

# THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

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Editor & Proprietor.

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR  
RULERS."



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

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forward and produced the coin, testifying at the same time that he had received it on the very evening of the robbery, from the prisoner's master, in payment of a debt; and the traveller or prosecutor, on comparing it with the other nineteen, swore that it was according to the best of his belief, one of the twenty marked guineas taken from him by the highwayman, and of which the other nineteen were found on Jennings.

"The Judge summed up the evidence, pointing out all the concurring circumstances against the prisoner; and the jury, convinced by the strong accumulation of circumstantial evidence, without going out of court, brought in a verdict of guilty. Jennings was executed some time afterwards at Hull, repeatedly declaring his innocence up to the very moment of his execution.

"Within about twelve months afterwards, Mr. Brunell, the master of Jennings, was himself taken up for a robbery committed on a guest in the house, and the fact being proved on the trial, he was convicted and ordered for execution. The approach of death brought on repentance, and repentance confession. Brunell not only acknowledged that he had been guilty of many highway robberies, but owned himself to have committed the very one for which poor Jennings suffered.

"The account which Brunell gave, was that after having robbed the traveller, he had got home before him by swifter riding and a nearer way. That he found a man waiting for him, and to whom, not having enough of other money in his pocket, he gave away one of the twenty guineas which he had just obtained by the robbery. Presently came in the robbed gentleman, who, whilst Brunell, not knowing of his arrival, was in the stable, told his tale, as before related, in the kitchen. The gentleman had scarcely left the kitchen before Brunell entered it, and there, to his consternation, heard of the guineas being marked. He became dreadfully alarmed. The guinea which he had paid away he dared not ask back again, and as the affair of the robbery, as well as the circumstance of the marked guineas, would soon become public knowledge, he saw nothing but detection, disgrace and death. In this dilemma, the thought of accusing and sacrificing poor Jennings occurred to him. The state of intoxication in which Jennings was, gave him an opportunity of concealing the money in the waiter's pocket. The rest of the story the reader knows."

**TALE OF A SHIRT COLLAR.**

We find the following rich story in a late number of the New York Spirit of the Times. As the weather is very warm we recommend it to be read in a cool corner, or in a shady grove, at some of our summer retreats or watering places:

I will give you an adventure of a bashful lover. His name was Dampshire but we used to call him "Jackass" for short. Heaven help me if he should ever hear this story; I hope he don't take the Spirit. Among his many misfortunes, for he was cock-eyed, red-haired, and knock-kneed, he numbered that inconvenient one of bashfulness; nevertheless he was fond of the ladies, although when in their presence he never opened his mouth if he could help it, and when he did speak he used both hands to help him to talk; in fact, he was a young man of "great actions."

Jack, one warm day fell in love. He had just graduated at college, and began to think he must seek the society of the ladies; he was getting to be a man, and it looked manly to have a "penchant."

So Jack fell in love with the liveliest, sweetest, most hoydenish girl in the square but how to tell his love. There was the rub. He had heard a good deal of the "language of the eyes," and he accordingly tried that; but when he looked particularly hard at the window in which Miss Emily was in the habit of sitting, some person on the other side of the street would invariably bow to him, thinking he was endeavoring to catch their eye. He has despised expressive eyes ever since.

At length Jack obtained an introduction through his sister, and with her he called several times, but she was obliged to leave the city for a season, and as each interview had only increased his ardor, he finally determined upon "going it alone."

Long before the hour fixed upon by custom for an evening visit, he found himself arrayed in his best. Blue coat, metal buttons, black cassimere pants, (said pants being a leetle tighter than the skin,) and a spotless vest. The journals of the day state, as an item of intelligence, that the thermometer ranged from 75 to 80deg.—Jack swears it was a hundred. As the hour gradually drew near, Jack found his perspiration and courage oozing out together, and he almost determined to pull off and stay at home. He concluded, however, he'd take a walk past the house, and see how he felt.

By the time he reached the mansion he finally concluded not to go in, but on casting his eyes towards the parlor window, and perceiving no signs of life there, he thought it probable that no one was at home, and since he had proceeded so far he would proceed farther and leave his card.

No sooner determined than concluded. In a reckless moment he pulled the bell; the darned thing needn't make such a cursed noise. The door was opened as if by magic, and the servant girl politely asked him in. Miss Emily was alone in the parlor, and would be delighted to see him.

O Lord, here was a fix! Go in a dark room with a pretty girl alone. It was too late to retreat, the girl had closed the front door, and was pointing to the parlor where Miss Emily was sitting all alone.

