

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.

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WHOLE NO. 523.

SALISBURY, AUGUST 20, 1842.

NEW TERMS.
The "WATCHMAN" may hereafter be had for two dollars in advance, and two dollars and fifty cents at the end of the year.
No subscription will be received for a less time than one year, unless paid for in advance.
No paper discontinued (but at the option of the Editors) until all arrearages are paid.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
One dollar per square for the first insertion and twenty-five cents for each continuance.
Court notices will be charged 25 per cent. higher than the above rates.
A deduction of 50 per cent. will be made to those who advertise by the year.
All advertisements will be continued until ordered and charged for accordingly, unless ordered for a certain number of times.
Letters addressed to the Editors must come post paid to a sure attention.

WEEKLY AND SEMI-WEEKLY COURIER & ENQUIRER.
TO THE PUBLIC.

FROM and after Friday, the 11th inst., the Weekly and Semi-Weekly Courier and Enquirer will be enlarged to the size of the Daily paper, and for inducement to the advertiser and general reader, such as have been rarely presented by any paper in the United States.

SEMI-WEEKLY.—This sheet will be published on Wednesdays and Saturdays. On the outside will be placed all the contents of the daily sheets for the two preceding days, together with appropriate matter for the general reader, selected for the purpose; and the inside will be the inside of the daily papers in the daily paper on Wednesdays and Saturdays for these days, without any additional charge to the advertiser. This publication will, of course, be mailed with the Daily paper of the same date, and carry to the reader in the country the very latest intelligence.

TERMS OF THE WEEKLY COURIER AND ENQUIRER.
This sheet, also of the size of the Daily Courier, and the largest weekly paper issued from a daily press, will be published on Saturdays only; and, in addition to all the matter published in the daily during the week, will contain at least one continuous story, and a great variety of extracts on miscellaneous subjects, relating to history, politics, literature, agriculture, manufactures, and the mechanic arts.

It is intended to make this sheet the most perfect as will be one of the largest of the kind ever offered to the reading public; that is, a newspaper in the broadest sense of the term, and it necessarily will be, from containing all the matter of the Daily Courier, and at the same time very miscellaneous and literary, by reason of selections and republications set up for insertion in this paper.

TERMS OF THE WEEKLY COURIER AND ENQUIRER.
To single subscribers, three dollars per annum.
To two or more subscribers, less than six, to be sent to the same post office, two dollars and fifty cents per annum.
To six subscribers, and less than twenty-five, to be sent to not more than three different post offices, two dollars per annum.

To classes and committees over twenty-five in number, to be sent in parcels not less than ten to any one post office, one dollar and seventy-five cents per annum.

In no case will a WEEKLY COURIER be forwarded from the office for a period less than one year, or unless payment is made in advance; and when the funds sent are below par, they will be sold at the current rates, and the discount be deducted from the amount carried to the credit of the subscriber. In like manner, when postage is not paid, it will be deducted from the amount enclosed.

All Postmasters are authorized by the Postmaster General to forward funds for subscribers by post, and all remittances made through Postmasters will be at our risk.

Country papers with which we exchange are, respectively requested, if convenient to give this advertisement one insertion and call attention to the same; and every daily, weekly, or semi-weekly paper in the United States, with which we do not exchange, will be entitled to an exchange for at least one year, on giving this advertisement an insertion and calling public attention to it.

New York, February 23, 1842.
FOR SALE.
A FINE class carriage, and two pair of splendid match HORSES. Those wishing to purchase, can get a bargain by calling on the subscriber at Salisbury.
JOHN I. SHAVER,
May 7, 1842—44

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the *Newbern Spectator.*

MARRIAGE EXTRAORDINARY IN HIGH LIFE.
Married at Goose Creek, in this county, the Hon. Ivy Wilson, to the beautiful, amiable and accomplished Miss Ferebe Hoover.

