

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

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BRUNER & JAMES,
Editors & Proprietors.

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR
IS SAFE."



RULES. DO THIS, AND LIBERTY
Gent. Harrison.

NEW SERIES,
NUMBER 38, OF VOLUME I.

SALISBURY, N. C., JANUARY 18, 1845.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

AN EDITOR DINING OUT.

Quite a distinguished citizen of our city, and one of the members of the corps editorial, made a short excursion into the country last Sunday, where they revelled some hours among the breezes and trees, and finally returned at three or four o'clock, with appetites, it may easily be imagined, nicely sharpened for the enjoyment of a good dinner. After imbibing a glass of wine bitters, at the St. Charles, our friend of the scissors and quill was invited by his companion to join him in a quiet dinner at his own domicile.

"I have nothing nice," said he, "for I didn't think we should reach home in time to dine, but I can make up something that will answer the demands of hunger for the nonce."

"Oh, I'm not particular, replied the editor, anything will answer my purpose; I'm one of those, you know, whose wants are very easily supplied."

Shortening the way, by easy and familiar chat, they at last reached the gentleman's dwelling, and at the summons of the bell, a favorite female servant came to the door, with her shining ebony face wreathed gaily in smiles. Whispering a few words in her master's ear, almost as soon as he had crossed the threshold, he exclaimed—

"You don't say so! what are they?"

Now, the editor, though by no means hard of hearing, did not distinctly understand the reply for the reason that he did not wish to listen to what appeared to be a private colloquy. He thought, however, that the remainder of the conversation was about as follows:

"A pair of fine ducks," said the servant.

"You don't say so," returned his host, "well, now, I am satisfied; who would have thought that. 'Go into the parlor,' said he to his guest. 'I'll join you there in about five minutes.'"

The editorial gentleman quietly wended his way alone to the parlor, wondering in his own mind why such unusual disturbance about the dinner should be made, in a house where every thing was generally conducted in the most simple and unostentatious manner possible; but nevertheless, sincerely felicitating himself upon the fact that the dinner he was to enjoy was far more inviting than it had been represented. Five, ten, fifteen minutes had elapsed, and his host did not present himself; he tumbled over the pictures and books on the table, played awhile with the poodle dog, which was taking a nap on the sofa, half whistled a tune or two, hummed the fraction of a psalm, and was finally gazing on a painting of Mary Magdalen, to discover new beauties, when his entertainer made his appearance just exactly the happiest looking man the editor had stumbled upon.

"Excuse my detaining you," said he, "but you heard what Betty said at the door?"

"O yes," replied the editor.

"A pair of 'em, by Jove!"

"So I understood her to say."

"And a finer pair I never saw, though I say it who should not; as plump, as fair and as bright as any I ever laid my eyes on; come join me in a drink."

Adjourning to the sideboard, they filled their glasses; the editor gave, "Here's to them."

"Good!" said the host "here's to them!"

The editor was slightly astonished, for his friend's way of rejoicing over the ducks was quite singular—he tossed off his wine and commenced promenading the room, rubbing his hands, chuckling and occasionally giving vent to a gasp.

"A pair—'who'd have thought it, and all doing so nicely too!" was his exclamation.

"How are you having them fixed?" inquired his visitor.

"Oh, I leave that to the women of course, I don't meddle with that business."

"But it's a pity, considering they are so very fine, that you haven't another friend or two to dine with you!"

"Parson me, I forgot, I am compelled to ask you to go somewhere else for your dinner."

"To do what?"

"To dine somewhere else! you see all is in confusion, the servants all as busy as bees, as it was so unexpected—in fact, I didn't think it would come off for a week."

"Come off!—what do you mean?"

"Why the affair up stairs."

"And what the devil is the affair up stairs?"

"Why, I thought you heard what the girl said at the door!"

"So I did—she said you had a fine pair of ducks for dinner."

"Fine pair of what?"

"Of ducks!"

"Fine ducks! she told me that while we had been absent, my wife had presented me with a fine pair of twins, both boys."

The last we heard of the poor editor, he was partaking of a plate of soup—"solitary and alone"—at a restaurant in Charles street.—N. O. Crescent City.

