

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. Hammon. { NO. 52—VOLUME XI. , WHOLE NO. 72.

SALISBURY, JULY 22, 1843.

CLOCK AND WATCH REPAIRING.



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. L. Shaver and just below J. & W. Murphy.

AARON WOOLWORTH. Nov. 18—46

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, easiest, and most effectual remedy for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Tightness of the Lungs of Chest, &c.

SHERMAN'S WORM LOZENGES

Are the only infallible worm destroying medicine ever discovered. They have been used in 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, Loss of Spirit, Dequency, 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 can be relied on with perfect confidence.

Sherman's Cathartic Lozenges

Are as pleasant and easily taken as the common purgatives; and are an active and efficient medicine. They cleanse the stomach and bowels, and are the best cathartic ever used for bilious persons.

Sherman's Strengthening PLASTER.

The best of all plasters for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Pain or Weakness in the Back, Loins, Side, or Breast.

Dr. Moffatt's Vegetable Life Medicines

POSSESS qualities of the most mild and beneficial nature. They are composed of articles the most anti-putrescent, combined with ingredients known as the only certain antidote for fevers of every description.

DAVID L. POOL.

INFORMS his friends, and the public, that he is still carrying on the Watch and Clock making, and Repairing business, at his old stand, near the Courthouse.

WORMS! WORMS!!

Startling Facts.

hundreds of children and adults are lost yearly with worms, when some other cause has been supposed to be the true one.

It is admitted by all doctors that scarce a man, woman or child exists but what are sooner or later troubled with worms, and in hundreds of cases, and to relate, a supposed fever, scurvy, cold, or some other ailment, carries off the flowers of the human family—while in truth they die of Worms!

Mr J.C. Ringold had a child very sick for near two weeks, and attended by a physician, without relief, when Kolmstock's Vermifuge was given, and next day more than forty worms were passed, when the child recovered rapidly.

A child of a widow woman, living near the Manhattan Water Works, had dwined for a month, till near a skeleton, with great dryness of the mouth, and itching of the nose.

Several children in a highly respectable family in Broadway had worms to a frightful extent, and were cured rapidly with this Vermifuge.

A family in New Jersey saved several children by the use of it. One, a girl of eight years of age, had become exceedingly emaciated before the Vermifuge was given.

A Physician of standing, had doctored a family of children some weeks, without being able to restore but one out of the seven to health.

Numerous cases of other complaints were supposed to exist, and the persons treated for fever, &c., but finally a trial of this Vermifuge discovered the true cause of the sickness, by bringing away almost an innumerable quantity of worms, large and small, and the persons recovered with great despatch.

Agents—C. B. Wheeler, Salisbury; J. & R. Sloan, Greensboro'; D. Heatt, Hillsboro'; J. P. Mabry, Lexington; Dr. Smith, Raleigh.

State of North Carolina.

DAVIE COUNTY.

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions—May Term, 1843.

Hiram Phelps Administrator of Nathaniel Markland deceased,

John Markland, Paulus Markland, Mathew Markland, Marian Markland, George Markland, Louisa Markland, Henry Monroe and wife Fanny, William Beeding and wife Nancy, Charles Green and wife Martha, Thomas Markland and the Heirs at law of Nathaniel Markland, Jr., Parrot Markland and Nelson Markland.

Petition for sale of Lands to pay off outstanding debts.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the Defendants, Henry Monroe and wife Fanny, William Beeding and wife Nancy, Charles Green and wife Martha, Thomas Markland and the Heirs at Law of Nathaniel Markland, Jr., Parrot Markland and Nelson Markland, reside beyond the limits of this State: It is therefore ordered by the Court, that publication be made in the Carolina Watchman for six weeks, notifying the defendants, to be and appear before our next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for the County of Davie at the Court House in Mocksville on the 4th Monday in August next, then and there to plead, answer or demur to said Petition; otherwise the allegations set forth therein will be taken pro confesso, and the petition heard ex parte as to them.

JOHN CLEMENT, Clerk of our said Court at Office, the 4th Monday in May 1843, and in the 67th year of American Independence.

CABINET MAKING!

The Subscriber respectfully returns his thanks for past favors, and informs his old friends and the public that he still continues to carry on the above business in all its various branches, and at the old stand on main street, two doors below J. & W. Murphy's store and opposite the Watchman Printing Office, where he may always be found.

N. B. All kinds of Lumber and Country Produce taken in exchange for work.

K. ELLIOTT. April 29, 1843—1v40
Job Printing neatly done here.

Mr. Editor:—I send you a few Stanzas of our young Bard's effusions, written in his fourteenth year. You will please insert them in your next paper, and oblige yours, &c.

TRUE AFFECTION.

Fair beauty! may from frowns reprove The partial fondness of her brow, Nothing can chill the bliss of love, Tho' 'd by soft zephyrs as they blow; The pondering mind will distant rove, Apprized that nothing draws like love.

Say, what exceeds affection's tide, Which most remains to ebb and flow, Mid swelling waves on every side, My heart is reeling to and fro, Oh! what in nature can remove, The sting, the pining, the love of love.

