

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.—Gen'l. Harrison.

NO. 17—VOLUME XI.
WHOLE NO. 537.

SALISBURY, NOVEMBER 19, 1842.

CLOCK AND WATCH



THE Subscriber respectfully informs his old Friends and the Public generally, that he has opened a shop in Salisbury in the above business, in a room directly opposite West's brick building, in the house of Dr. Burns formerly owned by Jno. I. Shaver and just below J. & W. Murphy.

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. 15—1842

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 Caldwell, Dusenberry & Co., and at present occupied by Breyard 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

Dr. Sherman's Medicated Lozenges

Are the best MEDICINES in the World.

BEING the cheapest and most pleasant.—The Medical Faculty warmly approve them. Dr. Sherman is a skillful and experienced Physician, and a member of the Medical Society of New York.

Sherman's Cough Lozenges.
Are the safest, surest, and most effectual remedy for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Tightness of the Lungs or Chest, &c.

SHERMAN'S WORM LOZENGES
Are the only infallible worm destroying medicine ever discovered. They have been used to over 1,400,000 cases and never known to fail.

SHERMAN'S CAMPHOR LOZENGES
Give immediate relief in nervous or sick Headache, palpitation of the Heart, Lowness of Spirits, Drowsiness, Fainting, Oppression, or a sense of Sinking in the Chest, Diarrhoea, Lassitude, or a sense of fatigue.

Sherman's Fever and Ague Lozenges
Are the most certain remedy for this distressing complaint, ever offered to the American public.—In the immense number of cases in which they have been used, they have never been known to fail.

Sherman's Restorative Lozenges.
Diarrhoea or looseness of the bowels, so common and troublesome during the summer months, may now be entirely prevented by a proper use of these Lozenges. They are prepared expressly for that purpose, and may be relied on with perfect confidence. Persons subject to a derangement of the bowels should never be without them. They afford immediate relief from all the attendant gripings, faintness, depression, &c.

Sherman's Cathartic Lozenges
Are as pleasant and easily taken as the common pepperminis; and are an active and efficient medicine. They cleanse the stomach and bowels, and are the best cathartic ever used for bilious persons. Where an active medicine is required, they are not only the best, but the safest that can be administered.

Sherman's Strengthening PLASTER.
The best of all plasters for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Pain or Weakness in the Back, Loins, Side or Breast.

The above medicine is for sale, wholesale or retail, at the Salisbury Medical Drug Store, by

C. B. WHEELER, Agent,
Salisbury, N. C.
Sept. 3, 1842—1y6

Dr. Moffat's Vegetable Life Medicines

POSSESS qualities of the most mild and beneficial nature. They are composed of articles the most anti-purulent, combined with ingredients known as the only certain antidotes for fevers of every description. When the disease is produced either from cold, obstruction, bad air, swampy and damp situations, or putrid miasmata, whether malignant or epidemic, or by other causes, these medicines are certain in their operations or effects. They are possessed of peculiar qualities, which not only expel all disease, but at the same time restore and invigorate the system. When first taken into the stomach, they immediately diffuse themselves like vapor through every pore, producing effects of once delightful, salutary, and permanent. When the spark of life begins to grow dim, the circulation languid, and the faculties paralyzed, these medicines are found to give a tone to the nerves, exhilarate the animal spirits, invigorate the body, and reanimate the whole man.

The Life Medicines have also been used with the most happy success in Nervous and Dyspeptic diseases, Consumption, Asthma, Liver Complaint, Rheumatism, [chronic and inflammatory] Dropsies, &c.

Call at CUMMIS & BOGER'S, Agents,
Salisbury, Oct. 23, 1842—1y13

NOTICE.—Application will be made to the next Legislature of North Carolina, for the passage of a Bill, emancipating a Negro Slave named Sam, formerly the property of Mary Hagen, deceased.

Wm. KING,
October 15, 1842—4w13pd

Poetry.

From the Portland Tribune.

A RANSOMED SOUL.

Mary, I've signed the pledge—
It is a holy day!

They came so pleasantly to me,
I could not answer nay

I signed—true as I live
My name is on the roll,

And though you doubt me, Mary dear,
I am a ransomed soul!

Mary, you weep for joy—
And well you may—for I,

Alas! have all your peace destroyed,
And made you long to die

No more shall I be thine—
Nor more shall I sin control;

True as I live, my Mary dear,
I am a ransomed soul!

Mary, our little ones
Shall never cry for bread;

Nor weep to see their father come,
And run away with dread.

