

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

BRUNER & JAMES,
Editors & Proprietors.

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR
RULERS."



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

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SALISBURY, N. C., FRIDAY, JULY 9, 1847.

A LETTER FROM LAWRIE TODD; or abstract, incoherent, and unconnected ideas,—without plan, order, or arrange- ment.

I was sitting, Mr. Printer, in the cool of the day, which at this season means 9 P. M.; the wind had ceased, the smoke was curling from my pipe and slowly wending its way in tracks toward the stars,—a full orb'd moon poured a stream of light on the smooth waters, as gliding along, they kissed the rocks around the shores of Hellgate; I thought about a sea of glass mingled with fire. I think I to myself, what a beautiful world we live in. I have heard doctors of law, physic and divinity,—yes, of divinity; call this a miserable world. I have heard the wealthy, the healthy, those that had enough, and those who contrived (having nothing of the sort on hand) and labored day and night to make trouble for themselves, call this a miserable world,—most miserable blockheads are ye all!—for, aught that we can tell, this is the best world (terrestrial) that ever God Almighty made,—and I do believe it is; for on every leaf, and on every blade of grass, you can read "God is Love," and I believe that America is the best country in this world, and that the State of New York is the best State in America, our city the best in the State, and St. Paul's Church the best spot in our city,—because it was there, on the 25th of November, 1783, that Washington, Jay and Hamilton, Gen'l. Lee, Morgan, Malcom, Putnam, Green, and a host of revolutionary officers, and poor soldiers, assembled and gave thanks to the God of Battles, and to God they ascribed their victory.

In 1778, some of these poor soldiers followed Washington from Valley-Forge, in the Jerseys, to the banks of the Schuylkill, their enemies tracking their steps by the imprint of their bloody feet on the ice and snow. Their country was poor, but she put them in such offices as was in her gift, to enable them to keep soul and body together a little longer. In 1801, another King arose that knew not Joseph,—that knew not the wounded soldiers, for the principles of this King, and of the men who set him on the throne, (we are all sovereigns) its enough to be told, that Aaron Burr was second in command; well as soon as Thomas was fairly kicked in the throne of his kingdom, he kicked out Washington's ragged army, (some having cork-legs and some wooden legs, some spring steel arms, and some no arms,) from the war-office, the post office, and every other office, to make room for a set of study-beggars, hungry, growing, bawling democrats—foreign retrogrades, and some of them among the off-scouring of all things, now commenced the reign of terror, of political swindling, and public office defaulting.

Tell me not to worship the man who wrote the Declaration of Independence and liberty; practice is better than precept. I have seen a brother of the same craft; the Declaration of Independence, (all men are born with equal rights &c.) was pinned on his breast, he held "Paine's Rights of Man" in one hand, and a cow-skin in the other; he was selling a man, his wife, and three children, at vendue, that was his Bill of Rights; his Magna Charta, his Habeas Corpus—enough to make the devil blush. I never knew its match except when I saw the champions of Freedom in Paris cut off the heads of some of the finest among their women, because they preferred a white to a red nightcap. It was thus they enforced the Liberty of conscience, and the freedom of the human mind. French gallantry with a vengeance.

But to return to this miserable world (falsely so called,) they are a set of miserable, consummate sovereign fools who say so;—we have every thing that a thankful heart can wish for; we have the Bible, the fountain of all useful knowledge; we have Liberty of Conscience; (thank God, he holds one end of the devil's chain;) we have a land actually flowing with milk and honey, and *Goshen* butter besides; we can sit under our vine and Newtown pippin trees, where none can make us afraid; we have as much civil liberty on our shoulders as we can well stagger under; we have an army of very disinterested friends of the people, who made Presidents, Congress and Assemblymen by us gratis, while said Congress and Assemblymen mix sling, drink julep, play cards, billiards and nine-pins, hold *Caucus*, laugh at the Italian fiddlers and rope-dancers, and for all these corporal and mental labours the former charge only six, and the latter three dollars per diem; thus they (comparatively) serve us for nought; we have a large and fruitful land, enough to satisfy the wants of every thing that lives, while three thousand miles of salt water separate us from all the *cut-throats* of Europe. Thus there is no one to hurt us, or to make us afraid,—no wonder then, that being so supremely happy, we should sit down and contrive the ways and means whereby to make ourselves superlatively miserable;—we commenced with Col's pistols, then Paikhan guns; here the Judge of all the earth interposed, he who numbers the stars, who counts the hairs on our head, and notes the fall of a sparrow, sent an angel of destruction, [perhaps the same which executed a similar commission among the Assyrians] to show proud man, dressed in a little brief authority,

