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ETIMOLOGIES.
Hoosick.

Editors:—If you deem the following piece of sufficient interest to be inserted in your paper, you will please do so. We do not remember at this time who related to us the incidents therein contained, but of one thing we are assured, that every time we have thought of them, our risibility has been very much taxed. The incidents are as follows:

On the borders of the stream, now called by the name (Hoosick) there formerly dwelt a tradition sayeth) a good old lady, of rather a gossiping disposition, and who possessed an insatiable desire to be the first to communicate all the wonderful news in the vicinity. Among other things, she was prodigiously fond of hearing of all the lamentable cases of sickness far and near, and seemed to live on the pains and aches, the "gripes and grumbles" of her fellow creatures. With this fondness for the sad and horrible, she never failed to run out when the Doctor was passing, and bawled as she could—*Doctor, who's sick?* This she repeated so often, that at length the man of medicine grew tired of her importunities, and presented a hundred stories with which he amused himself. At one time he told her he had been to see a patient who had the Mortal Borgism, and that he had cured him by taking out his "insides" and washing them in soap and vinegar. "Is it possible, Doctor!" exclaimed the old woman, "well, I hope the man will have a clean conscience after this." "As another time the Doctor told her he had called to see a child that was born without any tongue. "O me!" cried the old woman, "how will it ever talk?—is it a boy or a gal, Doctor?" "A girl," he replied, "Ab, well!" said she, "I am a bit afeared then but what it will talk well enough." On a third occasion, he told her he had seen a woman who was bitten by a rattlesnake. He said the patient was a great snuff taker, and she was one day picking blackberries, the snake, which was concealed among the briars, being highly enraged at the smell of the snuff, sprang from his lurking place and seized the woman by the end of the nose. "O Lord!" exclaimed the old woman, and giving her own nose a thorough wipe, "didn't it kill the woman?" "No, by Jove," returned the Doctor, "but it killed the snake." But to return to the etymology. "The Doctor from being so often questioned by the old lady, who's sick?" at last began to call the neighborhood of her residence *Who's sick?* and when asked by his neighbors, "which way are you going to-day, Doctor?" would reply joyously, "I'm going to *Who's sick?*" This appellation was at first caught from the Doctor and familiarly used by all around him, and afterwards by those living at a distance, and thus not only the neighborhood of the old lady, but in process of time the whole stream and country on its borders, came by a slight alteration in the spelling, to be called by the name of *Hoosick*.

For the Watchman.
ALBEMARLE, N. C., July 15, 1850.

Messrs. Editors:—Col. David S. Reid being held up as the peculiar friend of the "West," let us examine his course, while a member of the Legislature, in reference to certain measures, for the success of which, the Western people felt a deep solicitude. The Legislature at its session of 1840-'41, established three new Counties, to every one of which the Eastern members were opposed. They were not questions of party or of politics but they were questions between the East and the West, though I am happy to say that they were supported by a few Eastern men. Now on which side is Col. Reid found voting? Let the Journal speak.

"On motion of Mr. Bynum, the engrossed bill entitled a bill to establish a county by the name of Cleveland, was taken up and read the second time and rejected." Mr. Reid voting against it. Senate Journal p. 170.

"On motion of Mr. Montgomery, the engrossed bill, to lay off and establish a county by the name of Stanly, was taken up and put upon its passage the third reading; which question was decided in the affirmative."—Mr. Reid voting in the negative. Sen. Journal, page 210.

Mr. Ward moved that the motion to reconsider the bill, to lay off and establish a county by the name of Cleveland, heretofore laid on the table, be taken up which was agreed to. The question was then taken on reconsidering the bill; which was decided in the affirmative."—Mr. Reid not voting. (Did he dodge?) Sen. Journal, page 211.

"On motion of Mr. Gaither, the engrossed bill to lay off and establish a county by the name of Cleveland was taken up and read a second time and rejected."—Mr. Reid, as usual, voting against it. Senate Journal p. 232.

The above facts give ample proof of the kind of affection Col. Reid has for the "West." JUSTITIA.

