

J. M. M.

# SOUTHERN CITIZEN.

BY BENJAMIN SWAIN.

WHAT DO WE LIVE FOR, BUT TO IMPROVE OURSELVES AND BE USEFUL TO ONE ANOTHER?

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**SOUTHERN CITIZEN,**  
By B. Swain  
Every Friday Morning.

## TERMS.

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## MAJOR DOWNING.

[From the New York Express.]  
**HAULING OUT THE TWO POLLIES "ON THE 4th."**

The following letter gives a graphic sketch of the trial of skill displayed on the 4th inst. in hauling out the "Two Pollies" and testing ebb, flood, and cross tides. There were numerous amusing and characteristic occurrences in which the Major figured conspicuously and in which he was the object of all observers—but his unassuming native modesty has induced him to pass them over.

At the dinner which followed (and in which we participated) the Major acquitted himself to admiration, and the tact he displayed in quieting the troubled waters and preserving harmony and good fellowship was beyond all praise.

A full account of this dinner on board the "Two Pollies," he has—perceive, promised to give us in the next letter, "toasts" and "speeches" and all. But as the weather is hot and he very busy with other matters—we may not have the pleasure of hearing from him as soon as we hoped—but as he never made a promise yet that was not redeemed our readers may depend on the dinner in good time. We have spent a great many independence days in our life, but never one when we were made to feel so truly independent.

OS. SWAIN, THE TWO POLLIES,  
FROM THE DRY DOCK,  
NEW YORK JULY 1888.

To the Editors of the New York Express:

This same paper my old friend Mr. Dwight had a spell ago.

I have heard tell of rife sport in boating, but I never did see the beat of that we had yesterday—I never did believe before that any thing could come up to a husking frolic—but I never did see a husking frolic—nor a raising—nor a plunging match—nor, but one quilting, that came any way nigh the quilting frolic we had yesterday—in hauling the Two Pollies off into the stream, and I don't know that I can come within gun shot of telling all about it—but I'll try—one thing is saying, that what I do tell is all as true as that there is a Two Pollies—and what I don't tell, would be enuf to make this too long to be good for nothing.

True to the day and to the hour, about ten o'clock in the morning, an eternal sward of boats of all sizes, from Wall street skiffs, yawls and clinkers, all come pulling along our way and landed nigh the Two Pollies—I was on board, and had a few friends I had invited with me; and so all the folks of the boats came on board the Two Pollies to take a look round and see what my notion was, and how I wanted the trial made. Each boat had its own steersman, who did pretty much all the talking for his own parson—one said, if I

only wanted the Two Pollies hauled out of the slip into the river he could do it alone, provided I'd fix on the top of the flood and just before the tide turned—and with that pretty much all the steersman spoke up, and said that their boats could do that, and they did not see the right of giving a preference—and here came a jangle right off. Now, says I gentlemen, we ain't in Congress now, and can't have no long speeches at 8 dollars a day and do nothing besides—so I should like to see you all back in your boats and take a little exercise—and in the mean time, says I, arter you have given a little show of your skill, I'll decide. I thought I'd give 'em a little "non-committal"—just to make 'em work sharp—and with that they all went at it—and this was one of the most complete sights I ever did see. When *Amos Kingle* was on here a spell ago, and made some such a move among these very same folks, it wasn't no touch to the present.

Every boat, with a flag, pulled the head of the slip, turned about, pulled back, and then off, and then back again, one arter another, and the folks cheer'd and huzza'd like all posset, and any one to look at 'em would say, they could alone, any one on 'em, pull the Two Pollies through an ager hole. Arter this they all come into the slip along side the Two Pollies, and I told 'em: "Now my boys," says I, "Your skill in pulling your own boats is complete as ever was, but you have got a job now to do that will put the hull scrape on you to a pretty tight pull." "The Two Pollies," says I, "is going out of this slip at the top of the tide, to be sure; but when she gets into the river, and when the tide turns, what is to be done then?" "Oh, drop anchor," was the answer. "No, no," says I, "that ain't my plan; you must keep her *first so*, at any rate, and if I say go ahead *against the tide*, you must do it. I can't come to anchor no how."

