For Miss Emmie Bragg

THE GREENSBORO PATRIOT.

NEW SERIES, NO. 1,195

GREENSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1891.

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George Washington in North Carolina.

A few weeks ago, Washington's Diary on his *return* through North Carolina was copied in the *Advocate*. Perhaps readers in the eastern part of the State may be interested in reading the Diary of his tour *Southward*. We copy, literally abbreviations, bad spelling, etc. The President's rule was to accept no offer of hospitality, in the way of entertaining himself and servants, but to pay in every case. This will explain an illusion in the extract, as well as his freedom in criticising his lodging places. Besides, he did not write these hurried notes of his journey for publication.

These extracts are taken from "Washington's Private Diaries," a thin Octavo volume of 218 pages, published by the "Historical Society," in Richmond, Va., 1861. Edited by Benson J. Lossing.

JAS. H. CARLISLE.

Spartanburg, S. C.

On March 21st, 1791, President Washington began this Southern tour. On his way Southward he passed through the eastern part of North Carolina, taking in Halifax, Tarboro, Newbern and Wilmington. On his return, he entered the State from Camden, S. C. We copy from his diary at this point in his journey:

SATURDAY, 16TH (APRIL 2, 1791).

* * * Halifax is the first town I came to after passing the line between the two States, and is about 20 miles from it. To this place vessels by aid of Oars and Setting poles are brought, for the produce which comes to this place and others along the river; and may be carried 8 or 10 miles higher to the falls, which are neither great nor of much extent; above these (which are called the great falls) there are others; but none but what may, with a little improvement, be passed. This town stands upon high ground; and it is for the reason given for not placing it at the head of the navigation there being none but low ground between it and the falls. It seems to be in a decline, and does not, it is said, contain a thousand souls.

SUNDAY 17TH.

Col. Ashe, the Representative of the district in which this town stands, and several other gentlemen, called upon, and invited me to partake of a dinner which the inhabitants were desirous of seeing me at; I excepting it dined, with them accordingly.

MONDAY 18TH.

Set out by 6 o'clock, dined at a small house kept by one Slaughter, 22 miles from Halifax, and lodged at Tarborough, 14 miles further.

This place is less than Halifax, but more lively and thriving; it is situated on Tar river, which goes into Pamlico Sound, and is crossed at the Town by means of a bridge, a great height from the water, and notwithstanding the freshets rise sometimes, nearly to the arch. Corn, Pork, and some Tar are exports from it. We were received at this place by as good a salute as could be given by one piece of artillery.

TUESDAY 19TH.

At 8 o'clock I left Tarborough, accompanied by some of the most respectable people of the place for a few miles—dined at a trifling place called Greenville, 25 miles distant—and lodged at one Allan's 14 miles further, a very indifferent house without sedding, which, for the first time since I commenced my Journey, were obliged to stand without sheets. Greenville is on Tar River, and the exports the same as from Tarborough with a greater proportion of Tar—for the lower down, the greater number and in spite of every endeavor, which could be put with decent civility, to extend myself round, they would attend me to Newbern. Mr. Allan did the same.

This town is situated at the confluence of the rivers, Neuse and Trent, and though low, is pleasant. Vessels drawing more than 9 feet water cannot get up loaded. It stands on a good deal of ground, but the buildings are sparse and altogether of wood; some of which are large and look well. The number of souls are about 2,000. Its exports consist of Corn, Tobacco, Pork, but principally of Naval Stores and lumber.

WEDNESDAY 20TH.

Left Allan's before breakfast, and upon misapprehension, went out of Allan's supposing it to be a public house; where we were very kindly and well entertained without knowing it was at his expence until it was too late to rectify the mistake. After breakfasting and feeding our horses here, we proceeded on, and crossing the river, Neuse, 14 miles further, arrived in Newbern to dinner. At this ferry, which is 10 miles from Newbern, we were met by a small party on Horse; the district Judge, (Mr. Iredgreave) and many of the principal inhabitants of Newbern, who conducted us into town, to exceeding good lodging. It ought to have been mentioned, that another small party of horse under one Simpson met us at Greenville, latter there were about 70 ladies.

