

Carolina Watchman.

SALISBURY, THURSDAY NOV. 6

Stokes, the cowardly assassin of Jim Fisk, Jr., whose trial for the third time has just ended, was found guilty of manslaughter in the third degree and sentenced to five years of hard labor in the Penitentiary. It will be remembered that this cowardly assassin waylaid Fisk on a stairway at a hotel in New York City nearly two years ago, and shot him to death in the most brutal and dastardly manner. For this infamous crime he was twice convicted of murder in the first degree; but at last he has been nominally acquitted. New York City should never more complain of ruffianism with its familiarity if the conclusion of this case is to be regarded as a specimen of her manner of dealing with bloody handed criminals.

PRICE OF COTTON. Cotton is very low. In most of the Southern States it is ranging in price from twelve to fourteen cents per pound; whereas, but a few weeks ago it was going for fifteen to eighteen cents. The cause of this decline is attributed to various circumstances, not necessary here to enumerate. The fact is known to us that cotton is now selling at a figure that would prove ruinous to the farming interests should it not change for the better. Really, with our present system of labor, it can not be profitably produced for the price offered. This being the case, it is safe for the farmer to hold on to their cotton. Some say, know, sell. We think it a mistake. It is always safe to hold an article that is selling for less than it can be produced for. We therefore conclude that cotton must necessarily go up, and that soon. We venture the prediction that it will be demanding eighteen cents per pound before the middle of January, next. If so, it will certainly pay to hold it. But should it not advance, it is not likely to depreciate in value. It is much more certain in our opinion, to advance than to decline. We do not urge farmers to hold their cotton for it is presumed they all know their own business best, but we believe they will damage their own interests by so doing. If we had cotton we would not sell at the present low prices.

THE TRIUMPH IN OHIO. The success of the Democrats of Ohio seems to be owing to the fact that they cut loose from all the issues which the party has been transgressing these many years; that is to say, they relied strictly upon Democratic principles, Democratic voters, and the reliable adherents of Democratic government as administered in its purity and beauty in the palmy days of Democratic rule. Such seems to be the secret of the glorious triumph which has lately been achieved by the Democratic candidates of Ohio. There was no depending on Liberals, so-called, nor hobnobbing with Radicals—no dallying with new departures—but a firm reliance on the honest masses to sustain the government as handed down by the fathers. The great masses of the people are Democratic—the world is Democratic—and whenever an honest appeal is made to the masses to rally to the support of the principles of Democratic government, they will respond. New departures are the causes of Democratic failures in the past. Liberalism has been to it a stone about a man's neck in deep water. It has kept the party down—in the depths of humility while the storm, fury, and wrath of a faction, rotten and reeking with corruption, have surged and foisted as foam over their heads. But the people of Ohio have shown their devotion to Democratic principles, and that they are ready to come forward to the support of those principles wherever they are asserted that the object is to administer public affairs in an honest and constitutional manner. They will not assist politicians to ride into office for the emoluments of office merely. They must be assured that there is no bargain and no compromise to be had for the spoils. Democrats are to be in the lead of the Radical party, that with Democratic leaders in whom the people have confidence, three-fourths of all that is done can be carried by the democrats at the coming elections. We use the word Democratic because it expresses more fully the character of the government which is most popular—most acceptable to the people everywhere. Our government was Democratic even when administered by the old whigs, but it can hardly be said to be Democratic under Radical rule. We mean by Democratic government, a government for and by the people—a government in which all feel and take an interest, and which they demand shall be administered honestly and constitutionally—a government that attaches the people to it by its liberal and just laws and kind protection, and in which no sly is permitted to live by eye-dropping his fellow citizens. Such a government Old Democrats and Old Whigs will unite to uphold. This is the sort of government the honest portion of them have been struggling to maintain; and this they will maintain to the end if the schemers and thieves are cast out. All that is needed is for the masses of the people to take more interest in their public affairs. If they will do this the thieves will be rooted out.

