

French Traffic in Negroes.  
We published some days ago a brief account of a difficulty between a French vessel, loading with negroes on the coast of Madagascar for the Isle of Bourbon, and an English steamer. It was stated that the English vessel arrested and turned back the French ship, on the ground that it was engaged in a traffic which is denounced as piracy by the international code of Europe. It was also said that the French authorities were highly indignant at the proceeding of the English steamer, and had despatched a man-of-war to protect French vessels in the alleged illicit traffic. An article which recently appeared in one of the semi-official papers in Paris, gives us an understanding that the French Government has deliberately entered upon this traffic, and is determined to uphold it at all hazards and at any cost. The French colonies need labor, and the Government sees no impropriety in obtaining that labor in Africa. It can buy blacks there for a few dollars—and it professes to buy them for only ten years, during which time they will pay for their passage and become civilized. Under this thin disguise, there is no question but that this is a renewal of the slave trade in a form substantially more cruel than ever before existed. There is no ameliorating circumstance to soften the chains of slavery—the interest of the master in taking care of his slaves, will be wanting—and the ten years apprenticeship will exceed the lifetime of ninety-nine hundredths of those colonies.

But the important fact is the action of France. One of the most powerful nations of the earth, she asserts the right and avows her determination to exercise it, of carrying on this traffic. Will England go to war to prevent it? We can scarcely suppose her capable of that folly. The greatest folly she ever committed was the abolishing slavery in her colonies; but a war with France to arrest the trade now would be a greater folly than that. We therefore conclude that France's determination puts an end to many tirades, and that in future the slave trade will no longer be considered piracy. In this new aspect of things, what course will the other Powers pursue? Will England follow the example of France, and attempt to renovate her West India colonies by the importation of African apprentices? What will this country do—especially the Southern and Western States? No region so much needs additional labor as the great Valley of the Mississippi. Nothing has so much contributed to give the Northern States the preponderance in the Union, as the stoppage of the trade with Africa. When the importation of negroes to the South ceased, the importation of Irish and Dutch to the North began; hence our weakness and their strength.—*Richmond Whig.*

Regulation for Lent.

The following may be interesting to those unacquainted with the customs of the Catholic Church in observing fast days:  
From the Catholic Miscellany.  
The holy season for Lent will commence this year on Wednesday, February 17th, and will close with Holy Saturday, April 5th. The following are the regulations concerning fasting and abstinence to be observed by the faithful of the Diocese of Charleston during that time:  
1st. Every day during Lent, Sundays excepted, is a day of fast, on one meal, which should not be taken before mid-day.  
2nd. A collation, not exceeding the fourth part of an ordinary meal, is allowed in the evening of a fast day.  
3d. Custom has likewise authorized the taking of a cup of coffee or tea, in the morning.  
4th. The use of flesh meat was formerly prohibited during the entire period of Lent, and is still prohibited in some parts of the Church, where the ancient discipline on this point is rigidly adhered to. Nevertheless, in accordance with the spirit of the Church in yielding to the weakness or the necessities of her children, the use of flesh meat is allowed by dispensation on all the Sundays at every meal; on the Monday of Holy Week, (March 19) on all the Tuesdays, including Tuesday of Holy Week; on all the Saturdays except Saturday (February 20) after Ash Wednesday, Saturday (February 27) in Ember Week, and Holy Saturday April 3. All the Mondays, with the solitary exception of Monday in Holy Week, are days of fasting and abstinence. The use of fish is not allowed at the same meal with the meat with the flesh meat.  
5th. Fish, eggs, butter, cheese, fruits, vegetables, &c., are allowed as the principal meal of those days, on which flesh meat is prohibited; and the same with the exception of eggs, may be used on any day at the collation. Butter, or if necessary lard, may be used in dressing fish or vegetables.  
6th. All persons over seven years of age are bound to abstain from the use of flesh meat, and all over twenty-one, to abstain and to fast according to the above regulations, unless there be legitimate cause of exemption. The pastor or confessor is a proper judge, to whom each one should recur, where it can conveniently be done.  
As there are many in the Diocese who are unfortunately deprived of the advice of a Pastor, the more common legitimate causes are stated. 1st. Old age, 2nd. Ill health, or weakness of constitution, 3d. Hard labor, 4. For females, a state of pregnancy, or nursing children is a reasonable cause of exemption.  
Those who from being in the service of others or from other causes, are compelled to dine at a very late hour, may take the collation in the morning instead of the evening.  
All persons dispensed from the obligation of fasting, on account of tender or advanced age, hard labor, or illness, are not bound by the restriction of using meat only at one meal on days, when its use is granted by dispensation. Others dispensed from the fast for other causes, as well as those who are obliged to fast, are permitted to use meat only at one meal.  
F. J. SULLIVAN,  
Secretary and Chancellor,  
Cathedral of St. John and St. Finbar,  
Charleston, S. C., Feb. 8, 1858.

