

Terms of the Watchman.
For Subscription, per year, Two Dollars—payable in advance. But if not paid in advance, Two Dollars and fifty cents, will be charged.
Advertisements inserted at \$1 for the first, and 25 cts. for each subsequent insertion. Court orders charged 50 per cent. higher than these rates. A liberal deduction to those who advertise by the year.
Letters to the Editors must be post paid.

THE DIAMOND CROSS. Written for the "Schoolfellow." BY CAROLINE HOWARD. (Concluded.)

She sat in one corner of the store, with her brown rinklets falling over the pages of a book in which she was very much interested, when she heard a voice softly calling her name.—She looked up, and Henry Gray stood at the door, cautiously peeping in. She came forward and welcomed him.

"Come in, Harry, come in, and see what a treasure I have here; a perfect edition of Shakespeare illustrated. Is not this *Desdemona's* exquisite?"

"I can't," replied Harry, "I am afraid of your dreadful father, he looks as sour as vinegar and as stern as that old bust of Socrates, on the shelf, and covered, I declare, with about as much dust."

"Hush," said Lucy, "don't speak of my father so, you know that his health has not been good, lately, and then the want of more customers in the store worries him; besides, he is not at home now, and he won't be for some time. Come in."

"Well, then, seeing that the coast is really clear, and that there's no danger of my being eaten up by the ogre, I will enter and briefly tell you what I did come for. We are going to have a grand time on the first of May, you know, in a famous picnic out of town; we are to have flowers, and fruit, and fun, and also, a queen, the best, prettiest girl in the town, whom we shall crown with white rose buds. Mary Jones and Sally Sparks are to be maids of honor, dressed in white and blue, with garlands in their hands, while Bill Green and I are to play the part of equires to our queen. She is to sit on a beautiful throne, over canopied by evergreens, and not even the sun shall dare to shine on her most majestic majesty, or I am no true knight."

"Well, Harry," replied Lucy, quite enchanted, "you have told me who are to be the maids and equires, but you have omitted all mention of that most important personage, her highness, the queen. Will Ellen Burnett take her part? She is the best and most beautiful girl in town, and then she will enjoy it so much. As soon as father comes I will ask him to let me go and offer to take care of her sick mother for her, while she is away at the crowning."

"Go as again, Lucy," replied Harry, "but no we have no time for guessing—the ogre may come. You are to be our queen."

"I," replied Lucy, astonished, "father went to let—?"

"You said rightly," said her father, coming in suddenly from the outside where he had been listening to the latter part of the conversation. "I will not let you act any such fool's part. You have play enough every day without being an idle May queen, and as for you, young lad," said he, turning towards Harry, "take yourself off from my presence, and let not your shadow darken these doors again."

Harry walked out as was desired, and while he scorned the old man and his rudeness, he was indignant at the treatment which he saw that Lucy must be subject to. She did not renew the subject, the mere thought of which gave her so much pleasure; for she actually longed for a freedom of a day in the woods, for she knew that she might as well have hoped to move an old forest tree as her father's iron will. Still, morning after morning found her at her post, with the Bible. Three or four days before the event of the first of May, her heart was unusually heavy, and when she finished reading, the tears flowed silently from her eyes, and as she rose to go, she gave one uncontrollable sob. Her father, astonished, raised himself in the bed and looked at her. He seldom saw her weep, and for one so young, she had acquired a singular self-control, and he felt that something uncommon moved those "troubled waters"—her tears.

"Come to me, Lucy," said he, "and tell me why you cry."

"For nothing, papa, the tears would flow and I could not help it; there, it is over now, see, I am not crying at all."

"But these must be some cause," returned he, "are you not feeling well, or was there any thing in the chapter you have just read that made you weep?"

"No, sir."

"Do you want to go to the May-day celebration?"

"Not if you want me to stay."

"But you do, child," replied he, "you might as well go with Lotte, for you look a little pale, and breathe the fresh air. There, don't begin to cry again—I suppose it is for joy now. Here is a bright dollar to buy something with to make you look smart, and another to get some good things with. Betty can go along with you to carry them. Really you look so happy that I begin to believe what the chapter you have just been reading says—it is more blessed to give than to receive."

"But, father," answered Lucy, quite overjoyed, "will you not go too? Do shut up the store for one day and come with us to breathe the fresh air, and see the blue sky!"

"Now, child, you know that you are asking too much. Go to your room, I hear Lotte crying."

