Carolina Watchman.

Devoted to Politics, News, Agriculture, Internal Improvements, Commerce, the Arts and Sciences, Morality, and the Family Circle.

VOL. XVI. SALISBURY, N. C., NOVEMBER 23, 1858. NUMBR 26

EAGLE FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

Tyro, Davidson County, N. C.

THE proprietor of this well-known manufactory informs his friends and the public generally, that he is still manufacturing HORSE POWERS and THRESHING MACHINES, from the most approved Northern patterns, built portable and stationary, with or without Straw Carriers, to suit the wants of purchasers. Besides the usual work of every description, MILL and FACTORY GEAR, CIRCULAR SAW MILLS, Plow Castings, Corn Shellers, Straights, Plough castings, Cultivators, and Gold machinery. All kinds of Castings and Machine work made to order at short notice. He also keeps a good supply of all kinds of materials, such as rolled and hammered Iron, both round, flat and square, from ½ to 3½ inches in diameter, Steel of every description, Blacksmith, Sink and Bellows Moulds, together with a good supply of every article kept in the manufacturing line. Bend to your undersigned these hard-times Machines early, that you may not be disappointed this season, as many were last in not getting.

J. H. THOMPSON.

February 2, 1858. y'd-1y-37

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

DR. JAMES CLARKE'S CELEBRATED FEMALE PILLS.

PROTECTED BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

Prepared from a prescription of Dr. J. Clarke, M. D., Physician Extraordinary to the Queen.

This extraordinary medicine is anything to the cure of all those painful and dangerous diseases to which the female constitution is subject. It moderates all excessive and regulates all obstructions, and a speedy cure may be relied on.

NO MASKED LABELS.

It is positively unlike. It will, in a short time, bring on the monthly period with regularity.

Each bottle, price one Dollar, bears the Government Stamp of Great Britain, to prevent counterfeits.

CAUTION.

These Pills should not be taken by females during the FIRST THREE MONTHS of Pregnancy, owing to their being an active cause, but at any other time they are safe.

In all cases of Hurry, or difficult affections, Pain in the Back and Limbs, Fatigue on slight exertion, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics, and Whites, these Pills will effect a cure when all other means have failed, and although a powerful remedy, do not contain iron, calomel, antimony, or anything hurtful to the constitution.

Full directions accompany each package.

Sole Agent for the United States and Canada,

JOB MOSES,

(Late I. C. Roberts & Co.)

Rochester, N. Y.

N. B.—$1.00 and 6 postage stamps enclosed to any authorized Agent, will insure a bottle containing 12 Pills by return mail.

For sale by W. H. WYATT, agent for Salisbury, Mocksville, Statesville & Co., Charlotte, N. C., Wholesale Agt. 1y-40

New Place.

SPRING AND SUMMER FASHIONS.

THE subscriber has removed his Clothing establishment to COWAN'S BRICK ROW, (near the middle) where he may be found handsomely prepared to wait on his customers, and the public. His present Stock comprises a large and beautiful assortment of

READY MADE CLOTHING,

Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, and Gentlemen's furnishing goods, which will be sold very low, or made up to order in the best style of the Art. He will keep in his employ a skillful Cutter, and can therefore warrant good fits. His experience in the business justifies him in saying that his stock cannot be surpassed in quality; and the styles are all late and very handsome. His stock of Ready-Mades, comprises Hats, Caps, Boots, Collars, Ties, Handkerchiefs, Coats, Pants,—and every thing required. Call and see.

Orders for work promptly filled.

JAMES B. BEARD,

Merchant Tailor.

Salisbury, Jan. 1st, 1858. 33ty

H. H. BEARD'S ESTATE.

THOSE indebted to this estate are hereby notified to come forward and make payment, as I cannot delay the business. And those having claims against the Estate are also notified to present them within the time limited by law; or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. JAMES BEARD,

Administrator.

