

Carolina Watchman.

PENDLETON & BRUNER,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

See that the Government does not acquire too much power. Keep a check upon all your rulers. Do this, and LIBERTY IS SAFE.—Genl. Harrison.

NO. 2—VOLUME IX.
WHOLE NO. 418.

SALISBURY, AUGUST 7, 1840.

There is one thing that troubles me here considerably, and that is in seeing the old soldiers calling upon their old General and talking over old times and battles. And when they go off home the General says, "well I suppose there are some folks who count up the killed and wounded of the battles we were in and say—this and that, after all was a small fight, and the Commanding General must be a small Hero—when if the list of killed and wounded was large, they would say that was a glorious fight and the commander was a great Hero." Now the fact is if I had been fighting for my own glory and my men were "food for powder," I had numerous chances for such fights—but as every man under my command had a life as valuable to him as mine was to me, and we were fighting against £1 7s 6d men with no coats, and poor deluded Indians—my plan was to keep them in check till I worked them in corners and then took them all prisoners with the least loss of life possible of my men, who I wanted to preserve and to be able to return to their own Log Cabins—and to enjoy with me thereafter the pleasure we now enjoy. And that is just my notion of the difference between the fights for the glory of a commander of an army for his own neighbors and friends and that of a military chieftain who says—that by the loss of ten thousand men I may put a leather in my cap."

If you would tickle you most desperately to hear some of these old Log Cabin soldiers, who have rough'd it through the wars under Old Tip, read and laugh over the stories set afloat that Old Tip was a coward. I would like to see a committee from some of your Loco Foco meetings come here to report resolutions to that effect.

I don't know much what is going on your side of the Allegany mountains—all I know is that on this side there is no mistake. The cry is that the times are out of joint, and must be put straight; that the country is brought to the brink of ruin by bad men, and they must quit; that the people are entitled to the services of the best men in the land, and won't have any other; that whenever the present men in power succeed by a majority of votes, it must be by the use and abuse of Executive patronage—and that can't and won't be submitted to no how and no way in the world; that a change of men and measures must be effected any how—and that is about the upshot of the matter. Now this is about the talk of folks who I mix with; they don't say so to Old Tip—for all he says in the matter is, "your powder and shot, and bagnets and knives, are all in the ballot boxes; there is your arsenal; speak your unbiased and uncontrolled will there, and you draw your power and strength. If you succeed, then demand that the best talent be call'd to fill every office; put each man in office to the Constitution, and tell them to obey it and the laws under it, or look out; let there be no division of spoils—no party in power claiming the fat cuts and giving the gizzards to others; give each honest man his share and no more; no rewarding friends and punishing enemies—'E Pluribus Unum' is the motto—'sine qua non'—and that is good Latin and sound doctrine too.

Your friend,
J. DOWNING, Major.
Sec. &c. &c.

COMMON ABSURDITIES.

To ask a tradesman if the commodity he offers to sell you is of the first quality.

To suppose you please your visitor by showing your infant to him.

To tell a man, of whom you wish to borrow money, that you are in great want of it.

To immure a man in prison who owes you money and has no means of paying it except by his industry.

To ask a market-woman if her eggs are fresh.

For a monkey to suppose, when he returns from his foreign travels, that sensible people will take him for a lion.

To occupy the attention of a dinner-party with anecdotes relating to yourself.

To advise a self-conceited friend to abandon a foolish undertaking.

For a man to have pockets made in his clothes when he has nothing to put in them.

To commence a dunning letter with "my dear sir," and end it with "your most obedient humble servant."

To eat four courses in seven minutes, and complain of indigestion afterwards.

Telling your wife, when you go home at one o'clock in the morning, that you have been at your office, writing.

Affecting eccentricity, to be thought a man of genius.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

There is not any revenge more heroic than that which torments envy by doing good.

Hopes and fears check human life. He that wants hope is the poorest man living.

None should despair; for God can help them; none should presume; for God can cross them.

Proud men have no friends in prosperity, because nobody knows them.

He who thinks no man above him, but for his virtue, none below him, but for his vice, can never be obsequious nor assuming in a wrong place.

A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body. It preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than counteracts all the calamities and afflictions which possibly befall us.

The following is a translation from an ancient Spanish Poem, which says the Edinborough Review, is surpassed by nothing which we are acquainted with, in the Spanish language, except the orders of Luis de Leon—

O! let the soul its slumber break,
Arouse its senses and awake,
To see how soon
Life, with its glories, glides away,
And the stern footstep of decay
Comes stealing on.

