

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL XV.—THIRD SERIES

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NO 23

For the Watchman.

Johnny Reb.

Oh, you never-forgotten figure, garbed in gray, Johnny Reb, C. S. A. on your belt-buckle! Oh, you conscript sad and guerrilla gay, Johnny Reb, Who, by hiring hordes of Yankees, whipped to stern fate had to knuckle!

Oh, you rough, unpolished Dixie diamond, grand Johnny Reb, That homespun suit and sun-burnt check your mail-coat, Knight of Feeding! Freely flashed your maiden sword, heart and hand, Johnny Reb, And the battle-wreck and bloody odds your simple faith are sealing!

Oh, you swamp-fox Marion's son and Crockett's heir, Johnny Reb, Fleeced, surrounded, overpowered, bound and shot down, yet how calm he was!

Better metal never glistened in the glare, Johnny Reb, Of the battle-fires that lit the world from Saldin to Alamo!

Oh, you wild and dauntless Stonewall—Fiercest colt, Johnny Reb, From the rebels' Hall Run to the tatoo Appomattox!

On your mettle daring all—about to bolt, Johnny Reb, Through the Gettysburg fire-fence to Pennsylvania paddocks!

Gotham's Hall-Gate echoed back your lusty yell, Johnny Reb, Sounding over the Blue Mountains and the Juniper valley; And your Fredericksburg hurricane of shell, Johnny Reb, Swept the Irish and Yankees to where no officer could rally!

Marching through the Western wild and Southern swamp, Johnny Reb, 'Mongst the old Virginia pines and down the old Kentucky shore; On the bluffs of famed Potomac pitching camp, Johnny Reb; Pining in the prison pens and falling 'mid the cannon's roar.

They say your cause is lost and that you're dead, Johnny Reb; That is false till a white man turns a nigger; That is false till a monkey's becomes a horse's head; That is false till the elephants than maggots are no bigger.

Peace's bugle notes and reason's rolling drum, Johnny Reb, In the nation's sense of justice thy victorious march are sounding; When a healthy mind is preaching War is dumb, Johnny Reb, And the son of Truth will shine amidst old falsehood's cloud-surroundings.

"Peace her victories always hath, as well as War," Johnny Reb; Constitutional amendments never yet convictions killed, sir;

Mind invincible will reign behind her bar, Johnny Reb, And battle-dramas act which hist'ry's play-house never billed, sir!

You're nobody's equal yet black as jet, Johnny Reb;

You're a white man still—a gentleman—in spite of Civil Rights, sir;

No Judge that ever sat could make a fool counteरfeit

On Nature's Bank: whose notes are not greenbacked, but black and white, sir!

Yet they say your cause is lost and that you're dead, Johnny Reb;

That is false till Truth dies and Right is not eternal;

That is false till sovereign Instinct for gets to be obeyed;

That is false till Nature's Nemesis forces get to keep a journal.

Tis the cause of common sense—onward went, Johnny Reb,

And your "soul keep marching on" through the Yankeet's growing nodules;

And you'll beat John Brown as far, in the end, Johnny Reb,

As the old field rabbit's gallop beats the weasel's fancy waddles.

E. P. H.

The Cashes.
Governor Thompson shows them that Law's Supreme in South Carolina.

Two weeks ago young W. Boggan Cash, of Cash's Depot, Chesterfield county, S. C., had a quarrel with the town Marshal, of Cheraw, whose name was Richards. The result of the difficulty was that Cash on a subsequent day shot Richards on the street and killed him. At the same time an accidental shot, dangerously wounded a bystander named Coward. The Coroner's jury called Cash's dead murder in plain language and the community was greatly excited. But the county authorities did not arrest Cash or even make any vigorous effort to do it.

Boggan Cash is a son of the notorious Col. E. B. C. Cash, well known as a duelist and a desperate character in general. He is a hospitable and a spirituous man. He is a cultivated man, and has great influence in his community. But he has carried the notion of "the code" to that extreme point where a man sets himself and his "honor" up against society and the laws—a spirit which though its origin was a manly and brave self-respect, in its absurd development has done more than all other causes to retard Southern progress—especially in South Carolina and Virginia.

The Chesterfield community was so thoroughly impregnated with the Cash face,

doctrine, and the old Colonel was "such an elegant gentleman, you know and so gritty," that there was no hope of bringing the young murderer to trial. Colonel Cash had declared his intention to kill Richards himself for insulting his son. And when young Cash returned from Cheraw and told his father what he had done, the old man kissed him and embraced him "for the first time since infancy."

