

# The Carolina Watchman.

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SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1888.

NO. 41

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Attorneys at Law  
SALISBURY, N. C.

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SALISBURY, N. C.

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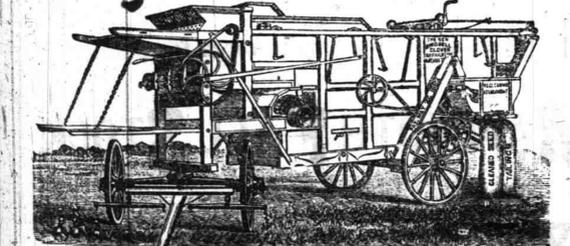
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## Political Chestnuts.

[BY H. C. DODGE.]

There's going to be a heap of fun  
From now until election—  
To listen to the chestnuts spun  
On Free Trade and Protection.

The Cobden Club, we will be told,  
Will rule this country for us;  
And with their loads of British gold,  
Spread pauperism o'er us.

We'll hear that Democrats who own  
Half of this land and love it,  
Are going to make the English throne  
A little present of it.

We'll hear the side that now contains  
Four-fifths of toilers hearty,  
Want to reduce their own hard gains  
To help the other party.

We will be told by those who fill  
Their pockets with our money,  
The seven per cent. reduction bill  
Is free trade—which is funny.

We'll hear that all the mills will stop,  
(They didn't, we remember)—  
And hearts will bleed and tears will drop  
For workmen till November.

But one prediction may be made,  
And demagogues won't doubt it,  
Which is—be fools who yell "free trade,"  
Don't know a thing about it.

## Texas Pioneers.

INDIAN RAID IN THE COLORADO VALLEY.

At an early day in Texas, when the pioneers began to extend their settlements far up the Colorado Valley, a town was laid off at the foot of the Colorado mountains, and was called Waterloo. When it became necessary to select a site for a capital of our great State the village of Waterloo was chosen, and its name changed to Austin in honor of Stephen F. Austin, who brought the first colonists to Texas. Settlers came rapidly, attracted by the beautiful country and rich lands, rude but comfortable houses were built, farms opened, and prosperity began to smile upon their efforts.

In the spring of 1839, shortly after the location of the capital, when the hills, valleys and plains were covered with green grass and sweet smelling flowers, and birds sang merrily in the woods, the wild Comanche Indians, the scourge of Texas, swooped down from mountains, five hundred in number, to mar the beautiful scene.

They first attacked, about 11 o'clock in the morning, the house of Widow Coleman, near the Colorado River, sixteen miles below Austin. She was in the garden at the time with her little son, Thomas, aged about seven years, and on the approach of the Indians called her little boy and ran to the house. Mrs. Coleman outran the little boy, and arrived at the house first. By the time the Indians were close upon them, and when the poor woman turned back to save her son, an Indian drew his bow and with unerring aim shot an arrow through her neck. Mrs. Coleman then ran into the house, and with the assistance of another son, thirteen years old, succeeded in barring the door.

There were also in the house her two daughters, about nine and eleven years old, and an infant son who took refuge under the bed. After barring the door, Mrs. Coleman, with the thought of trying to defend her children, seized a rifle, and taking a seat in a chair, placed the gun across her lap and pulled the deadly arrow from her neck, and almost instantly fell dead, covering the floor with her blood. The boy then seized the gun, and as the Indians approached fired through a small crack and killed the chief, who fell dead on the door-steps. The brave boy repeatedly loaded and fired the gun, killing another Indian and wounding a third, when one of the savages, thrusting a spear through a crack in the wall, pierced the gallant boy through the body. He fell near the bed where his sisters and brothers lay concealed, and the eldest took his head in her lap. While bleeding to death he said to the poor little ones: "I will not groan to let them know I am wounded." Then with his expiring breath he said to them: "Father is dead, mother is dead, and I am dying, but something tells me that God will protect you." The Indians then broke open the door, and hearing voices under the bed, and fearing more deadly bullets, pierced the dead bodies with their spears through the cracks of the house. The Indians then left, carrying off little Thomas. A few hours after, when relief came, the children came out from their place of concealment, and wailing around the dead body of their mother, wetting their garments in her blood while expressing her pain.

