

TERMS OF THE WATCHMAN.

Two dollars in advance and two dollars and fifty cents at the end of the year. No subscription received for a less time than one year, unless paid for in advance.

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

BRUNER & JAMES, Editors & Proprietors.

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NEW SERIES, NUMBER 20, OF VOLUME I.

SALISBURY, N. C., NOVEMBER 16, 1844.

The Traveller—an Adventure.

FROM "SCENES IN THE PACIFIC," BY JACOBS.

The next day we caught a distant glimpse of Moa. At eight P. M. the sky clouded over, and became as black as the cook's funeral.

The second day after this, in the afternoon, we were sailing to the eastward, close along the coast of Papan, which is here formed of beautiful elevated lands, covered with the verdure of perpetual summer, and watered by purling streams of clear cool water.

A great many of the natives came off in handsome canoes, with one outrigger, for the purpose of trafficking with us.

Each canoe contained a goodly supply of powerful bows, arrows, spears, and war clubs, all of which combined with the physical appearance of these natives, designated them as a race of fearless warriors.

The wind now freshened up and our head-way increased, so that the canoes sheered about, endangering their outriggers, and were obliged to let go the tow-lines and drop astern.

The east point of the bay was a denuded red clay and rocky bluff, from which put off a small boat. With the usual daring of our captain, we boldly entered the bay, with all sail set.

Our captain stood upon the taff-rail, eyeing the accumulating dangers; and thinking that, when we anchored, and the crew were aloft furling sails, the host of savages might be tempted to pick the sailors off the yards like so many black-birds, he determined to have a clear course while coming to, and so, to frighten the natives away for a brief period, he gave orders to fire a blank cartridge from the six-pounder.

It was my "trick," at the helm, and I was astonished to see the captain fall down beside me, while his telescope struck my leg violently, and something whizzed overhead. The savage warrior in the canoe astern let go of the tow-line the instant he heard the report of the cannon, and seizing his bow and arrow let fly at the captain, who fortunately dodged a barbed arrow, which was aimed at his heart.

The canoes now put off in great numbers; and the natives were so well armed and seemed so hostile, that we deemed it safest to retrace our course and stand out to sea.

The wind fell away, but we crept slowly towards the mouth of the bay, and again approached the war canoe commanded by the savage brave.

He now shewed signs of friendship by holding up two coconuts; but the instant he came within shot of the captain, who

stood upon the quarter he dropped the nuts and seized his arrow and bow, and, with a frightful scowl of defiance, was about to twang it, when the captain levelled his rifle and shot him down.

An immense fleet of war canoes, manned by hundreds of brawny warriors, now came pouring out of the river, and started in full pursuit of our devoted craft, like a mighty billow, while from every direction advanced smaller fleets; all concentrating ahead and off the beams, to act in concert with the king's flotilla.

The wind was quite light and it was impossible for us to escape. The captain very justly remarked, that "a retreating enemy emboldens the pursuers." We accordingly turned about, and steered for the bay.

The king's flotilla bore down upon us, the warriors chanting the war-song in tremendous chorus which was taken up and rolled over the bay, by thousands of voices, accompanied by the sound of the tum-tums, war conchs, and the soul-stirring quick chorus of the flat side of the paddle-blades struck violently against the sides of the canoe.

I had heard of the Indian-whoop, but never before had realized its terrifying influence. As we were silent, and returned no answering yell, these savages took us to be so feeble and few in numbers that they could do as they pleased with us.

The crisis had now arrived; the king's flotilla closed in upon us; and, with a terrible yell, the warriors launched a volley of arrows at our vessel that bristled in the bow and rigging. They seemed to think themselves and their arrows quite invincible, and expected to see us, like the whale when harpooned, go into our "flurry."

"Yaw her off handsomely!" said the captain to me; "keep the broadside parallel to the fleet! Give them a ball from the six-pounder to splash the other side!" "Boom!" This "war-yell" checked for a moment the impetuosity of the warriors; but upon looking around and seeing that no injury had been done, they took it for granted that it had only been a spout, or groan, or death-throe of the "sea monster" with whom they expected soon to have fine sport.