Say, what thou wilt, I must be thine— That distant magnet of my soul; Forbid the rose of love to pine, Which glows or fades at thy control. Not all the lovely bells of Jove, Excell'd thee on the stream of love.

I'll hem around thee till the last, And pour my wishes in thy ear; Till beauty sinks in ages' blast— And life becomes no longer dear. And then the hymeneal dove Shall ooze upon the bough of love.

And though the sun of life may set, It sinks not in oblivion's gloom, For love too vital to forget, Prevails to blossom on the tomb. When fleet from time thou shalt remove, Throw back a smile on tracing love.

Whatever storms in life may rise, Affection's torch still burns the same, It may grow dull, but never dies— And death can only quench the flame. Witness the strain ye heavens above! That nothing sways the rod of love!

Ob! Princess when expression dies, And speechless love can tell no more, She listens to the dirge of sighs, And thinks of woe's sad tale before. When breaks thro' some funeral grove— Flow from the languid soul of love.

A NEW NEGRO NATION

From an extract published in the Albany Argus, and derived from the Narrative of Mr. Wilson, a missionary in Africa, we learn that he has discovered a nation of Ethiopians, never before seen or described by any white man.

The mission is at the mouth of the river, but having a fine opportunity, Mr. Wilson accompanied Toko, a distinguished negro merchant, up the Gaboon and its tributary the Big Orombo, to Kobangal's town, fifty miles from the ocean.

"While there, he met with a new nation of Africans, some of whom were said to come five days journey and others ten to twelve days journey from the interior"—that is, from 200 to 400 miles from the sea coast.

The existence and use of iron of their own manufacture, seems very remarkable, and philosophers would say, indicates an advanced state of civilization, for it is known that a barbarous or savage people never have iron of their own manufacture until it has been first introduced by the whites.

We are furnished by the Argus with the following passage from the journal of Mr. Wilson: "During our short sojourn in this place, we met with a number of men entirely different in their features and general appearance from those in this part of the country.

Those of them whom we saw, both men and women, were vastly superior in their personal appearance to the maritime tribes; and if they may be regarded as a fair specimen of their people, I should have no hesitation in pronouncing them the finest Africans whom I have ever met with.

The men are of medium stature, remarkably well formed, healthy in their appearance, and manly in their deportment. They had knives, spears, travelling bags, and other articles of curious and ingenious workmanship, specimens of which were procured for a very small quantity of small beads.

They represent their country as mountainous and healthful, and affirm that cutaneous and other diseases common to the maritime re-

FRUITS OF TREASON.

The following extract of a Letter addressed to Miss SCHUYLER by ALEXANDER HAMILTON on the 25th September, 1780, and recently published, shows in part what ruin, in addition to the loss of his own fame, the Treason of ARNOLD scattered around him, viz.

"ARNOLD, hearing of the plot being detected, immediately fled to the enemy. I went in pursuit of him, but was much too late; and could hardly regret the disappointment when, on my return, I saw an amiable woman, frantic with distress for the loss of a husband she tenderly loved; a traitor to his country and to his fame; a disgrace to his connections; it was the most affecting scene I ever saw witnessed to me.

She, for a considerable time, entirely lost herself. The General (WASHINGTON) went up to see her, and she apprised him with being in a plot to murder her child. One moment she raved, another she melted into tears. Sometimes she pressed her infant to her bosom, and lamented its fate, occasioned by the imprudence of its father, in a manner that would have pierced insensibility itself.

All the loveliness of innocence, all the tenderness of a wife, and all the fondness of a mother, showed themselves in her appearance and conduct. We have every reason to believe that she was entirely unacquainted with the plot, & that the first knowledge of it was when Arnold went to tell her he must banish himself from his country and from her forever.

This morning she is more composed. I paid her a visit, and endeavored to soothe her by every method in my power; though you may imagine she is not easily to be consoled. Added to her other distresses, she is very apprehensive the resentment of her country will fall upon her (who is only unfortunate) for the guilt of her husband. I have tried to persuade her that her fears are unfounded: but she will not be convinced.

She received us in bed, with every circumstance that would interest our sympathy; and her sufferings were so eloquent that I wished myself her brother, to have a right to become her defender."

THE CONTRADICTIONARY COUPLE.

"I do believe," he says, taking his spoon out of his glass, and tossing it on the table, "that of all the obstinate, positive, wrong headed creatures that were ever born; you are the most so, Charlotte."

"Certainly, certainly; you have your own way, pray. You see how much I contradict you," rejoined the lady.

"Of course you did; it contradicted me at dinner time, oh no, no you!" says the lady.

"Yes, I did!" says the gentleman.

"Oh, you did!" cried the gentleman, "you admit that?"

"If you call that contradiction, I do," the lady answers, "and I say again, Edward, that when I know you are wrong, I will contradict you; I am not your slave!"

"Not my slave!" repeats the gentleman, bitterly; and you still mean to say that in Black-bott's new house there are more than fourteen doors, including the wine cellar?"