Being perfectly convinced that no choice was left him, into the dark room he walked, or rather slid.

All was perfect chaos to his eyes for a moment, but only for a moment; then from the deepest gloom came forth an angel voice—"bidding him welcome and draw near." To obey the order was but the work of a moment, as he supposed; but the little dream of the obstacle which fate had thrown in his way. He knew full well the stream of love had many ripples, but full grown snags entered not into his calculation.

Judge then of his astonishment on being tripped up almost at the feet of a fair one by a fat stool with plethoric legs, which chance or a careless servant had placed exactly on his road to happiness. Over he went, and as the tailor had not allowed for an extra tension of muscles and sinews, he not only procured a tumble, but also a compound fracture of the black pants aforesaid; said fracture extending all across that point which comes in contact with the chair.

Having picked himself up as carefully as circumstances would allow, the smothered laugh of Miss Emily not setting him forward any, he at last succeeded in reaching a chair, and drawing his coat tails forward to prevent a disagreeable exposure, sat himself down with as much grace as a bear would be expected to exhibit when requested to dance on needles.

The young lady was almost suffocated with laughter at the sad misfortune of the bashful lover, felt truly sorry for him, and used all her powers of fascination to drive it from his mind, and eventually succeeded so far as to induce him to make a remark.

On this rock he split, for just at that moment she discovered that she had lost her handkerchief. What had become of it? She was sure she had it when she came in. It must certainly be some where about.

"Hav'n't you got it under you, Mr. Dampshire?"

Jack was sure that couldn't be so, but poor Jack, in venturing an answer, could not possibly get along without raising his hands, and of course he must drop his coat tail. In his anxiety to recover the missing viper, he even ventured to incline his body so as to get a glance on the floor. As he did so the fracture opened, and behold, there lay, as the lady supposed, her property.

It was the work of a moment to seize the corner and exclaim—

"Here it is, sir; you needn't trouble yourself. Raise a little, it is under you!" at the same time giving it a long pull.

Alas, the "tail" was told—no escape—nothing short of a special interposition of Providence could save his shirt. But what could he do? Another, and another strong pull, evincing on the part of the lady a praise-worthy determination to obtain the "lost dry goods," coupled with the request—

"Get up sir, you're sitting on it," determined him, and in the agony of the moment, grabbing with both hands a fast disappearing strip of linen which encircled his neck, he exclaimed in heart-broken accents, "For God's sake, Miss Emily leave my shirt collar!"

**THE RUM-SELLER'S DEBT.**

Give that mother back her son as he was on the day when he returned from his father's grave, and in the affection of his uncorrupted boyhood, walked to the house of God, with a weeping mother leaning on his arm. Give that grieving man back his brother, as innocent and happy as in that day when the boys, twined in each other's arms, returned from school, bent over the same Bible, slept in the same bed, and never thought that the day would come when brother would blush for brother. Give the sorrowful maiden, who in all the fondness of a gushing affection, has bestowed her heart's best jewel upon whom the fatal "cup" has degraded and rendered unworthy, the gift, the treasure of love which she pledged—but read in the tearful countenance, the hues of suffering and of pain, caused by the reckless conduct of him whom intemperance has robbed of every generous impulse. Give this weeping wife who sits before us, wringing her hands in agony, the tears dripping through her jewelled fingers, and the lines of sorrow prematurely drawn upon her brow—give her back the man she loved, such as he was when her young heart was won, when they stood side by side on the nuptial day; and receiving her from a fond father's hand, he promised his love to one whose heart he has broken, and whose once graceful form bends with sorrow to the ground.—Give me back, as a man, the friends of my youthful days, whose wrecks now lie on the wreck-strewn shore. Give me back, as a minister, the brothers I have seen dragged from the pulpits which they adorned, and driven from the sweet mansions where we have closed the happy evening with praise and prayer to stand pale and haggard at a public bar. Give me back, as the pastor, the lambs which I have lost—give me her, who in the days of her unswerving innocence, waited on our ministry to be told the way to Heaven, and was led from that to hell, and whose unblinking forehead we now shrink to see as she prowls through the streets for her prey. Give me back the life of this

youth who died a drunkard's death—and his dread doom—and who now, while his mother by the body, rocks in speechless agony, is laid out in a chamber where we are left to weep with those who weep "dumb," opening not the mouth. Relieve our fears for the character and souls of some who hold parley with the devil by his forbidden tree, and are floating on the edge of the great Gulf Stream which sweeps its victims onward to meet the most direful.—*Rev. Dr. Guthrie.*

## ADAPTATION OF THE COLORS OF ANIMALS TO THEIR HAUNTS.

Throughout the animal creation, the adaptation of the color of the creature to its haunts is worthy of admiration, as tending to its preservation. The colors of insects, and of a multitude of the smaller animals, contribute to their concealment.

