

The Watchman and Southern.

THE TRUE SOUTHERN, Established June, 1866.

New Series—Vol. I. No. 52.

Consolidated Aug. 2, 1881.

SUMTER, S. C., TUESDAY, JULY 25, 1882.

The Watchman and Southern.

Published every Tuesday, BY THE Watchman and Southern Publishing Company, SUMTER, S. C.

TERMS: Two Dollars per annum—in advance. One Square, first insertion, \$1.00. Subsequent insertions, 50 cents. For three months, or longer will be made at reduced rates.

All communications which subscribe private interests will be charged for as advertisements. Obituaries and tributes of respect will be charged for. Marriage notices and notices of deaths published free.

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DELAY. The voice of the Summer is softly calling, "Oh! Love, come and look on the Rose. She is waiting for you, full of sweetness and dew. Full of passionate throes."

"But Love in the garden is idly straying; He hears a low sigh at his feet. 'Tis the Violet's breath. 'I will find,' he says, 'The fragrant retreat.'"

So he bears away in his gracious bosom, (Lo! the Lily—his pathway is barred—) Has he cast her aside? She has gasped—she has died.

Ah! Love, this is hard. But Love by the Lily is sweetly dreaming. Oh! where have the light hours fled? He remembers the Rose—to her swiftly he goes— And the Rose—she is dead!

BILL ARP. He constructs a Dam. "All the world's a stage," as Mr. Shakespeare says, and all the men and women merely travelers. It is a mighty big stage, of course—in fact, an omnibus, for it carries us all, and we are traveling along and getting on and getting out all along the line, and ever and anon stopping by the wayside to nurse our sick and bury our dead. There is nothing else that puts on the breaks as we move down the big road on the journey of life. Sickness and death are sure upon all progress and upon plans and schemes and hopes and ambition and fame and fashion and all that we suffer while and stop while, but if we don't die, we get in stage again and move on with the crowd. Sickness knocks up a man and numbles him quicker than anything. Just let the pitiless angel of pain come along suddenly and seize him by some vital part and twist him around a time or two and shake him up and he will know better what the word torture means when he reads it in a book. I thought I was a strong man and tough, and so the angel had no terrors for me. I've had the tooth-ache and mashed my big toe with a crowbar and got under fire with a green corn dance, but after it was over I forgot the sting of it and only remembered the joke. But there are some things without any joke, and that won't let you forget 'em and when they come and they leave you humbled and backed and meek as a lamb with his legs tied. They take away your pride and your brag and your starch and stiffening. They strip you of flowers and frills and thread lace and jewelry and leave a poor mortal like a dependent beggar for the charity of health, good health. "If I was only well again," the poor victim sighs, "Oh, if I was only well."

When a man gets along to my age he forgets that he is on the down grade. That he is like a second hand wagon patched up and painted and sold at auction to the highest bidder. It will run mighty well on a smooth road with a light load and a careful driver, but it won't do to lock wheels with another or run into gullies or over stumps or up to the hubs in the low grounds. A man is very like a wagon, anyhow, for his shoulders and hips are the axle-trees and his arms and legs are the wheels and the wagon body is his body and the coupling pole is his spine and the hands are his kidneys—his reins as the Scriptures call 'em—and they brace up everything and hold up the tongue and the coupling pole, and if the hands are weak and rickety, the hind wheels don't trace with the fore wheels, and the whole concern moves along with a hitch and a jerk and a double wabble. "He treads the reins of the children of men," for that was the test of a man. If the kidneys were sound and well ordered the man was supposed to be centered the affections and passions and emotions of a man. Those old time philosophers attached a good deal of importance to the kidneys, but I thought it was a superstition of their ignorance and I never cared much about my kidneys. In fact, I didn't care whether I had any or not for I was a thinking what Judge Underwood told me a long time ago about spleen, which he said was only put there to make men splenic and cross, and keep 'em from getting over-joyful in this unwholesome world. I thought that may be the kidneys were like the liver of a man over in California, which were crushed out of him in a mine some fifty years ago, when he was fifty years old, but he was sewed up and got well and now he is a hundred years old not a hair turned grey nor a wrinkle come on his brow nor his teeth nor his teeth come out, and keeps well and round and plump and active and goes to balls and never has an ache or a pain and it all because his liver is gone. Jesso.

Well, you see I had promised to build a dam across the branch down in the willow thicket and make a bathing pool for the children; and so a few days ago I went at it with a will and got my timbers across, and my boards nailed on, slanting up the stream to a rock bottom, and then I put on some old boots and some old clothes and went to chin up the leaks with turf and gravel and willow brush and sand bags, and as fast as I stopped one leak another broke out, but I worked fast and worked hard, and the children waited on me and brought me material, and after awhile the water began to rise on me, and got higher and

A TRIAL PRIZE FIGHT.

Sullivan, the Champion Pugilist, Loses \$1000, on a Little Englishman who could Not be Knocked Out in Four Rounds.

