

TERMS OF THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.
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. per square for each subsequent insertion. Court-orders charged 25 per cent. higher than these rates. A liberal deduction to those who advertise by the year.
LETTERS to the Editor must be post paid.

GIVE ME A FAITHFUL HEART.

BY ELIZABETH BLINK.

I do not leave bright gems of earth,
Nor gold of dazzling hue,
But ask for something of more worth—
A heart that's pure and true.
Though earth may yield her costly gems,
That look so fair to view;
I ask not for such diadems,
But for a heart that's true.
A heart that glows with noble deeds,
For this I ever will sue;
A guiltless heart from envy freed—
A heart that's pure and true.
A heart like this is real worth,
It nothing can outshine;
Tis all I ask for here on earth—
A heart that's pure and true.

For the Watchman.

A Grand Concert—not the Eolian Minstrels, or the Hutchinson Family—but a more extensive connexion—the Katydids are coming. They will make their annual visit as usual early in July. They frequently commence their serenade about the fourth of that month, and continue their peculiar noise just three months, till frost comes. This insect is found in all parts of the United States; it makes a harsh sound by means of membrane in the cover of the wings, which resembles very much the word, katydid.

And we are told that some old persons have observed for thirty years, that the first frost in the Fall, comes just three months to a day, from the time this insect appears. If this is a fact, it is new to me, and may be worth noticing, and your readers may mark the time of its appearance, and verify, or disprove the above statement.

For the Watchman.

THE USES OF METALS.

"Without the use of these we could have nothing of culture or civility: no tillage of agriculture: no reaping or mowing: no ploughing or digging: no pruning or lopping: no grafting or incision: no mechanical arts or trades: no vessels or utensils of household stuff: no convenient houses or edifices: no shipping or navigation. What kind of a barbarous and sordid life we must necessarily have lived—the Indians of the northern part of America, are a clear demonstration. Only it is remarkable that those which are of most frequent and necessary use, as iron, brass, lead, are the most common and plentiful: others that are more rare may be better spared, yet are they there, qualified to be made the common measure and standard of the value of all other commodities, and go to serve for coin of money, to which use they have been employed by all civil nations in all ages."

Ray's wisdom of God in creation.

There are now known fifty-nine elements, of which forty-three are metals: some of these are very hard and infusible, and require the highest heat of a furnace to melt them; while one, well known, mercury, only becomes solid 71 degrees below the freezing point of water. Some are lighter than that fluid, and will swim in it, while one, platinum, is about 21 times as heavy. Iron is the most useful, and the most abundant; its capacity of holding, which it has in common with perhaps one other; that of being converted into steel by union with carbon: and when so converted of being rendered permanently magnetic, so as to guide us across the ocean, as well as the land in surveying, enhance the value of this metal. Some are found native, or already in metallic state, but most of them are in form of ores, or mineralized. Gold is mostly found native, but sometimes, not, when the metal in the earth is united with some other substance, as oxygen, sulphur, &c., its malleability is destroyed, and its character is disguised, so that a person well acquainted with the metal could not know it, in that form. Iron in the form of the sulphuret, (sulphur mixed with it) when a new surface is exposed looks like gold or new brass, and as it is often mistaken for the former, it is called "fools' gold." But gold is soft and malleable, while this is not; and it may also be known by the smell of sulphur when

PHIL.

For the Watchman.

Measure—Live, and let live. We lived some years since in a village a distant State, where was a man of great wealth, but almost an Ishmaelite towards his fellow citizens. He was a tenant and had a special dislike to mechanics. He would not let them thrive around him, if he could by any plan prevent them. For instance, a young and enterprising chair-maker came there and engaged in his trade, but this man sent off and bought a large quantity of articles that line, to undersell, and break him down. A shoe-maker also set up a shop, and this merchant immediately had cheap shoes and boots for sale—and what was

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

J. J. BRUNER,
Editor & Proprietor.

KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR
RULES.



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

NEW SERIES.

VOLUME VIII—NUMBER 11.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1851.

the result? We were lately informed that this member of the "codfish aristocracy," who labored so hard to destroy the interests of others, had failed badly himself. And so it often is that Divine Providence punishes men in the way they have done evil to others. That by their suffering they may be reminded of that evil, and feel more keenly in view of their own conduct. This principle of retribution in kind, is more common in this world than we are apt to suppose. There is a just measure for measure; as the old man said who was thrown down and beaten by his disobedient son, "It is just, for I treated my father in the same way in that very spot." Let all the members of civil society promote each other's interests—for they are all linked together. And especially let home manufactures be encouraged, and mechanics not be despised or oppressed.