COL. ALLEN'S LETTER. We give you a letter from Col. Allen, of Duplin, taken from the Charlotte Democrat. This letter was written in response to some strictures of the Democrat on the action of the Legislature, and while it is in good spirit, it seems to be rather an apology for the shortcomings of that body; and indeed, for the previous Legislature that had the largest majority for good ever enjoyed by any party in this State; yet with this overwhelming majority it did no more for the good of the State or people than the present, and the present has not yet done any thing. The fact is these self-appointed defenders of the action of inefficient legislative

bodies will fail to convince any, save and except the little circle of their own admirers, that they know just what should have been done and why. It is almost a truism that in the face of the notorious fact that two more inefficient Legislative bodies never assembled in North Carolina, when we take into consideration their majorities and opportunities for doing something, there are still a few men who persist in rising up to a question of privilege upon all occasions to tell the good people who are suffering because of their incapacity that the very best was done that it was possible to do, and that nothing was left undone that was necessary to be done. But notwithstanding the plausible declarations of these fast witnesses—these gentlemen who really seem anxious to stop the utterance of every one who does not chime in with a certain faction in the Legislature—the people feel and know by their senses that their law-makers have failed in every thing except the disruption of the party organization in this State. It is no use to deny the fact, if the banner of the Conservative-Democratic Party is again soon to triumph in North Carolina, the people must repudiate the action of both the last and present Legislature in many particulars: They must repudiate many of its members for the part they took in the work of disorganization; they must repudiate their sins of omission and commission, and their name is legion.

Col. Allen makes a few references to some musty old laws that ante date the Constitution, and about which some lawyers are in doubt as to their binding force under the new order of things, and with a grand flourish he and those who cheer for him would make us believe that the action of the Legislature is vindicated; although but three objections have been touched upon. It is astonishing how easily some people are convinced. Here is a member of the Legislature who undertakes to defend its action against the grave charge of incompetency and of uselessness generally, satisfying himself with belaboring over three points, and settling no objection, because he has told us nothing that was not known before. Everybody knew there was a Vagrant Act, but everybody has seen its impracticability. Everybody knew that there are many ignorant Magistrates; but the most ignorant people must do so the necessity of some new powers being granted them. There are many cases that could be disposed of and should not go to the superior courts if the law with respect to "Justices of the Peace" were changed; and all parties would be benefited and much cost and trouble to the people saved thereby. Mr. Allen don't think so, of course not. He was defending a body of which he is a member. He would be weak, indeed, if he could not make a plausible argument in vindication of its action. Yet, when we sift what he has said, we find it to be the merest twaddle—simple, verbosity. He will excuse us for saying that his defense is frivolous—incomplete. He has not touched upon the points the people are most anxious about. He must pick his flint and try it again.

His lecture to the Democratic press of the Legislature is altogether gratuitous. It may be all right and proper coming from a member of the Legislature whose acts certain members of the press, speaking for and in behalf of the people, have left it to be their duty to criticize. But the people look to the press for information; and for an honest and truthful statement of facts, and we hope the day will never dawn in North Carolina when any member of the press gang will so far forget himself as to truckle to any political faction or Legislative body in disregard of the high duties which are imposed upon him. Nobody, however, will be frightened from the performance of his duty by Col. Allen's dictation, so we will let that pass for the present.

Now, while the Col. was engaged in writing a defense of the Legislature, (we say defense, for some of our contemporaries in referring to his letter have pronounced it an able and well-timed vindication of the action of the Legislature, &c.), why did he not do the work effectually? Why did he not tell us the reason that we have no public schools in North Carolina to-day worth the name? Why is it the debt question has not been arranged? The Legislature had as much power to arrange it before the worthless amendments to the Constitution were adopted as it has now. We might go on and enumerate hundreds of things affecting the immediate interests of the people that were left undone, or indifferently passed over. But we will not now draw up a bill of indictment against the bodies Col. Allen seems so anxious to defend. It is enough to know that both the last and present Legislatures have failed in nearly every essential particular, besides completely demoralizing, if not disrupting the Conservative party. At any rate, a thorough reorganization has been rendered absolutely necessary by the action of the members of the Legislature last winter; and if we are to have another such session, the hope of reorganizing the Conservative party may as well be abandoned. But the people just now are more concerned about "practical" legislation than any thing else. And no Legislature ever possessed a finer opportunity to distinguish its members—to do something to win the hearts and praise of the people

to restore confidence in its members, and to re-energize the Conservative party. It is a pity that the Legislature has not done so. It is almost a truism that in the face of the notorious fact that two more inefficient Legislative bodies never assembled in North Carolina, when we take into consideration their majorities and opportunities for doing something, there are still a few men who persist in rising up to a question of privilege upon all occasions to tell the good people who are suffering because of their incapacity that the very best was done that it was possible to do, and that nothing was left undone that was necessary to be done.

