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THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

BRUNER & JAMES, *Editors & Proprietors.* } "KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR IS SAFE." RULERS. DO THIS, AND LIBERTY *Gen'l. Harrison.* { NEW SERIES, NUMBER 35, OF VOLUME I.

SALISBURY, N. C., DECEMBER 28, 1844.

From Kendall's Sketches of the Santa Fe Expedition.

PRAIRIE DOGS.

MOVEMENTS OF THE ANIMALS—A TOUCHING INCIDENT—THE "BIG DOG" OF THE SETTLEMENT—QUEER CAPERS—INMATES OF THE BURROWS.

Our road wound up the sides of a gently-ascending mountain for some six or seven miles. On arriving at the summit we found a beautiful table-land spread out before us, reaching miles in every direction. The soil appeared to be uncommonly rich, and was covered with a luxrious growth of mesquit-trees. The grass was of the curly mesquit species, the sweetest and most nutritious of all the different kinds of that grass, and it was told me that the dogs seldom establish their towns and cities unless on sites where this grass is found in abundance.

We had proceeded but a short distance, after reaching this beautiful prairie, before we came upon the outskirts of the commonwealth. A few scattering dogs were seen scampering in, their short, sharp yelps giving a general alarm to the whole community.

The first brief cry of danger from the outskirts was soon taken up in the centre of the city, and now nothing was to be heard or seen in any direction but a barking, dashing, and scampering of the mercurial and excitable denizens of the place, each to his burrow. Far as the eye could reach the city extended, and all over it the scene was the same.

We rode leisurely along until we had reached the more thickly-settled portion of the place. Here we halted, and after taking the bridles from our horses to allow them to graze, we prepared for regular attack upon the inhabitants. The burrows were not more than ten or fifteen yards apart, with well-trodden paths leading in different directions, and I even fancied I could discover something like regularity in the laying out of the streets.

We sat down upon a bank under the shade of a mesquit, and leisurely surveyed the scene before us. Our approach had driven every one to his home in our immediate vicinity, but at the distance of some hundred yards the small mound of earth in front of each burrow was occupied by a dog, sitting erect on his hinder legs and coolly looking about for the cause of the recent commotion. Every now and then some citizen, more adventurous than his neighbour, would leave his lodgings on a flying visit to a friend, apparently exchange a few words, and then scamper back as fast as his legs would carry him.

By-and-by, as we kept perfectly still, some of our near neighbors were seen cautiously poking their heads from out their holes, and looking craftily, and, at the same time, inquisitively about them. Gradually a citizen would emerge from the entrance of his domicil, come out upon his observatory, perk his head cunningly, and then commence yelping somewhat after the manner of a young puppy—a quick jerk of the tail accompany each yelp. It is this short bark alone that has given them the name of dogs, as they bear no more resemblance to that animal, either in appearance, action, or manner of living, than they do to the hyena.

We were armed, one with a double-barrelled shot-gun, and another with one of Colt's repeating rifles of small bore, while I had my short, heavy rifle, throwing a large ball, and acknowledged by all to be the best weapon in the command. It would drive a ball completely through, a buffalo at the distance of a hundred and fifty yards, and there was no jumping off or running away by a deer when struck in the right place—to use a common expression, "he would never know what had hurt him." Hit one of the dogs where we would, with a small ball, he would almost invariably turn a peculiar somerset, and get into his hole—but by a ball from my rifle, the entire head of the animal would be knocked off, and after this there was no escape. With the shot-gun, again, we could do nothing but waste ammunition. I fired it at one dog ten steps off, having in a good charge of buckshot, and thought I must cut him into fragments—I wounded him severely, but with perhaps three or four shot through him he was still able to wriggle and tumble into his hole.

For three hours we remained in this commonwealth, watching the movements of the inhabitants, and occasionally picking off one of the more unwary. No less than nine were got by the party, and one circumstance I would mention as singular in the extreme, and showing the social relationship which exists among these animals, as well as the kind regard they have one for another. One of them had perched himself upon the pile of earth in front of his hole, sitting up and exposing a fair mark, while a companion's head was seen poking out of the entrance, too timid, perhaps, to trust himself farther. A well-directed ball from my rifle carried away the entire top of the former's head, and knocked him some two or three feet from his post perfectly dead. While reloading, the other boldly came out, seized his companion by one of his legs, and before we could reach the hole had drawn him completely out of sight. There was a touch of feeling in the little incident—a something human, which raised the animals in my estimation, and ever after I did not attempt to kill one of them, except when driven by extreme hunger.