SALISBURY.
The prospect of the Railroad brings a season of rejoicing to this ancient borough. Not only has the value of property improved, but animation has been imparted to the citizens, and new improvements in the way of repairing and building, are going on to a great extent. Salisbury is the natural head quarters of business for all the north western part of the State, and must inevitably become one of the principal inland towns in the State as soon as it realizes the full advantages of the rail road. This has old town deserves the prosperity which we believe it is destined to enjoy, for the industry and enterprise and the warm hearted hospitality of its citizens.—Greensboro Patriot.

Col. Reid and the Soldiers.—The Standard lately told a mighty affecting story about a volunteer jumping a shore at Wilmington, on his return from Mexico, and making anxious inquiries about the success of Col. Reid. Wonder if that volunteer knew that Col. Reid had voted against increasing the pay of himself and his companions in arms from eight to ten dollars per month? If that same volunteer has not yet been enlightened on this subject, the Standard might serve the cause of justice by informing him of the facts. Will it be done before the election?—Greens. Patriot.

Last Illness and Death of General Taylor.

The following letter from a Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Bulletin, gives very interesting details of the last illness of General Taylor:

WASHINGTON, July 10, 1850.
The capital is shrouded in mourning. President Taylor is no more. He breathed his last at 35 minutes past 10 o'clock yesterday evening, and lies in State this morning at the Executive Mansion, surrounded by his grief-stricken and afflicted family. It is impossible to convey to you in words the effect the appalling news had upon the minds of all classes here. And the same sympathy will be manifested by all classes elsewhere. Few men in respect of his exalted station as President of the U. States, have borne with them to the grave higher claims to a nation's sorrow, and few, whether in his day or ages past, have achieved mightier triumphs to render that name immortal.

HIS LAST ILLNESS, &c.

I yesterday stated that his indisposition began on the Fourth. On the morning of that day he was, to all appearances, sound in health and in excellent spirits. In company with his family, and several of the heads of departments, he attended at the National Monument, to hear Mr. Foote's Independence oration, and even up to five o'clock exhibited no symptoms of illness. However, while upon the ground, he partook freely of the water; and then, after considerable exercise in walking and exposure to the sun, he "felt," as he expressed himself to Dr. Weatherspoon, "very hungry," and without reflecting that he was in an unfit condition to indulge freely in fruits, etc., called for some refreshments, and ate heartily of cherries and wild berries, which he washed down with copious draughts of iced milk and water. At dinner, he applied himself again to the cherries, against the remonstrance of Dr. Weatherspoon, and in an hour was seized by cramps, which soon took the form of violent Cholera morbus. His physician prescribed the usual remedies, but for a time he resisted, deeming the attack only temporary, and that it would yield finally to his naturally strong constitution. Towards midnight, instead of relief, the attack increased in violence, and threatened desperate results, if not speedily arrested. He continued in this condition, without much change, until the evening of the 6th. It was then deemed advisable to call in other physicians. Accordingly, Messrs. Hall and Coolidge were invited, and promptly responded; but they thought it further advisable to send for the assistance of Dr. Wood, of Baltimore. That gentleman attended immediately, and in the same cars came Colonel Taylor, the brother of the General, and his family, who had likewise been telegraphed for.

By this time, (the morning of the 8th,) the disease had made rapid encroachments on his frame; but by the united skill of these eminent practitioners, the visible stage of the cholera morbus was soon after checked. However, fever ensued; and from a remittent character, it took the form of typhoid. Anxiety now began to manifest itself, not only among the exalted patient's family, but among the physicians themselves. His chances of life hung upon a thread.