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How two Households became One.

Mrs. Bennet Benson was fat, fair and forty-four, when her husband and a soap-biller in very good circumstances, was called from his life-task of contributing to the general civilization of mankind. Mrs. Benson took refuge from her grief in a pretty cottage situated on the principal street in the town of G. At first she was inconsolable; as she said in a way, with a semi-emphasis which carried conviction to the hearts of her hearers, that nothing but the thoughts of her daughter Florence would have prevented her from terminating her existence by the intervention of poison. Mrs. Benson was in no small measure indebted to her daughter—since in less than three months she threw aside her mourning and became as lively as a star. Touching Florence, she had reached the mature age of nineteen, and began to feel herself marriageable. She was quite pretty, and tolerably well accomplished so that her wishes in that respect were very soon likely to be fulfilled. Just over the way lived Squire Markham, the village lawyer, just verging upon fifty, with his son Charles, who was about half his age. Being a young man of agreeable exterior, the latter was quite a favorite among the young ladies in the neighborhood, and considered in common parlance, quite a "catch." As yet, however, his affections had never been seriously engaged, and might have remained so, had it not been for the sudden apparition, one morning, of Florence Benson riding by on horseback. It struck him at once that she was remarkably graceful, and really quite pretty. In order that it might be carried out with perfect success, it was resolved to seem indifferent to each other, until the day fixed, in or to ward off any suspicion which might otherwise be aroused. So well were all these arrangements carried out, that Mrs. Benson had no suspicion of what was going on. Not so with Squire Markham. He had obtained a clue to the affair in some manner, so that he had not only discovered the fact of the elopement, but even the very day on which it was to occur. "Sly dog, that Charles," thought he to himself, "as he sat before the fire in his dressing gown and smoking cap, leisurely puffing at a choice Havana. 'But I don't wonder at it; he only takes after me. Still I owe him some for keeping it so secretly from me. It would be a good joke if I were a little younger, to cut him out and marry her in spite of him.'"

Squire Markham, who was one of those jovial widowers who take life as it comes, mused more and more on this idea, struck out by chance as it were till he really began to think it worth something. "After all," thought he, "I am not so old either—or at least the ladies say so—and they ought to be good judges in such matters. I have been a bachelor a good while, and ought to have found out before this how much more comfortable it would be to have a pretty wife to welcome me home and do the honors of my table and to help me keep that rascal Charles in order. Egad, I've half a mind to do it." Squire Markham took two more whiffs, and exclaimed, "I won't I do it!" What this mysterious "I," we will leave the reader to infer from his very next movement. Ringing the bell he inquired of the servant, "Is Charles at home?" "No sir," was the reply, "he went out this morning and will be gone all day." "Ha! that'll do. So much the better for my purpose," thought he when left alone. "Now I shall have the ground left to myself. Let us see: The rascal intends running away next Thursday evening, and to-day is Monday. Nothing like striking while the iron is hot. I'll write to her in his name, telling her that I have altered my mind and will go just at dark to-morrow night. She won't suspect any thing until the knot is tied, and then what a laugh we shall have!" Squire Markham did not consider that it might make a little difference with the bride expectant. He considered it a capital joke on his son, and looked no farther. He accordingly drew his writing materials towards him, and indited the following epistle:

Dear Florence:—I find the day fixed for our elopement, on some accounts, objectionable, and would like, with your permission, to substitute to-morrow evening. If I hear nothing from you, I shall infer that you assent to this arrangement. I shall have a carriage in readiness under the old oak tree, at half past eight o'clock. You can walk there without attracting suspicion, and as there will be no moon we shall be able to carry out our plans without fear of discovery. I am happy to say that the governor does not suspect in the least, that a daughter-in-law is in store for him. Won't he be slapped? You devoted CHARLEY.