DEAR WATCHMAN.—The voice of the people in this section of old Rowan calls upon the next Legislature to do something. It calls on them, in the first place, to make the laborer stick to his contract. If he leaves it, to send him to jail; and to impose heavy fines upon the man who induces him to desert his employer.

Secondly, it calls on them to act in relation to non-tax-paying voters—to allow no man to put his vote in the ballot-box, until he has exhibited his tax-receipt to the judges.

Thirdly, it calls on them to repeal the present State School Law; and by so means to multiply themselves or attempting to make any more laws on that subject.

Fourthly, it calls on them to seek all fair opportunities and to adopt all reasonable measures to reduce the burden of our taxes—to remember that when the farmer's expenditures exceed his income it is practically suicide for the whole country.

Fifthly, it calls on them not to harass the people with impractical measures—things which cannot be done and which nobody can see any sense in—contrivances to worry and puzzle and discourage the life out of us.

Sixthly, it calls on them to encourage the farming interest—to lend a hand to the noble "Patrons of Husbandry," and to look well after the thieves and monopolists.

Serently, it calls on them to drink less liquor—to do less talking; and, like men who see and boldly face the emergencies of the times, to hold a brief, spare session, and then—get on the case and come home.

E. P. H.

DEAR WATCHMAN.—Originality is a rare trait; but, wherever found, it is irresistible. Ridicule, slander, persecution and death have sometimes stifled, but never annihilated it. More frequently than otherwise, the attempts to smother it ultimately produce explosions more terrific than those of the long-pent-up floods and volcanoes when they suddenly burst their barriers.

How glowing the illustrations which history furnishes of this principle! Byron, turning upon the Scotch reviews as a lion upon an insignificant pack of curs whose barking has roused him to fury, lays the foundation of his fame by a few well-directed blows, and sends the astounded critics whirling head-over-heels into the Gulf of Guinea. Webster and Franklin, stung to the quick by the name of "duces," which they bore at school, rose so high that they could not possibly see their classmates below them with a telescope made to take the census of the inhabitants of the fixed stars.

Galileo, silenced by the inquisition, was such a grey-haired heretic his tongue moved inevitably as the echo of his mighty heart, and he kept saying that the world did—yes, it did turn over! McLanchon's clarion voice rang out—Luther's books leaped from the press—Calvin's logical pen, mightier than an army, clave the helmets of Popery—Knox's burning eloquence lit up all the Scottish hills with fires that flashed across Europe, and the puny efforts of nominal emperors and potentates were put forth to suppress the Reformation. These have been the true Kings of earth—these dauntless champions of Right. Reader, wilt thou con the lesson of their example?

Originality and Genius are but synonyms for Courage and Self-Reliance. Yonder beardless, unknown youth has power in him, of which he is unconscious. Nothing has yet occurred to arouse the latent spark. The laughing-stock of his acquaintance, who are nearly all his inferiors, he is a bomb-shell with which the fools are idly playing. And he may live and die without an occasion framed to wind him up to the pitch of exertion. But, if ever it does come, look out! Detractors will scamper and crowd into their bomb-proof then! Let his grand and bold utterance, "Awake! awake! and bid the dust and rubbish of his past-life fortune will suddenly become solidified into a pedestal for his future greatness.

Night before last I attended a rural Debating-Society. The question for discussion came up—"Who was the smartest fellow Lay-father or Wink-in-th?"

After that great orator, Mr. Thundergust, had belabored the old school-house desk, which stood before him for the space of three mortal hours, worked himself into profuse sweat as he ever did, while the paunching, and laid down the law and gospel and disturbed all the owls in these woods generally—after Mr. Nicodemus, Nicodemus had read no less than forty pages out of five different volumes of Patent-Office Reports to show "what they would have done if they had all their eight years' gentlemen; and what all his come to when 'pendence was de Klard?"

