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THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

J. J. BRUNER,
Editor & Proprietor.

“KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR
RULERS.”



“DO THIS, AND LIBERTY IS SAFE.”
Gen'l Harrison.

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The Nameless Prophet.

The hills and groves of Palestine, ever so beautiful to the traveler over its burning plains, were in silent times often selected as the building spots for altars and temples. The shadowy recesses gave solemnity to the imposing ceremonies of the priest, while the cool breeze that wandered through them, bathed in refreshing coolness the silent worshippers that gathered there.

In one of these delicious groves, on a beautiful day, a royal form was seen standing before a magnificent altar, around which stood images and vessels of gold in costly profusion. Clad in splendid apparel, he remained a moment contemplating the smoke of the incense, as it curled slowly upward, while the dense throng around darkened every avenue that led away in the distance. That royal personage was the head of the rebel house that had, usurped the throne of David, and drawn every tribe but Judah after his banner. To complete his scheme of wickedness, he had made gods of gold, and blighted the people into the vices of idolatry. He knew that if they revered the God of Israel, their hearts would soon yearn again towards the house of David.

With his honors torn upon him, and feelings of pride and triumph swelling his heart, he gazed long and earnestly at the smoking altar, when suddenly a shadow darkened the ground before him. With a quick and angry glance, he looked up to see who had dared thus presumptuously to intrude on his devotions. A grave, stern man, wrapped in a mantle, stood beside him, with his eye fixed steadily upon the altar. Paying no heed to the haughty monarch by his side—not even deigning him a glance—having no reverence to the gods he bore him, he calmly surveyed the gorgeous fabric with his unshaken eye. Before the king could recover from his astonishment at this strange and sudden apparition, a voice broke the silence. Apparently unconscious of the presence of the king and his menials, wholly absorbed with the altar before him, he addressed it as if it were a living thing, “O altar, altar! thus saith the Lord, a child from the house of David, Josiah by name, shall yet sacrifice upon thee, and his offerings shall be these high priests that now burn incense, and men's bones shall be burnt upon thee. The Lord hath said it, thou shalt see and the ashes poured out.” The altar alone received his malediction, but the denouncing curse was meant for the king who worshipped there. It was a bold and fearful act, for he stood alone amid a throng of menials, who needed but the slightest signal to help him in pieces. The monarch's astonishment gave way to uncontrollable rage at being thus defied and cursed by the unknown and powerless man; and he sprang forward to seize him. In an instant the outstretched hand fell withered by his side, and the altar parted in the middle, and the ashes were poured upon the ground. As suddenly as astonishment had given way to rage, did fear usurp the place of both; and the king, who a moment before was bent on taking his enemy's life, now tearfully begged for mercy. He besought him to restore the withered arm that hung lifeless by his side. Prayers and tears effected what threats could never have done; and the heart that seemed made of iron—so cold, and fearless, and fearless did it beat amid his fears—was instantly filled with the tenderest sympathy, and he restored to the humbled monarch his arm. In the fullness of his delight and gratitude, the king invited him to his palace and to his table, offering to load him with gifts. But the nameless prophet refused, saying that he would not for half his palace; for the Lord had charged him saying, “Eat no bread, nor drink water, nor turn again by the way thou camest.” So he departed.

The singular appearance of this unknown man—his boldness—his fearful doom he had pronounced, and the miracles he had wrought, filled the beholders with amazement, and the news was spread on every side. Among others, the sons of an old prophet of the Lord brought the tidings to their father's ears. Instantly saddling his ass, he pursued after him—determined to know more of one who had uttered so fearful a malediction, and shown such high authority for it. He found him sitting by the way-side, under a spreading oak, doubtless musing on the mission he had just fulfilled, and the Being who had made him the messenger.

The old prophet began immediately to urge him to go back and eat with him. But the nameless prophet replied, as he did to the king, that it was the explicit direction of the Lord that he should not eat bread nor drink water in that place. Finding all his entreaties of no avail against the command of the Almighty, he changed his plan, and told him that he too was a prophet of the Lord, and added, “An angel spoke unto me by the word of the Lord, saying, Bring him back with thee into this house, where he may eat bread and drink water.” “But he lied unto him.” This staggered the stranger; and though he thought it singular that the Lord should send two such contradictory messages, still one of his prophets, a venerable and revered man, would not state untruth. What questions he put, and what falsehoods the old prophet uttered to sustain the first, we are not told. The whole question hinged on the single fact, whether God had altered his commands. Still it doubtless was with many misgivings that he at length admitted that it was really so, and consented to return.

