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[FOR THE WATCHMAN.]  
Extract of a Letter from a Midshipman in the U. S. Navy, to his friends in Surrey county, N. C., dated,  
U. S. FRIGATE SARGENT,  
Hilo, Byron's Bay, Island of Hawaii,  
(Owhyhee) September 23, 1844.

"I fear you may think me trespassing upon your patience, but before I close my letter I must give you a description, or more properly a few words expressing as near as I can, my feelings on visiting the Volcano of Kilanea, distant from this place forty miles. Two parties from our ship have visited it, and on the return of the last party, of which I was one, we met the Right Hon. Lord George Paulet, commander of H. B. M. Ship, Cary's Port, with his officers, on their way to the Volcano, you will no doubt recollect that he is the individual who took possession of the Island a short time since. . . . But I am getting off the tract again, and must acknowledge in truth that my incapacity to do the subject justice, almost prevents me from attempting it, yet friends always make liberal allowances. The first thing to be done in undertaking such a laborious journey is to make suitable preparations. You must employ two good stout Kanakas (as the natives are called) one to carry your change of clothing, both as regards thickness and dryness; for after leaving the valley the air gets cooler the higher you ascend, and rains continually. The other Kanakaka carries your part of the grub (provision) and brings back specimens of Lava, &c. All this they carry in large calabashes, balanced on a kind of yoke which they place across the shoulders. Each person in addition to this supplies himself with a bundle of sandals made of raw-hide for the purpose of tying in the bottoms of his shoes. The whole journey is to be made over sharp pointed Lava, consequently a pair of common shoes would soon wear out. The first day, you pass over one continuous mass or bed of this stuff, which is now grown over with trees of every kind, deep ravines cross your path every half mile, (some of which are nearly perpendicular) through which darts a flaming stream of water, (frequently 30 or 40 yards wide) having to be passed over by swimming and making a rope fast to a tree on each side, (done by your Kanakka) you then plunge in and pull yourself across. At night your faithful guides kill a pig, turkey, &c. dig a hole in the ground or calmed Lava, heats it, puts them in, covers all over with a leaf resembling the leaf of a Horse Radish, after which they lay on some hot rocks, throwing on a quantity of earth or fine powdered Lava, in a short time you have your meat nicely cooked, the balfance you can easily imagine. A mat braided from some kind of leaf, serves for a bed, which after the fatiguing days walk is enjoyed as a luxury and promotes sleep. The second day we spent in ascending the mountain of Maui-Kea, on the summit of which is the home of Palo, the goddess of Volcano. We passed over a country too wild for me to give an intelligible idea of; frequently we would come to a precipice, over which a good sized stream of water was pouring, some of which never reached the bottom. In the fall it becomes first foam, then mist or spray, which soon becomes so light as to ascend again to the mountain side in numberless beautiful rain-bows, and again is replaced in the clouds, and again descends—on approaching the Crator the earth trembled, and frequent shocks were felt, every step appearing to be uncertain and treacherous; the whole Heavens in the direction of the Volcano were splendidly lighted; it seemed to impart fire to the rolling clouds, and though at the distance of forty miles from the ship, the darkness of night was rendered almost as light as day.—When we arrived near the mouth of the Crator, the earth was much heated, and deep chasms broken all around, through which issued hot sulphurous smoke, and steam almost suffocating, and was it not for the wind blowing always in the same direction, the Crator could not be safely approached, by keeping to the windward of the smoke much of the smell is avoided. The Crator is 21 miles in circumference, and said to be 3000 feet deep. We spent the most of the night in gazing at the most sublimely awful of all God's works.—Most of the Crator is now empty, at the bottom is the burning lake of fire and brimstone; it is about four miles long and three miles wide, and is continually in motion, throwing up vast quantities of melted Lava, rolling, tossing and darting in all kinds of fancied shapes against its black and gloomy sides, the suffocating smoke of fire and brimstone ascending up successively in vast and immense volumes. Read the description of — and you have it. Early the next morning after our arrival, we commenced our descent into the Crator, the first descent is about 700 feet at an angle of 60 degrees, requiring the greatest caution in placing your weight on the jostling Lava; after this is accomplished you have a smooth sheet of crusted Lava to walk over about one mile long, throwing out smoke and hot steam from every fissure. Two other descents similar to the first are to be made, and you find yourself standing immediately on the brink of the raving lake—not a word is spoken or a thought interchanged—all stand and gaze, and feel as though they were in the very jaws of H—, the heavy melted mass rolls from side to side like the sea in a tempest, new openings and vents are continually spouting out from every side—rivers of red looking Lava are perpetually winding through and changing places, until some subterraneous passage allows it to pass off, it is supposed

# THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

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NEW SERIES,  
NUMBER 41, OF VOLUME II.