Sept. 16, 1858. 4t17

NEW DRUG STORE

W. H. WYATT,

(Formerly of New York City)

Druggist and Apothecary,

AND DEALER IN

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, SURGICAL AND DENTAL INSTRUMENTS, SYRINGES, SPONGE, DYE STUFFS, PAINTS, OILS, WINDOW GLASS, PUTTY, TURPENTINE, BURNING FLUID, CAMPHENE, LAMPS, GRASS AND GARDEN SEEDS, PERFUMERY, SOAPS, BRUSHES, GUNS, &c. &c. PATENT MEDICINES, TOILET ARTICLES, TEAS, BRANDIES, WINES, EDINBURG ALE, LONDON PORTER, HOLLAND GIN, CONGRESS WATER, SNUFF, TOBACCO, SEGARS, &c. &c.

Physicians, Merchants and Families supplied with every article in the line, pure and unmixed, at a less price than at any other Store in the State.

Jan. 12, 1858. 1y3

F. KLUTTZ. THOMAS BRIGHTENSTEIN.

J. A. ESTES & CO.,

FACTORS AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

FOR THE SALE OF

COTTON, GRAIN, FLOUR,

AND ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Office—West Trade St., Charlotte, N. C.

Sept. 30, 1858. 3m15

All communications to be sent to Charlotte, N. C., will receive prompt attention. Orders for Bagging and Ties will have to accompany the produce sent to market. We refer to Messrs. Wilson & Ashmore, Salisbury, N. C.

Salisbury, Oct. 5, 1858. 6m16

From the Pennsylvania Magazine.

LELIA'S LAMP.

Translated from the French of Louis Richie.

BY MARGARET FLEUDGES.

The valley of Aussees, on the road which leads from lake Majeure to the western frontier of Switzerland, is inhabited by two classes of men entirely different: farmers and *mineralis*, or gold-seekers. The profession of the latter is regarded as contemptible by the other inhabitants. Their manner of living explains the prejudice which brands them; they are ordinarily quarrelsome, turbulent and abandoned to idleness.

Yet these miners are a strong race of men, brave, hardy, and above all of remarkable beauty. They quickly spend what they gain without difficulty, and often pass the day asleep in the sun, in order to deaden their hunger; and if to-morrow fortune becomes favorable to them, they may be seen scattering their gold in the valley, which they take possession of, gallant and gay as if they were the lords and masters of it. If fortune or love treats them with too much severity, they leave the canton and the belated traveller is liable to meet them at night on the highways.

Francesco Mastilli was the handsomest of the gold-seekers in the valley; and though his manners were, with small exceptions, those of his tribe, yet he possessed so many redeeming qualities, that the farmers—those who had no daughters to marry—eagerly courted his society.—No one sang more charmingly than he the old ballads of the country. His was one of those sad voices, whose tones long vibrate on the chords of memory. All the young girls hasted to listen to his songs; one alone yet ignored them, this was Lelia, daughter of one of the richest farmers of Aussees.

Lelia was scarcely sixteen years of age. She was perfectly beautiful; but her features were so small, her form so delicate, that she wore the air of a child. Her exterior declared an extreme delicacy; besides, she rarely mingled in the animated games of her companions. She preferred to spend her days with her father, whose watchful tenderness supplied to her the cares of her mother, whose life her birth had cost; and the little desire she had evinced of hearing the songs of Francesco, could only be attributed to a vest of terror, with which those of his class had inspired her.

One day she was seated, according to her want, at the end of her father's garden; she was singing with a sweet voice, while engaged in some needle-work. The garden was enclosed on that side by a hedge, planted on the brow of a deep ravine, in the middle of which flowed a small stream. Lelia's voice had scarcely strength to reach the rocks on the opposite side; yet, to her surprise, she heard the last notes of her ballad repeated, as if by an echo. She sang another couplet in a tone more elevated;—and a sonorous and melodious voice answered her immediately.

Lelia's first impulse was to flee; the second to remain and see if the voice would be heard again; and the third (to which she yielded), to look over the hedge by raising herself on tiptoe.