How pleasure like the passing wind,
Blows by, and leaves us nought behind,
But grief at last:
How still our present happiness
Seems, to the wayward fancy, less
Than what is past.

And while we eye the rolling tide,
Down which our flying minutes glide
Away so fast;
Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream of joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind—
No happier life we hope to find
To-morrow than to-day.
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them the present shall delight—
Like them decay.

Our lives like hasting dreams must be,
That into one engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall;
The Sea of Death whose waves roll on,
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble rivulet's glide
To that sad wave;
Death levels poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting place,
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal:
There all our steps at last are brought,
That path above! of all onslaught,
Is found of all.

Say, then, how poor and little worth,
Are all those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here;
Dreams of a sleep that dust must break,
Aias! before its bids we wake,
Ye disappear.

Long ere the jamps of death can blight,
The cheek's pure glow of red and white
Hath passed away;
Youth smiled, and all was heavenly fair;
Age came, and laid his finger there,
And where are they?

Where is the roseth that mocked decay,
The step that rose so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows weariness and wo
When age comes on.

EXERCISE AND TEMPERANCE.

Physic, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute for exercise or temperance. Medicines are indeed, absolutely necessary in acute distempers, which cannot wait the slow operations of these two great instruments of health; but, if men live in a habitual course of exercise and temperance, there would be but little occasion for them.

Accordingly, we find that those parts of the world are most healthy, where they subsist by the chase; and that men live longest, when their lives were employed in hunting, and when they had little food besides what they caught.

Blistering and bleeding would be less frequently necessary, were it not for idleness and intemperance; and all those inward applications, which are so much in practice among us, are, for the most part, nothing else but expedients to make luxury consistent with health. The apothecary is perpetually employed in countering the cook and the vintner.

It is said of Diogenes, that meeting a young man who was going to a feast, he took him up in the street and carried him home to his fields, as one who was running into imminent danger, had he not prevented him.

What would that philosopher have said, had he been present at the gluttony of a modern meal? Would he not have thought the master of the family mad, and have begged the servants to tie down his hands, had he seen him devour fish, and flesh; swallow oil and vinegar, wines and spices; throw down salads of twenty different sorts of herbs; sauces of a hundred ingredients; confections and fruits of numberless sweets and flavors?

For my part, when I behold a fashionable table set out in all its magnificence, I fancy that I see gout and dropsies, fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable distempers, lying in ambush afe among the dishes.

Nature delights in the most plain and simple diet. Every animal but man keeps to one dish. Herbs are the food of this species, fish, of that and flesh of a third. But man falls upon every thing that comes in his way; scarce a berry or mushroom can escape him.

It is impossible to lay down a determinate rule for intemperance, because, what is luxury in one may be temperance in another. An eminent physician gives the following advice: "make your whole repast of one dish, and seldom indulge in a second."

It is observed by two or three ancient authors, that Socrates, notwithstanding he lived in Athens, during the great plague which has made so much noise through all ages, and has been celebrated, at different times, by the most eminent authors; I say notwithstanding he lived in the time of this most devouring pestilence, he never caught the infection; which those writers unaccountably ascribe to the uninterrupted temperance which he always observed.

But the most remarkable instance of the efficacy of temperance in procuring long life, is what we meet with in a little book published by Lewis Cornaro, the Venetian; which I mention because it is of undoubted credit, as the late Venetian ambassador, who was of the same family, attested more than once, in conversation, when he resided in England.

Cornaro, who was the author of the little treatise above mentioned, was an infirm constitution all about forty, when by obstinately persisting in an exact course of temperance, he recovered a perfect state of health; inasmuch, that at fourscore he published his book, which has been translated into English, under the title of "Sure and certain methods of obtaining a long and healthy life."

He lived to give a third or fourth edition of it; and after having passed his hundredth year, died without pain or agony, and like one who falls asleep.

THE FRUITS OF TEMPERANCE.

The biographer of Dr. Dwight, formerly the President of Yale College, and one of the most distinguished men of his age, remarks, (page 32.) "By such long continued and uninterrupted application to literary and scientific pursuits, it would be natural to expect, that at the age of sixty-three his constitution would have begun to experience some marks of decay and infirmity. Such, however, was not the fact. The regularity of his habits, his temperate manner of living, and the uniform course of exercise which he pursued, all united to invigorate his constitution, and render him, at that age, more active and energetic than most men of forty. His understanding was as vigorous, his imagination as lively, and his industry and exertions as uniform and efficient, as they had been at any former period."