The prairie dog is about the size of the common wild rabbit of the United States, heavier, perhaps, more compact, and with much shorter legs. In apearance it closely resembles the woodchuck, or groundhog, of the Northern and Middle States, although not more than two thirds as large. The colour is the same, being a dark, reddish brown, while the formation of the head and teeth is the same as in all the different species of squirrels, to which family it belongs. In their habits they are clannish, social, and extremely convivial, never living alone like other animals, but, on the contrary, always found in villages or large settlements. They are a wild, frolicsome, madcap set of fellows when undisturbed, uneasy and ever on the move, and appear to take especial delight in chattering away the time, and visiting from hole to hole to gossip and talk over each other's affairs—at least so their actions would indicate. When they find a good location for a village, and there is no water in the immediate vicinity, old hunters say, they dig a well to supply the wants of the community. On several occasions I crept close to their villages, without being observed, to watch their movements. Directly in the centre of one of them I particularly noticed a very large dog, sitting in front of the door or entrance to his burrow, and by his own actions and those of his neighbors it really seemed as though he was the president, mayor, or chief—at all events, he was the 'big dog' of the place. For at least an hour I secretly watched the operations in the community. During that time the large dog I have mentioned received at least a dozen visits from his fellow-dogs, which would stop and chat with him a few moments, and then run off to their domicils. All this while he never left his post for a moment, and I thought I could discover a gravity in his deportment not discernible in those by which he was surrounded. Far is it from me to say that the visits he received were upon business, or had anything to do with the local government of the village; but it certainly appeared so. If any animal has a system of laws regulating the body politic, it is certainly the prairie dog.

If a person is fortunate enough to gain the immediate vicinity of one of their villages unobserved—a very difficult matter, for their sentinels are always on the alert—he will discover the inhabitants gambolling, frisking, and running about the well-trodden paths, occasionally stopping a moment as if to exchange a word with a neighbor, and then hurrying back to their lodges. Should he chance to discover some quiet citizen, sitting gravely at his doorway, he has but to watch him for a short time ere he will notice some eccentricity of conduct. His manner of entering his hole will remind the spectator of the antics of Pantaloon in a pantomine; for instead of walking quietly in, he does it with an eccentric bound and half somerset, his hind feet knocking together as he pitches headlong into the darkness below; and before the aforesaid spectator has yet fairly recovered from the half laugh caused by the drollery of the movement, he will see the dog slowly thrust his head from his burrow, and with a pert and impudent expression of countenance peer cunningly about, as if to ascertain the effect his recent antic had caused.

A singular species of owl is invariably found residing in and about the dog-towns. It has a longer body and smaller head than the common owl of the settlements, yet possesses all the gravity of deportment and solemnity of mien which distinguish the genus.

One would suppose that a constant intercourse with neighbors of such comic temperaments as the dogs possess would destroy his austerity of demeanour; yet the owl of the dog-village sits upon the earthern mound in front of the hole, and surveys the eccentricities of his friends without a change of his countenance. He joins them not in any of their sports, yet still seems to be on the best of terms; and as he is frequently seen entering and emerging from the same hole, this singular bird may be looked upon as a member of the same family, or at least a retainer whose services are in some way necessary to the comfort and well-being of the animal whose hospitality he shares.

Rattlesnakes, too, and of immense size, dwell in the same lodges with the dogs; but the idea that has been entertained of their living upon sociable terms of companionship is utterly without foundation. The snakes I look upon as loafers, not easily shaken off by the regular inhabitants, and they make use of the dwellings of the dogs as more comfortable quarters than they can find elsewhere. We killed one a short distance from a burrow, which had made a meal of a half-grown dog; and although I do not think they can master the larger animals, the latter are still compelled to let them pass in and out without molestation—a nuisance, like many in more elevated society, that cannot be got rid of.