But Lotte was soon comforted when she heard of the plan, and she pretended to be doing wonders in helping Lucy to prepare. The first of May at length arrived, and a more bright, beautiful, joyous, and child-loving day never arose upon the earth. Lucy had informed Harry of her father's altered will, and he had made every necessary arrangement. He, together with a party of his young companions, was to call for Lucy and Lotte, and bring them home again in safety. It was strange that Simon Barton was willing to trust his daughters to the care of one whom he had driven from his house, but he must have felt, inwardly, that he was worthy of the trust, and that Harry would take the best care of them in the world. Lucy stood before her small defaced looking-glass and tied the blue ribbon around her curls with a simple grace; saw that every fold in her white dress was arranged to her satisfaction and said, "Now, Lotte, what do you think of this bunch of blue ribbon that ties up my bonnie brown hair?" She sang the last few words and looked altogether so joyous and happy that Lotte clapped her hands and laughed. And then they both laughed and embraced again and again. In the midst of this scene of childish rapture, a form darkened the entrance. It was that of Simon Barton. Lucy thought

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

J. J. BRUNER,
Editor & Proprietor.

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR
RULERS."



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

NEW SERIES.
VOLUME VII—NUMBER 28.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1850.

he was her father and yet not her father, for his grey locks were combed smoothly out, while his clothes, unusually clean and decent, took from him that air of vulgarity which was common in his every day attire.

"You don't mean to say that you are really going," almost screamed Lucy, "oh! how delightful!"

"To be sure I am," replied the old man, cheerfully, "I am going to take care of my little queen, and the princess royal, Lotte."

"Oh! how happy she felt at these words.—She bounded along with her companions, like a freed bird, while her father took charge of Lotte, and even lifted her in his arms when she grew weary. Betty followed with a well laden basket, in the distance, grinning at such an unusual thing as a holiday, while Harry ventured to address a few manly remarks to the transformed ogre, half doubting his own identity in venturing so near. It was a day never to be forgotten by any of the party. The queen's white rose buds were an emblem of her fair self, expressing youth and purity, and as they were half hidden by green leaves—modesty. The table was laid out in the open air and loaded with good things and a merry dance ended the day. Simon Barton kept a loaf from the elder portion of the assembly, but his time was fully occupied by his care of Lotte and in watching his queen-daughter, his beautiful Lucy. He called her to prepare to return home in the midst of the gayest dance, and she left her pleasures at his bidding, without a murmur. On their return home, after the household wants had been attended to, Lucy ventured to lay her hand upon her father's shoulder and thank him for his kindness:

"Thank you, father," said she, "what a nice day we have had, and only think that you were the cause of all our pleasure."

"I am glad you were pleased, replied he, "you were a good child to come away from that dance when I called you. Are you going to bed now?"

"No, sir, my Bible has to be read first—after so much enjoyment I should be doubly thankful,—good night."

"Stop, Lucy," said her father, and then followed a well remembered pause, "you read it to me in the morning, why not at night too? Did she not hope after that? I know that she did."

Soon a change came over Simon Barton.—Some disease seemed to have seized upon his frame, and to Lucy's sorrow, he refused to consult any medical man, saying that he would be better soon, but day after day saw him sink lower and draw nearer to that "bourne from which no traveller returns." His neighbours had long ago been driven away from his doors by his rude conduct, and the little book store became more frequented, while Lucy's cares accumulated each hour. She did not know that the thread of her father's life would snap soon and suddenly.

Tom took the segar, and as he did so an idea of Ned's design flashed upon his mind.

"No, Ned, no—I remember—yes. I see what you are at; but mine was a gambling debt," exclaimed Tom, rising to prevent the conflagration he saw was about to take place.

"Mine was a debt of honor, and so is yours," said Ned, with a facetious solemnity. "I will pay yours as you once took the liberty of paying mine," and he thrust the paper into the candle blaze. Handing it lighted to Tom, "fire up!" he exclaimed, in direct imitation of his old adversary at "brag," four years ago.

Reader, this anecdote is true.

A WONDERFUL PRINTING MACHINE.
The New York Tribune has the following account of a newly invented printing machine, which is expected to work a revolution in the newspaper press, and which certainly will have that effect if its capacity for work be such as is described. We, however, must be permitted to doubt, at least the present.—*Nat. Int.*

Wilkinson's Cylindrical Rotary Printing Press.—The machine in every essential point differs from all others. In form it is simple and compact—combining the most perfect ease in movement with the greatest power in action of any press hitherto invented. The inventor, Jephth A. Wilkinson, of the city of Providence, has devoted much time in perfecting this extraordinary combination, which now promises a new era, if he does not effect a thorough revolution in the art of printing.