SALISBURY, N. C., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1846.

into the sea,—all hands now much frightened at its suddenly rising about three feet, our Kanakka's dropped their calabashes and left us to carry our own specimens. They suppose that the goddess Palo, was insulted at our not making some offering to her as they did. We obtained some of her hair which is found on the sides of the Crator immediately above the Lake. I send you inclosed a specimen of it. We spent one day in examining the banks of sulphur and other minerals, which surround the Crator, they are all very hot and throw off clouds of smoke. Were it not for the rush of fresh air to supply the place of that which is displaced by heat, no person would ever descend into the Crator, a constant gale of wind is continually blowing and rain falling. I have many specimens of Lava and other things which I will try to carry home. I must come to a close, and leave you to imagine the rest. We all got back without serious injury, some had sore feet, some caught cold, and some got burnt, &c. &c."

## THE BRIDAL EVE.

[Reprinted from the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.]  
A LEGEND from George Lippard, Esq. Fourth Lecture on the "Romance of the Revolution," delivered before the William Wirt Institute, on Thursday, Dec. 13, 1845.

[This Legend was introduced by the Lecturer, as a contrast to one of his illustrations of the Hero Woman of the Revolution, which we will give next week. The time of this legend was the early part of the war, in 1776, during Arnold's command near Fort Edward, on the Hudson river.]  
One summer night, the blaze of many lights, streaming from the windows of an old mansion, perched yonder among the rocks and the woods, flashed far over the dark waters of Lake Champlain.

In a quiet and comfortable chamber of that mansion, a party of British officers, sitting around a table spread with wines and vivands, discussed a topic of some interest if it was not the most important in the world, while the tread of the dancers shook the floor of the adjoining room.

Yes, while all was gaiety and dance and music in the largest hall of the old mansion, whose hundred lights glanced far over the waters of Champlain—here in this quiet room, with the cool evening breeze blowing in their faces through the opened windows, here this party of British officers had assembled to discuss their wines and their favorite topic.

That topic was—the comparative beauty of the women of the world.

"As for me," said a handsome young Ensign, "I will match the voluptuous forms and dark eyes of Italy against the beauties of the world!"

"And I," said a bronzed old veteran, who had risen to a Colonelcy by his long service and hard fighting; "and I have a daughter, there in England, whose blue eyes and flaxen hair would shame your tragic beauties of Italy into very ugliness."

selfes! Whether the American woman is not the most beautiful in the world!"  
There was something in the manner of the young Refugee, more in the nature of the information that arrested the attention of the brother officers. For a moment they were silent.

"We have heard something of your marriage, Captain," said the gray Ensign, "but we did not think it would occur so suddenly! Only think of it! To-morrow, you will be gone—settled—verdict brought in—sentenced—passed—a married man! But, tell me? How will your lady-love be brought to this house to-night? I thought she resided within the rebel lines?"

"She does reside there! But I have sent a messenger—a friendly Indian Chief, on whom I can place the utmost dependence—to bring her from her present home, at dead of night, through the forest, to this mansion. He is to return by twelve; it is now half-past eleven!"

"Friendly Indian!" echoed the veteran Colonel; "Rather an old guardian for a pretty woman!—Quite an original idea of a *Duenna*, I vow!"

"And you will match this lady against all the world for beauty?" said the Major.

"Yes! and if you do not agree with me, this hundred guineas which I lay upon the table, shall serve 'our mess' for wines, for a month to come!—But if you do agree with me—as without a doubt you will—then you are to replace this gold with an hundred guineas of your own."