The Hon. Mr. Wilson has avowed, since his marriage, his firm and settled conviction that the current of true love never did run smooth, and he is fortified in this belief by the strong and exciting incidents connected with his union with his "lady love." Mr. and Mrs. Wilson have had an eventful courtship and married life: this interesting couple courted at the expense of the public, in jail, where they were confined upon a charge of larceny in stealing a fishing net, the property of Mr. Jesse Morris. They were tried on this charge at the last Superior Court, before his Honour Judge Battle, and convicted. The facts were few but very pertinent. Mr. Morris had hung his net out to dry at the breakfast pine, on Neuse river, and come up to Newbern to sell a few grapes. Mr. Wilson and Miss Hoover happened to be taking a morning air in the way of a walk to enjoy the sweets of nature and to pluck flowers and indulge in the delightful and romantic converse on the stars and the blue vault of Heaven, and to discourse on the joys of hymenial pleasures. In the midst of these pleasures of the imagination, the lady Ferebe exclaimed:—

"Ivy, dearest Ivy, our fortune is made, old Jesse Morris has left his net, come let us take it and sell it." As soon as the endearing and silvery tones of the witching voice of the lovely Ferebe fell upon the ear, he stopped, and, raising his game leg, stuck his foot in the sand! Golden visions and all the pleasures of luxury and ease flitted across his mind. There hung Jesse Morris's net, unconscious of the mischief which the lovely pair meditated against it! "Dearest Ferebe," exclaimed the impassioned lover, "how can we get the net to town, and how shall we sell it, and what shall we buy with the money? No sooner said than done!" they seized the net, and about the dusk of evening a canoe was seen approaching one of our wharves, with a man and woman in it, and a net in the stern. Could this be the Hon. Mr. Wilson and his intended? Whether it was or no, it matters not for we have only to say that on the night of the arrival of the said canoe, Mr. Wilson and Miss Hoover sold Jesse Morris's net to a negro man for the high price of fifty cents!

A change now came over the fortunes of this lovely and interesting couple—they were taken with a warrant for stealing Morris's net, and both confined in jail! What a fall was there, my countrymen! Like Cardinal Wolsey, Mr. Wilson and Miss Hoover were too ambitious! A still more trying scene awaits the unhappy pair; after remaining in the public jail at the public expense of the county for nearly six months they were arraigned before the court for trial. Reader! we witnessed the *entree* of the unhappy pair into the court room! Mr. Wilson was habited in the fashion of the gentlemen of the old school—he was too much of a republican, and boasted too much of the privileges of an American freeman to have any part of his body, much less his feet, restrained of their natural freedom by shoe leather—Mr. Wilson was barefooted; the weather was warm and he had air holes at the elbows and knees in his clothing, in order to admit a free circulation of the air and to ventilate his skin. Mr. Wilson was fond of the fashions of the days of the English Cavaliers; he permitted his hat to run to seed and to assume the conical shape; it was convenient, too, for it held more when he visited the herds of his country friends, or had any thing to hide from the vulgar gaze; he disdained the use of razors and soap, as being the natural enemies of nature. Mr. Wilson, on this occasion, had a long beard; he surveyed the crowd which had been attracted by the novel charge made against him, and took his seat in the prisoner's dock, with an air of great innocence and self-complacency. The lovely Ferebe, true as steel, seated herself by his side. Miss Hoover, of the felicitous species of beauty; unfortunately she had but one eye, and the other kept dancing in her head, with all the vivid expression of rapturous pleasure, as she surveyed the noble looking Ivy from his big toe to the apex of his hat. She was dressed in the fashion of the days of Queen Elizabeth, except that she had no stockings on—a long skirt with a short bodice, with an occasional hole here and there, for summer convenience; she wore a *chapeau de Paille*, as was thought at first, but