Meanwhile, there were other causes, besides merely eating and drinking, that operated fatally upon his system. To his medical attendant on the 8th, he said, "I should not be surprised if this were to terminate in my death. I did not expect to encounter what has beset me since my elevation to the Presidency. God knows that I have endeavored to fulfil what I conceived to be an honest duty. But I have been mistaken. My motives have been misconstrued, and my feelings most grossly outraged." He alluded, doubtless, to the slavery question, and the manner in which he had been variously assailed. Even the sanctity of his sick chamber was invaded by certain southern ultraists, who came to warn him that unless he took some necessary steps to protect the South, they would vote a resolution of censure on his conduct in the Colpin business. I repeat merely what I know to be true. On the 5th, Messrs. Stephens and Toombs waited upon him, as a committee appointed by an ultra caucus, to remonstrate upon the same subject; and according to facts since developed, the interview concluded with a threat similar to the above. It was not until after his illness on the 4th, and the conference of the 5th, that the mind of the President seemed so sadly oppressed, and which called forth the remarks just given. From this forward, his mental sufferings were equal to his physical.

But to proceed. Toward the evening of the 8th, chronic type of dysentery which had set in, disappeared, and vomiting ensued. Dr. Johnson (!) of Philadelphia, who is eminent in these branches of treatment, was telegraphed, and a reply received from him that he would arrive last evening; but alas! too late to be of service.

The condition of the patient was now at its critical point. The sick chamber was restored to solemn silence, attendants placed on the outside, and none permitted to enter except the physicians. The family of the President, with Col. Bliss, and other relatives of the deceased, occupied a room adjoining, where they remained, overwhelmed with grief, and refusing even the indulgence of necessary repose. Bulletins were hourly sent out, to inform the masses of the changes observable in the patient; but these so slightly varied for the better, that all hope of his safety was dispelled at eleven o'clock. From that period until daylight, the utmost anxiety prevailed.

The ninth day dawned, but gloom surrounded the Executive Mansion. Thousands began to flood the avenues leading thither, and throughout the day a messenger was kept at the main door to answer the interrogatories that were incessantly poured upon him. At 10 A. M. a report circulated that the President had rallied; and at 1 P. M. that he was dead.—The consternation created by the latter rumor was happily relieved by an official bulletin at half past 3 that the crisis had been passed, and

that he was then beyond immediate danger.—Bells rang for joy, and even the boys in the street lit bonfires and shouted in childish gratulation. The stream now to the White House was greater than ever, but about seven in the evening, the pall of gloom again shrouded all faces, for it was announced the illustrious hero was dying.

I will not attempt to describe the commotion that ensued. Mrs. Taylor thrice fainted from excess of apprehension, and Col. Bliss, who had never shed a tear perhaps upon the battle plain, wept like an infant. At two hours previous—the physicians refused to administer any more medicine—considering his case hopeless and in the hands of God. The heads of the department, corporate authorities of the city, the diplomatic body, and officers of the army and navy, paid their respects often during the day, and seemed to entertain lively feeling of solicitude for his safety. Every thing that could contribute to the comfort of the sick, therefore, was extended; but the sands of life had run out and his hours were numbered.

At nine the vomiting partially ceased, as all pain had disappeared about four in the afternoon. But the system had wasted under the shock and gradually sunk beyond recovery.—Green matter was thrown from his stomach at intervals until 20 minutes past 10—that peculiar coloration of bile that indicates the dissolution of patients thus seized. At thirty-five minutes past ten his wife and other members of his family were called to his bedside to receive his last earthly adieu—a farewell gaze—a farewell that the stoutest could not gaze upon without a tear. It must be remembered that this was a domestic life; and his beloved partner ignorant as himself of those fashionable formulas which under the husband from the wife, felt the first time the loneliness of a bereaved heart, and understood that rigid discipline that would have dictated to her, "Go and weep in solitude—society decrees it."—Her abandonment and grief were truly heart-piercing.

THE LAST MOMENTS.