SOUTH CAROLINA CONFERENCE.

This body convened in this place on the 25th ult., and will adjourn to-day. Bishop Soule took the chair, and next day Bishop Andrew, at the request of Bishop Soule. Among various other proceedings, which we have not time to notice to-day, the action of the Southern Delegates to the General Conference, on the case of Bishop Andrew, and the division of the Church, was unanimously approved; a division was considered inevitable, so that it was unanimously resolved not to concur in the proposal of the Holston Annual Conference, to meet in Louisville in May next, to devise some plan of compromise between the Conferences of the slaveholding States. This was evidently wise and judicious, and still further commands the Church to the confidence of our people, since it is plain no compromise whatever can be made by the South between Slavery and Abolition—none but what must inevitably look to the overthrow of the former, and increase the immediate danger of the South. May the blessing of God ever rest on the men and their counsels, who are thus unwaveringly true alike to Him and their country!—and we feel assured it will do so.

The following gentlemen were appointed Delegates to the General Conference of the Southern Church, to meet in Louisville, Kentucky, on the first of May next:—Rev. Messrs. Doct. Capers, Wm. M. Whightman, Chas. Betts, H. A. C. Walker, Saml. Dunwoody, B. English, Whiteford Smith, Saml. W. Capers, and Robert J. Boyd.

Bishop Soule, on taking the chair on Wednesday, gave the following statement of the imminent peril he encountered about four miles from this city, by stage accident, from which his life was most remarkably and Providentially saved; as reported by the correspondent of the Southern Christian Advocate.—*Carolinian*.

"He had made his approach to Columbia, under very peculiar circumstances, and felt himself very specially indebted to the good providence of God that his life had been spared. Last evening the stage was run away with by the frightened horses, and dashed to pieces; the very spokes in the wheels were knocked out, and the coach made a perfect wreck. He had been often before, in perils by land and sea, but never in such imminent danger of death in all the course of his life. To God's providential care he attributed his preservation. Not a hair of his head was hurt. He hoped that God would be with the conference at its present session, and preside most graciously over all its deliberations, and guide all its counsels to the promotion of his glory and the further spread of Christ's kingdom among men."

The statement made by Bishop Soule of his preservation produced a strong impression upon the Conference. He was on his way from Fayetteville, N. C., to Columbia by stage; and after the wreck of the stage-coach, he walked at night some four miles into town.

The whirlwind of Palestine.—The whirlwind sometimes assumes the shape and position of the waterspout, the vacuum being filled with earth, sand, &c., instead of water. Mr. Bruce, in his journey through the desert of Senaar, had the singular felicity to contemplate this wonderful phenomena, in all its terrific majesty, without injury, although with considerable danger and alarm. In that vast expanse of desert, from west to northwest of him, he saw a number of prodigious pillars of sand, at different distances, moving at times with great celerity, at others stalking on with majestic slowness; at intervals he thought they were coming, in a few minutes, to overwhelm him and his companions. Again they would retreat, so as to be almost out of sight, their tops reaching to the very clouds. There the tops often separated from the bodies, and these, once disjointed, dispersed in the air, and appeared no more. Sometimes they were broken near the middle, as if struck with a large cannon shot. About noon they began to advance with considerable swiftness upon them, the wind being strong at north. Eleven of these awful visitors ranged along side of them at about the distance of three miles. The greatest diameter of the largest appeared to him, at that distance, as if it would measure ten feet. They retired from them with a wind at southwest, leaving an impression upon the mind of our intrepid traveller to which he would give no name; though he candidly admits that one ingredient in it was fear mixed with a considerable deal of wonder and astonishment. He declares it was in vain to think of flying; the swiftest horse or fastest sailing ship could be of no use to carry them out of this danger; and the full persuasion of this riveted him to the spot where he stood. Next day they were gratified by a similar display of moving pillars, in form and disposition like those already described, only they seemed to be more in number and less in size.—They came, several times, in a direction close upon them; that is, according to Mr. Bruce's computation, within less than two miles. They became, immediately after sunrise, like a thick wood, and almost darkened the sun. His rays, shining through them for near an hour, gave them an appearance of pillars of fire. At another