The echo which she discovered, was a young man seated in a small boat, which was stopped near the shore at the foot of the garden. He supported himself on an oar—his face turned towards the top of the ravine, as if he were watching a star's appearance. Lelia thought that he had seen her while she was singing, and that he himself had sung to attract her attention. If such had been his design, he did not appear to desire more, for after having gazed at her a moment, he turned his eyes away with an embarrassed air, and allowing himself to glide in the current of the stream, he immediately disappeared.

Lelia's life was as calm as the waters of a limped lake, shadowed by a cloud. This incident was an event for her; she felt herself blush in thinking of the young man's look, and she asked herself why he had departed without speaking to her.

It was only a week afterwards that she again saw this youth, whose memory had lingered in her timid imagination like a beautiful dream. This time they exchanged salutations; the day after they spoke to each other—we can guess what they talked about. The world, hitherto so monotonous in her eyes, was now become to Lelia an enchanted abode. One thing disquieted her; they had confessed their love, but the stranger had not yet told his name

"My name?" said the unknown, "you shall know it soon enough."

"I must know it to-day, or to-morrow at latest."

"Why to-morrow?"

"Because, a young man who is protected by my father, is to come to claim my hand, and I cannot resist his will without giving him a satisfactory reason. Perhaps you are poor, but you are good, and of an honorable family, no doubt, and I love you; that will be enough for him Fortune is nothing in his eyes, compared with his daughter's happiness."

It was almost night when Lelia thus spoke to him; yet she perceived a light smile playing upon the lips of the youth, and a vague suspicion made her heart beat more violently.

The unknown remained some moments without replying; at last he said in a tone full of emotion:

"To-morrow, then."

"Yes."

"No, in your father's house."

The next day towards evening, the young aspirant of Lelia arrived, to be presented to her, with the formalities of the valley; Lelia postponed, as long as possible, making her appearance in the great hall, where the old members of the two families were assembled. She had interrupted herself twenty times while dressing, to look through the lattices which opened on the road, tormented by a constantly increasing restlessness, for she did not see her lover coming. During this time she had the most bitter reflections. She was tempted to believe that all that had passed was a dream. Did the smile which she had perceived on the unknown's face, proclaim the success of a cruel perfidy! At last, pressed by her father's repeated orders, she descended, pale and trembling.

The sight of so many persons who were awaiting her, completed her trouble. She dared not advance; while every one kept silence, their eyes fixed upon her, with all the gravity requisite on such an occasion.

"My child," said her father to her, with a smile mingled with sadness, "it is cruel at my age, to think of tearing myself away from all I love on earth, but I must yield to nature's laws, and I wish beforehand to insure thy lot; I leave my child happy."

Lelia fell at her father's knees, suffocated by her tears. Her sympathy appeared so deep, that all the spectators, being affected, pressed around her. When she raised her head, her eyes were drowned with tears, and she was as white as marble of Cordaglia."

Every one said to himself:—"Poor child! so feeble!" The father, alarmed, hastened to put an end to the ceremony.

"It is enough," said he, "Lelia, dost thou accept this youth for thy future husband?"

Lelia in vain attempted to speak; she made a sign of acquiescence.

"My friends," said Nicoli, (this was the name of Lelia's father,) "my daughter accepts the future husband which you offer her. Salute your mistress my son, and circulate the cup of alliance."

"The maiden has not answered," observed one of the aspirant's relatives.

The pale lips of Lelia were about to obey, when the door suddenly opened and a man appeared in the midst of the assembly.

'Do not speak,' he cried, 'I forbid it thee.'

Lelia sprang towards him uttering a cry, and would have thrown herself in his arms, had she not been held back by her father.

'What does this mean?' demanded Nicoli, angrily.

'I come to ask your daughter in marriage.'

'How! miserable fellow!'

'How?' repeated the relations, with surprise, anger or contempt; each one according to his own character.

'There is,' said the same voice instantly, 'neither crime nor insult in asking a daughter in lawful marriage. Let the maiden herself answer, and then let her retire.'

'He is right,' said another kinsman; 'speak Lelia; we will then be able to compel him to depart.'

Lelia grows pale and red in turns; she makes one step, hesitating, and casts a timid glance on her father, then she remains motionless as a statue, pressing her hand against her heart, as if to still its beating.