THE MINIATURE.

A Lynching Scene in California.

In the year 1849, during the hot month of August, I left Sacramento City, with a party of six, including myself, for the remote regions of Feather river. I had tried several of the other rivers, without much success, and as some friends whom I met in town, endeavored to convince me that this was the only true and legitimate spot where the "pile" could be made, I very willingly gave my consent to make one of their party.

We settled all the arrangements to our satisfaction, and then bought provisions enough to last us for three months, hired a six mule team, packed our stuff on their backs, and one afternoon, about six o'clock, took up our line of march for the above named place, distant about one hundred and fifty miles from Sacramento city. One among our company played on the bugle decently well, and as the soul inspiring note rang out through the valleys, we all imagined ourselves worth, at the least calculation, fifty thousand dollars—or soon would be,

Alas! where are they, and their hopes, and expectations, now? All but one have laid their bones in a strange land. Famine, disease and murder, have taken them, one by one, until I alone am left, a monument of God's mercy. But I am digressing. Nothing worth noting occurred on our route, and after four day's hard travel, we arrived, with blistered feet and aching bones; every body unhappy, and every body as disagreeable as any six men could conveniently be.

After unloading the team, and taking a good bath in the clear, cold waters of the river, we pitched our tent, cooked our supper, and then, as men generally do in such cases, felt better. All retired early, and enjoyed a good night's sleep.

All went on smoothly for a week. We made the acquaintance of most of the miners at work in the neighborhood, and found them to be all pretty good fellows; they worked hard, and pleaded as an excuse that the climate was so bad that drinking was beneficial.

One morning, just as the day was breaking, our accustomed hour for getting up to breakfast, we observed a large crowd gathering around the store, and curiosity getting the better of us, we started to see what the matter was, leaving one to cook the breakfast. As we drew near, I could see the form of Jones mingling with the crowd, and gesticulating violently. I inquired of him what had brought so many together, thus early in the morning.

"Matter enough," he replied. "Here's that scoundrel of a Morgan stole no less than three thousand dollars from Dory, the storekeeper."

"Is he taken?" I asked, astonished at the robbery.

"Yes, we have him safe enough, and the money also," chuckled Jones.

After some inquiries, I found that about two o'clock in the morning, Dory was awakened by a slight noise inside of the tent. In an instant all was quiet, but thinking that every thing was not right, he took his revolver from under his bed, and commenced to search about in the dark. All at once his hand came in contact with a man's head.

"Who's this?" he asked, and received for answer a tremendous blow, which nearly stunned him, but instantly rallying, he discharged his revolver repeatedly at a form that darted past him, and then followed as swiftly as possible in pursuit shouting "stop thief!"

Some dozen or two turning out, gave chase, and succeeding in capturing Morgan, after a desperate resistance, in which he used a knife rather freely. About 60 yards from the store he had thrown away two buckskin bags that contained the dust, and that was safely delivered to the owner. They were now about forming a jury to try him for the robbery, and twelve Americans were accordingly chosen, with Jones as Judge. The trial was soon over, and the jury were not out more than half an hour before they returned, and pronounced him worthy of death, leaving it to the judge to decide in what manner he should die.

"Well, boys, you have acted wisely, and as I am a merciful man, I decide that at ten o'clock this forenoon, he be tied to a tree, and six of their marksmen load their rifles and have a crack at him, and may God have mercy on his soul. Mr.—" Jones continued, "I appoint you, with as many assistants as you want, to see the law carried into effect."

I intimated to the honorable Judge that I should like to be excused from performing so disagreeable a duty, but with a savage look, he ordered me to "perform the task he had assigned me, and make no more words about it."

Morgan had had a fair trial. His guilt was too evident, and as he lay in the store with his feet and hands bound with strong cords, looking dirty and ragged, with the blood slowly dripping from his arm, where a ball had lodged from the revolver of Dory, I could not help pitying the poor wretch. He must have read

compassion in my face, for, making an effort to sit upright, in which he was not successful, he asked me for a drink of water, I instantly handed him some, and after drinking heartily, appeared to feel relieved. I asked him if there was anything else I could do for him. He remained silent for a moment, and then said: "The Judge has appointed you to see that the sentence is carried into effect, has he not?"

