

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

J. J. BRUNER,
Editor & Proprietor.



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

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SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1851.

At the request of the Commandant of the Castle, the prisoners were asked if they had the benefit of medical attendance since their confinement. They replied that they had. They were also asked if they had been provided with two meals a day, and whether they had bread and coffee for breakfast? Some said that they had; but others replied that they had no coffee. The commandant immediately inquired the reason of his subordinate, who stated that those who had been confined there on the previous evening came too late to be provided for on that morning, but that they would have their allowance of coffee at dinner. He stated that the others had been provided for according to the order.

It may be proper to add that the prisoners appeared to be in good health, and by no means so much reduced as their exposure and hardships would seem to warrant. They even appeared to be cheerful, which may have been the effect of their relief from a condition of far greater anxiety and suffering, experienced during their wanderings upon the island.

I should have stated that my first lieutenant, Mr. Taylor, was with me during this interview.

The whole number of prisoners, including those not yet brought to Havana, is officially stated to be about one hundred and thirty.

I have just learned that Lopez, who was captured on Friday last, (August 29) was brought in last night, and publicly garoted at seven o'clock this morning.

[TRANSLATION.]
HAVANA, August 27, 1851.

SIR: I have received the letter which you addressed to me this day, soliciting my permission to hold an interview with the prisoners who have been brought to this port, and who formed a part of the invading expedition which attacked this Island. I inform you in reply, that I order the Commandant of her Majesty's frigate "Esperanza," on board of which the prisoners are, to admit you at any hour at which you may present yourself, to hold the desired interview, with permission to remain with the prisoners so long as you may find it convenient. And I avail myself of this occasion to assure you of the esteem which your noble conduct and frank and honorable character entitle you to from me.

I am, therefore, with all respect,
your obedient servant, &c.
JOSE DE LA CONCHA.
CHARLES T. PLATT, Esq.

Commanding U. S. sloop-of-war Albany,
and senior officer of the naval forces
of the U. S. in this port.

AMERICAN TRIUMPHS ON THE OCEAN.

The American yacht America, which went over from New York to England, has proved fleetier than the fleetest vessel on that side. The following letter on the subject, under date of London, 19th August, which we copy from the Philadelphia American, will be read with interest:

England has enjoyed a world-wide fame for her fine squadron of yachts, which the noblemen and gentlemen belonging to the different Yacht Clubs have taken a pride in exhibiting at home and abroad. These gentlemen are now enjoying themselves at their clubs at the Isle of Wight, where their annual regattas come off. The last great race of the yatching world will take place on Friday, the 22d, and it is open to the clubs of all nations. No less than seventeen of the finest yachts afloat will contend for the prize, a cup of the value of one hundred pounds.

The American yacht America, Commodore J. C. Stevens, has entered as a competitor. The appearance of this beautiful craft off Cowes has caused an extraordinary sensation in the Yacht Clubs, for she has made two or three short trial trips with a few of the English yachts, and has in every instance ran away from them all! Last week a few gentlemen were ready to stake hundreds or thousands against her, but since they have witnessed her speed, they have not accepted Mr. Stevens' challenge to the Yacht Squadron of the Kingdom, on the plea that Mr. Stevens proposes to start with "at least a knot breeze" and requests permission to "boom out," which is against the rules of the Royal Yacht Club. Mr. Stevens offered to run his yacht against any yacht, and for any stake up to ten thousand pounds. I believe up to this date the challenge has not been accepted. Meantime the deepest interest is manifested in the grand Regatta of Friday. Several Americans, who had intended to depart for home to-morrow, will remain expressly to witness this race, for it is not yacht against yacht, but America against the world. In the absence of political news, the London press takes up this subject in an earnest manner, and have their special correspondents at the Isle of Wight to report everything connected with yachts and yatching.

The Derby or Oaks never attracted more attention or caused greater excitement than the forthcoming regatta. One writer, referring to the race of last Friday at Ryde, says that the squadron of vessels following the yachts were joined by the "America," and from the manner in which, one by one, she soon distanced them, she satisfactorily proved that the pretensions of Brother Jonathan to superiority was no idle boast; "and the numerous spectators had a most convincing demonstration that her clipper build and last sailing had not been overrated; in fact, the 'Great American' was the theme of general conversation." Another writer

states that the America beat a schooner of 130 tons, with all sails set, "most shamefully," and she could probably, beat all the schooners and cutters of England. The correspondent of the Times, describing the proceedings at Ryde on Friday last, says that the event of the day was the appearance of "the Yankee." She did not show any superiority till she was off Ryde pier, "when she seemed as if she had put a screw into her stern, hoisted her fore and aft foresail, and began to fly through the water. She passed schooners and cutters just as a Derby winner passes the 'ruck,' and as the breeze freshened, slid with the speed of an arrow out towards the Nab, standing upright as a ramrod under her canvass, while the schooners were staggering under every stitch they could set, and the cutters were heeling over under gaff topsails and balloon jibs."

