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CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

THE DYING YEAR.

Ere the light of another morning sun is spread over the world. Time, with her tireless pinion will have flown through another of those cycles that separate the eternity of the past from the eternity of the future. Soon the joyous welcome of a "Happy New Year" will have been passed from friend to friend, and the festivities incident thereto will have been realized. At such a time as this unnumbered scenes, around which memory loves to linger, are called to pass in quick array before the spirit's vision, which, with its Alladin lamp, lights up the varied scenes of other years, and reveals a store-house of sad and pleasing reminiscences whose reality no change of place or time can dim. What a wealth of memories involuntarily returns to the spirit's vision with the consciousness that another year, fraught with events and scenes in which we have participated, is numbered with the past. Every sight or sound brings the remembrance of pleasure or pain of realized hopes or blighted expectations. Recollections, like the waves of the ocean, press one upon the other, and while some scene in which the heart has delighted is recalled to mind, another follows in quick succession which awakens in the bosom a mournful echo.

The year that has past has been marked with scenes of more than usual interest. Infatuated counsels and wild excitement have characterized the most gifted and influential of the land, and rash hands have been stretched impudently forth to seize the radiant baldric of our country's union and shake from it its shining stars. May the lightnings of the God of nations cease to slumber if the dismal scenes of the old year should be enacted in the new. To individuals the journey of the old year has been varied. Some have stood by the death bed of those most loved on earth, and have heard the cold clods fall upon the coffin's remains of those who had been the golden sun light of their existence, and as they have turned away from the tomb of those loved ones, they have felt that the world had lost its brightness for them, while others have passed through its varying scenes as tranquilly as the motion of a lover's barque upon a summer sea.

The measure of a year's thought and action is nearly finished; we have acted, and those acts cannot be undone; we have thought, and let those thoughts be good or bad, they cannot be recalled. They are recorded in the chamber of heaven and when our final decree shall be pronounced from that court of universal equity, those thoughts and actions will be found to weigh heavily for good or ill upon our eternal destiny.

For memory and for tears. Within the deep Still chambers of the heart, a spirit dim Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold And solemn finger to the beautiful And holy visions that have passed away And left no shadow of their loveliness On the dead waste of life. That spectre lifts The coffin lid of Hope and Joy and Love, And bending mournfully above the pale Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers O'er what has passed to nothingness.

Has gone, and with it many a glorious thought Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow, Its shadow in each heart.

Let the mirth and hilarity, the joy and sorrow, the misery and remorse of the dying year be buried with it. As the year closes, some of the hopes and expectations that accompanied it at its birth cease to exist;—yet this should throw no lasting gloom upon the heart, for the bright sun-shine of future happiness will shine around us, causing us to forget the sorrow of the past in the bliss of the present, and the joyous light of hope and expectation that has shed its beams upon us will continue to burn brighter and brighter in the future. But the flight of time should remind us that this world is not our abiding place, for its withering hand is now leaving an impression upon us which will sooner or later number us with the victims of its destroying malaria.

With a "Happy New Year" are connected associations which revive, in all their beauty and freshness, many pleasant recollections of happy hours and bright remembrances of far off childhood. It has always been a gala day, and from my earliest recollection it has been spent in extending a joyous, heart felt welcome to all around. Friends meet and join in the richest festival of the year. At the parental fire-side are gathered those who, in childhood, passed their happy hours together, but who, in after years, have been scattered far and wide. They meet to receive the greeting of fond and confiding parents,—it may be for the last

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

J. J. BRUNER,
Editor & Proprietor.

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR RULERS."



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

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HISTORICAL SCENES & INCIDENTS.
THE HEROINE OF WHEELING.

Though we may sing of, and tell about, the hardy men who fought so bravely and suffered so greatly to establish the principles of that government under which we now exist, we must not forget those heroic women who, as mothers and wives, sent forth, with eager hearts and cheering words, their sons and husbands, to the bitter fields of strife, or as sisters aided to clothe and equip their brothers. Their aching hearts were silent, their burning tears were brushed away, as with smiles they embraced them at parting, with high words of trustful faith like the women of Sparta, bade them turn not back upon the conquering foe.

The words of all ages bear no slight testimony to the devoted courage of woman; and were our own history more perfectly known, instances of female courage would be found to parallel the most wonderful of ancient chronicles.—We have now to record an act performed by a young woman during our revolutionary struggle, which, for nerve and desperation, is scarcely to be matched.

