

# Carolina Watchman.

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MONUMENTS,  
TOMBS,  
HEAD & FOOT STONES, & C.  
JOHN H. BUIS

JOHN H. BUIS  
The following poem, written and printed many years ago, has been handed us for publication. It will be read with interest by many, though there are but few now living who will remember ever having seen it before.—Eds. Watchman.

**A DOXOLOGY, OR SONG OF PRAISE,**  
ON THE PROGRESS AND CAPTURE OF  
GEN. EARL LORD CORNWALLIS,  
who was irresistibly compelled to surrender himself, with the residue of His Britannic Majesty's Allies, to Gen. George Washington, at Little York, in the State of Virginia, October, 1781.

1. Come saints behold what God has done,  
And trust his mighty hand;  
The Lord has raised Great Washington  
To save our bleeding land.

2. Cornwallis fam'd, that man of might,  
Appear'd within our land;  
The tories to him took their flight,  
And bow'd at his command.

3. Georgia was easily subdu'd,  
And Charles' could not stand;  
Lincoln, the great, the just, the good,  
Fell into Clinton's hand.

4. Cornwallis then march'd on with speed,  
O'er all the sylvan plains;  
The sons of liberty did bleed,  
And all their hopes were slain.

5. The friends of George no longer hide,  
But boldly strut and swell;  
The rebels with scorn deride,  
And wish them all to hell.

6. At length great Gates appear'd,  
Exalted high to fame;  
The British hero quickly heard,  
And met him on the plain.

7. No Bennington's success was there,  
Nor Saratoga's loss;  
Cornwallis had no Burgoyne's fare,  
Nor Gates the Yankee's loss.

8. All thunder-struck, the battle lost,  
Some run, and some were slain;  
Great Gates escap'd upon his horse,  
Afraid to own his name.

9. Then Carolina, South and North,  
Was fill'd with pain and woe;  
The tories seized their neighbour's worth,  
And whigs away must go.

10. All our dependence was then in God;  
We heard our pensive groan;  
We knew his hand and felt his rod,  
And bow'd before his throne.

11. The war-like Greene, Rhode-Island's son,  
Commission'd him on high;  
In this distressing hour did come,  
And all our fears did fly.

12. Greene then met Cornwallis in the field,  
When blood the earth did stain;  
And Sampson-like, he would not yield,  
But slew a thousand men.

13. The smith blew up his fire so well,  
Their iron hard did melt;  
Britons his anvil there did smell,  
And his hand hammer felt.

14. The British Lord then turn'd his course,  
And Greene pursu'd as fast;  
Had food been plenty for his force,  
No doubt he'd slain the last.

15. His Lordship's route brought him about,  
Into Virginia Land;  
The sword and bayonet then was found,  
In every buckskin's hand.

16. Great Washington, that Man of skill,  
Whom Europe's States revere;  
His Lordship's heart with grief did fill,  
For he came marching near.

17. The troops together all combine,  
And lay close siege to York;  
Without the loss of any time,  
They all engag'd the work.

18. Cannon, like claps of thunder, roar  
At Washington's command;  
The earth all stain'd with crimson gore,  
The Britons fainting stand.

19. Cornwallis struck amongst the rest,  
Retired into his camp;  
But balls still whistling round his nest,  
No peace he there could have.

20. He who once rang'd the country o'er,  
Was now confin'd in town;  
Quivering, he stood upon the shore,  
For want of elbow room.

21. Ye clouds of heaven distill no rain,  
The great Jehovah said;  
While haughty Britons are all slain,  
Or bow the stubborn head.

22. Cornwallis look'd both night and day,  
To see a British fleet;  
To drive the force of France away,  
That he might then retreat.

23. But no deliverance could be found,  
For God had fix'd his fate;  
That he should be a prisoner bound,  
And yield unto the State.

24. Where are my titles and my fame,  
The second Burgoyne cries;  
I either must survive a shame,  
Or fall a sacrifice.

25. Must Buck-skins, Yankees, France and  
All join the triumphant sound, [Spain,  
Upon the Yankey-Doodle strain,  
That I'm a prisoner bound!

26. A council then of war was held,  
And agreed as one,  
To drop their arms upon the field,  
And bow to Washington.

27. Is this the Man, the Man so great,  
Who fill'd our land with woe,  
Who threaten'd vengeance to the States?  
Is he become so low?

