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THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE
OF PRUSSIA TO THE PRINCESS
ROYAL OF ENGLAND.
THE CEREMONIES AND FESTI-
TIES.

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The London papers are filled with glowing accounts of the festivities attending the marriage of the Princess Royal of England and Prince Frederick William of Prussia. With the view of showing plain republicans on this side of the Atlantic what a pomp and show attend such events in England, we give some particulars from the London Times.

The Lord Steward, Norry, Chamberlain, Garter, the Lord Privy Seal, the President of the Council, the Lord Chancellor, the Earl Marshal of England and others of high rank and rank, all entered. They entered almost unobserved, for from behind them came the Princess Royal of Cambridge, her train borne by Lily Arabella Sackville West. A murmur of admiration, which neither time nor place could altogether suppress, greeted her as she entered the chapel, bowing with stately elegance in return for the homage rendered. After her Royal Highness came the Duke of Cambridge, attended by Odo Tyndal; and to the Duke also a tribute of cordial respect is paid.

The Duchess of Cambridge received in the same manner, but a deeper reverence awaits the Duchess of Kent, who smilingly and as to friends, returns the greeting. The next great nobility is the veteran Premier, who bears before the Queen the Sword of State in ponderous solemnity. After this even the Royal Princes are announced, and every one bows slowly and deeply as her Majesty, leading in either hand Prince Arthur and Prince Leopold, enters the chapel. Of course, on these occasions there is no applause, and nothing but the prolonged obeisance denote the depth of loyal welcome which the royal mother of the bride is welcomed.

The Queen looks, as she always looks, kindly and amiable, but self-possessed and stately. On her head is a crown of jewels such as relieves all apprehensions as to the effect which the late Hanoverian "raid" upon the royal caskets might have had upon her Majesty's toilet. Conspicuous in acknowledgement of the profound homage with which she is welcomed, her Majesty passes at once to her chair of State on the left of the altar, and which is placed between the five embroidered seats occupied by the youngest royal children. From this time all remain standing in the presence of her Majesty, even the Princess of Prussia, who stands on the opposite side of the altar.

Lord Palmerston, on the Queen's right hand, bears the Sword of State, while the Duchess of Sutherland, herself attired in the most royal magnificence, stands on the left by right of office as Mistress of the Robes. Again there is another pause of intense interest, and again the drums and trumpets are heard, and ushered in with the same imposing ceremonies, comes the procession of the Bridegroom. On the right walks his Royal Highness, the Prince of Prussia, his father, and on his left his brother, Prince Albert. All eyes, however, are fixed upon the Royal Bridegroom, as he walks slowly, but with the most perfect ease and elegance of action, up the centre of the chancel. He wears the uniform of a Prussian General, with the insignia of the Order of the Black Eagle of Prussia. The uniform allows his tall figure to advantage, and sets off his frank, open countenance and possessing bearing. Near the altar he stops before Her Majesty's chair of State, and slowly bows with the most profound reverence and turning to his Royal mother, he bows again with equal respect, but less deeply than to the Queen, and then kneeling in the centre of the Chapel, prays with earnest devotion for a few minutes. His prayers ended, he rises, and stands at the right hand of the altar, awaiting his bride; and likewise submitting to such a scrutiny from the hundreds of brilliant eyes as never bachelor withstood alone before.

Again a pause ensued—a pause of impressive solemnity, for expectations seem wrought to the highest pitch, and no one speaks, and few even move to disturb the stately solemnity that reigns over the whole interior, while even the most illustrious of the royal guests seem struck and gaze with open admiration on the scene around. It is, indeed, one which might well rivet the attention of princes, one of those gorgeous visions seldom seen and never forgotten, for within the precincts of that little chapel sit the throned Sovereign of the British Empire, with her court and princely guests, and surrounded by the greatest and most influential members of the greatest and most influential aristocracy in the whole world. The very building, so small, and yet so rich in its contents, almost suggests the idea of a grand jewel casket, in which all that the nation most values and reverences is put away for greater safety.

A PLEASANT REVERIE.
It has been a wet, slushy day, and you are glad to get home at night and pull off your boots and put on your slippers. You do so—and you feel better, and you pull your arm-chair up before the blazing anthracite, and roll back in your easy chair—and look in the fire. Of course you have your cigar—and you light it, prepared for a comfortable smoke. To be sure, there is an oddity, a quiescence about the room that strikes you at first as peculiar. Of course the reason is obvious—you guess it is a minute—your wife is away.

To be sure she is. How else would you dare to smoke in the sitting-room where she has so often forbidden it?—The basement you know, she has often told you, was appropriated to the cigar, and that room alone.

But she is gone—and accordingly you assert the prerogative of your sex, and smoke where you like. And you feel a sort of manly independence—of bachelor freedom—when you put your legs in dangerous proximity to the china ornaments on the mantelpiece. And for a while you actually enjoy your solitude.

