

# THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

J. J. BRUNER,  
Editor & Proprietor.

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR  
RULES."



DO THIS, AND LIBERTY IS SAFE."  
Genl Harrison.

NEW SERIES.  
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From the Charleston Courier.

To the Editor of the Christian Enquirer, N. York.

Rev. Sir.—Shakespeare asked, "What's in a name? I rose by any other name would smell as sweet!" but a wiser than Shakespeare has told us that a "good name is better than precious ointment," and experience confirms the wisdom of the Hebrew monarch, for a name has been assigned to excretion an institution that rather deserves the gratitude of the world. Allow us to re-baptize slavery, and call it by another name, and the world would quietly acquiesce in the thing, and subside into quiet.

But with the name, men have associated some hydra of their own creation. With no personal acquaintance with it, they sit in their closets, and, yielding the reins to imagination, conjure up visions of chains and scourges and other instruments of horrid torture, and connect them with an institution which is undoubtedly the least exacting system of labor the world knows.

The degree of ignorance, which prevails with regard to African slavery, exceeds the bounds of credibility. As for instance, we are assured that many are impressed with the belief that our slaves are kept in prisons, from which they are daily marched under watchful guard to their labor, which being extracted from them under the lash, they are returned to their dreary cells, and almost wholly deprived of social intercourse.

This stupid ignorance would deserve ridicule, if it had not so excited the public mind on the subject, as to justify the apprehensions now every where felt for the integrity of the Union.

The truth is that, except when actually engaged in labor, (and that in agricultural pursuits rarely exceeds eight hours per day,) they are as free from restraint as any people under the sun, and, at all times, whether laboring or idling, are free from the cares and anxieties which harass and perplex the poor of other countries, who have to supply the physical wants of themselves and families, (and often scantily too) by the most laborious and incessant toil. A most unfounded opinion also prevails of the *abject and degrading* servitude in which they are held; they perform just services for their owners, as the poor of every country do for the more wealthy, and the intercourse between master and slave is as friendly, and far more familiar and confidential than that of the manufacturer and his laborers.

There is a tie in the former relation which no merely pecuniary connection can ever engender; the master and slave grown up from children in intimate association, and in many cases have been nourished by the same bosom, and there is a sympathy between the native slave owner and his dependent, that rarely exists with any other. The social position of the slave is defined positively, and from that position he cannot advance. Does that make your indignation look at home! Have you not these conventional rules more arbitrary than our laws, which fix a barrier between certain classes of citizens. How much greater are the sympathy and intercourse between the rich and the poor, the refined and the rude, the educated and the ignorant, in your section, than between master and slave in ours. Is it, or can it be as great. The slave appeals with confidence to his master for aid and attention in his sickness, *poverty he does not know*; he approaches at all times his white friends with respect and deference, but none of that cringing servility, which the abject poor are apt to exhibit to their superiors in wealth, and without dreading the repulse so often encountered by modest poverty; he worships in the same temple with his master, and together they meet at the table of their common Lord and Master. What more than all this do they—can they enjoy more you? Do they enjoy as much? I do not ask how the blacks are treated by Philanthropists and unscrupulous Demagogues; but how are they treated by the master? Do the merchants employ them as clerks, are they found as students in the offices of the lawyer and physician? Does the mechanic admit them to his board and board in his family as apprentices? Truth compels you to answer No! and truth must compel you to acknowledge that they never can aspire to those social privileges.—Ages will not overcome the prejudices and disgust with which they are regarded by your free soilers, they perform for you now and will ever continue to do so, those menial offices, which every where are performed by the lowest order of the community—and so far as social position is involved, they are far below the level of a respectable slave. I can point out in any of our large Southern cities a greater number of well dressed, intelligent, and respectable slaves, than you can free blacks in any city of the North.

It is further charged, against slavery, that it induces a laxity of morals, fatal to the growth or existence of piety and virtue, and vitiates the whole frame work of society. Sin and crime enough exist among us—would to God it were less, but this charge we solemnly and indignantly deny—we fear no scrutiny, and challenge our most bitter enemy to probe society to its deepest depths, and establish the damning charge, if he can. We point to your "anti-riot riots," your "fire riots," your "Astor place riots," your "strike for wages," your "burnings of convents," your disgusting and obscene "model statues," (that our most degraded slave would shrink from,) to the records of your criminal courts, and your prison statistics, and if these are not enough, read the proceedings in the Pennsylvania Legislature on the "Forest divorce case," and the controversy on the same subject in the columns of the "Herald," and if you can, produce your parallels in the South. No sir! Slavery so far from being destructive, is eminently conservative of morals, the standard cannot be more elevated than it is in the South. We cherish with pride the dignity and integrity of our men, and the modesty and unswerving purity of our women, and for high intelligence, elevated patriotism, fervent and humble piety, benevolence, and all else that characterizes the good, we fear a comparison with no people in the world.

