

# THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

J. J. BRUNER,  
Editor & Proprietor.

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR  
RULES."



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

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TERMS OF THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.  
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ELIZABETH WILSON.  
BY L. MARIA CHILD.

The following story is founded upon facts which oc-  
curred during the latter part of the eighteenth century.  
The incidents are still in the memory of many  
of the inhabitants of Chester county, Pennsylvania.

ELIZABETH WILSON was one of humble  
though respectable parentage. From in-  
fancy she was remarkable for beauty and a  
delicate nervous organization. Her brother,  
William, two years older, was like-  
wise a handsome child, with a more stur-  
dy and vigorous frame. He had a gentle  
and loving heart, which expended its affec-  
tions most lavishly on his mother and lit-  
tle sister. In their early years Lizzy was  
the constant shadow. If he went to the  
field to hunt for eggs, the little one was  
sure to run prattling along with him, hand  
in hand. He pelted walnuts from the  
basket, she was sure to be there with her lit-  
tle basket, to pick them up. They sat on  
the same blue bench to eat their bread  
and milk; and with the first jack knife  
ever owned, the affectionate boy carv-  
ed on it the letters W. and E. for William  
and Elizabeth. The sister lavishly re-  
turned his love. If a pie was baked for  
her, she would never break it till Willie  
came to share; and she would never go  
to sleep unless her arms were about his  
neck.

Their mother, a woman of tender heart  
and yielding temper, took great delight in  
her handsome children. Often, when she  
went out to gather chips or brush she  
stopped to look upon them, as they sat  
on the blue bench, feeding each other from  
their little porringers of bread and milk.  
The cross lights from a side-window threw  
on them a reflection of the lilac bushes,  
so that they seemed seated in a flowering-  
grove. It was the only picture the poor  
woman had; but none of the old masters  
could have equalled its beauty.

The earliest and strongest development  
of Lizzy's character was love. She was  
always caressing her kitten, or twining  
her arms about Willie's neck, or leaning  
in her mother's lap, begging for a kiss.  
A dozen times a day she would look earn-  
estly into her mother's eyes, and inquire,  
almost beseechingly, "Does you love your  
little Lizzy?" And if the answer did not  
come as promptly as usual, her beautiful  
eyes, always plaintive in their expression,  
would begin to swim with tears. This  
strong necessity of loving, which so per-  
meates the nature of woman, the fair child  
inherited from her gentle mother; and  
from her, too, inherited a deficiency of  
firmness, which such natures have double  
need. To be every thing, and do every  
thing, for those she loved, was the para-  
mount law of her existence.

Such a being was of course born for  
sorrow. Even in infancy, the discerning  
eye might already see its prophetic shadow  
resting on her expressive countenance.  
The first great affliction of her life was  
the death of her mother, when she was  
years old. Her delicate nerves were  
shattered by the blow, and were never al-  
together fully restored to health. The  
dead body of her beloved mother, with  
large cones on her eye lids, was so awful  
impressed on her imagination, that the  
image followed her every where, even in  
her dreams. As she slept, tears often  
rolled from her tremulous eye-lashes, and  
delicate visions made her start and  
scream. There was no gentle voice near  
to soothe her perturbed spirit; none to  
show an angel's shining robe over the  
obscure spectre that lay so cold and stiff  
in the halls of memory. Her father fed  
and clothed his children, and caused them  
to be taught to read and write. It did not  
occur to him that any thing more was in-  
cluded in parental duty. Of clothing for  
mind, or food for the heart, he knew  
nothing, for his own had never been clothed  
and led. He came weary from daily  
toil, ate his supper, dozed in his chair  
and then sent the children to bed.  
A few times after the death of his wife,  
he kissed his daughter; but she never  
remembered to look into his eyes, and ask,  
"Does you love your little Lizzy?" Wil-  
son was her only consolation; and all he  
could do was to weep passionately with  
her, at everything which reminded them  
of their mother.

Nature, as usual, reflected back the im-  
age of that soul that gazed upon her. To  
Lizzy's excited mind, everything appear-  
ed mysterious and awful, and all sounds  
seemed to wail and sigh. The rustling of  
leaves in the evening wind went thro'  
like the voice of a spirit; and when  
the nights were bright, she would hide  
her head in her brother's bosom, and whis-  
per, "Willie, bear, I wish the moon would  
keep looking at me. She seems to be  
saying something to me, and it makes me  
shiver."

