The Chatham Record

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1884.

H. A. LONDON, Editor.

THE STATE EXPOSITION.

It afforded us much pleasure to attend yesterday the opening of our State Exposition, and it was an occasion that will long be remembered in North Carolina. The exercises were very imposing. In addition to the presence of nearly all the high officials of our State government and thousands of our best citizens, there were twenty-three military companies and a half dozen brass bands participating in the imposing exercises of the day. It was the grandest military pageant witnessed in this State since the war, and made us feel proud of our citizen soldiery. The only drawback to the pleasure of the occasion was the oppressive heat and stifling dust.

The opening exercises took place at midday at the "grand stand". First in order was a prayer offered by Rev. F. L. Reid, editor of the Raleigh Christian Advocate, and then Gov. Jarvis in a most appropriate speech introduced the orator of the day, Senator Hawley of Connecticut, who delivered a carefully prepared and patriotic address. While he has a deep toned voice, yet is not an orator, lacking both grace and animation, but his manner was pleasant and his address gave universal satisfaction. At its close loud calls were made for Senator Vance, who briefly responded, and then in a few timely sentences President Primrose formally declared the NORTH CAROLINA STATE EXPOSITION OPENED!

The vast concourse then proceeded to the main building, and Senator Hawley and Gov. Jarvis started one of the engines, and the little daughter of President Primrose started the other, that moves all the machinery. Everybody then began to walk about inspecting the different exhibits, and we are pleased and proud to state that the centre of attraction was the Chatham exhibit! We heard it on every side that "Chatham takes the cake". We showed our exhibit to Senator Hawley, who greatly admired it and expressed surprise that one county could exhibit such a variety. We have not the space now to enumerate any of the many meritorious articles in the Chatham exhibit, but would urge every Chathamite to go and see for himself and herself. It will make you feel proud of your old county! And just here we cannot refrain from stating that the success of this exhibit is chiefly due to Mr. R. James Powell, who has displayed remarkable zeal and efficiency in getting up our collection. In arranging and decorating our exhibit our countywomen, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Denson, Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Horne and Mrs. Powell have worked most zealously and displayed exquisite artistic taste.

On the whole we are happy to state that the State Exposition is a success, and the Chatham exhibit is a success. Hurrah for both!

WHY CHANGE?

We cannot believe that the people of North Carolina desire to make a change in the government of their State. Why should they wish to make a change? Why should they be urged to take away the control of their State government from the democratic party, and transfer it to the republican party? Does any man honestly think that the affairs of our State would be better managed by the republican party than it has been or will be by the democratic party? If a change was made, would it promote the prosperity of our people? Would it render our citizens more secure in the enjoyment of their lives, their liberties and their property? Would taxes be any lower? Would the public expenditures be any less? Would the people in any way be benefited? If so, how?

Think for a moment of the men who compose the two parties in North Carolina. The democratic party is composed of the great back of the white men of the State, while the republican party is composed chiefly of negroes and revenue officers. We are aware that there are some respectable white men in the republican party in North Carolina, men who are respected by their neighbors and are useful citizens, but they constitute a small minority and have no influence in their party. We therefore simply state an incontrovertible fact when we assert that the republican party in this State is composed chiefly of and controlled entirely by negroes and revenue officers. Such being the case, we candidly ask would it be wise to entrust the republican party with the management of our State government?

Since the year 1870 the democratic party has had control of the legislative department of our State government: since 1877 of the executive department: and since 1879 of the entire judicial department. For a little over five years the democrats have controlled every department of the State government—the legislative, executive and judicial—and we unhesitatingly assert that during no previous period of five years has our State so greatly prospered or its affairs been so well managed. Can any man contradict this? Then, in the name of common sense we ask, "Why change?"

THE PRESS CONVENTION.

The twelfth annual meeting of the North Carolina Press Association will be held at Raleigh next week, beginning at 8 p. m. on Tuesday, the 7th. On the next day the association will visit the Exposition, a special invitation having been extended. This meeting will doubtless be largely attended, as nearly every member of the association wishes to attend the Exposition, and will make it convenient to do so at the time of the proposed meeting.

RALEIGH'S NEW DEPATURE

Raleigh has taken a new departure, and its citizens, on last Thursday, witnessed a sight never before seen in that city. On that day the first tobacco warehouse ever established in Raleigh was formally opened with appropriate ceremonies, and the first sale of leaf tobacco was made. Gov. Jarvis made a speech to a large crowd, composed of Raleigh's best citizens, including many ladies, and president Johnson, lawyer from Durham, Henderson and other tobacco speakers. Sixteen thousand pounds were sold at good prices, the first lot selling at $20 a pound, the highest price ever paid for leaf tobacco. We hope this city may succeed, and Raleigh soon become an important tobacco market.