'My daughter,' said Nicoli, forcing himself to moderate his wrath, and taking her by the hand, 'hast thou ever seen this man?—canst thou tell me his name?'

'No.'

'No?!' exclaimed Nicoli. 'The insolent fellow! go, my daughter, present thy cheek to thy future spouse according to the custom of our ancestors, and let me then drive away this vagabond.'

Lelia advanced mechanically towards her intended; but when he approached in his turn, and wished to give her the kiss of betrothal, she sprang towards the stranger.

'Do you think of it?' cried all the kinsmen, 'do you not know him then? It is Francesco, the gold-seeker.'

Lelia, hearing the name of Francesco, fainted in his arms. It is impossible to describe the confusion which followed this scene. Lelia was carried to her chamber without consciousness, and it needed all the efforts of Nicoli's friends, to prevent him from using the utmost violence against Francesco, whom he loaded with insults.

'I can stand all from you,' he answered the former. Yet no one has the right to call him a vagabond, who dwells in the abode of his ancestors, and exercises their trade; but that is the least thing. My true wrong, in your eyes, is being poor. It is a great one, I confess. 'If I had wished to rob you of your daughter, I could have done so in spite of all the world; but I did not wish to expose so dear a being to the privations and vicissitudes of a life like mine. I demand of you then, a dowry for her, however small it may be; you have the right, in your turn, to exact of me that I do not take her with empty hands. Fix a sum and give me one year; If, at that period, I cannot count it out to you, I renounce the right which her preference has given me.'

'That's wonderous well,' answered same one, 'I accept the proposition, in my capacity of nearest of kin to the husband that is to be, if, one year hence, Francesco has deposited on this three thousand livres, in gold or silver coins, good money, we will withdraw.'

At the mention of three thousand livres, an enormous sum for a gold-seeker, all the assistants began to laugh.

'Moreover,' said Francesco, with an anxiety which he forced himself to conceal, 'three thousand livres!!'

He was interrupted by new peals of laughter.

'It is a very reasonable proposition,' was said on all sides, 'accept, neighbor Nicoli, accept.'

'Be it so,' said the latter, disdainfully, 'I accept.'

"And I, too,' answered Francesco, with a gesture of pride, mingled with indignation; and he went out.

After that day, a remarkable change worked itself in the conduct of Francesco. He devoted himself without relaxation, to the rude labors of his industry. Nothing checked his ardor. He might often have been seen at night, digging the mountains, river courses and the bed of torrents. It was with difficulty that he sometimes tore himself away from his labors, to see his mistress. When they met in secret it was only to exchange some words of hope and love.

Yet weeks and months rolled on, and the greater part of the promised sum still lay in the sides of the mountain. Francesco sometimes lost courage; then Lelia cheered him up; for, by a miracle, which love alone can explain, this young maiden, so feeble, so timid, was become a woman, ardent and resolute. When she began to distrust fortune, she had recourse to prayer, and went through all the churches, invoking God to obtain from Heaven that gold, which alone could insure her happiness.

The year was verging towards its close and the quantity of gold which Francesco had amassed by his unheard of toils, was yet far from sufficient; but the very evening of the last day, he discovered a little perpendicular vein, and it was possible that this was traversed by another horrizontal one,—which would form a *gruppi*, or nest, in which gold is commonly abundant and easy to extract. The labor was one of the most painful; an icy rain pattered in his face, and the darkness increased every instant. Francesco felt his strength failing, and his forehead was flooded with a cold sweat. He fell at last, void of feeling. Recovering himself, he was struck by the flash of a light, which shone at some distance from him. A cry was heard; the light approached, and he saw that it was carried by a kind of phantom clothed in white.

'Lelia,' cried he seized by a superstitious terror, on recognising the features of his young mistress.

'Lose no time in words,' said she to him, 'there remains much for you to do; and I have the full assurance that thy hope will not this time be deceived. This place is that which has been shown me in a dream sent from God. Courage!—Work! Here is a light; I will aid thee with my prayers, since I cannot do so with my hands.'

Francesco resumed his mattock, seized with admiration, to see the courage of the generous maiden.