All susceptible souls have felt thus,  
particularly when under the influence of

than ever turned back upon itself, and lis-  
tened to the echoes of its own yearnings.  
Willie, being old enough to work on the  
farm, was now absent most of the day;  
and the fair girl, so richly endowed by  
nature with all deep feelings and beauti-  
ful capacities, so lavish of her affections,  
so accustomed to free outpourings of  
love, became reserved, and apparently  
cold and stupid. When the step-mother  
gave birth to an infant, the fountains of  
feeling were again unsealed. It was her  
delight to watch the babe, and minister  
to its wants. But this development of the  
affections was likewise destined to be nip-  
ped in the bud. The step-mother, though  
by no means hard hearted, was economi-  
cal and worldly-wise. She deemed it  
most profitable to employ a healthy, stout  
niece of her own, somewhat older than  
Elizabeth, and to have her step-daughter  
bound out in some family where she could  
do light labor. It was also determined  
that William should go to service; and  
his place of destination was fifty miles  
from that of his sister.

The news of this arrangement was very  
bitter to the children. Both answered  
their father, very meekly that they were  
willing to go; but their voices were deep,  
sad, and almost inaudible. Without say-  
ing another word, the boy put on his hat,  
and the girl her sun-bonnet, and taking  
each other by the hand, they went forth  
and roamed silently to their mother's grave.  
There they stood for a long time, still—  
still—and their tears dropped fast on the  
green sod. At last, Elizabeth sobbed out,  
"Oh, if dear mother was alive, Willie, we  
should not have to go away from home."  
But Willie could only answer by a fresh  
outburst of grief. A little clump of wild  
flowers nodded over the edge of the  
mound. The affectionate boy cut two of  
them, and said, "Let us keep these Lizzy,  
to remember mother by."

The flowers were carefully pressed be-  
tween the leaves of Lizzy's Testament,  
and when the sorrowful day of parting  
came, one was nicely folded in a paper  
for Willie. "Now, dear sis, give me that  
nice little curl," said he, putting his finger  
on a soft, golden-brown ringlet that nest-  
led close to her ear, and lay caressingly  
on her downy cheek. She glanced in the  
fragment of a glass that served for a mir-  
ror, and with eyes brimful of tears, she  
answered, "Oh, Willie, I cannot give you  
that. Don't you remember how dear mother  
used to wet my head all over with cold  
water, to make my hair curl? She used  
to laugh when I shook my head, and  
made the curls all over my forehead; and  
she would kiss that one in particular. She  
said it was such a darling curl." Thus  
childishly did the innocent ones speak to-  
gether. The brother twisted the favor-  
ite curl round his finger, and kissed it  
too; and a bright tear fell on it, and glitter-  
ed in the sunshine.

William left home a few days earlier  
than his sister, and bitterly did the lonely  
one sob herself to sleep that night. She  
shuddered in the dark, and when the moon  
looked in at the window, its glance seem-  
ed more mournful than ever. The next  
morning, she fell from the breakfast table  
in a fit more severe than usual. But as  
she soon recovered, and these spasms now  
occurred only at distant intervals, her step-  
mother thought she had better be in readi-  
ness to depart at the appointed time.

The wagon was brought to the door,  
and the father said to her, "Lizzy, put on  
your bonnet, and bring your bundle. It  
is time to go." Oh, how the poor child lin-  
gered in her little bed-room, where she  
and Willie slept in their infant days, and  
where the mother used to hear them say  
their prayers, and kiss them both, as they  
lay folded in each other's arms. To the  
strong step-mother she easily said good  
bye; but she paused long over the cradle  
of the babe, and kissed each of its little  
fingers, and fondly turned a little wave of  
sunny hair on his pure white forehead.—  
Her heart swelled, and she had to swal-  
low hard to keep down the sobs; for it  
was her cradle, and she was thinking how  
her mother used to sing her to sleep.—  
Her father spoke to her in a tone of un-  
usual tenderness, as if he too remembered her  
infancy, and the gentle one who used to  
rock her in that cradle. "Come, Lizzy,"  
said he, "it is time to go. You shall come  
back and see the baby before long." With  
blinded eyes she stumbled into the wagon,  
and turned and looked back as long as  
she could see the old elm tree by her bed-  
room window, where all the summers of  
her young life she had watched the swal-  
lows come and go.