At a few minutes past ten, as I have said, it became apparent that the soul of the hero and conqueror was about taking its rest. The medical yielded to the spiritual agent, whose office it was to prepare for the approach of the King of Terrors. But there was nothing in the conduct of the sufferer to indicate that he feared the mortal leap. In the secret communion of his heart with Heaven, who can say that he died not a Christian? After prayer he seemed refreshed and called for a glass of water. It was given him, and he drank sparingly. He then inquired of Dr. Weatherspoon how long he thought he would live, to which the latter replied, "I hope, General, for many years," but thinking this a useless deception, he added, "I fear not many hours." "I know it," was the response; then, after musing a moment, he asked for his family. They were sent for, and soon entered. The interview was indescribably affecting.—Mrs. Taylor prostrating herself at the bedside, and her children clinging around her with sobs and groans expressive of their agony. The pain, which had afflicted the patient in the side of his chest, ceased; and attended by other symptoms of ease, it was thought he might endure till morning. But he himself knew better, and so declared, in quite an audible voice. He was asked whether he was comfortable. "Very," he replied. "But the storm in passing has swept away the trunk." Finally he adverted to the subject of his previous broodings—the slavery question—and observed,—"I am about to die—I expect the summons soon—I have endeavored to discharge all my official duties faithfully—I regret nothing, but I am sorry that I am about to leave my friends." These were his last words. He essayed to speak to his wife a few moments before his demise, but his voice failed him. Dr. Weatherspoon administered a stimulus, but it was powerless in reviving the functions. The soul of the hero had fled.

"The lightnings may flash, and the thunder may rattle. He hears not, he hears not, he's free from all pain. He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle, No sound can awake him to glory again."

Congestion of the brain and stomach began at half past 8 o'clock, so that no earthly power could stay the fatal result which has plunged the nation in mourning. The unwearied attentions of his medical advisers deserve credit, and their skill is unquestionable. It is believed however, that had the mind of the President not been laboring under embarrassment and affliction, proceeding from causes named, the disease could have been checked, and his life saved. But now that he is gone, it is vain to speculate. One succeeds him whose sensitiveness is not quite so keen, because intimate with all the trials of politics, and therefore possessing fortitude sufficient to withstand them. Those surrounding the dying President at the moment, were his own family, including Col. Bliss, Col. Taylor, and family, Jefferson Davis and family, Vice President Fillmore, several Senators and members, several members of the Diplomatic Corps, the Cabinet, Benton, Hale, Wood, Coolidge, and Weatherspoon, and a number of intimate friends. Without the mansion, the grounds were literally covered with an immense multitude, scarce crediting the intelligence, though officially announced.

Gen. Taylor died without a struggle. It was a kind of sinking into eternity, without feeling its pain, or experiencing its horrors.—When all was done, the chamber was cleared, until the undertakers had concluded their duties. The body was encased in ice, and ordered to remain where it was until this morning, when it was finally robed for the grave, and laid out in state in the East room. Thus ended the melancholy siege against a strong bulwark of nature.

INCIDENTS.

The chief incidents that transpired during his illness are those embodied in the above.—He regretted in plain language, and so many words, the crusade waged against him, and thought that parties failed to do him justice.—The course pursued by Southern ultraists irritated him, but only because they made him re-

sponsible for conduct with which he had nothing to do. He deplored the strife which prevailed; but did not hesitate to ascribe the cause to sectional demagogues. The dictatorial license assumed by Messrs. Toombs and Stephens displeased him, and the more so because it came from a banded organization; but when it was hinted that his own friends would move a vote of censure, he sunk under the blow, and conceived that to be the most fatal stab of all. He was resolved, however, to pursue the line of policy to which he had thus long adhered, though convinced that gentlemen of the South meditated his ruin. This, while it preyed upon his mind, only determined him the more to stand by his doctrines. It is, notwithstanding these facts, pretty well ascertained, that had he lived, removals from the Cabinet would have ensued before the expiration of the month. The cloud was well nigh ready to burst, and in the deluge created, Messrs. Crawford and Clayton would have been swept away. The conversation between the President, and those who waited upon him officially, including this ultra delegation, I am not prepared fully to repeat, but his physicians do not deny that it materially influenced his disease. Let conscience be their only punishment.

From the Raleigh Register.

