

Carolina Watchman.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
MACE C. PENDLETON.

"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. 14—VOLUME XI.
WHOLE NO. 538.

SALISBURY, OCTOBER 29, 1842.

NEW TERMS.
The "WATCHMAN" may hereafter be had for two dollars in advance, and two dollars and twenty cents at the end of the year.
No subscription will be received for a less time than one year, unless paid for in advance.
An advertisement, when first inserted, will be charged 25 per cent. higher than the above rates.
A deduction of 50 per cent will be made to those who advertise for the year.
All advertisements will be continued until paid for, and charged for accordingly, unless ordered for a certain number of times.
Letters addressed to the Editor must be post paid to ensure attention.

LOOK AT THIS!!
NEW
Spring & Summer
GOODS.

THE SUBSCRIBERS
HAVING removed to Concord, and now residing and opening in the brick house west of the Courthouse, their
SPRING AND SUMMER
GOODS,
among which are Dry Goods, Hardware, Cutlery, Shoes, Boots, Hats, Bonnets, Saddlery, Canning Trimmings, Crockery, Plumb, Dye-stuffs, Medicines.

GROceries,
and a variety of other articles; in short it comprises a general assortment, which will be sold as low for cash, or to punctual dealers on time, as in call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere, as we think we can give such gains as will be great inducement to purchase.

Ladies' Fashions
FOR THE
Spring and Summer of
1842.

THE Subscriber informs the public, that she has just received through the Northern Depot the latest and most approved
London & Parisian Fashions,
and is prepared to execute orders in the most stylish and satisfactory manner.
Work sent from a distance shall be carefully attended to and forwarded.
S. D. PENDLETON,
No. 1, Market Street, Salisbury, April 23, 1842.

NOTICE.
In pursuance of a Decree of the Court of Equity for Rowan county, directing a sale of the lands of which Owen Harrison, died seized, the Clerk and Master will offer at public sale at the Court House in Salisbury on Monday the 31st day of November, 1842, a Tract of Land containing
170 ACRES,
lying on Second Creek, adjoining the Lands of L. Gowan, Alexander Dobbins, and others. A credit of twelve months will be allowed, and bond with approved security for the purchase price required on the day of sale.
SAMUEL SILLIMAN, C. M. E.
Sept 24, 1842—6w9

PRICES CURRENT AT
SALISBURY, Oct. 29

Cents.	Cents.
Wheat, 50	Cotton Yarn, 90
Indian, 40	Molasses, 35 a 40
Peach, 40	Nails, 6 a 7
Apples, 25	Oats, 15 a 20
Butter, 20	Pork, none
Beans, 20	Sugar, br. 3 a 10
Corn, 10 a 12	loaf, 15 a 18
Peas, 30	Salt, sack, \$3
Flour, 44 a 48	Tallow, 8
Lard, 62 a 65	Tobacco, 8 a 20
Butter, 20 a 25	Tow-Linen, 12 a 16
Eggs, 31 a 35	Wheat, bush, \$1
Chickens, 25 a 30	Whiskey, 45 a 50
Ducks, 20 a 25	Wool, (clean) 25
Geese, 20 a 25	

FOR SALE.
240 ACRES,
the home place on the Yadkin River, adjoining the lands of Jonathan Muenbaer, and others.
200 ACRES,
of Woodland on Flat Creek, adjoining the lands of John Shaver and Jesse Hodge. Also, one unimproved tract of
One Hundred Acres,
on the East side of the Yadkin River, known by the name of the Ball Mountain, on which is a
GRIST MILL,
half owned by James Adderton, in Davidson county.
A credit of twelve months will be allowed, and bond with approved security for the purchase money required on the day of sale.
SAMUEL SILLIMAN, C. M. E.
Sept 24, 1842—6w9

FOR SALE.
265 1-2 ACRES.
There is good water very convenient to the house. It is an excellent stand for a Public House. As I intend moving this Fall, I will sell upon good terms, such as will suit the times. A part of the money will not be expected while Captain Tyler is President.
WELLINGTON SMITH,
Sept 24, 1842—6w9

FOR SALE.
A VALUABLE Negro Woman and two Children. The woman is a first rate Cook, washer and ironer. Apply at this Office
Salisbury, Aug. 27, 1842—5m5

United States District Court of North Carolina—In Bankruptcy.
NOTICE to show cause against Position of Health Brecklore, of Stokes county, Showmaker, to be declared a Bankrupt, at Wilmington, on Monday the 31st day of October next.
By order of the Court.
H. H. POTTER,
Acting Clerk of Court in Bankruptcy.
Sept 27, 1842—4w11

United States District Court of North Carolina—In Bankruptcy.
NOTICE to show cause against Petition of John Isbell of Surry county, Tailor, to be declared a Bankrupt, at Wilmington, on Monday the 31st day of October next.
Thomas Rice, of Surry county, Farmer, to be declared a Bankrupt, at Wilmington, on Monday, the 31st day of October next.
By order of the Court.
H. H. POTTER,
Acting Clerk of Court in Bankruptcy.
Sept 29, 1842—4w11

CLOCK AND WATCH
REPAIRING.



