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TERMS OF WATCHMAN.

The WATCHMAN may hereafter be had for two Dollars and Fifty Cents per year. A Class of four new subscribers who will pay in advance the whole sum at one payment, shall have the paper for one year at Two Dollars each, and as long as the same class shall continue they will be charged as other subscribers.

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No paper will be discontinued but at the option of the Editors, unless all arrearages are paid up.

All letters to the Editors must be post paid; otherwise they will certainly not be attended to.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One Dollar per square for the first insertion and Twenty-five Cents per square for each insertion afterwards.

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

The letter of Mr. Prentiss, of Mississippi, contains many wholesome truths, the force of which the people of his State have felt as severely as most others. If the facts contained in this letter fail not to arouse them to a sense of their danger, then, indeed, is there a cause of danger. We present our readers with the following short extract—*Madisonian*.

"The developments which have been made in relation to the conduct of the financial affairs of the government have astonished and shocked the whole nation. It is now a matter of mere surmise or parizan invective, but of solemn demonstration, based upon admitted and undeniable facts, investigation, vouchered for and published under the deliberate sanction of the popular branch of Congress, that the Treasury Department is rotten to the core; that it is but the pander to executive power, and exercises its high functions, not for the good of the country, but of party; not honestly, for the general welfare, but wickedly and corruptly for the most sinister purposes. Since Mr. Van Buren ascended the chair of State, it has exhibited a system of peculation and connivance unprecedented in any government.—The correspondence between its chief and his subordinates is offensive to the moral sense, and insulting to the intelligence of the people. Its open and unblushing peculation would have shocked even the loose notions of that most venal of ministers, Sir Robert Walpole, whose political maxim was, 'that every man has his own price.' Corruption has been traced, not merely to the doors, but into the very recesses of the temple. By the foot prints upon the floor we have discovered, as did the Chaldeans of old, that the rich offering laid by the people upon the shrine, have been carried away and consumed, not by the God, but by the juggling priests.

Under ordinary circumstances, and in ordinary times, the developments to which I allude would have prostrated any administration however powerful. Unfortunately the deep distress which has pervaded the country, and spread dismay and ruin through all the avenues of business, has in some degree withdrawn the eyes of the people from these great enormities, and directed their views with melancholy earnestness to their own private sufferings. Thus the rude blow which the robber bestows with one hand, diverts the attention for a moment from one theft he is committing with the other.

But corruption is by no means the only remarkable characteristic of the party in power. Out of the very ruin which its measures have brought upon the country, does it contrive to extract political capital. With unblushing effrontery its partisans assert that it is not accountable for the result of its own action; that the distresses of the country have been produced by the operation of Whig principles, and all the responsibility lies at the door of the opposition. The unfortunate patient, who, from a state of perfect health has been reduced by the nostrums of the quack to the point of death, is gravely told by the ignorant pretender that his miserable condition is not owing to the noxious doses he has taken, but it is entirely attributable to his former physician, whose prescription he has discarded for years. A grosser insult was never offered to an intelligent people."

BATHING IN THE DEAD SEA.

The correspondent of the New York American, gives the following notice of a visit to this standing problem in the natural history of the Holy Land. The gentlemen of the party determined to test the reported buoyancy of the water by personal experience.

They state, that where the water was five feet deep, they were so buoyed up, that they could not touch the bottom with the points of six inches deeper, their feet were suddenly taken from under them, and they were thrown in a horizontal position upon the surface of the water. They could not maintain a perpendicular position without using some effort. They then swam to where the water was extremely deep and endeavored to sink, which they found impossible even with some effort to do so. They could walk in the water equally as well as on land, with their heads entirely above the surface. They found that they could sit and converse as easy as on dry land. A strong breeze came on from the south and with it a heavy swell. They describe the sensation produced by this riding on the sea, without a vessel or a plank under them, as very singular. One of them had never before ventured beyond his depth in the water; while here he was enabled, without the least sense of danger, to go any distance from land. They became convinced that what had been said respecting the great specific gravity and buoyancy of the water of the Dead Sea, is entirely correct.



POETICAL.