As he regained his unwilling beast back, he thinks his heart felt a sudden chill, and a gloomy forboding darkened his spirit. Perhaps it was false; and he was provoking the curse of that God whom he would rather perish than disobey.

The two prophets, however, were at length on their way back, and a venerable pair they were as they rode side by side, and conversed of those high themes which related to God and the fate of Israel. As the old prophet spoke of the revelations that from time to time had been made to him—of his solemn interviews with the Almighty, the heart of the stranger must have felt relieved of its doubts; and the fearful misgivings, which would ever and anon shake his soul, departed. This was a man of God, and had been sent to him to hasten his return.

At length they reached the old prophet's home, and entered his humble dwelling. Their hearts were unassailed, and the anxious and officious host ordered dinner to be spread, to which he sat down with his guest. In the

midst of pleasant cheer, and still pleasanter conversation, the hours wore rapidly on. The old prophet exerted all his powers to give zest to the entertainment, and for once disinterestedness seemed about to be crowned with blessings.

But suddenly—at the very moment when they felt most secure—a strange light illumined the old prophet's face, and flashed in fearful splendor from his eye. The Spirit of the Almighty—the true inspiration—had entered him, and, rising up before his astonished guest, who sat watching with the intensest anxiety this sudden change, he cried aloud: “Thus saith the Lord, forasmuch as thou has disobeyed the mouth of the Lord, and hast not kept the commandment he gave thee, but camest back and hast eaten bread and drunk water in the place where he did say to thee, eat no bread and drink no water, thy carcass shall not come unto thy fathers.” Had a thunderbolt suddenly fallen at the feet of the prophet, he could not have been more astounded. On his own confession, his host had lied to him, and now, at his own table, pronounced the curse upon that disobedience of which he himself had been the author.

With a fallen countenance and a heavy heart, the doomed man saddled his ass and rode away. With his head bowed on his bosom, and his long beard sweeping his garments, he passed slowly along, heedless of all the objects around him. Weary and heavy was the way; for he knew the light of his dwelling would never more cheer his eye, nor the voices of those he loved fill his heart with delight. By the roadside his rejected body should be thrown, to be devoured, perchance, by the dogs; and, worse than all, the stigma of a wicked prophet would be fixed on his name for ever. Oh! who can tell the flood of anguish that then swept through his bosom, or the broken prayer to the God of his fathers which then arose from his crushed and broken spirit.

While he was thus passing sadly along, a lion sprang upon him, and slew him. But, held by an invisible hand from touching his prey, he, together with his ass, stood and watched over the corpse. Travelers turned in wonder from the strange spectacle, and brought the news to the city. The old prophet knew at once that it was the victim he had seduced to his ruin; and, with remorse and pity, he hastened to him, and taking up the corpse, brought it to his own house. Mourning over it with tears, that came too late, he cried, “Alas, my brother!” And well he might, for that pale face in its death-stillness, uttered a reproach more touching than language, and all the ghastly wounds, “with their dumb mouths,” pleaded like angels against the murderer. “Take him,” said the stricken prophet, “and lay him in my grave, and when I am dead, then bury me in the same sepulchre; lay my bones beside his bones. Let the same sepulchre include us, and let the monument that tells of the disgrace of the one perpetuate the falsehood and crime of the other.” It was all that he could do by way of atonement, and one tomb held the victim and the seducer. No name crowned the resting-place of the stranger; he was known only as the “Man of God,” and for ages his sepulchre was the sepulchre of “The Nameless Prophet.”

A fearful lesson this, to those who would forsake the command of God for the declarations of man.

ments of success, as the thirteen original States of this confederacy, prior to the adoption of the present constitution.

All this was changed the instant the federal compact went into operation. Commerce revived at once. Money flowed out from its secret hoards and sought investments in active business. Confidence every where revived. The flag of the Republic penetrated to distant oceans, and ultimately saw itself regarded with increased respect. More than sixty years have elapsed since that event—sixty years full of improvement for mankind—yet, in that period, no other nation has made half the progress of this. Even the Roman Republic, in the full plenitude of its power, never beheld a period of prosperity such as that which has just elapsed. The conflicts between the central and local jurisdictions, which have been the ruin of all similar confederations, have been comparatively unknown to our history. In a word, the federal system, as perfect by the Convention of 1787, appears to be the most pliant of all known human governments; to combine the greatest amount of private freedom with public security, and securing the largest extent of local independence consistent with the general good of the whole. Nor is its capacity confined to a limited space or a single race of people. Already the protecting arms of the Republic have embraced vast territories not originally belonging to it, and adopted into its bosom races not “to the man unborn;” yet prosperity has attended to such a degree that statesmen have regarded it as the system that will ultimately be that of all mankind, embracing the entire world at that day of exalted moral and intellectual development, which revelation and reason alike foretell.