This town by Water, is about 70 miles from the Sea, but in a direct line the entrance of the river not over 35, and to the [illegible] not more than 20 or 25. It is on the River Neuse, and 80 miles above Newbern, the Convention of the States that adopted the federal Constitution, made choice of a spot or rather district, within which to fix their Seat of Government; but it being lower than the back members (of the Assembly) who hitherto have been most numerous inclined to have it, they have found means to obstruct the measure, but since the Cession of their Western territory, it is supposed that the matter will be revived to good effect.

THURSDAY 21ST.

Dined with the citizens at a public dinner given by them: and went to a dancing assembly in the evening, both of which was at what they called the Palace, formerly the Government House, and a good brick building, but now, hastening to Ruins. The company at both was numerous as the tar makers are there. The article is contrary to all ideas, one would entertain on the subject, rolled as tobacco by an axis, which goes through both head—one horse draws two barrels in this manner.

FRIDAY 22ND.

Under an escort of horse and many of the principal gentlemen of Newbern I recommenced my journey, dined at a place called Trenton, which is the head of the boat navigation of the River Trent, which is crossed at this place on a bridge, and lodged at one Shrine's 10 miles further, both indifferent Houses.

SATURDAY 23RD.

Breakfasted at one Everets 12 miles, bated at a Mr. Foy's 12 miles farther and lodged at one Sage's 20 miles beyond it, all indifferent houses.

SUNDAY 24th:—Breakfast at an indifferent House about 13 miles from Sage's, and three miles further met a party of Light Horse from Wilmington, and after these a Colonel, and other Gentlemen of the Town; who came out to escort me into it, and at which, I arrived, under a federal salute, at very good lodging prepared for me, about two o'clock, at three I dined with the Colonel, whose company I asked. The whole Road from Newberne to Wilmington (except in a few places of small extent) passes through the most barren country I ever beheld; especially in the parts nearest the latter; which is no other than a bed of white sand. In places, however, before we came to these, if the ideas of poverty could be separated from the Sand, the appearances of it are agreeable, resembling a lawn well covered with evergreens, and a good verdue below, from a bloom of course grass, which having sprung since the burning of the woods, had a neat and handsome look, especially as these were parts entirely open—and others with ponds of water, which contribute not a little, to the beauty of the scene. Wilmington is situated on the Cape Fear River, about 30 miles by water from its mouth, but much less by land. It has some good houses pretty compactly built. The whole under a Hill; which is formed entirely of sand. The number of Souls in it amount by the enumeration to about 1,000, but it is agreed on all hands, that the Census in this State has been very inaccurately, and shamefully taken by the Marshal's deputies; who, instead of going to Peoples houses, and there, on the spot, as entitaining the Nos., have advertised a meeting of them at certain places, by which means, those who did not attend (and it seems many purposely avoided doing it, some from an apprehensions of its being an introductory of a tax, and others from religious scruples) have gone with their families, unnumbered. In other instances, it is said these deputies have taken their information from the Captains of Militia Companies; not only as to the men on their Muster Rolls, but on the Souls, in their respective families which, at best, must in a variety of cases, be mere conjecture whilst all those who are not on their lists, widows and their families, etc., passes unnoticed.

Wilmington, unfortunately for it, has a sand bank, miles below, over which, not more than 10 feet water can be brought at common tides, yet it is said, vessels of 250 tons have come up. The duty, of shipping, which loads here annually, amounts to about 1,200 Tonns. The exports consist chiefly of Naval Stores and lumber. Some Tobacco, Corn, Rice, and flax seed with Porke. It is at the head of the tide of navigation, but inland navigation may be extended 115 miles farther to and above Fayetteville which is from Wilmington 90 miles from land, and 110 by water as above. Fayetteville is a thriving place combining near—souls—1,000 Hhds of tobacco and 3,000 Hhds of Flax Seed have been recd. at it in the course of a year.

MONDAY 25th.

Dined with the citizens at a public dinner given by them—went to a ball in the evening, at which there 62 ladies—illuminations, Bon fires, etc.

TUESDAY 26th.

Having sent my carriage across the day before I left Wilmington about 6 o'clock, accompanied by most of the Gentlemen of the Town, and breakfasting at Mr. Ben. Smith's, lodged at one Russ', 25 miles from Wilmington. An indifferent House.

WEDNESDAY, 27th.

Breakfast at Willm. Gause's a little out of the direct road 14 miles—crossed the boundary line between No. & South Carolina about half after 12 o'clock which is 10 miles from Gause's.