"You know," says I, "that three on you a spell ago, (and I am glad to see you here again) once undertook a matter like this and you made fine work on it, till the tide turn'd, and then," says I, "the Two Pollies went a starn and you all follow'd her—however," says I, "we won't talk about that now." So arter a little talk, they all thought the best way would be to hitch on all together—but coming to try this plan, nary one on 'em had rode enuf to let 'em pull clear of each other. Well, says I, why not go in a string one ahead of tother? but this brought on another tangle and snarl every one wantin to take the lead—so I let 'em work it out their own way, and what with knotting pieces of rope, and knotting handkerchers, and borrowing and buying small kiles of rope, they hitch'd on the Two Pollies, and as the flood tide was just on the point of turning, they all set up a rale huzza, and sure enuf out went the Two Pollies, as slick as ile, and sich a shout as went with her made me go almost through my shirt collar, for I never was so glad in my born days, and the best on't was they did it brake a rope yarn or tear a handkercher—in fact some of the boats did'n't seem to pull at all out to keep up in their places.

By the time the Two Pollies got well into the river the ebb tide begun to make, and I bail'd 'em and told 'em to pull up stream, and here cum on the beginning of a tug—and every nimit it was tugger—but they pull'd like good fellows for a spell, and I don't know but they would a gained on the tide if it had'n't got stronger and stronger, and just then the boats began to get a foul of one another, and then cum sich a crossing oars and scraping of noses—and sich a jangle of orders—every body right and every body wrong—to hear 'em talk any one would suppose, that any one on 'em was enuf—it tothers was out of the way. One got so frightened that he begun to pull for the shore, and forgot to unhitch, and this made bad work—another said he would'n't pull at all, and this was worse. Pull all toged, er every way in de world, says one—a pretty kittle of fish, says a long wind dr'd yanky, you are making on it, what in natur is in you—you don't git ahead no how and no way in the world.

Seeing now that things was getting all in a snarl, my dander begun to rise—then the two Pollies was going a starn

and every thing going to overlastin smash—I yell'd out to 'em—"pull" says I, "you tarna toads—pull for your lives, and your fortunes, and your eternal honor—and if it don't stir you up—pull" says I—"for the deposits." This quieted the noise for a spell, and some on 'em did make the water fly considerable—but the tide was too strong for 'em, and all hands, Two Pollies and all, was going down stream—for my part I got so wamblecrop'd that I felt as tho' I was going right down in my boots—"All's over thinks I—and I began to look astarn to see a soft spot to strike on—when what should I see just coming around the pint of the Battery but a great long barge—oars out on each side—like a great daddy legs—and then come up along the docks and shipping a real rouser of a shout, "Squire Biddle huzza—old B. U. S.—huzza—huzza"—and arter I had time to cool down my dander—sure enuf up cum along side Two Pollies my old friend the Squire—sittin in the starn sheets of his 24 oar'd long boat—one leg cock'd up over the gunnell—and the tiller sticking out under his left arm—he just wad'd his hand to his men and they all back'd water right alongside. "Well," says I, "Squire taint no time to chat now, but I am glad to see you, and if folks don't say you have cum in the *rick of time*, then," says I, "there ain't no nicks now a days, thats all. Now," says I, "you see what is wanting, and all you have got to do is to spring to and let us see if there is any grit in you." And with that he just got up and taking the end of a mortal big kile of rope he had stow'd away under him, he threw it on board, and, says he "make that well fast major on board the Two Pollies," and then, turning to his oarsmen, he bow'd and smil'd and said "alotgether," and with that they sprung to, the Squire all the while steering and paying out rope, and taking a sweep away off in a half circle till he got away ahead of the foremost boat and then steer'd round and cut in on a line ahead, "hellow!" says I, "Squire where are you going, have you got rope enuf aboard?" "Yes," says he, "Major, rope enuf to snake the Two Pollies out of the other end of the Mississippi if she was there." "How you talk," says I, "Have you made the well fast?" says he, "According to my calculation I have, says I. Well," says he, "you take care that end and I will tother," and with that I see him catch a turn round a strong hook and his oarsmen did bend to it for, a spell till their backs crack'd like a new saddle, as soon as the rope come strait, it twitch'd up a considerable number of the oars of the small boats and knock'd off some hats, but that was only a trifle, to the work that follow'd, some of the folks in the small boat did'n't do the clean thing, one chap said for his part he'd rather see the Two Pollies go on a rock than have the Squire take a hand in it, and order'd his men to back their oars, but one on 'em dash'd a hat full of salt water in his face, whilst his mouth was open, and he gag'd as tho' he'd swallow'd a glass of *Amhattan water*. Another advised cutting of the Squire's rope, but an old gentleman in another boat said, "every man cut his own rope if he will, but cut de medium rope, nevaer," and with that he hook'd on the Squire's rope, and told 'd his men to pull in aid on't, and most of the boats follow'd the same lead, then that did'n't, it made but very little odds, for the Two Pollies was going up stream just for all the world as tho' she had the "Great Western" brook'd on her and there sat the Squire with his long medium out a starn taking the hull scrape along with him, yawl, skiff, clinker, and the Two Pollies, his men pulling together just like one, the tide running like a mill race again us, and then he turn'd, and shifting his position, all let go his rope, and the small boats and the Two Pollies, swung round, went down stream full chizzel for a spell, till the Squire fetch'd her all up on tother tack, his men just pulling strong enuf like a drag chain to keep things as tho' in still water, and then he pull'd round and round sometimes again the tide and sometimes across tides, it made no odds which way, the Two Pollies and the hull raft of small boats went just the way he steer'd his great Daddy Long Legs threw the shipping at anchor, and the ferry boats under way, and no harm