From the Knoxville Times.

LINES

Suggested by a solitary moonlight stroll along the beach at Cape May.

Soft is the beam that Luna sheds
Upon the trembling sea;
And lulled by thy sweet spells, O night,
The world sleeps tranquilly.

O how I love, on such a night
To tread alone the shore;
Alone to hear the sea-bird's scream
Float the bright waters o'er.

Alone to watch the surges break,
Successive on the strand;
Alone to catch the midnight breeze;
Alone—alone—to stand.

O in that word—alone—is hid
A charm, whose letters bind
My soul with spells more potent far
Than social bonds can find.

How freely then the soul communes
Unmolested by slender strings;
Unmolested by the darning stains
The world's foul contact brings.

Yes! one short hour alone—alone—
Calmed by the moon's soft ray,
Is worth a life of endless years,
Amidst the heartless gay. J. C. T.

DOMESTIC EDUCATION AT THE TABLE.

[By T. H. Gallauet.]

In no part of the household affairs are the good order, neatness, and taste of the female head of the family more needed than in the arrangement of the table at meals. They who feel above these small matters, or regard an attention to them asavoring to much of fastidious refinement, or devotedness to the care of the body, overlook, in the opinion of the writer, their decidedly moral tendencies—he might add their religious.

God is a God of order. His works display it on every side. He delights, too, in the fairest forms of beauty. His own hand furnishes us with the only perfect exhibitions of it, and which no efforts of art can ever equal. Nature teems with beautiful objects. So does the intellectual and moral world. The order of a well balanced mind, the beauty of benevolence, the symmetry and grace of a character like that of Jesus—do not these show that the Father of our spirits has formed us with capacities not only to render the objects of taste, as a matter of elevated and exquisite enjoyment, but as a source of improvement in all that is true, honest, just, pure, lovely and of good report?

It is a radical error to suppose that there is no connexion between the soul and body in these respects, and that order, neatness, and taste, can be regulated in what pertains to the latter, without injury to the former in its most refined sentiments and holiest aspirations. The slovenly, disorderly, and filthy in the care of the person, or the concerns of the family, will have very serious if not insuperable difficulties to encounter in so adorning the soul with every Christian grace and virtue as to render it a fit temple for the in-dwelling of the Holy Spirit.

And here, examples of the parents, and especially of the mother, in their influence over the children, are paramount to all other influences. Grace itself, even if it occurred at length at any good degree, has a long and arduous struggle in converting the youth who has been suffered to grow up without habits of order, cleanliness and taste, to new feelings and conduct in such matters. The only way to secure these essential features of a complete and consistent character is to begin right and uniformly, and the domestic table at meals comes in for a full share of the exertions necessary to be made.

But something more is necessary. Children, from their first introduction to the table, should be trained while there to personal habits of order, neatness, and taste. The manner of putting on the apron, of taking a seat, of managing the arms and hands, of using the knife, fork, &c., of conducting and finishing the meal, should all receive their due attention according to the age of novitiates and the progress they are capable of making, being careful not to overwhelm them with too many instructions at once, and moulding their manners by a gradual though sure advance from one step of improvement to another. Where the arrangements of the table, and the deportment of the older persons; or what they should be the task of leading children to the formation of such habits as have been described will be comparatively easy. It is true, indeed, that all this will not be accomplished without patient and persevering effort; and that hurried and hasty meals will present one of the most serious obstacles in the way of cultivating order, neatness, and taste. Such eating, to see as it were in how short a time possible the process of swallowing food can take

place, deserves not to be called a meal. It is as pernicious to health as it is repugnant to good manners and to the cheering of the social domestic virtues. It is especially incompatible with the training-up of children in the habits of order, neatness, and taste.

What an entirely different aspect is given to this scene, accordingly as the mother of the family has order, neatness, and taste, or is deficient in them! What entirely different lessons does it impart to the children! What entirely different habits does it tend to form! Its influence is indeed silent and gradual, but continued, accumulating, and powerful. Great wealth, with its luxuries and elegancies, does not always place the influence on the right side. Plainness of living, to the contrary, in the abodes of the humble and even of the poor, is by no means incompatible with its being wisely and efficaciously directed. How often, under such circumstances, with very scanty and unostentatious materials to be employed, does the frugal, though nice house wife show, by the appearance of her table, and the conducting of the meals, that she knows how to cast over the whole an attractive air of neatness and grace! The fact for doing this, is to a great extent hereditary. Let the mother not forget this as her daughters are growing up around her.