time they were terrified by an army of these sand pillars, whose march was constantly south, a number of which seemed once to be coming directly upon them, and though they were little nearer than two miles, a considerable quantity of sand fell around them. On the 21st November, about eight in the morning, he had a view of the desert to the westward, as before, and saw the sands had already begun to rise in immense twisted pillars, which darkened the heavens and moved over the desert with more magnificence than ever. The sun, shining through the pillars, which were thicker, and contained more sand, apparently, than any of the preceding ones, seemed to give those nearest them an appearance as if spotted with stars of gold. A little above twelve the wind at north ceased, and a considerable quantity of fine sand rained upon them for an hour afterwards.—*Bannister's Survey of the Holy Land*.

THE TWO NEW FASHIONS.

White Cravats and Ladies' Tarapaulins.

Here and there a country reader will, perhaps, require to be informed that no man is stylish, now, "out" in the evening without a white cravat. To those who frequent the Opera this will be no news, of course; as no eye could have failed to track the "milky way," around the semicircle from stage-box to stage-box. The fact thus recorded, however, we proceed to the diagnosis of the fashion, (and of another fashion, of which we shall presently speak)—premising only that we are driven to the discussion of these comparatively serious themes, by the frivolous character of other news, and the temporary public surfeit of politics, scandal and murder.

The white cravat was adopted two years since, in London, as the mark of a party—Young England. Our readers know, of course, that for ten years, they have been worn only by servants in that country, and that a black coat and white cravat were the unmistakable uniform of a family butler. The cravat having been first worn as the distinction of a certain reforming club, in Cromwell's Parliament, however, the author of Vivian Gray adopted it as the insignium of a new political party, of which he is the acknowledged leader; and as the king of the white cravats, he has set a fashion for America. The compliment we pay him is the greater, by the way, that we do not often copy the tight-legged nation in our wearables.

It was established in Brummell's time that a white cravat could not be successfully tied except from the critical turn preceding the reaction of a glass of champagne and a cup of green tea. A felicitous dash of inspired dexterity is the only thing to be trusted, and failure is melancholy! As to dressiness, a white cravat is an intensifier—making style more stylish, and the lack of it more observable;—but, artistically, it is only becoming to light complexions—by its superior whiteness producing an effect of warmth on a fair skin, but impoverishing the brilliancy of a dark one. As a sign of the times, the reappearance of the white cravat is the forerunner of a return to old-fashioned showiness in evening dress, and as the wheel comes round again, we shall revive tight, buckles and shoes, expelling the levelling costume of black cravat and boots, and making it both expensive and troublesome to look like a gentleman after candle-light. So tilts the plank in republics.

But what shall we say of trains and tarapaulins for ladies' wear! Jack's hat copied exactly in white satin, is the rage for a head dress now—(worn upon the side of the head, with a ruinous feather)—and a velvet train is about becoming indispensable to a chaperon! It will be a bold poor man that will dare to marry a lady ere long—what with feathers and trains and pages' wages. We rejoice that we had our fling in the era of indifferent pocket.—N. Y. Mirror.

A Panther killed by a Girl.—The La Grange (Texas) paper gives the following incident, which occurred near Douglas, Nacogdoches county:

A Panther came into a house in which there was no person but a young lady and her little brother. The young lady being very busy attending to her little household affairs, did not see the panther until he had got entirely into the house; but so soon as she discovered him she seized hold of him and called to her little brother to bring her the axe. After waiting some time for this weapon, still holding on to the Panther, the young lady then told her brother to bring her a smoothing iron, with which she soon succeeded in putting the intruder to death. The screams, during the encounter, of the heroine were heard by some of the neighbors who went immediately to learn the cause, but when they arrived, they found her the conqueror, and viewing with much composure the lifeless body of her frightful intruder.

An English physician by the name of Johnson, says, in a late work, I declare my conscientious opinion, founded on long observation and reflection, that if there was not a single physician, surgeon, apothecary, man midwife, chemist, druggist, or drug, on the face of the earth, there would be less sickness and less mortality, than now obtains. Is it so!

LACONICS.

