

# CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

WEEKLY.

VOL. XXI.

SALISBURY, N. C., DECEMBER 14, 1863.

NUMBER 30.

J. J. BRUNER,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

## Price of the Paper!

We find it absolutely necessary to ensure ourselves against loss in publishing the paper, to advance the rates of subscription. The price will, therefore, be, from the 7th instant, THREE DOLLARS for six months. For the present, subscriptions will not be received for a longer time.  
December 7, 1863.

## ENCOURAGING.

The annexed which we copy from the *Augusta Constitutionalist* is a truthful statement of facts and they ought to encourage the despondent to battle for as well as anticipate happy results:

"We have suffered nothing yet compared with what our fathers suffered in the first war for independence. Then we had the savage Indian at our backs, the Tories over our own hearth-stones and a fair and open enemy in our front. Augusta, Savannah, Charleston, Camden and 'Ninety Six,' were all then British posts, and Georgia and South Carolina were occupied almost entirely for three long dreary years. Yet, a heroic ancestry rose from our valleys and descended from our hills, trusting in God, and resolved to perish rather than survive as slaves, and they drove our conquerors from the soil; and so we can do, even should our land be overrun by vandals. If we are not a bastard race our freedom is our own, even if every male has to sleep on his bright sword, and every female wear at her side a gleaming dagger. It is a great mistake to suppose that this war is to be settled by long range cannon or heavy shell. Even if our fortifications fall and our towns are taken, we will come at last to close quarters, with the battle axe and bowie knife, and fight under the black flag in every glen and swamp. The watch word then shall be war to the knife and the knife to the hilt."

**Mr. Avera's Resolution.**—We publish the resolutions which made a stir in the House of Commons on Thursday last. They assert a series of unquestioned generalities, and recommend negotiations, by the proper authorities, for peace and separation. The difficulty would be, to get Lincoln to consent to such negotiations. If that difficulty could be overcome, we do not see what would be the use of the proposed "peace Convention," nor how it could make a treaty, nor how "the people" could ratify one. But besides these, the strongest objections that occur to us are those urged some time ago by the *Standard*, as follows:

"The South cannot make overture, for she is fighting for existence, and any offer on her part to treat would be considered a sign of weakness and fear. All she asks is to be let alone. She is not let alone as long as the foot of an enemy is on her soil, just so long as a single enemy is on her soil just so long will she fight. This is as little as she can do. If she were to offer less to her enemies, or attempt to do less, she would be unworthy of the spirit and manhood of her people."

Mr. Avera is mistaken as to the large majority at ballot box, but he might have said with truth that every body in North Carolina desires that all honorable means should be used to stop the strife, &c., provided we secure the separation which it requires.—*Fay Observer.*

Over loved Mercies are seldom long-lived mercies. The way to lose, is to indulge them. Make a God of them, and you destroy them.

## A THRILLING REVOLUTIONARY TALE.

God is everywhere. His words are in the heart. He is on the battlefield, or in our peaceful home. Praise be to his holy name!

It was in the wild of Wissahicon, on the day of the battle, as the noon-day sun came through the thick clustered leaves, that two men met in a deadly conflict near the reef which rises like some primeval world, at least a thousand feet above the dark waters of the Wissahicon.

The man with dark brown face, and darker gray eye, flashing with deadly light, and a muscular form, clad in a blue frock of the Revolution, is a Continental named Warren.

The other man, with long black hair drooping along, his cadaverous face is clad in the half military costume of a tory refugee. This is a murderer of Paoli, named Dehanay.

They met by accident, and now they fought, not with sword and rifle, but with long and deadly hunting knife they struggled, twining and twisting on the green sward.

At last the tory is down—down on the turf, with the knee of the Continental on his breast—the upraised knife flashed death in his face.

"Quarter! I yield!" gasped the tory, as the knee was pressed on his breast. "Spare me—I yield!"

"My brother," said the patriot, in a tone of deadly hate, "my brother cried for quarter on the night of Paoli, and even as he clung to your knees you struck that knife in his heart. O, I will give you the quarter of Paoli."

And as his hand was raised for the blow, and his teeth were clenched with deadly hate, he paused for a moment, and then pinioned the tory's arms, and with a rapid stride dragged him to the verge of the rock, and held him quivering over the abyss.

"Mercy!" gasped the tory, turning ashy pale by turns, as that awful gulf yawned below. "Mercy! I have a wife and child at home—spare me!"

The Continental, with a muscular strength gathered for the effort, shook the murderer once over the abyss, and then hissed his bitter sneer in his face.

"My brother had a wife and two children. The morning after the night of Paoli that wife was a widow: those children orphans! Ask mercy from them!"

