

# The Watchman and Southron.

THE SUMTER WATCHMAN, Established April, 1850.

"Be Just and Fear not—Let all the Ends thou Aims't at, be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

THE TRUE SOUTHRON, Established June, 1866.

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## The Watchman and Southron.

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SUMTER, S. C.

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## ORIGIN OF THE BANJO.

So 'way, fiddle!—folks is tired o' hearin'

you a-squawkin'.

Keep along for yo' better—don't you hear

the banjo talkin'?

About de possum's tail, she's gwine to lecter

—Indies, listen!

About de har' what isn't dar, and why de

har' is missin'?

Den heah dis nigger sing,

While he pick upon de string;

De music ob de banjo

Am fit for anythin'.

"Dar's gwine to be a oberdow," said Noah,

lookin' solemn.

For Noah tuk de "Herold," an' he read de

"ribber column."

An' so he got his hands to work a-d'clarin'

timber-patches,

An' he'd he' gwine to build a boat to beat

de steam "Natchez."

Old Noah sent a note,

To Bennett 'bout de bote;

He sed it wuz de fust o'sahn

Steamah set afloat.

Old Noah kep' a-sailin', an' a-chippin', an'

a-savin'.

An' all de wicked neighbors kep' a-laughin'

an' a-pshawin'.

But Noah didn't min' 'em—knowin' what

wuz gwine to happen:

An' forty days an' forty nights de rain it

kep' a-droppin'.

De Ph'listines and de Jews,

Went to huntin' rubber shoes,

An' de fishes, kase dey cudden work,

Wuz habben ob de blues.

Now, Noah had done cotted a lot ob ebery

sort o' beas'—

Ob all de shows a-trabbelin', it beat 'em all to

pieces.

Had a Morgan colt, an' a seberal head o'

Jersey cattle.

Had 'em 'board de Ark as soon's he

seeded de land a-trabbelin'.

Den he cut loose from sho,

An' he close up de do,

An' he sed de fust mate

Doin' tek in any no.

Den each anoder fall ob rain—it come so

awful hebbly,

De ribber riz immitjly, an' busted troo de

lebbes;

De people all wuz drowned out—cep' Noah

an' de critters,

An' men he'd hired to work de boat—an' one

to mix de bitters.

De man what kep' de bar,

Wuz de bizziest man in dar,

Dey didn't eben gib him time

To take a bref ob a'r.

De Ark she kep' a-sailin', an' a-sailin', an'

a-sailin'.

De lion gub his dander up, an' like to bruk

de pain.

De sarpius hissed, de painters yelled—tell,

What wid all de fassin'.

You c'd'n hardly heah de mate a-bossin'

'roun' an' 'roun'.

De e-camp de got sick,

An' de ice-bugs dey wuz tick;

Fader Neptune seem'd de deterrin'd

Fur ter tek 'em ter "old Nick."

Now, Ham, de only nigger what wuz runnin'

on de packet,

Got loose on de barber-shop an' c'd'a'd,

stan' de racket;

An' so, for 'a' bense he-sef, he steamed some

wood an' tek it.

An' soon he had a bonjo made—de fust dat

wuz invented.

He stopp'd de cracks wid glue,

An' he painted ob it blue,

(Old Barnum's got dat same wun

An' it's de good as new)

He wet de ladder, stretched it on; made

bridge, an' screws, an' apoon;

An' fitted in a proper neck—twaz berry long

and tap'in'.

He tuk some tin, an' twisted him a thimble

for to ring it;

An' den de mighty question riz: how wuz

he gwine to string it?

Den he laid de banjo down,

An' he wuz de place aroun',

An' he nebber stopp'd a minnit

Tell de 'possums cage he foun'.

De 'possum had as fine a tail as dis dat I's

a-singin'.

De 'hars so long, and thick, and strong—des

fit for banjo-stringin'.

Dat nigger shaved 'em off as short as wash-

day-dinner graces;

An' sorted ob 'em by de size, from little E's

to bases.

He spun 'em on a wheel,

Den he woun' 'em on a reel,

An' he nebber stopp'd a fixin' 'em

Ter eat a single meal.

He strang her, tuned her, struck a jig—twaz

"Nigger min' de wedder!"

She soon 'ike forty-lebber bands a-playin'

all together;

Some went to party; some to dancin'; Noah

called de figgers—

An' Ham he sot an' knocked de tune de hap-

piest ob niggers!

De pespal danc'd dat nite,

Cl'ar to obroad-day nite,

Den strings dey nebber slacken'd,

Fur Ham had made 'em right.

Now, sence dat time—'t's mighty strange—

dere's not de slightest 'nigwin'.

