

# 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. 18—VOLUME IX.  
WHOLE NO. 434.

SALISBURY, NOVEMBER 27, 1840.

## CLOCK AND WATCH REPAIRING.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his old Friends and the Public generally, that he intends in the course of a few weeks to open a shop in Salisbury in the above business, in a room formerly occupied by D. L. Pool, and directly opposite the late shop of Mr. John C. Palmer.

In addition to the above, the subscriber will carry on the *Silver Smith Business* in all the varieties common in country towns; such as making Spoons, &c., and repairing Silver Ware.

He begs to assure the public that if punctual attention to business, and skillful work will entitle him to patronage and support, he will merit it.

AARON WOOLWORTH.  
Nov. 13—1116

## State of North Carolina. DAVIE COUNTY.

In Equity—Fall Term, 1840.

William Adams, Elizabeth Adams, James Chambers, and Wife Phebe, David Jinks and wife Mary, John Hodges and Daniel Etichson.

Versus Sarah Adams, Harry Etichson, and wife Nancy, Isaac Adams, Jacob Etichson, & John Etichson.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the Defendants, Sarah Adams, Harry Etichson and wife Nancy, Isaac Adams, Jacob Etichson and John Etichson, are not inhabitants of this State: It is therefore ordered, that publication be made in the Carolina Watchman for six weeks, for the said defendants to appear, at the next term of this Court, to be held for the county of Davie, at the Court House in Mocksville, on the 8th Monday after the 3d Monday in February next, and plead, answer or demur to the said petition, or it will be taken pro confesso, and the cause set for hearing ex parte as to them.

Witness, Lemuel Bingham, Clerk and Master in said Court of Equity at Office, the 8th Monday after the 3d Monday in August, A. D. 1840, and in the 65th year of American Independence.

L. BINGHAM, c. m. e.  
Nov 20, 1840—6w 17—Printer's fee \$5 62

## PROCLAMATION.

TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY EDWARD B. DUDLEY, GOVERNOR, &c.

To all whom these presents shall come—greeting:

WHEREAS it has been officially reported to this department, that on the 13th day of November, 1839, one Nathan Lambeth, of Davidson county, in this State, was so beaten; bruised and maimed that he died; and whereas one JOHN GOSS stands charged with the commission of said deed; and whereas Lee Wharton, Abner Ward, Alexander Bishop, Joshua Deer and Hope H. Skeen were present, aiding and abetting and maintaining the said John Goss in the perpetration of said felony; and whereas said offenders have fled and secreted themselves from the regular operations of the Law and Justice:

Now, therefore, to the end that the said John Goss and his accomplices in the murder, may be brought to trial, I have thought proper to issue this Proclamation, offering a reward of Two Hundred Dollars each, for one or either of his accomplices, to any person or persons who will apprehend, or cause to be apprehended, any or all of the offenders and fugitives aforesaid, and confine them, or either of them, in the Jail, or deliver them, or either of them, to the Sheriff of Davidson county, in the State aforesaid. And I do, moreover, hereby require all Officers, whether Civil or Military, within this State to use their best exertions to apprehend, or cause to be apprehended, the fugitives and offenders aforesaid.

Given under my hand as Governor and the Great Seal of the State of North Carolina. Done at our City of Raleigh, this 20th day of October, 1840.

EDWARD B. DUDLEY.

By Command, C. C. BATTLE, Private Secretary.

Description of the Offenders named in the above Proclamation:

JOHN GOSS is about 33 years old, 5 feet, 9 or 10 inches high, dark complexion, dark curly hair, and has some specks of gunpowder in his face—stout made and quick of speech.

Lee Wharton is about 25 years old, 5 feet 8 or 9 inches high, fair hair and complexion, his forehead broad and wide apart, large eyebrows, a down look, voice fine, slow spoken and is stout made.

Abner Ward is about 58 years old, and 5 feet 6 inches high, stout shouldered, fair complexion, blue eyes, soft spoken and grey headed.

Josiah Deer is about 28 years old, 5 feet 8 or 9 inches high, fair skin, blue eyes, spare make, thin visage, quick spoken, hair dark colored.

Alexander C. Bishop is about 25 years old, fair and pale complexioned, sandy colored hair, quick spoken, 5 feet 6 or 7 inches high and dark eyes.

Hope H. Skeen is about 35 years old, 5 feet 8 or 9 inches high, fair complexion and full face, dark hair and chunky made, and speaks in the ordinary way when spoken to.