The proposal made by the Continental in mockery and bitter hate was taken in serious earnest by the terror-stricken tory. He begged to be taken to the widow and her children, and to have the privilege of begging his life. After a moment of serious thought the patriot soldier consented. He bound the tory's arms still tighter, placed him on his feet, and led him through the woods. A quiet cottage embossed among the trees broken on their eyes.—They entered the cottage. There, beside the desolate hearthstone, sat a widow and her children.

She sat there, a matronly woman of about 28 years, with a face faded by care; a deep, dark eye, and long black hair, hanging in a disheveled state about her shoulders. On one side was a dark-haired boy of some six years; on the other side, a girl one year younger, with light blue eyes. The Bible—an old and venerable volume—lay open upon the mother's knee. And the pale faced tory flung himself upon his knees, and confessed that he had butchered her husband on the night of Paoli, and begged his life at her hands.

"Spare me, for the sake of my wife—child!"

He had expected this pitiful moan would touch the widow's heart, but not one relenting gleam softened her face.

"The Lord shall judge between us," she said, in a cold, icy tone, that froze the murderer's heart.—"Look, the Bible is in my lap. I will close the volume, and let my

little son place his fingers at random upon a line, and by that you shall live or die."

This was a strange proposal, made in good faith, of a mild and dark superstition of olden times. For a moment the tory, pale as ashes, was wrapped in deep thought—then in a faint voice he signified his consent.

Raising her dark eyes to heaven, the mother prayed to the Great Father to direct the finger of her son. She closed the book—she handed it to the boy, whose cheek reddened with loathing as he gazed upon his father's murderer. He took the Bible, and opened its holy pages at random, and placed his finger upon a verse.

There was a silence. The Continental soldier, who had sworn to avenge his brother's death, stood with dilating eyes and parted lips. The culprit, kneeling upon the floor, with his face like discolored clay, felt his heart leap to his throat.

Then in a clear, bold voice, the widow read this line from the Old Testament. It was short, yet terrible:

"That man shall surely die." "Look!" The brother springs forward to plunge the knife into the murderer's heart; but the tory, pinioned as he is, clings to the widow's knees. He begs that one more trial may be made by the little girl, that child of five years old, with golden hair and laughing eyes.

The widow consents. There is an awful pause. With a smile in her eye, and without knowing what she was doing, the little girl opened the Bible as it lay on mother's knee; she turned her face away and placed her finger upon a line.

The awful silence grows deeper. The deep drawn breath of the brother, and the broken gasp of the murderer, alone disturbed the stillness. The widow and dark-haired boy were breathless. The little girl, as she caught a feeling of awe from those around her, stood breathless, her face turned aside, and her tiny fingers resting on the line of life and death.

At length, gathering courage, the widow bent her eyes upon the page, and read. It was a line from the New Testament:

Love your enemies!" "Oh! book of terrible majesty, and child-like love, of sublimity that crushes the heart with rapture, it never shone more strongly than there, in that lonely hut of Wissahicon, when it saved the murderer's heart.

Now look how wonderful are the ways of Heaven. That very night as the widow sat by her fireside—sat there with a crushed heart and hot eyelids, thinking of her husband, who now lay on the drenched soil of Paoli—there was a tap at the door. She opened it, and that husband, living, though covered with wounds, was in her arms.

He had fallen at Paoli, but not in death. He was alive, and his wife panting on his bosom.

That night there was prayer and praise in the wood-embowered cottage of Wissahicon.

**That Terrible Confederate Navy.**—The merchants of New York are out in a long appeal to the Yankee Secretary of the Navy, begging him to put down the rebel privateers.—They complain most bitterly of the havoc done by them on the Yankee shipping. The Yankee merchants say that apart from the loss, it is humiliating to our pride as citizens of the first naval power on the earth that a couple of indifferently equipped rebel cruisers could for so long a period threaten our commerce with annihilation. The letter again says it is "humiliating that their commerce on the high seas should have been left so unprotected as to induce rebel insolence to attack our flag almost at the entrance of our harbors, and to actually blockade our merchantmen at the Cape of Good Hope recently." The Yankee Sec

retary replies, and says that he has done all in his power to capture the privateers; that swift steamers have constantly been in pursuit of them; and hopes to be soon able to dispatch a larger force to pursue the pirates.

The Herald says that the subject has long wounded the pride of every citizen of the republic, despairs of Secretary Welles doing anything and trusts to Congress "bag the pirates."