[From the N. Y. Sun of July 18th.] No recent sporting event has occasioned such widespread excitement in the Eastern States especially, as last night's glove fight between John L. Sullivan and Tag Wilson, more properly but less widely known as Joseph Collins. Sullivan had declared himself the great knocker-out of men, and had made good his claim by the severe punishment of those who were venturesome enough to accept his invitation to stand up with him for four rounds; and he was the American pugilist champion, entitled to wear whatever medals and distinction conferred. Tag Wilson on the other hand, was known in England as the great un-knocked-out, reputed the best man, from a pugilistic point of view, in England to-day, and was specially brought here, by the backers of the pugilist who was lately defeated by Sullivan in the prize ring at New Orleans, to whip Mr. Sullivan.

To Wilson's challenge Sullivan returned the somewhat contemptuous reply of a requirement that, before he would accept his time on an encounter in the prize ring, Wilson would have to prove himself worthy of it by standing up before him for four rounds, with soft gloves, and being ready to answer the call of time for a fifth round. Such an agreement, Wilson assented to. According to its terms the two men were to meet last evening in Madison Square Garden and fight with soft gloves. If Sullivan should fail to knock out Wilson in four rounds, then the latter should receive from him \$1,000 and one-half the money taken at the door for admission; but if Wilson should be knocked out, then he was to receive nothing but contusions and the shame of defeat.

The contest was to be governed by the Marquis of Queensberry's rules, the salient points of which are: Three-minute rounds, with one minute rest between; a knocked-down man to pick himself up unaided within ten seconds, and go on with the fighting until the three minutes of the round have expired; an order to break from a rally hand and clinch to be obeyed on pain of losing the fight; no wrestling to be permitted.

The men went into training for the event, just as though they were about to engage in a real prize fight. In the hotels, on the streets, in offices, on "Change, the names of Wilson and Sullivan were pretty sure to gain their full share of conversational attention. The British contingent, almost to a man, pinned their faith to the stout little champion from the old country, of whom they said that he had been a boxer since he was four years old, that he was the fiercest fighter alive, and that he could take more punishment smilingly than anybody else. Another eminent gladiator Sullivan, the Boston Blacksmith, pointed to his enormous muscles, his ponderous frame, and his splendid record, and told of the many men who had been slain by his gludge-hammer-like blows—John Donaldson, of Cincinnati, for instance, who lay insensible for an hour and thirty-five minutes after getting in front of one of them, and that burly Blacksmith of Philadelphia whom he "knocked silly" in one round, and that enormous dorky whom he "knocked colder than a wedge" with one punch, and poor Elliott, with whom he toyed so severely recently at the scene.

At 3 o'clock yesterday morning the betting was \$100 on Sullivan to \$500 on Wilson, in the Brunswick and Hoffman hotel bar rooms, with more offering than taking the odds. But later in the evening, as reports of Wilson's powers of endurance got abroad and found more credence, his valuation went up until he got to \$300 on Sullivan's \$150, among the heavy bettors, and many comparatively small bets were made over. The bets were never in any case that Wilson would knock Sullivan out. That counted for a bet at even the longest odds. They were simply that after twelve minutes of hard punching he would be able to stand up and come to the scratch at the call of time. Yet, of those who saw the finish of the combat last night, there were very many who felt that it would be by no means a sure thing, if the number of rounds had been doubled, that Sullivan would not experience the surprising and unpleasant sensations of being knocked out himself.

Long before evening yesterday nearly all the boxes of the Madison Square Garden had been sold and thousands of tickets disposed of. Three long trains laden with men of sporting proclivities came from Philadelphia in the course of the day and five more from Boston. One of these latter was a special train. Boston came on to make a big boom on Sullivan, and it is believed that some who came from that city will have to stay here, borrow or walk back. As early as half-past 6 o'clock last evening great throngs of men gathered about the garden entrances on Madison and Fourth avenues. Fifteen minutes later Capt. Williams, who with eighty men under him, was charged with keeping order in and around the garden, seeing that the throngs were impeding traffic on the thoroughfares, ordered the doors opened. From that moment until the Garden was densely packed in every part the multitude poured in. Long after it was clearly impossible for any more people to get places from which they could see the fight, men insisted on paying \$1 at the Fourth avenue door or \$2 at the Madison avenue entrance for admission. The boxes commanded \$5 premium each in addition to the higher price for each occupant. There are about 200 of them. Capt. Williams says that the Garden holds 12,000 comfortably, and that 15,000 can be squeezed into it. Last night they were squeezed in most uncomfortably. In the remote corners of the upper parts of the extreme ends of the building, men seemed to be packed as closely together as in the immediate vicinity of the platform, where in a box, by half-past 7 o'clock, the building seemed to be packed as full as it would hold, and at 8 o'clock the crowd was fairly wild with impatience and discomfort, for the place was as hot

THE FIGHTERS IN THE RING.

