

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

J. J. BRUNER,
Editor & Proprietor.

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR
RULES."



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

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INAUGURAL ADDRESS
OF
REV. E. F. ROCKWELL,
PROFESSOR OF NATURAL SCIENCE,
Delivered before the Board of Trustees of
Davidson College, August 13, 1851.

GENTLEMEN OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES,
AND RESPECTED AUDIENCE:

The field of Physical Science is boundless, for it comprehends the whole Universe. To reveal this to man, and, as far as possible, to bring it under the domain of mind, is its object. In the prosecution of this, much has already been done, but much remains to be accomplished.

Sublime, useful and brilliant discoveries have been made by the laborious efforts, and the persevering diligence of the gifted sons of science, pursuing the path of observation and experimental research; but instead of revealing a goal; instead of finding the ultima Thule in the regions explored, they have rather shown how large continents lie beyond—how much more remains unknown.

They have however conferred great benefits on those who follow their tracks. They have erected Pharos—established great foci of light, both to warn their successors of what they need not attempt, and to guide them in attaining further discoveries. And so each generation adds its contribution to the stock of human knowledge; enlarges the world of mind—that universe that lies within the grasp of human thought. Thus this great circle of sciences, indissolubly joined, knows no rest. Their law is progress—their motto is conquest. Our view expands, and the standpoint of to-day may be far in the rear to-morrow.

And it cannot be uninteresting to stop here for a few moments, and from that elevation to which the present generation has been carried to look around in various directions, and survey the ground already travelled over. We will consider this point of space as our starting point. And what are some of the great revelations made by science which have opened new views to man and enlarged the range of human thought?

First, let us notice some things around and below us. There is no great and general truth more important in its bearing on the whole science of Chemistry, than that of Definite Proportions, in the ingredients of compound bodies. In fact, Mr. Balguy says that Dalton's theory on this subject, first established Chemistry into the rank of a science. We now know that every substance in nature, not an element is composed of certain elements in invariable proportions. We see that the Great Author of Nature has followed a certain order and rule in the creation of the world, and the organization of matter. When we decompose the simplest fragment of matter, we see evidence of that mind that bath wisdom: we receive the work of God.

And what shall we say further when we look in the same direction, and following the lead of the celebrated Ehrenberg with his powerful microscope, we almost discover elementary molecules endowed with vitality?

Here is a new world opened beneath our feet: vast in extent, and as astonishing, both for multitude and the minuteness of its inhabitants, as can well be imagined. It could scarcely excite greater wonder if the globe itself had been penetrated to its centre, and there had been found an interior world with its own central luminary, with its own races of animals and plants.

Who could have imagined all matter quick with living being? Who can tell how deep progressive life may go, when infusorial animals are found so small that 500,000,000 of them can find ample space for their gambols in a drop of water? And when the fossil remains of crustacean animals are found so small that 40,000,000,000 of them only occupy the space of a cubic inch and these form vast beds of rocks both in this country and in Europe? When the very ice of the Polar seas, and the waters of the oceans, as well as the fluids of living healthy animals abound with animated existences—and these not mere molecules, or "cells," but perfect in their organization, and endowed with the power of multiplication beyond thought. It is not only true that the dust we tread upon was once alive, it is alive. We need not resort to fiction for strange things, for truth is stranger. Fiction comes from the mind of man, but Truth from the all comprehending intellect. And who can tell, but at length, as the instruments of discovery are improved and perfected in this direction, in the same degree that they are in the opposite, we may be able to discern the ultimate atoms of inert matter, and count out the particles that enter into any compound, though they are in weight and size inappreciable by any instruments at present?

And when we look at the progress of analysis what do we see? The ancients made but four elements: Air, Earth, Fire and Water.—But how great the advance made upon that, when now we have fifty-six elements—when more powerful instruments of research are brought into use, to separate elements in substances that before were regarded as themselves elementary; especially since Davy at the beginning of the century took the lead. A more subtle analysis, and more strange and powerful agents are brought into play than former ages, and the old alchemists, dreamed of.