Music.

If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die—
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er mine ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.—*Shakespeare*.

PEOPLE try to reconcile you to a disappointment in love, brasking why you should cherish a passion for an object that has proved itself worthless. Had you known this before, you would not have encouraged the passion; but that having been once formed, knowledge does not destroy it. If we have drunk poison, finding it out does not prevent its being in our veins; so passion leaves its poison in the mind. It is the nature of all passion and of all habitual affection; we throw ourselves upon it at a venture, but we cannot return by choice. If it is a wife that has proved unworthy, men compassionate the loss, because there is a tie, they say, which we cannot get rid of. But has the heart no ties? Or if it is a child, they understand it. But is not true love a child? Or when another has become a part of ourselves, "where we must live or have no life at all," can we tear them from us in an instant? No; these bargains are for life; and that for which our souls have sighed for years cannot be forgotten with a breath, and without a pang.—*Hazlitt*.

SILENCE is one great art of conversation. He is not a fool who knows when to hold his tongue; and a person may gain credit for sense, eloquence, wit, who merely says nothing to lessen the opinion which others have of these qualities in themselves.—*Id*.

POVERTY is, except where there is an actual want of food and raiment, a thing much more imaginary than real. The shame of poverty—the shame of being thought poor—it is a great and fatal weakness, though arising in this country from the fashion of the times themselves.—*Cobbett*.

GAMING.—It is possible that a wise and good man may be prevailed on to game; but it is impossible that a professed gambler should be a wise and good man.—*Lat-water*.

GAITY.—There are two kinds of gaiety—the one arises from want of heart; being touched by no pity, sympathizing with no pain even of its own causing, it shines and glitters like a frost-bound river in the gleaming sun. The other springs from excess of heart; that is, from a heart overflowing with kindness towards all men and all things; and, suffering under no superadded grief, it is light from the happiness which it causes—from the happiness which it sees. This may be compared to the same river, sparkling and smiling under the sun of summer, and running on to give fertility and increase to all within, and even to many beyond its reach.

ON A DANDY.

A dandy is a chap that would
Be a young lady, if he could;
But as he can't, does all he can
To show the world he's not a man.

LIFE.

Our life is but tale, a dance, a song,
A little wave that frets and ripples by;
Our hopes the bubbles that it bears along,
Born with a breath, and broken with a sigh.

Mr. Cushing in China.—A sketch of his Adventure.

From Bombay down the southern coast of India to Ceylon. At this island he passed a week, and visited the old native capital, Kandy, the principal site of the Buddhists. The island is called by the natives "the Celestial Paradise," and since the English has obtained an undisputed title, by cession from the native chiefs, it has become more than ever flourishing and prosperous. The greatest attention was paid the American Envoy by the principal authorities, and particularly the Governor, Sir Colin Campbell. A ball was given by the English residents, in honor of their American guests, at the hall of the Consulate. From Ceylon the frigate proceeded by a route called the Eastern Passage, south of the Island of Java, by the way of Timor and Amboyna, and into the Pacific Ocean, thence up to the eastward of the Island of Luzon to Macao. It was the first time this passage was ever made by an American man of war. At the season of the year when it was accomplished, it is the only way to reach China in consequence of the N. E. monsoon. The passage was made very successfully, under the judicious and prudent directions of the gallant Commodore Parker, who cheerfully encountered all the hazards of the route, in order that the mission might arrive as early as possible in China.

Mr. Cushing resided in that country exactly six months to a day, and during the whole period was constantly engaged in promoting the objects of his mission. By the non-arrival of the St. Louis sloop of war, which lay, very singularly, a long time at the Cape, and through the continued obstacle of the northern monsoon, he was under the necessity of remaining at Macao until the Imperial Government actually anticipated his movements by despatching a commission to him. It consisted of Tsai Yeng, an imperial delegate and plenipotentiary; Wang, treasurer of the two Kwangs, and Pwan Pwan, another high dignitary of State.

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TSAI YENG is a Tartar of the imperial blood, and the same person who negotiated with Sir Henry Pottinger. His name, we might as well state here, has been erroneously spelled Kying in the English newspapers. This personage seems to have the full confidence of his sovereign, as he was appointed, with all the powers of a plenipotentiary, to negotiate with the French and American Legation, as soon as they arrived.

