new Oil for Lubricating Machinery, which is far superior to any thing heretofore used, and I am manufacturing it at present. In all the tests that have been made on Railroads and all kinds of machinery it has been found to last in many instances ten times as long as the best sperm oil, and I can do so with about half the cost of the oil now used. They are using it on all the Printing Presses in this city, and is preferred to any oil they ever used. Knowing that you are pleased to hear of any new discovery, and as I consider your valuable paper the Organ of Inventors, I have ventured to inform you of it, and if you wish a few gallons to try, on your Press send me word and I will send it by Express.

Yours very respectfully, P. S. DAVIS,
Reading Pa., Oct. 27th, 1848.

We should be glad to receive a specimen.—Ed. Sci. Am.

SUPERIOR COURT.

The Fall Term of the Superior court for the county of New Hanover was held in this town last week, Judge Pearson on the bench. The criminal docket engaged the attention of the Court for the week, the entire exclusion of Civil business. Three Capital cases were tried, John Sidbury, for the murder of his father, by shooting in this county, in 1842. He was acquitted. He fled from the State soon after the murder was committed, and was only arrested a few months ago, whilst on a visit here. Abraham, a slave, for killing Sam Wallace also a slave. He was convicted of Manslaughter, and sentence to be branded in the hand. Robert a slave, for robbing—Smith a white man on the highway. He was acquitted.

From Holden's Dollar Magazine.

An Irish Foreman in "Kiln."

BY PHIL BRUNGER.

[ORIGINAL.]

"Gully! my lord!"
The Foreman of the Jury trembled, he had heard of Irish revenge, taken British gold and piercing through the As he looked around he saw a man in a thousand eyes, which had not a him in warning at the hour when he was dropped into his hands. And again, for he saw that more of the eyes were fastened upon him than upon any other man in the room.

"He heard the angry cry for silence, and the noisy breath of the court, all as a faint and distant sound, and he felt that he was about to be crushed under the hand of the judge who had just spoken.

"Will you not have a guard to see that you are not hurt?"
"Yes!" cried the Foreman, "I must have a guard!"

He hurried away, because he did not meet the Sheriff's eye.

Late in the second night after a squadron of dragoons clattered up to the King street, and then stopped, instantly left the building and mounted horse in the very middle of the street. The word was spoken; all knew their duty, and they all rushed forward at a single step.

Two hours' quick riding brought the centre of a forest, whose large branches were lit up by a fire which had hitherto shown them the way. This melancholy darkness fell upon the superstitious feelings of the dragoons, and with a mysterious distant noise, the still air, depressed even by the officer. Almost unperceived, without meaning it, he dropped his whip and whistled to the Foreman.

"How awful this sudden wind is!"
"That is no wind or breeze," said the Foreman briefly. "It is the waves under the cliff of Creel on Duagh."

A narrow stream of fire, shooting swift sparks, ran into the road, and the horses' hoofs. A scattered shower of sparks, which fell from their midst, blizzing wheels, and whirling shower of sparks, while he hissed and leaped along the ground with a sudden terror, the horses were manageable and broke from their seats of dark, half naked men, was about in the scattered room, was restored, the Foreman's horse found riderless. "The officer is in order to pursue. He might have sold the trouble.

The Foreman heard the loud cry, made no struggle for release from a strong grasp was upon each arm, its remorseless hold, though the man with torture as he was dragged to the briars and thorns in that heading, even when the sound of pursuit was heard, they did not slacken their revenge was tireless, and even increased the sound of the waves under the cliff of Creel on Duagh. If an abyss yawned beneath their feet, the Foreman looked down upon the edge of the sea.

They tossed him down upon the ground and he did not attempt to rise. They at a little distance from him. They peeped out from their number, and in a hoarse voice, told the Foreman die.

"You have taken the English hand shall rot in the sea. You do not know your own strength, you shall fill your back-tongue sticks out of your mouth, a true Irishman you are, and you shall never before him you are. His body cannot be picked up, and your carcass shall be picked up, and it shall be used for a crawling crab. Look down the cliff of Creel on Duagh. The waters below are and measureless as the impetuosity of the sea. You cannot wish to prepare to meet the day."

The Foreman was not a coward, he trembled in the court when he was down by the rearing looks of the men, but now that death stood before him, he only roared and said with a voice that was heard by all:

"Let me die quietly and easily!"
"No!" shouted the other seven, "You shall die hard, because you will know first what we have decided for you. We will see you rot in the sea, and you shall see that long spear! There is no end to this. One of them shall round your neck; the second is to lengthen the stick. Your hands behind your back, you shall be breast out with the spear. If you on your life, cling to the horse's legs as long as the devil gives you do so, and prolong your death, because him, cross his feet upon the spear out and may God not have his soul!"

They did so and sat down on the light wind arose and swung the spear in the darkness; the spear, their horrid weight, and the man bounded up as if yearning for wretch. They sat still and waited for an hour no one dared to move one whispered to the fellow:

"Did you see his limbs shake, had the fever? How still he is, would he die? But he dies game!"
"Silence!" cried their chief, "a traitor!"

As he spoke, the feet trembled and the Foreman swung down. "Come, boys," said the chief, "interval of silence," now let us be crazy.—A paper has been published having for its motto "Doom with-tion."