All the motions of this press are rotary.—The type are adapted to and brought into a perfect circular form, and placed on cylinders; one of which is made to print the upper and the other the under-side of a continuous sheet of paper, which is made to pass directly through the machine and come out, printed on both sides, folded into a convenient form, and cut off ready for delivery. All the reciprocating movements heretofore used are abandoned, and simple rotary motions substituted throughout. Consequently, the exceeding smooth and uniform action of this press is almost exempt from the danger of derangement or getting out of order, and subject to very little wear.

The types, moreover, possess in their shape a great advantage. They are so formed that they must necessarily all stand the right way, and in their action upon the paper are not subject to injury by being battered; and they are much less worn and disfigured by use than type employed in the old way. To which may also be added the important advantage of casting upon the radii of a circle, and using the cylinder stereotype plates exactly conformable to the cylinder, and made to move like the type, completely in a circle.

The velocity in the movement of this press is perhaps the most extraordinary feature.—Such is the astonishing rapidity with which impressions may be multiplied, that at an ordinary speed 20,000 imperial sheets may with great ease be printed on both sides, folded and cut neatly from a continuous sheet, in one hour's time. Thus 40,000 impressions can be made, beside the folding and cutting of the sheet, in one hour's time, by a single machine without the aid of the human hand.

With these advantages for quick work, this press can be stayed up to the very hour of issuing the paper. There is no difficulty whatever in placing the type on the cylinders. Instead of the details of composing, arranging, taking proofs, and transferring are completely practical, and can be accomplished with the same facility as on the old plan.

There is nothing, therefore, to prevent the success of this machine, the absolute cost of which is also much less than that of the Double Cylinder Napier Press, or any other used in the old way. It can be worked by any ordinary power, one man or active boy only being required to attend a press, place the roll of paper upon the machine, and carry away the printed and folded sheets as fast as they are, by thousands, thrown from the machine. Thus the expense of numerous gangs of hands, such as are usually employed about the old press, either in printing, folding, or handling the papers, may be dispensed with, and work which hitherto has required from twelve to sixteen hands during most of the day and night, may now be performed by this machine and one hand only in the short space of two or three hours.

Explosion of Capt. Taggart's Balloon.
—The Flying Machine of Captain John Taggart, which went up from Jersey City on Wednesday week, without the captain having been heard from. The particulars are thus related in the Suffolk Democrat, (Huntingdon, Suffolk county, N. Y.) of Friday:

"On Wednesday evening last, at about half past 6 o'clock, a large balloon, with a beautiful car attached, descended near the house of Jonathan Gildersleeve, at Clay Pitts, in this town. The car became entangled in the fence of a lane leading to the dwelling and barn, while the balloon gently swayed with the wind above it.

"When it was first discovered by a son of Mr. Gildersleeve it occasioned a good deal of surprise, and he called to his aid a brother and his wife and his mother to assist in securing it. A large opening was made in the balloon to permit the air to escape; but unfortunately at this moment one of the ladies approached the balloon with a lighted candle, when the inflammable gas took fire, and a violent explosion immediately followed, knocking down the whole party, and burning the two young men severely on the face and hands. The ladies escaped with very slight injuries. The balloon was torn to pieces and enkindled into a blaze at the same time, and the beautiful car, with its machinery, greatly damaged. The vanished material of the balloon burnt so vividly as to set the fence on fire, which from its proximity to the barn and dwelling would undoubtedly have communicated the flames to these also, but for the unusual exertions of the injured persons, who, though, in great agony, subdued the fire, by tearing down the fence, and throwing water upon the burning fragments of the balloon. The light of the explosion was noticed at the distance of several miles, and the concussion was so great that it was sensibly experienced by the inmates of a dwelling half a mile distant."