Caterpillars which feed on leaves are generally either green, or have a large proportion of that hue in the color of their coats. As long as they remain still, how difficult it is to distinguish a grasshopper or young locust from the herbage or leaf on which it rests. The butterflies that flit about among flowers are colored like them. The small birds which frequent hedges have backs of a greenish or brownish green hue, and their bellies are generally whitish, or light colored, so as to harmonize with the sky. Thus they become less visible to the hawk or cat that passes above or below them. The way farer across the fields almost treads upon the sky-lark before he sees it rise warbling to heaven's gate. The goldfinch or thistle finch passes much of its time among flowers, and is vividly colored accordingly.—The partridge can hardly be distinguished from the fallow or stubble among which it crouches, and it is an accomplishment among sportsmen to have a good eye for finding a hare sitting. In northern countries, the winter dress of the hares and parmigians is white, to prevent detections among the snows of those inclement regions.

If we turn to the waters, the same design is evident. Frogs even vary their color according to that of the mud or sand that forms the bottom of the ponds or streams which they frequent—nay, the tree frog, (*Hyla viridis*)—takes its specific name from the color, which renders it so difficult to see it among the leaves, where it adheres by the cupping-glass like processes at the end of its toes. It is the same with fish, especially those which inhabit the fresh waters. Their backs, with the exception of gold and silver fish, are comparatively dark; and some practice is required before they are satisfactorily made out, as they come like shadows, and so depart, under the eye of the spectator. A little boy once called out to a friend to "come and see, for the bottom of the brook was moving along." The friend came, and saw that a thick shoal of gudgeons, roach, and dace was passing. It is difficult to detect "the ravenous lucc," as old Izaak calls the pike, with its dark green and mottled back and sides, from the similarly tinted weeds among which that fresh water shark lies on the watch, as motionless as they. Even when a tearing old trout, a six or seven pounder, sails in his wantonness, leisurely up stream, with his back fin partly above the surface, on the look-out for a fly, few, except a well entered fisherman, can tell what shadowy form it is that ripples the wimpling water. But the bellies of fish are white, or nearly so, thus imitating, in a degree, the color of the sky, to deceive the otter, which generally takes its prey from below, swimming under the intended victim.

Nor is this design less manifest in the color and appearance of some of the largest terrestrial animals; for the same principle seems to be kept in view, whether regard be had to the smallest insects, or the quadrupedal giants of the land.

## EARLY DAYS IN ILLINOIS.

OR, THE WAY COL. B.—LEVED ON THE CALF.

We have read many "good ones" of the early settlers of the West, but the following, we believe, is a little ahead of anything we have seen as yet. As it was related to us by Col. B.—himself, there is no doubt of its truth:

The Colonel said he came to this State from Onondaga county, New York, in 1832, when he was about nineteen, and though rather verdant, in his own estimation, he was considered "some punkins" by the good people of P—, where he first went to reside. The second year of his residence at P—(then a small town), he was elected to the office of Constable, and one of his first duties in his official capacity was to levy, by virtue of an execution, on the goods and chattels of a country neighbor.

It was a new business to B. He had never before seen a writ of execution, and his ideas of the process were quite original. It was a fine warm morning in May, when the writ was put into his hands, with a request that it should be immediately attended to. B. footed it, something over a mile, to the residence of the delinquent, and commenced operations. The beginning was easy enough. He levied on the wagon, the sled, the harness, and even the horses in the barn, without difficulty, they all remained stationary, and the old brindle calf in the spacious barn-yard walked but a few steps, and allowed him to place his hand upon her. But old brindle had a sprightly calf, of about three months, which seemed to have no idea of making familiar upon so short an acquaintance.

B.—looked despondingly at the calf as it bounded, tail in air, to the further side of the

yard. His very blandest "bossy, bossy, bossy!" as he extended his right hand enticingly, was regarded with suspicion by the mischievous bovine. B. re-read the writ—he could put but one construction on its meaning. It was a command to levy on all goods and chattels, &c., and it must be obeyed. Besides, he would not risk the chances of being laughed at, by the other "officers," and mayhap losing custom, for being unable to levy upon a calf; to give it up was not to be thought of.