28. Is Lord Cornwallis overcome,  
Who made the earth to tremble?  
Like Lucifer, he's fallen down,  
And doth him much resemble.

29. No more let haughty Britons proudly  
Of what their arms can do! [boast,  
Burgoyne has lost his Albion host,  
And Lord Cornwallis too.

30. No more shall France be stigmatiz'd,  
With coward, rogue, and knave;  
But their good conduct shall be priz'd  
Amongst the heroes brave.

31. Arnold now trembles in despair,  
To hear of Briton's loss;  
His heart doth palpitate to hear  
Of guineas, rope, and cross.

32. His wooded leg we'll ne'er forget,  
But if we catch the knave,  
We'll bury that amongst the great,  
The dogs the rest may have.

33. Sir Harry's bull no more shall roar,  
No more shall gold be given;  
Now he may sail to Britain's shore,  
And carry Arnold with him.

34. The distant nations shall rejoice,  
To hear of Washington;  
And join to sing with heart and voice,  
The deeds of eighty-one.

35. October being big with fates,  
Shall be remembered well,  
For then Burgoyne resign'd to Gates,  
And Lord Cornwallis fell.

36. Our independence is our own,  
The Lord hath so decreed;  
King George bids fair to lose his crown,  
And North as fair to bleed.

37. No more let Zion heartless grow,  
That God rejects her prayer;  
For he hath sav'd our land from woe,  
And fix'd his standard there.

38. Tho' all the nations of the earth,  
Should with his church engage,  
And breathe out slaughter, war and death,  
He'll blast them in his rage.

39. Not Washington, nor France, and Spain,  
Shall have, our Saviour says;  
But Christ the Lamb, who once was slain,  
Shall have the total praise.

40. Glory to God, who reigns above,  
And sends his goodness down;  
And turns about his wheels of love,  
To make his Gospel known.

**A STORY OF SHIPWRECK.**  
A TOUCHING INCIDENT OF THE LOSS OF THE  
METIS.

**Admirable Behavior of Two Children—An awful sight in the Angry Waves—The Mournful Fate of the Little Ones.**

It is now ascertained that forty were lost on the steamer Metis. One of the most touching stories of the disaster is told by Mr. Adams, of Brooklyn, who had charge of two children, both of whom were drowned. We copy it:

The engine must have stopped for fully half an hour. During the interval of her laying to I think I heard the sound of a whistle, as if from a passing steamer. When we started again I heard the working of the donkey engine. I then became somewhat anxious and sprang, again out of my berth, I pulled on my trousers and put on my shoes, the children still quietly sleeping. Though alarmed myself, I thought it better that they should remain quiet until I had ascertained more fully what was the matter, and for that purpose went into the saloon, where I found some of the officers and many of the passengers. I was not under any great apprehension just then, and was about returning to the boys when I met an officer, I do not know his name, who said, "The boat is sinking; the passengers must save themselves as they best can." Instantly realizing our position, it flashed across my mind that I must not endeavor to save the lives of the brothers entrusted to my care separately, but that we must all cling to one another. I instantly ran to the children, woke them up, and tied securely a life preserver around both of them, taking one myself. I took my waistcoat, buttoned my coat around me, and went aft.

THEY WERE AS GENTLE AS LAMBS, and seemed aware that something dreadful was about to happen, and obeyed my orders implicitly, showing the greatest heroism. I then noticed that the steamer was settling forward, and hurried as rapidly as possible aft. While going there, I went another life preserver. I replied that it would be of great value, as it might save the children's lives. He gave it to me willingly. I took it and carried it on my arm. There was no time to lose. I took the children to the after part of the boat to the guards, and told them they must jump into the sea with me and they must purloin their trust in me, and that I would not leave them. The waves were then very high, commencing to break over the bows of the Metis, and the rain was pouring down in torrents. I hesitated for a moment, thinking whether it would not be better to remain yet awhile with the ship; but nothing that she was breaking up forward, the timbers commencing to fly up, and her hull settling, I saw that her doom was sealed. I remained with the children until the water began to wash over her main deck and threatened to submerge us. Placing a chair, by bulwarks, with one foot on it and the other on the side of the ship, with my left arm.

