

# FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

N. O. WALLACE, J.

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

PUBLISHER & PROPRIETOR.

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FAYETTEVILLE, TEN., THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1854.

WHOLE NO. 170.

**Two Dollars** for one year if paid at the time of subscription; **Two Dollars and Fifty Cents**, without drawback after the expiration of three months.

**Advertisements** for advertisements, Job-work, or subscription, considered due when contracted, except against those with whom we have running accounts.

Subscribers failing to order a discontinuance of the paper, at the expiration of the time for which they may have contracted, are considered as wishing to renew; and it will be continued to them accordingly.

**No Paper** will be sent out of the county unless paid for in advance.

Advertisements inserted at **One Dollar per Square of Twelve Lines or Less**, for the first insertion; **Fifty Cents** for each continuation.

Persons advertising for the year, will be charged **Thirty Dollars** for a whole column; **Twenty Dollars** for one-half; **Ten Dollars** for one-quarter. No deviation from these terms under any circumstances.

The privilege of yearly advertising is strictly limited to their own individuals and regular business; and the business of an advertising firm is not considered as including that of its individual members.

Announcing candidates **Three Dollars** to be paid in advance in every case.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions when limited, will become **annual** until ordered out, and payment exacted.

No advertisement can be inserted gratuitously.

Advertisements of a personal nature, usually charged double price.

**Advertisements** of all kinds, usually done on **News Type**, and on as reasonable terms as any office in Tennessee.

**No Paper** will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up—except at the option of the Publisher.

## Choice Poetry.

### Little Sue.

Dear little Sue, with eyes so blue,  
And her tresses of golden hair,  
Her cheeks that rival the peach's hue,  
And her lips so red and fair,  
How her silver tongue so joyously rung,  
When watching she balled with delight  
My evening's game, round my neck she hung,  
Lipsing her prayer and good night.

Sweet little Sue! no more shall I view  
From the summit her beautiful face,  
Nor welcome at eve, for she bade adieu,  
And vacant and silent her place,  
Under the ground, where you often mouned  
Covers a grave small and neat,  
In a sleep so sweet, so quiet and sound,  
Rests my gentle, my angel Sue.

### For the Fayetteville Observer.

To my Sister, Anna L.,  
Yes, dear girl, to the excited train  
Of those around, thy homage pay;  
But wilt thou never kindly deign  
To think of her that's far away?  
Thy form, thine eye, thy angel smile,  
For many years I miss and see,  
Ere wilt thou not sometimes the while,  
My Sister dear, remember me?

But not in fashion's brilliant ball,  
Surrounded by the gay and fair,  
Aid thou the fairest of them all—  
O, think not think not of me there.  
But when the throngless crowd resigns,  
And hushed the voice of senseless glee,  
And all is silent, still, and lone,  
And thou'st not, remember me.

Remember me, but not as I  
On thee forever—ever dwell,  
With anxious heart and drooping eye,  
And doubt, 'till would give thee should I felt  
But in thy calm unclouded heart,  
When dark and gloomy visions flee,  
O, those, my Sister, be my part,  
And kindly then, remember me!

Your Sister,  
A. J. M.

**PAUPERISM IN GEORGIA.**—The "Blister and Critic," a magazine published monthly at Atlanta, Ga., among other good things, has the following on this subject:

"It must be a heart-felt pleasure to every Georgian, to know that we have but 854 paupers in our entire population. This speaks volumes in favor of the institution of slavery. We have no charity poor in Georgia. Our gardens are full, our negroes fat, our paupers well fed and clothed, while our State is free of debt to a considerable extent, and has more railroads than any State in the South, and with a single exception they are built from our private capital. Where slavery prevails pauperism can't exist."

**Horse-Shoe Machine.**—A man at Alleghany City, Pa., has just patented a machine for making horse-shoes, which will, it is said, turn out twenty or twenty five per minute, perfect in every part. By this machine the price of horse-shoes will be reduced full 50 per cent.

Mr. Sullivan, of Columbus, Ohio, has recently purchased 80,000 acres of land in Illinois, for a farm, which he intends to cultivate.

## The Assassins of Arkansas. (Concluded.)

In the meantime a scene was occurring within the grocery fort, destined to secure the guilty from the grasp of violated justice. The assassins were giving themselves up to the mercy of Judge Hoge, then in a state of partial intoxication, who admitted them to bail in the penalty of ten thousand dollars.