"Rake the fleet with a broad side!" roared the captain. We gave a salute accordingly. For a brief space the vessel was shrouded in smoke, and remained in doubt as to the amount of damage we had done. The war-yell had ceased, and now, and as the smoke dispersed, we saw a scene of fearful devastation. Many of the canoes were shattered into pieces, which floated about upon the water clasped by human arms, while some were riddled, and fast sinking.

All the natives not disabled had leaped overboard, and their heads were bobbing up and down on the lee of their respective canoes. This is a feat always performed by the warriors when worsted, even when engaged in combat with men like themselves. By the manoeuvre they are shield-

ed from a direct arrow, and can occasionally pick off an adversary the same as American Indians in "tree fighting or skulking?" On the canoes and fragments lay the dead and dying, groaning in agony and supplicating for mercy.

The clear blue water of this beautiful bay was dyed with the blood of many a warrior, and as the groans and gurglings of the mortally wounded rose upon the ear and we looked around the spectacle, it was appalling and heart-sickening!

The firing had ceased, and the warriors were effectually dispersed. The captain mounted the trunk and harangued the natives. He waved his outspread hands over them, as a father over his children, and told them he had come here as their friend; they had come to massacre him, and had met their doom from the all-powerful ubiquitous "White King," who communed with the "Spirit of the Sun," to which luminary he pointed.

A breeze sprang up, and we set all sail; it was night, and we were once more upon the ocean.

A GHOST STORY.

A few days since our door-keeper (a new servant) complained that he not only could not sleep, but that he never slept since his arrival more than a few minutes at a time, and that he never could sleep consistently with his duty unless the 'freet should be destroyed. He added, that he came up every night into the upper gallery leading to our sleeping rooms, and there he found the figure I have mentioned, walking round and round the gallery; and concluded with an anxious request that my brother would consent to his firing at the phantom, saying, that devils have always been destroyed by the discharge of fire-arms.

The doorkeeper was waiting to ascertain whether the spectre were a saint or a devil, and had, therefore, resolved to question him on the ensuing night before he fired. The night came, and it was one of unusual darkness. We had really forgotten our man's intention, although we were talking over the subject of the disturbances until nearly midnight, and speculating upon the cause, in the room where my children were happily sleeping, when we were startled by a tremendous discharge which was succeeded by the deep coarse voice of the doorkeeper, exclaiming, "There he lies, the accursed!" and a sound as of creature struggling and gasping for breath.

"I will describe the event, however, in his own words, 'The 'freet passed me, in the gallery, and repassed me, when I thus addressed it: 'Shall we quit this house, or will you do so?'—'You shall quit it,' he answered; and passing me again, he threw dust into my right eye.—'This proved he was a devil,' continued the man, 'and I wrapped my cloak around me, and watched the spectre as it receded. It stopped in that corner and I observed attentively its appearance. It was tall and perfectly white. I stopped, and before it moved again, discharged my pistol, which I had before concealed, and the accursed was struck down before me, and here are the remains.' So saying, he picked up a small burnt mass, which my brother showed us afterwards, resembling more the sole of a shoe than anything else, but perforated by fire in several places, and literally burnt to a cinder. This, the man asserted (agreeably to a popular opinion) was always the relic when a devil was destroyed, and it lay on the ground under a part of the wall where the bullets had entered. The noise which suc-

ceeded the report, and which filled me with horror, is, and must ever remain a mystery. On the following morning we closely examined the spot, and found nothing that could throw light on the subject. The burnt remains do not help us to a conclusion.—One thing, however, I cannot but believe, that some one who had personated the evil one suffered some injury, and that the darkness favored his escape. It is truly very ridiculous in these people to believe that the remains of a devil resemble the sole of an old shoe.—Miss Lane's English woman in Egypt.

A MANIAC STORY.