Vance and York.

A correspondent of the News and Observer gives the following account of the discussion between Senator Vance and D. G. York that took place at Lexington, on last Thursday:

"Except what a few (five) have been for the Democratic ticket, Governor Vance was interrupted to speak here today and so were Gov. Scales and D. G. York. A very great crowd of good humored and intelligent Democrats was present. Vance was met two miles from town and escorted in here to the hotel.

"The train being delayed, York did not arrive till 1:30. Gov. Scales had been heard an hour and a half when York came. A rough joke was played on Scales. It was Vance's appointment, but he had agreed to divide time with York. Scales had the first speech. For two hours he held the vast concourse spellbound as he reviewed the policy, history of the country and discussed the pending issues.

"York followed in his usual rambling, incoherent and aggravating style. Now and then a crowd of negroes on the side would raise a little squall for him. It is but just to York to say that if he had more information and perhaps a little more sense of the dignity of the position for which he is a candidate, he would make a good debater. He is not lacking in sense, but his weakness consists in his demeanorance and utter inability to comprehend the fact that he is not making a campaign in the Brushy mountains for constable.

"Each was to have half an hour reply. When Vance arose you could see a contempt, disgust and excitement in his eye.

"Did you ever see a bull-dog shake a rat? If you did you can form some idea of the scene which followed. For thirty minutes the air was full of dust, fur and fun, and when Vance finished he contemptuously tossed the remains of his victim over to its friends—the negroes. The crowd yelled with delight, and would not try to hear York, though Vance begged them to do so. Even the negroes abandoned him. For once York plainly showed that his hide was not too thick for every castigation. Several of the old line Radicals were thoroughly disgusted with York and openly declared they would have nothing to do with him.

"Of course the Democrats were jubilant."

York Needs Watching.

From the Raleigh News and Observer.

There is an old preacher up in Wilkes named Brown who was a Union man during the war and has been a Republican ever since. He lives in the township adjoining Trap Hill, the home of Dr. York. Lately we heard that he was around visiting his churches and he took his text and warned his congregations to watch Dr. York, who, he said, by his own words was after something mean and needed watching. "You remember, my friends," said the preacher, "how Dr. York used to say on the stump all over this county that whenever you saw a Republican you saw a mean man, a man who had stolen something. And again he used to say that 'whenever you saw a Democrat kerneoding with the Republicans, you might know that he was preparing then and there to steal something.' These", continued the preacher, "were Dr. York's own words, and now I think," said he, "we have seen Dr. York, a Democrat, kerneoding with the Republicans, and according to his own words, my friends, he needs watching."

Several persons were drowned at Michigan City, Indiana, on Saturday night, by the capsizing of a ferry boat.

Our Washington Letter.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 27, '84.

The attention of politicians hereabouts is largely turned towards Ohio just now, and the greatest interest centres in the campaign in that State. In no previous presidential campaign within my recollection has this been the case. Heretofore Ohio has been conceded in advance to the Republicans, and Indiana, a more doubtful State in the past, has been the focus of special interest at this stage of the contest. But now there is little question about Indiana, and the Republicans are scared nearly to death about one of their own States. Pension Commissioner Dudley has left his office and gone to Ohio to take charge of the corruption fund and direct the movements to buy the State. Having been first lieutenant under Dorsey in Indiana in 1880, he is considered well qualified for such mission. Mr. Dudley resigned his office here because it was the wish of the Secretary of the Interior that he should do so. They have not been in accord for some time, and now Dudley goes to Ohio to work for Blaine, and promises from the start that he shall have Teller's place if he succeeds in buying the necessary number of votes to carry that State.

I had a talk last evening with a gentleman who knows the inside place of the Blaine managers and carefully explained the plan in which Dudley is to operate. The seven counties of Cuyahoga, Sandusky, Lucas, Erie, Hamilton, Montgomery and Butler, which gave Mr. Hoadley 12,472 majority, have been selected as special battle grounds. In these seven counties there are 307 voting precincts, with an average of 400 votes over per each. They are in each every large city except Columbus and Springfield. In each of these precincts a table worker is to be placed, and he is to be supplied with the numbers of every man voting at those 307 works. It is expected to make an average of forty converts a day. The agents are instructed to secure these converts, by bribery and chicanery, the only weapons of the party in other years. It is possible that by these means the Blaine managers may succeed in buying the State. If they do they will be jubilant. If they don't they will be—jubilant. If they do they will have bought what has never been counted in the Democratic column, and will have a majority long ways from final success. The fact that there is such a fear about Ohio shows the condition and desperation of the Blaine party. As Mr. Dudley's resignation does not take effect until Nov. 20th he is doing all this dirty work while an officer of the Government, and as the head of the Pension Bureau he has taken with him as aides a large number of special agents, who are on the rolls of that office. Dudley would make a nice Secretary of the Interior just as James G. Blaine would make a sweet scented Priest of the United States.

