

Carolina Watchman.

PENDLETON & BRUNER,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

NO. 5—VOLUME XI.
WHOLE NO. 524.

SALISBURY, AUGUST 27, 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 arrears 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 33 per cent will be made to those who advertise by the year.
All advertisements will be continued until paid 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 offer inducements 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 paper of the same day. This new advertisement will also appear in the Semi-Weekly paper 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 Semi-Weekly Paper.
Four dollars per annum, payable in advance.
Five dollars per annum, in all cases when payment is not made in advance.

Any person forwarding twenty-five dollars in money, not more than five per cent. below par, free of postage, will be entitled to seven copies, to be sent to the same post office; and at similar rates for any larger number of subscribers. When the money sent is more than five per cent. below par in New York, it will be sold at the current rates, the proceeds carried to the credit of the subscriber, and the papers sent for a pro rata period of time.

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 editorial 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 it 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 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.

The politics of the Courier & Enquirer are too well known to the Public to require any explanation. It was this paper which first gave the names of Whigs and Locofocos to the two great parties in the United States; and could its counsels have prevailed at Harrisburg in December, 1839, HENRY CLAY would now have been the President of the United States. Its motto now is "Justice to HARRY OF THE WEST, let the consequences be what they may; and it is the only paper in the great commercial empire of the United States which has assumed and will maintain this position.

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 free of postage, and all remittances made through Postmasters will be at our risk.

General Agents, Carriers, &c. &c. will always be supplied with any number of copies they may require, on giving four days' notice, at four dollars per hundred.

The Daily Morning Courier and New York Enquirer, in consequence of its great circulation, has been appointed the official paper of the Circuit and District Courts of the United States to publish all notices and other proceedings in cases of Bankruptcy in the Southern District of the State of New York, and all such notices will be inserted at least once in both the weekly and semi-weekly papers. We shall also publish in our Daily, Weekly, and Semi-Weekly papers, a full list of all the applications in the United States for the benefit of the Bankrupt Law.

Prices Current and Reviews of the Market will of course be published at length in each of the three papers.

Country papers with which we exchange are respectfully 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 close 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. SHAYER.
May 7, 1842—1941.

Dorothy.

THE WIFE'S REJOICING.
"Nae luck about the house."

And are you sure the news is true,
And are you sure he's signed?
I can't believe the joyful tale
And leave my tears behind.
If John has signed and drinks no more,
The happiest wife am I,
That ever swept a cottage hearth
Or sang a lullaby!
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a
And gane's the comfort of the house,
"Since he to drink did fa'!"

Whose eyes so kind, whose hand so strong,
Whose love so true, will shine,
If he has bent his heart and hand,
To his total pledge to sign,
But what puts doubting in my head?
I trust he'll taste no more,
He'll be still my darling heart!
Hark! hark! he's at the door!
For there's nae.

And blessings on the helping hands,
That send him back to me,
Haste, haste ye little ones, and run
Your father's feet to see.
And are you sure, my John has signed,
Add are you sure 'tis past?
Then mine's the happiest, brightest home,
On temperance shore at last.
There's nae luck about the house,
But now 'tis comfort a'
And Heaven preserve my aine gude man,
That he may never fa'.

FLOWERS.
"Who does not love a flower?
Its hues are taken from the light
Which summers sun's fine pure and bright
In scattered and prismatic hues,
That smile and shine in drooping dews,
Its fragrance from the sweetest air—
Its form from all that's light and fair—
Who does not love a flower?"

A SHORT PATENT SERMON.

BY DOW, JR.

My text for this occasion is by Shakespeare, as follows:

All the world is a fishpond—we are the fishes—
The devil's the fisher.