The America went about "in splendid style, spinning round like a top, and came bowling away towards Cowes as fast if not faster, than ever. As if to let our best craft see she did not care about them she went up to each in succession, ran to leeward of every one of them as she could and shot before them in succession coming to anchor off Ryde at least two miles ahead of any of the crafts she had been running against." Having landed Mr. Stevens, she afterwards sailed for Cowes, "and bowled away like a sea gull, leaving all the boatmen and yachmen with a deep sense that she was 'a tartar.'" The Times treats the English shipwrights to lay aside the delusion that they are the best builders in the world, and to take a hint "even from an enemy, and follow the models of the Yankees, instead of persisting in their present shape and mould of bow, beam, quarter, and run." The Times states that the anxiety respecting the result of the great race of the 22d, is deep and earnest, and that the course round the Isle of Wight is notoriously most unfair to strangers; and, indeed, is not a good race-ground to any one, inasmuch as the current and tides render local knowledge of more value than swift sailing and nautical skill.

The advice by the steamer America to 24th August, state that the challenge of the American yacht to sail against all the English, was not accepted; and that at the regatta which came off on the 22nd the "America" was triumphant over all competitors.

THE FIRE ANNIHILATOR.

We copy from the Baltimore Sun the following interesting information in relation to Phillip's Annihilator. We are gratified to learn that a company has been formed in this country with the right to fabricate and vend these machines:

PHILLIP'S FIRE ANNIHILATOR—Formation of a Company—Trial of the Apparatus. The National Intelligencer confirms the statement that some citizens of the United States of high standing having, after negotiations during the summer, obtained from the patentees in England the right of fabricating and vending Phillip's celebrated fire annihilator, they have in conjunction with other respectable gentlemen at Washington, formed an association for carrying into effect, in the most vigorous and extensive manner, their laudable and interesting object. The Intelligencer adds:

"The members of the company have been in conference in Washington city several days past, and the result of their meeting, we understand, has been the appointment of the Hon. Elihu Whittlesey as President of the Company, and P. T. Barnum, Esq. of world wide celebrity, as General Manager and Secretary. The company have already entered on measures for the fabrication of annihilators as fast as possible, until they shall be commensurate with the demands of the country, and that we presume will be every house throughout the land worth saving from the flames."

"The mode of charging it is as follows: The outer case, which has a double bottom, is filled with a certain quantity of water, and two cylinders, each opening at the top and bottom and the sides pierced with holes, are placed in the inside of the outer case or vessel. In the inside cylinder is placed a block of composition, greatly resembling in appearance, taste and smell, gunpowder; though of course, not possessing its detonating properties. In the centre of this block is an orifice, in which is placed a vial containing two or three kinds of acids. A small orifice, which communicates between the interior of the machine and compartment under false bottom, in which the water is contained, is stopped up with soap or beeswax, and the top having been placed on, the Annihilator is ready for operation. The mode of putting it in operation is by a small iron rod which passes down through the top and rests on the vial. Pressing this down at once breaks the vial, discharges the acids and the combustion of the block of composition immediately takes place. An intense heat is at once produced, steam is almost instantly generated from the water in the bottom of the vessel, and this steam passing through and opening the orifice which had been closed with soap or beeswax, mingles with the gas in the interior, and both are discharged together with tremendous force and volume through the nozzle of the machine on the fire which it is desired to extinguish."

A trial of the Annihilator was had in this city (Baltimore) on Thursday, in the presence of a number of gentlemen, in the yard of the Merchants' shot tower. The machine is one of several which have been imported by Messrs. Edwards, Sanford & Co., of Adams & Co's Foreign Express, and is of what is called the house size, or the smallest manufactured; its cost in England £3. The experiments were under the superintendance of Mr. Samuel M. Shoemaker, Mr. Wm. Peters, and Mr. Geo. A.

Rawlings, and were witnessed by a number of gentlemen who had been invited to be present. Several barrels of shavings and chips, saturated with turpentine, and fully ignited, were easily extinguished by the gas thrown from it into the barrel.