I HUGGED THE TWO CHILDREN CLOSE TO ME, and with a desperate leap I sprang into the water with them. The poor little fellows never uttered a sound of alarm. I had some slight hope of reaching a boat manned by some of the crew of the Metis, and shouted out that if only they would take the boys on board I could take care of myself. The wind and rain had then been a boisterous, would have probably prevented their hearing me. With the two children I was rapidly carried by the current to the bows of the ship. There was a quantity of floating debris which I was for a time afraid would kill us. At the second effort, by vigorously pushing against the bow with my feet, I succeeded in disenthraling myself and the children, receiving three or four slight contusions. I had now succeeded in putting around me the second life-preserver, and with one arm clasping the boys, with the other I was holding the children up as far out the water as I could, exhorting them to keep their chins well up out of the water. Shortly after the second time of our being carried forward to her bows the Metis went down. Then keys, cables, barrels, cotton bales and spars seemed to spring to the surface of the water, and I tried in vain to catch hold of some of them; but the sea was violent, and though I had my hands on some of them, they eluded my grasp, and very soon were carried clear of them. About twenty-five minutes had elapsed since we had taken to the sea, and poor little Carl presently seemed to be growing weaker and weaker. I continued my exertion to keep his head clear of the high-running waves. The child made no complaint, no murmur.

PRESENTLY THE YOUNGER BROTHER DIED. Even then the children were together, and I then exerted all my efforts toward saving Arthur. I placed his head higher up on my shoulder, and said, "Do, Arthur, hold your head up just as high as you can; I will save you." His reply was "I can't." Very soon afterwards he died.

My thoughts were then centered on saving their bodies, and transferring them, if possible, to their parents; but very soon I felt myself becoming weaker and the exertion I had made to save the children was producing physical exhaustion. After a long struggle in my mind whether I should part with their poor bodies I was reluctantly forced to let them go, knowing that the life preserver, still tightly secured around them, would float them. As we were drifting toward the shore, I took the second life-preserver and secured both around my person, knowing that the battle for my own life must soon commence.

It is just then beginning to become clear, and a dull, murky light announced the coming day. I had been there an hour

and a half in the water. I felt myself becoming gradually weaker and weaker the seas dashing over me and taking away my breath, and thought my last hour had come when I saw a heavy gang plank coming towards me. I suppose it was a gang plank from having cleats nailed on it I was then so exhausted that it took all the efforts of a drawing man to secure it. It was floating beneath the water apparently weighted down by splinters coming from the wreck. I succeeded in getting on it, when a wave washed me off, and I was carried away twenty feet from it.—The strings of my life preserver snapped, and it slipped around my neck. This had a tendency to keep my head from under the water, and I was now so utterly weakened that I almost gave up. Just then another wave drove the life preserver down again to my waist. How the plank was again secured by me I cannot tell. My lower limbs and arms were so stiff and cramped that all I could do was to hold the plank with my head, and retain it near me until I regained some little strength.—At last I got to my former position on the plank, the waves breaking over me all the time, making me icy cold, and the quantity of salt water I had swallowed caused me to feel ill and faint.

Just then the storm seemed to recommence with new fury, and I again despaired of ever reaching shore. Presently, however, daylight appeared, and I saw afar off the topmast of some vessel, though I could not make out her hull. This cheered me. A short time after I heard some one call me. In a few moments I distinguished McCallie, the gentleman who had given me the life-preserver. He asked me if I had seen the land. I replied that I had, but looking back of me I saw Watch Hill. Mr. McCallie was on a cork mattress and some distance ahead of me. I soon neared him, and he asked another man, my plank would carry another man, and I reached out my hand to him and took him on together with my mattress.

Shortly after that the life-boat came in sight and made for us rapidly. They hailed us and bid us get on board. I think we were almost among the last in the water who were saved. The life-boat had picked up a very stout man and woman who had been kept above water by means of the bucket rack of the Metis. The children were found clasped in each other's arms with the life-preserver attached to them, and it has been my melancholy duty to bring their bodies here to their sorrowing father.

THE BEST OF HIS LETTERS.