"I am sorry to say he has, Morgan," I answered.

"Well, never mind. I would rather it were you than some others here." But I have a particular favor to ask of you. Perhaps you will laugh and think it is weakness, but I can't help it. Have you a Bible at your tent?"

I told him that I never travelled without one, and that I should be happy to read to him.

"Thank you," he said. "I have not looked into one for years, more shame to me; if I had followed its precepts, I should not have been here."

I left him and walked back to my tent. How I hated myself for the part I had got to play in the murder, for I could call it no better. It was in vain, I pondered plans to escape from my task. I could see no remedy, and the idea that I must assist in the execution almost drove me frantic.

It was now about nine. Morgan had one more hour to live. I went to the head of my bed, and taking my Bible, left for the store, where the prisoner was still confined. A large collection of people had assembled from the different bars, and were passing the time away in one or two drinks, to give them an appetite for the tragedy that was soon to be enacted.

"Make way for the sheriff!" shouted one or two noisy fellows, as I endeavored to force my way into the presence of Morgan.

"Looks a blamed sight more like a minister. Don't you see his Bible?" said another.

I passed into the store, where I found Morgan seated on a box. He looked pale and thoughtful, but a smile illuminated his countenance when he saw that I had brought the book with me.

I made no reply, but commenced reading a chapter in a low voice. In an instant every head was uncovered within hearing, and all was still within the store. Morgan listened with great attention, but by the time that I had finished the third chapter, the loud voice of Jones called out.

"Time's up, bring out the prisoner."

I slowly closed my book, and arose. Morgan also arose, and cut the cords that bound his feet and stepped to the entrance of the store. He was now very pale, whether from the loss of blood, or anxiety, I did not know.

While I had been reading to him, they had been drawing lots on the outside, and six of the best marksmen on the river had the chance of shooting at the poor fellow. Their rifles were taken and loaded by a third party, two of them with nothing but powder, so that it should not be known who shot him.

We walked along with the prisoner, to the spot that had been chosen. It was a high plain just back of the store. I asked Morgan if he was ready.

Cut these confounded cords, and take my jacket off, so that I may stand up like a man, he answered.

I bound his hand, and commenced removing his jacket when something fell to the ground. I stooped to pick it up, and found it was a miniature.

It represented a young and beautiful female, holding in her arms a young babe apparently only a few months old. The mother was looking at the child with such look, as only a mother can give, while the child appeared to be making a playful effort to reach a ringlet of the hair, which fell in long curls about her neck. I looked up and said, "Morgan, whose portrait is this?"

He then for the first time observed that I had it.

"That is the portrait of my wife and child, whom I left in New York," he said, and burst into tears. "Bury it with me, for it is all that I have now."

I felt as though a good crying spell would do me good about that time, and if a drop fell upon her beautiful face, that was gazing so sweetly at her child, let me hope that did not tarnish the bright colors of the picture.

In the meantime a large crowd had assembled, and were gazing over my shoulder at the picture with evident delight. I passed it round to them, and every one of those rough men appeared to have a spark of human feeling in their breasts, that only needed to be touched to produce good results. I had never made a speech in my life, but a new feeling seemed to flow through my veins. Springing upon a large log, I commenced a rambling address.—I alluded to his poor wife and infant child, their dependence on him for support; and the anxiety and sorrow they must feel should they never hear from him again. Before I had finished, I heard the loud voice of old Jones, exclaiming,

"Darn it all, boys, let the fellow go. I have got an old woman myself, and half dozen children, and I kinda guess how they would feel if I should pop off."

"Let the fellow go," said some half dozen of the men who came down on the river.

"Let us decide the matter by putting it to vote," exclaimed our old friend Jones.

"To vote it is," said I, overjoyed at my success. "All those in favor of letting Morgan go will please signify it by saying yes."

"Yes! yes!" roared nearly every voice in the crowd.

I now turned to look at Morgan. He had sunk on his knees when the result of the vote had been declared, and I sincerely believe that he made a short acknowledgment to heaven for his wonderful preservation. He arose from his knees and taking my hand, he thanked me with tears in his eyes for the interest I had taken in his trial. I walked along with him towards my tent, and observed that it would be best for him to leave and go to some other mines at once.