After Mr. Blifkins had argued so ingeniously and circuitously on both sides of the question that the President took his hat and walked over home and got his supper while the honorable member was speaking—after the President had said they were "incompetent" for public speaking and would wish to refer it to the President and Committee—another authority of high standing, confirmed his opinion. Hence we see that the South not only produces cotton; but also, in the opinion of men by no means prejudiced in her favor, has no superior as a wool-growing region.

But what advantage to her is this great strength if she does not use it. The true source of power and wealth for the South is to produce on her own soil at least two-thirds the food she consumes, and to manu-

E. P. H.

facture at least one-half the cotton she produces, and to produce on her soil almost valueless mountain lands so much fine wool that not a single pound will need to be imported from any part of the United States.—Charlotte Democrat.

THE WILD HORSE OF THE PRAIRIE. At Camp Brown, in the Wind River country, we saw a wild horse which had taken to the prairie. Some years ago the Cheyenne Indians stole him in Kansas, and sold him to the Utes, who in turn sold him to the Sioux, from which tribe he was bought or stolen by the Snake Indians, and brought to the Valley of the Popoigee. Here he escaped, and for some time baffled all efforts to recapture him. At length he was caught and sold to Mr. Gallagher, while being taken to the settlement he broke a strong chain and got away into the mountains. In time he reappeared on his old stamping ground, and again the Indian laid plans to take him. He was so fleet he could outrun their best horses, and no number of them could run him down. When surrounded or cornered he bit, kicked, and fought so fiercely it was impossible to hold him. One day he was surprised in a canyon by a body of warriors, and lassoed before he could get out. Securely tied with ropes he was brought to the Indian camp and starved, beaten, and choked into submission. An ambitious Indian attempted to ride him, and away he went to the hills. Late at night the Indian returned to camp sore and tired, but without the horse; he had been thrown and the animal was once more at large. He was often seen after this, but defied all attempts to take him. One afternoon an Indian who was out fishing saw the wild horse grazing under a bluff, and trying a large stone to his lariat he crawled to the edge of the rock and threw the noose with unerring precision. The horse dragged the rock for some distance, but choked by the thong he staggered, fell to the plain, and was once more bound hard and fast. The Indians now tied him with log-chain to a tree, but even this he managed to break and fled to the hills.

He was not seen for a long time; but soon after the founding of Camp Brown a sentinel reported a horse on the bluff, and, on examining the animal through a glass, it was found to be the famous wild horse. On attempting to approach him, he fled like the wind into the mountains; but war day was again seen perched on the bluff, quietly looking down at the camp. The commanding officer ordered him not to be disturbed, and the next day put some mules on the bluff to graze. He came down remained with them all day, but retired at night into the mountains. The next day he came down again, but he kept in the plain, and seemed greatly excited, and kept running about nearly all day. The commanding officer decided that no one should approach him as he kept in the plain, and by gentle alarms, he was made to gallop in wide circles about the herd, but as if charmed, would constantly return to it. Late in the afternoon parties of cavalry, men, mules, and a company of infantry went quietly out of the fort, and occupied the passes and hills tops for miles. It was known he would break through any small circle, and so an inclosure was formed to run him down.

The pursuing party were twenty seven in number, and stationed at long distances. No two were to pursue the horse at once, unless a signal for all to close in was given. The chase began, and as is the custom of animals when hard pressed, the horse ran nearly in a circle. The trap had been admirably laid, new pursuers constantly keeping him at his heels, while the old ones dropped out to occupy their stations in the great ring.

The rapidity and length of time which he ran were incredible. The log chain he had on when he made his last escape from the Indians was still about his neck, and the end of it thashed his fore legs until the hair, and even the skin, was beaten off and the blood ran down. On he went like the wind, shaking off cavalrymen, attacking cavalrymen, and opening the eyes between him and his pursuers. It was getting near dark, and still the wild chase continued, the horse showing no great signs of distress. As his astonishing power became more and more evident, the desire to capture him increased, and shouts of admiration went up from the little group of officers gathered on the lookout at the fort whenever he distanced his pursuers.