The fact becoming known, again excited the multitude to madness.—They broke open the United States arsenal, took out and loaded two cannons, and placed them within two hundred yards of Shelley's grocery. It needed, but the touch of a spark to have blown the frail fortress into atoms, and hurled its murderous garrison into the dark grave of their numerous victims.

But once more young Willis interposed, and prevailed on the people to await patiently the results of a final trial before the bar of the next district court. Undoubtedly the homicides that day owed their lives to him. But will they thank him for the undeserved boon? We shall soon see.

At sunset the same evening, a husband and father might have been seen parting with his wife and child.—"I go, dearest," said he, "to be absent for a week. Were I to remain home now, my enemies, in the first fury of their passion, might provoke me to a personal difficulty, which I am anxious for many reasons to avoid. Before I return, they will have time for reflection, and cannot fail to perceive the folly of further resort to violence."

"But, my Albert," remonstrated a proud-faced, magnificent woman, with intensely black eyes, "will they not say you are a coward for leaving at this crisis?"

"I would rather be called a coward than actually be a homicide," replied the husband, mournfully.

"But," persisted the wife, "may not the ruffians avenge themselves on me and your innocent babe?"

"Nonsense, Mary," replied young Willis, with a smile, "that would be an act beneath the meanest of devils."

"Well," rejoined Mary, "seeing all her arguments unavailing, 'kiss us, good bye, and be sure you come back in a week.'"

Then there were tears and tender embraces, and the little child's lip mingled with those of its parents; and then the father suddenly vaulted into the saddle, and shot away over the prairie with the speed of an arrow, as if he were endeavoring to escape from the spectre of some gloomy thought.

He took the road to the Cherokee country, intending to visit Fort Gibson, and prefer charges against Bill Shelley, as keeper of the arsenal at Fayetteville, in order to procure his removal; and he made the utmost haste, fearing the emissary of the clique would anticipate him, and prejudice the ear of Gen. Arбакie. But his mind was ill at ease. The parting words of his beautiful Mary, "May they not avenge themselves on me and your innocent babe!" rung like a knell from eternity through his feverish brain. At midnight he paused to drink of a crystal spring on the Indian line, thirty miles beyond Fayetteville.

He stooped down and imbibed a copious draught, and heaved his burning brow; but when he raised his head, he stood transfixed with horror. A low, hurrying murmur, as of busy wings, sounded in the air above him. He looked, and a fiery luminous vapor, the size and figure of a coffin, was floating along the air.—Did imagination paint the rest, or was it a mere optical illusion, engendered by the wild heat of the brain; or have the spirits of the dead at times truly the power to flash their pale faces before the living eyes?

These are problems which every one will solve for themselves. But the young attorney saw, or thought he saw, an awful group gathered

around that coffin of fire, as it floated away into eternity. There was Wagon, with his gigantic features all distorted by the death agony; and Pollock, with that pale smile which commonly characterizes corpses perishing by gun shots.

But who were those in the very centre of the ghostly circle—those with their faces bathed in clotted blood? Could he credit his eyes that witnessed the appalling terror? His Mary and her babe were parcels of the vanishing panorama.

He saw no more. Uttering a wild cry of mingled rage and anguish that startled the very wolves from their covert, he leaped into his saddle, and turned his horse's head homeward.

All night, with a whip and spur, he rode like a redman; and the first gray twinkle of daylight gleamed in the east when he bounded to the earth on his own threshold.—He paused to listen; all was silent within, save the song of the cricket chirping on the hearth. The tranquillity seemed to soothe him and restore the reign of reason, as he murmured—

"She sleeps well. I was weak indeed to credit the feverish hallucination."

He knocked at the door, but there was no answer.

"Mary, dearest, awake. It is I.—Open the door to your husband."

Yet there was no sound—only the cricket sung on. He tried the knob of the door with his hand. It was safely locked, and he said to himself—

"All is right; but she sleeps very profoundly."  
He struck again, fiercer and louder—once, twice, thrice, and then with both hands, fairly shouting—

"Mary, dear, awake—open! I am returned!"