October 30—11

## POSITIVELY THE LAST CALL.

ALL persons indebted to the Subscriber by account, over 12 months standing are again earnestly requested to call and settle the same by the first of January, 1841, or they may expect to settle with an officer and pay cost.

HORACE H. BEARD  
November 15—71

## BLANKS

Of all descriptions for sale at this Office.

## From the Lincoln Whig Banner.

[During the Spring of 1838, when our troops were stationed at Fort Lindsay, N. C., to superintend the removal of the Cherokees, a young Indian woman, whose husband had recently died, determining that she would not leave his remains, hung herself.]

Lord of my heart, I will not leave  
Thy cherished, mould'ring clay;  
Thou there I go, at evening's close,  
And weep till dawn of day.

The White Man tells us we must go,  
And seek the far off West;  
He tells us we must leave the homes  
Where our departed rest.

I will not go, I will not go,  
The soul he cannot bind;  
I hate to thee, my only love,  
Oh, leave me not behind!

Thou sing'st the dusky Indian maid,  
Her voice was firm, her look was mild,  
And neither prayers nor tears could move  
The purpose of the forest child.

'The wind moan'd low, the night bird shriek'd  
The branches of the pine among;  
And long e'er dawn the East had streak'd,  
Her lifeless form in mid air hung

She had her wish, her corse was laid  
By him, whom she had loved so well;  
With solen looks her grave they made,  
Where their departed kindred dwell.

Poor Indian girl! thy heavy wrongs  
Sad tears from stony hearts did wring;  
Thy dusky mates, in plaintive songs,  
Thy sad and mournful fate will sing.

"Great Spirit!" teach our land to mourn  
The Red Man's woes—his wretched lot;  
We seek to tread the land alone—  
We spoil him of his humble cot!

Oh, smite us not in judgment, Lord!  
For all the heavy wrongs he bears;  
Teach us henceforth, by thy blest word,  
To strive and smoothe his bitter cares.

ELLA.

Sing at your work—"I will lighten  
The labors of the day—  
Sing at your work—"I will brighten  
The darkness of the way.

Sing at your work—through sorrow  
It's lengthen'd shade may cast;  
Joy comes on the morrow—  
A sun beam cheers the blast.

To pain a brief dominion  
Is o'er the spirit given—  
But o'er the nerves the pinion  
That bears it up to heaven.

Moses A. HUGGINS.

## From the Private Correspondence of the Nat. Intelligencer.

FORT BROOKE, TAMPA BAY,  
East Florida, October 22, 1840

This place now presents a very lively aspect; all of the 6th regiment are here, eight companies of the 8th, and four of the 1st. The 5d regiment is expected daily. Rumor says the 8th will leave for Fort King on the 1st proximo, and our regiment will leave about the same time, with the exception of two companies, which are to be left here to garrison the post. I expect to be stationed at a post on the coast near the mouth of the Suwannee river.

We have four or five women and two children prisoners, taken in Middle Florida last Spring, and four warriors, taken by Capt. Brall while I was absent from the Ferry. Tigertail, with eleven warriors, is in camp about seven miles from this post. Our commanding General and staff were out to their camp yesterday, and two of the warriors came into the post to day. They say that Tigertail will come in to-morrow. "We shall see what we shall see." From all I can learn of what transpired yesterday, it appears that the Indians are to meet our General at Fort King early next month. Their desire appears to be to go to Washington to hold a talk with our great father, and from what I can gather I should judge that their wishes will be gratified. In the event of which, I trust our inglorious warfare here will cease.

Quotations from ecclesiastic writers, and masters of the art of verse, wherein imagination is tasked in emblems and comparisons, to express the infinity of the future state, are frequently made at the present day by pulpit orators. These, says the Philadelphia Gazette, have not the impression usually supposed, because the finite apprehensions of men have no power to grasp them. The extracts subjoined, from one of the "Patent Sermons," of which a series is now publishing in a New York periodical, is as bold a flight in computation, as any that we have seen lately, even in these times of intense election calculations. "Take care of your moments," says this preacher, "moments are the small change of time—small in their individual amounts, but of immense importance in forming days, months, years, and ages. You own nothing here; you are only tenants of this lower world; and the rent is enormous! Think of Eternity. Why, you don't know the meaning of that word, nor I either, hardly. It is forever and ever, and five or six overlastings a-top of that. You might place a row of figures from here to sunset, and cipher them all up, and it wouldn't begin to tell how many ages long eternity is. Why, my friends, after millions, billions, and trillions of years had rolled away in eternity, it would then be a hundred thousand years to breakfast time!"