The following is Capt. Marryatt's description of that singular sect, the Shakers. He visited their settlement, situated near Troy, N. Y.

I went out to see the Shakers at Niskayuna—So much has already been said about their tenets that I shall not repeat them, further than to observe, that all their goods are in common, and that, although the sexes mix together, they profess the vows of celibacy and chastity. Their lands are in excellent order, and they are said to be very rich.

We were admitted into a long room on the ground floor, where the shakers were seated on forms, the men opposite the women, and apart from each other. The men were in their waistcoats and shirt sleeves twiddling their thumbs, and looking awfully puritanical. The women were attired in dresses of very light striped cotton, which hung about them like full dressing gowns and concealed all shape and proportions. A plain bow cap on their heads, and a thick muslin handkerchief in many folds over their shoulders, completed their attire. Each held in their hands a pocket handkerchief as large as a towel and of almost the same substance. But the appearance of the women was melancholy and unnatural; I say unnatural, because it required to be accounted for. They had all the advantages of exercise and labor in the open air, good food, and good clothing; they were not overworked, for they are not required to work more than they please; and yet there was something so pallid, so unearthly in their complexions, that it gave you the idea that they had been taken up from their coffins a few hours after their disease; not a hue of health, not a vestige of color in any cheek or lip;—one cadaverous yellow tint prevailed. And yet there was to be seen many faces very beautiful, so far as regards outline, but they were the features of the beautiful in death.—The men, on the contrary, were ruddy, strong, and vigorous. Why, then, this difference between the sexes, where they each performed the same duties, where none were taxed beyond their strength, and all were fed and clothed?

After a silence of ten minutes, one of the men of the community, evidently a coarse and illiterate person, rose and addressed a few words to the spectators, requesting them not to laugh at what they saw, but to behave themselves properly, &c., and then he sat down.

One of the leaders then burst out into a hymn, to a jingling sort of tune, and all the others joined chorus. After the hymn was sung they all rose, and put away the forms on which they had been seated, and stood in lines, eight in a row, men and women separate, facing each other, and about ten feet apart—the ranks of men being flanked by the boys, and those of the women by the girls. They commenced their dancing by advancing in rows, just about as far as profane people do in *L'ete* when they dance quadrilles, and then retreated the same distance, all keeping regular time, and turning back to back every third advance. The movement was rather quick; and they danced to their own singing, of the following beautiful composition:—

Law, law, de lawdel law,
Law, law, de law,
Law, law, de lawdel law,
Lawdel, lawdel, law—

keeping time also with the hands as well as feet, the former raised up to the chest, and hanging down like the fore paws of a dancing bear. After a quarter of an hour they sat down again, and the women made use of their large towel pocket handkerchiefs to wipe off the perspiration. Another hymn was sung, and then the same person addressed the spectators, requesting them not to laugh, and inquiring if any of them wished to be saved—adding "Not one of you, I don't think." He looked around at all of us with the most ineffable contempt, and

then sat down, and they sang another hymn, and the burden of which was—
"Our soul is saved, and we are free
From vice and all in iniquity";
which was a very comfortable delusion, at all events.

They then rose again, put away the forms as before, and danced in another fashion. Instead of *L'ete* it was *Grande Ronde*. About ten men and women stood in two lines in the centre of the room, as a vocal band of music, while all the others two and two, women first and men following, promenaded round, with a short quick step, to the tune chanted in the centre. As they went round and round, shaking their paws up and down before them, the scene was very absurd, and I could have laughed had I not felt disgusted at such a degradation of rational and immortal beings. This dance lasted a long while, until the music turned to croaking, and the perspiration was abundant; they stopped at last, and then announced that their exercise was finished. I waited a little while after the main body had dispersed, to speak with one of the elders. "I will be with you directly," replied he, walking hastily away; but he never came back.

