

Carolina Watchman.

Devoted to Politics, News, Agriculture, Internal Improvements, Commerce, the Arts and Sciences, Morality, and the Family Circle.

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The hypocritical course of the Southern States towards Mr. Fillmore is a more than ordinary one. We can hardly take up one of these papers that we do not find in large columns and extracts from Mr. Fillmore's speeches and votes while in Congress, entirely endorsing and praising him, and then when the Southern States are to be put to the test, we find in the same papers, and in the same columns, a different tone and spirit. Foremost in this hypocritical and ungenerous course is the Richmond Enquirer, the organ of the Loco-focoism in old Virginia. When Mr. Fillmore was no longer in the way of the ambitious projects of that paper, he was considered a marvellously proper man; but as soon as he is brought forward as a candidate in opposition to one that the Enquirer supports for the Presidency, he is branded as an abolitionist forthwith. This is the game that the Democratic party and the Democratic press have been playing for a number of years. Henry Clay, Gen. Harrison, and even Gen. Taylor (although owning a large number of slaves) did not escape this foul and unfounded charge. And why should Mr. Fillmore? Did not Col. Wm. H. Polk, State elector, say to W. R. Cox, county elector for Davidson county, Tenn., in the presence of Governor Johnson and others, "that they must charge, from the word go, abolitionism on Mr. Fillmore, if he were the soundest man in the world; and Gov. Johnson then replied, 'Yes, and make it your main point.'"

The Enquirer and other kindred prints have not been idle in following and endorsing this advice. True to their calling, they have published garbled extracts and unexplained votes of Mr. Fillmore in the futile attempt to fix this charge upon him. To show the hypocrisy of the Enquirer, we quote the following from its paper of Saturday last, in the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and fifty-six:

Fillmore at the North.—It is manifest that Mr. Fillmore is regarded by a great portion of the North as an efficiently with Fremont in restoring the constitutional rights of the South. His open denunciation of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise line, indicates his anti-Southern sentiments, and, for his manifest weakness as a candidate, he would receive a much greater vote from the free-soil opponents of Mr. Buchanan.

Geo. T. Davis of Massachusetts, has declined the nomination of the Fillmore American Convention of that State for the office of Attorney General—not because Mr. Fillmore does not represent his (Davis') anti-slavery sentiments, but because he wishes to make his vote effective by casting it for Fremont, the only formidable opponent of Mr. Buchanan. Here is what Mr. Davis says:

I have great personal regard and respect for Mr. Fillmore, and great confidence in the national and harmonious influences, which, if elected, he would be likely to bring around him. But I cannot resist the conviction that the present issue of this election lies between the supporters of Mr. Buchanan and the supporters of Mr. Fremont. In this situation of things, I would especially avoid the risk of casting an ineffective vote. I will not, by word or act, obstruct the expression of that sentiment which should assert itself with undivided force against the breach of a time-honored national compromise, and the attempt to force the institution of slavery into free territory at the point of the bayonet.

These views are likely to bring me to a different conclusion as to a Presidential candidate, from that contemplated by your Convention, and most especially to be a sufficient reason for most respectfully declining the honor tendered to me.

But we have still further and stronger evidence. The notorious Tom Gurwin who, in 1848, stamped Ohio and recommended Mr. Fillmore to the support of the people of that State, on the ground that he was an Abolitionist, thus defines his position through the columns of the Cincinnati Columbian:

We are authorized by Governor Corwin to say that our notice of his nomination as a Presidential candidate is not accurate. Mr. Corwin will vote the Fillmore ticket, if it shall be run with a fair prospect of success in Ohio, Mr. Fillmore being the man he prefers. But if the Fillmore ticket is not likely to carry Ohio, then he will vote for Fremont and Dayton, that he does not sympathize with the Republican party in many of its principles, but to some of the extreme dogmas announced by them he cannot give his assent. He believes that all that is desirable and proper may be accomplished by the election of Mr. Fillmore, and that he is the man just now wanted, to do exact justice to both the North and South, and restore tranquility to the country.

What would you of that reader! In these days of confidence to be placed in the assertions of papers that resort to such hypocritical and unfair means to carry out their ends. We think not, and you will no doubt agree with us.

Mr. Fillmore is a National man, and the South can place the utmost reliance in his integrity.—Her rights will be secure in his hands. He will administer the government as a National President, know no North, no South, no East, no West, but his country, his whole country, one and indivisible.