It is a dreary fate for a loving and sen-  
sitive child to be bound out at service a-  
mong strangers, even if they are kind-  
hearted. The good woman of the house  
received Lizzy in a very friendly manner,  
and told her to make herself at home.—  
But the word only sent a mournful echo  
through her heart. For a few days, she  
went about in a state of abstraction that  
seemed like absolute stupidity. Her step-  
mother had prepared them for this, by  
telling them there was something strange  
about Lizzy, and many people thought  
her fits had affected her mind. Being of  
coarser and stronger natures, they could  
none of them imagine that the slow stag-  
nation of the heart easily dim the light of  
intellect in a creature so keenly suscepti-  
ble. But by degrees, the duties required  
of her roused her faculties into greater ac-  
tivity; and when night came, she was for-

tunately too weary to lie awake and  
weep. Sometimes she dreamed of Wil-  
lie, and her dreams of him were always  
bright and pleasant; but her mother some-  
times fondled her with looks of love, and  
sometimes came as the pale cold spectre.  
Thus the months passed slowly away.—  
Her father came to see her at distant in-  
tervals, and once in a great while a letter  
came from Willie, in a large stiff hand.  
Unaccustomed to writing, he could not  
through this medium tell much that was  
passing in his heart. That he wanted  
badly to see his sister, and often kissed the  
flower they plucked from the dear moth-  
er's grave, was the substance of all his  
epistles.

In the mean time, Lizzy was passing  
into womanhood. Childhood and youth  
kissed each other, with new and glowing  
beauty. Her delicate cheeks mantled  
with a richer color, and her deep blue  
eyes, shaded with long fringes of the dar-  
kest brown, looked out upon life with a  
more earnest and expressive longing.—  
Plain and scanty garments could not con-  
ceal the graceful outline of her flexible  
figure, and her motions were like those  
of some pretty timid animal, that has al-  
ways stepped to sylvan sounds. She was  
not aware of her uncommon loveliness,  
though she found it pleasant to look in  
the glass, and had sometimes heard stran-  
gers say to each other, "See that pretty  
girl!"

There were no young men in the im-  
mediate neighborhood, and she had not been  
invited to any of the rustic dances or quil-  
ting frolics. One bashful lad in the vi-  
cinity always contrived to drive his cows  
past the house where she lived, and ear-  
ly kept watch for a glimpse of her, as she  
went to the barn with her milking-pails.  
But if she happened to pass near  
enough to nod and smile, his cheeks grew  
red, and his voice forsook; and she could  
not know or guess that he would lie awake  
long that night, and dream of her smile,  
and resolve that some time or other he  
would have courage to tell how handsome  
she was, and how the sight of her made  
his heart throb. She did not yet know  
that she could love anybody better than  
she had loved Willie. She had seen her  
darling brother but twice during their  
three years of separation; but his image  
was ever fresh and bright in her memory.  
When he came to see her she felt com-  
pletely happy. While he gazed upon her  
with delighted eyes, her affectionate na-  
ture was satisfied with love; for it had  
not yet been revealed to her in the melt-  
ing glance of passion. Yet the insidious  
and unquiet power already began to fore-  
shadow itself in vague restlessness and  
romantic musings; for she was at an age

"To feel a want, yet scarce know what it is;  
To seek one nature that is always new,  
Whose glance is warmer than another's kiss;  
Such longing instinct fills the mighty soul  
Of the young heart with one mysterious hope."

At last an important event occurred in  
Lizzy's monotonous existence. A young  
girl in the village was to be married, and  
she was invited to the quilting party. It  
was the first invitation of the kind she  
had ever received, and of course it occu-  
pied her thoughts day and night. Could  
she have foreseen how this simple occur-  
rence would affect her whole future des-  
tiny, she would have pondered over it  
still more deeply. The bridegroom brought  
a friend with him to the party—a hand-  
some dark-eyed young man, clerk of a  
store in a neighboring town. Aware of  
his personal attractions, he dressed him-  
self with peculiar care. Elizabeth had  
never seen anything so elegant; and the  
moment his eye glanced upon her, he de-  
cided that he had never seen anything  
half so beautiful. He devoted himself to  
her in a manner sufficiently marked to  
excite envy; and some of the rich farmers'  
daughters made critical remarks about  
her dress, which they concluded was pass-  
ably genteel, for a girl that lived out at  
service. However, Lizzy was queen of  
the evening, virtue of nature's own im-  
press of royalty. When the quilt was fin-  
ished, romping games were introduced,  
according to the fashion of the times; and  
the young men took care that the forfeits  
paid by the pretty girls should generally  
involve kissing some of their own number.  
Among the forfeits required of the dark-  
eyed stranger, he was ordered to beg on  
his knees for the identical little curl that  
Willie had asked of his sister. In the  
midst of her mirthfulness, this brought a  
shadow over her countenance, and she  
could not answer playfully. However,  
this emotion passed away with the mo-  
ment, and she became the gayest of the  
gay. Never before had she been half so  
happy. The joyful consciousness of pleas-  
ing everybody, and the attractive young  
stranger in particular, made her eyes  
sparkle, and her whole countenance ab-  
solutely radiant with beauty.