"It is well! it is well!" said she to him, "heaven will be kind to us." Some moments after she complained of the cold. "Hasten, my dear Francesco," murmured she, with an enfeebled voice, "I could not again find the road to my father's house without this light." Many times she repeated this prayer to him. Francesco's heart bled, when he thought of the sufferings this delicate and timed young maiden must suffer during so cold a night. His blows fell incessantly on the rock, which flew in splinters, when she said to him again, "Despatch! the fatal hour is about to strike, my father expects me at midnight; I can remain no longer. Adieu!"

Saying these words she departed, carrying off the light.

Francesco could not explain her flight to himself. Why did she leave him alone? What could he do in the dark? Did she abandon him because all hope was lost. He hastened to follow her, but soon a plaintive cry was heard, and the light disappeared. What had become of Lelia? A terrible thought caused him to stagger; yet it was possible that the light had been suddenly concealed by some rock, and the cry that he heard, was, no doubt, that of some bird chased by the storm. Francesco then continued to descend the mountain; but it was not without great peril that he chanced, after midnight, to reach the house of Lelia's father.

Nicoli," said he to him on entering, "I cannot keep my promise, and I come to thank you for your fidelity in fulfilling yours. I have lost Lelia. Adieu!"

He was retiring with death in his heart, when Nicoli addressed him in a voice full of emotion.

"Pardon me, Francesco, the words which I have spoken to you. I know all that thou has done and——" he interrupted himself, and wiped away a tear, when he saw the disordered clothes and unsettled features of the young man.

"No matter, my word is given. Adieu. Let Lelia be called, her intended awaits her."

Francesco stopped at the door. He wished, before leaving Lelia for ever, to see her one last time.

"She is not in her room," said a valet, a few moments after.

The whole house was immediately on foot; Nicoli ran through all the apartments, calling Lelia! his dear Lelia! She did not answer.

"Links! torches!" cried Francesco beside himself. "Follow me."

Soon twenty men, carrying pine torches, whose light reflected the most violent winds, directed their steps towards the mountain, guided by Francesco. Arrived at the place which he had left sometime before, they perceived something white at the foot of the rock; it was Lelia. She was sitting supported against the rock, with one hand on her heart. Her limbs were stiff and frozen; near her was the lamp which her hand had let fall.

Francesco threw himself upon her; then he took her in his arms, seeking to re-animate her, and calling her just like her father, by the tenderest names. She was dead!!!

The unhappy Nicoli only survived his daughter some months. As for Francesco, no one has ever seen him since that fatal night. Since that time also there may be heard during stormy nights, a voice which seems to call out, groaning. The peasants say that it is Francesco looking for his mistress; but what interests them much more still, there are wandering lights which are sometimes seen on the mountains. No one doubts that this is LELIAS LAMP, which lightens her lover while he works, and any one may remark the place where it shines; for it is there that lies the mine of gold which the unhappy Francesco had not time to dig.

THE CALICO CLOAK.

"Have you seen the new scholar?" asked Mary Lark, a girl of twelve or fourteen years, as she ran to meet a group of school mates who were coming towards the school house; "she cuts the most comical looking figure you ever saw. Her cloak is made out of calico, and her shoes are brogans, such as the men and boys wear."

"Oh, yes, I've seen her," replied Lucy Brooks; "she is the new washerwoman's daughter. I shouldn't have thought Mr. Brown would have taken her into the academy; but I suppose he likes the money that comes through cash as well as any. It is cleaner, of course."

And the air rang with the loud laugh of the girls.

"Come, let us go in and examine her," continued Mary, as they ascended the steps of the school house. "I'm thinking she will make some fun for us."

The girls went into the dressing-room where they found the new scholar. She was a mild, intelligent looking child, but very poorly the tidily clad. The girls went around her, whispering and laughing with each other, while she stood trembling and blushing in one corner of the room, without venturing to raise her eyes from the floor.

When they entered school they found the little girl was far in advance of those of her age in her studies, and was placed in classes with those two or three years her senior. This seemed, on the whole, to make those girls who were disposed to treat her unkindly dislike her the more; and she, being of a retiring disposition, through their influence had no friends, but went and returned from school alone.