upon inspection it was found to be made of yellow paper, stamped with numerous interesting devices,—it was mashed in at the corners, indented in the sides and tipped up at the edges, so as not to be injured by lying down in it, or to subject the wearer to the inconvenience of pulling it off to take the delightful siesta so much required after dinner in our luxurious climate. The Solicitor for the State read the indictment to them, charging them with stealing a fishing net, of the goods and chattels of Jesse Morris, and propounded to them the question:— "Are you guilty or not guilty?"—"The Lord o' mecy," exclaimed Mr. Wilson, "just to think of it; that I am!"—"and Iaint nother," ejaculated the lovely Ferebe. His Honor Judge Battle, ordered the plea of not guilty to be entered of record. The jury were impanelled; Morris and others were examined for the State, who proved the guilt of Mr. Wilson and Miss Hoover beyond all doubt. Pause, reader! another personage appears on the stage! Mrs. Hoover, the mother of the lovely Ferebe, is introduced as a witness in behalf of the unfortunate prisoners. Mrs. Hoover is largely indebted to nature for its magnificent gifts of beauty. She is of the pickled tripe order, possessing an occasional beam of great humility and innocence. But Mrs. Hoover is a Xantippe of the first water: she is the mount Etna of her neighborhood, and when excited, the lava of her wrath and fury rushes and surges for a distance around her, blighting and withering all that oppose it. Mrs. Hoover was dressed in the style and fashion of the days of Charles the second—no bishops, tourniers or bustles amplified her exterior beyond the modest proportions of nature. Mrs. Hoover disdained to cheat nature in this way, for her upper garments stuck close to her, like the shirt of Nessus; her hat of straw was rather a grotesque likeness of the Parisian Capote, worn by the Queen of the Belgians at the grand fete lately given by Louis Philippe at the Tuileries. Mrs. Hoover is a member of the great republican family, but alas! James Hoover, her son, is a Locooco! The Hon. Ivy Wilson is a Whig, but Mrs. Wilson is a Nullifier! This great diversity of political feeling is enough of itself to destroy the peace and harmony of any family, and we dare say that whilst the community have attributed the bursting fights and quarrels which occasionally disturb the quiet of this interesting family to other causes, they arise from nothing but the glorious outpourings of an honest and exuberant patriotism. Mrs. Hoover appeared on the stand as a witness.

Counsel for the Prisoners.—Mrs. Hoover, do you know Ivy and Ferebe, the prisoners at the bar?
Mrs. Hoover.—The Lord bless your soul, that I do; Ferebe is my own *natural* child and Ivy is no better.
Counsel.—Do you know anything about their stealing Jesse Morris's net?
Mrs. Hoover.—Not exactly; they had a net which they said was their own.
The counsel holed off, as the witness did not know exactly about their stealing the net.
Counsel.—Mrs. Hoover, are Ferebe and Ivy married?
Mrs. Hoover.—Not exactly, that is not point blank.
Counsel.—You may stand one side, Mrs. Hoover.
Ivy Wilson and Ferebe Hoover were readily convicted, by the jury, of larceny. Ivy Wilson and Ferebe Hoover were much reduced by the knowing of Love, and the Solicitor for the State, after stating to the Court that they were to be tried, had to be whipped declined to pray judgment against them for the present; and Mr. Wilson and Miss Hoover, with various other Hoovers retired, with becoming dignity and grace from the court room.

The son rose beautifully over the hills and groves of Goose creek, on the morning of the marriage of Mr. Wilson and Miss Hoover, when this loving pair, who had stuck to each other in adversity, and resolved to share each other's fortunes through life, were seen wending their way to a neighboring Justice, to pledge their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, in the holy cause of matrimony. Mr. Wilson had no shoes on, and Miss Hoover did not care about having any such incumbrances. Ivy Wilson and Ferebe Hoover plighted their troth, and immediately set out for the family mansion of the Hoovers, near the breakfast pine on Neuse River. The whole mansion, on their arrival was lighted up with candles, which the Hoovers had begged in Newbern to set up with old Mrs. Hoover, whom they represented as dead and laid out. On this occasion the old lady's voice might have been heard for a half of a mile! As Mr. and Mrs. Wilson approached the house of Miss Hoover's youth, their hearts leaped for joy; but, ye Gods and Goddesses! what did Ivy Wilson see, when he entered the house! Sally Hoover was sitting in Mazy Driggers' lap! We must reserve a description of the scene that ensued for our next.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Mitchell, the fuger, when the sentence pronounced to the State Prison was passed the other day, had no friend by him in that hour of need except his mother! What deep, agonizing, self-sacrificing affection! How worthy of better reward. There is a great amount of wrong in this world. None is felt with more keenness than the ungrateful conduct of children. An idle, dissolute, heartless son, is such a complicated cause of suffering, that parents may sometimes murmur, if any thing will justify it, at the decrees of Providence. Especially when any thing which parental affection and filial watchfulness can suggest, is turned to wrong doing. How many days of anxious care have been bestowed upon children who become reprobates in society. How many hours of sleepless anguish and weariness have filled a mother's heart that her son may fill some honorable station in the world. How cruel is that decree which decides that her instructions shall be disregarded, her expectations, thrown to the wind, and her fondest hopes blighted! Yet a mother's love does not abate with the departure of virtue or the consumption of evil in her child. The more the world seems him; the closer she clings and winds the tendrils of her heart around that of her ungrateful son. Yet this love is abused—this affection is unrequited—this acute maternal anguish is daily caused by the misconduct of children! If Mitchell's feeling are lacerated, and the "iron enters his soul;" from any one more than another in his solitary cell, it must be from the anguish he has inflicted upon the heart of his aged mother!