When the party were about to separate,  
the young man was very assiduous about  
placing her shawl, and begged permis-  
sion to accompany her home. But little  
was said during this walk; yet enough  
to afford entrance into both hearts for  
that insidious and unquiet passion, which  
tangles the web of human life more than  
all other sentiments and instincts of our  
mysterious being. At parting he took her  
hand, to say good night; but he continued  
to hold it, and leaning against the gate  
they both stood, for a few moments, gaz-  
ing at the clear, silvery orb of night. Ah,

how different the moon seemed to Lizzy  
now! Earth's spectral robe had changed to  
a veil of glory. Her bonnet had fallen  
back, and the evening breeze played gen-  
tly with her ringlets. In soft, insinuating  
tones, the young man said, "Will you not  
give me that little curl I asked you for?"  
She blushed deeply, and answered, in her  
child-like way, "I cannot give you that,  
because my mother used to kiss it so of-  
ten." "No wonder she kissed it," he re-  
plied; "it looks so roguish, lying there on  
the pretty cheek." And before she was  
aware of it, he had kissed it too! Trem-  
bling and confused, she turned to open the  
gate, but he held it fast, until she had prom-  
ised the next time he came she would give  
him one of her curls.

Poor Lizzy went to bed at night with  
an intoxicated heart. When she twisted  
her hair at the glass, next morning, she  
smiled and blushed, as she twined the fa-  
vorite ringlet more carefully than ever.—  
She was so childishly happy with her pret-  
ty little curl! The next Sunday evening  
she sat at the window, she heard the  
sund of a flute. He had promised to  
bring his flute; and he had not forgotten  
her. She listened—it came nearer and  
nearer through the wood. Her heart beat  
audibly, for it was indeed the handsome  
dark-eyed stranger.

To be continued.

EXTRACT FROM THE ADDRESS OF  
RALPH GORRELL, Esq.,  
Delivered before the Philanthropic Society of  
Davidson College, at the commencement in  
August last.

Man, though a reasoning animal, is also a  
creature of habit, and generally, more strongly  
under the influence of the latter than the former  
moving principle; and as the fowls of the air  
of every wing build their habitations in the same  
way they did in all past time, so as we may  
readily suppose they will continue to do so for  
all ages to come, because they are governed  
solely by instinct, or a faculty of imitation.—  
And so it will be with man whilst he suffers  
himself to be governed by the force of habit,  
instead of the force of reason. By the use of  
the latter he learns wisdom by experience, and  
daily adds to the treasure of his knowledge.—  
Under the influence of the other, he remains  
stationary, repeating old blunders, copying past  
errors, enduring again and again the same  
grievances, and making his blunders and his  
errors hereditary by handing them down as  
heirlooms to his children. The great misfor-  
tune attending our agriculture is, that the masses  
engaged in it, though owning the soil they  
cultivate, make their occupation the subject of  
neither thought, study nor reading; the advan-  
tages of a systematic employment of time are  
lost, all the operations of the farm are perform-  
ed with a kind of stereotype routine, admitting  
of little variation or improvement. The modes  
of cultivation introduced by our fathers upon a  
rich and virgin soil, and similar agricultural  
implements, though unfit for the same soil,  
scoured, exhausted, and impoverished as a large  
portion of our state now is,—is still pursued  
with undeviating fidelity, though the rewards of  
labor are denied and sterility and barrenness,  
like an invading foe, are making yearly advan-  
ces, and threatening a complete conquest of the  
soil which they cultivate. In vain knowledge  
unfurls to them her ample page, rich with the  
experience and wisdom of the past; they shut  
their eyes upon the light kindly offered to guide  
them to prosperity. In vain the agricultural  
press weekly and monthly offers to pour its  
treasures at their feet; most of them have strong  
prejudices against what is called "book farm-  
ing," and look upon money spent for informa-  
tion as wasted. It is a matter of comfort that  
this sad state of things is not universal, and that  
this gloomy picture is relieved in every county  
by well cultivated farms under the management  
of men of education, and others, whose vigorous  
intellects have broken down the shackles of  
habit, and who are reaping the rewards of their  
enlightened policy, and setting a noble example  
for the imitation of their countrymen.