Egad! said Squire Markham, laughing heartily, that isn't bad; especially about humbugging me. Charley could not have done it better himself! So saying, he sealed it up and sent it over by a little Irish boy in his employ, having first marked 'private' in the corner. "Be careful, Mike, to give it to Miss Benson, and don't let any one else see it, was the parting injunction." Mrs. Benson was sitting in her quiet parlor, casting her eyes over a late number of Harper's Magazine. Florence being absent on a shopping expedition—she was left alone. The ringing of the bell brought her to the door. With surprise she saw the person who rang the bell was Mike, Squire Markham's 'boy of all work.' "Please, ma'am," said he, holding out the missive, "a letter for Miss Benson, an' it's very particular that nobody else should see it." The air of mystery conveyed in this characteristic address, aroused Mrs. Benson's curiosity, especially when she observed that it was addressed to her daughter and not to herself as she first supposed. She returned to the parlor not to read Harper's Magazine; that had lost its attractions. "What in the world can it be," she thought "that they should be so secret about! Can Florence be carrying on a clandestine correspondence? It may be something that I ought to know." Stimulated by her feminine curiosity, Mrs. B. speedily concluded that she would be false to the responsibilities of a parent if she did not unravel this mystery. "I think," said she, "I will open it, and if it should be anything particular, I can easily re-seal it, and Florence will still be none the wiser." This she accordingly did. What was her astonishment when the plan of elopement was discovered to her! "Here's pretty doings!" she exclaimed, as soon as she recovered breath. "So Florence was going to run away and get married to that Charles Markham, with-out so much as hinting a word to me!" She leaned her head upon her hand and began to consider. She was naturally led to think of her own marriage with the late Mr. Benson, and the happiness of her wedded life, and she could not help heaving a sigh at the recollection. "Am I always to remain thus solitary?" she thought. "I've half a mind not to show this letter to Florence, but to run away with Charles to-morrow night on my own account. It's odd if I can't persuade him that the mother is as good as the daughter," and she glanced complacently at the still attractive face and form reflected from the mirror. Just then she heard the door open and Florence entered. She crumpled up the letter and thrust it into her pocket. Florence and Charles did not meet during the succeeding day, chiefly in pursuance of the plan they had agreed to, in order to avoid suspicion. Squire Markham acted in an exceedingly strange manner, to his son's thinking. Occasionally he would endeavor to repress, and pace up and down the room, as if to walk off some of his superabundant dainties. "What in the world," thought Charles to himself, "it can't be the governor's getting crazy!" Something was the matter beyond doubt. But what it was, he had not the faintest conjecture. At the hour specified, the Squire had his carriage drawn up at the appointed rendezvous. He began to peer anxiously in the dark for Florence. At length a female form well muffled up, made its appearance. Thanking her in a very low whisper, lest it might be expected that he was the wrong person, he helped her into the carriage and drove off. Their destination was the house of the Justice of the Peace, residing at the distance of some eight miles. During the first part of the journey nothing was said. Both parties were desirous of concealing their identity. At length Squire Markham, considering that after all he could not marry the lady without her consent, and that the discovery must be made before the marriage, decided to reveal himself, and then urged his own suit as well as he might. "My dear Miss Florence," he continued in his natural voice, "Why," shrieked the lady, "I don't it is Charles!" "And I," said Squire Markham, recognizing Mrs. Benson's voice with astonishment, "thought it was Florence!" "Was it you, sir, who was arranging to elope with my daughter?" "No, but I conclude it was you ma'am who was masquerading as my son."