how small he was; he blew with his breath,—they were scattered; this was given as a *hint* to our army of occupiers: being a practical comment on the adage—its a dangerous thing to play with the devil's firebrands and edge-tools; but our vain men thinking themselves wise, (though born as ignorant as the colt of a wild young jackass) despised the warning; and have turned our beautiful land, into an Aeolada,—a Field of Blood.—Now in every cottage, palace, and village is heard the voice of crying, lamentation and woe; Rachel weeping with her children, and refusing to be comforted; because the husband who pressed them to his breast, and led them at his board, lies murdered in the Mexican chapparal.

By the highway, on the step of her cottage, sits his mother, *desolate*, and a widow—is it not enough to all ye who pass by? I nursed him on this bosom, and pressed him in my heart,—but ye have murdered my boy,—ye have given his flesh to the raven, and his beautiful limbs to the vulture and the cormorant to lacerate.

Far behind, in a gloomy brake of the road, sits the maiden to whom he was betrothed; a monument of despair! on the rock of destruction: she is a maniac!—She saw his manly face gashed and scarred by the Mexican lancer;—she saw the heart where her image was shined, perforated by the leaden messenger of death!—her reason forsook its throne!

And why all this misery, death and destruction? You answer: our sister (Republic) owed us some dollars and cents, on compound interest; and, fearing she had already learned from ourself the arts of REPUDIATION, we seized her by the throat, saying: "Pay me all thou owest, or I'll deliver thee over to the tormentors!" But she, poor girl, had nothing wherewith to pay; for she, [like her own *Uncle Sam*, honest man] was surrounded in her white house, and every other house, by an host of right honorable swindlers: Custom-house, Post-office, war and stamp office defaulters. Our men of war now appealed to the laws of Judge Lynch. They procured an *infernal machine*, which they christened an *Army of Occupation*; having placed it on the soil in dispute, it sent forth an explosion, from whence came war, and fighting, and every evil work.—War, to be just, consists only in two words: go or come. We went prepared with tools and instruments of death; they came not to us. We sat down on a field, while we said:—"Is neither thine nor mine." Then what business had you there, with force and arms? But they owe me money! And so do many of those right honorable defaulters in New York and Washington; why not shoot them? you do not shoot men when they take the benefit of the insolvent act; why then do you shoot the insolvent Mexican? Besides, the freight and cartage of those infernal machines, from Buffalo to Mexico costs more by ten fold—40 or 50 per cent. more than they owe us, and counting nothing for the widows and orphans we have made, [their name is legion] nor for the murders that lie at our own door, they, like the hairs on our head cannot be numbered, and this is the march of intellect and blood in the 19th century. We are the men, and wisdom will die with us. And this is the age of refinement in murder; and we are the very model republic; model-land! Look on us, ye tyrants of the earth,—on our steamers, fire-ships and human slaughter-houses; you see we can waste and deface the image of God in man as well as yourselves.

Yours,
GRANT THORBURN.