The hardest solids, even those most proverbial for their hardness, as granite and adamant, can now be resolved into invisible gases; and on the other hand, the most attenuated form of matter, and the most subtle fluids, can be converted into solids. The Chemists are the real Magicians of the age.

Give the clue, and this analyzing and combining power within us, so superior to all subject matter, however attenuated or refined; this spirit that moves our powers, can penetrate the deepest arcana of nature, and interpret her profoundest mysteries.

Let another Davy arise: Let the mantle of Sir Humphrey fall upon one now born; let some of the old chemists return, and with the improvements made since they slept in death, let them run their race anew, and what might we not expect? Some, yea, many of those substances now reckoned elementary, might be again resolved. And what limits shall we put to inventive genius, when we see the god of light, the real Apollo, at the bidding of man employed to paint miniatures; dipping his pencil in his own liquid light, and forming images to the life, beyond all human skill?

When we see the whole country, not to say the whole globe, connected together with a vast network of metallic nerves, and these trembling with the passage of sensations, carrying thoughts on the lightning's wing and with the speed almost of light; when this wonderful and mysterious

Humboldt's Cosmos, Vol. I, 343, Sec. in Lava—their skeletons.
Different experiments in 1849, gave as the results, 16,000, 19,000 and 29,000 miles per second for the passage of electricity over the wires; a greater velocity had been assigned before.

TERMS OF THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.
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Written for the Illustrated Family Friend.
THINK NOT OF TO-MORROW.
BY H. R. G.

We mourn "the past"—in useless sorrow,
Nor heed the joys that rise "to-day";
And think—perhaps a bright "to-morrow,"
Will chase our grievings all away.

"To-morrow" comes, not bright for those
Who let "to-day" pass idly on,
Not heeding, when their eyes they close,
Whether success be near, or gone;
Think of no to-morrows, youth,
Who art starting on life's way,
Let your acts be done in truth,
As if time was all "to-day."

Subtle reasonings upon fame,
Time, and space, and all such things;
Cautious thou from thee—far thy name,
From thy daily labor springs.
Springs, and spreads forth afar,
How low soe'er its place of birth;
To lighten like a star,
The tale of other's ills of earth.
Time will surely bring its season
Of reward, to those who work;
Gaily thy actions but by reason,
Never from thy duty shrink;
And when "to-day" and many a morrow,
Shall be hidden in "the past,"
Thou wilt find the cure for sorrow,
Detached from work at last.
Baltimore, Va., 1851.

ELIZABETH WILSON.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

The following story is founded upon facts which occurred during the latter part of the eighteenth century. Elizabeth Wilson is still in the memory of many of the inhabitants of Chester county, Pennsylvania.

(Concluded.)

All summer long, he came Sunday afternoon; and with him came moonlight walks and flute-warblings, and tender whisperings, and glances, such as steal away a woman's heart. This was the husband of her young life. She had somebody now into whose eyes she could gaze, with all the deep tenderness of her soul, and ask, "Do you love your own life?"