There has been from time immemorial more or less scandal upon every administration relative to the disposition of the contingent fund. For a time when the patronage fund belonged to the Treasury Department alone, and by it divided up among the other departments and drawn upon as the emergency arose. Now, however, every department, and it feel every bureau in the department, has a contingent fund, and the uses to which it is put are as various as are the wants of those who have its manipulation. One would suppose that after the Government had purchased under contract everything under heaven that can be known or mentioned for the use of its officials, there would be little reason for the maintenance of a contingent fund, but the appalling array of contingencies that fall upon us year after year, was shown in the investigation of the disposition of this fund during the administration of Mr Hayes. It was then demonstrated that hundreds of private houses in the city of Washington were furnished throughout by the agency of this fund. The rich paintings and elegant works of art that adorned the parlors of the eclectic officials, the pianos and carpets and rich furniture that set society by the ears because of their elegance and costliness, owed their existence to the contingent fund. In short, the fund is made to cover the expenses and to do the dirty for that which the Government receives not the slightest benefit from, but for which the recipient should make the disbursement from his own pocket. From a riding whip to a marble front palace, are items embodied in that investigation, and what was true of Hayes' administration is not a whit less so of the present Republican regime. PENA.

Remarkable Surgical Operation.

A despatch from Muncie, Indiana, says:

By the explosion of a gun last April an iron breech pin 1¼ inches long and weighing 655 grains, was blown into the brain of Emerson Metson of this city. This heavy piece of iron, several pieces of bone, and a piece of his felt hat were driven from quite a depth in his head and without trepanning, by making an opening in the frontal bone, through which had a teaspoonful of brains oozed. The wound has healed and the patient experiences no inconvenience, except from the hot rays of the sun, and is as well as ever. The case is most remarkable.

Gen Scales has so far recovered from his injuries as to be able to resume the canvass. He spoke at Graham on last Monday, and aroused much enthusiasm.

Postmaster General Gresham has been appointed Secretary of the Treasury.

The Issue.

From the News and Observer.

Mr. Edmunds' bill lays the basis for the great issue of the pending campaign in North Carolina. In its preamble Mr. Edmunds says that no distinction can be made in respect to the civil rights of persons based upon race or color, that such rights are protected by the constitution against such cruel and unjust restrictions, and that it is the duty of Congress to provide for the protection of citizens of the United States against all such cruel restrictions. Says Mr. Edmunds in his bill in effect that whenever any distinction is sought to be made between a white man and a negro and the case comes into a State court, the negro may have it removed into the Federal court and the trial shall proceed.

Now on what principles shall the trial proceed? On the principle that no law which shall in any manner discriminate between the rights of persons on the ground of race or color shall be used, and it shall be the duty of every court whether of a State or of the United States having such a case before it, to proceed as if such law did not exist.

This is the Edmunds bill. What does it mean? A negro walks into a white school. The teacher says the law makes a distinction between you and the white children, because of race. That is the truth. The teacher refuses to let the negro be a pupil. The teacher is sued in the State court by the negro who at once removes the case to the Federal court. The Edmunds bill says that the law making the distinction because of race or color is void, and that judgment must be given as if no such law existed. The court would be bound to issue an injunction forbidding the teacher from rejecting the negro pupil.

So much for the mixed school.

The bill is intended to force mixed schools.

See the record when Sumner's civil rights bill was before the Senate. Edmunds was its especial champion. Morrison and Ransom and the Democrats fought it inch by inch.

Mr. Saggett moved and amended that "nothing herein contained shall be construed to prohibit any State or school district from providing separate schools for persons of different sex or color, where such separate schools are equal in all respects to others of the same grade."

Mr. Edmunds asked for the yeas and nays. Twenty one, mostly Democrats, voted yea on the amendment. Twenty six, all Republicans, voted nay, among them Edmunds.

He is for mixed schools—mixed not only as to color, but mixed as to the sexes.

Mr. Edmunds said page 4,171 "Record of May 29, 1874, "what the constitution authorizes us to do is to enforce entire equality." The bill provided for mixed schools. Mr. Edmunds was the particular champion of that part of the bill. The bill passed, twenty nine Republicans voting for it—Edmunds among them, and seven Southern voting against it, all Democrats we believe.

