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(WRITTEN FOR THE WATCHMAN.)

FOLKS AT THE FAIR.

CANTO XII.

Last Canto sketched a sermon preached—
For there are times when all men,
'Gainst Satan matched, quote scriptures fetched
From far, like solemn, tall men!
As when, young blood, in jest I wood
A maiden multifarious

Years and hair false-cured, "My dear,"
She said, "Now are you say-ri-s?"

That ancient maid! when thus she said,
"Dear Aidward, are you serious?"

I, saucy dog and worse than hog,

Laughed in her face mysterious!

I should have been compelled to join

The monks' Carthusian order—

To pay a fine in my own coin,

For such a cruel master!

And yet this life, it is no joke,

And love, it is no dream, sir;

Though Wit may be Wisdom's cloak,

And Cupid oft grow tame, sir!

"A little nonsense, now and then,"

A classic writer stateth,

"Relished by the best of men—

Too much, a stink createth!

And so I needs must interlard

These Cantos, mischief-ring,

With texts that count and sense that's hard,

And hymns the saints are singing

Out on the shores celestial; where,

Dressed up, we go each Sunday,

And then forget, and thoughtless swear

A little, 'cause its Monday!

Again, my reader, Colonel, Squire,

I'm feeling mighty solemn,

And hope I won't excite your ire,

Should I sing, in this column,

Some saw-ole-lay and doe-ray-may,

Shaped note and pesky roundhead,

Which last, they say's the donkey bray

On which true music's founded!

Some roundheads, O! they're never slow

To prove their faith by works, sir!

All keys they sing at sight, and ring

All chords, like Gabriel's clerks, sir!

They soon to start the score by heart,

Like ignorant buckheathers!

And yet for tall, a dozen's all

The tunes in round-head metres!

Twixt Goth and Hun, just six for one—

Half-don for the other!

Each lay son of a big pop gun

Is Humbug's own twin brother!

Some folks, astride of Gilpin's horse,—

Bald ignorance his name, sir!

Will gallop on from bad to worse—

Conceit their only claim, sir!

I do admire one little choir,

Who nothing know of chords, sir—

Four sweet-voiced girls, like orioles,

Wood-nymphs or mocking birds, sir!

They warble free more melody

Than organ's richest swell, sir—

Their gait refrain my dreams retain,

Like mermaid's magic shell, sir!

When morn her gayest-smile doth yield,

And groves with chirping ring, air,

I hear them, as they go afield;

Their matin carol ring, sir;

And as they trill their tender lay,

And play their tasks so well, sir,

May never care, I softly pray,

Those happy spirits quell, sir!

Sing on, ye gay and lighsome hearts,

While round you e'er is beaming

The humble peace which toil imparts—

You self-reliance teeming!

Brave hearts and true! In praise of you

The robin's notes are ringing!

"All work is worship!" as he flew,

I heard the wild bee sing!

The evening casts its shadows slow,

And still the feathered throng, sir,

Are known, from that portal low,

By those sweet minstrels' songs sir,

And still at household tasks they're found

And social pleasures share, sir—

I sigh—and pass—is holy ground,

For immortality is there, sir!

When Southern maidens sing go

Our Southern sun's to face, sir—

Teach along the cotton row,

And count it no disgrace, sir,

I tell you, Independence is

Declared—he battles won, sir!

Our losses all redeemed by this—

The girls' notes be outdone, sir!

E. P. H.

Spotted Tail.

The following account of the celebrated Sioux Chief, Spotted Tail, is from advance sheets of General Brisbin's book:

During the latter years of the war, part of Spotted Tail's family remained for a time at Fort Laramie, and with them was his favorite daughter, a young girl just budding into womanhood. The fort was then garrisoned by companies of Ohio regiment of volunteer cavalry. Among the officers of this regiment was a young man of good appearance and pleasant manners and with whom the chief's daughter fell in love. Her passion does not seem to have been reciprocated by the young soldier, and he did all in his power to convince her that he could not marry her, and then for it would be wrong in him to pay his addresses to her. But the infatuated girl would not believe, and could not understand why she, a princess, and the daughter of the most powerful chief on the plains, was not a suitable wife for the young soldier. Day after day she would dress herself with scrupulous care, and come to the fort to see her beloved. It was pleasurable to observe her, as hour after hour she would sit on the doorsteps of the young officer's quarters, waiting for him to come out. At other times she would follow him about the parade ground like a dog, seeming perfectly happy if she could be near him and enjoy the privilege of looking at him.