From the National Intelligencer.
EDWARD STANLEY.
All who are familiar with Mr. Stanley's career, in Congress or out of it, will admit the justice of the annexed praise of him, which we extract from an article in the Raleigh Times. The Whig party possesses no supporter more consistent or true than this gentleman:

Good Service.—The most inveterate tormentor of the Democratic party, and therefore the highest mark of their hatred and malice, beyond all question is the Hon. Edward Stanley. They are popping off their squibs at him in all directions; denouncing him for all he has done and all he has not done; and attributing every deep wound inflicted upon them to him, right or wrong. If a locofoco postmaster is removed, Mr. Stanley is denounced; if an office-holder's peculations and mismanagement are exposed, Mr. Stanley is cursed; if a locofoco measure fails, Mr. Stanley is consigned to the pit of darkness for causing its failure; if the people of North Carolina will not dissolve the Union nor fight the North on the subject of slavery, Mr. Stanley is chiefly held responsible, and bitterly denounced as a Free Soiler, and submissionist.

Verily, there must be good service in this man Stanley, who is thus made the particular mark of all the Disunionists and enemies of the Government, and who is such an inevitable thorn in the sides of the "unterrified democracy," that the bare mention of his name causes "the flesh to quiver" and the teeth to grit, and puts Locofocoism into a "welding" heat of passion. Oh how happy they would be could they destroy and kill off Mr. Stanley! He knows too much for them.

In all the prominent measures of the late session Mr. Stanley has been sustained in his votes by the company of his Whig colleagues, excepting in some cases Mr. Clingman. But Locofocoism allows the others to go *scot free* while all the "organs," are in full cry against Mr. Stanley. Do they fear him the most? Aye, verily and with reason!

Let not the citizens of the North be deceived about the South. She feels herself aggrieved; and if she acquiesces in the Compromise, it is because she desires to preserve the Union. But the South will not yield another inch to the fanatics. She will insist upon the faithful execution of the Compromise, and she will henceforth resist all future encroachments. In this spirit let the free soilers and abolitionists be assured that the southern members will enter the halls of Congress. A hint has been thrown out that the convention of Georgia will recommend to her own representatives, as well as to those of all the southern States, to abandon their seats *protem*, whenever the question may come up. Another check has been proposed, which will be strongly pressed upon the House of Representatives—not to vote a dollar of supplies if this government is about to interfere, in any form, with this dangerous subject. The South must now put her foot down, and plant it upon the platform of noninterference. If any further interference is permitted—if this monstrous question continues to show its gorgon head in our public councils—if this agitation continues in Congress, we shall consider the Union in the utmost danger. The South will never submit to any further interference; and a degree of excitement and of passion may be expected to prevail in the halls of Congress to which we have yet seen no parallel. We are no agitators; we are no alarmists. But we regard the approaching short session as one of the most important which has ever taken place. Let the spirit of State weber the temper, and all will be well. Yet this object cannot be accomplished but by the stern firmness of the southern people, assisted by all the wisdom and energy of the North. Meantime the laws must be fully carried out and the Executive must energetically discharge all his constitutional duties.—*Washington Union.*

VIATOR.

A GAMBLING STORY.

Two friends sat over a game of "brag" in this city four years ago. They played long, late and high, and at length quit, one five hundred dollars in the other's debt. We have said they were friends, and each knew the other was not so circumstanced as to stand so large a loss, although the excitement of playing had led them on from larger bets to larger still, until the event came a bout.

"Tom, you will have to take my note for it," said the loser, "and it shall be paid in thirty days."

"O, very well," said the winner, dryly, pulling a segar from his pocket and piercing the twisted end with his penknife.

The loser snatched up a pen and wrote the note for five hundred dollars, payable in thirty days.

"All correct," said the winner coolly, and taking the note from his unfortunate adversary.

"Have a segar, Ned?"

Ned took the proffered segar, and the next moment opened his eyes in astonishment at seeing Tom deliberately poking the folded note into the candle for a light.

"Fire up, Ned!" said Tom, handing over the burning note.

Ned knew his friend, and lit his segar in silence. The two friends soon separated with such a mutual exchange of friendly sentiment as might be expected on so remarkable an occasion.

This is no fancy sketch, reader. The two friends have been separate wanderers for four years, and met each other again, for the first time, since their parting the other day in Canal street. Tom had been luckless and unfortunate, while Ned had been gradually creeping into fortune's favor. In the course of the same day, accident brought to Ned's notice a note against his friend Tom, for just 500 in the hands of a third person. Ned bought the note immediately, paying for it to the full amount of the claim, and in the evening the two friends met by appointment.

"Tom, do you know I hold a note against you for just five hundred?" said Ned.

"No, indeed. Why, how so?" said Tom in amazement.