came to any one. In one of his movements he cross'd the bows of the Two Pollies and says he Major aut "Hell gate" pretty nigh here, suppose says he we try a pull through that! "Well," says I Squire I'm content with what we have done if you are," and says I, "if you will only take the Two Pollies back to the slip nigh the Dry Dock again where she come from, my notion is all parties will be content and satisfied," I think," says I, "we have had 'glory enuf' for one day," and with that the Squire cock'd his leg over the gunnell again and in a little while the Two Pollies was where she started from.

"Now," says I, "gentlemen I hant got but one favor to ask of the whole scrape on you, and that is that you all come a board the Two Pollies and take dinner with me, and on this day 4th of July a rale independence and no party day, jine side by side like a band of good patriots and eat and drink and be mery and social."

This invitation was carried as unanimous as an adjournment of Congress on a hot Saturday night, and we had a complete time on't—I tell you, as you will say when you git my next letter giving you a description on't. So no more at present.

From your friend,  
J. DOWNING, Major.  
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

**Served Right.**—A honorable fellow one of that class who make it a practice to insult every respectable female who comes in their way, in the most cowardly manner, lately got his deserts in Baltimore. He followed the wife of a respectable citizen from the market to her house, insulting her on the way. When at the door he attempted to go in, but by this time the lady, as the Yankees say, 'got her spunk riz,' up with a leg of mutton, and by a well directed whack side the scoundrel's head, laid him out sprawling in the gutter. He gathered himself and his hat up as soon as he could and sloped from the scene of his defeat as fast as his legs would carry him to the great amusement of those who saw the operation. He has had no appetite for mutton since.

The Editor of the (Md.) Times, a staunch supporter of the present and last administrations, speaks thus of the overthrow of his party, and the cause of its overthrow:

"Who have encouraged the advocates of this Sub-Treasury bill to persist in it till one third of Mr. Van Buren's friends have been formed into neutrality, or driven to the whig? Look into the sub-treasury presses for the last six months, and you can place your hands upon the guilty! If they had disapproved the fatal scheme, as the conservative press did, it would have been abandoned in time to save our party, and some acceptable measure fixed upon. Instead of acting this noble part, they resorted to every artifice to CONCEAL THE TRUTH from the people—they represent it as a popular measure—and by these means, have caused its advocates to adhere to it, until two thirds of the administration states have been driven from its support forever. It is to those journals that have pursued this unwelcome and deceptive course, the Van Buren party must look for the true causes of their overthrow."

