

SOUTHERN CITIZEN.

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

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LEGISLATIVE VOTES.

Bill passed for relief of the Raleigh and Gaston Rail-Road Company.

SENATE.

Those who voted in the affirmative, were, Messrs. Albright, Baker, Biddle, Baskery, Fox, Foy, of Carteret and Jones, Franklin, Hawkins, Henry, Hill, Holt, Melchor, Moorhead, Moore, Montgomery, Redding Reinhardt, Ribelin, Shepard, Speed, Spruill, Taylor, Williams of Beaufort, Whitaker.—50 yeas.

Those who voted in the negative were, Messrs. Allison, Arrington, Biddle, Cooper, Edwards, Eberidge, Exum, Foy of Duwlow, Harper, Houlder, Kerr, Melvin, Moye, McDiarmid, Read, Reinhardt, Sharp, Williams of Person, Wilson.—18 nays.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Those who voted in the affirmative were Messrs. B. L. Deah, Bedford, E. S. Bell, Blalock, Boyden, Brittain, Bennet, J. P. Caldwell, Carson, Chambers, Clegg, Covington, Crawford, Doak, Dunlap, E. J. Erwin, G. Erwin, Gilliam, Guthrie, Harris, Hill, Hoke, Howerton, Huggins, Hyman, Jarman, R. Jones, Mangum, Massey, McLanahan, McNeill, Nye, Oglesby, Orr, Patton, Pett, Puryear, Proctor, Rand, K. Rayner, Reid, Roberts, Rush, Stafford, D. Thomas, Trolinger, Waddell, W. P. Williams, Winston, Young.—54.

Those who voted in the negative were Messrs. Baker, Barkdale, J. Blount, W. Blount, Boger, Bond, Brasswell, Bryson, Bryan, W. Caldwell, Cardwell, Daniel, Edwards, Ellington, G. Erwin, Faison, Farrow, Foreman, Gilliam, Gorham, Gwyther, Gwynn, Hester, Howerton, Huggins, Hyman, Jarman, R. Jones, Mangum, Massey, McLanahan, McNeill, Nye, Oglesby, Orr, Patton, Pett, Puryear, Proctor, Rand, K. Rayner, Reid, Roberts, Rush, Stafford, D. Thomas, Trolinger, Waddell, W. P. Williams, Winston, Young.—52.

COMMON SCHOOL ACT.

Those who voted in the affirmative, were, Messrs. Allison, Albright, Baker, Biddle, Cherry, Cooper, Davidson, Dockery, Edwards, Eberidge, Exum, Fox, Franklin, Harper, Hawkins, Houlder, Kerr, Melchor, Moore, Moye, McDiarmid, Montgomery, Read, Redding, Reinhardt, Ribelin, Sharp, Shepard, Speed, Taylor, Williams of Beaufort, Williams of Person, Wilson.—53 yeas.

Those who voted in the negative were, Messrs. Holt, Spruill, Whitaker.—3 nays.

Passed in the House of Commons without taking the yeas and nays.

Amending the Charter of the Fayetteville and Western Rail Road Company.

SENATE.

Those who voted in the affirmative, were, Messrs. Albright, Baker, Bunting, Carson, Cherry, Davidson, Dockery, Fox, Franklin, Henry, Hill, Holt, Melvin, Melchor, Moorhead, Moore, McDiarmid, Montgomery, Redding Reinhardt, Ribelin, Shepard, Speed, Spruill.—25 yeas.

Those who voted in the negative were, Messrs. Allison, Arrington, Biddle, Cooper, Edwards, Eberidge, Exum, Foy, of Carteret and Jones, Harper, Hawkins, Houlder, Kerr, Moody, Moye, Myers, Reid, Sharp, Taylor, Williams of Beaufort, Williams of Person, Wilson, Whitaker.—22 nays.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Those who voted in the affirmative, were, Messrs. Barkdale, B. L. Deah, Bedford, E. S. Bell, Blalock, J. Blount, W. A. Blount, Boger, Boyden, Brittain, Brummell, J. P. Caldwell, G. W. Caldwell, Carson, Clegg, Clemon, Covington, Crawford, Doak, Dunlap, E. J. Erwin, C. Erwin, Guthrie, Harris, Hill, Hoke, Holland, Hollingsworth, H. C. Jones, Kerner, Killian, Lane, Larkins, Lindsay, Matthews, W. J. T. Miller, J. T. Miller, E. P. Miller, Mills, Monday, McLoughlin, McLaurin, McNeill, Nye, Oglesby, Orr, Paine, Patton, Peck, Pemberton, Petty, Puryear, Proctor, K. Rayner, Reid, Rush, Smith, Stafford, G. Thomas, D. Thomas, Tuton, Waddell, Winston, Young.—64.