AARON WOOLWORTH.
Nov. 18—1f16

Valuable property for sale in Lexington.

THE Subscriber is desirous to sell, privately, that well known business stand in Lexington, N. C., situated a short distance north of the Courthouse, formerly occupied by Caldehough, Dusenberry & Co., and at present occupied by Bravard and Adams. The house is of brick, large and commodious, containing an excellent Store room and dwelling apartments all under the same roof. Attached to the premises are all necessary out-buildings. Those wishing to purchase or to examine the above property, will receive attention if application be made to
ANDREW CALDCLEUGH,
May 1, 1841—1

NOTICE.
VALUABLE LAND
FOR SALE.

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the home place on the Yadkin River, adjoining the lands of Jonathan Muenbaer, and others.
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Portry.
"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."
The following "Sarah-ade" has a deal of music in it. Picture the despondent again with his fiddle in hand, thus discoursing to his lady's bow:
Vake, lady, vake! the moon now are high;
The twinklin' stars is beamin';
While now and then, across the sky,
A me to or are stramin'!

Vake lovely von! The sky are clear;
Refreshin' is the breeze!
It blows my nose vile I sit here
A fiddlin' 'neath the trees!

Vake Salla, dear! The bull-frog's note
Are heard in yonder rushes!
And the warbling tree-toad screele his throat
Singin' in them are bushes.

Vake, Wenno wine! The ripporvill,
Sings on that rail fence yonder,
While the aw pipes for his honin' shrill,
(Vj don't she vake, I vancer?)

Vake, Sally, vake! and lock on me,
Awake! Squire Coris' daughter;
If I'll have you, and you'll have me—
(By George! who threw that water?)

Oh! eruel Sally, thus to slight—
(Here comes the bull-dog now!)
'Bow-wow!' Oh! ow! he's got a bite,
'Alas! 'Bow, wow, 'ah! ow!'

THE RAINY DAY.
By H. W. Longfellow.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the maddening Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

RULES FOR THE DRAWING ROOM.
Hoog your hair on the harp, and lay your stick on the piano.
Rub your boots off well upon the hearth-rug, and be sure to take possession of the old lady's arm chair.

If a lady sings, hum the music along with her; she, as well as every body else present, will be astonished at your knowledge of harmony.
If you should conclude to the sacrifice of not chewing while in the room, you can step to the front window, draw aside the curtains, throw up the sash, and fling your quid into the street.

Stroll about the apartment and handle the ornaments. If you can't reach a picture get upon a chair and take it down. After six unsuccessful efforts to put it up again, you may leave it standing upon the floor and leaning against the wall.
You must consider that every lady present is a student of your attentions and anxious to engage your interest. This establishes self-confidence, and you may then be as bland and condescending as you please.
An off hand manner finds favor with the ladies; so that a good way to win success with them will be to maintain your deportment of the bar and billiard rooms; merely refraining from spitting on a muslin gown, treading on a tender toe, or slapping your hostess on the back too roughly.

If you discover a small knot discussing a scientific subject, break in upon them and relate all you know about it. You will observe immediately, by the silence of every body, how delighted they are to listen to you.
Pull out your watch often, and at length declare that an engagement compels your absence. If you have well observed these rules, you will find that "you can pass!"

REMARKABLE CASE OF INSTINCT IN A BIRD.
One of the most remarkable cases of instinctive knowledge in birds, was often related by my grandfather, who witnessed the fact with his own eyes. He was attracted to the door one summer day, by a troubled twittering, indignant distress and terror. A bird, who had built her nest in a tree near the door, was flying back and forth with the utmost speed, uttering wailing cries as she went. He was at first at a loss to account for her strange movements, but they were soon explained, by the sight of a snake slowly winding up the tree.
Animals magnetism was then unheard of, and whoever had dared to mention it, would doubtless have been hung on Witch's Hill, without benefit of clergy. Nevertheless, marvelous and altogether unaccountable stories have been told of the snake's power to charm birds. My grandfather having a mind to test the truth of such stories, thought he would watch the progress of things, but

being a humane man, he resolved to kill the snake before he despoiled the nest.—The distressed mother, meanwhile, continued her rapid movement and troubled cries, and he soon discovered that she went and came continually with something in her bill, from one particular tree—a white ash. The snake wound his way up; but the instant his head came near the nest, the folds relaxed, and he fell to the ground rigid, and then mounted the tree to examine into the mystery. The snug little nest was filled with eggs, and covered with leaves of the white ash!

