

Patriot The Carolina Watchman.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, BY HAMILTON C. JONES, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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SALISBURY, JUNE 7, 1839.

WHOLE NO. 357.

NEW TERMS

Carolina Watchman,
The Watchman may be had for one dollar per year in advance. A Class of four new subscribers who will pay for the whole year at one payment, shall receive the paper for one year at two dollars. As long as the same class shall continue to pay in advance the sum of one dollar per year shall continue, and if they do not, they will be charged as other subscribers. No paper will be discontinued but at the option of the Editor, unless arrears are paid.

All letters to the Editor must be post paid, otherwise they will certainly not be attended to.

Terms of Advertising.
One Dollar per square for the first insertion and Ten Cents per square for each insertion thereafter.

Advertisements will be charged 25 per cent. more than the above rates. A deduction of 50 per cent. from the regular prices will be made for those that advertise by the year.

Advertisements will be continued until orders are received to stop them, where no directions are previously given.

SALISBURY.	
Cents.	Cents.
100 Nails, 55 a 60	
100 Nails, 8 a 9	
100 Oats, 25 a 30	
100 Pork, \$6	
100 Sugar, br. 10 a 12	
100 Sugar, loaf, 18 a 20	
100 Salt, \$1 54	
100 Tallow, 10 a 12 1/2	
100 Tobacco, 8 a 20	
100 Tow-linen, 16 a 20	
100 Wheat, (bushel) \$1	
Whiskey, 45 a 50	
Wool, (clean) 40	

FAYETTEVILLE.	
Cents.	Cents.
100 Nails, 55 a 60	
100 Nails, 8 a 9	
100 Oats, 25 a 30	
100 Pork, \$6	
100 Sugar, br. 10 a 12	
100 Sugar, loaf, 18 a 20	
100 Salt, \$1 54	
100 Tallow, 10 a 12 1/2	
100 Tobacco, 8 a 20	
100 Tow-linen, 16 a 20	
100 Wheat, (bushel) \$1	
Whiskey, 45 a 50	
Wool, (clean) 40	

CHERAW.	
Cents.	Cents.
100 Nails cut assor. 7 1/2 a 9	
100 wrought 16 a 18	
100 Oats bushel a 50	
100 Oil gal. 75 a \$1	
100 Lamp \$1 25	
100 Pork 110 a 1 25	
100 Pork 100 lbs 6 a 8	
100 Rice 100 lbs \$5 a \$6	
100 Sugar lb 10 a 12 1/2	
100 Salt sack \$2 75 a \$3	
100 Bush \$1	
100 Steel Amer. 10 a 12 1/2	
100 English 14	
100 German 12 a 14	
100 Tea impe. \$1 a \$1 37 1/2	

RUNAWAY.

\$50 REWARD.
ABSCONDED about the last of October, from the subscriber, at that time residing in Stokes County, N. Carolina, my Negro man

COLEMAN.

of 25 years of age, and of a very bright complexion. He is a Shoemaker by trade, has very bushy hair, a thin visage, is well built and weighs from 135 to 140 pounds. He has a very large scar on one of his legs, and a smaller one on the right leg, and a scar on each arm just below the elbow, and a scar on his forehead.

She is now quite relieved, and finds herself not only capable of attending to her domestic affairs, but avows that she enjoys as good health at present as she did at any period of her existence.

J. KENNY, husband of the aforesaid Anne Kenny.

Sworn before me, this 14th day of December, 1836.

PETER PINCKNEY, Com. of Deeds.

REMARKABLE CASE OF ACUTE RHEUMATISM.

with an Affection of the Lungs—cured under the treatment of Doctor Wm. Evans' 100 Chatham street, New York. Mr Benjamin S Jarvis, 15 Centre st. Newark, N. J., afflicted for four years with severe pains in all his joints, which were always increased on the slightest motion, the tongue preserved a steady whiteness; loss of appetite, dizziness in his head, the bowels commonly very constive, the urine high colored, and often profuse sweating, unattended by relief. The above symptoms were all attended with considerable difficulty of breathing with a sense of tightness across the chest, likewise a great want of due energy in the nervous system.