The tardiness of the county authorities provoked Gov. Thompson to action. He sent a posse of men to Cash's Depot arrested Col. Cash as an accessory after the deed to the crime of his son. The posse have scoured the Pee Dee swamps for young Cash, for whose capture a reward has been offered. He has not yet been captured. The old man is in jail at Columbia, and counsel are making an effort for his release.

He has threatened to offer a reward for the Governor's head, has threatened to burn Cheraw, and demeaned himself in general as if he were the leader of a hostile army, rather than a citizen of the State.

A Terrible Tornado.

The storms of the past winter culminated on Tuesday, February 17, in a cyclone that laughs to scorn all former efforts of the storm king. Forming in the Gulf of Mexico, and striking the Chattahoochee valley, it passed up through Fort Gaines until it reached Columbus, Ga. Here it split, striking east and northwest. The latter part of the storm, which was the most destructive, passed on to Calhoun valley, struck the Red Mountain in Alabama, and turning east again came back to Heard county, Ga. From here its course was north, sweeping out of existence as it went on, the small town of Oconee, and the new manufacturing village of Leeds, and leaving its usual record of devastation at Birmingham. On it swept stretching out its wings, and taking into its embrace Cave Spring, Rome and Cartersville. Once more it turned east and sweeping into Cherokee county, about seven miles to the right of Jasper, Pickens county, it passed up the summit of Grassy Knob, 3,290 feet above the level of the sea, over the mountains and out of sight, leaving in its wake twenty dead bodies within the short space of fifteen miles. On it went through Jackson county, into Oconee, S. C., on through North Carolina to the sea. The eastern portion of the storm after leaving Columbus, swept through Talbot, Crawford and Baldwin counties, again divided and passed on either side of the Macon and Augusta road, one branch going through Huddock, Teunille and Davisonboro, then scattering in wild confusion, the other passing north along the line of the Augusta and Knoxville road into South Carolina, through Ninety-six and so dispersing. The Hon. R. C. Hunter, candidate for State Treasurer of Georgia, was found under the timbers of his house at Davisonboro, with both limbs badly broken, but still alive. On Grassy Knob, Mrs. Levi Cagle and two children were killed; John Nickelson and numbers of ladies and children perished; in Pickens and Cherokee, W. H. Collier, Mr. James Taylor and a number of other farmers were hurt seriously. In the section of country around Atlanta, from three to four hundred are reported dead. On the same evening that this storm raged, a most tempestuous wind swept up the Ohio valley, bitterly cold, and laden with snow. It struck Clarksville, Tenn., at 12 m., Owensboro, Ky., at 4:30; Woodford county between 4 and 5, and Louisville at about 7:30. Hundreds of houses at the flooded district danced like empty goods boxes on the waves, and many of them were freighted with human beings. At this point we have a most efficient life-saving station, and, by almost super-human efforts the people were saved from the swaying and floating houses. Such a storm has never been known in the section through which this one swept.

Women ought to feel a little proud of the record made this week. Monday night last a drunken hotel waiter was proceeding homeward in Chicago when a ferocious woman, with a revolver in her hand, halted him in an out-of-the-way street and compelled him to deliver his watch and the few cents that he had neglected to spend for beer during the evening. Tuesday, while Dr. Mary Walker was at work in a committee room in the capitol at Washington, a negro messenger came in and took some liberties with her sacred silk hat. She rose in her rage and smote the impious negro under the eye with her clenched fist. He fled in dismay, only this leap year.—*News and Review.*

J. D. GASKILL.

MONEY IN IT FOR FARMERS.

Think just a moment! It may be greatly to your profit To Buy Your
KAINIT, ACID, PHOSPHATE AND GUANOS

from one to whom you can sell your cotton, &c.—I have now ready and am selling every day for cash, or on time to suit my customers,

ROYSTER'S HIGH GRADE ACID PHOSPHATE,

which is the best acid sold in the State beyond doubt.—Also, the

ASHEPOO ACID PHOSPHATE,

which stands so high in Georgia and South Carolina that they pay \$1 per ton more for it than for other brands. But I will sell at a small profit to meet prices of other brands.