At length the signal to close in was given, and then began the scramble. Men mounted on horses and mules, and on foot, moved forward, and the circle gradually lessened until a wall of human flesh bound the noble horse on every side. Round and round the circle he went, his nostrils dilated and his eyes flashing fire. For a time he kept ahead of his pursuers, and the cavalry horses, one by one, dropped behind; but the mules showed their superior toughness, and closed on him. One saddle mule, who had become excited in the chase, kept close up, with tail erect, and finally headed him. As the horse swung round and turned once more towards the fort, the air rang with huzzas, for now his capture seemed almost certain. The old mule, with surprising speed and bottom, kept close to the horse's flank, and the horse who had been following in the wake of the chase parted light and left to let the horse through; and when in the midst of them they closed around him so thickly that he whirled and ploughed in every direction. A teamster seized hold of the end of the chain, and the next instant a rope was over the wild creature's neck. Still he struggled for his liberty, but many hands soon bound him, and he fell prostrate upon the plain. The chain about his neck had been deep into the flesh, and the end that hung down had thrashed the skin and flesh to the bone of the poor brute's fore legs. He was of medium size, dark brown in color, deep chested, and with wide nostrils. His eyes were bright and piercing, and his limbs short, stout, and full of muscle. On his shoulders and hams the muscles were gathered in knots as large as one's hand; the skin was very thin, and the veins underneath stood out like whip cords.

As the horse had been captured by everybody the commanding officer ordered that he should be put up at a raffle, and each claimant be given one chance. This

facture at least one-half the cotton she produces, and to produce on her soil almost valueless mountain lands so much fine wool that not a single pound will need to be imported from any part of the United States.—Charlotte Democrat.

E. P. H.

facture at least one-half the cotton she produces, and to produce on her soil almost valueless mountain lands so much fine wool that not a single pound will need to be imported from any part of the United States.—Charlotte Democrat.

facture at least one-half the cotton she produces, and to produce on her soil almost valueless mountain lands so much fine wool that not a single pound will need to be imported from any part of the United States.—Charlotte Democrat.

facture at least one-half the cotton she produces, and to produce on her soil almost valueless mountain lands so much fine wool that not a single pound will need to be imported from any part of the United States.—Charlotte Democrat.

facture at least one-half the cotton she produces, and to produce on her soil almost valueless mountain lands so much fine wool that not a single pound will need to be imported from any part of the United States.—Charlotte Democrat.

facture at least one-half the cotton she produces, and to produce on her soil almost valueless mountain lands so much fine wool that not a single pound will need to be imported from any part of the United States.—Charlotte Democrat.

facture at least one-half the cotton she produces, and to produce on her soil almost valueless mountain lands so much fine wool that not a single pound will need to be imported from any part of the United States.—Charlotte Democrat.

facture at least one-half the cotton she produces, and to produce on her soil almost valueless mountain lands so much fine wool that not a single pound will need to be imported from any part of the United States.—Charlotte Democrat.

facture at least one-half the cotton she produces, and to produce on her soil almost valueless mountain lands so much fine wool that not a single pound will need to be imported from any part of the United States.—Charlotte Democrat.

E. P. H.

facture at least one-half the cotton she produces, and to produce on her soil almost valueless mountain lands so much fine wool that not a single pound will need to be imported from any part of the United States.—Charlotte Democrat.

facture at least one-half the cotton she produces, and to produce on her soil almost valueless mountain lands so much fine wool that not a single pound will need to be imported from any part of the United States.—Charlotte Democrat.

facture at least one-half the cotton she produces, and to produce on her soil almost valueless mountain lands so much fine wool that not a single pound will need to be imported from any part of the United States.—Charlotte Democrat.

facture at least one-half the cotton she produces, and to produce on her soil almost valueless mountain lands so much fine wool that not a single pound will need to be imported from any part of the United States.—Charlotte Democrat.

facture at least one-half the cotton she produces, and to produce on her soil almost valueless mountain lands so much fine wool that not a single pound will need to be imported from any part of the United States.—Charlotte Democrat.

facture at least one-half the cotton she produces, and to produce on her soil almost valueless mountain lands so much fine wool that not a single pound will need to be imported from any part of the United States.—Charlotte Democrat.

facture at least one-half the cotton she produces, and to produce on her soil almost valueless mountain lands so much fine wool that not a single pound will need to be imported from any part of the United States.—Charlotte Democrat.

facture at least one-half the cotton she produces, and to produce on her soil almost valueless mountain lands so much fine wool that not a single pound will need to be imported from any part of the United States.—Charlotte Democrat.

E. P. H.

E. P. H.