Sale of the Late Residence of Joseph Bonaparte.—The beautiful grounds and mansion belonging to the estate of the late Joseph Napoleon Bonaparte, ex-King of Spain, were on Saturday sold at auction for the sum of \$30,500. Mr. Thomas Richards, of Philadelphia, was the purchaser. It is said that the buildings alone cost over \$60,000. The paintings, sculpture, furniture, &c., sold at much lower rates than was anticipated; some articles having sold for half their value. The paintings brought \$10 to \$1,050. Two lions and a fawn by Reubens sold for the largest sum. "Nativity of our Saviour," by Raphael Mengs, brought \$1,000; the portrait of a dog, by Hackets, brought \$210. The picture of Napoleon crossing the Alps, by David, the proprietors refused to put up unless the sum of \$6,000 was bid for it. As no person present was willing to bid that sum it was passed, and will be sent to Europe.—*Newark Advertiser*, June 26.

An Argument for Drinking.—Now I ax you fellers, who's the best citizen, him that supports government or him as does't? Why, him as does, in course. We support government, every one as drinks supports government, that is if he lickers at a license house. Every blessed drop of licker that he swallows that is taxed to pay the salary of them ar grate officers, such as Mayors and Coporations, He Constables, Presidents and Custom-house gentlemen. Spose we was to quit drinkin'—why government must fail; it couldn't help it no how. That's the very reason I drink. I don't like grog, I mortally hate it. If I followed my own inclination, I'd rather drink buttermilk, or ginger pop, or Dearborn's sody water. But I lick-ers for the good of my country to set an example of patriotism and virtuous self-denial to the rizen generation.—*Straw Sucker*.

The Dublin Horticultural Society has recently offered an enormous premium, and the Edinburgh Horticultural Society another, for a blue Dahlia.

A STUMPER.

The following touch of the sublime was spouted forth by a western orator, recently, at a war meeting:

Men of blood! friends of Washington! that old boss, Gen. Jackson—I want your attention, for lightning has burst upon us, and Jupiter has poured the ile of wrath down the greasy shanks of the Mexicans. Thunder has broken loose and slipped its cable, and the mighty valley of the Mississippi reverberates with the thousand tongues hisses of Santa Anna and his smaller fatua that revolve around the be-nighted and wooden leg pop-gun of Montezuma.

Citizens and sires of the bloody grounds upon which our fathers catavampously fought and bled, and poured out their clar-et free as air, to enrich the soil over which we now hover, and watch with hyena eyes—let the catamount of the inner var-mint loose, and prepare the chessy cut of vengeance; for the long-looked-for day has arrived; the sun that lit King David and his host across the Atlantic looks down upon the scenes and drops a tear to its memory.

But horses, I am with you as long as the stars of Uncle Sam, and the stripes of his country triumphantly wave in the breeze. What, I say, what is the low-lived chicken bred, toad hoppin, red-mouth, mothers' son of you, who will not raise the beacon light of triumph, smouse the citadel of the aggressor, and press onward to liberty and glory! Whoop hurrah!—where's the enemy?

Fatal issue of a Practical Joke.—The annexed article from a London Magazine, ought to operate as a caution to practical jokers:

The sister of a medical man in London, had in the presence of two young gentlemen who were studying medicine with her brother, ridiculed the weakness and folly by which some persons are governed.—She said for her part, she had no superstitious fears, and had courage for any emergency which might happen. The young men doubted the truth of her boastings, and one of them proposed to the other, that merely by way of joke, they would put her courage to the test. In a glass case in the Doctor's study was a human skeleton. This they removed, and placed in the young lady's bed. She retired at the usual hour and they stealthily followed her to listen. Some time elapsed and no sound was heard. They were about descending the stairs, thinking their jest had failed, and that in reality she was as courageous as she had boasted herself to be. Scarcely had they come to this conclusion ere their ears were assailed by a most appalling shriek; after which all became silent. They retired, pleased with their success, and thinking of the laugh and joke they should have with her in the morning at breakfast.

