

THE WESTERN VINDICATOR.

VOL. 2.

RUTHERFORDTON, NORTH CAROLINA, JUNE 14, 1869.

NO. 14.

WESTERN VINDICATOR.

Monday Morning, June 14, 1869.

Advertising Rates:
One Square, ten lines..... \$1 00
Each subsequent insertion..... 50
Liberal rates to monthly and yearly advertisers.

Agents for the Vindicator.

The following gentlemen are authorized agents for the WESTERN VINDICATOR:
Capt. W. D. JONES, Patterson, N. C.
TIDY & BROTHER, Charlotte,
L. M. LOGAN, Shelby,
S. S. ROSS, Limestone Springs, S. C.
G. D. CARLIER, Traveling Agent,
H. D. C. ROBERTS, Stockville, N. C.

ORIGINAL.

A BACHELOR'S STORY.

A Day on Cherry Mountain Twenty Years Ago.

[Written expressly for the Vindicator.]

"I promised to tell you a story this evening did I?"

"Well, what kind of a story?"

"A tale of true love?"

"Shocking! What does a young mischief like you know about love?"

"Got a beau—two beaux already?"

"Worse and worse—bound to die an old maid—certain to do it. But tell Jim to wheel my lounge out on the piazza, and bring my pipe, tobacco, and a match. Now, stow yourself and traps here by me, where I can blow smoke in your eyes, and I'll tell you what happened the last time I went to Cherry Mountain.

It was in June, 1840, the brightest day in the month, and we were the merriest set of mortals that ever made the annual excursion from Rutherfordton to Owen's farm. Let me see, there were five carriages, two or three buggies, eight saddle-horses, and a provision wagon, making quite a respectable cavalcade, as you may suppose. There were ladies from Greenville, York District, Morganton, Asheville and Lenoir; besides, about a dozen of as pretty girls from old Rutherford, as ever looked in a toilet glass. Then, there were some gentlemen from a distance, but I have forgotten where. We were thirty-nine in all, and very agreeably paired off. I believe, though that was not material after we had assembled; for by unanimous consent it was resolved to prohibit formality, exclude the exclusive, and have a general frolic, dance and dinner, besides cherries. It was particularly enjoined on all lovers to behave like rational people, and not go wandering about through the woods like the "two poor kittens" that had "lost their mittens." I made this rule myself, because I happened not to have a sweetheart. And it had been my observation that all the more attractive ladies manage to escape with their beaux on such occasions, leaving the sober or stupid folks to be entertained by luckless individuals like myself. Why didn't I have a sweetheart too? Don't be inquisitive, child! The truth is, my nurse took a dislike to me, and traded me off for a bad-looking baby when I was quite small, and the ladies never seemed to fancy me after that.

The acknowledged belle of our party was Miss Lillian Lancaster, from Laurens District, South Carolina. She was nearly nineteen, a beauty and an heiress, the pet of a father long past the meridian of life, who had laid up much money, goods and chattels; and his splendid estate added a cool ten thousand a year to his cash account at Columbia. I used to meet the old Colonel occasionally in Greenville or Newberry, but he confided himself pretty closely at home. It was a magnificent place on the Saluda, and furnished like a palace. Lillian was his only child, and I dare say the only surviving object of affection in the old man's heart. He denied her nothing, and lavished whatever wealth could purchase, or education bestow, upon her mind and manners. It was but natural that such a training, joined to the ancestral pride of a family that traced its lineage amid the nobility of England, should have their effect on the young beauty. She grew up to be a law unto herself, to command, and to be obeyed. Her bearing was never haughty, but her will was imperious, and when checked it swelled into a storm of passion. And in her impatience, she frequently forgot that she had no right to encroach upon the freedom of others.

But for all that Lillian Lancaster was not greatly spoiled. She was neither extravagant nor vain; and her sympathy for suffering betrayed the

rough men walk about, and select wives, or housekeepers, as the case may be.
In height and development she was a model for a statue; from the crowning glory of her wavy hair, to the dainty gaiter boot that made little prints in the sand for the admiration of the boys, and the envy of feminine understandings. Her eyes were large, lustrous, and ever changing as a gazelle. Her pretty hands and shoulders were as white and plump as—well, yours, for instance! Ha! ha! I'm an old goose, am I?