The Indians then attacked Dr. Joe Robertson's house, about five hundred yards from Mrs. Coleman's, and captured all but one of his negroes; but, fortunately, the Doctor was on a visit with his family and escaped. The Indians robbed the place, and then went to what was afterwards called Wells' Fort, where resided Mrs. Wells, John Walters and G. W. Davis. Just before reaching the place, however, they were met by sixteen brave frontiersmen, who deployed in their front; and the Indians, who were all on foot, turned off and camped on Willbarger's Creek and buried their dead.

The frontiersmen then took the three families behind them to Fort Willbarger, and leaving a detachment to watch the Indians, the others scattered as couriers over the country to alarm the settlers and raise men to

fight the Indians. That famous Texan, Gen. Edward Burleson, soon got the news, and set out on a fast steed, and by daylight arrived at Fort Willbarger. Here he found eighty men assembled, and, taking his command, left five men to protect the women and children, and with the rest followed the trail of the Comanches. Among those who rode in the ranks that day was the pioneer Methodist minister, Rev. James Gilliland.

Gen. Burleson came up with the Indians about one o'clock, in the open prairie near Bushy Creek, twenty miles northwest of Austin. The men were now divided into two parties, one of which was led by Capt. Jones Rogers. The settlers charged with great fury, and a most desperate battle commenced. The Indians finally retired before the gallant fire of Burleson's men, and took a position in the ravine among the scrubby elm and cactus. Here they concentrated their forces, and making a desperate charge, forced the settlers back across the open ground into the timber. Here they dismounted and held the Indians at bay, who in large numbers whooped and yelled around them.

During the retreat from the ravine the young brother of Gen. Burleson was killed and his body dragged back among the Indians, who cut off his hands and otherwise mutilated his body. The Rev. James Gilliland was killed after they dismounted, while resting his rifle against a tree to fire.

The fight lasted until nearly sundown, when the Indians retired, beating their rude war-drums, yelling and rattling their shields. Gen. Burleson then slowly returned to Fort Willbarger, bearing his dead and wounded. Among the former was Edward, the son of Widow Blakely. When they arrived a more painful scene was never witnessed. The bereaved wife wept for her husband, the mother for her only son, and brothers and sisters for their brothers.

On arriving at the Fort, the dead bodies were laid out in a room by themselves, where they could be washed and prepared for burial. Mrs. Blakely, on starting into the room to take a last look at her son, was stopped and informed that he was shot in the face and was so mangled and disfigured, and the sight would be so horrid and painful, that she must not go in. She claimed and demanded her rights as a mother to take a last look at her son. It was granted, and going into the room, she knelt down by his body, wiped away the blood and brains oozing from his forehead, kissed him, for a moment rested her head upon his manly breast; then, rising, pale and calm, exclaimed: "His father and brother died in defence of their country, and now he is dead—my only loving protector. But, if I had a thousand sons, and my country needed them, I would cheerfully give them up." God grant this mother and son the ineffable joys of paradise, and inspire all Texans with the same transcendent virtue and patriotic devotion.  
A. J. SOWELL.

## Colored Congregation Excited.

READING, July 25.—There is serious trouble in Bethel African Methodist Episcopal congregation in this city. Several nights ago the pastor, Rev. R. B. Johns, commenced a series of holiness meetings, to continue for two weeks. Now discord has broken loose, and about thirty members of the congregation have withdrawn, others refuse to attend the services and complaint has been entered against the pastor before the Presiding Elder. A large number of white people attend these holiness meetings and the burden of the complaint is that Mr. Johns, who is a very good looking colored man and married, is guilty of escorting home one or two white ladies who come to his services not accompanied by their husbands or male escorts.

Some of the trustees have made the formal complaint, and they say that if Mr. Johns persists in walking with white ladies, then they keep the church doors locked. The church has been used as a colored place of worship for over fifty years, but the colored people say that they have no longer any control over the place. Last night one of the white visitors arose and said: "Well, we'll have our class meeting now here in this room and our colored friends can retire to the Sunday School room down stairs." The colored people weat down, but were all boiling mad.