Who can hesitate as to whether such a Union is worth preserving? And, if worth preserving, how is it to be effected? Evidently by the observance of the same spirit in which it had its origin. When two persons unite themselves for life, they do it fully aware that mutual concessions will be necessary to happiness; for such is the difference of mental habits; by education, and constitution, that a perfect unanimity, even with the best, is impossible. So long as the spirit of love and conciliation, in which the married state is begun, is followed out, so long harmony continues; but if one seeks to violate this rule and tyrannize over the other, dissensions immediately spring up, and felicity and peace depart. The Union of these States is a marriage between North and South. The South engaged, before she would consent to the alliance, that her peculiar institution should not be interfered with. It was a separate estate of hers which was to be righteously respected, not only in fact, but in spirit; and, if the North would have continued harmony, if it would preserve its honor even, it should observe this solemn compact. The Union is only to be preserved by justice, and that justice should be rendered. In a word, the equitable claims of the South should be conceded, and a return made to the original stipulations of the Constitution.

The subject has extended itself in our hands, further than we had intended, and we have not time, therefore, to enlarge on what those original stipulations are. Foremost among them, however, is the condition that fugitive slaves should be surrendered. Others, too, should be carried out. We would allow no encroachments to be made by the South but neither would we encroach upon them. In a word, Justice is the price of the Union.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

neighbors, it should rather be styled the “Free-booter.” That journal appears afflicted with an incurable propensity to revile New Orleans. It is absolutely rabid at the idea that we will not threaten disunion, hector the General Government, and talk about raising an army to march to Washington and storm the capital. Its course reminds us of the madman who imagined that the whole world was crazy, and he alone in his perfect senses. It utters all sorts of balderdash about Northern influence, and the prevalence of Free Soil doctrines at New Orleans, and intimates very clearly that we are all in this quarter little better than a pestilent knot of Abolitionists. The Free Trader should not pause, while proceeding in so delectable a strain. It should try upon us the effect of a few salutary threats. Perhaps if we were warned in season that in the progress of that puissant army which Mississippi intends sending to Washington, Louisiana will be traversed and signally chastised for daring to love the Union and to prefer remaining in it rather than join a Southern Confederacy—the admonition might assist in turning us from the error of our ways. Naughty school boys must be taught to fear the rod.

To speak seriously, however, we would, in all kindness, advise the Free Trader to flash his brains with something more flexible than Louisiana. It is but a mere wasting of breath to preach treason to our gallant State. She has an instinctive abhorrence of all such doctrines, and will not listen to them. Let the Free Trader spare its wind to cool its porridge, or, if it must speak, let it read homilies to Mississippi on the sublimity of that system of ethics which teaches that the honest way to pay a debt, is to repudiate it. We can't afford to take lessons in morality and duty from Mississippi, we lack confidence in this self-constituted tutor. Her principles smack too much of the transcendentalism of South Carolina to suit plain folks, and her conduct does not indicate that exquisite sense of political honor which can alone qualify her to act as guardian and instructor to the South. She had better obey the eleven commandments. Its violation generally entails hard knocks on the transgressor.—New Orleans Bee.

ory or defeat. The inspiration of song has kindled high hopes and noble aspirations in the bosoms of brave knights and gentle dames, but the inspiration of the hammer has strewn the field with tattered helm and shield, decided not only the fate of chivalric combat, but the fate of thrones, crowns and kingdoms. The forging of a thunderbolt was ascribed by the Greeks as the highest act of Jove's omnipotence, and their mythology beautifully ascribed to one of their gods the task of presiding at the labors of the forge. In ancient warfare the hammer was a powerful weapon, independent of the blade which it formed. Many a stout skull was broken through the cap and helmet by a blow of Vulcan's weapon. The armies of the Crescent would have subdued Europe to the sway of Mahomet, but on the plains of France their progress was arrested, and the brave and simple warrior who saved Christendom from the sway of the Musselman, was Martine—the hammer. The hammer, the savior and bulwark of Christendom. The hammer is the wealth of nations. By it are forged the ponderous engine and the tiny needle. It is an instrument of the savage and the civilized. Its merry clinks point out the abode of industry. It is a domestic deity, presiding over the grandeur of the most wealthy and ambitious, as well as the most humble and impoverished. Not a stick is shaped, not a house is raised, and a ship floats, a carriage rolls, wheels spin, an engine moves, press squaks, a violin sings, a spade delves, or a flag waves without the hammer. Without the hammer civilization would be unknown, and the human species only as defenceless brutes—but in skillful hands, directed by wisdom, it is an instrument of power, of greatness, and true glory.