The young man did love, but not as she loved him; for her's was a richer nature, and gave more than he could return. He accompanied her to her father's, and they were generally understood to be betrothed. He had not seen her brother William, but he was told a thousand affectionate anecdotes of his kind and good heart. When they returned from the visit to the homestead, they brought with them the little blue bench marked W. and E. Lizzy was proud of her genteel lover; and the only drop which it now seemed possible to add to her cup of happiness, was to introduce him to William. But her brother was far off; and when the autumn came, her betrothed announced the necessity of going to a distant city, to establish himself in business. It was a bitter, bitter parting to both. The warmest letters were but a cold substitute for those happy moments of mutual confidence; and after a while, his letters became more brief and cool. The fact was, the young man was no longer so deeply in love, and among his new acquaintances in the city, was a young widow, with a small fortune, who early evinced a preference for him. He was obviously and at the same time modestly preferred, by a woman of any agreeable qualities, is what few men, even of the strongest character, can withstand. His knowledge of this fact, and experience with regard to the most delicate and acceptable modes of expressing preference, which, as Samuel Weller expresses it, makes "a widow equal to twenty other women." Lizzy's lover was not strong character, and he was vain and selfish. It is no wonder, therefore, that his letters to the pretty girl who lived out of service, should become more cool and infrequent. She was very slow to believe it thus; and when, at last, news reached her that he was positively engaged to be married to another, she refused to listen to it. But he came not to vindicate himself, and he ceased to answer her letters. The poor deluded girl awoke to full consciousness of her misery, and suffered such intensity of wretchedness as only keenly sensitive natures can suffer. William had promised to come and see her the latter part of the winter, and her heart had been filled with pleasant and triumphant anticipations of introducing to him her handsome lover. But now the side of her heart was humbled, and its wings turned into mourning. She was cast down; and, alas, that was not the worst. As she sobbed on the neck of her faithful brother, she felt, for the first time, that there was something she could not tell him. The keener of her wretched feelings she dared not avow. He pitied her, it seemed as if there was no consolation but in death. Most earnestly did she wish that he had a home to shelter her, where he could fold her round with the soft wings of brotherly love. But they were both poor, and poverty fetters the pulses of the heart. And so they must part again, he guessing but half of her great sorrow. If the farewell was sad to her, what must it have been to her, who now felt so utterly alone in the wide world? Her health sunk under the increased violence. In her state of gloomy distraction and indifference, she hardly noticed the significant glances and busy whispers of neighbors and acquaintance. The world seemed to her too spectral for her to dread its censures. At last, she gave birth to a dead infant, and for a long time her own life trembled in the balance.

She recovered, in a state of confirmed melancholy, and with occasional indications of impaired intellect.

"A shadow seemed to rise
From out her thoughts, and turn to dreariness
All blissful hopes and sunny memories."

She was no longer invited to visit with the young people of the neighborhood; and the envy excited by her uncommon beauty, showed itself in triumph over her blighted reputation. Her father thought it a duty to reprove her for sin, and her step-mother said some cutting words about the disgrace her conduct had brought upon the family. But no kind Christian heart reminded her with the assurance that one false step in life might be retrieved. Thus was the lily broken in its budding beauty, and its delicate petals blighted by harsh winds.

Poor Lizzy felt this depressing atmosphere of neglect and scorn; but fortunately with less keenness than she would have done, before the brain was stultified and heart congealed by shame and sorrow. She no longer showed much feeling about anything, except the little blue bench marked W. and E. Every moment that she could steal from household duties, she would retire to her little room, and, seated on this bench, would read over William's letters which crushed her loving heart. She would not allow any person to remove the bench from her bedside, or to place a foot upon it. To such inanimate objects does the poor human heart cling in its desolation.

Years past away monotonously with Elizabeth; years of loneliness and labor. Some young men, attracted by her beauty, and emboldened by knowledge of her weakness, approached her with a familiarity which they intended for flattery. But their profligacy was too thinly disguised to be dangerous to a nature like hers. She turned coldly from them all, with feelings of disgust and weariness.

When she was about twenty-three years old, she went to Philadelphia, to do household work for a family that wished to hire her. Important events followed this change, but a veil of obscurity rests over the causes that produced them. After some months' residence in the city, her health failed more and more, and she returned to the country. She was still competent to discharge the lighter duties of household labor, but she seemed to perform them all mechanically, and with a dull stupor. After a time, it became obvious that she would again be a mother. When questioned, her answers were incoherent and contradictory. At last she gave birth to twins. She wept when she saw them; but they seemed to have power to withdraw her mind from its disconsolate wanderings. When they were a few months old, she expressed a wish to see Philadelphia; and a lad belonging to the family where she had remained during her illness, agreed to convey her part of the way in a wagon. When they came into the public road, she told him she could walk the rest of the way, and begged him to return. He left her seated on a rock near a thick grove, nursing her babes.—She was calm and gentle, but abstracted as usual. That was in the morning.—Where or how she spent the day was never known. Toward night she arrived in Philadelphia, at the house where she had formerly lived. She seemed very haggard and miserable: what few words she said were abrupt and unmeaning; and her attitudes and motions had the sluggish apathy of an insane person.