But the cricket alone replied with its morning music.  
The cold sweat began to roll from his forehead as he trembled in every limb; and then, making one desperate effort with all his strength, he dashed the shutter from its hinges. It was perfectly dark within—dark and silent as the centre of a grave.

He groped his way to the bed-side, and threw his arms around the beloved ones. O, joy! they were there! He could feel their figures beneath the sheet—the fall-rose of queenly beauty, and the bud folded in her bosom. He stooped for a kiss of tenderness. Avoant! the lips were of ice!

"Hol for a candle!" It was kindled in a moment, and the light revealed it all.  
The woman and child were literally torn into pieces by a volley of ball and buckshot that had been fired through a crevice behind the bed!

But the bereaved uttered no lamentation; not so much as a tear bedewed his glassy eye.

All that day and the following night Albert Willis hurried to and fro over the country, detailing the horrible tragedy, and arousing the people to vengeance; and the next morning full eight hundred men, thoroughly armed, mustered at the camp-ground, two miles south of Fayetteville, whence they immediately marched to storm the stronghold of the legalized out-laws.

As they entered the village, they met Gov. Yell, who happened to be passing through, and he instantly advised them not to venture on an attack, as the grocery fort was garrisoned by fifty men, with loaded muskets, besides four or five cannon taken from the public arsenal; and the news tended very much to cool the ardor of the citizens, although they still proceeded.

They moved forward in solemn columns till within thirty yards of the grocery, which previously had not shown a sign of human life, and where, in fact, nothing was to be seen but the old wooden walls yawning with empty port holes, and the four black cannon peering through their rude embrasures.

Suddenly the door was thrown partially open for one brief instant, and the fearless face of Bill Shelley appeared, as he shouted in tones of thunder—

"If you come one foot nearer, we'll blow you to hell!"

Quick as lightning the door was shut, and fifty guns protruded through the port holes. An unaccountable panic seized the multitude; every man but one, fled in utter confusion and dismay, and many did not pause till they were miles away in the country. Very different was the conduct of the one single exception. Albert Willis displayed the daring of a demon. He stood firm as a rock; he tore open his shirt bosom, and dared his foes to fire; he bantered them to come out, and he would engage them all at once. His courage awoke one sentiment of honorable feeling in hearts dead to every other.

"Fire upon him!" exclaimed Bill. "No, you shall not," said Bill Shelley, "he is too brave to be shot down like a dog."

For three months afterwards an extraordinary state of things prevailed in the county of Washington, and especially about Fayetteville.—Albert Willis rode continually over the country, sometimes, with one or two generally with a half dozen wild looking ruffians by his side, all armed to the teeth with double-barrelled shot-guns and revolving pistols.—Occasionally he was seen near the Indian line, at the head of a hundred Cherokee warriors. A thousand different rumors were circulated. Now it was said that he lay in wait on the roads to assassinate his enemies: Again, the news came that he was marching with a thousand savages to lay the county seat in ashes. Often, at the hour of midnight, the guilty citizens of the villages were startled from their slumbers by the shrill blast of a solitary trumpet from the centre of the public square. It seemed as if their foe took a malicious pleasure in putting them to the agonies of a slow torture; and all the while the companions of that odious clique never left their grocery fort.

At length Willis entirely disappeared, and was not heard of for a year. Bill, Sanders and company then issued from their fortress, and ventured out to breathe the fresh air. Twelve months rolled away, when the community was agitated by the occurrence of a new catastrophe.—Alf Shelley was slain, when traveling alone on Cane Hill; and, from every sign, the deed had not been done till after a desperate contest.

Both his pistols were found discharged, and his knife was broken in two. The next week John Coulter was killed near the same spot, and his rifle, too, lay empty with the stock annihilated beside him.

A fortnight followed, and Matthew Leeper was discovered dead in his own office, which stood in the suburbs of the village, some two hundred yards from any other house.—This appears the most singular of all. The door was locked; but a window stood open, through which the homicide had evidently made his escape, as the prints of two bloody hands had been left on the blinds. There were also two words traced in blood on the floor—"The Avenger."

There had obviously been a violent combat. A strange looking knife, with the point snapped off, lay on the table, while the stiff fingers of the corpse grasped a dagger purple with gore.