From the London Times of Aug. 3.
California.—The following is a copy of a letter received at Lloid's from the agent, dated San Francisco June 1, 1850:

I beg to call your attention to a regulation lately passed here, prohibiting the importation of convicts into this State under very heavy penalties. As this law is principally aimed against vessels bringing passengers from the penal settlements of Australia, and will be enforced within 30 days from the day of publication, I fear that many of the vessels bound to this port from our Australian colonies may become involved in difficulties in consequence, as it is well known that many convicts have been brought here by these vessels. Some disturbances have taken place in the southern mines, in consequence of a heavy tax on foreigners—20 dollars per month. By the last steamer, a commission has been received from the United States to investigate matters connected with the custom house department here. Several seizures of British vessels in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company are reported to have been made in Oregon. The charges to which vessels are subject at this port are so heavy that ship-owners should in all cases provide them with funds for the payment thereof, it being extremely difficult to raise money here on bottomry or otherwise, owing to the high rate of interest. Many vessels not furnished with sufficient means to defray the heavy expenses incurred here will either be sold or detained until funds are remitted by the owners. There are now about 500 vessels in port, and about 1,000 more are expected in the course of the year; prices of ships, particularly large ones, rule very low in consequence. Seamen's wages are now from 75 to 100 dollars per month; and will remain high until the approach of winter. The export of gold continues to increase, being now upwards of two millions per month. This steamer has this quantity on board; and the total export during the year will not fall far short of forty or fifty millions of dollars. A safe harbor has lately been found to the southward of Trinity bay called Humbolt Bay, and which will probably soon become an important port on this coast. A settlement is being formed there, as well as at the mouth of Thast, or Trinity river, as it is now called. One of these harbors will probably be made a port of entry, and being in the vicinity of rich gold mines will soon acquire importance.

CHRONICLES.

1. And Isaac sat in the door of the tabernacle of unclean spirits, and his countenance was fallen, his soul was sad, and his heart was heavy within him, for the Sons of Temperance had spread themselves through the length and breadth of the land, and the lovers of strong drink, came not up to his tent as of yore.

2. And he communed within himself and said, this thing I will do. I will speak to the people in crooked and deceitful words, and turn their hearts from the Sons of Temperance, and straightway they will come up to my tabernacle and solace their hearts with my good things; and whiskey and rum shall cause their faces to shine, yea, they shall flow down their beads, even to the borders of their garments.

And the thing pleased him greatly, and his heart was made glad thereat, for Isaac was a cunning man, and learned in all the wisdom of the magicians, who dealt with unclean spirits. And he thought thereby, to put away in his bag, many pieces of gold and shekels of silver.

4. And he poured out an offering to the god of strong drink, in a tin cup or cunning workmanship, and drank it up to the last drops thereof—and his soul was joyful within him, and he lifted up his voice and said, great is the God Alcohol and

his high Priest, who dwelleth in the city, called Raleigh, even the man Temple, who writeth bitter things in a scroll against the Sons of Temperance.

5. And his horn was exalted, for he said within himself, the dwellers on Brown Creek, even down to the Creek called Lick shall come up once more to the Tabernacle I have builded, and bow themselves down to my idols of Rum, and I, even I, shall wax great in the land and my name shall be feared in the congregation of the Righteous.

6. And he called unto him his disciples and spake unto him in this wise! Go ye into all the land, in the region lying about the stream which men call Pinegut, even to the borders of Grassy Creek, and speak to the people thereof, and say grievous things of the Sons of Temperance, peradventure they will believe your lying words, and these my enemies shall be covered with shame, and my tabernacle shall be enlarged, and ye shall sit under the droppings of my doggy.