"And so you really think," said Mary Lark, as she went up to the little girl a few weeks after she entered school, "that you are going to get the medal? It will correspond nicely with your cloak?"

And she caught hold of the cape, and held it from her, while the girls around joined in her loud laugh.

"Calico Cloak get the medal! I guess she will! I should like to see Mr. Brown giving it to her?" said another girl, as she caught hold of her arm, and peeped under the child's bonnet.

The little girl struggled to release herself, and, when she was free, ran home as fast as she could go.

"Oh, mother," she said, as she entered her mother's humble kitchen, "do answer Uncle William's letter, and tell him we will come to New York to live! I don't like to live in Bridgeville. The girls call me 'Calico Cloak,' and 'Brogans,' and you don't know, mother, how unkindly they treat me.

"Lizzie, my dear," said her mother, "you must expect to meet with some who will treat you unkindly on account of your poverty; but you must not be discouraged. Do right, my child, and you will eventually come off conqueror."

Although Mrs. Lee tried to encourage her child, yet she knew that she had to meet with severe trials for one so young.

"But, mother, they are all unkind to me," replied Lizzie; "there isn't one who loves me."

And the child buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud.

In Bridgeville Academy there were a few selfish, unprincipled girls, and the others joined them in teasing the little "Calico Cloak," as they called her, from thoughtlessness, and from a love of sport. But they knew not how deeply each sportive word pierced the heart of the little stranger, and how many bitter tears she shed in secret over their unkindness.

Mrs. L., learning that the scholars still continued their unjust treatment towards her child, resolved to accept her brother's invitation, although he was a poor man, and become a member of his family, hoping that while there, her child could continue her studies, and perhaps, through his influence, lead a happier life among her school-mates. Accordingly, at the end of the term, she left Bridgeville, and removed to New York. Although Lizzie had been a member of the school but one term, yet she gained the medal, and it was worn from the academy beneath the despised garment.

Weeks, months, and years glided away to the students of the Bridgeville Academy, and the little "Calico Cloak" was forgotten. Those who were at school with her had left, to enter upon the business of life.

Twelve years after Mrs. Lee and her daughter left town, a Mr. Maynard, a young clergyman came into Bridgeville, and was settled in the old academy. At the very time a little boy was attending school there, whose mother was struggling with her needle to give him an education. The boys often made sport of his patched jacket and aprons, and he would run sobbing home to his mother. But when the story of the "calico cloak" reached the scholars, the little boy became popular in school; and the children, from that time, were very kind to "Little Patchey," as he had always been called.

When Mrs. Maynard heard the story of "Little Patchey," she felt that she was well repaid for all she had suffered in childhood.

A Colored Magnetist.

A New Orleans correspondent of the Mobile *Tribune* gives the following notice of a remarkable colored man in that former place. Be his pretensions what they may, the unlettered African appears to exercise considerable influence over his superiors:—

We have actually a real, Simon Pure, live prophet in the midst—none of your humbug Joe Smith sort, who is after dinner, but a poor, unpretending, plain old blacksmith, of the colored persuasion, who makes no money by it, but works at his trade for a living, in an unpretending way. At present he confines himself entirely to the cure of diseases, by miraculous power; and I will give you my word that he seems to have just as much as he can attend to on the days that he devotes, to the public, which are Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, the rest of the week being devoted by him to labor for the support of his family. Men are said to have come to him suffering from chronic rheumatism, unable to walk, and after a few passes made at them, and few prayers offered up in their behalf, rose from their beds, and walked home as well as ever. Children who had been epileptic from birth are said to have been entirely cured; women suffering with diseases peculiar to their sex relieved permanently. In fact, there are persons who assert that he has cured all descriptions of disease in the same miraculous manner.

Bear Killed in Edgecombe.—A bear was killed in Edgecombe county, N. C., a few days since, about 14 miles from Tarboro', which weighed 196 pounds, after being dressed. The Southerner says this is the first bear that has been killed in the county for many years.