"O, yes, here it is, see—your note given to that firm on the levee. A small business transaction brought it into my possession, and by the way, Tom, I should like to have the money," said Ned, "I can't pay it now. Ned, indeed I can't; but in two or three weeks at farthest, I can make myself ready for it."

"Cancel this, and draw me a new note for thirty days," says Ned, very gravely, taking a segar from his pocket, and piercing the end with his knife, in precisely the same style Tom had used four years ago.

"All correct," said Ned, as he scattered the old note in torn fragments on the floor, and received a new one from Tom. "Have a segar, Tom?"

CHIAGO NULLIFICATION—EXCITING SCENES!

The Philadelphia Bulletin has been permitted to make the following extract from a private letter dated Chicago, Oct. 19th, describing the action of the Councils and people of that city on the Fugitive Slave Law:

You doubtless have seen the infamous action of our Conscript Fathers yclept the Common Council, in reference to the Fugitive Slave Bill, recommending and requiring the city police to abstain from aiding the officers of the law in removing fugitives, and also the treasonable and revolutionary proceedings and resolutions of some of our citizens. I never witnessed such excitement in my life, as prevails here on this subject. Night after night the Town Hall has been thronged with an excited populace. The resolutions were aimed at Judge Douglass and Gen. Shields, dignifying them as Benedict Arnolds and Judas Iscariots, talked about their sneaking away from the vote, &c.

Judge Douglass called the people together without distinction of party, and in one of the most able and patriotic efforts ever listened to by a Chicago audience, triumphantly defended his course, and gave these city fathers the most terrific flaying and scoring men ever got, or as an Irishman remarked, the most awful *rambasting*—he actually skinned them alive. So powerful was the speech, that the Common Council, the very next meeting, repented with but one dissenting voice, the infamous resolves, and thus had the pleasure of stultifying themselves most beautifully.

The excitement was not subsided, and if any arrests are even made here, terrible scenes will issue, and much blood shed. The majority will put down nullification and revolution at all hazards. I will forward you a copy of Judge Douglass' speech; it will bear a careful perusal. How lawyers, as well informed as some of ours who have participated in these proceedings can counsel resistance to this law, without committing perjury, is to me marvelous, for all of us have sworn to support the Constitution of the United States.

"Mother," said a country blade who had just returned from the city, "what thundering big oranges they do have in New York. I saw one there as big as—oh, as big as—"

"Well, how big were they?"

"Darned if I can tell; they were too big to put in my memory."

THE NEW ORLEANS MILLIONAIRE.

We copy an interesting account of this singular character. It is not probable that his benevolent purposes in regard to his property will be realized, as the heirs in Baltimore are leaving no stone unturned to have the will set aside. Besides the lawyers employed at New Orleans they have sent Reverdy Johnson from Baltimore.—To give some idea of the extent of the property the Delta says.—

"He owned three hundred squares in the rear of Liveaudis, eleven squares in the rear of the Second Municipality, at the foot of Poydras street, and 16,000 lots in the rear of the First and Third Municipalities. He also owns the whole of the town of McDonogh, opposite to the city, which is laid out in squares and lots. This is a part of his suburban property. In addition to this, he has productive property in the city which yields an annual revenue of \$200,000. He owns, too, large tracts of very valuable land in every parish of the State, to say nothing of immense possessions in the adjoining States."

More than forty letters were mailed in one day at New Orleans, to Mrs. Cole, Baltimore, no doubt by lawyers who were willing to assist the lady in upsetting her brother's will.—They did not know that Mrs. Cole had been dead several years!—*Fay, Ob.*

THE KENTUCKY YEOMAN.

The following resolution was adopted at a meeting held a few days ago at Skaneateles, N. Y.:

Resolved. That the infamous Bill known as the "Fugitive Slave Law," is a disgrace to the drunken rascals who passed it, to the miserable tool, who 'accidentally' had the opportunity to sign it, and will be a tenfold disgrace to any community which allows its infernal provisions to be carried into execution."

WHAT KIND OF ESSENCE DOES A YOUNG MAN LIKE WHEN HE POPS THE QUESTION?

When a lover wishes to pop the question, he can hint his desire in a thousand different ways. Here is one of the latest cases:

"Please take a half of this poor apple," said a pretty damsel to a witty swain the other evening.

"No I thank you; I would prefer a better half."

Eliza blushed and referred him to "papa."