We might retort upon the Enquirer, and show that its candidate, Mr. Buchanan, is not only not sound upon the slavery question, but that he is in league with men who are moving heaven and earth against it. Such men, for instance, as the Garrison, the Phillips, the Pillsbury, the Van Buren, the Campbell—the three first notorious abolitionists, and the three last ardent free-soilers. But, "the game is not worth the candle"—as we intended only to show up the hypocrisy of the Enquirer, which we think, we have succeeded in doing.—*Wilmington Herald.*

THE SPIRIT OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.
The heart sickening details of atrocious acts exhibited in the annals of Romanism, are quite sufficient to convince any candid mind that the Reformation of the sixteenth century was a work of extreme necessity. Some of these details are revolting in the extreme, and make the soul shudder in view of the awful depravity from which such deeds could spring. We cannot but record here the bull of anathema, issued by Clement VI, against the Emperor Louis of Bavaria:

"May God strike him with infidelity and madness; may heaven overwhelm him with thunders; may the anger of God, with that of St. Peter and St. Paul, fall upon him in this world and the next; may the whole universe rebel against him; may the earth swallow him up alive; may his name perish from the earliest generation, and may his memory disappear; may all the elements be adverse to him; and may his children, delivered into the hands of his enemies, be crushed before the eyes of his faithful."

If the Roman Catholic religion never changes, we must suppose it capable of similar exhibitions of wrath now.

Daniel Webster's Opinion of Mr. Fillmore.—I wish to say, with emphasis, that since my conversation with him in the leading affairs of the government of the United States, I have fully concurred with him in all his great and leading measures. All these principles are my principles; and if he is wrong in them I am and always shall be.

Interposing an Oath.—We were considerably amused yesterday, at the recital of an anecdote, illustrative of the difficulties which are sometimes encountered in the collection of claims. It appears that many years ago, the clerk of one of the courts in this section of the State had made frequent unsuccessful efforts to recover the amount of certain fee bills which he held against a slippery citizen residing in a neighboring county. Whenever the bills were presented, there was sure to be some obstacle to the payment of the amount due; and thus from time to time the settlement was deferred, until the clerk began to believe that his debtor should be ranked among those unprincipled knaves who infract all communities and disgrace humanity by dishonestly refusing to pay their just liabilities. An opportunity was however, soon afforded him of bringing the delinquent to "law." It happened that the fellow was summoned as a witness in a certain case, and the usual oath had to be administered to him by your friend, the clerk. It was put to him thus: "You solemnly swear that you will tell the truth, and also pay me those fee bills you owe, before you leave town—so help you God."

There was no getting over this, and being fairly circumvented by the wily clerk, the country man got no time after the adjournment of the court in proceeding to his office and looking over his books.

TEACHING CHILDREN HYMNS.
Some one, in urging upon parents the duty of teaching their children spiritual songs and hymns, very appropriately remarks, that "there is a chord in every human soul which is touched by poetry;" hence the magical power of ballads, national songs, and religious hymns. Listen to the snatches of popular ditties which you hear in the streets from passers-by, after you have gone to bed, and you will own that metre and music have avenues to human souls, and, consequently, that they should be largely employed in religion. There is reason to believe that verified truth has peculiar force upon the common mind, as it is certain that it affords aid to the memory. Luther and the other reformers felt this, and hence arose the wonderfully rich collection of hymns in the German language, to which there is, perhaps, nothing comparable on earth. To this stick Luther himself contributed much. He was aided by Hans Sachs, the poetical shoemaker. In a later period came Paul Gerhardt, the greatest hymn-writer in Germany, if not of the world. Wherever there are pious Germans, you find them with their beloved hymn books; and from frequent use, they generally know great numbers of these hymns by heart. It is an error to confine children to the learning of children's hymns, because when they become older these will have lost much of their fitness. Why should we not fill our children's minds with the choicest evangelical hymns in the language? These they will remember after we are dead and gone. They should not merely be learned and then left for others, but repeated again and again, and sung over, in order to fix them in the memory, and to lay a basis for the more lasting associations. The old words, and the old tunes, come back to us with indescribable tenderness. Let the pious mother, when causing her boy to learn some sacred song, say to herself, "Perhaps, years hence, my son will remember the saying truth of this hymn, as having been taught by his mother."

REMARKABLE MINISTERS.
Dr. Holland's History of the towns in Western Massachusetts, we find mention made of several remarkable ministers. We give below a brief account of three that are worthy of special mention.