Morning came, but she did not come down as usual; they suffered an hour or so to elapse, and her brother, thinking she might have overslept herself, knocked for admittance, calling her by name at the same time. No answer being returned, he and the young men forced her door, and sad to relate, there sat the poor girl playing with the bony fingers of the grim and appalling skeleton, quite unconscious of the presence of the intruders; there the poor girl sat a confirmed idiot for life. When she gave that one fearful shriek, her reason fled never to return. It is needless to remark on the remorse that attended the after lives of the two young men.

Welch Sayings.—There are three things that never become rusty, the money of the benevolent, the shoes of the butchers horse, and a woman's tongue. Three things not easily done—to alloy thirst with fire, to dry wet with water, to please all in every thing that is done. Three things that are good as best—brown bread in famine, well water, in thirst, and a great coat in cold. Three things as good as their better—dirty water to extinguish the fire, an ugly wife to a blind man, and a wooden sword to a coward. Three warnings from the grave—thou knowest what I was, thou seest what I am, remember what thou art to be.—Three things of short continuance—a lady's love, a chip fire, and a brook's flood. Three things that ought never be from home—the cat, the chimney, and the housewife. Three essentials to a false story-teller—a good memory, a bold face, and fools for an audience. Three things seen in the peacock—the garb of an angel, the walk of a thief, and the voice of the devil. Three things it is unwise to boast of—the flavour of thy ale, the beauty of thy wife, and the contents of thy purse. Three miseries of a man's house—a smoky chimney, a dripping roof, and a scolding wife.

MELANCHOLY CASUALTY.
Capt. John Paynor, of Dinwiddie county, Va., came to a sudden and painful death a few days ago. He was unwell and went into the office of his brother-in-law, Dr. John A. Edwards, to take a dose of Quinine. But by a most unhappy accident, he mistook *Morphine* for Quinine, swallowed it, and in a few minutes was numbered with the dead.

From the South Carolina Temperance Advocate.

"THE RAZOR STROP MAN."—A BRIEF HISTORY OF.

We have been favored with another, and still more interesting epistle from this truly benevolent man, which we will give our readers next week. No one, in the humble walks of life, has created half so much sensation as the famous "Razor Strop Man." "What sort of a man is he?" "He's a humbug, ain't he?" "Where did he come from?" "He's a Yankee, ain't he?" "He's a hard case, I reckon." "They say he's a keen fellow." "Where can I see him?" "Where does he hold forth?" "What does he talk about?" "How does he look?" The foregoing, we believe, may serve as specimens of the many questions, and surmises of the populace, wherever Smith goes.—Every body wants to see the "Razor Strop Man," and to hear more about him. Well—we can't undertake to answer one half the queries made, but we will endeavor, from the best information to answer some of them.

And first of all—we feel warranted in asserting that he is no "humbug," in any sense.—Were he such, we would not hesitate to denounce him. On the contrary, he is a sensible, modest, and well-behaved man, who unlike humbugs, pretends to be less than he really is.

HENRY SMITH, alias, the "Razor Strop Man," is an Englishman by birth, about thirty-two years of age, and certainly quite good-looking enough for a "respectable merchant," as he sometimes humorously styles himself. He was born in the year 1815, in, or near the city of London. His original trade was that of a calico printer, but it seems he had not been long at the trade before he became fond of strong drink, and, to use his own language, "like all men brains, he soon became a drunkard." He was provisionally arrested in his downward career, by the speech of a reformed inebriate, named Whittaker, we think, and soon became a good teetotaler. It would amuse, as well as instruct any one, to hear Smith tell how he went to the meeting in a borrowed coat, through the sleeves of which, his arms stuck so far that he had to hide them in his pantaloons pocket. We will describe the joyful sequel, as nearly as we can, in his own quaint language:

"When the meeting was over, I told my wife I would try the pledge for one month. I did, and at the end of the month, I found myself much more comfortable: For when Smith was a drunkard, wife cried, father cried, mother cried, John cried, Ann cried, Mary cried, and Teddy cried; but I had been a temperance man only a month when wife sung, father sung, mother sung, John sung, Ann sung, Mary sung, Teddy sung, and I sung; and I bought a trying-pan, and I put it on the fire, and put a good steak in it, and that is the kind of singing for a working man when he is hungry. Finding myself so much better, I went and signed the pledge for life, and I hope I shall hold on.