In the year 1778, Wheeling, Virginia, was besieged by a large force of British and Indians. At this time, the Fort, with an insufficient force was under the command of Col. Silas Zane, a brave and meritorious officer. Distant from this, about eighty yards, and outside the wall, was situated a block house, in which was Col. Ebenezer Zane, a brother of Silas, and the senior officer, with a few men. There were several women in the Fort, and among them at the time, was Elizabeth Zane, a sister of the Colonel. She was a young woman of extraordinary beauty, having a tall and finely formed figure, with a head like Juno; a black eye, mild and firm in its expression; a voice and musical as a lute; and with an expression of countenance as bland as Italian skies, though beneath it might slumber passions as warm as the fires of Vesuvius. It may be supposed that many a soldier's eye followed her wistfully, as in days of quiet she roamed about the Fort, or strolled for walk in company with one of her brothers. Many a proposal had been made in vain. Officers of high rank sued for her, and many a gallant empire was undertaken in her name, but all to no effect, so far as winning her affection went. She was not one of those light-witted women, to be caught by fine show and fine professions. As far as the heart went, she placed no difference between high-nodding plumes, and the last man in the ranks—the last man, not the least. She was above that age when young women are most apt to be caught by fine compliments, or dashing appearance; but plain and direct in her manner, it was her study to give no encouragement to the attentions of her numerous suitors.

Yet from this description the reader must not infer that she was not susceptible to the softer passion of love. Far from it, for her troth was at that time pledged; nor could the most ambitious thought in the world have tempted her to swerve from the sanctity of vows made to the lover of her choice—made, as all lovers' oaths are, in the quiet evening hour, and witnessed by the moon, that lovers' planet, and "all the starry host of heaven."

Among the soldiers in the fort at this time none was a greater favorite with officers and men than Ashley Harper. Bold, adventurous, and generous, almost to a fault, no hazardous expedition was projected in which he was not always ready to volunteer; and many a forlorn hope had seen him face the savage foe with odds against him; and while powder flashed, and bayonets gleamed, he was sure to be found in the hottest of the fray. On two occasions, had he saved the life of his superior officer, when the tomahawk glittered with the fearful expectation of its victim's blood. He had enlisted in the service a year previous as a private; and although promotion to the rank of a non-commissioned officer had been offered him on account of his good qualities as a soldier, and his intelligence as a man, he had refused its acceptance, declaring that, as his only desire was to serve his country, he was willing to serve through the war as a private, leaving all conditions above that to soldiers more competent or more ambitious.

He was the son of a respectable farmer, whose industry had enabled him to raise up, and respectably educate, a large family—a man of severe discipline, whose watchful eye detected youthful faults in time to prevent their maturing to crimes. He had been intimate with the family of the Zanes, and when Ashley expressed a desire to enlist, the old man easily prevailed upon Colonel Silas to enrol him among his own men.

Now we will not pretend to say that there had been any particular understanding between Miss Elizabeth and the young gentleman above spoken of, previous to his becoming a soldier, though such a thing might possibly have been in a mute way. Verbal declarations certainly had not been made; for an old tow head, one moonlight evening, while he was sitting in the shady branches of a chestnut, that stood but a few yards from the Fort,

—Considering as well he might, Ways and means for supper that night,

he looked about with a solemn scowl, and beheld coming from the shadow of the Fort, a lover and his mistress, they spoke to one another so tenderly.

They came out from the Fort stealthily, and stole softly over the greensward, to the foot of the chestnut, and, sitting down upon one of the knarled roots, said kind things, uttered sacred vows, and breathed fervent sighs one to the other. They sat there an hour—a good hour by the march of Saturn—talking and sighing all the while, when, calling upon all the stars to witness their oaths, and sealing their vows with a kiss, they retired.