It is impossible to paint the terrors of the clique at this swift succession of disasters. Bill and the two surviving Shelleys ran away to Texas, never halting till they reached the Trinity. An agent sold their farms and grocery, and followed with their numerous slaves. Soon afterwards the fact transpired that Bill had robbed the bank of which he was cashier, to the amount of a hundred thousand dollars.

Gen. Sanders set out on a trip to

Washington, and was heard of no more.

A long period elapsed without any further incident resulting from the Fayetteville war, and men had almost forgotten its horrors. Bill and the Shelleys had become popular chiefs in Texas, with immense cotton farms and vast influence. On the 5th of July, 1849, about ten years after the Sabbath of murders, they were returning home with a friend from a barbaque given to Gen. Houston, at the town of Crockett, the day before. It was sunset when they reached the right bank of the Trinity, and they waited a few minutes for the ferryman to row across from the opposite side.

Suddenly, an extraordinary apparition emerged from the tangled cane, and confronted them at the water's edge.

It was a half-naked figure, with long beard and hair that did not seem to have been shorn for a dozen years; the face bronzed; the haggard, blood-shot eyes blazing with wild delicious light, and the whole appearance denoting the madness of immeasurable despair. And yet the strange being was thoroughly armed; his hand grasped a shot-gun, double-barrelled and of huge calibre, while his large leathern belt held Deringers and revolvers to the extent of thirty rounds.

He spoke, and his tones were shrill and piercing as the cry of some bird of prey.

"Villians, I see that you wear your old weapons! It is well!"

He said the truth; the comrades were amply provided with pistols and knives.

"What want you with us?" exclaimed Bill, supposing the intruder to be some wandering maniac.

"I want to fight, and I mean to fight you all three," replied the stranger.

"In the devil's name, who are you?" cried Bill Shelley, as an appalling memory flashed across his soul.

"I am the wild man of the woods, who was Albert Willis! I struck the stranger; and the three guilty comrades started as if they had been struck by a thunderbolt."

Bill recovered first.

"You have every advantage, glancing at the other's shot gun, with both its hammers at full cock. Willis rejoined mournfully—

"I killed your brother Alf, and Coulter, and Leeper, and Sanders, in a fair fight, and so I will kill you all!" he shouted with a hoarse chuckle, as he tossed his gun into the river and drew Colt's patent revolver.

There followed a deafening roar, and Bill dropped to the earth a corpse. Then came another, like a double explosion of lightning, and the younger Shelley went to his long home. Then two awful detonations burst at once—Willis and Shelley both fired at once, and both falling at the same instant, but still not dead. Bleeding, almost expiring, their hatred, nevertheless, seems immortal. Mustering all their dying energies, with glaring eyeballs and gasping teeth, they crawled like two mangled snakes till they met, and each buried his bowie-knife up to the hilt in the other's bosom!

Such was the final consequence of the "Sabbath of Murders," the last battle of the "Fayetteville war."

## The Will of Peter the Great.

We copy from the Baltimore Times this strange document. It appeared in the La Presse (Paris) in 1818. There are some parts which do not appear to be genuine, but still the document itself is full of mighty significance. The destiny of Russia is marked out in the following thirteen paragraphs:

1. To have the Russian nation constantly at war, that the soldiery may always be disciplined and ready for action. Allow the nation no rest, but for the replenishing the treasury, reorganizing the armies, and choosing the opportune moment of attack; making, in this manner, peace serve war, and war serve peace, in the interests, aggrandizement and prosperity of Russia.

2. To attract, by all possible means, the most efficient and celebrated military officers in Europe during war, and highly educated, scientific men of all countries in time of peace, that the Russians may enjoy the advantages of other countries without losing their own identity.

3. To take part, on all occasions, in the disputes and contentions among the States of Europe, especially those of Germany, in which as the nearest we are most interested.

4. To subdue Poland; foment their continual rivalries and disturbances; gain their nobles by bribery; influence their diets, and by intrigue take action in the election of their kings; form partizan cliques, and for their protection send them Muscovite troops, to remain in the country until the moment of complete occupation. If the neighboring powers make opposition quiet them at once by dismembering the country, and giving to each a part.

5. To take what we can from Sweden, and make any attack by her a pretext for subjugation. For this, separate her from Denmark, and likewise Denmark from Sweden, and foment with care all aviniosities and rivalries between them.