For some time the Colonel tried with the utmost *suaviter in modo*, to induce young brindle to stand still, "just thing enough (to use his own words) for me to lay this small paper on your back, and I won't hurt you, you young scamp." It was no go; "bossy" was not to be fooled by the intruder's *douceur*. B. concluded to give chase.

For nearly half an hour he worried himself in vain attempts to lay hold of "bossy's" hind-most extremity. The sweat oozed out of every pore. He threw off his coat and tucked his pants into the top of his boots, and, with the writ in his hand, renewed his chase in the most determined manner. Away went the calf and away followed the Colonel—now taking "the most direct route" round the straw stack; now performing astonishing feats of agility across the four-foot ditch that drained the yard, over the old sled or "gudeman's" milk stool; one moment almost within reach of his victim; the next, nearly the distance of the yard apart. It was a lucky moment for B. when young brindle halted opposite the stack, while he recovered his understanding from a miscalculated leap that ended in the ditch. He walked slowly away, taking a circuit that brought him and the unwilling victim at opposite sides of the stack; cautiously he crept around towards the animal's rear, and succeeded in just touching his family pride, (the reader will excuse us,) when away he bounded, and away again followed the Colonel with the energy of despair. He at length sat down on the sled to rest, and master brindle came to a stand at the corner of the barn, with his haunches slightly protruding. Again B. crept noiselessly, along by the barn, holding his breath lest the unwary calf should take the hint; when within a proper distance, he made a successful spring and caught its unprotected extremity.

"Ah," said the Colonel, "the way the young scamp travelled about the yard with me at the end of his tail, was a warning to young constables."—Round and round the yard they went B. parting company with his hat and the "public documents therein."—Hitching his left hand gradually along the grasped extremity of the terrified brute, which ran as fast as calf never ran before, B. finally collected all his energies, and making a desperate bound, brought his right hand, containing the troublesome writ, slap upon the creature's rump, with the triumphant exclamation—

"There you devil's imp!—you're levied on at last!"

"This," said the Colonel, (who is now a M. C.) "was one of my first attempts to serve the State, and I tell you, sir, John Gilpin's celebrated ride was boy's sport in comparison."

## ORIGIN OF WORDS AND PHRASES.

**Windfall**—The origin of this term is said to be the following:

Some of the nobility of England, by the tenure of their estates, were forbid to fell any trees in the forest upon them, the timber being reserved for the use of the royal navy. Such trees as fell without cutting were the property of the occupant. A tornado was therefore, a perfect God-send in every sense of the term, to those who had occupancy of extensive forests, and the wind-fall was something of great value.

**Robbing Peter to pay Paul**—In the time of Edward the VI much of the land of St. Peter, at Westminster, was seized by his majesty's ministers and courtiers; but in order to reconcile the people to that robbery they allowed a portion of the lands to be appropriated toward the repairs of St. Paul's church; hence the phrase, "robbing Peter to pay Paul."

**He's caught a Tartar**—In some battle between the Russians and Tartars, who are a wild sort of people, in the north of Asia, a private soldier called out, "Captain, halloo there, I've caught a Tartar!" "Fetch him along then, said," said the Captain.

"Ay, but he won't let me," said the man; and the fact was the Tartar had him.—So, when a man thinks to take another in and gets bit himself, they say "He caught a Tartar."

**He! Betty Martin**—Many of our most popular vulgarisms have their origin in some whimsical perversion of language, for in fact, St. Martin is one of the worthiest of the Roman calendar, and a form of prayer commences with the words, "O, mibi Beate Martine," which was corrupted to "My eye and Betty Martin."

**Roland for an Oliver**—Although no phrase is in more common use, yet few are acquainted with its origin. The expression signifies giving an equivalent.—Roland and Oliver were two knights, famous in romance. The wonderful achievements of the one could only be equalled by those of the other. Hence the phrase, "Roland for an Oliver."

**Mind your Ps and Qs**—The origin of the phrase, "Mind your Ps and Qs," is said to have been a call of attention in the old English ale houses, to the pints and quarts being scored down to the unconscious, or reckless beer bibber.

**Hobson's Choice**—The expression "Hobson's Choice," is proverbial both in Europe and in America. The story of its origin is as follows:

Thomas Hobson was a celebrated carrier at Cambridge, England, who, to his

employment in that capacity, added the profession of supplying the students with horses. In doing this he made an equal unalterable rule that each horse should have an equal portion of time in which to rest, as well as labor; and he always refused to let a horse out of his turn.—Hence the saying, "Hobson's choice: this or none."