Ah! yes; it does seem so now, but I thought differently then.
Did I fall in love with Lillian?
(Puff) Well, not exactly; (puff) that is, I believe I did rather like the girl. But (puff) bless me, I dare say she (puff) never dreamed of it. All love ends in smoke, they say; but (puff) I'd have given up smoking for Lillian Lancaster, I expect. My pipe and I are good friends, to be sure, but sometimes a person likes company you know.

We danced all morning. Everybody was in the best of humors. The music and graceful confusion of the coquillon had an exhilarating effect on the ladies, to say nothing of the brandied fruits that were handed around between the sets, while some of the gentlemen came provided with spirits, more potent than those of the "vasty deep," and they commended with said spirits pretty often. It is possible that one of these gentlemen was your uncle. At any rate, we were all delightfully jolly, when aunt Dinah announced that "vitul's wur redd." The table was spread on the grass, in a dense shade, and there were enough sweetmeats, "chicken fixins," and cold biscuit to feed a regiment.

Paul and Lillian happened to be partners in the last set, and consequently formed a couple at the table. I had observed them both pretty closely during the morning, and was a trifle annoyed by Lillian's manifest pleasure in Paul's attentions. He was dignified and reserved as usual, but there was a peculiar tenderness in his eyes when they met hers, that appeared to me to be excessively silly. Not that I was the least bit jealous, of course not; but if I had been he, I would have been more attentive to the other ladies, perhaps.

There was a young upstart in Rutherford society that year by the name of Poindexter—Augustus Jefferson Poindexter—aged 23, a fop and a fool. A wealthy father was his sole capital. He invested it in ignorance, brass and impudence. The profit was large. It furnished him with greater facilities for making an ass of himself than is possible to estimate.
"But if Gus Poindexter was properly appreciated by most of his associates, he had weighty considerations in his favor with the fair sex. His magnificent span of blooded horses, his profuse liberality, his innumerable schemes for general amusement, and his never-failing fund of small talk, were not to be lightly overlooked in the pleasant summer weather, when some sort of diversion was positively indispensable. Consequently, Gus had very good reason to flatter himself that he was next to irresistible as a lover, and without a rival, as a ladies' man.

He had taken a violent fancy to Lillian, at first sight, and endeavored to monopolize her society whenever he could. She had too much woman's wit to remain long ignorant of her admirer's character. But because I expressed surprise at her tolerating his eternal nonsense, she declared herself "quite partial to Mr. Poindexter, and was sure he was a very clever fellow, (so kind and considerate) and his manners were so agreeable, and he never concerned himself about what was none of his concern," and so on. And she forthwith took the stupid goose into high favor, for no other reason in the world but to tease me; just like a woman though!

But Gus was highly elated by the thought that he had positively made an impression—the conceited puppy! And you may imagine how he relished Paul's attentions to Lillian the morning of the excursion. I noticed that he was exasperated, and drinking deeply, and was not very much at a loss to divine the cause of it.

After dinner we had wine, light domestic cordials, prepared at home, and every one around the table permitted their glasses to be filled, except Paul, who politely declined. Some one expostulated, said, it would never do to break the magic circle; every gentle-

man must silently pledge the lady he loved best—ladies *vice versa*; nothing else would prevent a thunder storm that afternoon, and much more in the same strain. But Paul was resolute. It was "not that he objected to the generous juice of the grape," he said, "but because of a pledge to one who was very dear to him." "Oh! pray, do tell us, is this incomparable fruit of yours masculine or feminine, Mr. Howard?" asked a gay chatter-box from the lower end of the table, who was suspected of entertaining a lively penchant for the young Attorney.

"A lady friend, Miss Marshall, and as you say, incomparable indeed in my estimation," he replied gravely, with a shade of annoyance on his features. "Complimentary to the ladies present!" bawled out Poindexter, who had usurped the post of honor, under the pretence of dispensing roast turkey. He had by this time grown almost wild from the influence of liquor and jealousy, besides being much irritated by a remark of Paul's in the morning, that "no well-bred person would come into the presence of ladies with the fumes of bad whiskey on his breath."