"OF AGE."—James, in his beautiful novel of *Molly Ernstein*, thus speaks of the age of twenty one:—*Mobile Herald*
"It is a beautiful age, full of the spring, with all the vigor of manhood, without one touch of its decay; with all the fire of youth, without one touch of its febleness! Oh, one-and-twenty! bright one-and-twenty! wilt thou never come back to me again? No, never! The cord of the bow has been so often drawn that it has lost its elasticity; there have been a thousand flowers cast away that have withered in the dust of Time's sandy path; there have been a thousand fruits (asted that have left but the rind in my hand; there have been a thousand travel stains acquired that never can be washed off till the journey is done. That which has been lost, and that which has been gained, have both been gathered into the two baskets of the past; and whatever the future may have in store, one-and-twenty, with its many hopes, its few fears, its buoyancy of spirit, its elasticity of limb, its eagerness of expectation, its activity of pursuit, its aspirations, its desires, its faith, its confidence, its frankness, its garden of visionary flowers, and its atmosphere of misty light, can never, never come back to us, were we to whistle till we break our hearts. No, not in the sad arithmetic of years, multiply by what number you will, you can never get at one-and-twenty more than once."

Daniel Boone's Knife.—Dr. W. L. Wharton, of the United States Army, has sent as a gift to the National Insults at Washington a knife, of which the following history is given, derived from a son of the old pioneer, N. Boone, Captain of the 1st Dragoons, at Fort Leavenworth.
In the fall of 1780, the veteran Daniel, in company with his brother Edward, were out in the far wilds of Kentucky, in pursuit of buffalo. They rested on their return home, at a large deer lick near the bank of a creek, and were seated when a deer walked into the neighborhood. Edward Boone shot it down and dragged it to the shade, where old Daniel sat cracking walnuts. Just at this moment a party of Indians fired upon them from a neighboring cane-brake. Edward fell dead, Daniel Boone sprang to his horse, but the Indians rushed out so suddenly that he was compelled to take to immediate flight on foot. In the haste he lost his knife. Finding himself closely followed by the savages, he entered a canebrake, which concealed him from their sight. They then pursued him with their dogs, and it was not until he had killed two of these that the Indians abandoned the chase. The knife remained lost until the summer of 1822 (42 years) at which time some person drawing a seine in the creek, brought it up from the bottom, immediately at the lick alluded to. This creek and lick are in Clark county, Kentucky. From the time of the reconnoitre they have been known by the name of Boone's Lick and Boone's Creek. The old knife is indeed a curiosity, as well as a most interesting relic of the brave-hearted backwoodsman.—*Pennyton.*

Return of Boz.—*Dangerous excess of joy.*—Mr. Dickens is again in London, safe from his transatlantic tour, which we have no doubt will soon produce a new harvest of stirring adventures and graphic delineation of character. The return of the distinguished novelist was marked, as we learn from a friend, by an impressive and painful incident in his family circle. Immediately on their return, the happy parents rushed to see their children! A fine boy, 6 years old, was roused from his sleep for the purpose, and no sooner had the little fellow caught a glimpse of the faces so much endeared to him, and so long absent, than he burst in a transport of delight, which it was found impossible to repress. Joy was now converted into grief. The delirium continued, and on Friday several physicians were in attendance, almost despairing of recovery. Powerful means were applied, and on Saturday he was so much better, that his speedy restoration is anticipated.—*London Paper.*

So soon as you have uttered a word, that would be your master; but as long as you have not uttered it, you are its master.