The above symptoms were entirely removed, and a perfect cure effected by Dr Wm Evans' 100 Chatham street, New York.

BENJ. J. JARVIS.
City of New York, ss.

Benjamin S Jarvis being duly sworn, doth depose and say, that the facts stated in the above certificate, subscribed by him, are in all respects true.

WILLIAM SAUL, Notary Public, 96 Nassau street.

GEORGE W. BROWN, Salisbury, N. C.
J. H. INGLIS (Bookstore) Cheraw S. C.
J. H. ANDERSON, Camden, S. C.
E. JOHN HUGGINS, Columbia, S. C.
W. M. JARVIS, & Co. Raleigh, N. C.
May 10, 1839—1941

the judgment exhibit an infinite diversity. The wisest and best of men are as open to this affliction as the weakest.

CAUSES.
A sedentary life of any kind, especially severely protracted to a late hour in the night, and rarely relieved by social intercourse, or exercise, a dissolute habit, great excess in eating and drinking, the immoderate use of mercury, violent purgatives, the suppression of some natural discharge, (as, the obstruction of the menses,) or long continued eruption; relaxation or debility of one or more important organs within the abdomen, is a frequent cause.

TREATMENT.
The principal objects of treatment are, to remove indigestion, to strengthen the body, and to enliven the spirits, which may be promoted by exercise, early hours, regular meals, and pleasant conversation. The bowels (if constive), being carefully regulated by the occasional use of a mild aperient. We know nothing better calculated to obtain this end, than Dr. William Evans' Aperient Pills—being mild and certain in their operation. The bowels being once cleansed, his inestimable Catarrh Pills, (which are tonic, anodyne, and anti-spasmodic) are an infallible remedy, and without dispute have proved a great blessing to the numerous public.

Some physicians have recommended a free use of mercury, but it should not be resorted to; as in many cases it will greatly aggravate the symptoms.

Read the following interesting and astonishing facts.

ASTHMA, THREE YEARS STANDING.—Mr Robert Monroe, Schuylkill, afflicted with the above distressing malady. Symptoms:—Great languor, flatulence, disturbed rest, nervous headache, difficulty of breathing, tightness and stricture across the breast, dizziness, nervous irritability and restlessness could not lie in a horizontal position without the sensation of impending suffocation, palpitation of the heart, distressing cough, costiveness, pain of the stomach, drowsiness, great debility and deficiency of the nervous energy. Mr R. Monroe gave up every thought of recovery, and dire despair sat on the countenance of every person interested in his existence or happiness, till by accident he noticed in a public paper some cures effected by Dr. Wm. Evans' MEDICINE in his complaint, which induced him to purchase a package of the Pills, which resulted in completely removing every symptom of his disease. He wishes to say his motive for this declaration is, that those afflicted with the same or any symptoms similar to those from which he is happily restored, may likewise receive the inestimable benefit.

A CASE OF TIC DOLOREUX.

Mrs. J. E. Johnson, wife of Capt. Joseph Johnson, of Lynn, Mass. was severely afflicted for ten years with Tic Doloreux, violent pain in her head, and vomiting, with a burning heat in the stomach, and unable to leave her room. She could find no relief from the advice of several physicians, nor from medicines of any kind, until after she had commenced using Dr. Evans' medicine of 100 Chatham street, and from that time she began to amend, and feels satisfied if she continue the medicine a few days longer, will be perfectly cured. Reference can be had to the truth of the above, by calling at Mrs. Johnson's daughter's Store, 389 Grand street, N. Y.