The little bird knew, if my readers do not, that contact with the white ash is a deadly poison to a snake. This is no idle superstition; but a veritable fact in natural history. The Indians are aware of it, and twist garlands of white ash leaves about their ankles as a protection against rattlesnake. Slaves often take the same precaution, when they travel through swamps and forests, guided by the north star; or to the cabin of some poor white man; who teaches them to read and write by the light of pine splinters, and receives his pay in massa's corn or tobacco.

I have never heard any explanation of the effect produced by the white ash; but I know that settlers in the wilderness like to have these trees around their log-houses, being convinced that no snake will voluntarily come near them. When touched with the boughs, they are said in grow suddenly rigid, with strong convulsions; after a while they slowly recover, but seem sick for some time.—Mrs. L. M. Child.

THE THIEF WHO DETECTED HIMSELF.
"Be sure your sins will find you out," is a maxim true as facts can make it. We give a remarkable instance of it, which came to us well authenticated.

Some where in Maine, the precise whereabouts we may not tell, lives a merchant whose store is situated near a wharf on the banks of a river. It happened some years ago, that he had a large stock of pork ready to be delivered.

Going into his cellar, one morning, he discovered the door leading to the wharf to be open, and the key to be in the lock.—Suspecting something wrong, he examined the articles in the cellar, and found that one barrel of pork was missing.

Not knowing upon whom to fix the charge, he concluded to say nothing about it, but to wait the development of time. Several months passed, and he gained no clue to the thief; when one morning, a man who lived a few miles down the river, came into the store. The merchant remarked some considerable uneasiness of manner in him, but knowing him to be a man of property and reputed morality, he thought it could be occasioned by nothing but some petty trouble that afflicted him.

The man lingered round for several hours as if he wanted something; and at length, when there were no persons left but the merchant and himself, he said, "Mr. — did you ever find out who stole that barrel of pork you lost a few months since?"

"Yes, sir; you did," was the prompt reply of the merchant.
"Mr. — How do you know that?" replied the man, covered with confusion.
—Why, sir, no one but you and I knew anything of the matter. I have never mentioned it, and had you not stolen it, you could have known nothing about it."

Confounded, the thief made no reply.—The merchant stepped up to his desk, drew out an old account of some fifty dollars, and adding so it the price of the pork he told him to pay that bill or he would expose him. The bill was paid, and the guilty man went home full of shame and chagrin. We close as we began, by saying to the reader, as the best moral to our story, "be sure your sins will find you out!"—S. S. Messenger.

A Bold Preacher.—The boldness of Samuel Davis (a qualification so important, that even St. Paul requested the Christians to pray that it might be given them,) will be illustrated by a single anecdote. When President of the Princeton College, he visited England for the purpose of obtaining donations for the institution. The King, George II, had a curiosity to hear a preacher from "the wilds of America." He accordingly attended, and was so much struck with his commanding eloquence, that he expressed his astonishment loud enough to be heard half way over the house, in such terms as these: "He is a wonderful man!" "Why, he beats my bishops!" &c. Davis, observing that the king was attracting more attention than himself, paused, and looking in his majesty full in the face, gave him, in an emphatic tone, the following beautiful rebuke: "When the iron teetheth the beasts of the forest tremble, and when the Lord speaketh, let the kings of the earth keep silence!"—The king instantly shrunk back in his seat, like a school boy that had been rapped over the head by his master, and remained quiet during the remainder of the sermon. The next day the monarch sent for him, and gave him fifty guineas for the institution over which he presided, observed at the same time to his courtiers "He is an honest man." Not one of his sycophantic courtiers would have dared to give him such a reproof.

From the New Orleans Tropic.
THE LATE MIDSHPYAN CULP.

The melancholy fate of this young man has excited a very great degree of interest in this community, and we are sure that any thing relating to his untimely death will be read with avidity. The following article handed to us yesterday by Commodore Moore, was found upon this person after he received his death wound; and was written, as has since been ascertained, but a few minutes before he appeared on the field from whence he was borne, so soon to be a lifeless corpse. The few lines which we now lay before the public, were the last he ever wrote, and they may well be regarded as an emanation from the grave. They show what were the feelings of young Culp—they lay aside the veil which worldliness spreads before all our actions, and expose the workings of a young, gallant, and chivalrous spirit.