7. And they did as they commanded, and many believed their report; and they tarried not, but returned to the porch of the tabernacle of unclean spirits, and told the keeper thereof, how they had stirred up the people and that a Prophet had arisen among the people, even the Prophet Hosea who had spoken bitter things of the Sons, even in the Sanctuary of the Righteous. And Isaac shouted with all his might and they all got drunk together.

8. And Isaac said in his heart the time for pressing the apple is come and the Sons shall be led away by cider, and turn again to strong drink. But the Sons grew and were multiplied, and the blessings of those that were ready to perish fell like the dew upon their tents, and Isaac marveled greatly thereat.

9. And the rest of the acts of Isaac, are they not written in a roll published in the City of Oaken by the hands of a scribe? P. H. D. No. 65.

A LUMP OF GOLD.

A wife of Mr. Solomon Greer, residing a few miles from this place, found a lump of gold on the day of the big rain, or the day after, which weighed sixty pennyweights! It was lying in the edge of the spring branch which she discovered it, the rain having washed the dirt off it, and left its tempting beauty bare.

This lump, said to be the largest ever found in this county, was picked up on the land of Mr. Samuel Hampton. We learn that several large lumps, weighing from 8 to 16 pennyweights, have heretofore been found near the same place.—Who knows how near California is to us? Mountain Banner.

The Lincoln Grape.—Old Lincoln, already pre-eminent among her sister counties for her manufacturers, her mines and the rich and varied productions of her farms, has opening to her a new source of wealth in the cultivation of the grape, and destined at no distant day to be equally celebrated for the joyful offerings of her vine presses. That our soil and climate are adapted to the growing of the vine, is no longer doubtful. Numerous experiments with foreign grapes attest that they flourish as well and are as fruitful here as in their native climates; besides, we have several varieties indigenous to our soil, which are far superior to the foreign for every purpose. Dr. Z. Butt, of Lincolnton, (who, by the way, deserves great credit for his efforts to introduce improvement in our agriculture) has a small experiment vineyard, in which are found several varieties; he has the Isabella, the Bland, the Madeira, the Burgundy, all celebrated foreign grapes; two or three kinds of the Catawba grape, a native of this county, pronounced by Longworth to be the best wine grape ever discovered; lastly, he has the grape of grapes, and kind, not known beyond the limits of this county, and which Dr. Butt has very appropriately named the “Lincoln grape.” All other grapes must yield the palm to this, whether as a table grape or a wine grape. It excels all others in its peculiar deliciousness and aroma of its flavor. In size and color, it resembles the Burgundy, but it surpasses that far-famed grape in the profusion and fullness of its bunches as the grains on an ear of corn. It is recommended as a wine grape, by its flavor, and because it has no pulp. It is to be preferred for cultivation from the fact that it is a very luxuriant and rapid grower—the principal vine in Dr. Butt's garden is but three years old, yet it has already transcended the bounds allotted to it, and may be seen creeping with its tendrils, and displaying its tempting clusters, among those of its more modest neighbors—it is also to be preferred, because it ripens early and uniformly, and is not liable to rot. It is more prolific than any other vine—a single vine this season has been estimated to have borne one hundred bushels of grapes. From all these considerations, the reader will agree that it is entitled to be styled par excellence, the grape of grapes.

It being demonstrated by satisfactory experiment, that our soil and climate are well adapted to the growth of the grape, the next question is, can we make the wine? is there anything in the temperature of the air to forbid it? (For this could be the only rational hindrance.)—The writer of this, though professing very little knowledge of this subject, sees no reason to doubt our success in this matter; all that is wanting is the proper knowledge and skill.—As to our climate, he believes it is as congenial for this purpose as that of any country in the world, and that if there should be any fault in the atmosphere, it may be corrected by artificial means.

The grape should be more extensively cultivated in a country so well adapted to it as this is. Why should not every farmer have his vine? Let him begin with a single one, and if he should not desire to carry on the cultivation of it with a view of making wine, he will, for very little care and attention, be amply repaid by one of the choicest luxuries in the way of fruit, that the annual recurrence of this season brings.—Lincoln Courier.

Whist Mr. Clay was addressing the people of Philadelphia, an omnibus driver attempted to make his way, with his vehicle, through the crowd who were listening. He was repulsed, and Mr. Clay immediately remarked that “that omnibus was like the one he had left in Washington—it didn't get through!”

Do tell us why a liquor is like a stage driver? Because she likes to secure the male.