FRIDAY, 27TH, (MAY 1791.)

Left Ingram's about 4 o'clock, and breakfasting at one Barr's, 18 miles distant, lodged at Mr. Crawford's 8 miles further. About two miles from this place, I came to the corner where the North Carolina lines comes to the road from whence the road is the boundary for 12 miles more. At Mr. Crawford's I was met by some of the chiefs of the Catawba Nation, who seemed to be under apprehension that some attempts were making, or could be made, to deprive them of part of the 40,000 acres which was secured to them by treaty, and which is bounded by this road.

SATURDAY, 28TH.

Set off from Crawford's by 4 o'clock and breakfasting at Harrison's 18 miles from it, got into Charlotte, 13 miles further before 3 o'clock—dined with Col. Polk, and a small party invited by him, at a table prepared for the purpose. It was not until I had got near to Barr's that I had quit the piney and sandy lands—nor, until I had got to Crawford's before the lands took quite a different complexion—here they began to assume a very rich look.

Charlotte is a trifling place, though the Court of Mecklenburg is held in it. There is a school (called a College) in it, which, at times, there has been 50 or 60 boys.

SUNDAY, 29th.

Left Charlotte about [illegible] o'clock, dined at Col. Smith's, 15 miles off, and lodged at Maj. Fifer's, miles further.

MONDAY, 30th.

At 4 o'clock I was out of Maj. Fifer's, and in about 10 miles, at the line which divides Mecklenburg from Rowan counties, I met a party of horsemen belonging to the latter, who came from Salisbury to escort me on. (It ought to have been mentioned, also, that on my entering the State of North Carolina, I was met by a party of the Mecklenburg horsemen, the chief of these being near their homes I missed them.) I was also met miles from Salisbury by the Mayor of the corporation, Judge Martin and many others. Mr. Steele, representative for the district was so polite as to come all the way to Charlotte to meet me. We arrived at Salisbury about 8 o'clock to breakfast, 20 miles from Capt. Fifer's. The lands between Charlotte and Salisbury are fine, of a reddish cast, and well timbered, with but very little underwood. Between these two places are the first meadows I have seen on the road since I left Virginia, and also, we appear to be getting into a wheat country.

This day I foundered another one of my horses. Dined at a public dinner, given by the citizens of Salisbury; and in the afternoon drank tea at the same place with about 20 ladies who had been assembled for the occasion.

Salisbury is but a small place, although it is the county town, nor does it appear to be more than the increase—there is about [illegible] hundred souls in it, and three men of different kinds.

TUESDAY, 31st.

Left Salisbury about [illegible] o'clock, at 5 miles, crossed the Yadkin, the principal stream of the [illegible] Dec, and breakfasted on the north bank, (while my carriage and horses were crossing) at a Mr. Young's, and my horses 10 farther at one [illegible]'s—and about 3 o'clock, (after another halt) arrived at Salem, one of the Moravian towns 20 miles further, in all 35 from Salisbury. The road between Salisbury and Salem passes over very little land, and much that is different being a good deal mixed with sand, but not sand.

Salem is a small, but neat village; and like all the rest of the Moravian settlements, is governed by an excellent police, having within it-elf all kinds of artizans. The number of souls does not exceed 200.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE [illegible]

Having received information that Governor Martin was on his way to meet me, and would lodge at Salem this evening, I resolved to await his arrival, at this place and halting a day at Guilford I had intended. Spent the forenoon in visiting the shops of the different tradesmen; the houses of accommodation for the single men and sisters of the Fraternity, and their place of worship. Invited six of their principal people to dine with me—and in the evening went to hear them sing and perform on a variety of instruments, church music.

In the afternoon Governor Martin, as was expected, with his secretary) arrived.

Here the published Diary ends.

On this tour the President was accompanied by his Secretary, Maj. Jackson. They rode in a large white chariot drawn by four horses. A two horse baggage wagon followed. Four saddle horses followed his servants, one of them leading a horse for the President to ride when he wished to change.

The party left for Philadelphia March 21st, and returned as far as Mount Vernon June 12th, having made the journey of more than 1,700 miles in 66 days.

Young North Carolinians may be interested to read extracts from another Diary or memorandum book, of Washington. When only thirteen years of age, he copied many rules of behavior and conduct in a "copy book," which is still in existence. Here are a few which we hope young readers will remember and try to practice.