The next day there was a rumor afloat that two strangled infants had been found in a grove on the road from Chester. Of course this circumstance soon became connected with her name. When she was arrested, she gave herself up with the same gloomy indifference that marked all her actions. She denied having committed the murder; but when asked who she supposed had done it, she sometimes shuddered and said nothing, sometimes said she did not know, and sometimes answered that the children were still living. When conveyed to prison, she asked for pen and ink; and in a short letter rudely penned, she begged William to come to her, and to bring from her bed room the little blue bench they used to sit upon in the happy days of childhood. He came at once, and long did the affectionate couple stand locked in each other's arms, sipping, and without the power to speak. It was not until the second interview that her brother could summon courage to ask whether she really committed the crime of which she was accused.

"Oh no, William," she replied, "you could not suppose I did."

"You must indeed have dreadfully changed, dear Lizzy," said he; "for you used to have a heart that could not hurt a kitten."

"I am dreadfully changed," she answered, "but never wanted to harm anything." He took her hand, played sadly with the emaciated fingers, and after a strong effort to control his emotions, he said, in a subdued voice, "Lizzy, dear, can you tell me who did it?"

She started at him with a wild, intense gaze, that made him shudder. Then looking fearfully toward the door, she said in a strange muffled whisper, "Did what?" Poor William bowed his head over the hand that he held in his own, and wept like a child.

During various successive interviews,

he could obtain no satisfactory answer to the important question. Sometimes she merely gazed at him with a vacant, insane expression; sometimes she faintly answered that she did not know; and sometimes she said she believed the babes were still alive. She gradually became more quiet and rational under her brother's soothing influence; and one day, when he had repeatedly assured her that she could safely trust her secrets to his faithful heart, she said, with a suppressed whisper, as if she feared the sound of her own voice, "He did it."

"Who is he?" asked the brother, gently.

"The father," she replied.

"Did you not know he meant to do it?"

"No. He told me he would meet me and give me some money. But when I asked him for something to support the children, he was angry, and choked them. I was frightened, and fell faint. I don't know what I did. I awoke up, and found myself on the ground alone, and the babies lying among the bushes."

"What is his name, and where does he live?" inquired the brother. She gave him a wild look of distress, and said—

"Oh, don't ask me. I ought not to have done so. I am a poor sinner—a poor sinner. But everybody deserted me; the world was very cold; I had nobody to love; and he was very kind to me."

"But tell me his name," urged the brother. She burst into strange, mad laugh, picked nervously at the handkerchief she held in her hand, and repeated, idiotically, "Name? name? I guess the babies are alive now. I don't know—I don't know—but I guess they are."

To the lawyer she would say nothing except to deny that she committed the murder. All their exertions could wring from her nothing more distinct than the story she had briefly told her brother.—During her trial, the expression of her countenance was stupid and vacant. At times she would drum on the railing before her, and stare round on the crowd with a bewildered look, as if unconscious where she was. The deranged state of her mind was strongly urged by her lawyer; but his opponent replied that all this might be assumed. To the story she had told in prison, it was answered, that her not telling of her murder at the time, made her an accomplice. After the usual display of legal ingenuity on both sides, the jury brought her in guilty of murder, and the poor forlorn creature was sentenced to be hung at Chester.