Mrs. Anne F. Kenny, No 115 Lewis street between Stanton and Hunston sts, afflicted for ten years with the following distressing symptoms: Acid eructation, daily spasmodic pains in the head, loss of appetite, palpitation of her heart, giddiness and dimness of sight, could not lie on her right side, disturbed rest, utter inability of engaging in any thing that demanded vigor or courage, sometimes a visionary idea of an aggravation of her disease, a whimsical aversion to particular persons and places, groundless apprehensions of personal danger and poverty, an irksomeness and weariness of life, discontent, disquietude on every slight occasion, she conceived she could neither die nor live; she wept, lamented, desponded, and thought she led a most miserable life, never was one so bad, with frequent mental hallucinations.

Mr Kenny had the advice of several eminent physicians, and had recourse to numerous medicines, but could not obtain even temporary alleviation of her distressing state, till her husband persuaded her to make trial of my mode of treatment.

She is now quite relieved, and finds herself not only capable of attending to her domestic affairs, but avows that she enjoys as good health at present as she did at any period of her existence.

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From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

BEN NA-GROICH.

The Castle of Ben-na-Groich was an old square building, situated in a wild ravine of the North Highlands. It consisted of little more than a high tower of the rough stone of the country, at one corner of a tower mass of building, in many parts fallen into decay, and presenting an appearance of strength and massiveness, on which any attempt at beauty, would have been thrown away. One side of the square had something more of a habitable look than the remaining portions, from the circumstances of its chimneys being newly rebuilt and tastefully whitewashed; the roof also was repaired, and the windows fixed with glass—a luxury which was considered useless by the inhabitants of the remaining three sides, the said inhabitants consisting of two or three cows, half a score of dogs, and one or two old representatives of Fingal who clung to their ancient habitation with a local attachment that would have done honour to a cat.

On the evening of the 10th of August, the parlour (for it was nothing more, though bearing the nobler designation of the hall) was occupied by a solitary gentleman of somewhat solid dimensions, who cheered his loneliness by an occasional stir of the fire, and a frequent sip at a tumbler of whiskey toddy. From time to time he went to the window and listened. The cataract that rushed down the ravine would have drowned any other external sound, even if such had existed; and with an expression of increased ill-humor after every visit to the window, the gentleman renewed his former occupation of sipping the toddy and stirring the fire.

"Some folly or other of sister Alice," at last he grumbled, "putting off her time in Edinburgh. They ought to have been here by two o'clock, and here it is eight, and not a sound of their wheels. That coiled serpent, to be sure, drowns every thing else; 'tis worse than our hundred horse engine. I wish they were here, for being a Highland chieftain is lonely work after all—no coffee-house—no club—no newspaper. Hobbins was right enough in saying 'I should soon tire; but tire or not, I am too proud to go back—no! Young Charles Hobbins shall marry Jane Somers; I will settle them here for three or four months in the summer, and we can all go back to his house for the rest of the year.' A real chieftain will be something to look at there, though in this cursed country, it does not seem to create much admiration. What can be keeping sister Alice?"

The gentleman walked to the window once more, and opening it a little way, shouted "Angus Mohr! Angus Mohr!" A feeble voice in a short time answered from the dilapidated end of the building.

"Here's comin' fat ta tel does ta fat harril want? Uncertain steps not long after sounded along the creaking passage; the door was opened, and presented to the impatient glance of the new proprietor the visage of the grumbling Gael. He was an old decrepit man, with bright ferocious eyes gleaming through his elf locks. If he had succeeded in making a 'swap' of his habits with any scrawny south of the Tay, he would have had by far the best of the bargain, for his whole toilet consisted in a coarse blue kilt or petticoat (for it had none of the checkers that give a showy appearance to the kilt); his stocking—for he only rejoiced in one—was wrinkled down almost over his shoe; his coat was tattered and torn in every variety of raggedness; and the filth, which was almost thick enough to cover the glaring redness of his forehead, showed that Angus Mohr took very little interest in the great question about the soap duties. 'Fat d'ye want, auld man?' inquired the visitor—'bringin' a poddy a' this way to hear yer havers.'

"I merely wish to know, Angus, if there is any lad here you can send to the side of the hill to see if a carriage is coming this way."

