

The Inevitable W. T. Dortch Dead and Buried. Alas! poor Yorick!

Let it be remembered that W. T. Dortch got Governor Ellis to commission him as a Lieutenant Colonel in Colonel Charles Fisher's 6th Infantry, in 1861, and that Dortch held his commission just long enough to get him a Confederate uniform made. But as soon as Col. Fisher's regiment was ordered to march out of the State in order to reach Manassas by the time of the big fight, Dortch promptly and gallantly resigned before he got in sight or hearing of a gun, thus manfully carrying out his declarations and pledges to the people, that he would sacrifice his life in defence of Southern rights. His noble martyrdom in the cause he so gallantly espoused, has inspired him with the following sublime sentiments:

What'll you bet? In Billy Dortch of sixty one, You all remember well the man, Who advocated strong the plan, That brought about secession. I got your sons to volunteer, Your husbands, brothers, sweethearts dear, Which from your eyes wung many a tear And wrought you sore oppression. We failed in that attempt altho' We fought—oh how I fought! I know— I'm out again to ask you to go With me to have a convention. For sure to read my bitter looks When out among the Raids I jukes, It almost burst my heart—adooks! Spoken—To see these scallwags, Carpet buggers and niggers now setting up to fill places once occupied by high toned southern gentlemen, it would almost tempt me to assassinate them—ah!

POETRY. All About Love. It always was the mystery Of mysteries to me, Why lovers should be so absurd; Can anybody see? And since the thing which puzzled me, Has puzzled scores, as well, If there is anybody knows, Will anybody tell? Somebody loves me. I am sure, I think I love her too; If foolish actions are a proof, Our evidence will do! I thought we both had common sense, Yet manage as we may, We never say the thing we mean, Nor mean the thing we say.

Hon. John Reilly. This gentleman, although in very feeble health, went from Beaufort where he had been enjoying a season of rest, to his home in Fayetteville to enter into the campaign. The result in Cumberland is to a considerable extent attributable to his exertions; and his efforts at a time when his physical condition required a respite from labor proves his devotion to the people's rights. The State of North Carolina never had a more faithful officer, a citizen more highly appreciated by all who know him, or a more unflinching Republican. We sincerely trust he may soon be completely restored to perfect health, and that his valuable services as an officer may be retained for many years.



A Political Lull. It is reasonable to suppose that the late campaign has, to a great extent, surfeited our people with politics, at least for awhile, and a season of rest will therefore be enjoyed. It would be best, however, for our citizens to carefully study the situation of political affairs throughout the nation and prepare themselves for the many issues which will be presented for the consideration of the American people the coming year. It is essential in a free Republic like ours to have a frequent recurrence to the elective principles, and every voter should acquaint himself as far as he is able with the political questions likely to be brought before him for consideration.

The year 1876 will be one of the most exciting, in a political point of view, since the foundation of the government. The Democratic party having received some slight encouragement during the last eighteen months, owing mainly to local differences among Republicans in some of the States, will put forth herculean efforts to carry the Presidential election. The campaign on the part of the Republicans therefore should be commenced early. In North Carolina, we earnestly hope that it will at once be inaugurated in every township. The late contest was sprung upon us, and we were found in many places totally unprepared. We throw out these hints for the digestion of our friends, and trust that the Republican press will urge upon the party in every neighborhood the necessity of adopting them. Let us not be found at the commencement of the great battle unprepared for the fray. Organize at once.

The News' report of the disturbance of Thursday night last is in some respects exaggerated and incorrect. The crowd was by no means a "mob," neither was there any "riot." It was composed of a number of half grown boys who can only behave themselves when a policeman is standing over them. If the News had been as liberal as Gen. Ransom was when he said the night before that the negroes were a peaceable people, it would not have done them such gross injustice. The colored people deprecated the action of the boys, and were ready the next day to lend their aid toward bringing to justice the guilty parties if they had not been easily found. The record kept at the Mayor's court will show that the three boys who did the damage, which the News attempts to distort and torture into a general destruction of life and property by a "mob," are under age, and were, we are glad to say, punished for it.