The wretched brother was stunned by the blow, that at first he could not collect his thoughts. But it soon occurred to him, that the terrible doom might still be arrested, if the case could be brought suitably before the governor. A petition was accordingly drawn up, setting forth the alienation of the mind to which she had been subjected, in consequence of fits, and the extreme doubtfulness whether she committed the murder. Her youth, her beauty, the severe sorrows of life, and the obviously impaired state of her reason, touched many hearts, and the petition was rapidly signed. When William went to her cell to bid her adieu, he tried to cheer her with the hope of pardon. She listened with listless apathy. But when he pressed her hand, and with a mournful smile, said, "Good bye, dear Lizzy; I shall come back soon, and I hope with good news," she pointed tearfully to the little blue bench, and said, "Let what will happen, Willie, take care of that, for my sake." He answered with a choked voice; and he turned away, and the tears flowed fast down his manly cheeks. She listened to the echoes of his steps, and when she could hear them no longer, she threw herself on the floor, laid her head down on the little blue bench, kissed the letters carved upon it, and sobbed as she had not sobbed since she was first deserted by her false lover. When the jailer went in to carry her supper, he found her asleep thus: rich masses of her glossy brown hair fell over her pale but still lovely face, on which rested a serene smile, as if she were happy in her dreams. He stood and gazed upon her, and his hand brushed away a tear. Some motion that he made disturbed her slumber. She opened her eyes, from which there beamed for a moment a rational and happy expression, as she said "I was out in the woods behind the house, holding my little apron to catch the nuts that Willie threw down. Mother smiled at me from a blue place between two clouds, and said, 'Come to me, my child.'"

The next day a clergyman came to see her. He spoke of the penalty for sin, and the duty of being resigned to the demands of justice. She heard his words as a mother hears street sounds when she is watching a dying babe. They conveyed to her no import. When asked if she repented of her sins, she said she had been a weak, erring creature, and she hoped that she was penitent; but that she never committed the murder.

"Are you resigned to die, if a pardon should not be obtained?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I want to die."

He prayed with her in a spirit of real human love; and this soothed her heart. She spoke seldom after her brother's departure; and often she did not appear to hear when she was spoken to. She sat on the little blue bench, gazing vacantly on the floor, like one already out of the body.

In those days there was a briefer interval between sentence and execution than at present. The fatal day and hour soon arrived, and still no tidings from the governor. Men came to lead her to the gallows. She seemed to understand what they said to her, and turned meekly to obey their orders. But she stopped suddenly, gazed on the little blue bench, and said, in a gasping tone, "Has William come?" When they told her no, a shudder seemed to go over her, and her pale face became still paler. A bit of looking glass hung on the wall in front of her; and as she raised her head, she saw the little curl that had received her mother's caresses and the first kiss of love. With a look of the most intense agony, she gave a loud groan, and burying her face in her hands, fell forward on the shoulder of the sheriff.

Poor William had worked with a desperate energy of despair; and the governor, after a brief delay, granted a pardon. But in those days the facilities for traveling were few; and it happened that the country was inundated with heavy rains, which everywhere impeded his progress. He stopped neither for food nor rest; but everywhere the floods and broken roads hindered his progress. When he came to Darby Creek—which was usually fordable—it was swollen too high to be crossed, and it was sometime before a boat could be obtained. In an agony of mind he pressed onward, till his horse fell dead under him. Half frantic, he begged for another at any price—mounted, and rode furiously. From the top of a hill he saw a crowd assembled round the place of execution. He waved his handkerchief; he shouted—he screamed; but, in the excitement of the moment, he was not heard or noticed. All eyes were fastened on the gallows; and soon the awful object came within his own vision. Father of mercies! there are women's garments floating in the air! There is a struggling, a quivering—and all is still.

With a shriek that pierced the ears of the multitude, the desperate rider plunged forward. His horse fell under him, and, shouting "A pardon—a pardon!" he rolled senseless on the ground. He came too late. The unhappy Elizabeth was dead. She had gone to

"Him who made the heart,
And who alone decidedly can try it;
Then at the balance let's be mute—
We never can adjust it.
What's done, we partly may compute,
But know not what's remained."

Pale as a ghost, with hair suddenly whitened by excess of anguish, the wretched brother bent over the corpse of that beautiful sister whom he had loved so well. They spoke to him of resignation to God's will. He answered not—for it was not clear to him that the cruelty of man is the will of God. Reverently and tenderly he cut from that fair brow the favorite little curl, twined about with so many sacred memories, and once a source of girlish, innocent joy to the yearning heart that slept so calmly now. He took the little bench from its cold corner in the prison, and, gathering together his small personal property, he retired to a lonely cave in Dauphin county. He shunned all intercourse with his fellow-men, and, when spoken to, answered briefly and solemnly. There he died a few years ago, at an advanced age. He is well remembered in the region round about, as WILLIAM, THE HERMIT.