Now, when we call to mind Dr. Dwight's intense application of mind to study, the benefits of his Temperance and regular habits will be more apparent. At the age of fifteen, he formed the resolution of devoting fourteen hours a day to study, which resolution, he scrupulously adhered to through his long life; and yet at the age of sixty-three, he was more active and energetic, says his biographer, than most men of forty. No man, probably, was ever more rigidly temperate than Dr. Dwight. His food was of the simplest kind, and taken in very small quantities.

Absence of mind.—"The following is the last instance of absence of mind. A man thinking he was at home, a few evenings since, laid down in the square, and put his boots outside the gate to be blacked in the morning."

"We do not think this, by any means, an extraordinary case. He had probably been at a *Relish House*, and we can relate several quite as wonderful cases of the absence of men's minds after visiting such places. Instead of "lying down in a square, and putting their boots out the gate to be blacked," as this man did, we have known several who slept in the woods all night, on their way home, without even thinking to take off their boots at all."

By the way, we saw a case last week of an old grey-headed man, who, after visiting some of the *Grig-Shops* in *Colony*, found himself so absent minded, that he could not believe that one side of a very large road would hold a man of his size, and he seemed to be doing his best to travel on both sides, and in the middle, all at once.

JEREMY TAYLOR, BISHOP OF DOWN.

This eloquent Prelate, in the fertility of his mind, and the extent of his imagination, has been styled the "Father of Divines. His sermons are some of the most brilliant passages of our language, such a variety of matter, and such a mass of knowledge and of learning, that even the acute Bishop Warburton said of him, "I can fathom the understanding of most men, yet I am not certain that I can always fathom the understanding of Jeremy Taylor." His comparison between a married and single life, in his Sermon on the Blessedness of the Married, is rich in tender sentiments, exquisitely elegant imagery. "Marriage," says the Bishop, "is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities, churches, and even heaven itself. Celibacy, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in a perpetual sweetness; but sits alone, and is confined and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labours and unites into societies and republics; and sends out colonies and fills the world with delicacies; and obeys their king, keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind; and is that state of things to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world. Marriage hath in it the labour of love and the delicacies of friendship; the blessings of society, and the union of hands and hearts. It bath in it less of beauty, but more of safety, than a single life; it is more merry and more safe; it is fuller of joys and fuller of sorrow; it lies under more burdens, but is supported by all the strength of love and charity; and these burdens are delightful."

AN EXCELLENT SENTIMENT.

The late anniversary of our Declaration of Independence has been fruitful in excellent sentiments, both political, moral, temperate, and just. Among the best is one by Speaker Wintrop, of Massachusetts, which he delivered at Bridgewater, and prefaced thus:

"No Massachusetts man, he said, could fail to feel a peculiar pride as he cast his eye over the great Declaration, which had made this day immortal, at finding at the head of the roll, and written in that noble hand which seemed to have been destined for that precise distinction, the name of JOHN HANCOCK—one of the prescribed Massachusetts patriots, when the British General expressly excepted from his proclamation of pardon in 1775. Now, it was owing to the act of BENJAMIN HARRISON, of Virginia, the father of WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, that Massachusetts enjoyed its proud pre-eminence on the roll of Independence. It was related that, when the Continental Congress were about to choose a President, BENJAMIN HARRISON resigned his own pretensions, and took JOHN HANCOCK by the hand and placed him in the chair, exclaiming,

"We will show Mother Britain how much we care for her by taking a Massachusetts man whom she so unjustly proscribed."

"Mr. WINTROP then proposed the following sentiment:

The Whigs of Massachusetts—They will do towards WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, of Ohio, what his father did towards their own JOHN HANCOCK, and "show the Tories how much we care for them, by taking as our President the man whom they have so unjustly proscribed."

We give below a specimen of the means now resorted to by the revilers of Gen. Harrison to turn freemen from his support, and frighten them into the Van Buren ranks. We ask for it particular attention. It not only shows what contempt the Loco Focos have for the understanding of the people, but to every man that will take the pains to examine for himself, it will show how truly regardless the Party has grown respecting truth in their assertions and insinuations. The man who says Gen. Harrison is in favor of a law to sell white men for debt, and that negroes may become the purchasers, is a base slanderer.