For I have signed the pledge,
And thrown aside the bow!

No more to touch it, Mary dear,
I am a ransomed soul.

Mary, what shall I say,
For all your kindness past?

Through grief and sorrow multiplied,
You loved me to the last.

With anger and with threats,
When fever flushed my brow,

I spurned the love, my Mary dear,
But I am ransomed now!

Mary, you yet shall be
As happy and as blest.

As when you left your father's cot,
I took you to my breast:

For have I not to day
Renounced the poisoned bowl?

With strength from heaven, my Mary dear?
I am a ransomed soul!

Mary, I have not words
To tell you all I feel;

The joy—the peace—the thankfulness,
That through my spirits steal.

To God be all the praise—
Him let us now adore;

That from the lowest depths of vice
One soul is ransomed more.

From the Richmond Whig

ANECDOTE OF LAFAYETTE AND GEN. WAYNE.

Mr. Editor:—An anecdote of the Revolution has recently been related to me, which I think may prove interesting to your readers, both as connected with that era of our history, and as conferring honor upon a worthy son of the Old Dominion now no more. Its interest is enhanced by the beautiful illustration which it gives, in the case of General Lafayette, of that circumspect and often noticed and dwelt upon by metaphysical speculators—the regularly permanent impression which tripartite circumstances, occurring in youth, make upon the mind.

It was in the summer of 1781, when Cornwallis was invading Virginia, and in pursuit of the Marquis de Lafayette, (in which memorable retreat Lafayette was so eminently successful,) stemming to prevent him from communicating with General Anthony Wayne, of the Pennsylvania line, a republican military store at Albemarle Old Court House. The Marquis found his stores indispensable—and in order to obtain them he thought it extremely probable, he should have to hazard a battle. Such was the disparity of force that it would have been the height of rashness to do so without a reinforcement was expected in the forces under Gen. Wayne.

For the purpose of effecting the proposed junction, he determined to send despatches to Wayne, by closing his plan of operations, and ordering him to do all in his power to unite his detachment with the main body of the army. He selected as the bearer of these despatches, a young aid-de-camp, by name Richard Anderson, a native of Virginia. He gave Anderson the following additional instructions: to remain with Wayne's detachment, and to send a courier every hour informing him of Wayne's progress and locality.

Gen. Anderson immediately mounted his horse and rode to Wayne's camp. On his arrival he was conducted into the presence of "Mad Anthony," (as Gen. Wayne was called,) to whom he delivered his despatches. Having likewise communicated his instructions to the General, he demanded a courier, and asked Wayne what he should write. "Tell him I will come," was the laconic reply. With his answer the courier was despatched. The tents were immediately struck, and the army was soon on its march. After the lapse of an hour, another courier was demanded and obtained—"What shall I write, General?" asked Anderson. "Tell him I will come," was the second reply, and the courier was sent off. The third courier was brought forward at the commencement of the third hour. "What shall I say to the Marquis?" asked Anderson. "Tell him I will be d—d if I don't come!" was the enthusiastic response of "Mad Anthony," with which the courier was despatched.

Wayne effected a junction with the Marquis—and they marched round Cornwallis during the night, and obtained possession of the stores.

Lord Cornwallis without breaching a battle, commenced a retreat to the lower country, whither La Fayette followed him. The subsequent fate of Cornwallis is well known.

Years had flown, when La Fayette on his last visit to this country, met Colonel Richard Anderson on the wharf at Louisville, Ky., Col. Anderson, as his title indicated, had received promotion, and subsequent to the war had emigrated to Kentucky. He was one of the committee appointed by the citizens of Louisville to welcome his beloved Commander to their city.

La Fayette instantly recognized him. They exchanged greetings, not unaccompanied by tears on the part of both. Col. Anderson escorted him to a hack, which they entered. After riding a short distance, the Marquis looked at Col. Anderson, and said—"Tell him I will come."

After a few minutes he turned to him again and said, "Tell him I will come." Soon afterwards he said in a louder and more emphatic tone—"Tell him I will be d—d if I don't come."

This singular correspondence, no doubt associated with what he considered the brightest portion of his life, has retained a place in his memory, even through the toils and cares, the pains and sufferings of that period of his life which in later years he returned to France, and his subsequent visit to America. This period included those disastrous times of the French Revolution in which he took part; his confinement in the dungeon of Olmutz, and liberation through the instrumentality of Washington and Napoleon.