**Bankrupt**—Few words have so remarkable a history as the familiar word bankrupt. The money-changers of Italy had, it is said, benches or stalls, in the bourse or exchange, in former times, and at these they conducted their ordinary business. When any of them fell back in the world and became insolvent, his bench was broken, and the name of the broken bench, or *banco rotto*, was given to him. When the word was adopted into the English, it was nearer the Italian than it now is, being "bankerout," instead of bankrupt.

**THE MEMORY OF FRIENDS**—Another friend has left us, with his face turned towards the golden shores of the Pacific.—Henceforth, for a season at least, he will only appear to us as distant objects to come, in dreams and in reminiscences of the past. There are pleasing memories which constitute a chain of sympathetic association, and a medium of spiritual union, with the absent, enabling us to call up the forms and faces we have met on life's journey, and whose influence yet lingers around us like a charmed atmosphere, or an aspiration of the soul forever.

Conspicuous among the elements and the evidences of our immortality, are these golden recollections—these dauntless memories—which rise like stars in their mental heaven, and shine as the eyes of angel-watches, above the darkness of the pilgrim's lonely way. We yield to a celestial magnetism when our spirits go out, far over mountain and wave, to seek the remembered objects of our devotion. And do we not require this mysterious fellowship with the absent? For how sadly does this world of time, custom, and business, trifle with human hopes, affections and sympathies! How often are earthly pleasures destroyed, by the abrupt changes and arbitrary conditions of "the life that now is!" And the fondest attachments, oh, how are they violated by the "necessity that knows no law!"

Amid the conflict of the outward world the soul delights to prophesy of a day of rest, when duty and inclination, in all the circumstances of being, shall be united in conjugal relations, to be divorced no more forever. If mortals may be permitted to enjoy so great a boon on earth, may the blessing rest at last on those who now wander from kindred and from home.—And as the sun-beams fall on the flowers, that open to receive the golden light, so may the benedictions of angels descend and rest on the true and loving souls that are far away, quickening into increasing life and perfect beauty, the germs of immortal hope and joy.

**No use for the Trousers now**—On the morning of the meteor shower, in 1833, old Peyton Roberts, who intended making an early start to his work, got up in the midst of the display. On going to his door, he saw with amazement the sky lighted up with the falling meteors, and he concluded at once that the world was on fire, and that the day of judgment had come.

He stood for a moment gazing in speechless terror at the scene, and then, with a yell of horror sprang out of the door into the yard, right into the midst of the falling stars, and here in his efforts to dodge them, he commenced a series of ground and lofty tumbling that would have done honor to a tight-rope dancer. His wife being awakened in the meantime, and seeing old Peyton jumping and skipping about the yard, called out to him to know—

"What in the name o'sense he was doin' out thar, dancin' around thar, without his clothes on!"

But Peyton heard not—the judgment and the long black accounts he would have to settle, made him heedless of all terrestrial things; and his wife by this time becoming alarmed at his strange behavior, sprang out of bed, and running to the door, shrieked out at the top of her lungs—

"Peyton! I say Peyton! what do you mean, jumpin' about out thar? Come in and put your trousers on!"

Old Peyton, whose fears had near overcome him, faintly answered, as he fell sprawling upon the earth—"Oh! Peggy, Peggy, don't you see e-e the w-o-r-l-d's a-fire? Thar ain't no use for trousers now!"

An Irishman said, if a few gooseberries gave so fine a flavor to an apple pie, that it would be a darling of an apple-pie that was made of gooseberries entirely.

An Irishman called on a lady and gentleman, in whose employ he was, for the purpose of getting some tea and tobacco. "I had a dhrame last night, yer honors," said he to the gentleman.

"What was it, Pat?"

"Why I dhramed that your honor made me a present of a plug of tobacco, and ber ladyship there—heaven bless her!—gave me some tay for the good wife."

"Ah! Pat, dreams go by contraries, you know?"

"Faith, and they may be that," said Pat, without the least hesitation, "so yer ladyship is to give the tobacco, and his honor the tay."

An editor in Maine says that a pumpkin in that State grew so large that eight men could stand around it. This is like the man who saw a flock of birds so low that he could shake a stick at them.

A Yankee has taken out a patent for leather tanned with the bark of a dog.