My hearers—when I come to twist the subject round about, and turn it over and under in my mind, I think the world may not be so simply termed a big fish-pond, or rather an ocean containing a vast variety of man fishes, for which the devil, sitting with his legs hanging over the rock of perdition is continually fishing; and I am sorry to say, with the fate of luck. Now, my friends, you are the piscatory tribe which inhabit the world's wide pond, and for which Satan sinks his hook with such glorious success. Some of you are white fish, some black fish, some odd, queer fish, some slippery, slimy fish—some are cold blooded and some are warm—some swim near the surface of the water, and others dive deep, run low and keep shy. In short you constitute a great variety, and various are the baits which the old fisherman throws out for you. The young ladies are a perplexing lot of shiners, that nibble at almost every bait, but seldom take hold fairly enough to be caught except when the point of the hook is nicely covered with the fly of flattery—and then they will jump at it like a toad at a rose bug. A miser is a kind of mud gudgeon, and will snap at a tin sixpence, regardless of consequences.—When Satan wishes to catch a lawyer he first catches a client, and then uses him for bait, for a sucker, he drops a bottle of brandy, and is sure to get a bite; for a professed politician he never purposefully fishes, and when perchance he catches one, he immediately throws him back into his native element as being an ugly toad fish, neither fit for heaven nor worthy of hell. He once caught a hypocrite with a bait; but he-like, he so twisted and squirmed, and was so slippery withal, that he slid through his fingers, and made his escape; and what do you think, my friends, the devil then said? Why, Go to grass, you slimy son of a serpent!—your flesh is rotten, your skin is only worth making into a halter to hang the rest of your race. The foolish young rake of twenty will even bite the bare hook; and the first thing he knows he finds himself kicking and floundering upon a burning bank of misery with none by his side to protect and pity; but the wise man and philosopher impose too heavy a tax upon the patience of the evil one. They live calmly and quietly at the bottom of the deep waters of wisdom, and meddle not with the alluring bait; for the schoolmistress Experience has taught them that oftentimes that which appears fair upon the outside contains destruction within, as the Indian said to the bomb shell.

My friends and fellow fishes—you of the scale, the slimy, the delicate and the beautiful brood I warn you, one and all, against biting at those baits which Satan drops into the sunny seducing waves of sin. Beware of them, lest you suddenly feel sore about the gills, and afterward have the painful pleasure of being served up for supper in the kitchen below. The angels and other spiritual agents of mercy are bobbing for you from the upper world and all you have to do is just to get a grab and hold on, and you are hauled up safely to the realms of happiness without even a prick in your jaws. How often do you, ye careless crabs, crawl around the line of Satan out of sheer curiosity, and get entangled therein to your

sorrow!—Be wary of the barb that is covered by the bewitching bait of pleasure; and shun those nets of vice which are set at the mouth of almost every creek of worldly enjoyment—for when you are once caught in the meshes you are a gone sucker to a certainty.

My dear friends—fishes as we are, in an applicable sense, we have reason and strength of mind sufficient to protect us from danger and guide us from temptation. Let us not be too chimerical in our hopes or too visionary in our schemes. Let us not look too much after those golden, ideal fish which tempt the ocean of imagination, and which are worth nothing for food, but are only beautiful to behold, but let us look after ourselves—let us dive deep, down among the coral caves of christianity, where all is purity, calmness and peace.—The storms and tempests of worldly excitement may then rage with all their fury above us, but we shall never heed nor hear them. The waves of sin may roll over the ocean seas, but they never disturb the unbroken placidity of our souls, for they enjoy the sweets of repose—there no billows of anger, passion, and revenge, break upon their slumbers—and there the devil might fish from the fourth of July to the further end of forever, and then go home without even a nibble.

My hearers—the bait that the wicked ones uses to catch a lover is a bit of Cupid's liver fried in the fat of early affection. It is a sure "take"—but don't you be so soft, my beloved sea bass, as to be caught in such a manner. Never jump at bait merely because it looks beautiful; but first examine it well with a prudent and cautious eye; and then consider whether there may not be something inside rather too crooked for comfort and too pointed for pleasure. Oh, you wicked and perverse generation of shad!—How inclined you are in the spring time of your lives to run up the rivers of wickedness, to be swept on shore by the seines of Satan, never more to return! Better by far stay back and spawn in the salt water of salvation, then enter the creeks of carelessness and be caught by the hungry monstrosities of vice. And O, you foolish and improvident porgies!—how many times more must I warn you against going to feed upon the fishing banks of Belzebub! Remember there is no security for your souls except in the deep water of strict morality. There you have nothing to fear from either hook, harpoon or scoop net; but just as sure as you venture near the shores of corruption, and pick up the various crumbs of vice that float hither and thither, you will find that the devil has appointed a committee of one to devise ways and means for your inevitable destruction.