A butcher, who had been confined some time in the mad house called the Moriston, conceived an excessive hatred for a Delgee, (a Turkish trooper) one of his fellow prisoners. He received his provision of food from his family, and he induced his wife one day on the occasion of her taking his dinner, to conceal in her basket of food the instruments he had used in his trade, viz: a cleaver, a knife and a pair of hooks. I must observe, that those lunatics who do not appear dangerous have tighter chains than others, and the chains of the person in question were of this description. When he had taken his meal, he proceeded to liberate himself; and as the cells communicated at the back, he soon reached that of his nearest neighbor, who delighted to see him free, exclaimed, 'How is this? Who cut your chains?' 'I did,' replied the first, 'and here are my implements.' 'Excellent!' rejoined the other; 'cut mine too.'—'Certainly,' said he, and he proceeded to liberate not only one, but two, three and four of his fellow prisoners. Now follows the tragical part of the story. No keepers were present—the man who possessed the clever attacked the poor Delgee chained and unarmed as he was, slaughtered him, and after dividing his body, hung it on the hooks within the window of the cell, and believed him to be what he was a butcher. In a few minutes the liberated lunatics became uproarious, and one of them growing alarmed forced open the door by which the keepers usually entered, found one of them, and gave the alarm.—The keeper instantly proceeded to the cell, and seeing the body of the murdered man, exclaimed—'What have you succeeded in killing that Delgee? he was the plague of my life,' 'I have,' answered the delinquent, 'and here he hangs for sale. 'Most excellent,' replied the keeper, 'but do not let him hang here, it will disgrace us, let us bury him.' 'Where,' asked the maniac, still holding the cleaver in his hand 'Here is the cell,' replied the other, 'and the fact can never be discovered.' In an instant he threw down his cleaver, and began to dig busily with his hands. In the meantime the keeper entered by the back of the cell, and throwing a collar over his neck, instantly chained him and so finished this tragedy.—The Englishwoman in Egypt.

VALUE OF NEWSPAPERS.

A thousand times we have heard this question and answer. Two gentlemen meet—'What's the news?' asks one. 'Nothing but what you see in the papers.'—'They pass on about their business. Has it ever been noticed that, among the thousand benefits of a newspaper; not the least is that it does away at once with tittle-tattle, gossip, street yarn, foolish exaggerations, &c., which once took up so much of the time of those who were hearing or telling of some new thing. One real evil of social life is thus ended. The man rises in the morning, looks over the paper, and is satisfied that he knows all worth knowing of the passing history of the world. He has nothing to tell and nothing to hear farther. He is not annoyed in the midst of his business or pleasures by the recital of affairs in which he takes no interest. The same with women. Curiosity is gratified without loss of time.—The scandal of the day has employed a hundred busy meddling tongues in its circulation and exaggeration. Conversation takes a higher tone. Principles of morals and taste are discussed, the new poem, the last book, the magazine, or the review, becomes the subject of conversation.—Even in the minor matters of life, society owes a large debt of gratitude to the newspapers.

There is nothing so difficult to bear, there is nothing which requires so much courage of the most serviceable kind to endure, as anxiety in solitude and inactivity. The very movement of the mind when we suffer great agitation lightens its weight; but when we have to sit and count the live-long hours alone, confined to one small space, and limited to mere reflection, thought becomes a burthen, and imagination a torment, and every feeling of our heart seems to war against our place.

Whipped Her Husband.—One Mrs. Mary McCue was arrested in New Orleans on the 12th instant, for whipping her husband! Mary must entertain some singular notions in regard to household and domestic discipline.

The brightest jewel pertaining to a woman is not worn upon her finger—neither does it glitter upon her bracelets—it lies buried behind a whole cargo of silks, satins and laces, in the casket of her mind.

THE RIOTS AT CANTON.

CANTON, 26TH MAY, 1844.