Few, in proportion to the number of educated  
men, in our State, have entered upon cultivation  
of the soil as their sole pursuit; most of them  
have gone into the learned professions, or have  
left the State, and there is reason to fear that  
there is a prejudice among men of letters, and  
especially young men, against engaging in  
this employment. It is looked upon as an in-  
ferior calling, and too narrow and limited to fur-  
nish scope and range to an educated mind.—  
That the learned professions and politics are the  
only fields where genius and talents can  
tread, with a certain prospect of honor and dis-  
tinction. No occupation ought to be esteemed  
too contracted for the employment of an edu-  
cated mind, the accomplished pursuit of which  
requires no mean knowledge of the sciences of  
Chemistry, Mineralogy, Mechanics and Botany.

And without looking back over the long cat-  
alogues of illustrious names, both ancient and  
modern, that have filled and adorned the annals  
of husbandry, it is surely enough for the pride  
of an American that he whom the world looks  
upon as the greatest and best of men was a  
tiller of the soil by choice, a hero and states-  
man by the choice of his countrymen, who, after  
having successfully led them through the  
bloody struggles of the Revolution—after having  
laid the solid foundations of an enduring pros-  
perity and freedom, returned again with spirit  
and zeal to the favorite employment of his  
younger years. And had not the rugged and  
fearful crisis of the age in which he lived, cal-  
led forth his rare talent to command and govern,  
the name, and fame and example of Washing-  
ton, would have been unknown to the world, in  
any other light than a distinguished planter in  
the colony of Virginia.

I do not wish to be understood as urging you  
to the adoption of agricultural pursuits and labors  
as the sole business of your lives, nor by any  
means to dissuade you from entering upon what  
is usually called the learned professions; but I  
desire to call to your attention and recommend

to your adoption, the plan of combining the cul-  
tivation of the soil, either upon a larger or small-  
er scale, with whatever profession or business  
you may adopt as your employment through life,  
and the entrance upon this collateral pursuit  
with animation and zeal. And it is not so much  
for your own advantage as that of others, that I  
press this course upon you, as opening up a  
field of usefulness, where by your influence and  
example, you can benefit your neighbors, at the  
same time you are adding to your own stock of  
health and comfort. We have now living man-  
ny illustrious examples of the successful combi-  
nation of agricultural pursuits with extensive  
and complicated professional duties, two of  
whom may be named, in the persons of Mr.  
Clay and Mr. Webster, both lawyers at the  
head of their profession, both masters of a most  
powerful and commanding oratory, both states-  
men, who have for years been the leaders of a  
strong and talented party, both farmers, throw-  
ing the lights of their matured mind into the  
cultivation of the soil, and stimulating their  
neighbors by their enlightened example. An-  
other instance and one in our own State may  
be named, in the person of the present Chief  
Justice of North Carolina, who, though possess-  
ing a legal mind and juridical acquirements  
which would qualify him for any bench in Amer-  
ica, has been for many years devoted to agri-  
cultural pursuits, and has most gracefully worn  
the chaplets of Ceres around the black letter of  
the Law.

To bring the agriculture of our State, under  
a more enlightened system by the dissemina-  
tion of knowledge, the formation of agricultural  
associations, the application of science, and the  
force of enlightened example, will be a public  
benefaction entitling those who undertake and  
accomplish it to the gratitude of the communi-  
ty. And although men educated, and habituated  
in false theories and mistaken practices, aban-  
don them with reluctance, and adopt new  
and untried courses, with doubt and hesitation;  
yet there is a way in which they can be effec-  
tually taught by the force of example. Let them  
see that barren wastes can be clothed with ver-  
dure,—that exhausted and abandoned fields can  
be loaded with grain,—that the pestilent marsh  
can be made to lose its poisonous properties  
and yield luxurious crops to the use of its own-  
er,—that the cotton stalk, the tobacco stalk, and  
the corn stalk, can be made to flourish, in place  
of the brier and the thorn. Let them see that  
the habitation of the husbandman can be con-  
structed with a view both to neatness and com-  
fort. That his home can be surrounded with  
refreshing fruits and shades, and regaled with a  
fragrance sweet as  
"Sabean odors, from the spicy shore  
Of Araby, the blest,"  
and at the same time his wealth augmented;  
and you will address arguments to them which  
will bind them like a spell to their native home,  
and stimulate them in a course of enlightened  
industry.