Also, I have the best

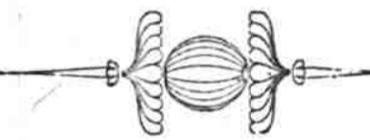
GERMAN KAINIT

ON SALE IN THE COUNTRY.

These Goods for Composting, &c., are the very best that can be got anywhere. There is none better. Call at once, get prices and put in your orders.

J. D. GASKILL.

TOBACCO!



If ever you had a showing for fine prices, it is in the crop of Tobacco to be planted this year.

WE KEEP A STORE, AND STRIVE TO HAVE IN THAT STORE EVERYTHING A FARMER WOULD LIKE TO BUY, BOTH FOR HIMSELF AND HIS FAMILY. WE WANT OUR CUSTOMER TO BE A CHEERFUL MAN, AND IF HE HAS MONEY IN HIS PURSE HE WILL BE CHEERFUL; BUT HE CAN'T BE IF, WHEN HE COMES TO SELL HIS CROP, IT BRINGS HIM LITTLE OR NOTHING. EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT ON THE FERTILIZER HE USES, ALLOWING THE SEASON TO BE AT ALL FAVORABLE, DEPENDS THE RESULT OF HIS CROP, AND THIS BEING THE CASE, HE HAS NO RIGHT TO RISK THAT CROP ON ANYTHING THAT HAS NOT BEEN TRIED AND PROVED. THE FOLLOWING WILL SHOW WHAT HAS BEEN "TRIED AND PROVED," IN THE FERTILIZER WAY, ON FINE TOBACCO, AND MAJOR RAGLAND, OF HALIFAX COUNTY, VA., THE GREAT TOBACCO AUTHORITY, AND GROWER OF PEDIGREE TOBACCO SEED, IS THE MAN WHO TELLS ABOUT IT. IF ANYBODY KNOWS WHAT TOBACCO IS CERTAINLY DOES:

"There are several brands of fertilizer manufactured specially for tobacco, differing in composition, price, and merit; and after repeated experiments with most, if not all the best, the author gives it as his decided opinion, that for fine, bright, silky tobacco nothing equals the

'ANCHOR BRAND'

Tobacco Fertilizer, prepared by the Southern Fertilizing Company, Richmond, Va. And this opinion is based upon seventeen years' trial, and often in competition with the best of other brands on the market. It is a tried and proved fertilizer, which the planter can use without the risk of getting something unsuited to his crop; and therefore I can recommend it with confidence."

Messrs. Mathews & Williamson, of Reidsville, N. C., wrote the following to the Company, and state that they have seen nothing since to change their judgment.

"From our own personal experience, and it covers a long time, in watching the results from the use of various brands of commercial fertilizers handled in this section, it is our mature judgment that the '**ANCHOR BRAND**' stands at the head of all for the production of fine, silky, yellow tobacco. The plant seems to receive more fitting nourishment from the use of this article than from any other, and we are of opinion that if our farmers made it their stand-by, we would hear less of light chaffy tobacco, having some color but no body, and that the farmer would realize the result he sought to enjoy from his labor; for low-grade tobacco will not bring big money."

Now we want you to have "big money" for your crop; because we not only desire you to make good bills with us, but pay for them when they are made; hence we handle the '**ANCHOR BRAND**', and will supply you, in quantities to suit, direct from the factory. We don't want people to abuse us about their fertilizer; we, therefore, sell only what time has shown to be the best. So, make no arrangements in this line, until you see or confer with us. You certainly can't afford to take any risk this year.

J. D. GASKILL.

COTTON!

I will have this season in larger quantity than ever before, the old reliable

SEA FOWL GUANO.

FOR COTTON. It is a pleasure to sell this brand because it pleases. And one fact worthy of notice is, that it has increased in sales the last two years, which no other brand has done in this market. Also, I will have

HYMANS & DANCY'S

PREMIUM GUANO,

which is one of the favorites of Cabarrus farmers.

No other brand stands any higher with them, and we all know that they are good and successful farmers, and especially raise fine large crops of Cotton.

And to accommodate my friends and customers, I will keep on hand a fullstock of Flour, Corn, Meal, Oats, cotton seed Meal, Bran, Ship Stuff, Bacon, Molasses, Salt, &c., &c., that I will sell for cash or barter very low. Also, will sell on time.

Have a small lot of prime CLOVER SEED.

J. D. GASKILL.

A Texas Tragedy.

A Scene in a Texas Theatre Not Down on the Bills.