The first town we visited was much the largest seen on the entire route, being some two or three miles in length by nearly a mile in width at the widest part. In the vicinity were smaller villages—suburbs of the larger town, to all appearance. After spending some three hours in the very heart of the settlements, and until not an inhabitant could be seen in any direction, we resaddled our horses and set off in search of the command. Thus ended my first visit to one of the numerous prairie-dog commonwealth of the Far West.

Misery in England--Starvation.

Some cases are given in the *Boston Courier*, of misery in England, which it is almost beyond the power of man to believe should exist in the nineteeth century, in Great Britain, the so-called home of freedom, civilization, and good government. The first case is of a poor woman, named Russell, who having nearly died of starvation, was on her way in a conveyance to the work house, and who actually died while on her way. A woman, named Anna Smelt, was brought up for robbery, having pledged the blankets in her hired room to obtain bread for her child and herself. When taken into custody they were in the agonies of starvation, had neither of them tasted a morsel of food for two days, and the child was in such a state that its bones might be said to protrude through its skin.—A woman, named Millbank, who hired a ready-furnished room for five shillings per week, had been in want of the necessaries of life for some months, had not had more than one meal a day for four months, and that always of the poorest kind. She was taken into the work-house on Saturday, and on Sunday died of putrid fever; the body was found, on a *post mortem* examination, to be in a state of green putrefaction, produced by starvation.

A Mr. Mason, formerly a man of property had become reduced, and in great want of food. The facts are given by his daughter. They had pawned every article of wearing apparel, until neither of them had anything left except what they kept on, lodged in a small room and *were frequently without food.* He at length kept his bed, became insensible, revived again, was taken to the work-house, and died two hours after his admission—of *starvation.* An inquiry was held on the body of Mary Alloways, a poor seemestress, but a highly educated, refined, and intelligent woman. Ann Jones, the landlady of the house in which the deceased lodged, said she last saw her on Tuesday evening. She fancied there was something strange in her manner, for, as she went up stairs to bed, the deceased broke a piece from a loaf she had with her, and in a very singular manner said, 'Only taste it; it so very sweet.' On Wednesday a friend of deceased found her lying on the bed quite dead. There was a cup, which had contained some liquid, lying upon a box by the window. On the table a letter was found, which the Corner ordered to be read to the jury. It was as follows:

Dear friend: I have spent many anxious days and sleepless nights. I cannot obtain work; therefore it is impossible I can pay my rent, and I preserved my watch as the only means that I have to put me in the ground. I have had it valued at £10. I judge that it will not cost more than £5 to lay me in the grave in a humble way. The life I now live is a miserable one, and has been several years. I have no one to care for me. Yet a little while, and the feverish and unquiet spirit I most sincerely hope, will be at rest, with the hope that the Almighty will pardon me. Was I sure of that, I should leave the world without the least regret. I must chance what many great people have done before me. I am obliged to all my friends that have been kind to me. My dear friend, I hope you will let some one follow me to the grave, but that I leave to you. I do not wish any one to know my affairs. You will do as you please with my clothes, I am sorry to say that I owe Mrs. White, this day, seven weeks' rent (Nov. 5).

I am very sorry to leave the world in debt. If my clothes and watch will not pay the expenses of my funeral and rent it is my wish to be sent to the work-house. My watch you will find in the large trunk. Adieu. God bless you all. My pen is so bad I fear you will not make out what I have written, and my mind is agitated.

Mrs. WHITE, 41 Castle street, Oxford street.

She supported herself by her needle.—She had some friends who occasionally gave her food, but she seldom had any other meals but breakfast and tea. The surgeon said the body was wretchedly emaciated, and the deceased had all the appearance of having been completely starved. The jury returned a verdict that the deceased destroyed herself by taking oxalic acid, but in what state of mind she was at the time there was no evidence to show. We add the following from the Times as an appropiate close to this article.

A WARNING CRY.

BY MISS SHERIDAN CAREY.