Ob any har' at all upon de 'possum's tail

a-growin'.

An' cur's, too—dat nigger's ways; his peo-

ple nebber los' 'em—

For whar he finds de nigger—dar's de banjo

an' de 'possum!

De 'possums good ter eat,

An' de banjo music's sweet,

Cl'ar ob nigger am a possum what

Am berry hard ter beat.

Don't try to lengthen your days by

cutting short your night's rest; it is

poor economy.

## SALT WATER FISHING.

'Birds to windward,' cried the look-

out.

'Ha-r-r-d lee,' from the captain.

'Hard lee she is.'

'Why birds if we were fishing?'

Because the sea birds hover above the

schools of fish, feeding on the offal

and the smaller fish—just as certain

as fate, beneath the swarm of gulls

and curlews that hung like a speck

of cloud above the water, pulsing up

and down, there were running mil-

lions of sea fish we were after. In a

few moments we had come within a

few hundred yards.

'Get your lines out,' shouted the

captain, 'we are nearly on 'em.'

Instantly four stout lines of fifty feet

the boat and spun out until they were

tense. There was no bait used—

simply squids of ivory, with hooks at

the lower end. The Lucia was flying

now, sure enough. The waves curled

under her bow and the spray was tossed

over us. Captain Pickett was stand-

ing erect, the tiller between his legs

and his eyes fixed on the water ahead.

'Lighter she is!'

'Lighter she is!'

A few birds drifted behind the sails;

others followed, until the air was full

of them. I saw a flash or so in the

water as the boat swept past. Every

man was tense with expectation.

Evan Howell was sitting astraddle of

a bench by me, when, suddenly,

'Honey in the gourd!' he shrieked,

and began pulling hand over hand like

mad.

'I'm with you,' cried Jackson.

'Good Lord!' remarked Gordon,

and he began to pull.

As for me, I felt as if a mule had

got his fore leg tangled in my line and

had got to kicking. I yelled some-

thing or other and pulled. In an in-

stant I saw a two foot mackerel wind-

ing toward me like a revolving wheel.

Jackson's fish flew past the boat like

a flash of lightning. Howell's, after

fighting every inch of the way to

within five feet of the boat suddenly

changed his mind and jumped over

the gunwals. In less than ten

seconds we had four fine fish boxed.

The men shook them off and tossed

the squids over the bow. Before

thirty feet had spun out every hook

was caught again, and there was the same

excitement over, only two fish being

landed, however. Out they went

again, and the third time we had

raised up on one elbow, and with his

luminous eyes all afire, say, 'What are

you gentlemen whispering about?' After

they told him he would give his

own opinion on the subject, and then

turn over and die again.

Mr. Stephens will make a good gov-

ernor, for he has every qualification for

the office. He belongs to no ring or set

or combination. He has been totting

his own skill all his life, and is under

no obligations except to the people—the

whole people. If he is vain he has a

right to be, for he has made himself

what he is by diligence and study.

That is the only kind of vanity that is

excusable in anybody. Men who,

like General Grant and President

Arthur, are the creatures of accidents

and circumstances, have no right to be

vain, and much less to be proud.

Vanity is the love of admiration, and

there is no harm in it if a man has done

something worthy of admiration. We

ought to praise those who deserve it,

for we are all like children and need

encouragement as a stimulus. But

vanity without works or merit is like a

woman who is vain of her beauty—a

thing she had no hand in creating.

My greatest hope of Mr. Stephens'

administration is in a quietus of the

negro's political ambition. For sixteen

years the public peace has been dis-

turbed at every election by unscrupulous

politicians fighting along the color line

for the colored vote.

It has kept up discord among the

whites and resulted in no good to the

negro. They have been brought up

like sheep and the hypocrisy of the white

man who made the purchase was more

disgusting than the stupidity of the

negro. Just after the war the carpet-

bagger promised him forty acres and a

mule and they have been fooled with

promises ever since. Mr. Stephens

understands the negro and his relations

to the white race. Mr. Stephens is a

'philosopher and a student of history, and

knows that one race has got to be

subordinate to the other. There is no

compromise, no social equality and no

political equality except on paper.

There is just as much here as at the

North and no more. Whitaker and

Flipper were fair experiments and

failed—what next? The happiness of

the negro ought to be of higher con-

sideration than his political advanc-

ment, and he is never so happy as

when in friendly relations to the white

man, and feeling his dependence upon

him. How we all do admire the cheer-

ful, humble, old-fashioned darkey!

Old Maek Richardson, of Rome, the

king of the draymen, is a model of a good

citizen, and everybody respects him,

and everybody would defend him if he

were imposed upon; but this new gen-