On the 6th instant, we had a row with the Chinese, no foreigners taking part in it but Americans. The new flag-staff was ornamented with a vane in the form of an arrow, gilded, which reflected the rays of the rising sun, far and near; its symmetry and beautiful workmanship excited admiration of foreigners, but to the Chinamen its erratic movements and ever-varying position, pointing north and then South, yesterday east and to-day west, were portentous of evil; dark forebodings were raised in the minds of the superstitious and excited people, in which many Hong merchants and mandarins participated; but there was another class, the idle vagabonds who swarm about Canton, whose fears were less excited than their hungry stomachs and love of plunder.

The attention of our Consul, Mr. Forbes, was called to the circumstance by a number of very respectable Hong merchants, and they requested him to have the fatal arrow removed; at the same time appeared an inflammatory placard, ascribing the evils enumerated to the gilded arrow.

The Consul, wishing to yield to the superstitions of the people, decided to take down the arrow, and for this purpose employed a number of sailors: while they were engaged in lowering the top-mast of the flag-staff, the mob gathered around, first throwing stones, then rushing in and cutting the ropes, in consequence of which the top-mast came down "by the run." The mob ran off with the halcyons, &c., there being no resistance offered, the tumult increased, and there was every appearance that it would end in a riot, when the factories would be attacked.

The destructive riots of 1842 began in similar manner; no Mandarins were now present to dispel the rioters, and immediate action was necessary.

At this juncture our Consul, with a dozen Americans, repaired to the square, armed with muskets and pistols; the mob retreated, but threw back a volley of stones, upon which one or two of the more excitable of the Americans fired, wounding three of the rioters; but the Consul restrained the men, using his exertions to confine them to acts of a strictly defensive character.

The square was now in possession of the Americans, who remained till 4 p. m., when about two hundred soldiers arrived with the mandarins. A slight skirmish took place, upon which the soldiers, aiming at the mob, fired in the air, and under cover of their shields, charged upon the rioters, who were thus dispersed.

Early on the following morning the square was again filled with rioters, notwithstanding the presence of the soldiers, and it was necessary again to raise the flag-staff, that the flag might be hoisted in front of the consulate.

The Americans again turned out with muskets, cleared the square in presence of the mandarins, and remained on guard till all damages were repaired, the top-mast of the flag-staff raised to its place, and the flag once more unfurled to the breeze.

Mr. Lay, the British Consul, apprehending the trouble, had sent to Whampoa for marines. Fifteen were sent up to the factories, and remained inside as a corps de reserve in case the Americans were overpowered, but the marines were not called out.

The flag being again in its place, the Americans retired from the square, and all remained perfectly quiet. The result undoubtedly produced a good effect on the Chinamen—first, in showing them that the Americans were ready to respect their prejudices; second, that they were ready and quick to defend themselves when attacked.

Many of the most respectable of the Chinese have expressed their approbation of the conduct of the Americans, considering the interference of the mob unwarranted, and their attack wanton and unprovoked.

Result of Temperance.—At the recent assizes held at Kingston, Canada, Mr. Justice Hegerman, in addressing the jury, remarked that "he was happy to say that in his various circuits through the province he found crime sensibly on the decrease; and that he was confirmed in his opinion by his brother judges. That temperance, the fruitful parent of vice, was of much more rare occurrence in the rural districts than formerly. That these happy results he ascribed to the general increase of wealth and prosperity in the country, and to the more ample means afforded of attending Divine worship.—His lordship observed that one great duty of magistrates was to see that no more than a necessary number of tavern licenses should be granted." His honor alluded to the thickly-planted sign posts in Kingston, and had he been presiding in the Home district, the same remark would justly apply to Toronto.

Appointment.—Gen. William Gibbs McNeill has been appointed engineer of the new Dry Dock to be constructed at the Navy Yard, Brooklyn.—Bull. Sun.

NATURALIZED FRENCHMEN.