J. T. D.

THE FLEA-CATCHER'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

The following *jeu d'esprit*, we find in the N. Y. Tribune, extracted from the Knickerbocker. It is the richest we have seen lately.

It is Dr. Johnson, we believe, who says that little vexations are more trying to the temper and harder to be borne, than greater troubles. We heard the other evening a querulous-looking little manufacturer illustrate the truth of the remark, by a ludicrous narrative of small annoyances, that made an aggregate of large misery. "I went," said he, "into my barber's this morning, and with my temper soured with letters from the attorneys of five bankrupt creditors at the South-west; postage unpaid, of course—oh! yes, bankrupts don't pay postage in their dupes—oh no! I was vexed too at a painter, who had received half-pay in advance to paint me a new sign; but he made no go of it, and the boy a Sunday, and got drowned—just as like as not on my money; anyhow he died, and made no sign." I was in a dreadful hurry for I had to raise money to take up a note, and was short of one half. There was a young sprig in the barber's chair, who passed me and got in the shop about a yard before me, by acting, as if he wanted to speak to a man who was ahead of me—a contemptible trick! Well, Sir, there he sat, fessing of his chin after every round of the razor, and asking for more till his beard was close reaped into the middle of next week; reading the whole time the only paper that I ever do read, which he continued to do all the while the man was curling his hair and whiskers, evidently just to spite me. It was an hour before I got away from the barber's; and then the friend who would have loaned me fifty dollars in my straits, had taken the morning cars for Newark. After attending to some necessary business at the store, I sallied out for a "shinny" in Wall-street. Every body was "short," though each one could have done it yesterday, which struck me as rather curious. It was not far from three, and the day was of the nastiest August kind; hot as melted lead, muggy, and sticky. I had on a pair of new boots, which my shoemaker for the first time I really believe in twenty years had made too small. He vents! how they bit at the heels, blistered, as they were from slipping up, and down in them! My stock was continually twisting round, hind-side-fore. My shirt, too, seemed possessed. I couldn't keep it down behind. It kept crawling up, and finally rolled into an inaccessible lump, situated with perspiration, and red as the small of my back. This annoyed me almost as a flea, the first I had felt this summer, that was nipping me at his leisure, in a secure position which he had taken up between my shoulders. At this interesting juncture, I was seized by the button by perhaps the most perfect specimen of a bore that can be found in New York; not one of your big pod-sugar sort, but a fellow that twists a gimlet into you with his right hand, while he detains you by the buttons with his left, taking it out now and then, when he thinks it is going rather hard, to blow off the chips, and forthwith insert it in another place. He was telling me, in a loud voice, of a shabby trick that had lately been served him by a man that had just passed us, and what he thought that morning said to him: "Say I, Sir, you are a d—d liar and second-rate!" etc.; and I could see, as the passers by turned round to look at us, that they thought he was addressing this complimentary remark to me. I did not wonder, either, that they should think so, for my face must have been a good deal inflamed with impatient endurance. Well, when I could stand it no longer, I broke away, to drop in upon the only friend who I thought would help me out; and what do you think? He had just lent every dollar he had to the man whom my

button-holder had been serving up to me in parcels—his particular friend? As I came out of his office, the clock struck three. I went home more annoyed, more grieved, than I remember ever to have been before in my life. I was now wrought up to the highest pitch. I went straight to my bed room, and after a long search, I found the little black reasel that had covered my back and shoulders thick with oblong wells of blotches; and was gazing at the demoniacal revenge depicted in my countenance as I passed by the looking-glass, rolling my prisoner, as a sweet morsel, under my thumb and finger, when the door-bell rang, and the girl came to say that "a gentleman wanted to see me." I stepped below, with something of exultation in my manner, and in the hall found the Notary. He handed me a paper and walked out; and when he had gone I said to him, "You and your bank may go to the d—d! I'd rather have the pleasure of torturing this little torment to death, than to have the stamped note in my pocket!" After manipulating my victim with due economy of enjoyment, I thought I'd see how he bore it. Now would you believe it?—It was n't the flea, d—n him, after all! It was only a little piece of black lint that had worn off from the lower side of my stock. This was the bitterest disappointment of that unlucky day.

THE JOYS OF HOME.

O, what so refreshing, what so soothing, as the placid joys of home!