Indeed, Squire Markham, you are wrong; the affair coming incidentally to my knowledge, I concluded to take my place secretly, in order to frustrate her plans. "Egad, the very idea I had myself!" said the Squire, laughing, "but the fact is, we've both of us been confidentially sold, and the mischief of it, I left a letter for Charles, letting him know it; so undoubtedly he will take the opportunity to run off with Florence during our absence, and please himself, the usual, on the way in which I was taken." "I confess that I left a note for Florence to the same purport. How she will laugh at me: what an embarrassment!" "I'll tell you what," said the Squire, after all. "We each came out with the intention of getting married. Why not marry each other, and then you know, we can make them believe we had in view all along, and only intended to lighten them." Mrs. Benson assented with a little wringing, and in the course of an hour the topic was made out. They immediately returned but found, as they anticipated, that Florence and Charles, on discovering their departure, had themselves stepped off in a different direction, with a similar intent. They made their appearance the next morn-

A Romance of Alabama.

Some years ago a young and beautiful girl, (whose name may designate, in some degree, her character,) while engaged as a teacher in an academy of a certain town in the interior, on the banks of a river whose water flows into Mobile Bay, won the heart of young X., the son of a planter in the neighborhood. The attachment was mutual, but, as usual, true love ran upon a snag; and the parents of the lovers objected to the match, and the young lady, too proud to enter a family in which the union would be regarded as a *mesalliance*, dissolved the engagement. This was about the time of the first excitement respecting the California gold. Young X. determined to make his own way in the world, left his parental home, and set off for the far Pacific. Arrived at St. Louis, he addressed a letter to his lady-love, assuring her of his fidelity and of his intention to return home at some future day, and claim her as his own. Meanwhile, Miss Y. had also left the place of her former abode, and the letter never reached her. Of course he never received any reply. He wrote no more letters home, and the first and last news of his illness and almost certain death, among the mines. Time rolled on and the elder X. died. His estate was divided among his children, without reference to the one who had long been given up as dead. Some years had passed, when one informant was surprised by the sudden apparition, in his office, of the long absent X., who had just arrived in Mobile, on his return to his former home. His first inquiry was for Miss Y., his friend, from whom he had the narrative, had long lost sight of her, and could only give him the sad news of his father's death and other changes wrought by time. Like a knight of the olden time returned to Palestine, the hero of our story sought far and wide for the lady of his love but could find no clue by which to trace her. Finally he gave up the search in despair; he did not pine away, however, as a celibate, or commit any other absurdity, but like a sensible man, he found a new love and married. After a brief year of happiness, his wife died, and X. was again left alone in the world. Our friend is not informed as to the details of what has followed since that event, and had not heard of X. for a long time, until a few days since, when he met him on Dauphin street, with a lady on his arm, who was introduced as Mrs. X., and who proved to be no other than the identical heroine of his early love, (says our informant,) as young, as fresh and as lovely as she was ten years ago. She had remained a maiden, until found by her lover, himself a widower, and they were new on a bridal tour.—*Mobile Tribune.*

Physical Exercise.

THE JOURNALS of HEALTH in various parts of the country give a picture, by no means flattering, of the physical degeneracy of our countrymen. The evil complained of prevails principally in the cities, which are always and everywhere nurseries of ill health, in which the men pass their time in dingy work shops and close counting rooms, and the women scarce ever place their feet on the pavement, and when they do, wear such thin shoes that colds and consumption are the general result. The consequence is a puny, pallid, dyspeptic race, as unlike as possible to the hale and vigorous man of the colonial era, and of the rural districts in our own time. We see but feeble and infrequent indications in any of our great cities of a people having the most remote connections with those magnificent races described by Tacitus and others, as universally large of stature, perfectly formed, and exulting even the Romans in dignity and beauty. Think of the ancient Germans, the ancient Britons, (and many of the present ones,) the Romans and the Greeks, under the simple influences of exercise and plenty of open air. "We will defy any one," says a cotemporary, "to study this subject without becoming lost in wonder at the perfect science of life and its rational enjoyment which then prevailed, and without experiencing the deepest regret that we of the present day should so wastefully sacrifice such means of happiness. The lofty ideal of Greek art, which was the same thing as Greek life and Greek intellect, an ideal which humanity has never since attained, is all reducible to the simple problem of an intelligent race, developed by air, light and exercise. The Apollo, the Venus, the Jove—in short, the whole mythology of infinite beauty, and of ideas which bewilder the most wild admiration—are all but the result of constant familiarity with the human form perfected in its every phase. The thirty thousand god and goddesses of classic mythology were every one reflected ideas of humanity, and this would never have been the case had not humanity first attained what may be called an absolute of positive condition." We are, therefore, pleased to see medical and other journals urging, with great earnestness, the important subject of physical exercise. If they can prevail upon our countrymen to take their advice on this point, to eat plain food, and give

EXPLANATORY.