## An Escape, after the manner of Baron Trenck.

Two of the convicts, named James H. Cooper and Gardner W. Harrington, escaped from the Penitentiary at Baton Rouge on the night of the 18th ult. The manner in which they effected their escape, although ingenious, deserves notice, not for its ingenuity alone, but to show what may be done for the recovery of liberty.

To prevent the effects of humidity, the cells in the lower story have a counter arch of bricks under the plank floor. These convicts, with a very fine saw, made an opening in the floor in the darkest part of their cells, the joints of which would receive the most experienced eye, particularly as they always left a little sand on the floor, with the apparent intention of keeping their cells

clean. By these openings they could descend to the night. They commenced by cutting through a brick wall, three feet thick, which separated their cells; then through the wall communicating to another cell, in order to have space to put the bricks and earth to be taken from their intended excavation. This excavation was about fourteen feet in length, at a depth of four and a half feet. To make this subterranean cavity, they first pierced through a wall two feet thick, then through the foundations of an outside wall six and a half feet thick, making the opening for their exit in the great court of the Penitentiary. They then descended into the garden by the roof of a work shed. This labor must have required at least six months; for the tools found in the excavation consisted of three small pieces of iron, two of which are old morticing chisels, three quarters of an inch long.

We get the above particulars from an article in the Baton Rouge Gazette, which states that one of the men who escaped had been apprehended and brought back, and adds: "The warden of the Penitentiary lately learned from a prisoner that two, who had previously escaped, are now at the head of a band of robbers, about 50 miles beyond Mobile, on the great mail route."

## LIBERIA.

From the African Repository, of October 1.

We are happy in being able to present to our readers the following communication, from the pen of Capt. CHAS. H. BELL, of the U. S. Brig Dolphin. As will be seen from its conclusion, it was written to a personal friend, and not intended for publication. But, after much persuasion, the author has kindly consented to let it appear in print. It is an able article, and possesses a thrilling interest from beginning to end. No person can begin to read it and fail to finish it. But we will not longer detain the reader from the rich repast:

UNITED STATES BRIG DOLPHIN,  
Monrovia, Liberia, April 3, 1840.

DEAR SIR: I avail myself of the opportunity of the return of the Saluda to the United States to send you the following extracts from my private journal, giving some account of the present state of the Colony of Liberia, and such other remarks as I suppose may be interesting, respecting this neglected and abused part of the world.

I adopt this mode of writing to you, as I am much engaged with my professional duties, and find it easier to copy what I have already written than to draw up a connected account.

The Territory of Liberia, over which the Colonization Society has jurisdiction, extends from about six miles north, of the St. Paul's river to Tabacona, a few miles south of the river St. John. There is also a small detached territory called Greenville, at Sinoe, situated between this and Cape Pele. It is under the jurisdiction of the colony established at Cape Pele, and is exclusively to the Maryland Colonization Society, over which the former Society has no control.

I am thus particular, in defining the limits of the Colony, as it has been stated by some injudicious friends of the Society that it extends from Cape Mount to Cape Palmas; between which there is one of the most famous slave stations on the coast, and the enemies of the Society, after hearing these statements, have said that the slave-trade was permitted within the jurisdiction of the Colony, when such is not the fact.

Immediately along the coast the land is low, but not swampy except near the mouths of some of the rivers. Cape Mesurado is an exception to the general features of the country. It is a bold promontory, running a mile into the ocean, at an elevation of three hundred feet, making a fine bay at the north of it.

Liberia has a population of about three thousand. Many a engaged in mercantile pursuits, and have accumulated a handsome property; but as this business was overdone, they are now turning their attention more to agriculture; coffee of the finest kind grows wild in the neighboring forests, and attempts have been made to transplant it, but with doubtful success; they are now sowing large quantities of seed in nurseries for their plantations. Sugar cane also grows luxuriantly, and is now beginning to be cultivated with some success. In time, these two speculations will become the staple of the colony. Vegetables they raise in abundance; but something is wanted for exportation besides camwood, palm oil, and ivory, which they now obtain from the natives. Coffee, sugar, and rice (which is also cultivated to some extent) will be important productions to exchange for such articles as they must import. Hemp of the best description is also found in the colony.

The town of Monrovia is beautifully situated on the peninsula which joins the cape to the main land; it stands high, and has a fine prospect of the sea to the south, and Mesurado bay on the north. The lower part of the town is on the banks of the river Mesurado, where the storehouses are built near the landing. The town is extended over a space of forty acres, (each lot being a quarter of an acre,) with wide streets crossing each other at right angles. Many of the houses have orange trees planted in front of them, which not only supply them with fine fruit, but are ornamental as shade trees.