Toiling from the morning gray—
Toiling; toiling through the day,
Till the spirit faints away,
Bound, in triple iron, bound!
By the taper's famished light,
Toiling, toiling, through the nignt,
Till the dimmed and aching sight
Sees but shodaws gathering round,—

Till the lip's warm hue is gone—
Till the brow is worn and wan—
Till the pitying sun looks on—
Gasping slaves in stupor cast;—
Toiling through the hours of pain,
Taxing hand, and heart, and brain,
Bread—and *scarcely bread*—to gain!
Shall this—shall this ever last?

Shall the spoiler seize by stealth
Youth, and hope, and strength, and health?
Nature's dowry—nature's wealth—
Shall they—shall they ever be—
Youth and hope, an April beam?
Strength delusion? health, a dream?
Age—a fearful ghastly theme—
Pain, and grief, and penury?

Thou who seest! Thou who hearest?
Thou the mourner's heart who cheerest!
Thou who, veiled in clouds, appearest
Swift, and terrible, and strong!
Unto Thee, with stony eye,
Bloodless cheek, and boding cry,
Doomed to toil, and toil—OR DIE,
Want appealeth, "Lord, *how long?*"

Ye whose "confidence" is gold,
False, rapacious, crafty, bold—
Who the labourer's hire withhold—
Who the fruits of toil deny—
Who the starving poor distress,
Who the weak, the old, oppress—
Tremble! they shall have redress,
Lo! their groans are heard on high!

Tremble! tremble! well you may—
Godless tyrants of a day—
Trampling on your fellow clay!
Trampling *human hearts* to dust!
Vengeance is the Lord's! beware!
He will list the poor man's prayer,
Raise the crushed, and chaise despair!
Tyrants, wo! THE LORD IS JUST!

November, 1844.

Growth of London.—We are apt to imagine here in the United States that the growth of our towns and cities greatly surpasses in rapidity and extent, those of any part of the old world. Some facts about London would seem to contradict this notion.

It is stated, for instance, in a recent report to the Government, that "in little more than 12 years, 1200 new streets have been added to London, which is at the rate of one hundred streets a year."

These 1200 new streets "contain 48,000 houses, most of them built on a large and commodious scale, and in a style of superior comfort." With all this wonderful increase, it is said, "that the demand for houses instead of diminishing, continue to increase, and that while in many towns of the interior, the number of unoccupied houses is augmenting, scarcely a new street in London is finished, before almost every house in it is fully occupied."

One great reason assigned for the rapid growth of London, is the extraordinary facility, economy and despatch with which people are now transported over Rail-Roads terminating there. Owing to this cause it is estimated that the daily influx of individuals is five times greater than it was fifteen years ago.

London is now about forty miles in circumference and numbers more than two millions of inhabitants.

Misery in the Palace.—The latest letters received from St. Petersburgh, state, that the Emperor Nicholas has been so violently affected by his grief, occasioned by the loss of the Grand Duchess Alexandria, that his health has been greatly shaken since that event. Leeches have been applied three several times. "The Emperor," says the same correspondent, "lives in a state of complete insolation, and pays no attion whatever to public affairs. His temper has been also much embittered. His state of health naturally produces a most deep and painful impression in St. Petersburgh."

A writer in an Irish newspaper, after mentioning the wreck of a vessel, near Sherries, rejoice that "all the crew were saved, except four hogsheads of tobacco."

A Pine Woods Wedding.

The Red River Republican gives the following sketch of life amid the forests of the Southwest. It is very unlike our ideas in this latitude, but it is perfectly natural nevertheless.

After describing a rural feast, and the beauty of the ladies present thereat, the following is recorded as an unexpected interruption, for a time, to the festivities.

Mounted on a mule which had evidently been debarred the rights of his tribe to corn and fodder for a serious length of time, were two beings certainly of primitive origin—a gay cavalier and a captivating dulcinea! The charger not exactly caparisoned like a palfrey of the Elizabethean age, walked deliberately, and we thought at the time, with "malice aforethought," up to a decayed pine log, and came to a dead stand. Off rolled the knight in a perfectly "don't care ——" manner, and without casting a glance at the fair one by his side, or giving her the slightest assistance in dismounting, he drew a bee line for the encampment, jumping over everything that offered any obstruction to his passage, and singing at the top of his voice

"Come all ye Virginny galls,
And listen to my noise—
Never do ye wed
With the Carolina boys:
For if you do
Your portion it shall be
Corn cake and hominy,
And jansastangea tea,
Bom-assal, a, Mary
Bono cum-soc, &c."