MISCELLANEOUS. The Mountain Meadow Massacre by Mormons in 1857. The trial of the men concerned in the infamous and cruel Mountain Meadow massacre has just commenced. We extract from the New York Herald the following brief and comprehensive history of this terrible tragedy, whose details are about being brought to light after the expiration of seventeen years. In the year 1857 a large emigrant

train was on its way across the plains to California. An army officer who saw it in June described it as probably the finest train that had ever crossed the plains. It was believed to contain not less than forty heads of families, some young unmarried men, women and many children, and it appears to have had an uncommonly perfect outfit, among other things three carriages—very unusual appliances to an emigrant train. One of these carriages, which was peculiarly marked, is said to have been for some years after the massacre in possession of the Mormons. The Mormon leaders were at that time furious about some threatened or contemplated interference of the United States Government; and it is related that Brigham Young, preaching in the tabernacle, said that as Governor and Indian agent he had hitherto "protected emigrants passing the territory, but now he would turn the Indians loose on them." It probably increased his anger that when the train left Salt Lake City several disaffected Mormons joined it. The emigrants were journeying to Los Angeles, in California, and were last seen by an Indian Agent near the upper end of Mountain Meadows. This spot lies about three hundred miles from Salt Lake, and the leaders of the train had been told that a large spring near the south end of the meadow would be a favorable spot to rest and recruit their stock before entering the great desert, and this they did.

The Indian Agent was the last man who saw the train and reported it. Thereafter, and for some years, nothing was heard of its fate. It was reported "lost." But the bloody tale of its massacre gradually leaked out, and the details which we give below have now been known and forgotten for many years. The Mountain Meadows were then surrounded by several Mormon settlements. The bishops of these one day gathered their people together and declared that they had received a command from the Mormon capital to "follow and attack the accursed Gentiles, and let the arrows of the Almighty drink their blood." A force of sixty white men and a party of Indians surrounded the ill-fated emigrants one morning before daylight, the Mormon whites having painted and disguised themselves as Indians in order to give the movement the appearance of an Indian attack. But the emigrants rapidly drew their wagons into a circle, made an energetic defense, and, as quickly as they could, threw up earthworks, behind which they sheltered themselves, their women and stock. They were surrounded and kept under fire for a long week, the Mormons hoping they could weary them out. The wife of an Indian trader afterward testified that while the firing continued and was plainly heard at her house, the Mormon leaders were going backward and forward between the place of murder and her house, and at the latter place "pitching quoits and amusing themselves in various ways."

At the end of the week, however, the Mormons appeared to have got tired of the slow attack; they washed off their paint, resumed their clothing and appeared before the overjoyed emigrants as a rescuing band of whites who had driven off the Indians. They were received as deliverers; the emigrants accepted the Mormons as an escort, and on a march these, at an agreed signal, suddenly opened fire upon the party, whom they had by a trick persuaded to lay aside their guns. Indians stationed in ambush rushed in to help in the work of assassination and in a very brief time a hundred and twenty men, women and children were slain in cold blood. Three men only escaped, but only to perish later by starvation or the Indians. Seventeen children were saved alive, being supposed too young to remember the assassination. All of them were afterward claimed by their friends in the East, and two of them later gave evidence concerning the murder. The property of the emigrants was divided by the Mormons and Indians, and it is said that as late as 1862 jewelry taken at Mountain Meadows was openly worn at Salt Lake City and its origin not denied. The dispatch which relates to the trial now going on in Utah for this foul murder speaks of one Lee, whose confession the government refuses to accept. This is John D. Lee, then Mormon Bishop of Harmony, and one of the three chiefs

who planned this cruel assassination. He appears to have been a peculiarly atrocious scoundrel; for it is related in the accounts of the massacre which we have seen that while the Mormons were killing the men this Lee singled out a beautiful young girl and dragged her out of the melee for his own vile purpose; and he himself is said to have related afterwards that "she struck at him with a large knife, whereupon he shot her through the head." So late as 1870 this scoundrel still lived at Harmony, in Utah; and now in the hands of justice it is to be hoped he will not escape hanging.

