

Carolina Watchman.

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

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Words of Wisdom and Experience.
We have seldom read a letter containing, in so brief a compass, so much valuable matter as the following. It is from a native of this town, long a resident on the banks of the Hudson. His own statement of his place of residence will sufficiently identify him to our town readers, and his well known character clothes all that he says with the impress of truth and authority.

For the Fayetteville Observer.

Messrs. Editors:—I am surprised to learn from a late number of the Observer, that the Legislature of North Carolina has adjourned (for two years) without doing anything to develop the Mineral resources of the State. For I know of no measures that can be taken which would so quickly and surely give importance and financial credit to the State as proving to the world that you have, accessible, an inexhaustible quantity of excellent Coal and Iron, in just position. These, it is well known, are the elements of the prosperity and wealth of England.

I live within a few miles of London, the great shipping Port of two powerful Coal Companies, and as I have an investment in the business, it occurs to me that it may be a reasonable encouragement to those persons who are struggling, without the aid of the State, to build the Rail Road from Fayetteville to the Coal Fields, to assure them of the large profits derived from Coal Mining here.

I send herewith the Report of the Managers of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, by which you will see that the profit last year was 18 per cent. There is not a stock sold in Wall Street which is more desirable for income and permanent investment.

You will see likewise, from the table annexed to the Report, the great and constantly increasing consumption of the Coal, (Anthracite) which is superior wood for domestic purposes—as it is safe (rendering insurance from fire of much less importance), and costs the Farmer less money, at \$6 for 2,240 lbs., than to hire men to cut and haul his own trees.

There is no Country in which a Rail Road can be more cheaply constructed than through the Pine plains of North Carolina, where there are no rocks to be encountered in the operation, and where the timber is literally upon the track, for Rails and for pilings across streams and low spaces.

The coal of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company is discharged from the rail road cars, along wire screens, into the Canal barges, and the dust and small coal are separated, and the latter sold for certain purposes, which plan may be adopted at Fayetteville.

I am too distant to understand why the people of Wilmington do not co-operate with you—for it seems to me, that if the interests of the two places are not in this case identical, they are far more so than in any other feasible mode of reaching the Coal Mines.

But I am amazed, after the experience of the relative advantages of Rail Roads and Canals and Rivers, that money should have been thrown away in wooden Locks in the C. F. River, where droughts and freshets alternate and hasten the decay of the works—too great at all times in that climate.

The money invested in the Canal of the Delaware and Hudson Coal Company is now deemed an unwise expenditure, and it is regretted that the Rail Road was not extended to the Hudson at once.

Well may intelligent men who live in any other part of the country stand amazed at the Legislature of North Carolina leaving our mineral resources buried for another two years. There surely cannot be another Legislative body in the Union that would have acted so stupidly.

Our Legislature has done so, however, and the question now is, shall Fayetteville be equally stupid? Or shall she acquire honor and prosperity for herself by doing the work without State aid?

Let the above letter answer the question. From the pamphlet sent us by "A North Carolinian," and from other authentic sources now before us, we find that the company owns, starting from Carbondale, 154 miles of rail road and 102 miles of canal, which bring them to Rondout, on the Hudson, 824 miles by that river to New York city.

The 154 miles of rail road has 14 inclined planes, (with a stationary engine at each) which overcome an elevation of 2,123 feet. A mountain of 900 to 1000 feet high, separating the coal region from the drainage towards the sea-board, has rendered this enormous ascending grade necessary. And the canal has a lockage of 1126 feet. Let our citizens ponder up on these facts, that the coal ascends an elevation of 2,123 feet by rail road, and then descends 1126 feet by locks. Further, that the capital of this one company is seven millions of dollars. And all for what? Why to get to mines of anthracite coal, which, when in market, are worth only about half as much per ton as the bituminous coal lying buried at Deep river, 45 miles from here, and which can be brought here upon a capital of only one million of dollars, and over a road whose highest grade will be 90 feet to a mile!

This Delaware and Hudson company transported, last year, 565,376 tons of coal, at a cost, for road and canal, of \$1,139,644 30, for freight, transportation, repairs, superintendence, &c. equal to about \$2 a ton for the 124 miles of road and canal. The company owns coal lands, from which it mined these 565,376 tons of coal, at a further expense of \$382,935 43. It received for transporting coal &c. of another mining company, \$632,362 94. And its net profit amounted to \$1,298,595 38; being more than 18 per cent. upon its capital of seven millions.

How can our citizens resist the force of such facts? Here we can get an article of nearly double value, at half the expense, and with an investment of only one million instead of seven millions.