One very interesting fact is worthy of notice. No obstacles were placed in the way of Mr. Cushing's proceeding to Peking, one great object of former embassies from England. He was told there would be none, but finding the imperial commission had power fully to treat with him, he yielded his personal curiosity and pride, if he entertained any such feelings, to the consideration of his country's interests. He therefore entered at once upon the negotiation so promptly and conveniently offered him, and was an immense gainer by this considerate course.

The Chinese commissioners were intelligent and gentlemanly men; they had a retinue of civil and military attendants, and so large was it that it was with great difficulty they could find quarters for them all. Tsai Yeng very unceremoniously took possession of an immense temple dedicated to "our Lady of Mercy," in the village of Wang Hiya, where he kept his state. The difficulties of the languages were obviated by the frankness and tact of Mr. Cushing in declaring at once the real objects of his mission, disclaiming any resort to finesse or force, and appealing at once to the good sense, and high character of the Chinese Ambassadors. These with equal frankness and confidence proposed to employ the American interpreters exclusively, and by so doing paid our national character, and our national representative, the very highest compliment in their power.

For two weeks the two commissioners were employed day and night, with the exception of their meal times and a few hours given to repose, in discussing and arranging the various questions in controversy between the two governments, and in negotiating the treaty now before the Senate of the United States. It was at last agreed upon, and drawn up in Chinese and English, but finally prepared in the Tartar dialect, which is the language of the Emperor.

It was signed at ten o'clock at night on the third of July last, in the Sanctuary of the Temple we have already mentioned, and from which, as we have stated in part, the priests and their idols had been previously displaced without the slightest hesitation, to make room for the Commissioner and suite. This circumstance confirms the opinion entertained by many residents in China, that at the Imperial Court there is no particular regard paid to any religion.

When the treaty was signed a splendid repast was given in the Temple to the American Minister. Indeed, during the fortnight of negotiation at Macao, the respective Legations were constantly giving and receiving entertainments. At one given by Mr. Cushing, all the American ladies at Macao were present, and the Chinese dignitaries for the first time in their lives performed the extraordinary duty of handing in foreign ladies to the dinner table, and of paying them the usual attentions there. Many of the officers of the squadrons were also present.

The next day Tsai Yeng was taken so ill that he was obliged to be removed to Canton, and there various other minor questions were afterwards settled by correspondence, and the personal attention of some members of our legation acting for the Minister at Macao.

Indeed, from the 4th of July for two months following, an official correspondence was kept up unceasingly, in relation to matters connected with the negotiation—among these especially was that of the personal safety of Americans in China, arising out of the circumstance of a Chinese, one of a mob, having been shot by an American in the streets of Canton, while engaged in the popular work of insulting foreigners. Mr. Cushing's account of these various difficulties is, in the highest degree, graphic and entertaining.

After closing his arduous labors, and, as we believe, achieved more for his country by far than Sir Henry Pottinger has done for his, he left China on the 29th of August last in the U. S. brig Perry. A successful voyage of sixty-five days brought him to San Blas, touching at Mazatlan, by the way. From this place he proceeded on horseback to Guadalajara, a town possessing about 60,000 inhabitants, accompanied for a part of the way by a party of Mexican officers. On his arrival, he found himself in the midst of a serious revolution. From thence to the capital, he travelled in a diligence, passing the whole way through detachments of the hostile armies of Paredes and Santa Anna. Not the slightest obstacle was placed in their way, nor the smallest insult given by these troops.

San Marino, a small Republic in Italy, between the Appennines, the Po, and the Adriatic, is the oldest Republic on earth. From a letter from G. W. Irving, Esq., to the American Quarterly Review, we learn that San Marino is only forty miles in circumference, and its population about 7,000. The Republic was founded more than 1,300 years ago, on moral principles, industry and equality, and has preserved its liberality and independence amidst all the wars and discords which have raged around it. Bonaparte respected it, and sent an embassy to express his sentiments of friendship and fraternity. It is governed