I never heard the principle upon which they danced David danced before the ark; but it is to be presumed that David danced as well as he sung.—At least he thought so; for when his wife Michael laughed at him, he made her conduct a ground of divorce.

Every community which works in common, and is provided for in the mass, must become rich, especially when it has no children to maintain. It is like receiving a person's labor in exchange for victuals and clothing only, and this is all I can perceive that can be said in favor of these people.—Suffice it to say, I have a very bad opinion of them; and were I disposed to dilate on the subject, I should feel no inclination to treat them with the lenity shown to them by other travellers.

I should be very sorry to take away the character of any community, but as I was a little sceptical as to the possibility of the vow of chastity being observed under circumstances above alluded to, I made some inquiries, and having met with one who had succeeded from the fraternity, I discovered that my opinion of human nature was correct, and the conduct of the shakers not altogether so. I must not enter into details, as they would be unfit for publication.

THE LOVER'S CONSOLATION.

From *Hyperion*, a Romance, by the author of *Outre-mer*.

The following passage relates a conversation which Paul Flemming had with an eccentric Englishman, just after he had sued for the hand of Mary Ashburton and was rejected.

In his chamber he found Berkeley. He was looking out of the window whistling. "This evening I leave Interlachen forever," said Flemming rather abruptly. Berkeley stared.

"Indeed! Pray what is the matter? You look as pale as a ghost?"

"And have good reason to look pale," replied Flemming bitterly. "Hoffman says, in one of his note books, that on the eleventh of March, at half past eight o'clock precisely he was an ass. That is what I was this morning at half past ten o'clock, precisely and an ass, and I suppose always shall be."

He tried to laugh, but could not. He then related to Berkeley the whole story from beginning to end.

"This is a miserable piece of business?" exclaimed Berkeley. "Strange enough, and yet I have long ceased to marvel at the caprices of woman. Did not Pan captivate the chaste Dianna? Did not Titian love Nick Bottom, with his eyes head? Do you think that maidens' eyes are no longer touched with the juice of love-idleness? Take my word for it, she is in love with somebody else. There must be some reason for this. No; women never have any reasons, except their will. But never mind. Keep a stout heart. Care killed a cat. After all—what is she? Who is she? Only a—"

"Hush! hush," exclaimed Flemming, in great excitement. "Not one word more, I beseech you. Do not think to console me, by depreciating her. She is very dear to me still; a beautiful, high-minded, noble woman."

"Yes," answered Berkeley; "that is the way with you all, you young men. You see a sweet face, or a something, you know not what, and flickering reason says, good night, amen to common sense. The imagination invests the beloved object with a thousand superlative charms; furnishes her with all the purple and fine linen, all the fine apparel and furniture, of human nature. I did the same when I was young. I was once as desperately in love as you are now and went through all the

"Delicious deaths, soft exhalations
Of soul; dear and divine annihilations
A thousand unknown rites
Of joys, and rarified delights."

I adored and was rejected. "You are in love with certain attributes, said the lady. "Damn your attributes, Madam," said I. "I know nothing of attributes." "Sir," said she, with dignity, "You have been drinking." So we parted. She was married afterwards to another, who knew something of attributes. I suppose. I have seen her only once since.—She had a baby in a yellow gown. I hate a baby in a yellow gown. How glad I am she did not marry me. One of these days, you will be glad you have been rejected. Take my word for it."

"All that does not prevent my lot from being a very melancholy one!" said Flemming, sadly.

"O, never mind the lot," cried Berkeley, laughing. "Long as you don't get Lot's wife, if the cucumber is better throw it away, as the Philosopher Marcus Antonius says, in his meditations. Forget her, and all will be as if you had not known her."

"I shall never forget her," replied Flemming rather solemnly. "Not my pride, but my affections are wounded; and the wound is too deep ever to heal. I shall carry it with me always. I enter no more into the world, but will dwell only in the world of my own thoughts. All great and unusual occurrences, whether of joy or sorrow, take us above this earth; and we should do well always to preserve this elevation. Hitherto I have not done so. But now I will more descend; I will sit apart and observe the world, with my mournful, yet happy thoughts."