But read the following disgraceful article, and then ask yourself, whether a set of men who thus dare to impose upon an honest people, should receive your support for high offices, in the country for which your fathers and fore fathers—HARRISON among them—fought and bled.

THE CASE APPLIED.

We copy the following amusing application of Harrison's Law to sell white men, from the spirit of Democracy:

GENERAL HARRISON.

The following announcement has appeared in the Washington city papers:

CRIMINAL COURT,
WEDNESDAY, June 17, 1840.

The Court this day sentenced the Hon. Ken- neth Rayner to pay a fine of \$50 for an assault and battery on the Hon. W. Montgomery in the Capitol.

Now, suppose the law approved by Gen. Harrison when Governor of Indiana, and voted for by him in Ohio many years afterwards, was the law of this District, and that Mr. Rayner were not able to pay the fine and costs, we might see an advertisement in the National Intelligencer somewhat in the following form, viz:

CONGRESSMAN FOR SALE!

WILL BE SOLD, on the 4th of July next, at the City Hall, to any one who will pay the fine of \$50 and costs of prosecution, for a term of years or on LIFE, as the case may be, Kenneth Rayner, a free, able-bodied white man, raised in the State of North Carolina. The purchaser may be sure he will not run away, as in that event he may be whipped thirty-nine lashes.

THE MARSHAL.

N. B. Free negroes may, according to law, purchase at this sale.

Then, on the day of sale we might witness a scene like the following:

Marshal, (standing on the steps of the City Hall with the article before him)—this is Kenneth Rayner, now for sale because he is not able to pay \$50 fine and \$20 costs, in all \$70. Will any one buy him for one or more years at \$70 cash in hand—who bids?

J. C. Clarke. I recommend the article as a good worker; he has worked like a horse at *Franking* since last December.

W. Slade. I recommend him to the Abolitionists in particular as one worthy of their attention from his zeal in the cause of our candidate the author of the blessed law for selling poor white men.

Marshal. Will nobody bid one, two, three, five, six years?

Paul Coffee, (a free negro). Why Massa, he good for nought to work nigger work—he too long a gentleman, and he not strong.

Marshal. But he would soon get used to it Coffee.

Coffee, (shaking his head). No, no Massa, dese poor gentleman de was workers in the world. He good strong man I make him slave one year in pay de money; but weak gentleman must be slave longer. Don't de law say weak man must be slave longer dan strong men for same money?

Marshal. I suppose such is the effect of the law.

Coffee. Well den, I pay de \$70 and by dis white man for 70 years.

Rayner. Why, that is making me a slave for life—a slave to a negro, too!

Coffee. Ha! ha! ha!

Marshal. Can't help it—such is the law—Will nobody buy this man for a shorter time?

Rayner. My Abolition friends Clarke, Slade, Tomson Smith, with whom I have labored so hard and so honestly to make General Harrison President, will none of you take pity on me?

Clarke. We buy a slave! That would not do at home, you know.

Marshal. Will nobody make another bid? Going, going, gone! Kenneth Rayner, you are the slave of Paul Coffee for 70 years.

Coffee, (paying the money). Come dis way Kenney, you my nigger for life, he; he; you run away I have you whipt accordin to law—you may call me Massa, you hear? An you may call Phillis, Missus, de law say so. Comes along, Kenney—what a blessed man dis General Harrison is—right sort ob Abolitionest, eh, make law for to sell white man to nigger—all right by gar—make all equal—extra for Harrison.

Slade. Off his white slave by the collar, and the crowd being hard cideries, gave nine cheers for Harrison.

Kenneth Rayner would not be sold because he has money to pay the fine and costs; but how many hundreds are there in the United States, as proud freemen and as honest men as he, who might be sold, if Harrison's law prevailed under like circumstances?

TAKE CARE.

More Specimens of Van Buren's Aristocratic Arrogance.—Let every mechanic, farmer, manufacturer, laborer and republican in the country, vividly peruse the following extract from

a speech recently delivered in Congress by Mr. Ogle of Pennsylvania. After doing so, let them reconcile the conduct of Martin Van Buren with his claim to the title of Democrat. If they can show how any man who has a democratic feeling in his breast, support such an upstart and heartless dandy!

"Now, Mr. Chairman, in order to show that Mr. Van Buren's British state coach occasionally over-rides the humbler vehicles of men who are not so well off in this world's goods as the great ones of the earth who "live in king's houses," I will send to the Clerk's table the affidavit of Mr. H. F. Camp, a respectable and industrious citizen, that it may be read. It was first drawn up in the form of a letter.