"I shall leave to-night," he replied, "but there is one thing I should like to obtain from you, and that is your Bible."

"Willingly," I replied, "and may it do you as much good as it has me."

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Correspondence of the Charleston Courier.

WASHINGTON, July 1.

The preparations for laying the corner stone of the new Capitol, are in forwardness; and a great number of persons are expected to take part in the ceremony.—The corner stone is to be laid on the North East corner of the Southern extension. The military and civic display will be very imposing.

In looking over the records of the Commissioners, who were appointed by Gen. Washington, to lay out the city, and provide for the erection of the public buildings, I find that the corner stone of the original edifice, was laid on the 18th September, 1793, by Gen. Washington.

Public notice was given by the Commissioners, of the intended ceremonial on the 3d September previous. The brethren of the craft were generally invited to assist. The public generally were invited; and the Commissioners remark that the ceremony will equal the occasion, and that numbers from all parts of the continent were expected to attend. A sale of lots was mentioned as an attractive event, and drawing of a lottery also, for "the elegant new hotel," only one story of which was erected. This hotel was bought by the Government and occupied as the General Post Office, and Patent Office, until it was destroyed by fire.

The plan of the Old Capitol was furnished by Dr. Thornton, Superintendent of the Patent Office, Gen. Washington approved of it on the 2d April, 1793.

The plan of the President's palace, for such it is denominated in all the original records, was furnished by James Hoban, of Charleston, South Carolina. As a premium for the same, he was awarded a gold medal of the value of ten guineas and the sum of two hundred dollars. Subsequently, he was appointed to superintend the construction of the palace, with a salary of three hundred guineas a year, finding himself.

The mechanics and laborers employed were, as it appears from the records, chiefly redemptions, i. e., immigrants whose time was sold to pay their passage.

The work on the building was more than once obstructed for lack of funds.—The government was poor and in bad credit. General Washington, in order to prevent the abandonment of the work, used his personal influence and credit to obtain loans from the States of Maryland and Virginia. About 250,000 dollars were thus obtained.

Our people are now talking very strongly in favor of acquiring and annexing the Sandwich Islands, and the rich province of Sonora, and a vast region in Mexico besides, and I have little doubt that they will do it all in few years time.

The Fugitive Slave Law.—The Lexington (Miss.) Advertiser says that Judge Wilkinson lately made a speech before the Disunion association of that town, in which he descended with some warmth on the inutility of the fugitive slave law to the South, and declared he desired to see it repealed, as he felt no interest in protecting slavery in Virginia, Kentucky, or Maryland. Let the Yankees take their negroes and welcome, for what he cared; Mississippi lost but few slaves, and had no interest in the law.

From the course adopted by many of the fire eaters (remarks the Mobile Daily Advertiser) we are bound to conclude that their sentiments are in accordance with those expressed by Judge Wilkinson.—They care nothing for the fugitive slave law, and would be glad to see it repealed to-morrow; for an act of that kind would assist to hasten the day when disunion is to take place. They have said that there is no safety for the South except in Disunion, and they would oppose the compromise, assist the abolitionists to break it up, and repeal to the fugitive slave law, because that would bring them one step nearer their darling project of disunion.

CENTRAL ROAD.

We learn from a letter addressed by John C. McRae, Engineer, to the Greensborough Patriot, that up to the 25th of last month, the Central Road from Goldsborough to five miles beyond Hillsboro, had put under contract, with the exception of two or three small sections.

Mr. McRae thus speaks of the lettings at Pineville, Johnston, and of Dr. Watson:

"On Saturday last the lettings were at Pineville, the residence of Dr. Josiah O. Watson, that whole souled railroad man and hospitable gentleman. He submitted a proposition to take at once the Bridge across Neuse, and all the Road, which his neighbors did not wish to take, from that river to the Wayne line; and by way of showing his confidence in, and liberality towards the Road, he proposed to take it all in stock. This is the gentleman who first proposed that he would be one of a hundred to build the Road.—Indeed, a half dozen such noble spirits could do it."

We have no doubt that by the 11th the whole Road will have been put under contract.—*Raleigh Standard.*

At a late horse race in England, thirty-three horses were entered