6. To select wives for the Russian princes among the princesses of Germany, for the multiplying of family alliances conciliates interests, and by them will noise Germany to our cause, and increase our influence in that country.

7. To attend assiduously to forming an alliance with England for our commerce, the assistance of that power we most need for the purpose of building up a maritime force, and she will be of the greatest service in supplying us with her gold in exchange for our lumber and other productions. Continual intercourse with her merchants and sailors will accustom ours to navigation and commerce.

8. Extend ourselves increasingly towards the North, the whole length of the Baltic—and Ekewise to the South by the Black Sea.

9. To take every possible means of gaining Constantinople and the Indies, (for who rules there will be true sovereign of the world); excite war continually in Turkey and Persia; establishing fortresses on the Black Sea, get the control of the sea, by degrees, and also of the Baltic, which is a double point necessary to the realization of our project; accelerate as much as possible the decay of Persia; penetrate the Persian Gulf; re-establish, if it be possible, by way of Syria, the ancient commerce of Levant; advance to the Indies, which are the great depot of the world. Once there, we can do without the gold of England.

10. Obtain and carefully cultivate the alliance of Austria; support (apparently) her ideas of future domination over Germany; excite animosities and rivalries among her princes—thus causing each party to claim the assistance of Russia, and exercise over this country a species of protection that will prepare for future dominion.

11. Interest the House of Austria in the expulsion of the Turks from Europe, and quiet their dissensions at the moment of the conquest of Constantinople, (having excited war among the old States of Europe), by giving to Austria a portion of the conquest, which afterwards will or can be reclaimed.

12. Unite within your bodies all the disunited or schismatic Greeks, now in Hungary and Poland, making ourselves their centre, establishing before an independent church by a species of autocracy and sacerdotal supremacy.

13. Sweden dismembered, Persia subdued, Poland subjected, and Turkey conquered, our armies united, and the Black Sea and the Baltic guarded by our ships of war, it will be necessary to propose separately, and very secretly, to the Court of Versailles, and afterwards to that of Vienna, to divide with them the empire of the universe.

If one of the two accepts this offer so flattering to their ambition and self-love, let her serve to annihilate the other, commencing a contest, the issue of which cannot be doubtful, and Russia may take possession of all the East and a greater part of Europe.

If both nations should refuse the offer made by Russia (which is not at all probable) it will be necessary to excite quarrels among them which will engage them in a war with each other. Then Russia, improving the decisive moment, advances her troops (already assembled) on France and Germany at the same time. Two squadrons proceed—one by the sea of Azof, and the other by the port of Archangel—filled with Asiatic hordes, under the convoy of our armed ships in the Baltic and Black seas. Advance by the Mediterranean and the ocean, inundate France on the one side, while Germany is inundated on the other, and those two countries conquered, the rest of Europe will pass under the yoke without firing a gun. Thus may and should be effected the subjugation of Europe.

A PLEASANT WIFE.—It appears that Doctor Andrew Bell was persecuted by his wife, from whom he was legally separated. The lady was constantly sending the doctor letters, endorsed outside with records of her enmity and spite. Sometimes she addressed her epistle thus: "To that supreme of rogues, who looks the hangdog that he is, Doctor (such a doctor) Andrew Bell." Or again: "To the top of apes, the knave of knaves, who is recorded to have once paid a debt—but a small one, you may be sure, it was that he selected for this wonderful experiment—in fact it was 14d. Had it been on the other side of 5d, he must have died before he could have achieved so dreadful a sacrifice."

The word "bridegroom" was formerly written "bridgroom," the last syllable being derived from the Saxon *guma*, signifying a man. The word "groom" is derived from the Persian, and simply means one who has the care of horses. Hence, by an error of pronunciation, most probably, we have been led into the ridiculous corruption of the original word.

"Why did you not pocket some of these pearls?" said one boy to another; "nobody was there to see!" "Yes, there was; I was there to see myself, and I don't ever mean to see myself do a mean thing."

Mr. Pickles wants to know if the "blush of morn," told about by the poets in gift edge books, is anything like the blush of a girl. We are quite unable to answer Mr. Pickles.

James Lund, who cut his throat at Hudson, N. H., had two brothers who also committed suicide; so did his father; and he has a sister in an insane hospital; and another brother was killed on a railroad.