MR. EDITOR: I desire to call the attention of our Western people to the insincerity of the Democratic Party on the subject of Free Suffrage.—A question in which we are deeply interested. I charge it on the leaders of that party, at least in middle and eastern counties; notwithstanding all their loud professions to the contrary, they have a settled purpose of finally defeating this great measure; and that the sole object in agitating it, has been party triumph.

In the convention of 1835, called to amend our Constitution, containing so many odious restrictions, are to be found the names not only of nearly all the then leaders of the democratic party, who are since dead or removed—such as John Branch, Charles Fisher, R. D. Spraight, W. P. Dobson, L. D. Wilson, Nat. Macon and J. J. Daniel,—but sir singularly enough, we there find a whole phalanx of the present chiefs of that same party, not one of whom raised his voice against the unjust and sectional provisions already contained or then inserted in our Constitution, nor moved a peg towards the recognition of the great principle of Free Suffrage by that Convention. Yes, sir; there are the names of Geo. Bower of Ashe; Calvin Graves of Caswell, Henry Cansler of Lincoln, Asa Biggs of Martin, J. L. Gains of Montgomery, Lewis Marsteller of New Hanover, James S. Smith of Orange, Weldon N. Edwards of Warren, W. P. Stallings of Gates, John L. Baily (then) of Pasquotank, besides many others from all sections of the State. Is it possible these men could not have secured Free Suffrage in that Convention, had they sincerely believed in the doctrine and desired to have done so? But, sir, the strangest truth yet to be told is the fact, that every living light of them except three, voted for the amended Constitution, and thereby expressed their opposition to free suffrage. Mr. Edwards voted against the amended Constitution, and Messrs. Biggs and Smith did not vote at all.

Now for another scrap of history: During the Legislature of 1840-'41, a bill to establish free suffrage was introduced, read the first time and passed. On its second reading the subject was thus summarily disposed of (the Journal, page 431.) "The Bill to secure to the Free White Men of the State the right of voting for the representatives in the Senate of the General Assembly, was read, and on motion of Mr. G. W. Caldwell, laid on the table."

And there sir that bill has slumbered from that day to this: a period of ten long years has this question been sleeping under the kind care of its democratic friend G. W. Caldwell! And now hear another wonder. Will the democratic party—will the Free Suffrage men believe me, when I tell them that David S. Reid, DAVID S REID, the self constituted champion of this measure, who is now arrogating to himself its paternity, was a member of this same Legislature, and sat coolly by and saw his hantling thus kicked in the head by one of the leaders of his own party? It is even so, sir. He was then a Senator from Rockingham, and not one word said he about Free Suffrage and the Poor Man's rights!

But now the scene changes. The party are beaten year after year on all the old issues. They must hoist a new flag.—They send abroad for foreign aid. S. A. Douglass, of Illinois, and Sam. Houston, of Texas, are sent on from Washington. They take up free suffrage as a hobby and mount Davey Reid upon it. The mandate—"hear and obey"—goes forth. Whereupon not only the little David but all the Goliaths of the party, shout loudly and lustily for free suffrage. They were warned, in under tones by the shrewd ones of the East, that the question once started could never be checked or controlled in its career; but that in its legitimate and necessary consequences, it must lead to a total change from the present basis of Representation in the Legislature to that of white population, the destruction of the Federal Basis in the distribution of the school fund and the abolition of all property qualifications in the members of both Houses. It was horrid to think of this. But no matter, said the leaders—

the Party must do something. Accordingly, the followers shut their eyes and "go it blind." From Cherokee to Currituck they proclaim themselves for Free Suffrage—"in any shape or any form."

By the time the Legislature met, however, the spell had been broken. I was a witness to the proceedings of the House and well remember how the wire-workers tried to evade and stave off the issue.—Those from the East and Middle were bold in their opposition and moved all the time to reject, to postpone, &c. The following instances will show:

On the 15th of December '48, a series of Free Suffrage Resolutions were introduced, when

"Mr. Kelly, (a Democrat from Duplin) moved that the resolution be rejected."

On the 9th of January '49, the Free Suffrage Bill introduced by Mr. Sheek (a Western Democrat) being under consideration, by the amendment proposed by Mr. Rayner, calling a convention.