In January, 1842, the man that I worked for wanted to lower my wages, the same as he had done before many a time when he knew men could not help themselves. At this time we got only half what we used to get nine years before, and not so much work neither. I made up my mind not to submit to tyranny any longer, so I left for this country, on the 18th of January, 1842. When I landed, and enquired for work, I found it to be very dull, not half the calico factories employed. Well I thought I must look after something else. I fell in with a man who wanted a carver at a Temperance House in New York; I took the place, and here I fell in with a man that sold Razor Stropps; he told me that I might get a first rate living selling his good Stropps, so I took two dozen, commenced selling in Wall Street, knowing it to be a great place for *shaving*, for they are very near all Brokers, and I knew that Brokers like to *share with ease*. Who says I have not done right? Every body was saying that times were dull, so I thought I must look out. I'm worth a few thousands now, I won't say how many—I'm able to do something for the unfortunate, but it's all through temperance that I am what I am."

Frat of a Drunken Man—Thrilling Scene. On Thursday evening, just before the steamboat *Jewess* left Annapolis, a man, evidently intoxicated, was perceived clinging to the outside of the railing around the steer of the "State House," in that city. Soon as he was observed by the persons below, his dangerous situation became the source of a most intense excitement. After climbing on top of the rail he stood upon his feet, and walked nearly around, with all the loose-jointedness of the inebriate, at the same time gesticulating violently at those below—once or twice we really thought his balance gone; but, staggering back, he continued his perilous walk around the balustrade. We held our breath until it became painful, and tried to look away, but, like the charmed bird under the serpent's eye, we could not. With all the contempt we feel for the drunken reckless character of an individual who would thus expose himself, the sight of a human being in such an awful situation was productive of feelings which we do not wish to experience again. After staggering around some distance, he fell on the inside. *Baltimore Sun*.

HUMOROUS ILLUSTRATION.

A Picture has been gotten up, representing Old Zac, with a huge wine glass in his hand, with Capt. Bragg pouring liberally into it from a bottle labelled "Madeira." Out of Gen. Taylor's mouth proceeds a scroll, on which is written—"A little more grape, Capt. Bragg."

Blood Money.—A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce writing from Mexico, says that Gen. Scott has taken the guerilla business in hand, "by his order, every murder that the Mexicans may commit takes \$300 out of the nearest alcalde's pocket. Although this may be rather hard on the alcaldes, it will induce them to exert their influence of which they possess some, as a preventive of the evil."

Adversity does not take from us our true friends—it only disperses those who pretended to be so.

AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF BORDO VISTA.—from the *Arkansas Intelligencer*.— "After the battle I was ordered with sixteen men to escort Major Bliss with a flag of truce to Santa Anna. When we arrived within about a hundred yards of a regiment of lancers, which seemed to be the rear guard, we halted, Major Bliss was blindfolded and conducted to Santa Anna. On the departure of the Major a platoon of lancers were ordered from the regiment and took post facing my platoon and within ten steps of me. The Lieutenant in command dismounted his men, I did the same. He was a fat, good-looking fellow; wore a sort of a sack, neatly trimmed with lace, and seemed quite pompous. As he dismounted he looked his bridle rein to his orderly, and commenced strutting in front of his platoon, in a very haughty manner. Presently he called his orderly, who handed, from a pocket in the side of his saddle, a bottle from which he took a drink, without saying a word to me, much to my astonishment, and commenced strutting as before. I just then recollected I had in my bosom a small bottle of whiskey, and that it would not do to be outdone by this Mexican, so I handed my rein to the right file of my platoon, and commenced playing the peacock in front of my men. In a few minutes I halted short, and ordered my men to hand me the bottle out of my holster, and took a drink, curled my mustache, and continued peacocking it. As soon as my Mexican friend saw me imitating movements he walked faster—I increased my pace—he halted and took a drink. I halted and took a drink. Thus we performed for some time, until I actually bluffed him off, for he walked to the rear of his platoon, when, I halted and sat down on the grass."