A number of naturalized Frenchmen, residing in the city of New York, have taken upon themselves to establish a precedent in politics which certainly demands some notice and reflection from American citizens—natives of the soil on which they dwell. The circumstances of the case are these: A meeting of the naturalized Frenchmen of New York was called for Wednesday evening last, with a view to unite the French vote in New York, and to discuss and determine what course should be adopted by them in the Presidential contest. The meeting was held at the appointed time, when it was discovered that the whole affair was a movement of Major Davezac, well known in the political circles, to concentrate the French vote for Polk and Dallas. Major Davezac had all the discussion to himself, addressing them in the French language, and he presented them with various motives drawn from old country feelings and prejudices, why they should array themselves under the flag of Polk and Dallas.

Who can fail to see that such meetings are pregnant with mischief, and that they inevitably lead to serious consequences? We do not remember that there has ever before been a meeting of the natives of another land to discuss among themselves, and to decide which party they shall cast their votes for. It is to us a novel event in the political history of America—a new method of organizing foreign factions, and bringing foreign influence to bear against our National Government. But the mere meeting of such a body is not the worst feature in the case. Those who obeyed the summons were asked to adopt a decided course in politics—to operate together—to go, one and all, for Polk and Dallas. Major Davezac, a fluent Frenchman, is the missionary to this assemblage. He addresses them in their native dialect.—He appeals to their French prejudices and hatreds—well understanding what they are. He reminds them that if they can only defeat Mr. Clay and break down the tariff, they will open a market for more French goods; and this is not likely to prove an inconsiderable argument among French importers. He urges that, if Mr. Polk is elected, Texas will be annexed to the United States, and probably a war with England will follow—an object of ardent desire with the French people. Now here is a strong appeal to the interests and prejudices of the French voters, all foreign to the prosperity and happiness of the American people, to rally, unite, and vote for certain political candidates, and certain national measures, from motives which no true American citizen, native born or naturalized, could entertain.

Let American citizens reflect upon this daring piece of demagoguism. If it be generally true, that those foreigners whom we generously admit to citizenship in the United States still cherish their former prejudices and hatreds, and only wait for an opportunity to wage them against us in the basest ingratitude, then our naturalization laws are all a farce, and we are only encouraging and supporting deadly enemies in our midst. The English, Irish, German naturalized citizens—but the English and German more particularly—have the same interest in free importation as the French, and thus, by once giving countenance to foreign organizations in our midst, to obey the bidding of foreign political demagogues, we should soon have a pretty horde of foreigners arrayed in open hostility to some of the most vital of American interests, and daringly defeating the American people at the polls. The argument upon which their organization would be based would not be their interest as American citizens, but as subjects of Louis Philippe, her Majesty Victoria, and other of the crowned potentates of Europe.

Let our adopted citizens beware of such demagoguism, as those who approach them under its garb, for it is pregnant with serious consequences to themselves. No portion of our adopted citizens can place themselves in such a position without encountering a withering rebuke from the American people.—Phila. Chronicle.

Encouragement to Manufactures.—We are authorized by five planters in Warren county to state that they will give the following premium to any man, or company of men, who will establish and put in operation a cotton factory in the city of Vicksburg, for the manufacture of coarse cotton. These planters, deeming the principle of home manufacture essentially necessary to the well being of the South, offer to give, as a bonus to the enterprising person who will commence it, ninety-five bales of cotton each year for five years to come, and to purchase all the cotton goods necessary for the use of their plantations from the same factory.—Vicksburg Whig.

Apple Bread.—A Frenchman has invented and practiced with great success, a method of making bread with common apples, very far a superior to potato bread. After having boiled one third of peeled apples, he bruised them quite warm into two thirds of flour including the proper quantity of yeast, and kneaded the whole without water the fruit being quite sufficient. When the mixture had acquired the consistency of paste, he put it into a vessel, in which he allowed it to rise 12 hours. By this process he obtained very excellent bread, full of eases, and extremely palatable and light.

Fatal Accident.—James C. Cook, Esq., a worthy and respectable citizen of Columbus, Georgia, was suddenly killed on the 23d inst. He was standing by his buggy, when a boy in pulling a halter off his horse's head, accidentally drew off the head stall of the bride; the horse took fright and ran. Mr. Cook in attempting to hold him by the reins was thrown against a tree, and survived but a short time.