Statistics of Wagons.—We are indebted to  
Mr. Rose, of the Plank Road Office, for the fol-  
lowing statement, showing a very large increase  
of the number of vehicles passing the Toll Gate  
for six months of this year over the correspon-  
ding six months of last year:—

	1850	1851
April,	647	1124
May,	794	872
June,	629	594
July,	589	749
Aug.,	666	1038
Sept.,	720	1224
	4045	5601

Fay. Ob.

Duel with Poison.—Lola Montes, it seems,  
has challenged, or rather threatened to chal-  
lenge, the editor of the Paris Constitutionnel  
to mortal combat with pills. Her letter to the  
redacteur appears in the Journal du Haere.  
After accusing him of resorting to falsehood,  
perfidy and ridicule to revenge himself upon  
"a feeble lady," the feeble lady winds up her  
letter with the following paragraph.  
"If you continue, sir, I will be obliged to  
send you my card, and my seconds, to put an  
end to your ridiculous animosity; but it will not  
be with pistols. I am more generous in a com-  
bat. I will offer to you two pills, in a box;  
one of them will be poisoned; and you will not  
be able to refuse a duel with arms which are  
so familiar to you. I have the honor of saluting  
you,  
LOLA MONTES."

A pill duel! What a medicinal idea! This  
is making honor a drug and fighting by the  
pharmacopoeia.

Hoarding Wealth for Children.—We say to  
parents, beware how you endanger the future  
character and happiness of your children, by  
hoarding wealth for them to possess. If you  
wish them to form wide and virtuous habits and  
companions—to grow up incapable of manly ex-  
ertion and true independence—or if you wish  
to set a snare to entrap mere fortune hunters  
for your daughters' husbands, doubtless the  
course, is to hoard all you can, and to let them  
understand from childhood that it is for them.  
But if you wish your children to be industrious,  
independent, self relying and happy, they must  
be taught to depend upon their own exertions.  
Give them a good education; give them trades  
or professions; but give them not the means of  
living without care and exertion.

Destruction of a Whale Ship by a Whale.—  
Capt. Deblouis, master of the New Bedford  
whale ship Ann Alexander, has arrived at  
New York in the steamer Cherokee, and re-  
ports the immediate sinking of his ship in the  
South Pacific ocean, on the 20th of August last,  
by a blow from a whale which they were en-  
deavoring to capture. The whale, after being  
harpooned, and running some distance, had  
turned upon two of the ship's boats, and crush-  
ed them in succession in its ponderous jaws,  
the crews, nine in each, providentially escaping

by throwing themselves into the sea, and being  
picked up by a third boat. The whale was  
then harpooned from the ship itself, which he  
instantly attacked, struck her with tremendous  
violence, shaking her from stem to stern. She  
quivered under the violence of the shock, as if  
she had struck upon a rock! Capt. Deblouis  
immediately descended into the fore-castle, and  
there to his horror, discovered that the monster  
had struck the ship about two feet from the  
keel, abreast the foremast, knocking a great  
hole entirely through her bottom, through which  
the water rushed impetuously! She sunk in a  
few hours, the crew taking to their boats, with  
scarcely any provisions or water. Two days  
after, they fell in with a vessel, which took  
them on board.

This is a wonderful instance of the power of  
the whale.