Your obt. servt.,  
T.

Charleston, May 21, 1850.

ANDERSON.

## PRACTICAL REMARKS.

As predicted by "A Retired Merchant," who appears to understand thoroughly the Tariff, in your columns, our precious metals have been exported in no small quantities; and, as foreign exchanges continue above par, and may advance, it is quite clear to the mind of the writer that, before Congress shall have time to mature any measures to check imports, we must lose a large amount of coin, which every practical merchant knows is so well calculated to cause financial difficulties and occasional revolutions. It is true, the country looks prosperous, and a portion of it is really so, but we know that commercial storms have come upon us suddenly and raged with dreadful, devastating violence: vide 1837. By the late arrivals from England we have seen it stated in print that some of our merchants (and they are now there from all the large towns of the Union, and in no small numbers) have expressed the opinion that we must, ere long, have an unhealthy and unprofitable state of business. In this we fully concur; and, without knowing the reasons given by our merchants whilst "comparing notes" with foreigners, we will give ours in a few words. Conditioned as we are, with no National Bank to inflate or contract at its pleasure the circulation of bank paper, but the currency being now left to regulate itself—the best regulated after all—we see nothing whatever to prevent this country from becoming permanently prosperous but excessive imports. From the fact that foreign exchanges are above par value, and coin leaving the country, there can be no question but that our imports exceed our exports; and if they do at the rate of thirty or forty millions per annum, as some say they are not doing, the time is not far distant when the muttering of another storm will be heard, unless we be compelled to effect another loan from foreigners. But as this matter of the balance of trade, and its effects, are so plain, we did not take up pen to discuss it, but simply to make a request of the new Secretary of the Treasury. It is, that he will monthly, (if possible,) certainly quarterly, cause to be published a statement of the respective amounts of imports and exports.\* Hereafter such a statement has appeared but once a year, (in the regular report of the Treasury Department.) We think quarterly returns from the collectors most important, that all should know whether we are to expect sunshine or storm. When the exports exceed the imports "all well."

## COMMERCE.

\* NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—Our correspondent, in making his call on the Secretary of the Treasury for monthly publications of commercial statistics, seems to suppose that the annual statements prepared at the Treasury are so published at the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury. They are made according to the direction of an act of Congress; and we presume that no less authority would authorize their monthly publication, if such publication would be practicable for any beneficial effect—which is doubtful, since no such publication could well be made within a shorter time than three months after the expiration of each month.

## HOW HE ROSE.

About forty years ago, some where in the woods near the line between Tennessee and Kentucky, in a log cabin, sixteen feet by eighteen, which was already occupied by a brood of ten or twelve children, was born a youngster—the hero of our sketch. In his infancy he was fed on hog and hominy, bear meat, and the flesh of "such varmints" as were caught in the woods. At twelve years of age, he was put out to work with a neighbor as a farm boy, and drove oxen, hoed corn, raised tobacco in summer, cured it and prized it in winter, till he was seventeen years old, when he took to making brick; to which he added, the profession of a carpenter, and by these successive steps in mechanical arts, he became able, by his own unassisted skill, to rear a house from the clay-pit or from the stump, and complete it in all parts and to do it, too, in a manner that none of his competitors could surpass. His panel doors are to this day the wonder and admiration of all the country, in which they continue to swing on their hinges. He never saw the inside of a school house or church, until after he was eighteen years old.

By the assistance of an old man in the neighborhood, he learned, during the winter evenings, to read and write, when a farm boy.—Having achieved these valuable acquisitions by the aid of another, all his other education has been the fruit of his own application and perseverance. At the age of twenty-one, he conceived the idea of fitting for the practice of law. He at first procured an old copy of Blackstone, and having studied in his researches into other elementary works. And having thus, by great diligence, acquired the rudiments of his profession, he met with an old lawyer who had quit practice, or whose practice had quit him, with whom he made a bargain for his scanty library, for which he was to pay \$120 in carpenter's work, and the chief part of the job to be done in payment of these old musty books, was dressing and laying down an oak floor or floors, for \$3 per square of ten feet.