"Agreed?" It is a wager! chorussed the Colonel and the two other officers.

And in that moment—while the door was thronged for fair ladies and gay officers, attracted from the next room by the debate—as that young Refugee stood with one hand resting upon the little pile of gold, his ruddy face grew suddenly pale as a shroud, his blue eyes dilated until they were each encircled by a line of white enamel, he remained standing there, as if frozen to stone.

"Why, Captain, what is the matter?" cried the Colonel, starting up in alarm, "do you see a ghost, that you stand gazing there, at the blank wall?"

Yes—the rude savage had mistaken his message! Instead of bringing the bride to her lover's arms, he had gone on his way, determined to bring the scalp of the victim to the grasp of her pale face enemy.

Not even a groan disturbed the deep silence of that dreadful moment. Look there! The lover rises, presses that long hair—so black, so glossy, so beautiful—to his heart, and then—as though a huge weight, falling on his brain, had crushed him, fell with one dead sound on the hard floor.

He lay there—stiff, and pale, and cold—his clenched right hand still clutching the bloody scalp and the long dark hair falling in glossy tresses over the floor!

This was his bridal eve!  
Now tell me, my friends, you who have heard some silly and ignorant pretender pitifully complain of the destitution of Legend, Poetry, Romance, which characterizes our National history—tell me, did you ever read a tradition of England or France, or Italy, or Spain, or any land under the Heavens, that might in point of awful tragedy, compare with the simple history of *David Jones and Jane McGrew*? For it is but a scene from this narrative, with which you have all been familiar from childhood, that I have given you.

When that bride-groom, flung there on the floor, with the bloody scalp and long dark tresses in his hands, arose again to the terrible consciousness of life—these words trembled from his lips, in a faint and husky whisper:

"Do you remember how, half an hour ago—I stood there—by the table—silent and pale, and horror stricken—while you all started up round me, asking me what horrid sight I saw? Then, oh, then, I beheld the horrid scene—that home, yonder by the Hudson river, mounting to Heaven in smoke and flames! The red fumes of Indians going to and fro, amid flame and smoke—tomahawk and torch in hand!—There amid dead bodies and smoking embers, I beheld her form—my bride—for whom I had sent the messenger—kneeling, pleading for mercy, even as the tomahawk crashed into her brain!"

As the horrid picture again came o'er his mind, he sank senseless again, still clutching that terrible memorial—the bloody scalp and long black hair!

That was an awful Bridal Eve!  
The Magnetic Telegraph.—Great improvements it seems are about to be made to this wonderful invention, which is destined to annihilate space and bring our expansive country into one community. The New York Journal of Commerce says: "Improvements in the practical working of this new agent are constantly presenting themselves. Especially is this believed to be true in reference to the quantity of matter that may be communicated in a given time, by means of abbreviation and well digested arbitrary signs. A stenographic system has been prepared, and will speedily be put to press, by which intelligence may be transmitted by Telegraph as rapidly as it falls from the lips of a speaker, or from the pen of a rapid writer."

The long-talked of BALL of the Secretary of State came off on Friday night last. It was a brilliant ball. Unable to accommodate his numerous friends at his own house, Mr. Buchanan invited them to meet him at Carus's Saloon. No effort was spared to give comfort, beauty and brilliance to the scene. The supper room was adorned with the flags of other nations united with our own. It is estimated that there were from 1,200 to 1,500 persons present—among whom were many Ladies from other places, Foreign Ministers, Members of the Cabinet, Members of Congress, Strangers, as well as Citizens. It was one of the most splendid balls which ever was given in Washington, if not the most splendid. It was truly the ball of the season.—Union.

From the Richmond Times.  
THE RESULT OF THE FOREIGN NEWS  
We, yesterday, expressed the opinion that the intelligence, last received from Great Britain, although eminently satisfactory as to the conciliatory disposition of public sentiment there, gave no indication of a willingness to abate the demands the British Government in the Oregon controversy. One great essential to a fortunate termination of the difficulties, which now exist between the two countries, is the mutual desire to settle them in a spirit of fairness and peace.