Eight or ten small vessels, of about six

tons, trade from this place along the coast—they were built here by the emigrants; and when it is considered that they were constructed principally by house carpenters, (and no carpenters at all,) it is wonderful what men can do, when thrown entirely on their own resources.

On the 26th February, I accompanied Governor Buchanan on a trip up the Stockton and St. Paul's rivers. We left Monrovia at ten in the morning, in his boat pulled by four stout Kroomen. We ascended the Stockton, which is a branch of the St. Paul's, to its confluence with the latter river above Bushrod island. On our way we stopped at the upper end of Bushrod island to visit an experimental farm belonging to the Society. The soil is a rich clay loam planted with sugar cane, Indian corn, cassava, sweet potatoes, plantains, and bananas, all growing with the greatest luxuriance. Sugar mills for grinding the cane are about being erected, machinery for which is on the spot, lately sent out by the Society. A number of hands, some of them liberated Africans, were employed in making brick.

A few miles above Bushrod island we landed on the south bank of the St. Paul's. Here are a number of farms delightfully situated. Near the banks of the river is an avenue opened, extending in a straight line for six miles, lined with plantain, banana, and orange trees. On this road, the farms, each of ten acres, are situated, having comfortable dwellings, and cultivated with cassava, Indian corn, rice, and sweet potatoes. Besides the fruit trees I have enumerated, they have growing near their dwellings the pawpaw, sour sop, and lime trees. The ground is undulating, elevated from ten to fifteen feet above the water, and commanding beautiful views of the river and opposite banks, which are nearly three-quarters of a mile distant, and enjoying the sea breeze through the day. Nothing can exceed the splendor of an African forest—there is a variety from the lightest to the darkest green, and many of the trees of gigantic growth have beautiful flowers on the topmost branches. The air is alive with birds, who appear to sing in exultation at the commencement of civilization in this neglected part of the world, & build their nests upon the highest branches to enjoy the breeze, and perhaps the prospect.

This settlement is called Caldwell. The emigrants appear contented—have their primary schools established among them, one of which we passed, containing about 20 children.

On our way through this settlement we also passed a justice's court in session, trying some small cause.

On our return we stopped at New Georgia, situated on the left bank of the Stockton river. This was a settlement of liberated African slaves recaptured by our cruisers, and sent here by our Government; they also had farms to give them, and were industrious and happy; they call themselves *Americans*; and from the little civilization they have acquired feel greatly superior to the natives around them; they have the same privileges as the emigrants; have a vote at the elections; each man has his musket, and is enrolled in the militia. Their women, instead of being naked, as all the native African women are, we found dressed in the same modest manner as our own emigrants; all take great pride in imitating the customs and manners of those who are more civilized, having furniture in their houses, and many comforts they never dreamt of in their own country. I asked a man who I had learned was from the river Congo if he wished to return to his own country? His answer was "No; if I go back to my country they make me a slave—I am here free—no one dare trouble me. I got my land—my wife—my children learn book—all free—I am here a white man."

I will remark that the emigrants are called *white* by the natives on the coast; they appear to think the word denotes intelligence.

We also visited on this river a settlement of a part of a tribe driven from their country by one of the neighboring chiefs, who was collecting a drove for the slave market; they sought refuge and protection by entering the American Colony; they also had lands given to them; they appeared much pleased with our visit, and are happy in their new homes, under the shade of their banana and plantain trees, with none to make them afraid."

We returned in the evening to Monrovia, much gratified with our jaunt. On the river we passed many canoes paddled by the emigrants, bringing the produce of the soil to Monrovia, which, a little more than twenty years ago, was freighted with the poor negro for the slave market.

I regretted it was not in my power to visit an interesting settlement further up the St. Paul's river, called Millsburg, about twenty miles from Monrovia. There are between three and four hundred emigrants settled on farms of ten or more acres each; the soil is rich and the country healthy. They are cultivating the sugar cane to some extent, and introducing the coffee tree in their plantations. As this is considered an outpost the inhabitants are well trained with the musket, and have a few field pieces. Although there is a dense population of natives within a few miles of them, they have little to fear, fifty emigrants being considered equal to five hundred of the natives.