Spotted Tail hearing of the strange conduct of his daughter, and deeply mortified at her want of self respect, and hastened to the fort, and putting her in charge of some kind friends, bade them carry her off into the Rocky Mountains, where a portion of her tribe dwelt, and endeavored in every way to make her forget her unfortunate love. She went away meekly enough but fell into a deep melancholy, from which no effort of friends could arouse her. Presently she refused to take any food, and pined away to mere skeleton.

One day a courier horse was white with foam, sought the great chief and told him his daughter was dying of broken heart, and wished to see him once more before she passed to the happy spirit land. Away over mountain and stream hurried the chief and paused not for food or rest until he had reached the bedside of his beloved child. He found her still alive but fast sinking, and she bade him sit close beside her and hold her fleshless hands in his while she told him all her simple story of love and suffering and a broken heart. She then said: "I shall soon be at rest my father, and with those of our kindred who have gone before. In that beautiful land I will wait for you, and you will soon come to join me, dear father, for your looks are whitened with care, you are fast growing old and tired." You are a great chief and have yet many warriors, but the pale faces are more numerous than the leaves of the forest, and I pray you to cease warring with them. Spare your people, my chief, rest a little while in peace, and you will have reached the end of our journey of life, and come to join me in the happy home where I am now going. The pale faces are his people, and between them and you I hope war will never come again. And, O my father and my chief, when I am dead, take my poor wasted body and lay it on the hill beside the fort where I learned to love so well." The pulseless hand grew cold as the great chief promised his child all she asked of him, then the lustreous eyes glared over, the thin lips creased to move, the smile fled from the wasted face, and the Indian girl was dead.

The heartbroken chief bid the attendants dress the body of the princess for burial, and on the shoulders of the stout warriors it was carried to Laramie and laid to rest among the pale faces, one of whose race she had so fatally loved. Her grave is still pointed out to the traveller, and there it will long remain a monument of the saddest story of the plains. Spotted Tail often speaks of his dear daughter with a affectionate remembrance, and in one of a great council held with the whites at Laramie he said: "We're not the hopelessness of resistance, and the dictates of policy sufficient to restrain me from acts of war, the pledge I made to my dead child in her dying hour would cause me to keep at peace with your people."

[From the Richmond Whig.

The Old Flint-Lock Rifle.

An elderly man named Beckwith, residing in one of the Peninsula counties, came to this city last Thursday on business. He brought with him an old-fashioned flint-lock rifle to have a stock put on. On the car he fell in conversation with a party of three gentlemen from this city, when one of them, to test the reality of some of the extraordinary feats of marksmanship he boasted of, offered him \$10 to repeat some of them, to which the two added \$5 between them. The trial came off in an old field half a mile below Rockertown, and was witnessed by about a dozen persons.

The old flint lock was fired seven times, and only once missed its aim. The old gentleman after making two shots at small objects to one side, to get his hand steady, as he said, handed his son a potato and stationed him at fifty yards distance, holding the potato between his thumb and forefinger. The rifle cracked and the potato fell cloven in three or four pieces. One of the larger pieces was then thrown in air, the marksman keeping at the same distance, and again the shot told. An inch and a half sugar was then produced, and a hole bored in the fence, behind which was fastened a piece of white paper. At a distance of sixty yards the marksman sent a ball still intact in order to reassure the spectators. The ball passed through the aperture, piercing the potato and the fence.

HANSON MCG.

Spotted Tail.

At the fourth shot from 60 yards distance, the bowl of a pipe, which the son was smoking, was crushed. At the fifth shot a copper cent was thrown up by the son, standing about thirty yards off. At the first attempt the shot missed. The old gentleman showed considerable mortification and laid the blame upon a bystander, who at the critical moment sneezed loudly. The next attempt, however, was an entire success. The old man declined any further trials of his skill, and when offered a sum of money to repeat his first feat of shooting a potato from his son's hand, he refused, saying he didn't wish to try such experiments unless his weapon was freshly cleaned. The exhibition was the more remarkable from the fact that the marksman was an old man, at least fifty. His eye, however, is a clear bright gray. His appearance is that of a poor farmer. The young man showed the least tremor anxiety during the dangerous experiments upon himself. The old man, referring to his son, said, "Bob can shoot just as well as I can."

Both Killed.