"Thoughts before Fighting a Duel.—Can any one set down an oobly and calmly think on death, without a thrill vibrating every nerve? To think that only a few, very few moments may elapse before his immortal soul will be winging its flight to worlds unknown, and knows not whether it will take its place amidst a bright throng of angels, or drag its weary way to the dark and fiery abyss prepared for such as I! My God! Such thoughts are enough to rack the soul and make the stoutest nerves quail!

To bring the haughty and the proud to their knees, and in humble penitence and supplication ask forgiveness of the God who made them! I am morally and religiously opposed to duelling! It does not prove that one is gentleman, or a brave man; neither does it give satisfaction for an insult; for, to receive an insult and bail, also, is very poor satisfaction to a man of feeling and of honor. Almost any man can raise physical courage enough to fight a duel; but few, alas! too few, are possessed of moral courage sufficient to stem the tide of public opinion, and walk erect through the myriads of hisses spit out by those who are too low in the scale of virtue and morality to respect it in any shape. I trust, and pray, that the public will not condemn the course I have pursued. There are situations, times and occasions, when men must act with boldness and firmness, to command respect from those with whom they are thrown. Into such a one am I thrown; and I sincerely trust that God will give me for the course that I have pursued
FIELDING R. CULP.

American Pins.—The New York Tribune says that among the novel products of American skill and industry exhibited at the Fair of the American Institute, are American Pins, made by the Howe Manufacturing Company, Birmingham Conn. They are all the usual sizes, but differ from the imported pin mainly in this, that they are solid headed—that is the pin and the head are one and indivisible. The pins are twice the stiffness of the English, and the point of exceeding fineness, owing to improvements in the method of manufacturing. They are of admirable quality and finish, and are afforded cheaper than pins have ever been before—(three hundred for five cents). The establishment now turns out over one million pins per day, and is prepared to supply promptly the whole Union.—
The duty on this article was raised from 20 to 30 per cent. by the New Tariff, and made specific, and the Company have since reduced the price of Pins in the market five cents per pack. So much for protection to Home Industry.

From the Chillothe Gazette.
AN ELEGANT QUOTATION.

One of the points touched by Mr. Galloway, in his speech before the great Chillothe meeting, was the tendency of localism to strip the people of their liberties, right after right, here a little and there a little, and concentrate all power in the hands of an irresponsible officer or leader. He instanced the audacious attempt of the accidental majority in our Legislature, to disfranchise two-thirds of the voters of this State, in the Congressional districts, as one of the developments of local operation. Many other cases were cited, calculated by the force and truth with which their enormities were depicted, to excite the generous indignations of his hearers. "Looking at these things," said Mr. G., "what shall we say? If such things are witnessed in the green tree, what may we expect in the dry? Well may we pause, and exclaim, with the poet—

Is this the land our fathers loved?
The freedom which they fought to win?
Is this the soil they trod upon?
Are these the graves they slumber in?
Are we the sons, by whom are borne
The manacles which the dead here worn?
And shall we crouch above their graves,
With craven soul and fettered lip—
Yoked in with marked and branded slaves,
And tremble at the master's whip?—
By their enraging souls which burst
Thy banes and fetters round thee set;
By the free pilgrim spirit, nursed
Within our inmost bosoms yet!—
By all above, around, below,
Be ours the indignant answer—NO!"

Late from Florida.—Another Murder by Indians.—Nothing seems equal to the lasting and submission of the ferocious Seminoles. (The treaty has little effect upon them, it seems for they have attacked another party near Newnadsville and killed one of the number, a Mrs. Crum, and after murdering her barbarously, they cut her head off. The particulars are thus given:—
The old lady had been spending some time with him, and left to visit Mr. Hen at Tunchaka. On the 12th of September, whilst she was returning from the latter place, accompanied by Mr. McDonald, and Mrs. Hen and daughter, they were fired upon by Indians. Mr. McDonald, who was driving the carriage which contained Mrs. Crum and the little girl, received a severe wound, but made his escape by concealing himself in a hammock. Mrs. Hen, who was riding on horseback, about 50 yards ahead of the carriage, succeeded in taking her daughter up on the horse and made her escape, whilst the Indians were murdering Mrs. Crum.

A Cincinnati.—A gentleman fond of rural pursuits was observed, some weeks since, in his grounds mowing grass, "with spectacles on his nose," and a sycamore holding an umbrella to shelter him from the sun.