Original Poetry.

[For the Watchman.]

Passer de grave an don, de plaisir an veveve.
Boileau.
"From grave to gay, from lively to severe,"
Is the great art to entertain and cheer!
The fitful mind,—on change forever bent,
"Give," is the cry,—obtain'd—yet not content.
If all were sunshine, or if all were gloom,
No truth would ripen, and no flowers bloom;
If Earth were drenched in never-ceasing rain,
The husbandman would plant and sow in vain;
Nay, though the Watchman ever team'd with news,
Yes, News would tire, when frequent and diffuse!
Let then, the muse, with ever varying theme,
Discursive ranged, and with sound judgment gleam
Whatever seems best suited to the hour—
To this an Editor displays his power.
Now, let us change our tone—for that
Exemplifies our subject part.
Ye Washingtonians, beware
Of Pater Liber's tempting snare!
Ye moderates, be on your guard!
Sobriety, (its own reward),
Will keep you from the bitter scorn
Of lofty birth or lowly born—
From accidents by fire and flood,
Repel disease, and purify the blood.
Can Nature greater pests produce
Than them, who make intemperate use
Of Nature's gifts?—We say, in fine,
Abstain from Brandy, Rum, and Wine,
Unless,—say, there's the rub!—by Jove,
"Tis hard to part from what we Love!!
Though God has nothing made in vain,
Use sparingly—or, quite abstain!!"
DISCRETION.

A SNAKE STORY.

One of the greatest pleasures of an Editor's life arises from the reflection that his labors often not only afford amusement but real, substantial benefit to the fairer portion of his readers. With a view of contributing to both, we insert the following article from the Charlottesville Jeffersonian:

ADVENTURE OF A LADY & A SNAKE.
It happened not long since, that a large party of ladies and gentlemen were returning along one of the principal highways in a neighboring county, from church. Notwithstanding the day and the occasion, hilarity and merriment reigned triumphant; and, as is generally the case where more than two ladies are "gathered together," the whole party were actively and incessantly engaged in small talk, "chit chat and all that." Among the rest, there was one young lady who seemed particularly pleased, and was particularly pleasing to the young gentlemen by whom she was surrounded. We said she was young—she was also handsome, and was dressed after the most approved style of modern elegance. In short, she was the "tip of the fashion," "pon honor."

Well—this young lady was riding merrily along, surrounded by bees and belles, all in high glee, when she discovered, to her inexpressible horror, that a large snake had managed to conceal itself beneath the ample folds of her muslin gown. For an instant "mure hurro!" held her bound to the spot, but after a minute she recovered her self possession, and seizing the reptile with one hand, while with the other she applied the lash to her palfrey, she rode fearfully forward to the nearest house upon the road. Arrived at it, she dismounted and fairly flew into the house, exclaiming in an agony of terror, to the lady who met her at the door, "For God's sake help me! I have a snake wreathed around my waist! The lady of the house scarcely less alarmed than the other, called up several of the servants, and arming themselves with broom sticks, pokers, &c. they formed a circle around the young lady, and prepared to despatch the "creeping wonder" when she should shake him off. When they were all ready the lady proceeded to disengage the serpent. To do this, however, required quite an effort, as she clung with considerable pertinacity "round her lower waist." At last, after divers hard shakes, she was strong enough, the task was happily accomplished, and down fell—what do you suppose, gentle reader?—The lady's bishop!