Dear friends—I know that the leopard cannot easily change his skin nor the Ethiopian his spots. Such of you fish as are naturally scaly I expect will always remain so; and you who are beslimed with sin, must have the privilege of being more or less beslimed forever; but if you will only use precaution not to meddle with the bait thrown out by the arch enemy of mankind, and keep as much as possible in the clear pure waters of piety you will become partially cleansed, at least; and perhaps have the satisfaction of making the old proverb wig up his tackle and quit fishing forever. S. mote it be!

WILL YOU TAKE A SHEEP.

A valuable friend and an able farmer, about the time that the temperance reform was beginning to exert a healthful influence in the country, said to his newly bred man, "Jonathan I did not think to mention to you when I hired you that I think of trying to do my work this year without rum. How much more must I give you to do without?" "Oh," said Jonathan, "I don't care much about it, you may give me what you please." "Well," said the farmer, "I will give you a sheep in the fall, if you will do without." "Agreed," said Jonathan.

The oldest son then said, "Father, will you give me a sheep if I do without rum?" "Yes, Marshall, you shall have a sheep if you will do without."

The youngest son, a stripling, then said, "Father, will you give me a sheep if I will do without?" "Yes, Chandler, you shall have a sheep also if you do without rum."

Presently Chandler speaks again—
"Father, hadn't you better take a sheep too?"

This was a poser; he hardly thought that he could give up the "good creature" yet; but the appeal was from a source not to be easily disregarded. The result was that the demon was henceforth banished from the premises to the great joy and ultimate happiness of all concerned.

Mr. Van Buren, during his late Western tour visited the Missouri University, he was addressed by one of the students in English and responded in English. He was then addressed by another student in Latin by another in Greek!! and by a fourth in French!! Mr. Van Buren did not reply to this learned broad side—*Telegraph*.

Why didn't one of them speak to him in Dutch?
About a dozen more of the "Wolf-Hustlers" have arrived from Texas. They give a very unfavorable statement of things at Corpus Christi, and their treatment by the Government of Texas. That they have been badly treated, and permitted actually to suffer at times, for food, we cannot doubt. Not more than 15 or 20 of the 70 that left this place, yet remain. Discontent and insubordination reigned among them, as a natural consequence of their hard treatment, and they were daily deserting. We apprehend Texas may look for no more volunteers from these parts soon—*Memphis Enquirer*.

Western New York.—At a Whig meeting recently held in Auburn, in pursuance of a call signed by about 500 legal voters of the village, HENRY CLAY, was unanimously recommended as the Whig candidate for the Presidency.

At the late council of the Creek Indians in Arkansas, a law was passed, prohibiting the introduction of spirituous liquors into that nation, except for the home use of persons bringing it into that country.

The ring was formerly worn on the fourth finger of the left hand, from a supposition that a particular nerve in that part communicated with the heart.

MENRY CLAY, of Kentucky—Nominated, not by a National Convention; but by the American people in committee of the whole on the state of the Union.

The Mormons continue to hold meetings in Boston, and to make converts.

The Woodbury N. J. Constellation has belittled the CLAY banner.

Roaring Ears in Georgia.—In Savannah, on the 10th inst., a Mr. Douglas cut off the ears of Mr. John Inas, and threw the trophies in the fire.

If you desire to be quite comfortable in mind, pay the printer.

When your wife scolds you, hold your tongue.

If you want to be enlightened, read the newspapers.

10,000 private claims are now on the table in Congress.

The Village Record says that the Whigs of Chester county, Pa., are in a man in favor of Henry Clay, the great champion of American Industry.

What's in a name?—Of all the members of Congress, Wise is the richest and acts with the least wisdom. Puffery is a dead loss, and Goop is good for nothing.—N. O. Bee.

The editor of the Livingston Ala., "Sumpter County Whig" wants a journeyman printer, immediately. "One that don't have the chills," he adds, "would be preferred."

There are one thousand practising Lawyers in the city of New York, with about half business enough for three hundred.

The Richmond organ of Mr Tyler tells Congress that the President will veto the revenue bill, and that if they do not pass a bill to still him, he will not permit them to go home. If they adjourn, it says, "they will be immediately recalled by a Presidential proclamation."—Louis Journal.

Joe Smith, the Mormon Prophet, has requested Gov. Carlin to demand of the Governor of Missouri the arrest and delivery of Gen. Bennett. Jos charges Bennett with being guilty of treason against the State of Illinois.

The best "Home League" that a man can join, is that wherein a prudent wife presides; and that if she can impose a broomstick upon her husband. An economical wife is the "best protection for American industry."