Agricultural Anecdote.—A knowledge of the habits of animals is sometimes of great service even in the salvation of cities. James, in his recent history of the Black Prince, gives an amusing instance of this in the defence of Rennes, a town of Brittany, besieged by the Duke of Lancaster. In order to effect the surrender of the place, the Duke enforced a strict blockade, which soon reduced the garrison to great straits; but he knew they would hold out to the last extremity, and determined to try a trick of war. For this purpose, he drew off his soldiers as if he had left the place, and formed an ambuscade in some bushes behind the town. He then caused a number of hogs to be turned loose in the plain, in the hope that the starving garrison would rush out for the prize. But they understood his trick, and turned it to their own advantage. They opened one of the ally-ports, and hung up a young sow by the hind legs to the lintel. (She of course made a great outcry, and the hogs came rushing up to the place from whence the noise proceeded; she was then cut down and driven through one of the streets and forced to keep up her music. The soldiers ranged up from their ambuscade in order to try and prevent this unlooked-for termination of their experiment; but James says the hogs, with that intuitive perception of the way their masters do not wish them to go which has ever marked their nature, went rushing tumultuously into the town, and afforded the garrison every reasonable relief.—Louisville Journal.

WHAT I LIKE TO SEE.
I like to see a young man of fortune and of religious parents, drinking juleps, sweating and spending his time in worse than idleness. It shows his love for those fond, indulgent parents; and his respect for their examples in life, as well as his reverence for, and gratitude to, that great Being who sustain his life from day to day.

I like to see young men without fortune, running themselves and parents in debt, by attempting to ape the sons of wealth.—They are sure to be respected.

I like to see young gentlemen take their names from a Temperance Pledge: It shows their determination to be free—untrammeled—except when Capt. Whiskey wallows them in the gutter, or drags them into prison.

I like to see insolvent debtors sitting about the Court-house and corners of the streets in idleness: It shows they intend to pay their honest debts in the easiest way possible.

I like to see a good mechanic, with a fond wife and lovely children, dependent upon him for support, spending two or three hours every day in a "rogger's." It shows that he has no fears of becoming a drunkard, and thus bring his family to want; and consequently there is no danger.

I like to see reformers toppers returning to their old practice—like the "daw that was wash to her wallowing in the mire, and the dog to his vomit." It shows they are men resolution and firmness.

I like to see young ladies spinning street yarn and talking disparagingly of their neighbors. It shows her command of time and superiority over others. She would make a good wife.

I like to see them flirt and toss their heads, and suck their teeth by way of expressing their contempt for honest but unpretending young men: It shows their good breeding and their good sense.

I like to see men take a newspaper for years, without paying for it and then get wrathy when their account is presented. It shows their hatred for duns.

Longevity.—A most remarkable case of longevity, in cold, rigid New England, is that of John Gilday, of Augusta, Maine, who died a few days since, at the venerable age of 124. He married at the age of 80, a girl of 18 years old, by whom he had ten children, the youngest of whom, at his death, was more than 100 years younger than his father. He was of Irish origin, but a native born citizen of Maine. His hair was a pure silver white, a small lock of which was exhibited to us a day or two since, by a gentleman who had it from his physician. A short time before his death it turned black. His teeth were perfect and sound to within a short period of his death. So remarkable a man was he in his day, that he was a subject of curiosity to all who visited that section of country where he resided.

Toots for Boys.—Boys should have as good tools as men, and they should be adapted to their size. What would a man say if a rake should be put into his hands, four times the usual size? He would at once complain that it was too large and heavy, and say that he could not work with it; yet, how often are boys not one fourth as strong as men, furnished with full sized rakes, and it is expected that they will work with them.—Farmers Journal.

Mr. Walsh, in one of his letters, says truly, and justly, that no where is so much real deference paid to the female character, and so much refinement practised in the social relations between the sexes, as in the United States.

There is an editor in old Virginia by the name of Cake. His wife says he is a sweet Cake.—Cincinnati Microscope.

A dough-out, perhaps—Boston Bee.
More likely a slup jack—Boston Post.
More likely a soft Cake.—Barre Gazette.
And possibly, though we should be sorry to believe it, a sponge Cake.—Newrich Aurora.

You will make a jumble of him, if you go in that way.—New York Nut shell.
Hammer away, and make a pound Cake of him.—Piscayune.

If he has any sprunk he will make some of you, that is his ginger Cake before he has done with you.—Pet lot.
After all, he is only a Hoce cake.
[Lucy Long.

A True Test.—Nothing, says a late writer, sets so wide a mark between a vulgar and a noble soul as the reverential love of womanhood. A man who is always sneering at woman is generally an accursed prodigal or a bigot.

A Paris correspondent of the New York Union says that the Duc de Anualse has recently paid eighty thousand pounds [quite francs] for the famous vineyard of Chateau Margats, which formerly was the property of M. Agado.