"Mock not, nor jest at anything of importance; break no jests that are sharp-biting, and if you deliver anything witty and pleasant, abstain from laughing thereat yourself.

Use no reproachful language against any one, neither curse, nor revile.

Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.

Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your reputation; for it is better to be alone, than in bad company.

Speak not evil of the absent, for it is unjust."

Here are two short rules worth putting in capital letters:

LET YOUR RECREATIONS BE MANFUL, NOT SINFUL.

SUBLIME MATTERS TREAT SPIRITUALL.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Inside and Outside of a Great County Weekly.

A NEW DEPARTURE.—As an individual, we plug around in a fashion to please ourselves, and though we own the only shirt in this town which buttons behind, no one can charge us with ever trying to fling on scallops over the boys. Strangers have taken us for a Digger Indian oftener than for the editor of a great weekly paper, but our feelings have never been ruffled. As many mean "things as our jealous-minded contemporary has said of us, he has never—no, never—dared charge us with wearing a regular nightshirt or hankering after four-in-hand ties.

But as an editor—biff. We are right on the hustle. Nothing is too good for our readers. We spare no pains in keeping at the head of the procession. We feel that we can't pay out too many dollars to make the *Kicker* all that the most critical subscriber can expect.

A FAILURE.—Our third attempt within the year to establish an agricultural department in the *Kicker* has, like those before it, proved a fatal failure. We have been deceived and humbugged until we are almost ready to abandon the idea. True, the only agricultural products of this vicinity are confined to jackass-rabbits, Piute half-breeds, cactus plants and wire grass which cuts a mule in two lengthways within a month, but an agricultural department always gives a weekly a finished expression of countenance.

An old monkey-wrench came along about four weeks ago and claimed to have run the agricultural department at Washington for years. He could talk rutabaga and sub-soil ploughing faster than you could shoot buckshot at an Indian dog, and he wanted a sit with us more to break down the bureau at Washington than for any salary expected. We put him on at $3 per week, calculating to raise him as he proved his merits, but the only raise he got was when we raised him out of the sanctum for trying to kiss us while maudlin drunk.

We ask our readers to excuse the blunders this fellow made in his department last week. We supposed he could be depended on and did not read the proofs.

For "3,000 bushels to the acre," read 40 bushels.

For "sixty perch of sub-soil," read sixty perch of stone.

For "alluring dispositions," read alluvial deposits.

For "sectional irritation" read susceptible of irrigation.

For "forty tons of top-dressing per hog," read one ton of top-dressing per acre.

The next galoot who comes along here and claims to have done the agricultural for the New York *World*, Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, Pittsburg *Dispatch*, Rochester *Chronicle* and Chicago *Times* has got to have some certificate besides a red nose, a cataract in his left eye and his toes out to the weather.

A BIG CIRCUS DEAL IS ON.

It Involves Two Forepaughs and Three of the Western Sells Brothers.

COLUMBUS, O., June 3.—Circus people in this city are excited by the news, just received, that a big deal is on the tapis looking to a sale of one third part of the Sells Brothers' show to John A. Forepaugh, a nephew, and Adam Forepaugh, son, of the late Adam Forepaugh. The negotiations have been in progress several weeks, and it is expected that the contracts will be signed about June 15. The Sells' show has for years been a powerful and wealthy factor in Western tented amusements, making its three proprietors quite rich. The plan is for Adam Forepaugh to assume charge of the show, while John Forepaugh looks after the privileges.

Ephriam Sells is said to look with disfavor on the scheme, but he will probably offer no stronger opposition to his brother's wishes. The Forepaugh boys have been dissatisfied since the death of their relative, and at one time young Adam seriously contemplated putting out a show of his own. His union with the Sells people will fulfil his desires. It is said that a well-known agent has already sailed for Australia in the interests of the Sells and Forepaughs. This would seem to indicate that the new firm intends to make that country the place of their first operations.

Five hundred lathers in Chicago have struck for an advance of 20 per cent. in wages.

GENERAL NEWS.

Mrs. Langtry is said to have won $250,000 at the Derby, and her creditors are mighty glad of it.

An unknown insane woman yesterday threw her infant out of a car window on the Santa Railroad, near Cimarron, while the train was crossing a creek.

The Teutonic sailed Wednesday for Liverpool, taking $1,000,000 in gold coin. Total taken for yesterday's steamers is $1,850,000. Total for the week $4,850,000.