But the fire gets low. You poke and you put the coals on. But you never could poke a fire like Sue—and you never could make it burn half so brightly. You don't like to acknowledge it, but you know in your heart of hearts that it's the truth of the matter.

And that shirt button? Was there ever anything so provoking? Of course. You know it—you were well aware that Sue would be sure to go away just when your linen was out of repair.

That coat too. A good woman enough, you are willing to allow, for pie and cakes, and roasting beef, but the warning cup of coffee, the tempting cup of—she can't make them, you persist, and what is more, she never could. And your wife did certainly please you—yes, she could make an excellent cup of tea or coffee, you are willing to confess that.—You are willing to give Sue a little credit in that respect.

The fire is getting lower and lower—and you are fast getting chilly. And what is that peculiar feeling that steals upon you? You don't like to confess it, but come—out with it, man! confess that—you miss your wife.

Say don't attempt to deny it—don't say paw-paw I don't curl your lip, and don't say that you think you'd have been just as happy single.

You know you wouldn't. You do—you do miss your wife. You can't tell why you miss her, but you do. It's not the nameless, unnameable spell of her presence, the charm of her purity; the quiet, gentle manner that charmed you in the golden days when you went courting.

AMERICAN SINGERS.

A Paris correspondent writes of Mad. de Wilhorst: "She may become a good singer, but she must not return to America." This latter remark, based upon the opinions of the greater part of the European public and artists, leads us to make a few observations.

Any one who has heard American singers, either in private circles or in public, must have found in them a great facility for execution. Where there is a decided talent in an American scholar, it is sure to reveal itself in this facility more than in anything else. The American pupil (especially lady) learns in a few lessons, what the European one would attain only when she was peculiarly predisposed for this branch of art; but while this will happen there only rarely, it is the larger rule. All foreign teachers in the large cities of this country feel surprised when they first witness the rapidity with which American scholars overcome difficulties. Passages and runs which the German and the English girl would require months to learn, are done perfectly and correctly by the American scholar in a very few lessons. No doubt, in regard to the mechanical part of the musical art, the American is a born virtuoso, a fact which has reference not only to singing, but also to playing musical instruments, especially the piano forte. Our amateur circles contain many a singer, and many a pianist, who is able to perform the most difficult pieces at least faintly. Quite recently an amateur concert gave again a brilliant illustration of this national capacity. So we hear also of the new singer in Boston, Miss Fay, that "she reveals with a bird-like joy and facility in rapid runs, trills, staccato, chromatic scales, echos, etc., and seems in her element." Even the Parisians could not help acknowledging that Mad. de Wilhorst had "a good deal of execution." Now if this is the case, and if, moreover, it can be proved that she, as well as her American competitors, acquired this execution in a very short time, it is at least one quality which she may claim as her own, attained in America, and which, in our estimation, is eminently American.

It is, perhaps, this national talent, apparent in almost all our amateur and public singers, and perfectly felt and understood in our musical circles, which constitutes a certain consciousness, that has proved fatal to a great many European mediocrities, who came over to us with the same prejudice evinced in the remarks of the Parisian correspondent. How many, even of those singers who have been always acceptable to the European public, could not succeed here, because our amateurs did not discover in them that skill which they have been accustomed to. Mad. Frozzolini, until her departure from France, held a supreme position as a dramatic singer. Nobody dared to breathe a doubt as to her superiority. What was her fate here, and every where in the States? A decided failure. And why? Not because her voice had lost in freshness and volume, but especially because her execution was not nearly up to the mark of her fans, and other less renowned singers now amongst us.

But just what is fatal to singers like Mad. Frozzolini, has proved to be beneficial to real superlatives and to such artists who come here with less reputation, but with more talent. If a stay in America would be fatal to the development of talent, what would have become, for instance, of Mad. Bovo, the admitted prima donna at Petersburg, Paris, and London? When she first appeared amongst us, she was not at all considered a star. After having been here for some time, she returned to Europe, where she was proclaimed a first-rate artist. And again, that clever little singer, Miss Louise Price, who is at present more than ever the pet of the London public, has she lost any of her recent qualities in the course of the two or three years she staid with us? If so, the English would have been the first to inform us of it. But, on the contrary, almost all the papers say that she has improved. We could name many more singers who have paved the way for their European laurels; for instance, our old Mad. Stenhouse, whom the Parisians last year acknowledged to be a great artist; but the above may do for the present. In conclusion, we hope abroad may find there those social abuses of improvement, that constant pushing on (go-ahead-ness), which forms a principal feature in the American character, and which has made us in music, as well as in every thing else, what we are. This hope is unfortunately little sustained by the experience we have made, especially with reference to our singers trained in the European schools.

Murder.—We learn from the Charlotte Whig that a negro man named Nod, belonging to Mr. Wm. Tiddy of this place, was killed near Davidson College on the night of the 18th inst., by another negro, belonging to Mr. Gibson Scott. The difficulty occurred by each claiming the same woman as his wife.