DR. GRAHAM'S ANNIHILATOR.
Dr. GRAHAM has been in our village some days and has had a model of his Annihilator made with which he purposes visiting Washington soon to urge his claim for a patent. We have seen the model, which is made of tin, and is quite simple in its construction, though we do not well know how to describe it. Besides the gas receivers there are a few tubes and other pieces, and the machine is complete.

The Doctor says that he can project the gas from his machine to an ordinary height, whereas that of Phillips only permits it to escape. By means of cocks he can also regulate the quantity of gas, or shut off entirely. He thinks that with a few of his Annihilators he could have quenched the flames of Moscow in 15 minutes from the time when Napoleon viewed it and pronounced it the grandest sight he ever beheld.

The advantages of Dr. GRAHAM'S machine over that of Phillips' are many and important. It is more simple in its construction, will project the gas, regulate the quantity, and he says, will extinguish fire, which Phillips', we see, will not. We trust the Doctor will realize his most sanguine expectations and the world be proportionably benefitted.—Moun. Ban.

The British mail steam ship Canada, that should have left Liverpool on the 1st inst. for Halifax, left that port on the 25th ult. for New-York, where she arrived on Sunday morning, with the Africa's mail and passengers. The Baltic, however, arrived the same morning brought four days later intelligence. At the latest accounts Pope Pius was dangerously ill, and rumors were current that he was dead. Austria denies the right of France and England to interfere in the Germanic confederation.

Screen Hundred Cannon at one Depot in Boston Harbor.—For the defence of this port, and the supply of the United States steamers and other vessels stationed here, or built, or to be built in this quarter of the country, we are told that there are deposited at the Navy Yard at Charlestown, not less than seven hundred cannon. They are of the most approved model and description known to military men, have each been thoroughly tested and proved by the artillery officers and engineers of the General Government. Quite a number of them were cast at the foundry at South Boston. Some of them cost \$1400 each, if not more. Were their average price, unmounted, not more than \$300 each, the expense of the whole would exceed \$200,000.—Boston Atlas.

Mississippi without a Governor.—The offices of Governor, President of the Senate, and Speaker of the House of Representatives, having become vacant, the Secretary of State of Mississippi has issued his proclamation calling the Senate together on the 24th inst., that a President thereof may be chosen to exercise the office of Governor until the first day of January. Mississippi thus presents the singular spectacle of being without a Governor till the Senate shall meet on the 24th and elect a President. Gov. GUYTON, who succeeded to the office, as President of the Senate, on the resignation of Gov. QUITMAN, has so construed the law as to make his term of office to expire with the period for which he was elected to the Senate, viz: on the 4th of the present month, and hence the proclamation referred to above. The Vicksburg Whig thinks the interregnum will produce much confusion.—Charleston Courier.

RAIL ROAD ACCIDENT.
We learn from the Charleston papers that a dreadful accident happened on the Rail Road on Friday evening last. As the night train was passing down from Hamburg, when about 17 miles below Aiken, the boiler of the locomotive James L. Petigru exploded, killing instantly, it is supposed, the engineer and his two assistants, being the only persons present. The engineer, Mr. Scholle, has always sustained a reputation for sobriety and steadiness, and has been twelve or thirteen years in the employment of the company.—Camden Journal.

The Wilmington Journal learns from Mr. Fleming, the Resident Engineer of the Wilmington and Manchester Rail Road, that on the 12th inst., a section of about ten miles on the South Carolina end of the road was opened for freight and travel. The laying of the iron is said to be progressing with considerable rapidity.—Camden Journal.

It is currently rumored in Washington that Mr. WEBSTER is soon to retire from the Cabinet, that Mr. CRITTENDER, the present Attorney General, is to take Mr. WEBSTER'S place as Secretary of State, and that REUFUS CHOATE is to be Attorney General.

Every human being has a work to carry on within; duties to perform abroad; influences to exert, which are peculiarly his, and which no conscience but his own can teach.