The Rev. Solomon Williams, a native of East Hartford, and a graduate of Yale College in 1770, was settled at Northampton, June 25th, 1778, and died November 9th, 1834, at the age of eighty-two, having been pastor of the church for fifty-six years. It is a singular fact, and one which is doubtless without a parallel, that the great grandfather, the grandfather, the father, and son—Mr. Williams himself—each preached his half century sermon! The pastorates of the four clergymen of this family extended beyond two hundred years.

Rev. Dr. Stephen West, a native of Tolland, Connecticut, a graduate of Yale College in 1755, was first licensed to preach in 1758, and first performed duty as chaplain in Fort Washington, in the town of Adams, Massachusetts. In 1759 he was settled at Stockbridge, and until 1775 preached to both Whites and Indians—the former in the forenoon, and the latter in the afternoon. Dr. West continued his ministry in Stockbridge until 1819, when he died in the eighty-fourth year of his age, being regularly in the ministry sixty-one years.

Rev. Thomas Allen was ordained as the first minister in Pittsfield, in April, 1765. Mr. Allen was a native of Northampton, and a graduate of Harvard in 1762. He was eminent for his zeal in the cause of his country previous to the Revolution. He was chaplain to the American army under Washington at White Plains, in 1776, again the summer of 1777 at Ticonderoga, and again at Bennington, to which place he marched with a company composed partly of his Pittsfield parishioners. From his lips went up the fervent prayer, in the presence of the American army on the morning of the action, and from his gun went forth many a murderous flash during the battle. His brother Joseph stood by his side in the action, to whom the person said, "You had, and I will fire." Mr. Allen remained connected with his original parish till February 11th, 1816, when he died, after a ministry of forty-five years. In addition to his published sermons, Mr. Allen left 2700 sermons, written in short hand, which no one as yet has been able to decipher.

CHURCH MUSIC.
The Knickerbocker for April, in review of Willis's new work on Church Music, has this forcible paragraph, quoted from Mr. Willis's [?]
"Hearing a choir sing is not worship. Reading the hymn through in a merely intellectual attention to the thought is not worship. Such a feeling is often the result of architectural or other causes. A person, for instance, has entered a cathedral. He is awe-struck by the grandeur and solemn beauty of the place. He yields to an irresistible feeling of solemnity, and afterwards goes away, and feels, perhaps, as though he had worshipped. Not so. He is merely indulged in a feeling that is legitimate effect of elevated art. But this is not worship. The place and the supreme object of worship lie higher than mere architecture, or music, or sculpture, or painting, artistically enjoyed, bear the soul. For, in the enjoyment of art, as in the enjoyment of natural scenery, we are recipients; the mind, therefore, is in a passive state. Whereas, in worship, the mind is in an active state. We must rise through nature to nature's God; and, in sacred art, unless the soul be impelled forward by step further, to definite religious action, it is not in a condition of worship. For no passive state, no condition of mere feeling, can involve this."

Worship involves an act. Feeling may, and should accompany this act, but cannot constitute it. And in sacred song we must not only, as a mere act of intellection, attain to the thought of words, but we must utter that thought upward to God, before we can be said rightly to worship."

SAGACITY OF A DOG.
The following from the *Trinity (California) Times*, is certainly a most remarkable instance of canine sagacity.

William Dredge lives about five miles from town, at the base of the mountains which tower north of us. A short time after midnight, on the morning Wednesday last, he was aroused from his slumbers by the mournful howl of a dog. No menace on his part could rid him of the presence of the strange intruder. The dog continued to walk around the cabin, still repeating his dismal moaning and howling, occasionally making efforts to effect an entrance through the closed doorway. Surprised and somewhat alarmed at this singular demonstration, Mr. Dredge at last hastily dressed himself, and unlocked the door, when a large mastiff rushed within. At once every gentle means to induce the gentleman to accompany him outside. Dredge's first impression was that the animal was mad, and yet so peculiar and earnest were the dumb entreaties, that he finally yielded and proceeded without the cabin. A joyful yell was the result, and the delighted brute, now cowering and wagging his tail before him, and now returning and gettingy sitting him by the hand and pants, induced Dredge to follow him.

The course was up the precipitous sides of the mountain, and soon they were forcing their way through a snow-drift that had settled in one of its numerous abasces. Here comes the wonder. Upon the snow lay the body of a woman, who had evidently perished from cold and exhaustion. Her limbs were already stiffened in the embraces of death. But what was the surprise of Mr. Dredge to see that faithful dog ferret out from a bundle of clothing that lay by the side of the woman, a young child about two years of age, still warm and living.