It was but a short time after this occurrence that the siege of Wheeling was commenced by the British and Indians; and although the place was defended with zeal and an unlimited amount of courage, the hopes of the besieged grew somewhat dim as they looked forth upon the masses that surrounded them. A scarcity of provisions was not what alarmed them, for of those at present they had a sufficient supply; but alarm became almost consternation when

it was announced, on the second day of the siege, that their powder was short. Several desperate assaults had been made by the enemy to break into the fort, but Colonel Zane and his men repulsed and drove them back as vigorously as they assaulted. The Indians on two or three occasions attempted the destruction of the fort and block house by fire; but in each instance they were shot down ere the faggot and the burning brand could be applied. But ultimately those in the fort began to fail in their hopes of a successful defence, when the word was passed around that they were in the possession of a few charges of powder only, there was an abundant supply in the block house, which they had been prevented from removing by the suddenness of the assault; but how was it to be gotten now? Surrounded by the most inveterate of foes, what possible method could be adopted to procure them a supply of ammunition? Their condition must be known to the enemy the moment their fire slackened, and then they could easily be destroyed without the least show of defence.

The second day of the siege had well nigh worn away—it was in the middle of the afternoon. The last shot had been fired—the last grain of powder was exhausted. Now, what was to be done? Make terms of capitulation, or, despairing, submit to fate? They in the block house still held out bravely, and a little longer concert of action might save them, for the enemy already began to show symptoms of wavering. At this crisis Col. Zane called his men around him, and after describing to them the situation in which they were placed, he desired to know if there was any one among them desperate enough to attempt a passage through the enemy to the block-house. He added that it was indeed a forlorn hope, but at the worst could not be more disastrous than to remain in their present condition. No answer followed the appeal. The men gazed at their commander and into the eyes of each other with the most complete despair, and with faces blank without any ray of hope. Elizabeth stood by the side of her brother, silent; but that silence was more eloquent than the words of the colonel. Perhaps, though, a slight pang might have fluttered her pulse to hear no one speak. Was there not one brave enough to peril life for the salvation of the whole? Ammunition was all that was wanted. One keg of powder, and they were free! At that moment a young man stepped modestly forward and said:

"Colonel, I will attempt the passage. If I fall remember me; if I succeed—"

His eye caught the expression of Elizabeth's features, as they glowed upon him with unutterable fondness and pride, and fell to the ground Colonel Zane stepped forward, and taking the young soldier's hand, said—

"You are the man I expected would volunteer for this service. Go, and God protect you! If they see you from the block house, they will try to cover you with their fire. Self-possession is your only hope. Now away, while the enemy are partially withdrawn."

But here Elizabeth stepped forward, and, addressing her brother said—

"Silas, let me undertake this enterprise!"

"You!" replied her brother, viewing her with astonishment. "Impossible! Do you know the danger of the attempt?"

"Perfectly," she answered. "You have no men to spare. Every one is needed in the defence of the Fort; and this is the only service I can render."

"But a man would be more fleet Elizabeth, and more certain of success," said her brother.

"Still you have no man to spare; and a woman would not run the same danger in passing through the enemy. Besides, if I fall, I shall not be so much missed, nor your forces weakened."

The colonel was affected to tears, and embracing his sister, exclaimed—

"Then go! God's will be done, and may he protect you!"

A dozen men now sprang forward, prompted by the devotion of this heroic woman; and Ashley Harper, more urgent than the rest, insisted that it was his right, as he was the first to propose. But Elizabeth would hear no objections, and at once began to make preparations for the enterprise. Partially divesting herself of her clothing, so that her speed might be less impeded, she was let out at the gate of the Fort, followed by the prayers and blessings of all within; while from one of the embrasures the anxious eyes of Ashley Harper followed her, as she fled like a young roe through the lines of the enemy. Now she falls! Twenty muskets are raised by the savages to stop her progress; but a cry of "Squaw! squaw," saved her. She reaches the block-house in safety, and is admitted!

A period of awful suspense awaited them in the fort. The men were anxious for relief, the colonel was regretting that he permitted his sister to go, and Ashley Harper was breathing prayers for her safety.

In the block-house, the excitement was equally as great, and astonishment was expressed by every one at the intrepidity of the maiden. Her brother there persuaded her to stay with him, offering to send one of his own men to the Fort with the powder. But she overruled his arguments with the same logic she had used with her brother Silas, and was at last permitted to return. A keg of powder was poured in to a table cloth, and she again sallied forth to run the desperate gauntlet.