"You probably mistake me sir?"
"It seems we have all mistaken you for a gentleman," retorted Gus. All eyes instantly turned towards Paul, and I trembled for the effect of this unprovoked insult, although I knew him better than any of the others. His lips quivered for a second, and then settled into marble firmness, as he quietly answered, "I trust, sir, that all do not hold your opinion. Let us change the subject, if you please."

Lillian was amazed. Would Paul Howard quietly pocket such an affront as that? Her hot, chivalrous temper fired at the thought! A vivid blush rushed to her cheek and revealed her rising impatience. Without reflecting a moment she began to despise him for a coward. But to break the unpleasant silence that ensued, I proposed a toast—"The Matrimonial Union, now and forever, two and inseparable!"

A general laugh greeted the toast, and Lillian, who had emptied part of the wine from her goblet into Paul's before the colloquy just mentioned, now placed it in his hands, saying, with an air of petulance: "Here, you perverse creature; I have divided with you; dare to disobey me, and we shall go far immediately."
He smiled, but replaced the goblet untasted.

"Excuse me, Miss Lancaster—my word is pledged—but I will fill a glass of Nature's purer distillation, fresh from the spring, which will do as well to prove my loyal obedience."
The moment he arose to get it, Lillian turned to a gentleman, and said, "We were to get strawberry after dinner; I am ready now," and a general movement from the table took place.

Lillian had ten young Washington's arm when Paul returned.
"Am I to understand that I have offended you, Miss Lancaster?" he asked.
"You are at liberty to form your own conclusions, sir."
"I beg pardon." And with a formal bow he turned away.

"What a disagreeable person," she said impatiently; and, not supposing Paul was within hearing: "Mr. Poindexter appears to know him perfectly."
My friend paused, turned, and given eyes met. Lillian would have given much to have been able to recall her words. The expression of his features was not anger—it was the indelible flash of a noble soul, wounded beyond telling by the hand it loved above all others. I felt hurt myself, and endeavored to get Paul to join in the set we were then forming, but he told me in a whisper, that it would not be pleasant for him to remain in the company after what had occurred; that he would quietly withdraw, upon the pretense of gathering a basket of berries for his mother, and if I would ride his horse down the mountain when we concluded to break up, he would be waiting us at the foot.

The dance went on, and very soon the unpleasantness of the dinner table was forgotten, in wild mirth of young hearts not yet tuned to sadness.
Thus the hour for returning whirled around, and we began to break up. It was deemed prudent for the ladies to walk down the mountain, apart of the way, as the road was very narrow, and exceedingly steep. They accordingly started on.

Have you ever been to Cherry Mountain? Then, you recollect that frightful place where the road descends

obliquely for about five hundred yards, and turns short around a great rock. There is a high bank on one side, but the other shelves off into a precipitate ravine. The road is not more than two feet wider than a common carriage, and it is no pleasant place to drive along if your horses are not gentle. But the short turn around the rock is the most dangerous part of it, for an upset there would pile horses, carriage and driver upon the tops of the trees, two hundred feet below—a sure and speedy death to all.

Gus Poindexter was driving a light buggy with a powerful team of spirited bays, who were very restive, and on that account we advised him to take the lead. He was, however, endeavoring to persuade Lillian Lancaster to ride down the mountain with him, and "show the rest she wasn't afraid." He declared he could drive anywhere, that his horses were well trained, and she was tired, and there was no use of walking. Lillian looked at me inquiringly, but I was somewhat displeased at the delay, and said nothing; whereupon she allowed Gus to assist her into his buggy. The road was not very steep at first, and they went off at a round pace. It flashed upon me then that Gus was intoxicated, and I called after him to check up. But his team took the reins, and dashed forward into a fast trot. The vehicle lunged from side to side until we, who were looking on, began to tremble at the sight. "What does the fool mean?" said some one near me; "it will be a run off next."

Just at that moment they reached the long down grade. Lillian was seen to grasp him by the arm, he tried to check up, the buggy struck the horses' heels, they shot forward like an arrow, the lines snapped, Gus leaped over the wheel, a piercing scream chilled our blood, and away went the maddened steeds down the narrow pathway towards the short turn and inevitable destruction! It was a dreadful spectacle! With each bound of the frightened animals the doomed vehicle seemed to turn bottom upward.