A Whistling Composer. He came into the office about three months ago, says an interior California paper, with his mouth puckered, and the "Arkansas Traveler" issuing therefrom. It was not a loud shrill whistle; it was not that lively, cheerful whistle, that betokens the heart easy and the mind free from care. On the contrary, he saved up and down through the staves like a buzz saw ripping up and down through a pine log, and verse followed verse without the least variation. He looked around the office complacently, never losing a note and finally siding up to the foreman he stopped whistling for an instant to inquire: "How's work?" But before the reply could be given he had picked up that whistle, right where he had left off, and was rolling it out—

Tilly tum, tally, tally, tum, tilly, oh! with his mouth puckered, but ears wide open. Well, that fellow was put to work, and he whistled over his case, whistled around for a stick and rule, whistled up to the copy hook, whistled over his case again, and, picked up an em quad, drew a fresh breath and whistled all through the "take" till he whistled over the galley to empty it. But it was the same old whistle—the "Arkansas Traveler" over and over again, until it would seem that the traveler had worn his shoes out and was hunting for a place to rest.

The thing at first was a novelty, and amused "the boys;" but finally it became monotonous, and as the water constantly dripping on a rock will wear its surface, so did the refrain of the "Arkansas Traveler" grate and lacerate the sensitiveness of his brother compositors. Low angry murmurs betoken the rising storm, and broad hints uncomplimentary to his musical abilities were thrown out. But he paid no attention to them, and just kept right along whistling and setting type.

Finally human nature could endure no more. Loud cries of: "Give us a rest!" "Oh, let up!" "Hire a hall!" "Go East!" "Cheese it, Cully!" "Cork up!" "Take a spin around the block!" "You're engaged!" "Won't you tumble!" "Shoot him!"

—mingled with groans, cat calls and hisses filled the office, and made the composing room resemble a large and thriving lunatic asylum. But it was no use. The fellow never let up, but just went right ahead with his little old whistle, and never missed a note except when he came to a hard word in his copy, when he would dwell on the last note until he found out what it was, and then go ahead again.

He took the storm of old shoes, slippers and boots that was showered at him with the utmost stony frowns, and we believe the cuss actually thought it was intended for applause. At last the hands in the office hit upon a plan to stop this everlasting whistler. One night when he was asleep, they went up to his room and clapped a tremendous strong sticking plaster right over his mouth, and then retired, thanking God the unendurable nuisance was forever abated. The next morning that misguided young man went over to a carpenter shop, borrowed a gimlet, bored a hole through the plaster, and waltzed into the office where he horrified the establishment by the same old tune in a new dress. So he still does nothing but suck soup through that hole and blow the "Arkansas Traveler" out of it. Three of the compositors have already gone to Stockton, and unless some one murders the whistler, this office will soon be whistled out of existence.

Going Behindhand.

"They tell me farmer H. is going behindhand." "I guess there's no doubt of it." "But I don't see how it can be. He has one of the best farms in the country, and he used to be considered a good farmer." "True—but his farm is certainly running him in debt." "I don't see how that can be." "So conversed two neighboring farmers, and while they conversed farmer H. was looking for his hoe. "Dan," he cried to one of his boys, "where is the hoe? I've been looking for it this half-hour. I might have had my work done by this time. Where is it?" "I dono, dad. It's sum's, I s'pose." "Somewhere, you young rascal. Didn't you have it last night?" "No." "Didn't I tell you to hoo the cumberbers?" "Yes; but I couldn't find the hoe."

The two joined in the search. "Look here, Dan," said the father, after a fruitless time, "you must have left that hoe somewhere. Why don't you put things in their place when you are done with them?" "Well, dad, where is the place for the hoe? Where do you alr's put it?" "The parent was posed. His tool-house had been used for a woodshed, and though he had often talked of building another, he had not yet done so.

By-and-by, before the hoe was found, a neighbor dropped in, and after chatting awhile he said, with a smack of his lips, and an expectant rubbing of his hands: "By the way, H., have you got a drop in your jug?" "I guess so. Would you like a bit?" "Well, yes—if it's handy." "Of course it's handy." Ah! he had no difficulty in putting his hand upon his jug at once; and had the two wondering neighbors been there to hear and see, they would have wondered no more why farmer H. was running behindhand.—Exchange.

Dread of Lightning.