By way of accompaniment he cracked with inimitable grace, a huge whip, which he flourished above his head, and gave a yell that would have met the approval of a committee of Camanche braves.

"He's some," said a friend near us, who was indulging in a cachinatory fit at the strange phenomenon.

"The wild man of the woods, for a V!" cried a wag on our right, who had mounted a log to have a clear view of the critter.

"Two to one he's the feller that butted the bull off the bayou bridge!" exclaimed Ben Blower from Snake Creek.

Our hero heard not, or heeded not these complimentary remarks, but made his way up to the company in fine style. He was indeed an original. His height could not have been less than six feet four, without shoes or stockings, which he considered useless appendages. He wore a shocking bad hat, with a hole in the top, through which a tuft of red hair found egress, and waved to and fro, like the cap of a corn stalk on a windy day. His coat was of nut-dyed, home manufacture, minus the skirt, which he said he had lost in an encounter with a wild cat he had slain on the road. His shirt collar was thrown open, disclosing a breast tanned by the sun of some twenty years, and his inexpressibles, which appeared to be on bad terms with his feet, leaving them about two feet leeward,—were hitched up on one side with a buckskin brace, giving them a zig-zag appearance, decidedly unique. Surveying the assemblage for a moment, with the attention he would have given to a menagerie of wild beasts he broke forth thus:

"Fellers, I'd just like to know if there's a 'squire in these parts?"

"Do you mean the Parish Judge?" asked an estimable citizen.

"Yes. I'spose—don't care a pine knot who, so's he can do the thing," replied the stranger, giving his whip a peculiar crack.

"What may be your business, friend?" inquired a demure 'sovereign' in the crowd.

"Nothin' much no how," replied the modern Nimrod. "I only wants the feller, that can harness me and that gal on old Ratler, yonder.—She's just the loudest gal I reckon in the settlement—as slick as a peeled maple, and as clear grit as a skinned tater rolled in the sand; and I'm called a team and a big dog under the wagon. I've snaked it about these woods for a week looking for a 'squire to hitch us, and wore out a pair of deerskin britches looking for him; and I wish I may be rammed through a gum tree, head foremost, if I'm going to pack Suze any further. I came here to yoke her, and here I'm going to stay."

The roar of laughter that followed this simple recital, was deafening. We lost four buttons in convulsive fits, and it is quite probable we should have suffered largely in that line had not the Parish Judge arrived at that moment, and given a new turn to affairs. The Judge, as all our readers know, is supposed by many to be of Gallic descent, although we have authority in saying that he is "native and to the manor born." Unlike the great poet's justice,

"In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,"

he is as lean as a Grahamite, living entirely on bran pudding and fricassed radishes. With the the undying zeal of an Israelite he thunders forth anathemas against four-footed animals.—These are the sentiments of the Judge, albeit in politics he strangely enough, "goes the whole hog." At one time, we learn, he was expounder of the Methodist faith, and traversed the country with the devout and exemplary Father Redwine. This may account for the serious cast of countenance peculiar to him. On the present occasion he was dressed in the might of the fashion. He wore a "west of England" invisible green coat, the collar of which was perpendicular and corded a la collegien, giving the wearer quite a magisterial appearance.—His cashmere vest was buttoned close up to his chin, over the top of which protruded an enormous pair of jet whiskers, such as are worn by brigands, whom sensitive young ladies hold in such high esteem. His pantaloons, of fancy stripe, were neatly strapped to a pair of patent leather boots; and French kids encased his small delicate hands, in which he held the license that was to bind together the two "willing hearts."

The Judge now proceeded to business, calling on the gay Lothario, we have imperfectly described, to "trot out" his bride.