Some of the colored women were in fighting mood and it was with difficulty they were restrained from pulling the hair out of the heads of the white folks who caused all the row.

## War at Mowing Blade Church.

There is a colored church out in Crab Orchard township called Mowing Blade and the worshippers of the Blade have been at war with each other. The fuss started last Sunday, and yesterday, while a party of the parishioners were building an arbor for camp meeting, the cause of the trouble was brought up for discussion, and the result was a fight between George Green and Jas. Simpson. Green was badly used up, as Simpson appears to have fought principally with his teeth, and bit out several good sized chunks. The matter has been adjusted before the magistrates.—Charlotte Chronicle.

## Senator Vance's Remarks on the Free- man's Bank Bill.

Mr. Vance. Mr. President, I should like to inquire of the author of the bill what distinguishes this from any other banking institution of the country? If we pay the depositors of this institution for the losses that they have incurred by the failure of the institution why should we not pay all other depositors of all other banking institutions entered under the authority of the United States?

I confess, sir, that I can see no reason for it, and before I vote upon the bill, disposing of over a million dollars of money to make good the defalcations of some distasteful men connected with this institution, I should be glad to have a reason given to me for a vote in its favor.

Mr. Sherman. When this subject was discussed the other day by the Senate there were quite a number of gentlemen on the side who gave reasons why the bill should pass, although it would not be a good rule for us to pay all depositors of broken national banks.

Mr. Vance. I was not present when the discussion was had in the Senate. I was not aware that one had taken place.

The peculiar circumstances seem to be that the colored people were the war's of the nation, I suppose, and that they were led to believe that this was a government institution managed by government officers, and that the faith of the government was pledged to make good their deposits and to see that they were properly treated, etc.

The kindest and the best thing that can be done with the colored race in this country is to teach them to depend upon themselves. The ward business began at a very early period. It is time that they should either be the wards of the nation or that they should be independent freemen learning to depend upon themselves and not to depend upon the government—one or the other.

As wards it is assumed that these persons were so ignorant that they did not know the risk they were running when they deposited their money in a chartered institution, and they believed, were to be taken implicit ignorance that they in their trusting and care of by the faith of the nation, and that everything that had the government of the United States attached to it means a solemn guaranty to them of the rights and privileges and property, &c.

That has all gone by, sir, and at the same time that we are now asked, in consideration of their ignorant condition, their condition of inchoate citizenship, to make good all the losses incurred in this bank, they were as freemen thought to be wise enough and statesmanlike enough and freeman enough to entrust with the destinies of whole States in this country, to take charge of the laws, the property, the rights liberties and the civilization of my State for one, and for many others, and were placed over the heads of the white people in those governments. If they were able and sufficiently enlightened to take charge of the destinies of a free, civilized Commonwealth, surely they were able to deposit their money in a banking institution and to take the risks there like any one else.

To hold them as wards wherever a defalcation of a bank is to be made good, and to hold them as enlightened and civilized freeman wherever a political purpose is to be maintained by giving them full charge of a whole State and its destinies, I think is entirely inconsistent.

When this bill was introduced it contained a general provision to make good all the depositors who had not been satisfied by the assets of the bank. It turned out that quite a number of those depositors were white people. Now, the bill is amended so as to strike them out, and we are absolutely to make a distinction in violation of the constitution of the United States, which says that no distinction shall be made on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. We are to pay the colored man all that he was robbed of by the officers of this bank, and the white man is to look out for himself and get nothing because he should have known better.

Sir, the whole business is wrong. These colored people must learn to distinguish in their business risks just as the white people have learned to distinguish. They must learn the great truth that every man who calls himself a philanthropist and friend of the colored man is not necessarily so, and that the louder in fact he talks philanthropy and love of them the more likely he is to steal what they trust to him. They have that lesson to learn. If one is to be paid I am in favor of paying the other. There is no justice in any other course.

Judge Thurman's daughter, who lives at Richmond Hill, L. I., built her own house and had it made to suit her own ideas. The entire lower floor, except the kitchen, is one immense room, which is divided into smaller ones by large screens. These screens may be rolled aside or used for partition purposes at the wish of the owner. The house stands high and commands a fine view of the village of Jamaica and the surrounding country.