In the Fort, every heart was beating with the utmost anxiety; and, as the dusky foe was seen gathering around scarce a vestige of hope was left for the safety of the heroic maiden. Still watched her lover from the embrasure, and still prayed her brother silently. Forward she sped on her return with her precious burden, as though her feet were winged, while the enemy, at length suspicious of her errand, were pouring showers of lead after her. Yet onward she came unarmed—apparently unalarmed—preserved by an Omnipotent power; and at length reached the gate of the Fort, which was thrown open with eagerness to admit her. As it closed with safety upon the little band within, it was assailed with a hundred bullets, while the savages around made the air peal with their diabolic yells of disappointment and rage. The brother welcomed her with tears. All pressed

around her to thank her for her bravery—all but Ashley Harper: his heart was too full for expression.

The result of this adventure was the successful defence of the Fort against the besiegers. But ere the war of the revolution was ended, Ashley Harper slept with the dead heroes of our country, having fallen at the battle of Saunders' Creek, in North Carolina, August 16th, 1780.

THE PULPIT AND THE LAWS.

The clergy, ever ready to avow their opinions on moral questions, are taking ground respecting the fugitive slave laws. The recent stand assumed by the Independent newspaper in New York, and its editors in their pulpits, has awakened deep feeling. Many of the friends of the gentlemen who have thus encouraged rebellion and murder, are exceedingly grieved at their course, and desire them to desist.

Last Sabbath, Rev. Dr. Spencer, of the Second Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, N. York, preached a very able discourse on the obligations of citizens to the government under which they live. It was a conservative, manly, and Christian exposition of the apostolic doctrine on this subject, the propagation of which, at this juncture, is timely and important.

We learn that the Rev. Dr. Spring will, in a short time, preach on the same subject, and we presume that the clergy generally will, at their discretion, take occasion to give utterance to the word of God on these and kindred themes. The approaching Thanksgiving day will be embraced by many as a favourable opportunity for such a discussion.

A "Preachers' Meeting," embracing some thirty ministers of the Methodist Church of N. York city, Brooklyn, and Williamsburg, has adopted a series of resolutions strongly condemning the fugitive slave law, and the Christian Advocate and Journal refuses to publish the resolutions. Both facts are significant of the state of feeling in that communion.

Rev. Dr. Adams, of the Broome Street Presbyterian church, New York, has preached a very elaborate and able discourse in support of the laws, and by request he repeated the same last Sabbath evening to a large assembly in Dr. Hutton's church on Washington Square, New York.—The Presbyterian.

A very remarkable series of accidents occurred in Richmond, a few days ago.—The Republican of that city describes them as follows, and vouches for its accuracy:

On Sunday morning last, about eight o'clock, an Italian named Stephen Cutlum, employed at Mr. Turner's brickyard, concluded to go on a fishing excursion down the river, with one of his acquaintances, and in addition to fishing tackle, provided himself with a "large pistol," and about half a pound of ammunition. He loaded the pistol with powder and ball, and placed it in the left pocket of his pants. Thus armed, he was passing along Water street on his way to the river, when, to his indescribable dismay, the pistol accidentally discharged its contents and set fire to his clothing. His left hand was wounded by the ball, and his neck and hair considerably burnt by the discharge! The weapon rebounded with great force, and in "flying up," knocked off his hat! (You can take ours!) In reply to an inquiry from a bystander, Stephen exclaimed that he had "very much powder in his pocket," whereupon a boy present cried to him to jump into the dock. Without the least thought or hesitation, the unfortunate man did as he was bid, and while floundering about in the water, the powder— which had been closely packed in paper—exploded with a loud report, just as the poor fellow submerged himself beneath the turbid water! He was not injured by the explosion, but his pants were nearly blown off, and his pocket book, containing \$3 in money, blown to the bottom of the dock. After this explosion had taken place, he clambered out from his uncomfortable position in the water, and abandoning all idea of "going a fishing"—for that day at least—he went home and had his wound and burns dressed.

Beware of Pick Pockets.—Some of these light-fingered gentry, who having preceded the advent of the Swedish songstress among us, for the purpose of pursuing their profession, and being as we suppose tired of waiting her arrival, gave us an evidence, yesterday, with what dexterity and proficiency they could extract the contents of a gentleman's pocket.