"You're the man for my yaller quarter,"* said our hero in ecstacies, and away he went in a run for Suze. With one effort of his brawny arm, he took her from the mule and brought her to the centre of an enclosure formed by the company, his eye dilating and his whole frame exhibiting signs of joy unspeakable. The bride was a bouncing prairie beauty, on whom Time had smiled in his rapid course. She wore a blue calico dress, full in every part, thus permitting

"Every grace,
To run a race."

A string of blue beads ornamented a good substantial neck—none of your "swan-like" things—and her head gear was a cotton handkerchief, with scarlet stripes, and yellow ground work, tied gracefully under the chin, and concealing the flaxen curls that struggled for liberty. Her shoes might have given your recherc fashionable ladies the hysterics, but they united comfort and durability and effectually closed the door to that fell destroyer, consumption. In the hurry of the moment, doubtless, she made an invidious distinction between those necessary appendages classically called 'insect destroyers,' one of which lacked the blue sock—but this was an omission, not a fault. Her blue eye, as it rested on the chosen one, spoke eloquently of abiding love, and her handsome face was wreathed in smiles.

The Judge glanced at the paper in his hand, and then in a solemn impressive tone demanded of the groom—

"Will you take Susan Jenkins as your lawful wedded wife?"

"Well, hoss, I reckon I will. I wouldn't have rid since daylight and packed her here, if I didn't mean to do the clean thing," answered our hero.

"And you, Susan, will you take Cyrus Snorter, as your lawful, wedded husband?"

"Yes, squire, that I will. Dad said I oughter married Bill Swizzle; but I'll see him hanged first. He danced with old ugly Bets Foler, and gave her a bran new shawl. Besides that he got drunk, fell off his horse and broke his leg. Sy is good enough for me," replied the spirited beauty.

This was too much for Sy. He jumped for joy, and clasped the adorable "Suze" to his bosom, giving her a smack that resembled the noise created by the popping of a cork from a champaigne bottle.

"Stop sir," said the Judge, "the ceremony is not complete."

"Go it my 'squire," shouted Sy, "I will be as a wild cat catching a deer."

The silken knot was now tied, and amid the the huzzas of the men, and the smiles and white 'kerchiefs waving of the ladies, Sy carried his blushing bride to the mule, placed her behind him, and in a twinkling was on the road to home and happiness.

*Half Eagle.

NAVAL.—The United States steamer *Princeton*, Captain STOCKTON, left Norfolk on Sunday for New Orleans. The Norfolk Herald says that when she was last seen she was going at the rate of twelve knots per hour.

The United States ship *Potomac*, Com. CONNER, went to sea from Norfolk last Sunday on a cruise.

The United States ship *Saratoga* is about to be refitted at the Norfolk Navy Yard.

The Mexican steamer *Gaudaloupe*, Commander ESPINS, left Norfolk on Saturday for Vera Cruz via Havana.

The United States brig *Oregon*, Lieutenant ARTHUR SINCLAIR commanding, was at Kingston, Jamaica, on the 17th ultimo, having put in for provisions. All well.—She was to have sailed on the 19th ultimo for Carthagena, there to await the arrival of Mr. BLACKFORD, our Minister at Bogota, who is to return in the Oregon to the United States. Mr. Blackford was expected to be in Carthagena about the 10th of December, so that the Oregon may be expected back the 1st of January.

The following is an extract of a letter received from an officer on board the United States ship *Decater*, dated

"BENGUILA, (AFRICA.) SEPT. 25, 1844.

"Our ship arrived here to-day from a cruise. Off Loango spoke her Britannic Majesty's ship Star, on a cruise, having within a few days captured two Spanish brigs full of slaves and a large amount of spice, and sent them to Ascension, which is the English Admiral's rendezvous. We are all well and now bound to Windward.

The United States ship *Erie* sailed from Brooklyn on Monday morning for the coast of Africa.

The United States frigate *Macedonian*, Com. PERRY, was at Port Praya, Cape de Verds, November 2d, all well. The United States covertte *Perry* sailed October 25th for Bissau.

The affections and the will know nothing of a future; the mind, the judgement, calls it up and gives it the force and life of the present. The mind alone is free, self-acting, and directed towards the unknown; the heart is bound to what is before it.—[Jean Paul.