"There's a laud out in the byre," replied Angus; "but he's four score year auld, an' has been deaf and blind since they took him to Infrassan jail for drinkin' the packman—tel tak their cows for pittin an honest man in ony such places—ye can pid him gang, if ye like."

"Why, if he's deaf and blind, Angus, he will be no great help."

"Ten gang yourself; petter that than sit ting fillin yer pig wame w' whiskey."

"You shall have a glass, Angus, when I have tea brought in."

"An' little thanks for it too. It's a small reward for comin' a' this way through the cauld."

"You may go now," said our fat friend, who was now more anxious to get quit of his visitor, than he had been for his appearance.

"Tiel a pit, tiel a pit; no without the glass ye promised."

"Be off, sir—be more respectful to your superiors. I am chief of this clan."

"He's a chief!" cried old Angus, with a laugh that shot a chill into the gallant chieftain's heart—"he's ta chief, is he? Hu! hu! hu!"

"For goodness' sake, old man, go back to your own room. You shall have a whole bottle; I'll send it to you directly."

"Mak it a gallon, an' I'll gang. Mak it a gallon—it will do for two days."

"Well, well, you shall have a gallon—on-

ly got, urged the now-alarmed proprietor; for Angus, perceiving his advantage, went on increasing in his demands, and the self-satisfied chief began to perceive that his subjects were not so obedient as he had expected; and vague ideas of dirks and drownings occurred hurriedly to his mind.

Angus, however, seemed for this time satisfied with his prize, and resumed his way to the lower regions, muttering and growling as he went, as if he had been a highly injured individual, and leaving the fat gentleman in a very uncomfortable frame of mind.

"Savage!" he murmured to himself; "by dad, we shall all be murdered to a certainty. However, when all my own servants arrive, we shall turn Angus and the blind old man out of the castle, and have things a little better managed than this. But it certainly is very strange my sister does not come! Our new man, Copus, is a stout fellow, and would keep this old rascal Angus in order."

"Fat in the tiel's name, are ye skirlin' there for?" said the sharp voice of that unctuous geneseal, as he put his shaggy head out of the glassless crevice that served as a window: are we a' deaf, think ye?"

"Hallo, old feller!" shouted the voice of Copus, in reply, "leave off your humeral jabber, and open the door, will ye?"

"Open't yourself, and be t—d till ye, screamed the old man—"her's no servant o' yours'. P'm thinking."

"William, isn't there never a bell?" inquired Miss Alice.

"Bell?" re-echoed Mr Copus; "no, nor nothing else that a gentleman is acquainted with, so here I think, me'am, we must stay all night, for that 'ere waterfall won't let nobody hear, and the old lumatic, peeps out of the hole in the wall, don't seem inclined to be civil."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, William, try again—shout as loud as you are able."

"Hillo! hillo! hillo!"

"What's the matter?" exclaimed the voice of the new proprietor himself, at the same moment that his head appeared at the window.

"Here we are, sir," replied Copus, half dead with fear and hunger, and yet can't get into our own houses for love or money."

"I'll open the door myself," said the old chieftain, and putting for the nonce his newly acquired dignity into his pocket, he wedded through the blustering passages, and turned the key with his own hand.

"And this then, is Ben-na-Groich's castle," sighed Miss Alice, as at length she entered the parlour, leaning on the arm of her niece, and looking round with a dolorous expression that would have furnished a study for a picture of despair.

"Even so," replied her brother, with an attempt at a joyous chuckle that died off into a groan.

"Oh, brother Ben—since Ben-na-Groich you insist on being called—oh, brother Ben, what tempted you to buy such a place as this?—in such a country?—among such hideous people?"

"Partly a bad debt that the late owners was on our backs—partly a desire to be a regular chief, and amass the fuxibles; but chief or no chief, twigs will be better in a day or two. We shall get out of our tatters—cher up two, three Jans, Charles Hobbins will be here ere long—I've got some clothes ready for him too, and intend to give him a black feather, and make him as good a downy-whistle as you can desire."