How Two Southern Gentleman Vowed a Vow and Kept it

The Statesman of Austin, Texas, says: From Serbia comes the news of the finale of a fearful tragedy, and we are able to gather the following details in regard to it. Drs. Mallette and Manning were both practicing physicians in the same neighborhood, and had been living there for several years. Some little professional jealousies sprang up between them, and Mallette, in time, began to talk about the other doctor in what was regarded as an unfair manner. He did not, as it is said, confine his remarks about Manning in a professional capacity alone, but had placed him in a wrong social light before others, and had also indulged in reflections upon the character of a near female relative of Manning. Manning finally called upon Mallette to give an explanation of his course, which resulted in an agreement between them to fight. They went to a store, selected each of them a butcher knife, and then seeking an open place commenced the work of carnage. The knives, in their virgin purity did the work well, but before either were mortally wounded they were separated, Mallette wailing in his gore, and Manning a wreck of his former self. Though separated, and death, in Manning's case appearing imminent, a fearful vengeance was mutually vowed upon the spot and faithfully kept, as the sequel shows. The combatants slowly recovered from their wounds. Manning's neck had almost severed from his body, and in his recovery he became fearfully deformed, his head being drawn by the severing of the muscles entirely out of its proper position. He went to the town of Belton in Bell county, while convalescing, and remained there for a few months. Tim-rolled on, and vengeance demanded that the vow made on the day of the fight be fulfilled. The forces of attraction that were to bring these two men again together in mortal combat were too great to withstand, and Manning found himself, a few days ago, in the little town of Serbia. Vengeance had claimed its reward; and so sooner had Manning become quiet than the fierce Mallette loaded his gun with deadly missiles, went in search of Manning, and followed him to his own door, where he made an attempt to kill him, which resulted in the immediate death of Mallette. Manning had not forgotten the mutual vows of vengeance, and when Mallette died his appearance, he too was fully prepared. Mallette fell pierced through the heart with a bullet, and a fierce and bloody vow was fulfilled.

A Terrible Moment.

The Bein Public of Tarbes, June 29, thus describes the destruction of the bridge of the Adour: From daybreak the entire length of the structure was crowded with people, too busy in watching the passage in the stream of trees, gates, articles of furniture and other things, to have any apprehension of the danger they ran. At a quarter before one, some workmen, noticing the water dashing violent against the piers of the bridge, and the flood attaining the crown of the arches, saw the masonry begin to open. A lock-smith at once announced, begging the crowd to retire at once. At first no attention was paid to the warning; but some men employed at the arsenal came behind the store of Mr. Ross and saw the dust fly and the mortar give way, on which a workman called Coulinet hurried away and joined Barthélemy in giving the alarm. Still the idea prevailed that the whole incident was a piece of pleasantry. But on seeing those two add to repeat some of them, to which the two added \$5 between them. The trial came off in an old field half a mile below Rockertown, and was witnessed by about a dozen persons.

The ball passed through the aperture, piercing the potato and the fence.

A Year of Floods and Storms.

The present year will be memorable says the Baltimore *Gazette*, as the season of flood and storms. The whole universe seems to be at war with the watery element. In France the terrible undulations in the valley of the Garonne have had their counterpart in the destructive overflow of the Danube in Hungary and the Alpine in Switzerland, which caused such destruction at Geneva. England has been visited by almost incessant rainfalls during the whole summer long, which have ruined large portions of the growing crops, and a similar misfortune has befallen the great central States of the West. As giving an idea of the rainfall in June and July, in Missouri, the St. Louis *Advertiser* publishes statistics showing that 19.35 inches of rain have fallen in two months while the total average 24 inches. The storm belt extends over the States of Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Southern Iowa and Missouri. The heavy rains began in May and extended through June, with intervals of clear weather, but since the first of July the rainfall has been almost incessant. The destruction has been as great as that caused by sudden inundations, but the loss of growing crops has been heavy. Throughout the entire bottoms of the Scioto, Muskingum, and Miami valleys of Ohio, and the Wabash regions of Indiana, the lands are entirely submerged, in many places to the depth of several feet. The wheat crop, whether standing or harvested, has been almost completely ruined, while the standing corn has greatly suffered, and in many places has been washed away. So continuous have been the rains that very little harvesting had been done, so that the wheat crop is nearly a total loss. It is impossible to make an estimate of damage done. Although the loss falls heavily on the farmers of the inundated regions, there is no reason to apprehend a serious scarcity of wheat or corn. The supply of the former will undoubtedly be small, as compared with that of last year, but still enough to meet the demands of the export trade. The corn crop promises to be unusually large.

Another danger which yet threatens from the storm is the rising of the Mississippi from the heavy rains, and the breaking of the levees. The floods of its upper tributaries have receded, and it is hoped so dread a calamity may be averted from the so recently devastated regions, though it is yet too early to speak with assurance.