There they overcome mountains to get at these "black diamonds." Here we have only pine plains to traverse. There they have a canal, which is frozen up

during the entire winter, suspending all operations. Here, there need not be a working day in the whole year lost. The whole property of this town and county would be judiciously invested, if need be, in bringing forth such results as those produced by the Delaware and Hudson enterprise. But not a title of this is required. With another hundred or two thousands of dollars, it can be done here, as it has been done elsewhere. It must be done here, if we would avoid poverty and contempt. It will be done!

LIFE OF CAPTAIN NATHAN HALE.

MARTY-SPY OF THE REVOLUTION.

On the 2nd of October, 1780, Major John Andre of the British army, was hung as a spy, by the order of General Washington. He was a gallant officer and an accomplished gentleman, who deserved a better fate; but he was apprehended, proved guilty, and by the stern laws of war was subjected to death in this ignominious manner, at the age of 29.—The King of England caused a monument to be erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, and he received every token of respect which could do honor to his memory. About four years prior to the execution of Andre, Nathan Hale of Connecticut, a captain in the American army, at the age of 22, had been put to death on the 22d day of September, by General Howe, Commander of the British army, in the same way, and for the same reason.

With respect to personal character, value of his services, and claim upon the gratitude of his country, the American was not inferior to the British; yet, while the former was so highly honored at home, the latter was permitted to pass into oblivion, after a short eulogium of feeling on the part of bereaved relatives and personal friends. The contrast is as mortifying as it is remarkable; nor is it easy to account for a neglect so glaring, and which savours so much of public ingratitude as well as of injustice. After the lapse, however, of the greater part of a century, this grievous sin of omission has come into remembrance, and the attempt has been made to put it away.

The Hon. J. W. Stuart of Hartford, Connecticut, with a becoming jealousy, and once for the reputation of his country, and for the honor of the neglected patriot, has published at this late period the best memoir which the culpable delinquency of contemporary and subsequent annals would enable him to prepare. The industry manifested in collecting so many facts that were known to few; the taste, discrimination, and judgment with which they are arranged, and the classical style in which they are narrated, do the accomplished author great honor. We almost envy the writer his privilege in doing it, and wonder that others had not undertaken it long before.

The narrative has all the fascination of romance, and we were held, in reading it, by the same powerful spell with which we remember, in earlier days, to have long over half-fetters stories about Wallace, and Bruce, and Thaddeus of Warsaw. But this book is exceedingly valuable as a contribution to the history of our country. It is a history of the Revolutionary war, as it is a history of the individual life of a patriot. It is a history of the individual life of a patriot, as it is a history of the Revolutionary war. It is a history of the individual life of a patriot, as it is a history of the Revolutionary war.

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We commend this most interesting book to our readers, who hardly need our testimonial to a work whose rare merits have been acknowledged by such men as Gibber, Wintrop, Professor Silliman, Jared Sparks, and Edward Everett. J. Hill.

MY WIFE.

—Long years ago I met a child,
As through the world I passed;
She was the first war of my life,
The dearest and the best.

—I dreamed not that this child of love
Would miss me forever;
That she had come to tread this world,
This weary world, with me;

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Encumbrances.

—One sees queer things in little type in the newspapers, sometimes conveying by implication all sorts of doctrines, disclosing people's ideas of happiness when they least suspect it, and affording a clue to the faith in many a heart that is sealed to those that know it best, and yet all set forth so many times daily in a dull advertisement.

—Without encumbrance! What young mother, when she feels for the first time her first-born's breath, would ever imagine in the now blossoming of her new love, that any where beneath the sun there should exist a lexicon, wherein under the E's it should read thus:

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Reasons for Divorce.

—An Eastern lawyer writes us as follows: An Italian gentleman called at my office a short time since and inquired if he could get a divorce from his wife. Now, a divorce is not to be considered hastily, and I gravely said that I regretted that our laws favored divorce, and added that if he would inform me particularly in relation to the nature and extent of his grievances, I would advise him.

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—Why marvel at the one and not at the other? Would you have the mystery in both cases unveiled? Know, then, that "God bringeth the wind out of his treasures." "Thou knowest not the way of the wind." What work of God can any man understand and explain? Who can know the mind of the Lord? Who can tell how life is first communicated to the unorganized matter which forms the rudiments of man's physical nature?—Who, either, can tell how Divine life is communicated to the soul? Nay, who can unravel the mystery of life imparted under various degrees, and with various effects, according to the purpose of a Sovereign will, which giveth no account of its matters?—*Beith.*

FIRST STEAM SHIP.

—We have the following record on our common-place book, of the first Ocean Steam Ship. She was called the Savannah, and commanded by Capt. Moses Rogers; was built in New York, of three hundred tons burthen, ship rigged.—Her engine was of seventy or eighty horse power. She proceeded from New York to Savannah, whence she sailed in 1819 for Liverpool, England, making the passage in twenty-two days.