The Pacific tone of the British press, and its favorable interpretation of the message of the President, is satisfactory evidence that one of the parties is actuated by this desire. It remains for the Government of the United States to exhibit a similar spirit, and the peaceful determination of the issue will not be left in doubt.

But if the measures, which have been proposed in Congress, apparently, under the sanction of the President, become the policy of this country, we perceive nothing in the expressions of the British journals to warrant the belief that war can be avoided. We have not found the remotest intimation that Great Britain ought to yield to the exclusive claim set up by Mr. Polk to the whole of Oregon up to 54° 40'. On the contrary, most of the journals treat this claim very much as if it had not been made with seriousness. They seem to regard it in the light of one of those comprehensive allegations resorted to in pleading, by which, for example, a litigant claims 500 acres of land when he hopes to get only 100. As to the entire surrender of the British claim, it does not seem to have been thought worthy of consideration. Let us recall a few of their expressions:

The Times, not by any means (as our neighbors of the Whig seem strangely to suppose) the exponent of the Ministry, but nevertheless, the most important paper in the Kingdom, and the best indicator of public sentiment, remarks upon reading Mr. Polk's narrative of the negotiation, that "the President takes great credit to himself for having made an offer that he acknowledges to be less than what the British Government has repeatedly declined;" and ridicules his apology to "his democratic supporters" for this proposal. The same journal says: "That the United States should think to strengthen their claim with strong language, is in conformity with many examples." The rejection of the offer of Mr. Polk, which had been "already twice refused," appears in the estimation of the Times to be nothing more than what was to have been expected; and, in another article, quite as important as that which we have published, a partition on principles "of equal benefit and advantage" is approved, but it is declared that the Americans have no "exclusive right of sovereignty."

The Chronicle, the organ of the Whig party, treats of Mr. Polk's recommendation as "insane counsels;" but does not believe that Congress will make provision for giving them effect. If it make such provision, war is regarded as a necessary consequence.

The London Sun says the proposal of Mr. Polk to assert a right, at the end of the year's notice "to the whole of Oregon, is treated with ridicule in the city."

The John Bull, another important journal, observes: "The eventual continuance of peace depends upon two contingencies only—the one, whether Congress will grant to the President the necessary powers for carrying out his policy; the other, whether the British Government will recede from its position, and submit to the Washington Cabinet; the latter, we venture to predict, will not take place, but we feel less assured respecting the course which Congress may pursue."

This extract expresses, in our apprehension, concisely and correctly, the general views of the press, and, we presume, of the government. It leaves the issue with the United States. If they consent to compromise, there is no necessity, no disposition for war; but if they resist, with Mr. Polk, war is unavoidable.

We deem it important to express distinctly this opinion as to the character of the late intelligence from Great Britain, because we believe there is danger that the evident spirit of conciliation, manifested by all the press, may be too strongly counted upon by those in this country whose warlike propensities are in inverse proportion to the urgency of their adversaries.—We apprehend, the gratifying declarations from Great Britain, that "war is too monstrous to be thought of for a moment," may be so presumed upon by the host of bravos in our public councils, as to involve us in measures which will excite very different language and action. Whilst, therefore, we rejoice at the friendly temper of our adversary in this controversy, we fear that it may induce many, who would be deterred by a more hostile aspect of affairs, to fall into the support of precipitate measures.

settlement of this difficulty, which can only be adjusted by negotiation, on its own merits. All that is necessary, is to stop this cry. Whole of Oregon, and a compromise effected. We are glad to perceive that the London Times, in an article of January 20th, abandoning its usual style, of exaltation and denunciation of this country, as to the terms of an equitable adjustment, and to recommend, that the British Ministry, whom," it says, "now devolves the duty of making fresh proposals to the Government of the United States," should "retrace on his the offer made to England by Mr. Gallatin, the presidency and under the direction of Adams." It adds: "That proposal was to the 49th degree, as far as the sea, and the duty line, reserving to Great Britain Vancouver's Island, the harbor of St. John, and the free navigation of the Columbia; such a proposal were now made, we would be no hesitation in accepting it."

From Wilmer & Smith's European Times.  
COMMERCIAL.  
The past year has been one of extraordinary vicissitudes, in its commercial not only in its social and political phases. It was auspiciously. There was plenty of employment was abundant, capital abundant, confidence harmonious, and the machinery of the world worked harmoniously and beautifully.