During the time of the delivery of the western mail, on Sunday mornings, the lobby of our Post Office is generally crowded with persons seeking letters, as was the case on this occasion. Among those present was a Dr. D. W. C. McClosky, of New York; who had his pocket book, containing about one hundred and forty-two dollars, in paper and gold, a diamond breast pin, and a gold finger ring extracted from his coat pocket. Dr. McClosky, felt his loss almost immediately, and suspected a man who was standing in his rear, but whom he allowed to withdraw from the crowd. He watched this person, however, and seeing him in close conversation with a man on the steps in front of the Post Office, advanced towards him, made known his loss and suspicions, and insisted that he should accompany him to the Police Office, which after some hesitation he consented to do. On their arrival at the office, the supposed thief was searched, but none of the missing articles were found on his person, and he was discharged from custody. Mr. R. Richards, a gentleman from

Boston, was robbed at the same time. A package of letters and papers was taken from the pocket of his pantaloons. Among these papers, was a letter of unlimited credit on Mr. W. M. Martin, of our city.—Charleston Courier.

SECTIONAL FEELING.

It was a saying with the ancients that, "those whom the gods would destroy, they first made mad." Pagans, as they were, they thus recognized the interposition of a special providence in the government of human conduct, ascribing the folly of self-destruction to the privation of reason, the sorest infliction of divine wrath. In charity, we are disposed to ascribe the fatuous and self-destroying course pursued by the disunionists of the South to the same cause. If in the enjoyment of heaven's choicest blessing—reason—is it to be supposed that they would precipitate themselves into an abyss from which there is no salvation? They are in the light of wayward children, anxious to relieve themselves from wholesome parental discipline, but who have not yet arrived at years of discretion to qualify themselves for self-protection and self-control. And when they do wander from the homestead, in the pride of opinion that they are able to take care of themselves and have their own way, what will be the end of their course?—the fate which inevitably attends all such insubordination and rebellion, distress and ruin; and then a return, as penitent prodigals, to the paternal mansion, seeking forgiveness and admission.

An exhibition of feeling on the part of an Alabama paper, satisfies us that madness, as the antecedent of destruction, is infecting the minds of a portion of her inhabitants. We published a letter a few days since, addressed to the Advertiser and State Gazette, by Daniel Pratt, of Prattville, Ala.; a man who, from what we know of him, had he lived in the days of ancient Rome, when true merit was rewarded, would have received a civic crown for his practical philanthropy and benefactions to his race. It seems that the organ of a clique existing in Alabama, as in other Southern States, claiming for themselves some peculiar merit from the mere accident of Southern birth, has been denouncing the character, and calling in question the patriotism, of certain citizens of the State of Alabama, merely from the fact that they owe their birth to States in which slavery does not exist. Is not this the height of folly—the "veriest madness of the moon?" To ostracise and banish their best citizens because they are not of Southern birth! Had we not before us the evidence of such feelings, we could not believe that a man of sane mind was to be found, who could entertain such primitive ideas, and who would be silly enough to express them.

Mr. Pratt gives a brief history of himself—simply that he is a native of New-England, and has been a citizen of Alabama many years longer than those who disparage his title to citizenship, on the score of his being a Northern man. His modesty forbids him saying more; as we happen to know him, we will supply the omission in his biography, and as an act of justice due to himself and that large number of valuable citizens, who have not the good fortune to be born at the South, but yet live here, we will briefly state who he is, and what he has done for the interest of Alabama. A retiring and unpretending man himself, he may not thank us for this liberty we are taking with his biography, but the good deeds of men should be made to shine like a candle in this naughty world, and when true practical philanthropists are to be found, we ought to hold them up as exemplars for public imitation; moreover, the subject of our remarks is the representative of a class of meritorious citizens, one of thousands against whom this vulgar and contemptible prejudice of birth exists in weak minds; we feel, therefore, justified to ourselves in using him for present purpose— "to point a moral."

Mr. Pratt came to Georgia, from New-England, some twenty or thirty years ago—his outfit and capital, on leaving the land of his birth, was the education which the common schools of New-England give to all her sons, a good trade, sound constitution, a stout heart and in the right place, and the indomitable Yankee energy which surmounts all obstacles, physical or moral, however formidable. Success followed, as it invariably will, industry and probity. Removing to Alabama, he settled in Autauga county, and influenced by the spirit of St. Pierre, that a man who makes two blades of grass grow where one did before, is a benefactor of mankind, he immediately engaged himself in the work of progress. The axe was laid to the trees, a clearing made in the wild woods, one house built, then another, then a mill, then a factory, then workshops and cottages, and, in a short space of time, a thriving, populous town sprung into existence, bearing the name of its enterprising founder. This industrious, unostentatious Yankee, living in a mansion that will compare with the most recherche