A further experiment was made yesterday afternoon by Messrs. Shoemaker and Peters, in an open lot adjoining the Vulcan Iron Works of Messrs. Murray and Hazlehurst, in presence of a number of gentlemen anxious to test the utility and efficiency of this important invention. A tar-barrel, thoroughly saturated, and filled with shavings, and dry boards split up, the whole well soaked with turpentine, was set up on end on an iron frame to admit of free draught from below, and ignited; in an instant the contents were enveloped in flame which rose with violence some eight or ten feet above the edge of the barrel. At a time when the combustion was most intense, and the heat had fairly taken hold of the boards and the sides of the barrel, the instrument was put in operation, and a stream of the gaseous fluid, which was instantly generated, directed upon the flaming pile. The effect was astonishing. Although probably, under the disadvantage of an application in the open air, but a small proportion of the gas evolved by the instrument was actually discharged upon the flame, the whole was extinguished in twenty five seconds, and nothing remained but the reeking barrel and its black, charred and moistened contents. Not a spark was to be seen, yet the power of the instrument was not exhausted until some time after it had accomplished its work.

THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN CASE.

We are requested by Mr. Early, in order to prevent misunderstanding, to say that the agents of the Northern and Southern Churches agreed to employ, and did employ, the same reporter in this case. (Mr. Sutton was the gentleman engaged.) They agreed also to use the same set of plates with their respective imprints for the North and South. The work is completed, and may be found at the Methodist Book Concern, 167 Main street, Richmond, where any man can have it bound in muslin for 80 cents, or in paper for 50 cents. It is a work of deep interest to all Southern men, and especially to all lawyers, Northern or Southern. It forms, indeed, a part, and a most important part, of the history of the times.—[Richmond Dispatch]

GO AHEAD!

John B. Crockett, the son of Davy Crockett, the editor of the St. Louis Intelligencer, is now travelling in the Eastern States. His letters to his paper are unusually interesting. We cut the following description of the 'go-ahead-iveness' of the Yankees, from his last letter:

The Yankees are emphatically a 'fast' people. Whatever they engage in, they do it 'with a rush.' If it be a matter of business, and a dollar sparkles in the distance, they go at it as if life and death depended on the issue. If they are engaged simply in sight seeing, they appear always resolved to have the first sight; or if a meal is to be eaten, they are sure to get seats at the first table. When a boat is about to start, they are the first aboard, and when it lands, they are invariably the first ashore. Not content with travelling thirty miles an hour over a railroad, they jump off carpet-bag in hand, at the end of the trip, before the cars stop. 'Go ahead, at the top of your speed,' is their motto, whether in business or pleasure. This indomitable, never-ceasing energy is the secret of their success, and although it is sometimes carried to a ludicrous extent, yet, upon the whole, it is a valuable trait. Since I left home, I have often been reminded of an illustration of the desire to hurry through the world, which I heard from one of our own citizens a short time since. He said that if a big mortar could be constructed which would throw an immense bombshell, containing fifteen passengers, from St. Louis to Boston, in five minutes, with an absolute certainty that fourteen out of the fifteen would be killed by the explosion, he thought tickets for seats by the 'Express Bomb shell Line' would at once be at a premium; each passenger being anxious for the chance to prove himself 'the lucky fifteenth.'

A STREET FIGHT.

A fight lately occurred at Winchester, Tenn., between the Hon. Hopkins L. Turney, late U. S. Senator, and George W. White, Esq., editor of the Independent.—The News says: Turney attacked White, striking him in the face with his fist. White then drew his knife, when Turney cried out that he was unarmed, and asked the crowd standing around to take White away. Neither was seriously injured, as White made no attempt to stab Turney after he "holered."

FALL FASHIONS.

The Philadelphia City Item says that Scotch plaids will carry all before them this winter. Plaid silks, plaid ribbons, plaid bonnets, plaid gaiters, are to rule. The styles are brilliant and picturesque, and will lend a charm-kaleid-escopic hue of Chestnut street. The gentlemen are also to wear plaids. Plaid pants, plaid vests and business coats. The blue dress coat with metal buttons, is gaining ground daily, and soon it will occupy the promineny that first distinguished it."

THE YOUNG SUCKER VOLUNTEERS IN MEXICO.