The murderer, Jim, who belongs to Gibson Scott, and who was an "outlaw," was arrested on Saturday last and confined in jail at this place. —Charlotte Democrat.

William, can you tell me why the son rises in the east? Pupil, looking demure—"Don't know, sir," "cept it be east makes everything rise."

Lady.—Are you the new servant? Servant Girl.—Servant, ma'am I O, not at all; I'm the young lady wot boards here and assists in the house work.

A militia officer in Texas boasts through the papers, that his men "would rally at the tap of the drum." Perhaps they would rally still more promptly at the tapping of a keg.

But also in guns—and accordingly you assert the prerogative of your sex, and smoke where you like. And you feel a sort of manly independence—of bachelor freedom—when you put your legs in dangerous proximity to the china ornaments on the mantelpiece. And for a while you actually enjoy your solitude.

But the fire gets low. You poke and you put the coals on. But you never could poke a fire like Sue—and you never could make it burn half so brightly. You don't like to acknowledge it, but you know in your heart of hearts that it's the truth of the matter.

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You know you wouldn't. You do—you do miss your wife. You can't tell why you miss her, but you do. It's not the nameless, unnameable spell of her presence, the charm of her purity; the quiet, gentle manner that charmed you in the golden days when you went courting.

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And why do you let her go away? Of course she did. And why didn't you go with her? You had business! Bah!

Could you not have postponed your business? Not conveniently! Nonsense—you know you couldn't. You would have lost a couple of hundred dollars, you say. What if you had? Would not the happiness you would have had with her been worth a couple of hundred dollars—ays, twice a couple of hundred dollars.

Would you not have felt a satisfaction—a contentment—you do not now enjoy? Would you have missed the loss of that couple of hundred dollars? Would you not have had its full value—aye, and with compound interest,—in the society of your wife?

What is it you say, man? Were you heard rightly? Say it once more! Now—say it like a good fellow.

You won't let her go again! Bravo! That's manly—that's noble! Do you mean it? No need that! You show it in your eye—your word is pledged to yourself—see that you keep it sacred, and that you won't let her go away again.

And you think of the many harsh words and petty looks that you have given her, and—nay, man, never dash that tear away! Let it fall; it will do you good. You didn't know how much, at the time, your darling bore from you,—but now you feel it, and your conscience reproaches you. So it should. You mentally resolve you won't do it again.—There's another promise. See that you keep it.

And her little whims, her little peculiarities, how have you indulged them? Not much—and you know it. You should bear with her, and you know it, and you make still a third promise to yourself that in future you will do it.

The fire is out. You go to bed—to dream of your wife—and ere you sleep—you bless her.

And as you do so—Heaven blesses you!

Figin Paris.—Between six and seven o'clock on the evening of the 19th ult., a dense fog covered the streets of Paris. The darkness was so complete that a pedestrian could not distinguish an object at a short distance from him. In some streets it became impossible for coachmen to continue their course. In others, coachmen were obliged to descend from their seats and lead their horses, calling out at the same time, to avoid a collision with others. The authorities commanded that policemen should be placed at short distances from each other, holding lighted torches.

A militia officer in Texas boasts through the papers, that his men "would rally at the tap of the drum." Perhaps they would rally still more promptly at the tapping of a keg.

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THE SIMONTON HOUSE.

This fine new Hotel is rapidly verging to completion, and will be thrown open to the public about the first of June next, under the management of one of the best caterers in the State. We were shown thro' the extensive establishment one day this week, by Mr. Simonton and was quite surprised at the extent of the accommodations it will afford, when completed. The building occupies a front on Main street, of one hundred feet, by one hundred and nine feet deep, is four stories with a parapet front, with gallery leading to the roof, from which position the eye takes in a beautiful landscape view of the imposing adjacent mountain scenery, including the "Pilot" and "Table Rock." Underneath, are two large and elegantly fitted-up stores, with the fronts supported by iron columns, and both occupied. The basement on the north side, which fronts on Broad alley, is arranged for shops and offices, several of which are occupied. A large dining-room will occupy the south wing, with a larder and a kitchen in the rear. An open court extending back from the main entrance or hall from the front, divides the two wings of the edifice, underneath one of which are several basement rooms, well lighted and designed for various purposes. Besides the hall, passages and stairways, which are roomy and of admirable adaptation, there are a spacious reception room, office, ladies' parlor, and about 75 lodging rooms. Several of these rooms are very large and designed for the accommodation of families boarding in the Hotel. That the establishment might not be lacking in any particular, a spacious and magnificent Hall Room has been designed in the third story, extending the entire length of the building, 100 feet—being, perhaps, the largest ball room in the United States except that of the St. Louis Hotel, New Orleans.

In addition to the extensive Hotel accommodations, the Masonic Fraternity