The *Edgefield Advertiser* notices the Camden Journal, and says: "The Journal then, among other things, sets the Carolina right as to Bishop Beason's death, which event the latter paper just now notices, but which occurred several years ago. We copied the paragraph from the Carolina, and hereby lay our fault at its door. The truth is, we are so much in the habit of clipping confidently from its columns, that we doubt not our boys would readily set up the intelligence that the 'Dutch had to be Holland,' if that statement should appear paragraphically in its next issue. But so long as we have a watchful monitor like the Journal to keep us corrected, all will come right in the end." "We consider our seasons as tolerably well educated, but occasionally they cut right and left, and in this instance did not cut right. We charge the matter to the *Augusta Constitutionalist*, which has since explained it.—*South Carolinian.*"

The Austin correspondent of the Galveston Citizen, in his letter of the 12th ultimo, writes as follows:

I now have the pleasure of announcing the passage of one of the most important laws ever enacted for the welfare of Texas. It is an act opening the almost entire public domain of the State to sale at fixed prices. To be brief, the Commissioner of the Land Office is authorized to sell land scrips in quantities of 160, 320, 640 and 1,280 acre tracts. The lands in the Pacific Reserve to be sold at \$2 per acre; the alternate sections in the railroad and Galveston Canal grants and lands on all the islands at \$1.25 per acre; and all other public lands at one dollar. The bill passed, on motion of Mr. Brown, at 10 o'clock last night. This morning a ran was made on the Land Office for fifty cents scrip (authorized by the last Legislature as the price of lands in the Pacific Reserve) before the Governor could sign this bill, and by 12 o'clock, about twelve thousand dollars had been paid in; but Gov. Ross, hearing of the movement, lost no time in affixing his sign manual to the act and notifying the Commissioner that it was a law of the land, which at 1 p. m. put a stop to the speculation. You will see that speculators were thus securing reserve scrip at fifty cents, while its price would be two dollars the moment the act was signed.

SELLING NEGROES IN CONNECTICUT.

The Hartford Times, commenting upon the violence of certain sectional politicians in the town of Wethersfield, reminds them of the following circumstance, which we give in its own words: "In Wethersfield, about the year 1816, Pete and Chio, two negroes, descendants of slaves in the family of Frederick Butler, were sold at the public post for a debt due from Mr. Butler. The money realized from the sale was applied to that purpose. "Mr. Abel Doming obtained possession of these negroes. He was a man who didn't like to pay the tax which was at that time by law exacted of the people for the support and benefit of the Congregational Church, under the Church and State system of that day. In order to obtain this tax the negroes were seized and sold at the public post, and the avails were paid as a tax to the Rev. Caleb J. Tenny's church, in Wethersfield. Mr. Tenny, himself, we believe, subsequently left the town without paying his debts. "These things happened at a comparatively recent period in the good town of Wethersfield. Some of the negro agitators there must remember the facts perfectly well."

The Schoolmaster Abroad and Out. The following piece of impudence, which on every occasion at intervals of punctation at intervals, was picked up on the street by one of the hands in this office. We pity the teacher or who it is addressed to, if that mother should get hold of him, and at the same time we would advise her "plunk" if she should comb his hair with a three-legged stool—the good-for-nothing scamp, why don't he whip his own children, if he has got any. But here is the letter: Mr.—Sir I would be very much obliged to you when you whip your children beating at you or for nothing at all to take a scold and not a cat god I think you are not so pious that it will disgrace you to have the children look at you last week Frank come home with the blood and warts on his back and last night Jones come his back the same I have inquired and find it was all for nothing we have had so good teachers as you and as smart men and never had our children beat like brutes When they disobey we want them corrected but not like brutes I think their is law for such work If your Cant do so better go over to shugart rally whin you come from the next time you draw blood on them you will see it any Dutch fool like you that is away of half witted or so wit at all none I give you this as a warning. [Lock Haven (Pa.) Watchman.