"When! You had better go into society; the whirl and delirium will cure you very much, and you wish to marry her and she will not listen to such a horrid thing. I see but one remedy, which is to find another who pleases you more, and who will listen to it."

"No, my friend; you do not understand my character," said Flemming, shaking his head. "I love this woman with a deep and lasting affection. I shall never cease to love her. This may be madness in me, but so it is. Alas and alas! Paracelsus old wasted life in trying to discover its secret, which after all turned out to be alcohol, and instead of being immortal upon earth he died drunk upon the floor of a tavern. The like happens to many of us. We waste our best years in distilling the sweet flowers of life into love-potiana, which all do not immortalize, but only intoxicate us. By heavens! we are all of us mad as dogs. But are you sure the case is utterly hopeless?"

"Utterly! utterly!"

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"And yet I perceive you have not let aside all hope. You still flatter yourself that the lady's heart may change. The great secret of happiness consists not in enjoying, but in renouncing. But it is never hard. Hope has as many lives as a cat or a king. I dare say you have heard the old Italian proverb, 'The king never dies.' But perhaps you have never heard that the court of Naples, where the body of monarch lies in state, his dinner is carried up to him as usual, and the court physicians tastes it, to see that it be not poisoned, when the servants bear it out again, saying, 'The King does not die to day.'"

"In our souls is king; and we also say, 'The King never dies.' Even when in reality he lies dead within us, in a kind of spiritual mockery we offer him his accustomed food, but are constrained to say, 'The King does not die to day.' It must be an evil day, indeed, when the King of Naples has ordered for his dinner! but you yourself are a king, for the King never dies. You are fond of your King, although you say he is dead."

"To show you that I do not wish to wish hope," replied Flemming, "I shall leave Interlachen to-morrow morning. I am going to the Tyrol."

"You are right," said Berkeley. "There is nothing so good for sorrow as rapid motion in the open air. I shall go with you, though probably your conversation will be very various; nothing but Edward and Kunigunde."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Go to Berlin, and you will find me. However jesting apart, I will do all I can to cheer you and make you forget the Tyrol, and this untoward accident!"

"Accident!" said Flemming. "This no accident, but God's Providence, which brought us together, to punish me for sins."

"O, my friend," interrupted Berkeley, "you see the finger of Providence, so distinctly in every act of your life, you will only be thinking yourself an apostle and enjoying extraordinary. I see nothing so very uncommon in what has happened to you."

"What! not when our souls are united to each other!—to be one?"

"I have often observed," replied Berkeley, "that those who are of kindred souls rarely wed together; almost as rarely as those who are akin by blood. There seems indeed, to be such a thing as spiritual marriage. Therefore, mad lover, do not think to persuade thyself and thy scornful lady that you have kindred souls; but rather the contrary, that you are much unlike; and each seeking in those qualities which most mark and distinguish the other.—Trust me, thy companionship will then be more prosperous, and good journey. I must prepare for this sudden journey."

On the following morning Flemming and Berkeley started on their way to Innsbruck like Haon of Bordeaux and Schermin on their way to Babylon. Berkeley's self-assumed duty was to console his companion a duty which he performed like a Spanish Matadora, a woman whose business it was to attend the sick, and put her arms into the stomach of the dying to shorten their agony.

Interesting sight—races between a steam engine and a Steam Engine.—While the engine was coming down on Wednesday, a fine locomotive appeared on the track, and had a great speed with the locomotive. He kept the pace for two miles, when he was finally run over by a horse which was finally run over. The sight was deeply exciting and highly interesting as the line of road is perfectly straight, and the contest was witnessed by the people.—*Wilmington Advertiser*.

The Savannah River is lower now than it was ever known to be.

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July 10, 1839—1841

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The above symptoms were entirely removed, and a perfect cure effected by Dr Wm Evans. 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.
RENJ. S. JARVIS.
Sworn before me, this 25th of November, 1836.
WILLIAM SAUL, Notary Public, 96 Nassau street.