THE NEXT PRESIDENCY.  
We find much speculation among the  
partizan presses of other States as to the  
next Presidential election—and who are to  
be the candidates of the different parties.  
The Whigs seem pretty generally, (South  
at least) to have settled down on FILLMORE,  
of New York, and GRAHAM, of North Car-  
olina; while the Democrats are widely  
divided between the different claims of  
DALLAS, BUCHANAN, CASS, and DICKINSON.  
The late elections in Pennsylvania having  
resulted in the success of the Democrats,  
the aspirants of that party cling with tena-  
city to "their claims," as they deem the  
prospect of success so bright. We differ  
with the democratic press in a measure,  
for we cannot believe the Pennsylvania  
election to be the harbinger of so much  
good, as at first may be supposed. The  
friends of Messrs. DALLAS and BUCHANAN  
can hardly be brought to surrender their  
candidate, therefore without more pru-  
dence than has heretofore characterized  
either of the parties. North, the State must  
be carried by the Whigs. The States  
were evenly divided the last election—we  
see no reason why any other change should  
be effected than such as must result from  
the inability of the parties to agree among  
themselves. If Dallas or Buchanan re-  
ceive the nomination, Pennsylvania will  
be divided; if neither, the State is gone  
over to the Whigs. This is an ugly  
position for a party to be placed in, but  
such we believe is the unfortunate position  
of the Democrats of Pennsylvania.  
For our part, we wish South Carolina to  
stand aloof from the contest—but if she  
must take part in it, let her prayer be  
"good Lord, good Devil" for it makes lit-  
tle difference to her whose hands she falls  
in, now.—The Remedy.

PROPOSED DIVISION OF OREGON.  
A movement has lately been set on foot by  
the settlers in Oregon Territory which has  
for its object the organization of a separate Ter-  
ritorial Government for that portion which lies to  
the north of the Columbia river. It is to be  
called the Columbia Territory, and throughout  
its vast extent is well adapted to agriculture,  
commerce, and manufacturing. The total ab-  
sence of all municipal law and civil officers,  
the great distance from the seat of the present  
Government, and the isolated situation of this  
part of the Territory therefrom, and many other  
reasons, are urged as to the propriety of the  
organization of a separate Territorial Govern-  
ment. For the promotion of this object a Con-  
vention of twenty five delegates assembled at  
Carroll, Lewis county, on the 29th of August,  
and, after discussing the matter, unanimously  
adopted the following resolution:  
"That a committee of three be appointed by  
the President of the Convention to prepare a  
suitable memorial on that subject to Congress,  
and that the same be forwarded to the De-  
legate in Congress from Oregon Territory, request-  
ing him to use his influence to procure the orga-  
nization of a separate Territorial Government."

Previous to the session of the Convention, a  
committee on districts and counties having been  
appointed, the territory north of the Columbia  
river was divided into twelve counties, with  
well prescribed boundaries. The Convention  
is to meet again at Olympia some time about  
the middle of next May, there to form a State  
Convention, preparatory to asking admission  
into the Union as one of the States thereof,  
provided that Congress has not at that time or-  
ganized a Territorial Government.—Nat. Int.

Rat Catchers.—The rat-catchers of the city  
of Paris have just held a meeting at the hotel  
de Ville; their deliberations were presided  
over by the Inspector of Highways, who also  
exercises jurisdiction over the gutters and sew-  
ers. The object of the meeting was to take  
measures for the coming rat campaign. A mil-  
lion and a half of these vermin are supposed at  
this moment to be undermining Paris. It was  
decided that nicotine should be the poison used  
in their extermination. Last year 1,133,300  
rats were killed, and their tails were deposited  
at the Hotel de Ville in proof of the fact.—  
[New York Tribune.

Garments without Seams.—The Scien-  
tific American says:—  
"Samuel M. Perkins, of Springfield,  
Bradford Co., Pa., has invented improve-  
ments in the manufacture of garments,  
whereby we shall be enabled to wear coats  
and all such habiliments, independent of  
the weaver or tailor. The nature of the  
improvement consists in causing the bat,  
or fleece of wool, cotton, or other fibrous  
material, as it issues from the carding ma-  
chine, to be wrapped on a "Former" of  
the required shape of the desired garment.  
The "Former" is made to revolve, and  
at the same time it has a reciprocating  
motion in a direction at right angles to  
the feed, so that the fleece will be wrapped  
spirally in contrary courses upon the  
"Former" for any number of layers in  
succession, according to the thickness of  
the garment required to be made. Meas-  
ures have been taken to secure a patent."

Gen. Cary, the Temperance Lecturer, is  
reported in the Cincinnati Nonpareil as fol-  
lows: speaking of distilleries about Cincinnati:  
He said that a good Methodist owns a distil-  
lery that turns out forty barrels a day—and the  
old man takes up his hymn book every day and  
sings,  
"Come thou fount of every blessing,"  
[roars of laughter] and as he looks at his pro-  
fitable fount he doubtless sings with much truth,  
Streams of mercy never cease to flow."  
Diamonds almost always communicate  
their hardness to those who wear them.