"I mean to say, retorts the lady, besting time with her hair brush on the palm of her hand, "that in that house there are just fourteen doors, and no more."

"Well then," says the gentleman, rising in despair, and pacing the room with rapid strides, "this is enough to destroy a man's intellect, and drive him mad!"

THE DEFORMED GIRL.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Memory—mysterious memory!—holy and blessed as a dream— Heaven to the pure in spirit—haunter and scourger of the guilty!—Unconquerable presence! Lingering through every vicissitude, and calling us back to the past—back to the dim spectral images of departed time—opening anew the deep fountains of early passion—the thrilling aspirations of after years! While the present is dark with anguish, and the future gladdened by no sun-bow of anticipation, I invoke thy spell of power. Unroll before me the chart of vanished hours; let us gaze once more on their sunlight and shadow.

I am an old man. The friends of my youth are gone from me. Some have perished on the great deep, others on the battle-field, star off in the land of strangers; and many—very many, have been gathered quietly in the old church-yard of our native village. They have left me alone—even as the last survivor of a fallen forest—the hoary representative of departed generations.

The chains, which once bound me to existence, have been broken—Ambition, Avarice, Pride; even all that wakes into power the insatiable thirst of mind. But there are some milder thoughts—some brightest passages in the domain of my being, yet living at the fountain of memory—thoughts, pure and angelic communion, linked by a thousand tender associations to the Paradise of Love.

There was one—a creature of exalted intellect—a being whose thoughts went upwards like the incense of flowers upon God's natural altar—they were so high and so unlike to earth. Yet she was not proud of her high gift. With the brightest capacities of an embodied spirit, there was something more than woman's weakness in her demeanor. It was the consciousness of a seraph intellect—the forgiveness and the tears of conscious purity extended to the erring and passionate of earth.

She was not a being to love with an earthly affection. Her person had no harmony with her mind. It bore no resemblance to those beautiful forms which glie before the eyes of romance in the shadow world of dreams. It was not like the bright radiance of being—the wealth of beauty, which is sometimes concentrated in the matchless form of woman. It was deformed—a strange peculiar deformity, relieved only by the intellectual glory of a dark, soul-like eye.

Deep, strange as it may seem, I loved her, deeply, passionately, as the young heart can love when it pours itself out like an oblation to itself. There were gentle and lovely ones around me—creatures of smiles and blushes, soft tones and melting glances, but their beauty made no lasting impression on my heart. Mine was an intellectual love—a yearning after something invisible and holy—something above the ordinary standard of human desire, not part and sanctified as it were, by the mysteries of mind.

Mine was not a love to be revealed in the thronged circle of gaiety and fashion—it was avowed underneath the bending heavens; when the perfect stars were alone gazing upon us. It was rejected, but not in scorn, in pride, nor in anger, by that high-thoughted girl! She would ask my friendship—my sympathy; but she thought me—, with tears she besought me, to speak no more of Love. I obeyed her. I fled from her presence. I mingled one more in the busy tide of being, and ambition entered into my soul. Wealth came upon me unexpectedly; and the noise of praise became a familiar sound. I returned at last with the impress of manhood on my brow, and sought again the being of my dreams.

She was dying. Consumption—pale, ghastly consumption had taken away her hold on existence; The deformed and unfitting tenement was yielding to be impulsive of the soul. Clinging her wasted hand, I bent over her in speechless agony. She raised her eyes to mine, and in those beautiful emblems of her soul, I read the hoarse affection of years—the long unshared emotion of a smothered heart. "Henry," she said, and I bent lower to catch the faltering tones of her sweet voice—"I have loved you long and fervently. I feel that I am dying. I rejoice at it. Earth will cover this wasted and uncremated form, but the soul will return to that promised and better land, where no change or circumstance can mar the communion of Spirit. Oh, had it been permitted!—but I will not murmur. You were created with more than manhood's beauty, and I deformed—wretched as I am, have dared to love you!

I knelt down and kissed the pale brow of the sufferer. A smile of more than earthly tenderness stole over her features, and fixed there, like an omen of the spirit's happiness. She was dead. And they buried her on the spot which she had herself selected—a delightful place of slumber, curtained by green young willows. I have stood there a thousand times in the quiet moonlight, and fancied that I heard in every breeze that whispered among the branches, the voice of the beloved slumberer.

Devoted girl! thy beautiful spirit hath never abandoned me in my weary pilgrimage. Gently and soothingly thou comest to watch over my sleeping pillow—to cheer me amidst the trials of humanity—to mingle thy heavenly sympathies with my joys and sorrows, and to make thy mild reproving known and felt in the darker moments of existence; in the tempest of passion, in the bitterness of crime. Even now, in the awful calm which precedes the last change in my being, in the cold shadow which now stretches from the grave to the presence of the living, I feel that thou art near me—

"Thyself a pure and sainted one. Watching the loved and frail of earth."

There is a man in New Orleans whose name is so short that it must be pronounced, "for it cover extends beyond the lip"—there is another whose name is so long that it takes two men and a "boy" to call him.