The next over the precipice. Look! They are at the turn! Great God! what human power can save the frail girl who clings there!

Hark! A hoarse shout, a pistol shot, a crash, a cloud of dust, a struggling mass, and Lillian Lancaster has been saved, but a noble man has been crushed under the weight of falling horses!

(To be continued.)

The New Tax Bill.

Somebody proposes the following new amendments to the tax bill:
For kissing a pretty girl, one dollar.
For kissing a homely one, two dollars—the extra amount being added probably for man's folly.

For ladies kissing one another, two dollars. The tax is placed at this rate in order to break up the custom altogether, it being regarded by our M. C.'s as a piece of inexcusable absurdity.
For every young man who has more than one girl is taxed five dollars.
For courting in the kitchen, twenty-five cents.
For courting in the parlor, one dollar.
For courting in a romantic place, five dollars, and fifty cents thereafter.
Seeing a lady home from church, twenty-five cents.
Going from church without accompanying a lady, five dollars.
Seeing a lady home from the Mite Society, five cents—the proceeds to be devoted to the relief of disabled army chaplains.
For ladies who paint, fifty cents.
For wearing a low necked dress, one dollar.
For each curl on a lady's head above ten, five cents.
For an unfair device for entrapping young men into matrimony, five dollars.
For wearing hoops larger than eight feet in circumference, eight cents for each hoop.
Old bachelors over thirty are taxed ten dollars, and banished to Utah.
Each pretty lady is to be taxed from twenty-five cents to twenty-five dollars—she is to fix the estimate of her own beauty. It is thought a very large amount is to be realized from this provision.
Each baby boy, fifty cents.
Each girl baby, ten cents.
Families having more than eight babies are not to be taxed; and for twins a premium of forty dollars will be paid out of the funds accruing from tax on old bachelors.
Each Sunday loafer on the street corners or about church doors, to be taxed his value, which is about two cents.

Some slanderer says the old folks go to church to close their eyes, and the young, to eye their clothes. We don't think this is true, of the young ladies, at least. They go for religious worship; and to see the Sams and Hims.

obliquely for about five hundred yards, and turns short around a great rock. There is a high bank on one side, but the other shelves off into a precipitate ravine. The road is not more than two feet wider than a common carriage, and it is no pleasant place to drive along if your horses are not gentle. But the short turn around the rock is the most dangerous part of it, for an upset there would pile horses, carriage and driver upon the tops of the trees, two hundred feet below—a sure and speedy death to all.

Gus Poindexter was driving a light buggy with a powerful team of spirited bays, who were very restive, and on that account we advised him to take the lead. He was, however, endeavoring to persuade Lillian Lancaster to ride down the mountain with him, and "show the rest she wasn't afraid." He declared he could drive anywhere, that his horses were well trained, and she was tired, and there was no use of walking. Lillian looked at me inquiringly, but I was somewhat displeased at the delay, and said nothing; whereupon she allowed Gus to assist her into his buggy. The road was not very steep at first, and they went off at a round pace. It flashed upon me then that Gus was intoxicated, and I called after him to check up. But his team took the reins, and dashed forward into a fast trot. The vehicle lunged from side to side until we, who were looking on, began to tremble at the sight. "What does the fool mean?" said some one near me; "it will be a run off next."

Just at that moment they reached the long down grade. Lillian was seen to grasp him by the arm, he tried to check up, the buggy struck the horses' heels, they shot forward like an arrow, the lines snapped, Gus leaped over the wheel, a piercing scream chilled our blood, and away went the maddened steeds down the narrow pathway towards the short turn and inevitable destruction! It was a dreadful spectacle! With each bound of the frightened animals the doomed vehicle seemed to turn bottom upward.

The next over the precipice. Look! They are at the turn! Great God! what human power can save the frail girl who clings there!

Hark! A hoarse shout, a pistol shot, a crash, a cloud of dust, a struggling mass, and Lillian Lancaster has been saved, but a noble man has been crushed under the weight of falling horses!

(To be continued.)