The white crowd, after looking into each other's eyes with inexpressible ludicrous faces, for some time, at length broke into a hearty laugh—and so ended this unpleasant affair.
The bishop, it seems, had got loose at one end, consequently was dangling at the lady's side when she discovered it, and very naturally she mistook it for a snake. The story is no joke, and we pledge our veracity upon its truth. And now for the moral.—The ladies may learn from this that a snake placed around their waists would become their persons, and improve their forms fully as much as a *reel of bran*, or a *twisp of haly*—[*Charlottesville Jeffersonian.*]

It gives us pleasure to state, on the information of a lady in Philadelphia, that the "latest fashion" in that charming city, *excludes Bishop's*. As we are the first to announce this important fact to our Southern Belles, we shall claim a premium at their hands. We trust they will be prompt in discharging the obligation which we have thus imposed on them.—*Data. Reporter.*

The Treaty.—It is now stated that all the questions in dispute between the Governments of the United States and Great Britain have been adjusted, except that in relation to Oregon Territory, which has been left open for future negotiation; and the impression is that the Treaty will be nearly, if not quite, unanimously assented to by the Senate. The Maine papers seem to be not only satisfied, but delighted with the provisions of the Treaty.—*Lynch Virginian.*

Were we to point out a person as he passed, and say, "There goes a man, one who has not a vice," "He would scarcely be noticed; but to claim, "That man is worth \$500,000," and be well stared at all out of sight!

Carolina Watchman.
SALISBURY:
SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1842.

Republican Whig Ticket!

For President of the United States,
HENRY CLAY,
OF KENTUCKY.

Statement of the Polls in Rowan and Davie Counties.
AUGUST 19, 1842.

County	Whig	Dem.	Other	Total
Rowan	100	200	100	400
Davie	150	300	150	600
Total	250	500	250	1000

Revival of Religion.—A great revival of religion is now going on, we understand, both at Concord and Charlotte. At the former place, about sixty persons have professed religion, and have joined the Methodist Church.

Messrs. Pendleton & Bruner.—You were pleased to say in your Journal, some weeks past, that I did not produce the first cotton blossom this season. I now lay before you two bolls of cotton, opened on my plantation, on the 24 instant.
R. MACNAMARA.
August 3, 1842.

Yes, Col., we said you were beaten for once, but really we fear we were mistaken. At least, we can say that these are the first opened bolls we have seen or heard of in this county this year.

Adjournment of Congress.—The National Intelligencer of Tuesday, says:—A resolution moved by Mr. Mason, of Ohio passed the House of Representatives yesterday, without a division, to bring the present session of Congress to a close on the 22d day of the present month. This resolution, requiring the assent of the Senate, was sent to that body; but, on being received there, its consideration was postponed until next Monday. From this postponement we infer that the assent of the Senate to an adjournment on the day proposed will depend upon circumstances yet undeveloped, such as the fate of the Tariff bill now in the hands of the President of the U. S., &c.

The Public Money.—A day or two ago, the Secretary of the Treasury sent a report to Congress, stating that the Public Money was deposited in the State Banks as follows: Exchange Bank, Pittsburg; Piscataqua Bank, New Hampshire; Farmers and Merchants, Hartford; Bank of Philadelphia; Merchants' and Bank of America, New York; Norfolk Bank, Ohio; Ohio Life and Insurance Bank, Cincinnati; and the Columbus Bank, Ohio. These have been the selections since Mr. Forward has been placed at the head of the Treasury Department.

Honors.—At the recent commencement at Cambridge University, in England, the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on the Hon. Edward Everett, the American Minister to England. The same degree had been previously conferred on him by the University of Dublin.

A Depreciation.—The Mobile Chronicle of the 27th ultimosays:—"At the Assignee's sale on Monday, paper of 'Hamilton and Cole' to the amount of \$40,000 was sold for five dollars!—our excellent friend Col. Holmes being present. This is a bad sign!"

A demand.—Gov. Corbin, of Illinois, is said to have made a requisition upon Gov. Reynolds of Mississippi, for the delivery of General B. neets, charged by Jo. Smith with high treason against the State of Illinois.—This will delay proceedings against Jo until after the election.

Glory.—The Bombay Times estimates the British loss of soldiers and camp-followers by the Afghan War, down to the first of March last, at 15,000, and the cost of the war to the same date, at £15,000,000.

Henry Clay.—We this day fling out our banner to the breeze; inscribed upon it the name of this distinguished statesman as a candidate for the Presidency in 1844, and pledge ourselves to use our utmost exertion towards the support of its standard. "If I fall we will fall with it, nor deem it else than a national honor to be straitened in its folds."—*Somerset (Md.) Herald.*