"The sub-treasury men console themselves under their numerous defeats, by indulging in the delusive hope that all will come right; which means that they will yet be able to carry the elections as the party united once did. Like the poor victim of consumption, they will flatter themselves till death performs its part."

**Sacccoring Dutton Corn.**—In answer to the question, "should dutton corn be succored?" the editor of the Cultivator says:

"We answer—the same rule will apply to the Dutton that applies to other corn—it increases the proportion of sound grain, and somewhat accelerates the ripening process—though it does not we think, increase the quantity, while it sensibly diminishes the good forage, & causes additional labor. We do not succor our corn."

**Test of good Flour.**—Mr. John Babcock, of London gives the following rule to ascertain the quality of flour; as the test is a simple one, we transfer it to our columns, in the hope that it may enable those who purchase the article to select it of good quality. Should it prove of use, we know we shall have the thanks of every good house-wif, for there is nothing that ladies, who are attentive to the economy of house-keeping, more deservedly pride themselves on than good bread, and this cannot be obtained without good flour.

Farmer & Gardner.

"Flour which is pure and unadulterated, may be known by your seizing a handful briskly, and squeezing it half a minute; it preserves the form of the hand in one piece, although placed rudly on the table. Not so with that which contains foreign substances; its adhesive property is weak, and it falls to pieces immediately. The whiteness of flour is no evidence of its goodness; the whiteness of materials used in adulterating flour have a tendency to whiten it."

The greatest bell ever cast in this country, is the one just cast at Springfield for the New York City Hall. It weighs nearly ten thousand pound.

## The Markets.

### FAYETTEVILLE.

Brandy, peach,	85 a 90
Ditto, apple,	80
Bacon,	11 a 12 1/2
Beeswax,	23
Coffee,	12 1/2 a 13 1/2
Cotton,	89 a 90
Cotton Yarn,	20 a 30
Corn,	80 a 90
Candles, F.F.,	18
Flaxseed,	75
Flour,	89 a 90
Feathers,	40
Iron,	5 1/2 a 6
Molasses,	35 a 40
Nails, cut,	7 1/2
Sugar, brown,	7 a 11 1/2
Lump,	16
Loaf,	18 a 20
Salt,	70 a 75
Sack,	82 a 85
Tobacco, leaf,	3 a 5
Cotton Bagging,	16 a 25
Bale Rope,	8 a 11 1/2
Wheat, new,	\$1 a 1 25
Whiskey,	40 a 45
Wool,	20 a 25

### CHERAW.

Beef in market,	6 a 7
Bacon from wagons,	11 a 12 1/2
by retail,	14 a 15
Butter,	12 a 20
Beeswax,	20 a 22
Bagging,	16 a 24
Bale rope,	10 a 12
Coffee,	12 1/2 a 16
Cotton,	8 a 11
Corn,	75 a 80
Flour Country,	650 a 750
Feathers from wagons,	40 a 45
Fodder,	100 a 125
Hides green,	5
Iron,	500 a 650
Indigo,	75 a 250
Lime,	350 a 450
Lard,	11 1/2 a 12 1/2
Leather sole,	22 a 25
Lead bar,	10
Logwood,	10 a 12
Molasses,	40 a 45
New Orleans,	45 a 50
Nails cut assorted,	8 a 9
wrought,	16 a 18
Oats,	40 a 50
Oil curriers,	75 a 100
lamp,	125
linseed,	110 a 125
Paints, white lead,	325 a 425
Spanish brown,	8 a 12 1/2
Pork,	600 a 800
Rice,	450 a 550
Shot, bag,	225 a 250
pound,	127
Sugar,	10 a 12 1/2
Salt, sack,	275 a 300
salt,	87 1/2 a 100
Steel, American,	10 a 12
English,	14