"Ah, brother!" interposed Miss Alice, "that would have been all very well a short time ago and it would have been delightful to see you with your henchmen and jellies and downy whistles—but 'tis too late now. Oh, brother, we are doomed to destruction. Copus will tell you what he has seen this very day."

"Why, what has he seen?—a ghost? they are wery superstitions, and believe in the second sight."

"Oh, first sight is quite enough for us. I saw them myself, though they were at such a distance, I confess, I took them for a flock of sheep."

"Who?—what was it you saw?—speak, Copus; I'm adjored, our travelled friend, with a face from which the expression of alarm had not yet entirely subsided, commenced his narrative.

"This morning, sir, when we first changed horses, I gets off the rumbie, sir, and leaves Marjar by herself. I goes into the small house wivie the cattle was a coming—a lonely place, in the midst of a moor, sir—and says I to the landlady, says I, 'Here's a fine day, says I.'

"Make the most of it," says she—"you bid fair never to see another."

"You're wery polite," says I—"I don't think I'm in a dying condition."

"You carry your death sentence at your breast," says she, in a hollow voice, like a drum with a hoarseness.

"What do you elude to?" says I—and locking at my breast, sir, I see nothing in life out this here watch ribbon as you gived me, of your own tartan you know, sir."

"Why wear ye the badge of the doomed Ben-na-Groich?" says she—"know ye not that his wib is span?"

"There you're mistaken," says I, me'am—they're all done by machinery."

"Fool," says she, quite in a passion, "you have put yourself under a ruined wall, and will be crushed to the dust by the tumble."

"Wrong again," says I, "for master has had the whole building repaired."

"Blind mole! you will take no warning, perhaps because you don't believe—see there!—And when I looked in to see where she pointed, sure enough I sees ten or a dozen stout chaps all a sharring their swords upon great gruidstones at the other end of the house."

"What's all them fellows arter?" says I.

"Blood," says she.

"Blood and wounds!" says I, "I never heard such a woman." "Clect, at Oxford, hearing of

an Old Roman Catholic lady they called the Civil, as spots in that ere fashion, and was a dealer in books and stationery; but cuss me if you don't beat her hollow. Whose blood do you mean me'am?"

"His who calls himself Ben-na-Groich."

"Oh, brother Thomas, did you ever hear of the like?" shuddered Miss Alice.

"A wib," said the gentleman thus appealed to, with a very unsuccessful effort to appear disinterested.—"What name, Copus? did she say any thing else?"

"Lots more, but I've nearly forgotten it."

"How long did this detain you?"

"Oh, he kept us waiting three or four hours," interposed Miss Alice; "and when he came out he could not have been more unsteady if he had been a-drinking."

"Yes, indeed, sir," added Maria; "his manner has been very extraordinary ever since; he has been either singing songs or sleeping the whole way here."

"The interview was a very strange one? Did any one else see the ten or twelve men?" inquired the chief.

"I seed one of them, sir," replied Maria, "a tall handsome gentleman, in a green frock coat. He went towards a horse that was tied near a stack of fuel, just at the moment Copus came out."

"Indeed! Did you see him, Copus?"

"Oh, yes, I saw a figure something as she describes it. He is the surest sign, the wild woman said, of something awful; they call him Kickandrubb."

"How strange!" repeated the chieftain, for the hundredth time—"a regular conspiracy, and nobody here to defend us. The old tiger down stairs, Angus Mohr, would be the first to kill us if he could, and what is to become of us Heaven-only knows."

"Better let the horses stay at the door, sir; the carriage may be useful," suggested Copus.

"There's no time to be lost indeed," replied the master; "but yet what would be the use of flying? We are safer here than on the road."

"No, no; let us go, brother Ben—brother Thomas, I mean—for do you know that Fash-na-Cairn has vowed he'll have your life?"

"Who the devil is Fash-na-Cairn? I never did him any harm."