A writer in a Canadian paper, describing the peculiarities of the young men in Illinois, tells the following story: "The way the Young Sucker Volunteers fought in Mexico, may give you some idea of their characteristics. He was there perfectly desperate in a fight. One of the officers related to me a little scene which occurred at Buena Vista when the whole brunt of the Mexican advance was borne by an Illinois Regiment. It seemed as though they would be annihilated by superiority of numbers, when a young Sucker drew his rifle deliberately, and dropped a Mexican. "Set up the pins!" and the whole regiment took up the word and at every fire would shout—"Set up the pins." The officer said they fought like demons, and with as much drollery and fun, as if on a spree. At another time, when a charge was ordered, one of the officers could not think of the word, and he shouted "let her rip!" when the whole line burst out with the yell, "let 'er rip!" and dashed in among the Mexicans, laughing and shouting the new battle cry."

Curious.—On last Friday, while some workmen were engaged in preparing the rock for the underpinning of Mrs. Love's Hotel, Mr. Davis broke open a rock, that had all the external appearance of being perfectly solid, when out flew a beautiful variegated Butterfly, and flew away as nimbly as if its tiny wings had never been confined in its rock cell. We examined the rock after the butterfly had fled, and found a small cavity in the centre of the rock sufficiently large for its repose—but all around was solid stone.—We have often read of toads being cut out of large trees, and serpents being found imbedded in stones, but this is the first instance we recollect, of this beautiful and ephemeral summer bird being found in such close quarters. This will be food for the curious and skilled to digest.—Troy (Ala.) Palladium.

TO OUR PATRONS.

The present number closes our connection with the Lincoln Courier; and we are not prepared to say whether or not the paper will be continued under other auspices. We have experienced much pleasure in our intercourse with the citizens of old Lincoln, and they shall ever be remembered for the kindness they have extended us. We shall change our location in a short time, and from the town of Yorkville, still trust to keep up a communication with the Old North State.—This change has not been of our own seeking, nor is it a matter of necessity; but our interests demand the sacrifice of some comforts and friendships. We extend to our brethren of the North Carolina press our thanks for their kindness and trust our acquaintance will still be kept up.—To such as will comply with the request, we would ask them to direct their papers to the "Remedy," Yorkville, S. C.

FROM THE SAN FRANCISCO HERALD, AUG. 1. SHOWER OF FLESH AT BENICIA, CALIFORNIA.

On Saturday, the 20th ult., a shower of meat fell at the army station near Benicia. It was first observed by Maj. Allen, who was struck by one of the falling pieces. The shower lasted two or three minutes. The pieces were from the size of a pigeon's egg up to that of an orange—the heaviest perhaps weighing three ounces. No birds were visible in the air at the time. Specimens of this meat, which is apparently beef, were preserved by Maj. Allen and the Surgeon of the post. A piece that was examined three hours after it fell, showed a portion of a small blood vessel, some of the sheath of a muscle, and muscular fibre. It was slightly tainted.

The ground on which the shower fell was about three hundred yards long and eighty wide and the entire amount of meat between two and a half and five bushels in bulk. No pieces of bone were found. A strong wind from the west was blowing at the time, and the skies were clear. This is the third occurrence of the kind on record in the last six years.

The theories heretofore in vogue, as to the cause of such phenomena, would seem to be negatived by the accounts given of this instance. We trust the surgeon of the post will publish his observations on the subject, both for the benefit of science, and the satisfaction of public curiosity.

DEATH FROM THE BITE OF A RATTLENAKE.—Wm. Lovatt, who was on Monday bit by a rattlesnake, which he kept in his house as a curiosity, died about three o'clock on Tuesday of the effects of the poison. He endured the most horrible tortures from the time he was bit until death relieved him. His limbs and body were awfully swollen, and actually turned black. Three physicians were in attendance, but their applications failed to have the least effect.—Phila. paper.

The Washington Telegraph says: We have learned from good authority that arrangements have been made in this country by means of which five thousand men will in a very short time be placed on the Isthmus of Cuba, subject to the command of leaders who need not be tried. We could state the details of these arrangements were it politic to do so.

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer.] AN AUCTION SCENE.

Strolling through our city, we chanced into an auction-room to see what bargains we could make. The auctioneer was upon the stand with a piece of calico.

"Eight cents a yard!—who says ten?" "I'll give you ten," says an old lady.

"Going at ten! Going!—gone! Yours, madam; walk in and settle."

"I didn't bid on it," exclaimed the old lady, advancing.

"We'll thank persons not to bid if they don't want an article," said the auctioneer. "Going, then, at eight! Who says more than eight?" "Nine cents," said an old gentleman opposite.

"Nine!—nine!—who says ten! Going at nine!—going!—gone! Yours, sir. Cash takes it at nine cents."