The library paid for, our hero dropped the adze, plane and trowel, and we soon after hear of him as one of the most prominent members of the Mississippi bar, and an able statesman and orator. "I heard him one day," says one, "make two speeches in succession, of three hours in length each, to the same audience, and not a moment testified any weariness on the part of a single auditor, and during their delivery the assembly seemed swayed by the orator as reeds by the wind."

That poor farm boy is at the present time at Washington, a member of Congress from Mississippi. His name is PATRICK W. TOMPKINS. He is a self-made man, and his history shows what an humble boy can do, when he determines to TRY.

John U. Kirkland, Esq., of Hillsborough, has declined the post of Treasurer of the "N. C. Railroad" to which he had been elected by the Directors; and Harper Lindsay of Greensboro' substituted in his place.—Fay Ob.

## THE MYSTERIOUS KNOCKINGS.

Letter from the Rev. Mr. Phelps.

The Rev. Mr. Phelps, in whose house at Stratford, Conn., various strange developments lately took place, addresses a letter to the New York Observer, a respectable religious paper, from which we give the following passages:

The phenomenon consisted in the moving of articles of furniture in a manner that could not be accounted for. Knives, forks, spoons, nails, blocks of wood, &c., were thrown in different directions about the house. They were seen to move from places and directions which made it certain that no visible power existed by which the motion could be produced.—For days and weeks together, I watched these strange movements, with all the care and caution, and close attention which I could bestow. I witnessed them hundred and hundreds of times, and I know that in hundreds of instances they took place when there was no visible power by which the motion could have been produced.

Scores of persons of the first standing in the community, whose education, general intelligence, candor, veracity and sound judgment, none will question, were requested to witness the phenomena, and if possible, help us to a solution of the mystery. But as yet no such solution has been obtained. The idea that the whole was a "trick of the children"—an idea which some of the papers have endeavored with great zeal to promulgate, is to every one who is acquainted with the facts as stupid as it is false and injurious.—The statement, too, which some of the papers have reiterated so often that "the mystery was found out," I regret to say, untrue. With the most thorough investigation which I have been able to bestow upon it, aided by gentlemen of the best talents, intelligence and sound judgment, in this and in many neighboring towns, the cause of these strange phenomena remains yet undiscovered.

I have watched the progress of this matter with great care, and have done the best in my power to learn what these strange things mean; although I have not yet been able to ascertain the cause, I am satisfied that their communications are wholly worthless. They are often contradictory—often prove false—frequently trifling and nonsensical, and more in character with what might be expected of a company of loafers on a spree, than with what might be expected from spirits returned from the world of retribution, to tell the secrets of their prison house.

Such manifestations are now being made in many other parts of the country. According to the information which I suppose to be authentic, they are witnessed, in from 150 to 200 different places at the present time. In many of those places, they are said to advance ideas on the doctrines of religion, wholly at variance with the teachings of the Bible, and subversive of many essential truths which the Bible reveals. Under an impression that whatever is communicated by a spirit must of course be true, many persons are receiving these communications as the truth of God—as a new revelation from spirits, is the work of spirits at all. The most that can be said is, that we do not yet know how or by whom these communications are made. If they are made by spirits, we have no proof they are good spirits. The presumption is they are bad spirits. At my house they often accused each other of lying—contradicted at one time what they affirmed at another.—Inflicted injury on property in the most wanton manner, and have given, throughout, conclusive evidence that the discipline of hell, which they profess to have experienced for several years, has as yet been wholly ineffectual in improving their characters, and qualifying them for the "higher sphere" for which many suppose that the discipline after death is a preparation.

I cannot now say to what conclusions future developments may lead me; but my present impression is, that the whole thing, so far as the transactions in this place are concerned, is to be set down among those devices of Satan, by which he is promoting his work of destroying souls; and my chief object in this communication to the public at this time is, to caution all those who would avoid error, against trusting to these pretended revelations. I have had a better opportunity than those men to witness them and to judge of their claims, and I have full confidence that the opinions I have expressed will be found to be correct. I will merely add, that, for some weeks past, these annoyances at my house have been subsiding, and now, as I hope have ceased altogether.

Yours, respectfully,  
ELIAKIM PHELPS.  
Stratford June 20.