"But his clan has been opposed to Ben-na-Groich for hundreds of years. He'll murder you and me! Oh dear, oh dear! he'll force me to be Mrs. Fash-na-Cairn!" Here Miss Alice, overcome by her horrible imaginings, covered her face with her hands; but whether she wept or not history does not record.

"Will ye not let a poddy sleep, and be t—d till again screamed the shrill voice of Angus Mohr; "hoo mony o' ye sothern prutes is coming yammering to the door?"

No answer apparently was given to this inquiry, for it was renewed with bitterer terms than before.

"Fat a' this o'?"—w' swords and targets, and the Stuart stripe in yer plaids. Are ye come to harry ta auld fat man? Hurr! hurr! Cot, an Angus had a dik himself, he'd pit it up to the handle in ta fat cairn's wame."

While these words of encouragement or inquiry were issuing from the wrathful nature, a hurry of steps was heard upon the stairs—the clank of steel, as if of the crossing of swords, sounded in the passage, and with a shout, Fash-na-Cairn! Fash-na-Cairn! the parlor door was burst open, and six wild figures in the full Highland costumes, rushed in upon the deliberations of the new chieftain and his household.

One of the party seized the arm of Aunt Alice; another with a flat sided blow of his claymore, laid our heroic friend Copus quietly on the floor; a third took Jane Somers by the hand as she sat retired in a corner of the room, and kept guard over her during the whole of the scene; while the others placed themselves opposite the astonished Ben-na-Groich himself, and pointed their weapons at his throat without saying a word.

"What do you want, gentlemen?" said that individual, with a tremor in his voice that revealed the conflict within. "I'll give you a check for as much as you require—fix your own price! What shall it be?"

"Revenge!" said a hollow voice, proceeding from the chief of the party. "I have you now in my power—the first time after a search of eight hundred years!"

"What have I done? I never did you a mischief; if I did, I'm willing to pay damages; assessed by your own surveyors."

"Your ancestor, Fin of the crooked finger, stabbed my ancestor Kenneth of the fat nose, as he dined with him in this hall in the reign of Fergus the First—give me back his blood!"

"Can't, indeed—haven't a drop of it, or any one else's blood—but I will pay the worth of it—only spare my life."

"Fash-na-Cairn may spare, but on one condition—you have a sister?"

"Oh no, indeed, he hasn't, sir," said Miss Alice, "she died when she was quite a baby."

"Speak, dog, said the ruthless Fash-na-Cairn, kicking Copus as he lay on the carpet; "who is the sister of Ben na-Groich?"

"That ere middle aged lady with the red nose, that's our Miss Alice."

"She must be Fash-na-Cairn's bride, or the wolfskin must cover Ben-na-Groich."

"Oh dear! oh dear!" sighed the disconsolate lady; "will nothing do but that?"

"Even that won't save him—I see another maiden?"

"Oh, I'm sure you are quite welcome in Jane Somers," said Miss Alice, "my brother will give his consent directly; won't you, Thomas?"

"Say the word, and I give you the hand of friendship."

"What word?" ask the sorely puzzled Ben-na-Groich; "I will say whatever is needful."

"Does the maiden herself consent?—Bring hither the fair one of the hill!"

Jane Somers was brought forward by her guard.

"Now, Jane," began the chieftain, "this here gentleman, Mr. Fash-na-Cairn, is anxious to marry some of my family; are you disposed to save me from murder and robbery, by giving him your hand?"

"To save you, my dear uncle, from any thing unpleasant, there is no sacrifice I would not make."

"There's a dear, good girl!" cried the chieftain, delighted. "Take her; you are very welcome; and when I get home, which will be in three days from this time, I will send you some marriage presents. If you have any fancy for this estate, you shall have it; bargain;—in the mean time let the rest of us get into the carriage, and be off as fast as we can. Come, Copus, get up, you lazy hound—we must be off."

"Off or not off, sir, I doesn't budge a foot. I stay with my young missus."

"Very well, only let us out of the house."—While preparations were making for a rapid retreat one of the brigands went up to Jane Somers and whispered, "my carriage is waiting on the bridge. Lady Teys