"I didn't bid," said the gentleman. "I don't want it; I wouldn't give you five cents for the whole piece."

[Auctioneer, getting mad:] "If any one bids again, they will have to take the article or get into trouble. [throwing down angrily the piece of calico.] Give me something else. Ah! gentlemen, here is a fine piece of diaper.—What can I get for this? What do I hear?—anything you please!"

"I'll start it at five." "Ten," says another. "Twelve and a half," says a third. "Thirteen," cries an old lady. "Fourteen! fifteen!" cried several voices.

"Fifteen I am offered!—fifteen!—done at fifteen!—cant dwell!—going!—going!—gone!—Yours, sir. Stop up, whoever bid."

No one came up—all eyes staring in various parts of the room.

"Gone, then, at fourteen! Yours, sir, walk up here!"

But the bidder could not be made to walk up.

"Thirteen, then, madam; you can have it at your bid."

"I didn't bid. What do you think I want of that article?" said the old lady, indignantly.

"Here, I'll take it at thirteen," exclaimed a voice at the other end of the room. All eyes were turned in that direction, but no claimant stepped forward.

"Who says they'll take it at thirteen?" "I do," said an old fat-faced farmer.

"Well, sir, walk up and take it."

"I'm afraid it's stolen goods!" says the fat-faced man.

The auctioneer, now quite mad, sprang down, and was about collaring the old man, when a person rising behind him, cried:

"Don't strike him! It was me that said you stole them!"

The auctioneer turned round, when a big dog, apparently right at his heels, snuffed and barked most furiously. With a sudden spring upon his counter, he ordered the crowd to leave.—An acquaintance at our elbow, no longer able to contain himself, burst into a loud laugh, as a genteel little man passed out at the door, whom he told us was Blitz, the ventriloquist.

AN IRISH SALUTE.

Two Irishmen were left in charge of a ship while its officers went ashore, and strictly enjoined not to make or permit any noise on board; but a jug of "ould Irish," one of them had, and the opportunity for "a bit of a spree," was too great a temptation for them to resist. They indulged freely, and as many of our public men have been known to do, soon drank themselves into a very patriotic spirit when one says to the other,

"Be jabers an' let's fire a salute."

"Agreed," says the other, "but that wud make the devil's own noise."

"Tut, man, we'll stop that, just you hold a bag over the mouth of the jug, me darlin', an' we'll hear a roarin' salute without any noise at all at all."

Pat acquiesced in the arrangement, and held the bag as directed, while the other touched off the cannon. The officers hearing the report, hastened on board, where they found one of the Irishmen and everything in a great state of bewilderment. He was asked what had become of his comrade. "Sure," said he, "Paterick was holdin' a bag over the mouth of the cannon to stop the noise, while I touched it off, and the last I seed of him, he was goin' wid the bag, in a great hurry towards the shore, and that's the last account I can give ye."

Young America.—Father, exclaimed the hopeful son and heir of a gentleman of our acquaintance, on Friday last, while the latter was congratulating the youth upon his smartness in his scholastic studies—the youngster having attained eight years of age—"Father, I'm an American, ain't I?"

"Yes, my boy, you are," responded the delighted parent.

"Well, father, you ain't, are you?" "Not by birth, my son."

"Well, then, exclaimed young America, in a thoughtful manner, when I grow to be a man, I will be able to lick two like you, won't I?"

Mr. Smith, you said once that you officiated in the pulpit—do you mean by that you preached?"

"No, sir; I held the light for the man what did."

"Ah!—The court understood you differently. They supposed that the discourse came from you."

No, sir; I only throw'd a light on it.

No levity, Mr. Smith."

Happy Man.—The editor of the Pittsburg Chronicle says: "Talk about the enjoyment of wealth! It never can be enjoyed. An abundance of wealth is a heap of misery. A man who owns a house, a small wife, a big dog, a cow, two or three fat pigs, and a dozen children, ought to be satisfied. If he ain't he can never be."

Cholera.—The Red River (La.) Republican, of the 15th August, says that the cholera is prevailing fearfully in the upper end of Rapides parish, and above on Cane river. Mr. MEXAPITH CALHOUN had lost seventy negroes by it, and eighty more were under treatment. J. M. MURPHY, one of his overseers, had died of the fatal disease; also, Dr. J. S. MARTIN, one of the several physicians employed to wait upon the sick. Several cases had occurred at Claiborne, and the disease had made its appearance on Cane river. One lady, a widow, had just five out of seven hands.

A change of fortune hits a wise man no more than a change in the moon.