The Government of Liberia consists of a Governor, appointed by the Colonization Society, who is generally United States Agent for recaptured Africans, and the only white man who holds an office in the Colony. They have a council, or legislature, consisting of ten persons elected by the people, who pass such laws as they think necessary for the welfare of the Colony. The Governor has a veto on all such laws, and before they can be carried into effect, they must be approved by the Society in the United States. They also have their judges and magistrates; all their business, whether in the legislature or courts, is carried on with great decorum. Their Government is simple, but enough for their present wants, and by permitting the people to have a share in it they not only feel their importance, and take great interest in all matters relating to the Colony, but are learning to take care of themselves, and paving the way for the time when they must be thrown on their own resources.

The soil being purchased from the African chiefs, belongs originally to the Society; but to each emigrant ten acres are allotted, who receives a title in fee, as soon as he builds a house, and cultivates two acres. He afterwards, they require more land, it is sold to them at the nominal value of fifty cents per acre.

The Colony even now in its infant state, has great influence with the neighboring kings or chiefs. Whenever they have disputes to settle, instead of going to war, as was formerly the case, they refer the matter in dispute to Governor Buchanan, and appear to be always satisfied with his decision. A short time previous to my arrival, five Kings came to Monrovia on this errand, and, after a "palaver" with the Governor, went away satisfied. The people of the surrounding country know that the Colony is a friend to their race, and whenever they are oppressed fly to the settlement for protection.

The worst part of the community is the free negro from our large cities. With some exceptions, they are lazy, and want enterprise—would sooner black boots or shoes, than go in the field and work on a soil which requires but trifling labor to furnish all the necessaries of life. They are generally dissatisfied, and whine for the "fish-pots of Egypt," while the negro from the country, and the slave who has been accustomed to work in the field, becomes here another being. He finds himself the owner of the soil he cultivates, takes pride in having his children educated, for which good schools are provided by the Society—entitled to vote, and suffered to have arms in his house for the defence of his adopted country; he feels the change, and nothing would induce him to return. In the language of the country, he is a *white man*; "stands on vantage ground"—he holds himself and his comrades treated as equals by the whites; but he also perceives the great difference between the races in point of intelligence. Instead of the equality assumed by these free negroes in the United States, which always degenerates into impudence, he is modest and retiring, anxious to obtain information, and grateful when it is given.

The most intelligent among them are those who have been longest in the Colony, and were formerly slaves. The editor of the Liberia Herald, a man of talent and education, the Colonial Secretary, the Lieutenant Governor, the Storekeeper of the Colony (a place of great responsibility,) were slaves; and old Colonel Johnson, the hero of five wars and many encounters with the natives was also a slave. This last person was one of the first settlers, and with eighteen men defeated upwards of one thousand, during the time of Ashmun. This was the turning point of the settlement; a defeat would have exterminated every man, woman and child in the Colony.

Governor Buchanan having some business at Grand Bassa and wishing also to visit Trade Town to make a treaty with the chief there, I invited him on board, as it was my intention to visit the slave station at New Castles, situated between those two places, and just beyond the limits of the Colony.

The coast is so entirely clear of reefs, shoals or dangers of any kind, that I sailed close to the shore, and frequently saw the natives walking on the beach. We passed near the mouth of the St. John's river, in sight of the towns of Grand Bassa and Edina, both flourishing settlements of these emigrants. We anchored off New Castles, and were soon visited by several Kroomen, from whom we learned that the Baracones, or slave prisons, contained about fifteen hundred slaves. The establishment belongs to a man by the name of Canot, a Florentine by birth, but no doubt a naturalized American, as he resided in Boston many years. He is now at the Havana, but is soon expected on the coast, it is said, with an armed slaver. Here we remained several days chusing and boarding every vessel which came in sight. Not meeting with any slaves, I ran down to Trade town, and anchored close to the shore.

I sent a small *dash* as a present to Prince Young West, with a request to see his highness on board in the morning.

Early the next morning the messenger returned, bringing intelligence that the Prince was at his capital, three or four miles in the interior, and that as soon as he arrived at Trade Town he would fire a *big gun*, when he hoped I would send a boat for him. On the signal being made, I dispatched my gig, manned with five Kroomen; but as I had given orders not to endanger the boat in the surf on the beach, his majesty was obliged to go off to her in a canoe. He left the shore naked, to prevent his clothes from being spoiled by the salt water, and made his toilet after getting in my boat.

His dress consisted of white pantaloons and vest, a blue cloth uniform coat with red cuffs and collar and English navy buttons—this had evidently been a *dash* from some British officer; he wore two gold epaulettes "paired but not matched," as one had close button with a silver strap, and the other open button with a gold strap; on his head