An idler boasted his descent from an ancient family. "So much the worse for that," said a farmer as we ploughmen say, "the older the seed the worse the crop."

WHOOPIING COUGH.

Mr. Editor:—As I understand the whooping cough is very prevalent in the village, I will give the following as an absolute cure:

Take 2 cents worth of licorice, 3 of rock candy, 3 of gum arabic, and put them in a pint of water, simmer them till nearly dissolved, then add 3 cents worth of peregory and a like quantity of autumnal wine. Let it cool, and sip whenever the cough is troublesome. It is pleasant and infallible.—*Forkville Compiler*.

Catching Ducks.—The way the Mexicans catch wild ducks, is both curious and cunning. The lakes of that country were formerly visited by a prodigious number of these aquatic fowls, and empty guards were thrown into the lakes that they might become accustomed to seeing and approaching them. The bird catcher would place a gourd over his head, wade into the water deep enough to hide his body, and the unsuspecting duck (coming up to peck the gourd) was caught by the legs and pulled under the water, without making the least noise, or in any manner alarming the rest of the ducks.

Sentence of Charles F. Mitchell.—This noted forger, and ex-member of Congress, has been sentenced to three years imprisonment in the State Prison.

Carolina Watchman.

SALISBURY,
SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1842.

Republican Whig Ticket!

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

Cotton Factories in North Carolina.—There are in this State, 26 cotton Factories running 49,681 spindles, employing 9000 persons, with a capital of \$1,295,300; and located in Chatham 1, Caswell 1, Rowan 1, Cumberland 8, Davie 1, Davidson 1, Edgecombe 1, Guilford 1, Montgomery 1, Orange 8, Randolph 2, Rockingham 1, Richmond 1, Surry 1, and Stokes 1.

A Bill, re-adjusting the Judicial Districts of the Supreme Court of the United States, has passed both Houses of Congress. Delaware, Maryland and Virginia, form one circuit, over which Chief Justice Taney will preside; North and South Carolina, and Georgia, form another, Wayne's, Alabama, and Louisiana, another; to which Judge Daniel, of Virginia, is assigned.

AN APT ILLUSTRATION.

The Washington correspondent of the Richmond Whig gives the following apt illustration of John Tyler: "There is no sensible image that can illustrate the President himself, save one—an ass upon a rail-road; who though warned by the whiz of steam, and the cries and curses of every body in the cars, scarcely pricks up his ears, swears that he'll munch the tail of weeds he has found there, that the place was made for his diversion, that he is himself the foremost object in creation, and that, in short, it is against his dignity and his conscience to budge one inch. On comes the thundering locomotive, the donkey gets every bone in his skin broken; and the whole train is perhaps thrown off the track and smashed, with the loss of many better lives than that of the jacksass."

Movements of the People.—The last Memphis (Tenn.) Enquirer contains the following:

THE IDOL OF THE PEOPLE.

It is utterly impossible for us as to keep pace with the movement making throughout the country in favor of Henry Clay, for the next Presidency. East, West, North and South, Town, County and State Conventions are being held, and Clubs formed for his support, with a degree of hearty and honest zeal, which we have never known surpassed. The next presidential canvass, from present indications, will go ahead even of that of 1840, in the intense enthusiasm with which the Whigs will rally round the standard of 'Harry of the West.'

SCENE IN THE SENATE.

Mr. Mangum.—The Senator from Pennsylvania has no right to refer to the present opinions of the Executive.

Mr. Buchanan.—It was not my intention to do so. Heaven knows what his opinions are now. I do not, but I have a right to argue, that if they were a month ago ad verse, he probably has not changed them.

How the wind blows.—The Madisonian says,—"Friend or enemy, John C. Calhoun is not only one of the greatest, but one of the purest patriots our country has produced. The honor and welfare of our country will never suffer at his hands. His worst enemies have never yet succeeded in fixing a stain upon his character, and they never will."

President Houston's Veto.—The Congress of Texas passed a law for prosecuting the war against Mexico, which has been vetoed by President Houston on the ground that the Republic is unprovided with the means of carrying on the war with Mexico, and that Congress has no authority under the constitution for such a purpose.

The Springfield (Massachusetts) Gazette says that a tunnel through solid rock, in the town of Canaan, on the route of the Great Western railroad, has been opened, so that people have passed through on foot. This is four hundred and forty-eight feet long, and its completion is the only thing necessary to finish the road to Albany. It is supposed that the cars will be able to run through the whole distance by the first of September.