Mr. Keen (a Democrat from Rockingham, David S. Reid's own county, and no doubt his intimate friend) moved that the Bill, with the amendment, be indefinitely postponed.

Again, on the 12th of January, '49, the same Bill being under consideration,

"Mr. T. J. Person (another Democrat) moved the indefinite postponement of the Bill."

Finally, the Party are whipped in, in the House; the Bill passes that body and goes to the Senate, where it is killed.—Immediately afterwards, Mr. Rayner again introduced his bill for a Convention of the People on this subject (the only certain and fair mode of ascertaining the sense of the people.) On its second reading, it was defeated by a vote 74 to 16 (two-thirds of the whole number of members of the House being necessary to pass it.) Among the latter were 12 democrats and 4 whigs. These democratic gentlemen should be remembered:—they are Messrs. Brown, Davis, Herring, R. H. Jones, Kelly, A. J. Leach, Mosely, McNeill, Nixon, S. J. Person, Sanders, and C. Taylor, 6 of whom could have passed the bill! Several of this party did not vote at all—among them Mr. Keen.

Such, Freeman of Western Carolina, is the history and fate of this question—slighted in '35—laid on the table in '40 and '41 and killed in '48 and '49, and by Democratic votes. The reasons why the party in the Middle and East are opposed to this great measure and will always seek its defeat, are perfectly palpable and are well understood by them. I shall not recount them. But we of the West now see that there is no truth in the Democratic party on this subject, and we are done with them. The Whigs are yet to be tried. But the West will henceforth steer her own course in this issue—irrespective of party. And I say to the Democratic members of the last Legislature and to their constituents who defeated Free Suffrage, you cannot prevent its ultimate success. The West has been borne down by the unequal influence of the East. What we gained in the Convention of '35, we were willing to abide by. We had no desire to wage a sectional warfare against our brethren of the East. But, sirs, when your leaders put up as their Standard bearer a man, who comes from you to us and undertakes to preach a crusade against yourself, and you endorse that man by your votes, we are bound to submit no longer. This thunder triumphed before. Remember 1835. And mark my prediction, it will triumph again. BUNCOMBE.

July 1st, 1850.

PLANK ROAD CONTRACT.

We understand that the Plank Road Company, on Wednesday, contracted with Messrs. Jonathan and Jno. M. Worth, for the construction of their Road, between Carthage and Johnsonville, Randolph co., a distance of 41 miles, at \$1367 per mile. The Messrs. Worth, we learn, are gentlemen of great energy and industry, and of business habits. The work under their superintendance will no doubt, by the character of the gentlemen, be vigorously prosecuted, and faithfully performed. The company have now in operation, 2 steam mills. Two more have been shipped from New York; and still two more will be shipped during the present month.

Duncan Murchison's contract for six miles west of Little River, has been completed and received. Col. Alex. Murchison is actively engaged on his contract of 22 miles to Carthage.

We may say that we are glad that the Messrs. Worth have procured this contract. It is infinitely better that the work should be carried on under the superintendance of gentlemen residing in the locality where it is being constructed, than by those at a distance. It will give confidence in the enterprise to persons in the up country, and create a better feeling than any other arrangement could have done.—Carolinian.

FREE NEGROES.

We notice that memorials to Congress are becoming frequent urging that body to take measures for removing all the free negroes in the U. States to Liberia. We are glad to see this subject agitated, though we don't think Congress ought to have anything to do with it.

The free negroes of this country can live better in every sense of the word, in Liberia than they can in this country because they can all be on an equality, so far as the laws and governments are concerned. It would be so much to the benefit of both the Americans and the free-negroes, that we would cheerfully pay a tax of \$5 per annum to effect it, small as are our means. It is a subject in which we feel, and indeed every man, and particularly every man of family, should feel a deep interest.