## THE CATAWBA SPRINGS.

As the season is approaching, when the "watering places" are the general source of recreation for the invalid, as well as fashionable public, we deem it proper to recommend the Catawba Sulphur Springs to their attention. The Springs have been well cleaned up, new gums have been placed in them, and the whole interior of the large buildings comfortably fitted up for the accommodation of the public. The location of the Springs is

but 14 miles of Lincolnton, on the stage road to Beattie's Ford, 25 miles from Charlotte and Concord, 18 from Newton and about the same distance from Dallas.—The water is highly recommended by physicians, and its commanding situation renders the whole, with its scenery, quite pleasant and attractive. Thomas F. Hampton, Esq. has the management of the place, than whom none can meet with a more kind, accommodating gentleman. It is time, we think, that the people of the South should encourage at home the Enterprise which assists nature in affording to the invalid all the advantages to regain health; and we hope that the springs in our midst will not be neglected this summer, for those of the North, most of which have been built up and rendered fashionable by Southern patronage.—Lincoln Courier.

## THE OLD CENTURY HOUSE.

There is an old house in Chelsea, owned by Mr. Robert Pratt, that has stood nearly two centuries. It was the first house built after the red faces emigrated from that part of Massachusetts, and is fashioned with a low, rambling roof, sloping in the rear almost to the ground.

It was until recently a venerable looking building, black with age, and patched with white, yellow and grey moss; but the "fast" hand of improvement has modernized it a little, and it can now boast one coat—the first it ever owned—of white paint. In the days of the Revolution, many a wounded patriot sought and obtained shelter beneath the ancient roof, and though the old folks were staunch republicans, they cared for foes as well as friends, and their doors were open for the wounded tory, no matter what nation, and he was treated with kindness. Of all the reminiscences with which the history of that old house abounds, I love best to call before my mind the few connected with the great father of his country, Washington. It is enough of glory that it has sheltered his head in the stormy times, and that his feet have trodden on the white oak floors, and his voice resounded within its walls.

Once upon a time,—no story of olden times is perfect without such a preface—the American forces scant and few, were engaged in building a fortification upon Dorchester. It is well known that this famous redoubt was composed mainly of straw collected from the farmers for miles around, and covered lightly with earth.—On that day, Washington dined at the old house, then standing alone in its glory.—While dinner was preparing, and he was conversing with his host,—a distant relative of mine,—a bright beautiful boy bounded in, and moving quickly up to the distinguished guest, said, "are you the great General Washington that everybody loves so well?"

Washington smiled pleasantly, and lifting the child upon his knee, threw the long ringlets from his brow, and gazed into the dark eyes, upturned to him, pleasantly.

"Say," importuned the boy; "tell me if you are the great general that everybody loves."

A tear stood in the eye of the noble Washington as he replied: "my dear little fellow, they call me general, but I am not such a very great man; I am only trying to do my country some service."

"But you must be a great man, if you are general," continued the boy, "and I know you are a good man, because everybody says so. Uncle says goodness is greatness, and I think epaulettes, make greatness, so you must be a double great man."

All in the room laughed at this little sally, and Washington himself seemed pleased.

"Do you love Children? I mean very little children; asked the boy a few moments afterwards.

"I love little children very much," answered the general.

"Well, I'm glad of it; because my little sister was afraid to come in and see you; but I will go tell her you would like to see her, and I guess she'll come." Off bounded the boy, but he soon returned, leading by the hand a little flaxen-haired fairy, whose blue eyes were slyly upturned towards the great man, as she came timidly in the rear of her brother, almost frightened at the silence around her. In a few moments she was laughing and chatting upon his knee, with all the abandon of innocent childhood, telling him nursery stories, and singing simple songs to him.

An aid entered, and spoke to the general in a low tone. Almost instantly, Washington lifted the child from his lap to the floor, and taking out his pocket glass, went to the door which commands a fine view of the heights, and surveyed them intently.

hope in his hand. He could hardly afford time to eat.

I have many little sketches to give of the old century house, but must leave them for future numbers.

## The largest Grape Vine in the United States.

Under this heading the Natchez Free Trader of the 10th instant has the following paragraph:

"Mr. William Casey corner of the Union and State streets in the city of Natchez, can boast of a grape vine which is, undoubtedly, the monarch vine of the United States. It rises from the ground in a single trunk of some three inches in diameter, nearly straight and well proportioned, to the height of about nine feet, when it spreads into branches, and covers and embowers the trellis work of quite a large garden, beside climbing a tall tree. The weight of the immense cluster of grapes hanging upon it, now about half grown, is estimated at a ton. To stretch out any one of the branches in a direct line, they would measure from three to four hundred feet. The description of the grape, is not natural to the country, but was brought to Natchez in the old Spanish times. It is called the "Jack Grape," from Spanish Jack, the nickname of the Spaniard who planted it. Some years ago, Madame Ringman, now dead, offered Mr. Casey five hundred dollars if he would remove the vine safely to her garden, in the environs of the city, a sum of money whatever would induce the owner to part with it. It produces a wine which has the taste of Hock."