Professor Trowbridge says that death by lightning is painless, because electricity travels so much faster than sensation that the person struck is dead before his brain knows that he is hit. We fear, however, that this announcement of the learned professor will not lessen the general dread of thunder storms. With many persons it is due to a nervousness that they cannot control, and which may, possibly, arise from the large amount of electricity in the atmosphere. The best preventive against this fear is faith in Him who maketh "a way for the lightning and the thunder." That, as in every trouble, bringeth peace. Mrs. Mary Somerville, the famous mathematician, gives in her autobiography an amusing account of the fear of a thunder storm which prevailed in her girlhood's home. Her mother always trembled when a storm was approaching. She prepared for it by taking out the steel pins which fastened her cap. Seating herself on a sofa, at a safe distance from the fireplace, she read aloud passages from the Bible, selecting often the sublime descriptions of storms in the Psalms. Little Mary, who dreaded the thunder, was frightened the more by the strong language of the Bible. To crown the whole, a beautiful pointer dog, named Hero, that lived out doors, used to rush into the house at the first clap of thunder, and hide his head between Mary's knees. The father would laugh at them all, but generally closed the window shutters to please his wife, and she sat in the dark with the Bible in her lap as a protector.

FINDING FAULT.—Find fault when you must find fault, in private, if possible, and after the offence rather than at the time. The blame is less inclined to resist when they are blame without witnesses. Both parties are calmer, and the accused person may be struck with the forbearance of the accuser, who has seen the fault, and watched for a private and proper time for mentioning it. Never be hard or unjust with your children or servants. Firmness, with gentleness of demeanor and regard for the feelings, constitutes that authority which is always respected and valued.—American Union.

The Story of a Russian Newspaper.

The oldest newspaper in Russia ceased to appear a few days ago. It is not dead, but sleeping. It is soon to be revived. The cause of the suspension is peculiar. There was no lack of money; the Russian Treasury supplied every want. There was no lack of readers. The one thing needful was an editor, and lo, Russia could not supply one. The article, so abundant in the United States, is scarce in the domains of the Czar. And yet we would not advise a mighty host of impetuous Bohemians to migrate beyond seas. Before the vanguard could reach St. Petersburg the demand will probably be supplied, and the St. Petersburg Gazette will again appear.

This paper was the leading liberal journal of Russia a few months ago. It had a bright future before it and an honorable career behind it. Peter the Great founded it; and Paul the Little published in it his amusing proposition to "mitigate the evils of war" by reviving the medieval tournament, and having the respective sovereigns, attended by their ministers of foreign affairs, fight out any quarrel without putting armies into the field. Had this been adopted, Napoleon and the Duc de Grammont would have had small chance in a hand-to-hand fight with William and Bismarck. The staff of contributors and correspondents was able; the readers were many; and the Gazette made money and public opinion. Unfortunately for its editor, Mr. Borsch, the opinion he inspired was strongly liberal. The Government took a hint from the course of the Central Pacific Railroad towards the Sacramento Union, and "invited" the owner of the Gazette to sell out. He did so, under protest. Then the whole staff of the paper took a hint from Mr. Albert Arnold's course in resigning the editorship of the London Echo as soon as the notorious "Baron" Grant bought that paper, and unanimously resigned. Some Government protegee tried to run the Gazette alone, but it is easier for one swallow to make a summer than for one man to make a newspaper. He gave up the task in despair. Nobody can be found who is willing to take this place. So we have the anomaly of a paper with unlimited capital and plenty of readers which has to suspend for lack of editors. Its old proprietor must laugh in his sleeve at the discomfiture of his powerful adversary. He got a round price for his paper, has been feasted and flattered for his independence, and has become one of the best known and most prominent men in Russia.

A "Sham" Wedding.