Horace Greeley has written many good things, but none surpass, we think none equal in spirit and vigor, the letter in which he replied to the New York club that threatened him with expulsion, when he and Gerrit Smith and others signed the Jefferson Davis bill bond. This was not the letter of a politician or a nominee for office. It was written five years ago. The date of it is May 23 1867. But it anticipates and warrants the attitude of Horace Greeley, now on the platform of Cincinnati and Baltimore. After referring to other declarations consistent with it, the letter thus concludes, with a prophecy of the way in which his act would come to be regarded:

"GENTLEMEN:—I shall not attend your meeting this evening. I have an engagement out of town and shall keep it. I do not recognize you as capable of judging or fully approaching me.—You evidently regard me as a weak sentimentalist, misled by a maudlin philosophy. I regard you as narrow-minded blockheads, who would like to be useful to a great and good cause but don't know how. Your attempt to base a great enduring party on the hate and wrath necessarily engendered by a bloody civil war, is as though you plant a colony on an iceberg which had somehow drifted into a tropical ocean. I tell you here, that cut of a life earnestly devoted to the good of human kind, your children will select my going to Richmond and signing that bail bond as the wisest act, and will feel that it did more for freedom and humanity than all of you were competent to do, though you living to the age of Methuselah.

I ask nothing of you, then, but that you proceed to your duty by a direct, frank and manly way. Don't slide off into mild resolutions of censure, but move the expulsion which I deserve, if I deserve any reproach whatever. All I care for is that you make this a square stand up fight, and record your judgment by yeas and nays. I care not how few vote with me, nor how many vote against me; for I know that the latter will repent in the dust and ashes before three years have past.

Understand once for, that I dare you and defy you, that I propose to fight it out on the line that I have held from the day of Lee's surrender. So long as my government was seeking to overthrow our government, he was my enemy; from the hour in which he laid down his arms, he was my former erring countryman. So long as any is opposed to the national unity, the federal authority, or to that assertion of the equal rights of all men, which has become practically identified with loyalty and nationality, I shall do my best to deprive him of power; but when he ceases to do this, I demand his restoration to all the privileges of American citizenship. I gave you fair notice as soon as I shall feel confident that this course is consistent with the freedom of the blacks and the unity of the republic, and that I shall demand a re-call of all now in exile only for participating in the rebellion, whenever the country shall have been so thoroughly pacified that its safety will not thereby be endangered. And so, gentlemen, hoping that you will hence-

forth comprehend me somewhat better than you have done, I remain, yours,  
HORACE GREELEY.

May 23, 1867.

**TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.**

**Fatal Affray between Two White Men in Robeson County—They are Both Killed.**

By the Wilmington, Charlotte and Rutherford Railroad yesterday we have intelligence of a horrible tragedy that took place in Robeson county on Tuesday evening last. It seems that two white men, named Gilchrist and McClellan had some misunderstanding at a church a few Sundays ago, during which both parties became very much exasperated. At the suggestion of mutual friends, however, they agreed to drop the matter for the time being. It seems, though, that each had formed a determination to prepare for a future occasion and on the evening of the question they encountered each other, or near the residence of a Mr. McCormick, not far from Lumberton. It appears that what we can gather that they met on the road, when Gilchrist drew his pistol and fired upon McClellan and then ran and followed quickly by his antagonist, who in turn drew his pistol and shot down Gilchrist, following up his advantage by deliberately walking up to the fallen man and firing three shots into his head. He (McClellan) then turned off and walked back towards the point where he had dismounted from his mule when he saw Gilchrist approaching, but before reaching the animal he fell dead in the road. Gilchrist lingered until yesterday morning, when he also died.—Wilmington Star.

The Liberal movement is certainly on a strange decline in Minnesota. The Minneapolis Evening Times says: "Mr. Greeley will receive, in this State, substantially the whole of the Democratic vote, and nearer one-third than one-quarter of the 'Republican' vote, as it has been heretofore called. The Germans are for him to a man; the Scandinavians are coming to his support every day in still greater unexpected numbers; the Irish are three to one for him, and no one nationality, as such, can be said to be opposed to him."

The Grant press insist that the Liberal movement is on a decline, and are evidently anxious that it shall have proper attention and medical treatment. It would certainly make a lively patient for any of the Administration practitioners.—The Chicago Tribune says: "To assume that the Reform movement is on the decline is to assume that the people have lost their intelligence, their desire for honest government, and their hatred of corruption. Instead of the Reform movement being on the decline, it was never so promising as now. The battle against 60,000 office-holders, with the National Treasury to draw upon, is of course, a severe one.—But a contest with fraud, once earnestly begun, can never fail of final success."