See the traveller. Does duty call him for a season to leave his beloved circle, the image of his earthly happiness continues vivid in his remembrance. It quickens him to diligence; it cheers him under difficulties; it makes him hail the hour which sees his purpose accomplished, and his face irradiated with joy. It communes with him as he journeys; and he hears the promise causes him to hope. "Thou shalt know also that thy tabernacle shall be in peace; and thou shalt visit thy habitation and not sin." O, the joyful re-union of a divided family—the pleasures of renewed interview, and conversation after days of absence.

Behold the man of science. He drops the labor and painfulness of research, closes his volume, smooths his wrinkled brow, leaves his study, and unbending himself stoops to the capacities, yields to the wishes and mingles with the diversions of his children.

"He will not blush that has a father's heart, To take in childish play a childish part; But bend his study back to any toy That youth takes pleasure in to please his boy."

Take the man of trade. What reconciles him to the toil of business? What enables him to endure the fastidiousness and impatience of customers? What rewards him for so many hours of tedious confinement? By and by the season of intercourse will arrive; he will be embosomed in the caresses of his family, he will behold the desire of his eyes, and the children of his love, for whom he resigns his ease; and in their welfare and smiles he will find his recompense.

Yonder comes the laborer. He has borne the burden and the heat of the day; the descending sun has released him from his toil, and he is hastening home to enjoy repose. Half way down the lane, by the side of which stands his cottage, his children run to meet him; and when arrived at his humble dwelling, is received with an affectionate greeting by his tender companion. The hissing hearth glows with betokening indication of the felicity that reigns in the household. Though the traveller may visit the climes of an unexplored region, though he revel in the halls of sport, and be caressed by the world of pride and fashion, he feels not in all these apparent enjoyments, the intoning sweets that spring up in the possession of a home.

"If life were all sunshine who would not become tired of its brightness? Were it not for the dark clouds and falling rain, the beautiful bow of promise, drawn by the finger of God across the heavens, never would be seen. The trials and shadows of life only tend to make it more pleasant, and to give it interest and joyousness to its ever varying course. Hope on, hope on, should be the motto of every son and daughter of Adam. No one should ever despair. Although they may for a time be enveloped in darkness, and their pathway be rough and tiresome, they should remember that

"The darkest sky may wear A sunny face to-morrow."

and that the most gloomy road often opens into flower-crowned and smiling fields, where the song of birds, the hum of bees, and the eloquent waters, bring gladness to the soul, and fill the mind with pleasing and tranquil meditations. Life has its troubles and sorrows; it also has its joys and its happy hours. And what though the waters of its great ocean may at times be tempest-tossed by the mad winds, are they not lulled to rest, and do they not reflect the beautiful heavens and the "everlasting hills?" Let the traveler keep his eye fixed on the ever beaming star of hope; and although it may be for a moment obscured, he is conscious that it is still shining, and the consciousness should cheer him along his path way, whether it be rough or smooth. Look aloft, hope forever."—Cleveland Herald.

PECULIAR SECT OF INDIANS.

At the Asiatic society the secretary read an account of two novel tribes of Indians inhabiting the jungles in the quarter of Bombay. Dr. Wilson had gone among them and made some inquiries of them. They are about 10,000 in number. The following are a few of their most characteristic replies:

"What are the names of your wives?"

"We never mention the name of our wives. This difficulty was overcome by each man naming his neighbor's wife."

"How much do you pay for a wife?"

"Nine rupees and a half."

"Why don't you give ten?"

"It is not our custom."

"Do you keep more wives than one?"

"No, we can scarcely feed one; why should we think of more?"

"When your wives disobey your commands how do you treat them?"

"We give them chastisement, less or more.—How could we manage them without striking them?"

"But don't they get angry when you beat them?"

"They get angry, of course."

"Do you ever whip your children?"

"What! strike your offspring? We never strike them."

"Do you give them any instruction?"

"Yes, we say to them, Don't be idle; work in the fields—cut sticks—collect cow dung—sweep the house—bring water—tie up the cows?"

"Do you teach them to read or write?"

"No! We can't read or write."

"What God do you worship?"

"We worship Waghish (the lord of the tigers)."

"How do you worship him?"

"We give him chickens and goats, break coconuts on his head and pour oil on him."

"Do you ever send Waggish?"

"To be sure we do. Waggish, you follow, we have given you a chicken, a goat, and yet you strike us! What more do you want?"

After much catechizing, the reverend doctor preached to these simple men at length and found willing and attentive auditors. They admitted their own errors and wickedness, stated their willingness to receive instruction and showed a subsequent examination, that they had not forgotten what had been told them. Their boundary is roughly stated as a line running east from Daman to Jawar, and then southeast to Dand creek.