Mr. Edmunds is the advocate of mixed schools—between the races and between the sexes, and his new bill now pending provides for just that. Any negro may under that bill, compel a public school teacher to admit him to a public school in which white girls are taught!

Mr. Edmunds and the Republicans have voted for that before—they will vote for it again.

The bill is pending. It is on the calendar for action. The issue is again raised. It must be met. To your tents, O Israel!

Wake County Republicans.

The nominations recently made by the republican convention of Wake county were so objectionable (the convention having been controlled by the negroes) that, on last Saturday, a large number of white republicans met at Raleigh, and adopted the following resolution:

"Resolved, That we, representatives from every portion of Wake county, denounce and condemn the measures and methods by which the Republican candidates nominated in Wake were forced upon the people. We denounce and condemn the outrageous and insulting language used and the riot rule which nominated them. They were nominated, we firmly believe, in a great measure by trickery, purchase and fraud, and so believing, if the county executive committee permits them to remain in the field we propose for the benefit, success and honor of the party in the future to use our best efforts to defeat them, believing this the best means to take the party out of the hands of disreputable and dishonest men. While so denouncing these infamous methods, used by the mob which controlled the late Wake county convention, we desire to declare our faithful adherence to Republican principles and pledge ourselves to earnestly work for the success of the Republican ticket—Tyre York for Governor and the State ticket nominated at the convention, and for Blaine and Logan, the Republican nominees for President and Vice-President.

The republican convention of the third district was held at Fayetteville, on last Thursday, and nominated ex-Gov. Brogden for Congress and W. A. Guthrie for presidential elector.

"My daughter has taken the medicine faithfully according to directions, and her health and spirits are now perfect. The humor is all gone from her face. I wish every anxious mother might know what a blessing Ayer's Sarsaparilla is in such cases."

York Soliloquizes.

From the Charlotte Observer.

I'm old York,

The blue hen's chicken, that never showed the white feather yet.

Scales and Jarvis and Coke and Vance have plucked the feathers from me by the handful until I feel rather naked, but I'm game and I didn't squeal much while the plucking was going on, although it hurt powerful.

I didn't mind the plucking so much, though it did hurt, as the yelling and hurrahing of the pesky Democrats while the plucking was going on.

That was sort of tantalizing and made me feel mean, I must confess.

I didn't like this joint canvass business in the beginning, but I couldn't help it. Mott and Young and the balance of the revenue engineers said I had to come to the scratch, for the cause was desperate and the only chance was to boldly face the racket, even at the risk of being clawed.

If they had stuck to running the revenue machine and the darkies, and let old York play his own game in his own way, Scales and Jarvis and Coke and Vance never would have had the courage to pluck and claw me up as they have done.

I could have played that white feather business big.

I could have mashed the internal revenue into dinders (on the stump).

I could have claimed to be the man who originally moved for its abolition.

I could have made it appear that the measure was about to pass, when the Democrats "squandered like a flock of partridges," and jumped out of the windows and left old York with empty seats to talk to.

I could have claimed that I had the Blair educational bill especially in my charge and had all the Republicans committed to it, but the Democrats wouldn't take it up.

I could have done all this and more, because there would have been none of these Democrats around to refute it and shake my record in my face like they have been doing ever since this miserable joint canvass has begun.

Now how is it?

Right among the people of the West, where I hoped to make votes, they have shown from my own record and speeches and votes that I opposed the building of the Western North Carolina Railroad.

The Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley Railroad.

The building of the Morganton Insane Asylum.

The establishment of normal schools in the State.

None of which I can deny, for it is down in black and white against record.

And when I was pulverizing the negro for his vote they wouldn't be there to throw it up in my face, how I voted against building the colored insane asylum at Goldsboro.

I wouldn't have been put on the ragged edge by being asked every day to say whether I was a Republican or Democrat, and have to sit as dumb as an oyster, not knowing what to say.

I wouldn't have had that internal civil rights plank in the Chicago Republican platform which I unguardedly endorsed in full, shoved down my throat on every stump, until I felt as if I had swallowed a whole colony of lizards.

I wouldn't be asked how it was that I am now check by jowl with the revenue bosses whom I used to cuss as a pack of hounds, etc., when I was a red hot Democrat.

Nor why I am helping Jack Logan, the South hater, and a "nigger" hater before the war to beat Hendricks, for whom I voted eight years ago.

That—what I've had to go through in this miserable joint canvass, and that's why I am sick, though I want it distinctly understood that although I played as game as I could I never showed any white feathers, and that's why I don't want any more joint canvass in mine, and won't have it if old York knows himself.

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