Those men who have gone to Liberia, who went there in the darkest days of the Republic and fought their way through wilderness savages and wild beasts, and have made the desert bloom as the rose, are reaping their reward. They have become rich, and are growing with the growth of their happy and prosperous country. But a few days ago, several of them landed in this country to purchase their stock of goods.

To the exertions of the American Colonization society is all attributable; and through the same medium, with the liberal aid of the States, could all that class of persons be removed comfortably.—Carolinian.

The term "Locofoco."—Many of the Democratic prints have exhibited a restiveness under this appellation for which we are unable to account, seeing that it originated at Tammany Hall, and was first applied by one-portion of their own party to another. The Union, with that regard to propriety which distinguished its columns under the management of the late "Bundlecud" denounced it as a "black guard epithet." The Delaware Journal notices one occasion on which it was used by a very famous member of the party. We quote from that paper:

"In the democratic Conventions this epithet has been avowed and made a boast of, as characterising the Democratic party, and especially as applicable to the Candidate nominated by that party for the Presidency in 1844. It happened to be in our power, without losing time, to turn to the record of the proceedings of that Convention. In the Globe of June 6, 1844, is to be found the report of the proceedings of the Baltimore Convention on the 29th day of the preceding month, in which Mr. Frazier of Pennsylvania, (Reah Frazier of Lancaster, the "war horse" of democracy) when about to change his vote from Mr. Buchanan to Mr. Polk thus expressed himself:

"Who are we going for now? (said Mr. F.) We are going for the man who fought so bravely and so undauntedly the Whigs of Tennessee—the pure whole hog LOCOFOCO Democrat, who goes against a Bank of the United States and all corrupting monopolies; against the distribution of the proceeds of the public lands against the assumption of the debts of the States by the Federal Government; against the Tory Whigs of this country and tyrannising England; in a word a man who goes against the ring strikers and speckled Whig party, and all its odious, abominable measures."

WHIGS! BEWARE!

We earnestly advise our Whig friends to beware of FALSE REPORTS, circulated by our opponents with a view to distract us, and to injure our Candidate in certain sections. Rumors in any number and of every character, prejudicial to Gov. Manly's prospects in the East, (where, it is known, he cannot go before the election, to contradict them in person) have been in circulation here during the last week. One of these rumors, for instance, represents him as having taken very strong ground in the West in favor of altering the present basis of representation, &c. &c. We have ample reasons for believing that many of these slanderous reports have been sent down here from Reid himself? We warn our friends—especially our Eastern friends—TO BE ON THEIR GUARD! Remember that one thing is already resolved upon by our opponents:—that if LYING can defeat Gov. Manly, he is to be beaten!

Raleigh Register.

FIRE AND WATER.

The Pittsburgh American chronicles an explosion that took place at Brady's Bend, doing some damage to the Iron works there, and badly burning five or six of the hands. The accident was the result—and, we should think, the very natural result—of a new and rather strange process for purifying the metal by directing a stream of water upon it while in the molten state. It would be hard to tell what effect water could have in such case, even if kept on the surface of the metal, except to chill the latter and be itself converted into steam; but it is easy to conceive that any of it getting below the iron, by permitting the moulding sand, would give rise to very violent and dangerous explosions.—Speaking on this point, the Pittsburgh American says.—"We have known a hearthful of metal, from one and a half to two tons, destroyed and blown away by less than a thimbleful of water." "Even so much water," it justly adds, "as will adhere to a piece of cinder no larger than a hickory nut, will occasion a boil, as it is termed, that will endanger the surrounding buildings and cause the loss of the metal exposed to it."

Cure for Vanity.—We had been during the day running a line through a dense piece of woodland. An old woman gazed upon us for some time in silence. We all saw that she wanted to enter into conversation and none with the exception of myself, wished to gratify her. I soon commenced a dialogue, on various topics and subjects, and as a matter of course, I put my best leg forward. Struck with my language she exclaimed, in a tone quite flattering to my vanity—"La, how I have learned you!" But the compliment received a death blow. "If I was as learned a scholar as you," continued she, "I'd quit engineering and go to keepin' a little grocery."—Western Paper.