## FALL GARDENING.

The time approaches for Fall planting.—There are many garden vegetable that do as well or better, in this climate, by fall planting. After the first of August the nights are cool, and vegetation starts finely. Irish Potatoes may be re-planted, and they will mature before frost. English Peas will do better in the Fall than in the Spring, as our Fall is much like an English summer. Plant Ruta Baga Turnips as soon as possible, and let all other varieties follow in quick succession. Sow the early varieties of Cabbage for next Spring's use, and the late kinds to eat this coming winter. Beets, Salads, Onion, Carrot, and Parsnip may be put in the ground in October for Spring use, and should we have a moderate winter, they will be fit for the table quite early in the Spring. Early varieties of Corn may now be planted for Fall use. Cucumbers and Squashes are apt to become wormy, and we would not recommend Fall planting for them. Okra and Snap Beans may be planted so as to keep a constant succession until a heavy frost; in short, we look upon a well directed Fall Garden as quite equal to the Spring garden. There is no dread of late Spring frosts, and from the late backward Spring the prospect is good for a long and growing Fall. Lima Beans may yet be planted, to come in with early corn. Just think of it, yankees, succotash in October and November, and sometimes until Christmas! Truly, we have an Eden of a climate. There are many varieties of the Cabbage tribe which are not in general cultivation here, but which do finely planted as late as the first of September, including the Broccoli, the Cauliflower, and Kale; they are planted and cultivated in all respects like the Cabbage. Siberian and Sea Kale are perennial, and may be cut for several seasons from the same root. Melons may be grown in the Fall, but we believe that one melon in June and July would be worth a cart load of Fall ones.

## "I DID NOT OBEY MY PARENTS."

The jail was a large, gloomy-looking stone building. The windows were made strong by great iron bars fastened across them. But the inside was very small, only five feet wide, and eight long. Each room had a cross-barred iron door, with strong bolts and locks, and when the jailer opened or shut the door, the hinges grated fearfully on the ear.

In one of the rooms of the jail was a young man, about twenty-eight years old. He had been found guilty of making and passing bad money, and the judge said he must go to state prison, and stay there as long as he lived.—But he was so sick that he could not be removed to the prison.

Poor fellow! once he could pay in the green fields, down the cool spring, or under the shady trees around his father's house; or when he was tired, he could go home and lay his head upon his mother's knee, and rest himself; or if he was sick, she would sit by his bed and kindly nurse him. But different! shut up in a dark gloomy jail, with no one to care for him, and all around cursing and swearing, and making horrid noises. Oh, he felt very wretched.

Said he, "I shall never be able to go to the state prison, I am so sick. Oh! if I was only ready to die, it would not matter so much!"

"And are not you ready to die?"

"O, no," said he, "I am afraid to die!"

"But why are you afraid to die?"

"Because I am such a sinner."

"There is hope, and mercy, and salvation for sinners, for the greatest of sinners, through Jesus Christ."

"I have no hope. You may talk to me about Christ and salvation, but there is none for me, and that makes me afraid to die."

"I talked to him some time about his father; and when I spoke of his mother, then his lip trembled, and a single tear stole down his burning cheek."

"Was not your mother a Christian?"

"O yes, sir; and a good woman she was. Many and many a time she has warned me of this."

"Then you have had good religious instruction, kind Christian parents, who, no doubt, often prayed for you, and taught you to pray?"

"O yes, sir."

"Then why are you here?"

Said the dying man, "I can answer you all in one word—I did not obey my parents!"

These were the last words he spoke to me. After saying a few words more to him I came away, reflecting upon his awful condition, and the reason which he gave me for being in that dark and gloomy jail.—I did not obey my parents.—Sunday School Advocate.

Killed.—On Friday, the 26th ult., a man was killed in the road leading from Newton to Lincolnton, about two miles from the former place. Having been South with a six horse team, he and another man were on their return to their home in Virginia. At the place mentioned, the horses took flight; and running down a steep hill, the saddle horse fell, and the wheel of the wagon coming in contact with the man's head, he was instantly killed.

Lincoln Republican.