Political economists of the Free Trade school, in pointing out the immediate cause which exists between cheap food and the general prosperity of the country; and, under no better period for exemplifying the truth of the axiom could be adduced, than the months which are now swallowed up in the womb of time. The contrast between the position of affairs at the opening and the closing of the year is indeed striking; it marks the salutary nature of the tenure by which our commercial world, it may possibly be found, is stimulated. As in the physical, so in the commercial world, it may possibly be found, light and shade, rightly understood, constitute the true poetry of life; and, as we cannot always secure the sunshine, the best policy is to combine it, as best we can, with the sober and subdued tints that meet us in a way.

The Cotton trade, during the year, has experienced the mutations to which we allude, the instability to which all things sublunary are subject. There was an excellent business in the great staple in the earlier months of the year, the price, if not high or hopeful, was uniform and the large consumption, with the encouraging feeling abroad, was a guarantee against further depression in price. At this period, for some time after, the consumption was greater than any former time in our commercial history.

The public prosperity was no longer capitalists sought out new fields of investment, and the railway mania sprung up with a newness which has never had a parallel, and to be hoped, will never again find its equal. The elements gave the alarm. They deluged the field with superfluous moisture, and confidence which existed gave way to a slight appearance of danger, and a panic succeeded—a panic followed, beginning with the stage of the Shave, and ultimately reached England's Premier, and ended on him a reluctant resignation, and, in the end, reduced the Executive machinery to a dead lock.

The history of the price of food and the appearance of physical nature, from the beginning of the past to the commencement of the present year, is, in fact, the history of Cotton trade. So true it is, that commercial manufactures depend upon the seasons, with an ever-changing climate like ours, weak, how perille, to depend upon such a contingency!

The most ample details will be found in crowded columns, relative to the great commercial movements of the year. In this place we do little more than hastily glance at the total consumption of Cotton in Great Britain, 1,396,220 bales, against 1,312,231 bales in former year. The average weekly production in 1844 was 25,237; in 1845, 27,777.

This result, however, does not clearly convey an idea of the activity which prevailed during the most exciting part of the past year, when the "young blood ran riotous in the veins," and all was sunshine.

The Timber trade, like most other branches of commerce, has been in a excited, and the whole, in a satisfactory state of progress. The import has been the largest on record, exceeds by 92,000 tons the import of any former year.

In our usual glance at the American trade, we have had occasion to remark the absence of that tact and management in the marketing of the importations to the European market. This has been more particularly the case with respect to pork, for which we offered some ten or twelve per cent. below the price of Irish, has failed to attract attention. The dislike is mainly the result of a contention with which it is cured; the objection that neatness in the packing and getting essential to a favorable impression on the consumer. Those who think it worth while to port articles of merchandise, must either send them to the market for which they are intended, or make up their minds to pay the price in neglect and loss.

The state of the Corn trade is very peculiar at the present moment. When it first started, through the London Times, that it intended to abandon the Corn laws, the effect was to depress the price, and the resigned business generally, and the Corn market, amongst others, became stagnant when he returned to office, the value of the description of food rose. This has followed by subsequent reaction, arising from causes irresistible of political or moral.

\$25 REWARD.

RANAWAY from the late George Miller, in Rowan County, six miles south of Salisbury, some time during the month of July last, a bright mulatto girl named Harriet. Having purchased the said girl, I will give the above reward for her apprehension and delivery to me in the said county of Rowan, four miles southwest of Salisbury. It is believed that she is now in the county of Davidson, Randolph or Clincham, passing herself, no doubt, as a free girl. She has a small scar over one of her eyes, and a fire brand on her thigh, and is a little freckled across the nose. She is about 21 years of age, five feet two inches high and stout built. I will give the above reward for her delivery to me or \$20 for her confinement in some jail so I can get her again. Letters on the subject addressed to me at Salisbury, will be punctually attended to.  
HENRY MILLER.  
December 13, 1845—of 33

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10,000 Mink and Muskrat do.  
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conveyed a copy of the Message to Mr. [unclear]