A French Line of Steamers.—The Boston Mail of Saturday says: "The commissioneers who recently arrived at New York

in the French steamer Gomer, for the purpose of making preparatory arrangements for a regular line of steamships between this country and France, arrived in this city the day before yesterday, and took lodgings at the Tremont House. Yesterday they went down the harbor in the steamer Express for the purpose of taking soundings and making survey, in order to judge of the relative advantages of this port and that of New York, as the terminus of the line. We learn that the result of their examination was highly satisfactory.

Chance.—The Congress of Texas passed a law granting 2882 acres of good land to every woman who will carry, during the present year, a citizen of that Republic, who was such at the time of the Declaration of Independence.

The Effect.—It is estimated that more than 300,000 lbs. of wool have been sheared in Livingston county, New York, during the present season. This would average, says the Rochester Democrat, about 20 cents per pound, or \$75,000 if it were sold at the present prices. But if no Tariff is passed, would not average more than 18 or 20 cents, or a loss of from \$12,000 to \$18,000. If a Tariff bill were passed, it would bring over 50 cents a pound, at an average increase of some \$12,000. This throughout the State, would make a difference to the farmers of more than \$600,000.

The necessity of an adequate Tariff must be seen at a glance. With one, the country would bound forward with new life and energy, while without such a measure, we must expect comparative inactivity in almost every department of trade.

OLD GUILFORD BEATEN.

At the late election for Governor, the largest Whig majority were given to the following counties:—1st, Fredell, 1237; 2d, Wilkes, 1234; 3d, Guilford, 1197; 4th, Rutherford, 1193; 5th, Burke, 1115; and several other counties not far behind. In proportion to the whole vote given, the majority in Wilkes exceeds that of any other county in the State. But what we most regret in this matter is, that Guilford is beaten; not that we would have those other counties to have done less, but Guilford should have done more. "But Guilford won't stay beaten; so look out for you Whig counteys; do your best at the next election, Old Guilford will be ahead of the foremost among you.—*Patriot*."

A NEW CREED.

From the Washington Madisonian.
"We believe in the Christian religion, though ever so unworthy of the name of Christian.—We believe in the special interposition of Divine Providence in behalf of His favored people. We believe America is under His special protection. We believe that John Tyler is the instrument selected to work out His will. We believe our country is destined to prosper in spite of the devices of gambling politicians."

The Alexandria Gazette says: "Probably this Creed will shortly be offered to be read in all the Custom Houses and Post Offices and Public Buildings throughout the country."

Mr. Tyler thinks now, that the proceeds of the public lands will be the most uniform and steady source of revenue, and that the Treasury cannot be deprived of them, without producing fluctuations ruinous to the manufacturers. A few years ago the same individual thought the land money should be distributed among the States, by all means, to prevent those very fluctuations in the revenue, which were equally injurious to the Government and the manufacturers.—*Whig*.

DEATH BY LIGHTNING.

The Jonesboro' Whig gives an account of an awful scene, which occurred at a camp-meeting in Washington county, Tenn., on the 7th inst. About 10 o'clock at night, while religious exercises were going on under the shelter, Miss Mary Taylor, of Carter county, Tenn., and John C. Miller, of Rutherford county, N. C., (but at the time a student of Washington College,) were struck so perfectly dead by lightning that not a spark of life remained. David Gillespie, of Tenn., (also a student,) and Miss Elizabeth Hoss, were saved; it is believed, by the free application of cold water. Besides these there were some 9 or 10 gentlemen and ladies in camp, most of whom were struck to the ground, and for a time wholly unconscious of what had occurred. There were many others severely stunned, some even prostrated to the earth, and nearly the whole congregation felt the shock more or less. "No sooner had the report of the thunder-stroke died away in the distance, than one long, loud, continued scream, was heard in every direction. Perhaps a scene of more thrilling interest, mingled with gloom and terror, was never witnessed in this section of country."

The Pittsburg American states that a farmer in Mifflin township, Allegheny County, sowed last fall four bushels of yellow bearded wheat, from which he realized this season one hundred and eighty-four bushels.

The last Democratic Review says, "that between the two great parties in which the country is divided, Mr. Tyler falls to the ground like lead."

"Come, now back out," says the bustle to the petticoat.