MILKING OF COWS.

The owners of cows should pay particular attention to milking. Children must not be trusted with this business, and there are many grown people who never milk well, though they have been brought up to the business.

If you would obtain all the milk from the cow, you must treat her with the utmost gentleness; she must not stand trembling under your blows nor under your threats. She may at times need a little chastisement, but at such times you need not expect all her milk.

Soon after the bag has been brushed by your hand and the ends of the teats have been moistened a little with milk, it flows in rapidly and all the veins or ducts near the teats are completely filled. Then it must be drawn out immediately or you will not get the whole. You must not sit and talk—you must not delay one moment if you would have all the cow in that ready to yield.

The udder should be moved in every direction at the close of milking, and the hands may beat it a little in imitation of the beating which the calf gives it when he is sucking. An expert milker will make the cow give one quarter more in butter, than a majority of grown milkers will.

One season at Farmingham, we kept four cows in the home lot; there was but little difference in the quantity of milk given by each. We had a very steady herd made of 40 years of age; he had carried on a farm in New Hampshire, and had always been used to milking; but he was so slow, the cows had no patience with him.

We milked two of the cows and he the other two, and we were but little more than half as long as he in milking, though we got the largest mess by about one quart. On our remonstrance he did not draw out all the milk, he said his cows would not yield so much as those milked by us. We then made an exchange; he milked our two and we milked his. In three weeks time the case was reversed: our mess exceeded his nearly one quart. He never failed to strip his cows to the last drop; but his intolerable moderation prevented his obtaining what an active milker would have done.

Young learners may practice on cows that are to be soon dried off. They should be taught at first how to take hold of the teats and they will remember it; but how common it is to let each child choose his own mode of milking! Learners should know that the hand should be kept very near the extremity of the teat, if they would milk with ease. The left arm should always press gently against the leg of the cow; for if she is inclined to kick she cannot, with any force, she cannot strike an object that leans against her; but if she raises up her foot, as she often will when her teats are sore, the milk-er will be ready to ward off and keep it from the part much better than when he sits far off from the cow.

If heifers are made tame and gentle by frequent banding when they are young, they are not apt to kick the milker; their udders should be rubbed gently before milking; it is quite as grateful to them as crating. But if they are suffered to run wild till after they have calved they cannot be expected to be gentle when you first attempt to milk them. They often acquire bad habits and are much broken of them through life.—Miss Ploughman.

"Father, isn't that man in what is called the spring time of life?"

"Why, Fred?"

"Because he looks confounded green."

As the sun breaking forth in winter, so is joy in the season of affliction. As a shower in the midst of summer, so are the salutary drops of sorrow mingled in our cup of pleasure.

NEW TERMS.

The "Watchman" may hereafter be had for two dollars in advance, and ten 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 notice discontinued (but at the option of the "Watchman") 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 Editor must be post-paid to ensure attention.

LOOK AT THIS!!

NEW

Spring & Summer GOODS.

THE SUBSCRIBERS

HAVING removed to Concord, are now receiving 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, Carriage Trimmings, Crockery, Plums, Dye-stuffs, Medicines.

GROCERIES,

and a variety of other articles; in short it comprises a general assortment, which will be sold very low for cash, or to punctual dealers on time. We invite our customers and the public in general to call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere, as we think we can give such bargains as will be great inducement to purchasers.

Country produce taken in exchange for goods.

J & R WINECOFF.

Concord, May 14, 1842—152

Ladies' Fashions

FOR THE

Spring and Summer of

1842.

THE Subscriber informs the public, that she has just received through the Northern Cities 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 put up and forwarded.

S. D. PENDLETON.

A few Bonnets, Caps, Turbans, and other articles, will be kept on hand for sale.

"Mrs. S. P." is also prepared to execute Crocheting and Plating on reasonable terms.

Salisbury, April 23, 1842.

No Joke!

THE Subscriber offers for sale his valuable Plantation. It lies on both sides of the stage road leading from Salisbury to Charlotte, six miles from Salisbury. It contains

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—119

PRICES CURRENT AT

SALISBURY, Nov. 19

Cents. Cents.

Bacon, 5 a 4 Cotton Yarn, 90

Brandy, ap. a 40 Molasses, 35 a 18

peach, a 50 Nails, 6 a 7

Butter, 12 a 12 Oats, 15 a 20

Cotton in seed none Pork, none

clean, 6 a 7 Sugar, br. 8 a 10