—In passing the Irish coast, the smoke and steam from her chimneys gave her the appearance of a ship on fire, and vessels were despatched from the coast of Cork to her relief. From Liverpool she went to Copenhagen, Stockholm, St. Petersburg, and Arandel, making the voyage from the latter port (in Norway) back to Savannah in twenty-five days. Crowned-heads, ministers and officers of State, &c., visited her, and valuable services of plate, jewelry, &c., presented to her officers.

—She subsequently made the voyage to Constantinople and back, being the first steamship that traversed the Mediterranean Sea, as well as the Atlantic Ocean. She was afterwards purchased to run as a packet between New York and Savannah, under Captain Holdredge, but was wrecked on the south side of Long Island. Capt. Moses Rogers, of Groton, Connecticut, was the sailing master. He, it is said, who made that memorable reply, to a British officer—"I have no master sir." The circumstances which drew forth that reply, were these: When the Savannah approached Liverpool, a boat from a British sloop-of-war came alongside and hailed:

—"Where's your master?"
Captain Stevens Rogers replied, I have no master, sir."
"Where's your Captain, then?"
"He's below; do you wish to see him?"
"I do, sir."
Capt. Moses Rogers came on deck and asked the British Officer what he wanted; when the following conversation ensued:
"Why do you wear that pennant, sir?"
"Because my country allows me, sir."
"My Commander thinks it was done to insult him, and if you don't take it down, he will send a force that will do it."
Capt. Moses turned to the Engineer and exclaimed, "Get that hot water engine ready there!"
The man-of-war's boat turned about in an instant and was off. Nothing more was said about that pennant. It was suspected at Liverpool that the Savannah came over to rescue Napoleon. His brother Jerome had just offered a large reward to any one who would take him off the Island of St. Helena, and hence the excitement her appearance created throughout England. She was the first ocean steamship ever seen in European waters.

—Cheap Calves' Head Soup.—A dandy remarking one summer day, that the weather was so exclusively hot, that when he put his head into a basin of water it fairly boiled, received for reply:
"Then, sir, you had calf's head soup at a very little expense."

—GIRLISH INNOCENCE.—A little girl, on hearing her mother say she intended to go to a ball, and have a dress trimmed with bugles, innocently inquired if the bugles would all blow while she danced. "Oh, no," said the mother, "your father will do that when he discovers that I have bought them."

—A rogue asked charity on pretence of being dumb. A lady, having asked him, with equal simplicity and humanity how long he had been dumb, he was thrown off his guard and answered, "from birth, madam." "Poor fellow," said the lady, and gave him a dollar.

—The Tartars pull-a man by the ear when they want him to drink, and keep pulling until he opens his mouth, when they pour down the liquor. We know some folks whose ears would not require much pulling.

—Prohibition in New York.—A new prohibitory law has been reported in the State Senate by a majority of the select committee upon that subject. It makes it a misdemeanor for any person to sell intoxicating liquor as a beverage, punishable by fine and imprisonment, and makes it an offence punishable to be intoxicated in any public place.

—Gen. Cass, who is to be the next Secretary of State, is the great head of the doctrine of squatter sovereignty. Jacob Thompson, to whom is assigned the Department of the Interior, introduced resolutions in the Cincinnati Convention denying this doctrine.

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—Disappointed Applicant.—George Fenbody, Esq., of London, the wealthy banker and generous benefactor, was in our town yesterday, and put up at the Carolina Hotel. It will be remembered that he recently gave \$300,000 to the City of Baltimore, for the purpose of founding an institution of learning in that city.—*W. Herald.*

A SCENE IN CONGRESS.

—The following scene took place in the House of Representatives on Tuesday:
Mr. Sherman, rising to a personal explanation, said he noticed in the official report of the proceedings of yesterday, the words, "that's a lie," uttered in a low tone, and attributed to Mr. Wright, of Tenn., as having been applied to something he (Mr. Sherman) had said pending the debate on the Kansas amendment. He wished the gentleman to say whether he was correctly reported?

—Mr. Wright replied that he believed at the time that the statement made by Mr. Sherman was untrue.
Mr. Sherman said, from what he could learn, he believed it was the language of blackguardism, induced by excitement and intoxication. Mr. Wright replied that he could not, of course, be expected to bandy epithets with the gentleman from Ohio until he had relieved himself from the imputations already cast upon him.