WILL YOU BE TRUE.

The sinful tongue of man may hurl
Dark words of hate and ill;
Duciful lips with scorn may curl,
And slander me as will;
But through it all I'll bravely ride,
With heart both light and free,
And leap the gulf both deep and wide,
If you'll be true to me.

Their sinful hearts may oft conspire
To do me woful wrong!
And speak about their vengeful ire
In curses loud and long;
But I will calmly bear it all,
And stem the troubled sea,
If you will answer now my call,
And e'er be true to me.

Their cruel words may scar my heart,
And burn more deeply still,
But I will nobly bear my part
Without one pang or thrill;
And though their words with force may fall,
And dark their plans may be,
With lighter heart I'll bear it all,
If you'll be true to me.

Southern States Indebtedness and the Carpet-bag Legislatures.

It is demonstrable as a problem in geometry that the credit of our different State governments should keep pace with the appreciation of the national credit. We do not find this to be the case, however, with the bonds of our Southern States when compared with Northern securities or with government five-twenties. The reason is to be found in the fact that they are in the hands of speculating Legislatures who have frittered away the little money in the State treasuries instead of applying it to the payment of interest. These carpet-baggers have little or no interest in the welfare of the people among whom they are sojourning further than to make the most money possible out of them. If they can get possession of the stock of a railway they issue State bonds for its aid or relief, and so heap upon the State indebtedness. The past duo interest is left to care for itself or is paid by the pawnbrokerage of new bonds.

The securities of our Southern States are far below their real value. Their oppressive, speculating law-makers sit brooding upon their credit and warn away legitimate investment. With the advantages which the whole region of the South possesses for becoming wealthy, not only through its agricultural products of cotton, tobacco and sugar, but through its immense water-power and manufacturing facilities, it ought to rival the Eastern States, and its credit be as good as that of Massachusetts. The South is the greatest of our enterprises, the great source of our wealth, and the great source of our power. When these same men come in turn to Congress and take part in the law-making of the whole country we shall find them trained for the undertaking of gigantic jobs and swindles similar to the Pacific railway and the whiskey frauds.—N. Y. Herald.

The hypocritical cry of peace and conciliation, says the Tarboro Southerner recently stated by the radical press of the State, is not having exactly the effect that was intended.

More than a month ago the Southerner denounced these professions as false, insincere and full of danger—and warned the people against being seduced by any such. It is now encouraging to find our position sustained by such powerful auxiliaries as the Wilmington Journal, Raleigh Sentinel and Newbern Journal of Commerce.

The Sentinel, of Tuesday last, has an able article on this subject, in which the following extract appears:
But Littlefield, Holden, Dick, Tourgee, Settle, Rodman, Cantwell, Thomas, Watts, Billy Smith, &c., &c., all cry out "let us have peace." Do they want peace yet? We think they do. They have got all the offices to be had, the control of the 30 or 40 million bonds to be issued by the State, all the fat places for themselves and their friends—the control of the State, of the counties of the townships, of the Legislature, of the Penitentiary. Littlefield has the public printing for the next four years he thinks. Our people are so burdened with taxes they will have no means of resistance for the next four years. Hence the cry, "let us have peace." "Let us alone now for four years, until we drink the heart's blood of the state, and then we shall be ready to leave for other parts. Let us forget the past. Let by gone be by gone," say they. That is the peace they desire. Like the sow, they are at the swill and do not wish to be disturbed. Shall they be let alone? Do they not merit exposure? Ought not their deeds of darkness to be brought out to light? Surely let it be done, till hypocrisy, and lying and any blushing villany be driven from the State.

BULLY FOR FANNY!—Fanny Fern thus disposes of that ornamental and useless object called a "handsome man," and sensible folks will concur. She says:
But your conventional "handsome man" of the barber's window, wax figure-head pattern; with pet lock in the middle of his forehead, an apple-sized head, and a raspberry moustache with six hairs in it, paint put on his cheek, and a little dot of a "groote" on his chin, with pretty blinking little studs in its shirt bosom; and a little necktie that looks as if he would faint were it tumbled—I'd as lief look at a poodle. I always feel a desire to nip it up with a pair of sugar tongs, drop it gently into a bowl of cream, and strew pink rose-leaves over the little remains.