Mr. Dredge immediately conveyed the child to his cabin, and, arousing some of the neighbors, proceeded again to the mountain to secure from the attack of wild beasts the person of the unfortunate woman; her body was buried the next day. The child and dog have been adopted by this good Samaritan. But as yet he has been unable to obtain any light as to the name of the woman, or how she happened to stray on the dismal mountain side at such an unfortunate hour. The child is doing well, and is truly a handsome boy.

SWEAT OF THE BROW.
We talk about happiness. In short, what do we talk about? Do we not know what we mean when we talk about happiness? Is freedom from toll a part of it? Is heart ease the main part of it? Then away with it if that is what you mean, for no such thing as that is attainable on this earth; and if it were, it would defeat man's highest attainments in every thing. This is not the place for us to be crowned; this is the place to fight the battle of eternity. Tears are often sweeter than smiles—much more than the loud laugh. Self-denial that blesses others, is boundless luxury by the side of any self-indulgence. Is the heart mad pure, or generous, or intrepid, or tender, by keeping trials and sorrows far from it? Is the grand intelligence in which we shall shine for evermore nourished and expanded in this world, as we saunter undisturbed through the earthly enjoyment? Surely no. Let not all sweat dry upon the brow; let not thy heart forget their mighty toll; let not thy brain settle down either into security or indifference. What happiness is attainable here below must come with these great necessities, command of God, and that infirmity. What comes not so comes misnamed, and only to make our lot more hopeless.—*Pres. Critic.*

MARY AND HER DRAWER.
OR, SOMETHING MADE BY GETTING ANGRY.
The church bells were sending forth their merry chimes, and hundreds of children were wending their way to the Sabbath-school. Mary was late that morning, and ran very quickly to her drawer, in which were kept her gloves, hymn-book, catechism, &c., and endeavored to jerk it open at once, but in so doing she got it crooked, and it would move neither way.

Being in a great hurry, she began at once to fret and blame the drawer for not coming out. She soon became quite angry, her cheek flushed, her eyes sparkled, and with a violent effort she pulled the drawer out, emptied its contents on the floor, and most rudely dressed her hymn-book, and almost ruined the drawer itself.

Her father was patiently waiting in the hall for his little daughter when the accident occurred, and asked her what was the matter. Her instant reply was, "Nothing, father; you go and I will overtake you presently."

Little Mary did not overtake her father, and he looked in vain for her at the Sabbath-school. Her dress was so badly torn that she could not go to the Sabbath-school, and with tears flowing down her cheeks, she sat down and thought solemnly over her conduct.

She doubtless felt very sorry for her anger, and the unnecessary damage she had done. No one, when the family returned from church, said a word to her, but left her to her own reflections. When her father had taken off his hat and seated himself, she modestly approached him, threw her arms around his neck, and said, "Father, do you know why your little Ma-

ry was absent from Sunday school this morning?" "No, my child," he replied. "I was in a great hurry, and attempted to pull my drawer out very quickly, and got it fastened so tightly that it would move neither one way or the other. I tried and tried, but it would not move. I then got angry with the drawer, pulled it very hard, and not only struck its contents over the floor, but hung the knob in my dress, and tore it so badly that I could not come to the Sabbath-school." Her father told her he willingly forgave her, and that she also must ask God's forgiveness, for she had committed a sin in giving way to her anger. He also told her to remember that nothing was ever made by getting angry, and that she must get over it at once, she must not get angry, but be patient and calm. I hope this little thing taught Mary an important lesson, and may it teach you the same, dear little reader. Nothing was ever made by getting angry, but something always lost.

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COURAGE AND COWARDICE.
John Alday and Joseph Freeth had a quarrel when they were at school together; and some of their more wicked playmates tried hard to get up a battle between them. Alday was ready enough to pull off his jacket, and to set to at once, but Freeth would not fight.

Somehow or other their teacher heard of the affair, so he took Alday to task. "I tell me John," said he, "why you want to fight with Freeth?" "Because, sir," replied Alday, the boys will call me a coward if I refuse."

"O! O!" said the teacher, "and so you had rather do wrong than be called a coward? John! I am ashamed of you."

The teacher next questioned Freeth. "Joseph," said he, "what reason have you for not fighting with Alday?" "I have many reasons, sir," replied Joseph. "Then let me have them all," said the teacher, "that I may judge what they are worth."