## M. S. Littlefield Arrested.

HE IS CHARGED WITH FORGERY, BUT PAYS DAMAGES AND IS DISCHARGED.

A New York dispatch of the 18th says: Milton S. Littlefield, who says he is president of the Jackson & Tallahassee Railroad Company, was arraigned yesterday by Detectives Doyle and Willard of police headquarters. Philip Kegler, a real estate broker, whose office is in Temple Court, Beekman and Nassau streets, was also a prisoner. Detective Doyle told Justice Kilbeth that Kegler passed a worthless check upon Ernest Dreher, proprietor of the Cosmopolitan restaurant, at No. 25 New street. Kegler claimed that he had received the check from Littlefield in payment of a debt of \$25. The check was drawn on the bank of Deposit, Liberty and Nassau streets, to the order of M. S. Littlefield, and was signed "H. S. Beardsley." When the check was presented at the bank it was pronounced a forgery by the bank officials.

Kegler indignantly denied any intention of fraud, and stated that he had received the check in good faith from Littlefield. The latter was arrested at the office of the railroad company, No. 45 Broadway. Littlefield was loud in his protestations that an outrage had been committed, and proclaimed that such a man as Stewart L. Woodford and other prominent men were his friends and could vouch for him. When asked as to how he received the check he said that Beardsley, who is a resident of New Jersey, gave it to him in settlement of a debt. He could give no definite information as to what town in New Jersey Beardsley lived in, nor where he could be found.

"I am president of a Florida railroad and owner of a large interest in coal and iron in Pennsylvania," Littlefield said to Justice Kilbeth, "and if you will give me twenty minutes I will obtain sufficient money to redeem the check."

This seemed to please Dreher, who offered to withdraw the complaint if Littlefield made good the money. Justice Kilbeth, however, demurred at this style of doing business. "Of what railroad did you say you were president?" he asked.

"I am president of the Tallahassee & Jacksonville Road in Florida, and I own a residence in Morristown N. J.," answered Littlefield.

"Several years ago," Justice Kilbeth said, "I remember that a president of a defunct railroad down in that locality forged a large number of bonds. Your name strikes me of being very similar to the name of that railroad president. Are you the same man?"

"Oh, no," Littlefield replied, waving his hands excitedly, "that was in Alabama not Florida."

"Oh!" said the Judge: "I think it was in Florida." He, however, paroled Littlefield in the custody of Detective Willard for half an hour to procure the money. When Littlefield left the court Kegler told Justice Kilbeth that Littlefield was an ex-Confederate general, having commanded a battery at Hilton Head, near Charleston during the war.

At the conclusion of the half hour Littlefield returned with \$25, which he paid Dreher, who withdrew his complaint. The case was dismissed.

## The Battle of Manassas.

Today is July 21st. It is the anniversary of the first battle of Manassas. There Southern valor gave prophecy of the four years of endurance that followed. There bled and died the knightliest men that ever lived in any age or country. They were Southerners. And they mastered many times their number in battle. They did it in the focalized gaze of a hemisphere. And there that day, there was born a nick name for a Southern General, that is the sublimest in all the chronicles of time. The nick-name was "Stonewall Jackson." It will be translated into every generation and age and language and tongue.

Ten years after the war a courtly Southerner sought the hand of Gen. Jackson's widow in marriage. Her reply to him was, "I would rather be the widow of Stonewall Jackson than the wife of any living man."

And who blames her? She was building for history. And the name of "Stonewall Jackson" has climbed the mountains of two hemispheres and built for itself a nest beside the eagles.

Yes; Manassas was fought twenty-seven years ago to-day. Many a knightly soldier went down that day while he was still praying to see his mother or his sweet heart once more. But fate willed it otherwise; and there was dust on the moustached lips. The grave worms banqueted on the seed corn and blossom of Southern chivalry. In all the religions there is but one consoling doctrine for those they left behind. It is the doctrine of the resurrection. Let us hope that each one of these bearded boys at Manassas—and some were too young to have beards—let us hope as Christians, that each one inherited a wedding garment of white, and a part in the first resurrection.—Charlotte Observer.