At a little after 8 o'clock the rivals entered the building, and in separate rooms donned their fighting costume. Sullivan, who had weighed 231 pounds when he began training for this fight, stripped down to 194, and stood 5 feet 10 1/2 inches in his stocking feet, without a blotch or blemish upon him, seeming like a model of physical perfection. Even his movement was agile—loose, as fighters say—yet conveying the idea of enormous strength. Tag Wilson had trained down from 184 pounds to 157, and stood only 5 feet 7 1/2 inches in his stocking feet. He is 35 years old, nine more than Sullivan, and looks like a very compactly built, solid, bullet-headed man, with sunken hide on hard rubber muscles. Each possessed confidence of winning. Sullivan said: "I'm going to let myself out, and hit as hard as I can. I've always been afraid to do so before, but I'm told he can stand it, and I'm going to let him have it." Wilson said: "I can't knock it up in my 'd' 'ow I'm to be knocked out in four rounds." "How will you fight him?" he was asked. "I'm going to get inside of 'im and under 'im," he replied, a promise which he faithfully carried out.

At half-past 9 o'clock Wilson stepped upon the platform, followed by his seconds, Arthur Chambers and George Holden. He wore white drawers and pink stockings. Sullivan followed, clad in white drawers and dark green stockings, and was accompanied by his seconds, Billy Madden and Joe Goss. The house fairly trembled with the storm of applause as the two champions made their appearance, and in the excitement that reigned throughout men seemed to forget their weariness and infinite discomfort. Harry Hill appeared and announced that by agreement the men had selected him as timekeeper and referee, and would have but one second each. Goss and Holden led the stage. Wilson crossed the ring and bet with Madden \$500 to \$700 that he would win. "The gloves with which they were to fight were examined and exchanged. Sullivan, who has exceedingly large hands, something like haws, had great difficulty in getting Wilson's gloves on. Then for a few moments the men sat in opposite corners of the ring, with their brawny arms lying listlessly on the upper ropes, and their seconds fanning them with towels. Wilson looked hot and a little anxious, but with evident curiosity at his big antagonist, and Sullivan looked back at him with seeming placid indifference, in which there was perhaps a little affectation. It was the first time the two men had seen each other.

At 9:35 time was called by Harry Hill, and the two men, meeting in the centre of the ring, went through the ceremonial of shaking hands. At this moment breathless silence prevailed.

Hardly had the men dropped hands than they sprang into position, and almost before the eye could follow his movement Wilson landed a stinging blow on Sullivan's nose. It seemed to astonish and enrage the big blacksmith, who rushed upon his antagonist, literally like a mad bull, beating down his guard and raining blows upon him with such velocity that they could neither be counted nor followed. Eleven times in rapid succession, Wilson was knocked down in this one round, by blows that battered his head, beat upon his neck, cracked against his shoulders, and drove the wind out of his lungs. On his tenth fall he came nose going through the ropes to the floor outside. Not a single good blow did he get in all the round, and the wind he could do Sullivan seemed to mind no more than if it had been a penny pelting with snowballs. When the round ended and Wilson was led away to his corner sponged and fanned, he had a dazed, confused and almost horrified look upon his face, as one might have who is suddenly toyed with and then dropped by a tornado. The backers of Sullivan were jubilant, and the whole crowd, carried away beyond itself with the wild rush of such rapid and terrific fighting, shouted and yelled for more than half a minute continuously. Such blows had never been seen before. But severe as they were, Wilson, in the brief minutes of rest accorded by the rules, recovered sufficiently to go into the next round with his senses about him, to begin and adhere to the cunning, foxy style of fighting that eventually won him the fight.

The second round opened with Sullivan promptly falling Wilson by a terrific right-hander under the left ear, but Wilson scrambled to his feet again—slowly, yet within the required ten seconds—only to be knocked down by the other miscellaneous distributed blows the second, third, fourth and fifth times. The fifth time he fell heavily against the ropes and almost through them; got up and was beaten down again; in his own corner by some awful slugging; raised himself only in time to meet a clean left hander that knocked him down like a nine-pin and so on three times more, until the second round ended, with him on his feet. Again the uproar of sound burst forth, shouts that seemed great detonations rather than human voices, and lasted as long as before. But the knowing ones, who watched the two men carefully said: "See Sullivan, how he blows; he is almost exhausted."

The third round developed Wilson's tactics fully. As long as possible he would keep in on Sullivan, getting under his guard by a rush and at the expense of a comparatively light blow, clinching his neck and holding on in such a position that the other miscellaneous blows could be delivered upon him, and even then with but little effect, while he was throwing all his weight upon Sullivan and dragging him down like a nine-pin and so on three times more, until the second round ended, with him on his feet. Again the uproar of sound burst forth, shouts that seemed great detonations rather than human voices, and lasted as long as before. But the knowing ones, who watched the two men carefully said: "See Sullivan, how he blows; he is almost exhausted."

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A Strange Marriage Scene.

"I Will Not" Instead of "I Will" in an English Church.

A certain dean of Chester was called upon to perform the wedding ceremony of a pair of happy lovers. The position of both parties was of the highest rank, and the guests who were bidden to the church were of the most fashionable and excellent. The day arrived, and with it the hour. The edifice was packed, and all was in readiness. The dean, expectant, awaited the coming of the bride, and the groom, with his best man, was in the vestry. The hour passed, and still the bride did not arrive. After a long delay she drove up to the church door, and with her bridesmaids swept up the large middle aisle towards the altar. In the meantime the groom advanced to meet her, and receiving her half way, escorted her to the dean. After the opening words of exhortation the