THE LOUISVILLE PEACE UNION.

LOUISVILLE, September 12.—The beautiful grove covering one hundred acres. There were twelve tables, each one hundred and fifty feet long, each with provisions, beside numerous private tables and refreshment stands. It is estimated that 25,000 people were in attendance yesterday afternoon.

Ex-Governor Bramlette, of Kentucky, delivered the welcoming address, at which Hon. Eli Shorter, of Alabama, introduced, and spoke over an hour, which was followed by L. D. Campbell, of Virginia.

At the close of the latter's speech a prayer was announced, and the supply of edibles upon the tables was discussed. After dinner Governor Jordan and Hon. Benjamin H. Hill, of Georgia, spoke from the stand and the Vance, of North Carolina, from the platform.

During the evening a large procession passed through the streets, and the speaking was resumed at the courthouse.

**TAKING CARE OF THE SOLDIERS' WIDOWS.**

One of the resolutions of the Philadelphia platform says: "The widows and orphans of those who died for the country are entitled to the care of a generous and grateful people." A soldier's widow, who is postmistress of a small office in Massachusetts, was accordingly somewhat surprised when she received the following communication, the other day, from Hon. and Rev. James Harlan, Chairman of the resident Grant Committee at Washington:

"Believing that you feel a deep interest in the success of the republican cause, for President and Vice President, I take the liberty to inclose the Committee's printed letter requesting contributions to aid in publishing documents and defraying other necessary expenses of the campaign. If you can conveniently forward as early as practicable (\$40) dollars it will be gratefully received and promptly acknowledged.

"Very respectfully,  
"JAMES HARLAN,  
"Chairman."

The whole business of political assessments is a scandal and a disgrace, but when it comes to taking forty dollars from a soldier's widow to help along the scheme for keeping Grant in the White House, the business is worse than scandalous; it is beyond all expression.—New York Tribune.

**MURPHY'S STORE.**

**R. & A. MURPHY**  
Having again Organized for BUSINESS, have just opened a

**SUPERB STOCK OF GOODS,**

entirely new and fresh, in the room formerly occupied as the Hardware Store, and next door to Bingham & Co., to the inspection of which they most cordially invite the public. Their

**Entire Stock**

was carefully selected by the senior member of the firm in person, and bought at rates which will enable them to sell as low, for CASH, as

**ANY HOUSE**

in the City, for Goods of same quality. Their Stock is general, embracing all the various branches of

**Dry Goods,**

Groceries, Crockery Ware, Boots and Shoes Sole Leather, Calf and Binding Skins, Grain and Grass, Scythes, Cap, Letter and Note Paper, ENVELOPES, PENS, INK, &c.,

and a beautiful assortment of **TARGET ARTICLES.**

They feel assured of their ability to give entire satisfaction, and especially invite old friends and customers to call and bring with them their acquaintances. They expect and intend to maintain the reputation of the Old Murphy House, which is well known throughout Western North Carolina. All they ask is an examination of their stock and the prices. No trouble to show goods, so come right along. Their motto,

**Small profits, ready pay and QUICK SALES.**

With a good stock, low prices, fair dealing and prompt attention, they will endeavor to merit their share of the public patronage. They are in the market for all kinds of produce and solicit calls from both sellers and buyers.

**R. & A. MURPHY.**  
ROBT. MURPHY,  
ANDREW MURPHY,  
Salisbury, March 23, 1872. [27-1y]

**A. M. SULLIVAN.** J. P. GOWAN.

**NEW OPENING.**

THE undersigned having associated themselves in business under the firm name of

**A. M. SULLIVAN, CO.,**

HAVE opened in R. J. Holmes' new building, next door to the Hardware Store, where they will be pleased to meet old and new friends. They will deal heavily in Groceries and country Produce, buying and selling, and invite all who wish either to buy or sell to call on them.

A. M. SULLIVAN & Co.  
Jan. 24th, 1872. [27-1y]

**FOR SALE.**

A desirable Brick House with 7 rooms and all necessary out houses; situated in the most desirable part of Town. Persons wishing to purchase, can apply at this office.