SAN ANTONIA, Tex., March 12.— Ben Thompson and King Fisher shot each other dead in the Vanderville theatre last night. Joe Foster, who attempted to interfere with the combatants, was shot in the leg and will probably die of hemorrhage. Thompson and Fisher had been drinking together and entered the theatre in company. They met Foster in the dress circle and some words were exchanged. The dress circle was quickly cleared; the occupants jumping into the parquette below, and through the side windows into the street. No one seems to know who fired the first shot or how many were wounded in the shooting. Before the theatre was fairly cleared of its occupants, 1,500 persons on the outside were clamoring at the closed doors for admittance. Shortly after the shooting Thompson's brother put in an appearance, but was promptly arrested. A jury was hastily empaneled, and it was ascertained that Thompson had received four mortal wounds, and that Fisher had been wounded three times, two of which would have caused instant death.

The remains of the victims were taken in charge by a host of friends and the obsequies have been ordered on the grandest scale, regardless of expense. The theatre where the affray occurred was the scene last year of the killing by Thompson, of Jack Harris, who was proprietor of the place. Fisher and Thompson were probably the two most desperate men in Texas. They have each killed a large number of men.

Civil Service in Mitchell.

A correspondent of the Statesville *Landmark*, at Elk Park, Mitchell county, N. C., says: "I will try and give you a little hint of the outrages of the Republican party in this section. Since they are beginning to see they are losing ground in Mitchell, they have begun to use the petty (4th class) postoffices as a means of reward and punishment, having appointed one Lute Banner, a rank Republican 'Liberal,' or in other words more easily understood, a petty bridle tail, in place of Wm. C. Walsh, postmaster at Elk Park, (a Democrat) and you need not forget it." What an outrage upon a free people for one man to have the power to remove men from these petty offices and appoint others in their places for no other than for political purposes and electioneering schemes! I think that the king of the hill country is now preparing and getting his bridle tailed understrappers whipped into ranks for the coming campaign.

The Republican party is now on a very shaky foundation and they are making their death struggle. They are becoming alarmed and know that it stands them in hand to rally their forces in time for the coming storm which will doubtless lift them out of their hiding places and expose to the world evils that have so long been practiced upon us. How can a man with common sense ever have the audacity, under these circumstances, to even entertain the idea of voting the Republican ticket?

A DEMOCRAT.

A Pretty Girl's Grim Humor.

Why a Lady-Killer from Philadelphia Changed Cars at Jackson, Miss.

Detroit Free Press.

Talk about pretty girls—but she was a wild flower and no mistake! She got on the train to go over to Meridian from Vicksburg, and she was all alone. There was a sort of side-long movement among five or six men, but a drummer for a Philadelphia saddlery house got there first. He grabbed up his grip and walked square up to her seat and took possession of half of it without asking a question, and in ten minutes he seemed to be perfectly at home. She answered his questions briefly, and he had the hardest kind of work to keep up conversation, and as the train approached Jackson, she suddenly said:

"I want to telegraph papa from here. Will you help me?"

"Oh, certainly. I have a blank in my pocket. Write your telegram and I will run into the office with it."

We missed him when the train started, but by and by he was found in the smoking car, his hat crushed down and his nerves all on edge. When asked what had happened he drew forth the telegram which the girl had requested him to hand in. It read:

"Bring your shotgun with you to pop over a dragoon who has dreadfully annoyed me. Shoot to kill."

"To think," he said that one so fair could be so murderous!"

From the Baltimore *Manufacturers' Record*, we glean the following industrial items:

J. M. Iver will erect a new flour mill at Gulf, N. C.

A railroad to be built from Gaffney City, S. C., to Rutherfordton, N. C.

J. T. Finger will erect machine shop and agricultural implement factory at Newton, N. C.

Philip E. Hedrick, near Lexington, Davidson county, N. C., is putting up saw and grill mills.

T. B. Parker, Goldsboro, N. C., will establish a steam factory.

Ulysses Holton is putting up a saw mill at Bayboro, N. C.

The Durham Cotton Mill, of Durham, N. C., previously reported, has organized, with a capital stock of \$150,000, of which \$90,000 is already paid in. President, James A. Odell, of Greensboro; vice-president, J. M. Odell, of Concord; secretary and treasurer, W. H. Brandon. Work on the building to be commenced at once. Will also build a cotton seed oil mill.

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