MOORISH LADIES.

Major Noah, the veteran quilt driver of the N. Y. Messenger, gives the following rich reminiscence of his residence in Algiers:

When in Tunis, I found myself in love with a handsome Mussulman lady, who lived on the opposite side of the street, scarcely ten feet wide, and who would draw aside the silken curtains from the iron bars of her window, when unobserved, to converse with me in *Lingua Franca*. I talked of love—like all young fellows of twenty-one—with an irrepressible ardor.—No! no! Side, said she, we were detected, it would be nothing to you—you would only lose your head; I should have my face unveiled, his mouth to ride backwards on a mule, tied in a sack, and thrown into the sea.

My ardor fell like a barometer in squall; and the little value she bestowed on my head—contrasted with her disregard,—did not increase my affection. She said what was true. It is the inevitable punishment of being detected in an intrigue with these barbarians. It is rather dangerous therefore, to inquire of a man after his wife's health. This wretched life, however, of the female of Barbary, creates a feeling of melancholy, and makes her prone to the tender passion. This melancholy never leaves her—she seldom smiles. Her husband takes her to his country house, has music, dancing, and festivities to liven her—she is still the same taciturn and melancholy creature.

We sometimes pity an otherwise nice some woman who has unwieldy proportions, and give way for her in the usual reluctance, but in Barbary she would carry off the palm. The more fatness, the greater beauty as a wife—and, therefore, tender mothers begin at an early age to fatten their daughters. They allow them very little exercise, compel them to eat very rich substances, little paste balls, larded in oil, and every kind of food calculated to produce obesity. The result is that the lady who requires a camel to carry her, is the first on the list. Let a peacock with three tails walk down through the line of Christian and Mussulman beauties, he will pass by with indifference the light graceful and sylphlike forms which we are so attracted, and stop with admiration in front of a lady weighing more than three hundred pounds, smack his lips and exclaim, "*Melechi esseri*. This is rich."

A MILLIONAIRE IN PARIS.—Immense Wealth.

The New York Express gives the following statement in relation to the well known *Marquis Daligre* who died at Paris, lately, in the 83d year of his age. From his large investments in this country, his death has caused quite a stir in Wall Street.

It appears that some eight or ten years ago, the Marquis deposited in the New York Life insurance, the *Farmer's Trust*, and *Ohio Trust*, nearly a hundred thousand dollars each, and took out an annuity during his life, from which he realized the following sums annually:—

From the N. Y. Life Ins. & Trust	\$11,000
" " Farmer's Trust	13,000
" " Ohio Trust	6,000
" " Pennsylvania Annuity	10,000
" " Gerard Life	8,000
Total	\$48,000

One half of this sum, amounting to nearly fifty thousand dollars in all, he has received semi-annually; and the conditions were that at his decease, the whole sum originally paid shall revert to the companies. The companies are, at his decease, relieved not only from the annual payment of a large sum, but have realized a great profit. The *Farmer's Trust* have, after calculating interest, received twenty-five thousand dollars; the New York Life and Trust, forty-six thousand dollars, and other companies in proportion. The Marquis was a man of immense wealth. His income was over a million of francs annually. He leaves over sixty millions of francs in real estate; and the bulk of his fortune to a grandchild only nineteen months old. He lived by rule and eat and drank by weight and measure, and regulated all his conduct by the strictest exactness. He calculated to live till he was a hundred and fifty; and he had, would probably have been, known the companies that had granted the annuities.

Wealth is power.