Mrs. Navarro (Mary Anderson) writing to a New York friend, says that she is "happy in thinking" that she is "forever done with the glare and publicity of stage life."

The widow of Phillip H. Welch, the humorist, was left a widow two years ago with two small children. She had never tried journalism, but she went to work at once, and is now making a comfortable living.

Mr. Ingalls has a conniption fit when a reporter approaches him for fear he will get into the newspapers, but when the reporters are a trifle sluggish about coming forward he writes an open letter to the Kansas editors. Some folks are so sensitive about getting into print.

Two hundred designs for the dollars and the other coins have already been received by the Director of the Mint, Washington, and will be submitted to the Commission appointed to award the $500 prizes, which will meet on Wednesday.

It is told of Thad Butler, editor of the Huntington (Ind.) *Herald*, that when he was married, some years ago, he thus announced the event: "Married—In Wabash, Ind., Tuesday, April 1, at 5 o'clock p. m., at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. Thad Butler (that's us) and Miss Kate E. Sivey (that's more of us)."

Rev. Dr. Da Costa is mad. He recently had a newspaper article rejected because it made twenty-five columns. A reporter offered to boil it down into a column, but the doctor said that was impossible with such a subject. "Mistake," said the reporter. "I could write a history of the world in half a column." Before Da Costa had recovered the newspaper man was gone.

The body of E. M. Haskell, who has been dead for over twenty years, was yesterday removed from his grave at Northfield, Ind., it being purposed to put the body in another lot. When his body was exhumed it was found that he had a beard of over twenty-three inches long. His wife said that before he died he had been shaven, and all his hair must have grown after his burial.

R. D. George, probably the richest negro in Charleston, died at his residence. George owns vast tracts of pine forests in Colleton county, and was a successful turpentine farmer. He could write his check for four or five figures on any bank in Charleston. It is said he will be missed by the republicans, for he was the man who invariably paid the freight at election time in that section of the state.

SHOT BY A PRETTY GIRL.

The Belle of Macungie Becomes a Murderess.

READING, Pa., June 2.—Pretty 21-year-old Louisa, daughter of Nathan Grim, a wealthy farmer of Upper Macungie, Lehigh county, will probably be arrested and tried for murder. Last Saturday afternoon she playfully pointed a revolver at James Brunner, her father's hired man. He remonstrated; the weapon might be loaded.

She called him a coward, went up stairs, procured a shotgun and coming back called out: "Now I will shoot you!" and pulled the trigger.

Brunner fell with a load of shot in his left breast. He is expected to die before morning.

The young lady, noted throughout that section for her beauty, will be arrested.

WASHED OUT OF THEIR HOME.

Citizens Turn a Fire-Engine Hose on Objectionable Neighbors.

COLUMBUS, O., June 3.—The town of Ashley, forty miles north from here, on the Big Four Road, adopted a novel but effective means of reform on Monday night. A white family and a negro family have given offense to the good people of the town by living together in the same house, which was a resort for bad characters. The families were given to understand that it would be prudent for them to leave town, but they did not take the hint.

At midnight about 40 masked citizens seized a fire engine, and drawing up in front of the house turned on the hose, literally washing the inmates along with their furniture out of the place. The weather-boarding being old, the house was well night demolished by the force of the stream.

Big Foot on a Big Man.

MARTIN'S FERRY, June 4.—An foot fast was made here yesterday for Rev. John Farnhome, of Charlotte, N. C., which was 20½ inches long and 7½ inches wide. The colored preacher who owns the big foot is 6 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 410 pounds.

Mary Emerson, Durham, Mass., was found in her kitchen strangled to death.

A customer who dropped a silver dollar on the floor remarked as it rolled away.
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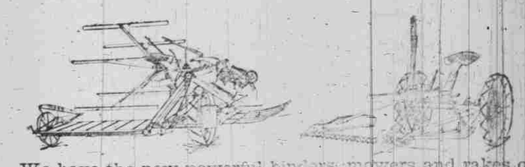
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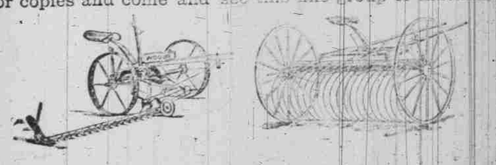
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