Two Bots Torn to Pieces by a Panther.—A man living in Tancy county, Mo., recently sent his boy to mill, a distance of ten or twelve miles, and the boy not returning as soon as usual, a neighbor sent his boy to see what had become of the lad, and the second boy not returning in due season, a party, consisting of the parents of the two boys, and three or four other men, all armed, started to search for the youths. After travelling some four miles, a sight sufficient to chill the blood of the bravest was presented to their view. Right by the side of the road was a large panther deliberately tearing the flesh from the remains of one of the boys—the last sent out. The grief and horror-stricken parent raised his gun to his shoulder, and, taking good aim, fired and killed the ferocious beast. After searching a mile or so more, the mutilated remains of the other boy were also found.—Louisville Courier Journal.

DIDN'T WANT TO BE INSULTED.—A few days ago a recently married couple from the country—not Quindros—spent a portion of that romantic season denominated the "honeymoon," in our burg, and, of course, put up and enjoyed the hospitalities of the Game House. During dinner the young lady was observed to turn red and pale by turns, but this was laid to her new position as a wife. But Scrogs, who has a sharp ear, heard her ask her husband: "Is my face dirty?"
"Dirty! No. Why do ask?"
"Because that insulting waiter insists on putting a towel beside my plate. I've thrown three under the table, and yet every time he comes around he puts another before me."

Gen. Robert E. Lee has returned to his home in Lexington from his late visit to Fredericksburg, Virginia, as a delegate to the annual convention of the Episcopal Church of the Diocese of Virginia. The Alexandria Gazette says that the General stopped one night in that city on his return, and mentions that one morning, while in Fredericksburg, General Lee was met about a hundred yards from the door of the house of a gentleman with whom he was to breakfast, by fifty beautiful little girls, who strewed flowers in his path, compelling him to walk the distance literally upon a "bed of roses."

During Davy Kennedy's speech at last Halifax Court, a very laughable incident occurred. The speaker was talking his audience through an account of the late war, and was telling of a candidate for Lieutenant Governor, in. Among other things, he said, he was a regular graduate of "Obelon," Ohio. A negro in the crowd exclaimed—"I don't want any of you oblong niggers from Ohio—I want a square old Virginia nigger!"—Danville Times.

To curb a fast young man—Bridle him.
Advice to a Topper.—Don't let your spirits go down.
The latest name for matrimony is committing twicoid.

Ole Bull has consented to play first fiddle at the Peace Jubilee in Boston.
Michigan boasts that Chandler's moth forms the only whiskey ring in the State.

Prentice calls on Secretary Fish to weigh the chances of a foreign war with all his scales.
Gentlemen engaged to be married are now politely termed husbands by brevet.

How should steamboat captains treat the passengers? They should have a proper deck o'er'm (deorum.)
What's the difference between an overcoat and a baby? An overcoat is what you wear (were) and a baby is what you was.

During an examination, a medical student being asked the question, "when does mortification ensue?" "When you pop the question, and are answered no."

A man that marries a widow is bound to give up chewing and smoking. If she gives up her weeds for him, he should also give up the weed for her.

A man came into a printing office to beg a paper. "Because," he said, "we like to read the newspapers very much, but our neighbors are all too stingy to take one."

A lady just arrived in Washington espied the dome of the capital, and inquired if it were the gas-works. "Yes," said a bystander, "for the nation."

"Have you ever broken a horse?" inquired a horse-jockey. "No, not exactly," replied Simon; "but I've broken three or four wagons."

A young lady went into a Music Store, the other day, and asked for "felloin intestines for lyrical purposes." She was accommodated with cat-gut guitar strings.

"There, now," exclaimed a little girl, while rummaging a drawer in a bureau, "grandpa has gone to heaven without his spectacles."

Mr. Johnson asks: "Whose ass have I taken?" No prominent member of the Radical party is missing that we know of.—Philadelphia Age.

OVERDOING THE MATTER.—An elderly lady, who had insisted on her minister's praying for rain, had her cabbage cut up by a hailstorm, and on viewing the wreck, remarked that she "never knew him to undertake anything without overdoing the matter."