WAKE UP, JULES.—"Wake up! wake up! you sleepy fellow! If you waste your young days in idle slumber, you will be good-for-nothing when you grow up to manhood. So wake up! wake up, my lad, and go to work, and study with hearty good will. You don't want to wake up! I suppose not. I never knew an idler who did unless he was hungry; and then after eating his dinner, he would fall to gazing like a sick chicken. But you must wake up, or be a poor pitiful drone all your life. And mark me, idleness is a hard master. It will feed you on husks, and the you with rags, lodge you in a slum, and at last send you to the almshouse to die. Then they will bury you singing: "Battle his bones Over the stones; It's only a pauper whom nobody owns."

You don't like such a prospect! Very well then. Wake up. Open your eyes wide. Cast off your chains. Go to work. Put that tumbledraver to rights. Hang up the clothes in that chaotic closet. Pick up those books. Learn those lessons. Off to school with you, bright and early. Be wide, wide awake. Work hard, and idleness will let go its grasp, and you will be somebody by and by.—You will make your mark in the world for good. What say you, Jules, to this advice? Will you take it? You will? Good! "Sergeant Worthy, just enlist these puny little livers to the Try Company!"

A Virginia editor describes the following scene, which he asserts as strictly true. We don't think it could have occurred in any other State. He says that he "saw a team of four animals—a horse, a pony, a mule and a bull. The horse had the harness, the pony was blind, the mule was lame, and the bull had no provision for fly-time. In the wagon there was a white man, a crippled nigger, and a tame skunk frantically bound with a wisp of straw. The white man held the lines, the team held its own, and the nigger held the skunk, and they all moved forward."

A Religious Pronouncement.—Bishop Bayley, the Catholic bishop of New Jersey, has issued a manifesto, to be read in all the churches, in which he calls attention to drunkards and dealers in liquor. Leaving to the pastor the choice of the particular means to be used, he suggests that such should keep a list of the drunkards, and liquor dealers in his church. He says: "I am determined to make use of the most severe measures against all who are addicted to this scandalous and destructive vice; and if they continue in the practice of it, they must do so at once from the Catholic church, who have no right to the name of Catholic while they live, nor to Christian burial when they die."

A Rich Man.—A few weeks since Monsieur Greffulus, of Paris, deceased. He owned a whole street there, which he built, and called Rue Greffulus, after himself. He is said to possess more gold and silver, on special deposit at the Bank of France, than any other banker in Paris. It is not known what is the present amount of coin at his credit, but when the revolution of February occurred, he had \$5,000,000 in gold and silver in the Bank of France. His mania is to have his specie deposit in coin, while the Rothschilds and other bankers keep their deposits in gold or silver bars or coin.

Prosperity is a Severe Test.—The human heart is like a feather bed—it must be roughly handled and well shaken to prevent its becoming hard and knotty. With prosperity comes the withering discovery that opulence is not happiness, for the shadows around are the darkest when the sun of our fortune is brightest. Very often, too, we are only the more ridiculous as well as unhappy, for being tossed in fortune's blanket, and having our heads turned, by being thus elevated above those of our fellows, it matters little to be worth money, if we are worth nothing else.

Fortune grows tired of always carrying the same man on her back. No Man can Borrow Himself Out of Debt.—If you wish for relief, you must work for it, economize for it. You must make more and spend less than you did while you were rising in debt. You must wear homespun instead of broadcloth, drink water instead of champagne, and rise at four instead of seven. Industry, frugality, economy—these are the handmaids of wealth, and the sure sources of relief. A dollar earned is worth ten borrowed, and a dollar saved is better than forty times its amount in useless gas. Try our scheme and see if it is not worth a thousand thanks and valuable lessons.—*Philadelphia Argus.*