The Washington correspondent of the Rochester Express writes: Speaking of shoddy in matrimonial goods reminds me of a wedding which occurred here the other day. The morning papers stated that the evening before the accomplished Miss Dash, youngest daughter of our distinguished townsman General Gash, who is here in the interest of one of the largest manufacturing companies in the world, was united in the bonds of matrimony to the Hon. Blank, a highly respected and well-known government official. The happy couple will make an extended tour to our principal summer resorts, terminating with a trip across the water. The display of presents and the numerous gathering of friends were quite noticeable. This was all very well, and in the main truth, but not the unvarnished truth by any means, as the sequel will show. I happened to know the female party to the contract, so I began to strip off the tinsel in the interest of a few old maids of my acquaintance, and this is the result: Miss Dash is the daughter of a sewing machine agent, who is as poor as a church mouse, if he is the representative of one of the largest manufacturing companies in the world. Sir Charles Henry is a postmaster in Prince George county, Md. They visited our principal summer resorts—Harvey's Friends and several other ice cream saloons; and to make a "short-cut," and at the same time save expense, he rowed his Dulcinea across the Anacostia river, which constituted his Atlantic trip. The only present I heard of was the bill of the solitary hackman who conveyed them to church; and as for the gathering of friends there was quite a number of gamins collected when the old man and the hackman had a little tilt about the "fare."

A Democratic Emperor.

The recent story of a well-known Duchess who waited half an hour for a porter rather than open a door herself, is happily not a just representation of all courtly people's habits: "During the journey of Emperor Joseph II to Italy, one of the wheels of his coach broke down on the road, so that it was with difficulty he reached a small village at a short distance. On his arrival there His Majesty got out at the door of the only blacksmith's shop the town afforded, and desired him to repair the wheel without delay. 'That I would do willingly,' replied the smith, 'but it being holiday, all my men are at church; the very boy who blows the bellows is not at home.'

"An excellent method then presents of warning oneself," replied the Emperor, preserving his incognito; and he immediately set about blowing the bellows, while the blacksmith forged the iron. The wheel being repaired, six sols were demanded for the job, but the Emperor gave six ducats. The blacksmith returned them to the traveler, saying, 'Sir, you have made a mistake, and instead of six sols you have given me six pieces of gold, which no one in the village can change.'

"Change them when you can," said the Emperor, stepping into the carriage; 'an Emperor should pay for such a pleasure as that of blowing the bellows.'

Charcoal and Flowers.

A horticulturist in England, says, an exchange, purchased a rosebush full of promising buds, but which blossomed into flowers of a faded hue. He covered the earth in the pot about half an inch thick with pulverized charcoal, and was surprised, some days afterward, to find the blooms of a fine, lively rose color. He repeated the experiment another season with the same result. He then tried the powdered charcoal upon petunias, and found that both the white and violet colored flowers were equally sensitive to its action. It always gave great vigor to the red or violet colors of the flowers, and white petunias became veined with red or violet tints; the violets become covered with irregular spots of a bluish or black tint. Many persons who admired them thought they were choice new varieties from the seed. Yellow flowers appear to be insensible to the influence of charcoal.

We have repeatedly tried charcoal in pots and on flowers in the open grounds, and can testify to the influence it exerts. We found that it not only deepened the hue of the flowers, but stimulated weak rose bushes into full bearing, and kept them vigorous, if the applications were repeated occasionally.

A Fighting Editor.

A thoughtless young man from Massachusetts went into Pottawattamie county not long ago to start a paper, and in order to tickle the fancy of the inhabitants, of whose temper he was ignorant, he published the following in his first issue: "The fighting editor is at home at all hours of the day and night, ready, willing and anxious to receive all grievances. He carries two revolvers, a slung-shot, a pair of brass knuckles, a bowie knife as long as a cross cut saw, a razor in each boot, an oil-skin, a bludgeon, and a bottle of poison!" Every man in Pottawattamie thought it was a challenge, and all day long they dropped in, in pairs, in threes, and in squads and platoons. Every soul of them whipped the editor, and the last man who came in about 7 p. m., had to sweep him up in the middle of the floor and paste him together with putty, in order to get a kick at him. The paper only issued the initial number.—Burlington Hawkeye.

In reference to Marshal Saxo of the "Irish Brigade," originated one of the blunders of poor Pat, that has been so often repeated. The Marshal was wounded in some engagement, and moreover, it was reported, in the back. None of the brigade would believe it. "When did he ever show his back to 'em?" was the general exclamation. "Wasn't it his face they knew the most of, and wasn't it their backs that he knew best?" At last a solution of the mystery was hit upon. "He was pursuing 'em, you see, and just to make the villains think that on the contrary he was retreating, he buttoned his coat behind 'em!"