## THE INDIAN NATIONS.

The following letter of Col. Stand Watie to the Governor of the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations has been handed us for publication. It shows a spirit of determined resistance to our enemies which we commend to our faint-hearted patriots. When it is known that the homes of our faithful allies in the country of the Cherokees have been laid waste with fire and sword, and that offers of Yankee gold and Yankee protection have been spurned by them over and over again, we must admit their constancy in deserving of the highest praise. Col. Stand Watie is well known in the West as a brave officer and unflinching patriot; he is the only survivor of the signers of the treaty of 1835, by which the Cherokee ceded all their lands east of the Mississippi river, and removed to the country they are now fighting for.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE CHEROKEE NATION,  
August 9, 1863.  
To His Excellency, Governor of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations:

"Sir: I wish through you to present to the people of your country a few thoughts, which the present condition and prospects of the Indians has brought to my mind. I have entertained the confident but delusive hope for the last year that ordinary energy and activity would take the place of sluggishness and delay in the military movements in this country, and that a proper use of the means in our portion of our territory which has been overrun by our enemies. Relief and protection so often cheerfully promised, has not been afforded us; our forces, instead of being concentrated and operating with vigour against our enemies, have been scattered over the country, and their strength frittered away without accomplishing any good.

Experience has taught us that the Indians true to the South should place little confidence or reliance upon the promises of assistance from abroad—they have in every instance proved valueless. I am willing to cast behind us all expectation of efficient aid from the Confederate Government, and test our unsupported courage and ability to defend our homes. I am confident we can defend them against the mongrel bands of negroes, hostile Indians and Kansas Jayhawkers, who have been suffered to ravage our country with impunity for the last five months.

All is not lost because officers in control have refused to strike a blow in our behalf; we have suffered much, and I fear are destined to suffer more by reason of their want of energy; but if we are still to be the victims of incapable and slothful leaders, and our whole country is to be devastated by our foes, we have one consolation in knowing that even then, by a united and unyielding opposition of Indian forces alone, we can make our fair country an unpleasant, if not an untenable, home for our enemies.

"The gallant Seminoles have shown what folly it is to try to subjugate and destroy a people determined to defend their rights. The bravery of the Choctaw and Chickasaw troops has not been excelled by any other soldiers in the service, and by a proper understanding among ourselves our country may

yet be saved despite the weakness and criminal delays of those who have promised us protection.

"It is a mistake that the occupation of the Cherokee Nation by the enemy is of small personal consequence to the Choctaw people. If the Cherokee Nation is abandoned by us, the Creek country falls the next victim, and in speedy turn your own country will share the same fate.

"I shall be glad to hear from you and receive any suggestions as to the course most proper to pursue in the present discouraging state of affairs.

"I have written a full state of the condition of Indian matters here to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs and to Lieutenant General E. L. Smith. I expect to hear from them both in a few weeks.

I am, very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
STAND WATIE,  
Principal Chief the Cherokees."

**The Constitution of the United States a Dead Letter.**—This war has furnished abundant evidence of the utter disregard of the U. S. Constitution by the Lincoln Congress and Executive, but the Judiciary has sometimes remembered that obsolete instrument. In the Eastern District of Virginia, however, (that is, we suppose, at Norfolk,) the U. S. District Court has decided that a law of the present abolition Congress is of higher authority than the Constitution. The latter expressly provides that "The Congress shall have power to declare the punishment of treason, but no attainder of treason shall work corruption of blood, or forfeiture except during the life of the person attained." The Court has, in defiance of this, decided in the case of Hugh Latham, that the sale of rebel estates under the confiscation act is not limited to the term of the traitor's life, and ordered a sale and the execution of a deed in fee by the sheriff to the purchaser.

Every man in the Confederate States will thus be able to see what he would incur by subjugation, for every man who has in any way whatever aided or abetted the revolution is, according to the yankee confiscation law, a traitor, and he and his posterity would be stripped of every thing they possess should they be such dastards as to allow the yankees to conquer them. Both sections are thus fighting for the property of the people of the Confederate States.—*Fay Observer.*

**Northern News.**—The "Copperheads" have carried the day in the late election in Hartford, Ct., the home of the gallant and brave Gov. Thomas H. Seymour.

New York papers of the 27th November have reached Richmond, where Yankee prisoners and Yankee papers are always received and treated with distinguished attentions. They contain further dispatches from Thomas and Grant, which confirm their victory at Lookout Mountain. They claim forty pieces of cannon but still mention only two thousand prisoners. Press dispatches speak of six thousand prisoners; they also say that the Government at Washington hears of three thousand; but the Generals claim only two thousand. The Washington correspondents declare that the Government has issued peremptory orders to Grant to "pursue Bragg and crush him, or compel a surrender."

According to the Philadelphia papers, recruiting in that city is "rather slow." Another draft is spoken of. In New York they are paying \$750 bounty money. In New Jersey from \$800 to \$1,000.

If we gain our independence and redeem the currency in gold, as we hope we shall, it will pay some of the precipitous and differently well. We learn that one of them realized sixty-one dollars a gallon for a barrel of apple brandy, on yesterday. Of course he has confidence in the currency! *Religious Progress.*