"BALTIMORE, Sept. 22, 1838.

"Sir:—Some time, as nearly as I now recollect, in March, 1834, I was riding down Pennsylvania avenue, in Washington city, in a chaise; I heard a carriage driving very furiously behind me, and turned to the right to give it space. The carriage turned at a sharp angle, and ran directly upon my gig and horse, broke the rig, crippled up my horse, endangering my life. I saw it was the carriage of Mr. Van Buren with a white driver, and an outrider. After having shattered my gig; I passed and held up a little, and laughed while I was gathering up the fragments of my gig. I wrote a letter to Mr. Van Buren, stating the facts, desiring that I presumed all that he wanted was to be informed of them to make me suitable reparation, and referred him to Governor Tomlinson as to my character and veracity. He did speak to Mr. Tomlinson, who told him that whatever I said was entitled to full credit, as Mr. Tomlinson informed me afterwards. Mr. Van Buren gave the coachman my letter, who came to me and abused me in a most insulting manner, having informed his master.

"I then called on Mr. Van Buren at his house and recapitulated the facts as I had stated them in the letter, in the presence of Mr. Forsyth. Mr. Van Buren said that I must be aware that he was not responsible for the acts of his driver, and that I must look to him (his driver) for whatever damages he had done me; and he never has made me any reparation whatever.

"Yours respectfully,
H. F. CAMP.
Baltimore city, State of Maryland, Sept. 22, 1836.

"This day appeared H. F. Camp before me, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace in and for said city, and made oath that the statements contained in the foregoing letter are true.

"Instead of discharging his insolent English driver, the moment he refused to make suitable reparation for the outrage, as every lover of justice would have done, Mr. Van Buren gives the letter of the poor injured citizen to his foreign driver, who went to him and abused him in a most insulting manner for having informed his master."

"The humble gig of Mr. Camp had as good a right to occupy the space on the broad avenue as had Mr. Van Buren's gilded coach. It was well, however, that Mr. Camp escaped with mere abuse, and that he had not been forthwith imprisoned for refusing to submit with Christian meekness, to this rude over and rode down by this great demagogue's British state coach."

The stir among the People.—When we look around us, and witness the movements of the people—witness them assembling in thousands from the remotest parts of the Country—witness the zeal and enthusiasm which every where prevails on political subjects, we are lost in amazement, and forced to enquire, what means all this ado? What spirit has come over the Citizens of these United States, that they leave the plough standing in the unbroken furrow, and come together by thousands, to talk of National affairs? What means this universal neglect of almost every thing else but the subject of politics? It is the honest and just indignation of an injured people! They have borne with patience the impositions and contumacy of this Administration! They have borne with it until the time has arrived, when longer forbearance is a crime! When not only their own interest and honor and interest and honor of posterity demands redress, but they have borne with it until they are reproached by the patriotic, liberty-loving, and unconquerable spirits of their forefathers. They will bear it no longer! And these movements are evidences of their determined opposition! The sons of Republicans are lovers of Republicanism; but who can put his finger upon a single act of Republicanism by Mr. Van Buren that can be looked upon as one of importance to the interest of the Country. The whole color of his character is that of Federalism! He was brought into power by a prostitution of the money and offices of Government to that purpose, and by a political fraud practised on the People under the name of the "Baltimore Convention"—a grand caucus of office-holders, and he has proved worthy of office-holders, and he has proved worthy of office-holders, and he has proved a party President, and not a President of the People.

He has continued the war upon the Credit of the Country, as begun by his illustrious predecessor. He has continued to do to the strength of the Executive, and will make no compromise of the powers which of late have been wrested from the hands of the people, whose will he contemns, and to whose wants he is indifferent. He has recommended to the consideration of Congress a scheme for a standing Army—a scheme to say no more of it than its extravagance, that should be constantly kept in view by every man who intends to cast a vote, and should be a warning to him. Under Van Buren's Administration, the expenses of Government, so far from being reduced, have doubled! those of John Q. Adams, whose administration "was bad enough in all respects."

Gen. Jackson failed, wickedly failed to redeem the promises which he made to reform Adams' administration; and Martin Van Buren has "followed in his footsteps."

These are the causes which are firing the bosoms of the patriots of the land. These are the causes which every where start from repose the lovers of liberty; and for these Martin Van Buren is destined to fall. The hand writing is on the wall, and by anticipation, we may number him with the political dead."