"In the first place, sir," replied Freeth, "if I were to fight Alday, I should hurt him—I know I should, and I do not want to hurt him."

"Very good," said the teacher. "In the next place, sir, if I did not hurt him, he would be sure to hurt me."

"No doubt of it," said the teacher. "And then, sir, I would rather be called a coward than to do that which I know to be wrong."

"Very good again," said the teacher. "And lastly, sir, to fight with one another is not only against the rules of the school, but also against the commands of our Saviour, who has told us to love and forgive one another. The text last Sunday morning was, 'Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking be put away from you, with all malice; and be kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.'" Eph. iv. 31, 32.

The teacher commended Joseph Freeth for the prudent answers he had given, and hoped he would be able always to act up to his principles.

"In my opinion," said he, "you have shown more courage in declining to fight, than you would have done in fighting with Alday, even had you won the victory."

About a week after that quarrel which had taken place, the cottage of poor old Margery Jenkins, by some accident or other, took fire. Margery made her escape, and her daughter was absent from home, but an infant grand-daughter was sleeping in a little cot upstairs, while the flames were rising to the stairs. At this time there were present several of the school-boys; and one of them boldly dashed through the fire and smoke, made his way up the narrow staircase, dropped the child through the window into the arms of a man who stood ready to receive it, and then made his own escape to the ground.

But who was the boy who thus showed his bravery, and saved the life of a child? Was it the brave Alday, who was so forward to fight? No, it was Joseph Freeth—he who by many had been called a coward. This kind and daring act of his had raised him in the minds of all, and no one any longer brought his courage in question.

The following day some of the school-boys went to bathe in the river, and Alday and Freeth were among them. Alday, who could not swim soon got out of his depth, and would no doubt have been drowned, had not Freeth, who was a good swimmer, plunged headlong from the bank to his rescue. Seizing hold of the arm of his drowning companion, he dragged him to the land.

If the affair of the fire had shown the calm courage of Joseph Freeth, this of the water went still further to convince the minds of his playmates.

On the return of Joseph Freeth to the school room, all the boys received him with upraised hands. "Let the conduct of Joseph Freeth," said the teacher, when a short time after speaking to the boys, "be an example to you, so that you may be able to distinguish between idle boasting and true courage. Joseph Freeth has proved himself worthy, by going through fire and through water for the benefit of others. Remember that he who dares do what is right, though it draw down upon him an ill name, is truly courageous; while he who is afraid to pursue an upright course, lost those around to pursue a wicked one. He who is afraid to stand up for the right, must be in his heart a coward."

but he must needs look again, for the fellow was confident these were several. The Doctor again told him he could find none, and he went away. A week or so after they met each other, and he was asked about these teeth. "Oh!" said the fellow, "what's his name over here filled them for me—he found four holes—pretty large ones, too. I knew they were there." "Ah," replied the Doctor, "I looked very carefully and did not see any." "Well," said he, "he didn't find 'em till after he'd drilled a spell!"

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.
The grey morning was already dawning when the miserable wretch turned into a dirty alley, and entering a low, ruinous door groped through a narrow entry and paused at the entrance of a room within. That degraded being had once been a wealthy man, respected by his neighbors and surrounded by his friends. But alas! the social glass had first lured him to indulgence, and then to inebriety, until he was now a common drunkard.

The noise of his footsteps had been heard within, for the creaking door was timidly opened, and a pale emaciated boy, about nine years old, stepped out on the landing, and asked in mingled anxiety and dread—

"Is that you father?" "Yes, wet to the skin—cursèd it," said the man "why ain't you abed and asleep, you brat?"

The little fellow shrank back at this coarse salutation, but still through shivering with fear he did not quit his station before the door.

"What are you standing there, gaping for?" said the wretch—"It's had enough to hear a sick fellow grumbling all day, without having you kept up at night to claim in the morning, get to bed, you imp, do you hear?"

The little fellow did not answer; fear seemed to have deprived him of speech; but still holding on to the door-latch, with an imploring look, he stood right in the way by which his parent would have to enter the room.

"Ain't you going to mind?" said the man with an oath, breaking into a fury. "Give me the lamp and go to bed, or I'll break every bone in your body."

"Oh! father, don't talk so loud," said the little fellow bursting into tears; you'll wake mother; she's been worse all day, and hasn't had any sleep till now," and as the man made the effort to snatch the candle, the boy, losing all personal fears in anxiety for his mother, stood firmly against the drunkard's path and said, "you musn't you musn't, go in."