"Public office is a public trust."—GROVER CLEVELAND.

## An Artful Dodge.

Rockingham, Rocker.

We see it stated that Col. Dockery said in his speech at Nashville, N. C., on the 4th of July, that if Capt. Alexander had been nominated for Governor on the Democratic ticket, he (Dockery) would not have accepted the Republican nomination. In other words, he would not have opposed his brother member of the Alliance; therefore the Alliance is under obligations to him. This is not the first time Dockery has made this assertion, and in a quiet way he is endeavoring to secure the farmer vote through his connection with the Alliance. (We presume we are breathing no faith in what we have heard it from two or three sources, reliable ones too.) In stating that a member of the Pea Dee Alliance—of which Dockery is a member—was recently arraigned before his Alliance on the charge of attempting to prostitute the order for political purposes, the specific charge being that he was trying to aid Dockery through the Alliance. On this occasion Dockery made the statement that he would not have opposed Alexander, but disclaimed any intention or purpose of trying to further his own political interests by reason of his connection with it. If Colonel Dockery was sincere in his statement he would not take advantage of every occasion to make the reference to Capt. Alexander which is attributed to him. Anybody can see that his purpose is to make the impression that Alexander being a member of the Alliance, he would not have opposed him and thus divided the farmer vote (how magnanimous!) but Alexander not being a candidate, it is the duty of the farmers to vote for Dockery. We ask, is it honest in Col. Dockery to thus prostitute the organization in violation of its expressed wishes and its constitution? Does he for a moment suppose that the sturdy yeomanry of the land will depart from their fixed principles, will place in jeopardy the good government of the State to simply further his personal ends? If so, upon what does he base his claims? He was not placed in nomination by a body of farmers; on the contrary, his nomination was given him by a convention composed of a small number of white politicians and a large number of negro dupes and "heelers." Is there anything in the manner of his bringing out to commend him to the farmers? Is there anything in the man himself which should give him special claims upon the tillers of the soil?

## A Desperate Fight.

IS PROMISED THE REPUBLICANS OF ALABAMA—OUTSIDE HELP.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., July 25.—The first gun of the campaign in Alabama were fired here last night. At a meeting held in the county court house the audience was composed almost exclusively of negroes. Speeches were made by Dr. W. T. Ewing, of Gadsden, Republican nominee for Governor of Alabama; Judge W. B. Mordis, of Shelby, nominee for Attorney General, and Robert A. Moseley, Jr., of Talladega, chairman of the Republican State Executive Committee.

The speeches were confined mostly to the stereotyped doctrines of Republicanism and wholesale abuse of the Democratic party. Judge Mordis endorsed the reconstruction acts passed by the Republicans in 1867, and yet he was one of the seven men who bolted and entered a protest against the action of the convention at the time.

Dr. Ewing, candidate for Governor, is said to be worth \$100,000. He says he will spend his money freely to contest the Governor's seat if he is counted out by the "Bourbon black belt Democracy." He says he wrote Gov. Sewy a letter inviting him to a joint canvass, which invitation was not accepted. Moseley predicts that Jefferson county, of which Birmingham is the county seat, will go Republican and that there will be over forty Republicans and Independents in the next Legislature. He says he has letters from Governor Foraker and Mr. McKinley, of Ohio, promising to come to Alabama in the fall and make some campaign speeches. As a matter of fact, the Republicans do not hope to elect a single State officer, but they are falling in line for the Presidential contest.

## It is Well to Remember.

That slander, like mud, dries and falls off.

That he who gathers roses must not fear thorns.

That to wait and be patient soothes many a pang.

That all are not princes that ride with the emperor.

That correction is good when administered in season.

That it takes a good deal of grace to be able to bear praise.

That you will never have a friend if you must have one without failings.

That to have what we want is richer, but to be able to do without is power.

That there is no limit to the age at which a man may make a fool of himself.

That the roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn the brow of those who pluck them.

That a man who cannot mind his own business is not to be trusted with the business of others.