—A Strange Case.—James Daly died some time ago in Cincinnati, leaving a considerable fortune. In a recent suit it appeared that over thirty years ago he married in Ireland, and lived with his wife till she was the mother of four children. He then came to the United States, intending, he said, to send for her. In 1831 he married in Cincinnati, and lived with his second wife till his death, she also being the mother of several children. A few years before he died, his first wife heard that he was living in Cincinnati, and came out from Ireland. He was terribly perplexed by his two wives, yet admitted his first marriage. The second wife, however, succeeded in inducing him to convey all his property to trustees for her benefit. The first wife brought suit for dower, and the court awarded it to her.

—The Tail End.—An amusing circumstance occurred last week in the Justice Court at Boston, Justice Cushing on the bench. A plaintiff applied to recover a grandstone, and being called to the witness stand, deposed as follows: "I called on the defendant for the stone, but he refused me, telling me that before I could get it I must try the tail end of the law, and I at once brought the matter before your Honor." The Court looked stern and threatening, spectators snickered, and lawyers laughed behind delicate hankerschiefs, grim organs smiled, and the witness sat down astonished.

—Hog Cholera and Hogs.—This disease is rapidly increasing at the West. The Madison Courier says it has appeared in that city, in the distilleries at Milton, and at Carrollton, Ky. Large numbers, it is said, have died at the last named place, and about two hundred at Milton. The hogs often die in half an hour after they are attacked.
The Vernon (O.) Banner remarks that hundreds have recently died of it in that county, and that sulphur in slop has been found beneficial.

Punch.

—Punch on Encores.—By what right, we beg to ask, does an auditor cheat and rob an artist by encoring? A play-bill promises that if you pay a specific sum you shall have a specific song. You pay the money (or go with the order) and you demand twice the music you have bargained for. Do you serve anybody else so, except an artist? If you buy a pair of trousers, and they please you, do you encore your trousers, that is, require the tailor to give you another pair? Do you encore a dozen of oysters, asking the second lot for nothing, because the first were sweet and succulent? Do you encore a portrait, and because a painter has succeeded admirably in taking your likeness, do you clap and stamp about his studio until he paints you another for nothing?

—And yet why should Mr. Punch be wrath with you? Your father thought the same way about books, and wondered at an author's impudence in calling mere words by the sacred name of property. And the notion is not quite extinct yet. There, we retract, we feel compassion for you, you old creatures, no anger. You may say, But mind this. You have no right to steal music. If your housemaid stole your snubnosed Patty's dog-eared copy of the Troubadour from the piano-forte, you would call that housemaid a thief, and send for a policeman. What are you, that steal four songs in one evening? Take that hint to heart, and when next you are delighted with an effort that has caused an artist years of expensive and laborious study to bring to the perfection that enchants you, and you feel disposed to cheat him out of it again, remember snub-nosed Patty and her dog-eared music.

—Prince John and his Property.—It will be remembered that John Van Buren, in a speech in New York during the late canvass, said that he had a family to attend to, and could not go to Kansas. It will be seen from the following item, which appears in the New Orleans Delta, that his prospective "family" has decreased considerably:
"We learn from the Abbeville (S. C.) Independent Press, that the negroes on the estate of the Hon. Geo. McDuffie, numbering about 200, have been sold to a wealthy Western planter for \$140,000, being an average of near \$700 each. It is stipulated in the sale that they should not be separated. It is said that the heiress of this estate is shortly to be led to the altar of hymen by John Van Buren."

—Mr. Buchanan has concluded his Inaugural Address. It is said to be quite brief.

Curious Facts.

—About thirty fresh water springs are discovered under the sea, on the south side of the Persian Gulf.

—A wasp's nest usually contains fifteen or sixteen thousand cells.

—The depth of the Atlantic Ocean is estimated at three miles, and the Pacific at four miles.

—There are six or seven generations of gnats in a summer, and each lays two hundred and fifty eggs.

—There are about nine thousand cells in a square foot of honey-comb. Five thousand bees weigh a pound.

—A swarm of bees contains from ten to twenty thousand in a natural state, and from thirty to forty thousand in a hive.

—The bones of birds are hollow, and filled with air instead of marrow.

—A cow eats one hundred pounds of green food every twenty-four hours, and yields five quarts or ten pounds of milk.

—Fish are common in the seas of Surinam with four eyes; two of them on horns, which grow on the top of their heads.

—Two thousand nine hundred silk worms produce one pound of silk; but it would require twenty-seven thousand spiders, all females, to produce one pound of web.

—A queen bee will lay two hundred eggs daily, for fifty or sixty days, and the eggs are hatched in three days. A single queen bee has been stated to produce one hundred thousand bees in a season.

—A single female house fly produces, in one season, twenty million eighty thousand three hundred and twenty.

Encumbrances.

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