Those who voted in the negative were, Messrs. Anis, Baker, Barnes, Bond, Brasswell, Brogden, Bryan, Cardwell, Chambers, Daniel, Eaton, Ellington, Faison, Farrow, Foreman, Gilliam, Gorham, Gwyther, Gwynn, Hester, Howerton, Huggins, Hyman, Jarman, R. Jones, Mangum, Massey, McLanahan, McWilliams, Rand, J. R. Rayner, Roberts, Roebuck, Sims, Stallings, Stockard, Sullivan, Taylor, Tomlinson, Trolinger, Underwood, Wadsworth, Walker, Whicker, Wilcox, J. Williams, W. P. Williams, S. A. Williams, 48.

COMMERCIAL CONVENTION.

Substance of a speech, part of which was, and the remainder of which ought to have been, delivered at the Dinner to the Southern Commercial Convention, as a response to the following Toast:—

North Carolina—She was up and doing when the battle was fought for Independence from abroad, she is not found wanting when we strive for Independence at home.

Mr. Hale returned thanks for the honor done his State, and said,

Mr. President, I have heard with surprise the admission of the Hon. gentleman of Columbia, (Mr. Preston), that the State of South Carolina must have been buried in profound sleep ever since the Revolution, or she could not have remained an interesting spectator of that system of legislation, and the progress of those events, which have conspired to destroy her trade, diminish her wealth and impair her rights. A sleep for sixty years! Why, sir, that was twice the length of Rip Van Winkle's nap, which the Hon. gentleman is said, once thought my State had taken! Sir, there must have been a mistake in the printer. It was South, and not North Carolina, according to his present impression, which has enjoyed this comfortable repose. I am inclined to think, sir, that he is right; for I find that she is now as ignorant of every thing that has happened in North Carolina, as the honest Dutchman was of the occurrences in the neighborhood of Sleepy Hollow.

Whilst our fair sister is rousing herself from her long slumber, and engaged in the interesting employment of rubbing her eyes and adjusting her looks, I propose to accompany me on a short voyage of discovery, in the course of which I think she will be as much surprised as old Rip was, at the death of his wife and the regeneration of his country.

First, then, let us stroll to one of the wharves of your noble city. "What mean these floating palaces, (you ask)

whose swallow-like proportions seem fitted for parting the waves with scarce a ripple, and whose gay and luxurious interior may well satisfy the extreme desire of voluptuous men? These are specimens of North Carolina enterprise. The first bears her honored name which could not be borne by one more worthy of her. The second is called after him who so skillfully directs our helm of State. The third—but no matter for her name—it is like a certain member of Congress I vot of—an accidental one. I grieve that these, fair sister, have not received a heartier reception on your shores. But let that pass.

Step on board, and accompany me on an excursion. See, a few hours bring us to the ruins, scarcely perceptible now, of the town you knew in the days of your wakefulness—old Brunswick. That has long since given place to Wilmington. Wilmington! you ask me, what is she? For hospitality of the noblest order, ask that starving and sun-blistered remnant of the once brilliant throng that graced the saloons of the Palatka;—ask the Lamars of Georgia and the Seabrooks of South Carolina;—they will tell of the lives risked in their rescue; of doors thrown open to the survivors; of purses forced upon the needy; of oil poured in on bleeding wounds; of sympathy never surpassed and seldom equalled.

For her patriotism, look at this magnificent enterprise, which, for extent and noble daring, throws your own into the shade. Charleston, it seems, can never boast sufficiently of her Hamburg railroad. That is a noble work; it is 137 miles in length, and was undertaken and carried through mainly by a city of 30,000 inhabitants. This is a railroad of 170 miles, and was commenced by Wilmington alone, a city which you have scarcely heard of, containing a population of 3,000 souls!—After she had put her own shoulder to the wheel, and had accomplished one-fourth of the work, Hercules came to her aid, the State granted her two-fifths of the means necessary to accomplish the stupendous work. You point me to your magnificent Charleston and Cincinnati road. That, too, will be worthy of your fame; but even that, all things considered, sinks in comparison with the Wilmington enterprise.

You have not only enlisted the energies of your whole State on a work only four times as great as this, but you have four other States to aid you. Wilmington is almost alone; and she may challenge the world for an example of a greater undertaking by so small a community.

Accompany me, fair sister, up the beautiful Cape Fear, to Fayetteville—

What Cross Creek was, is Fayetteville now.

You may well start with astonishment at the works which now meet your view. Manufacturers are springing up here; they are rapidly changing the face of things. They bring comfort to doors where nought but squalid poverty had reigned; they deal strong blows for Southern commerce and Southern prosperity. Soon will they have to resort to you to supply them with the products of your cotton fields, and in return they will send you that which you can only procure from New England;—the fabrics which clothe your laboring people. North Carolina will soon be a Manufacturing State!

Shall I lead you to our beautiful Capital, and show you the finest building of which the whole South can boast? Shall I point you to the Raleigh & Gaston railroad, as an evidence that North Carolina has not been asleep? Will you explore with me her mines of gold, and silver, and lead, and copper, and iron, and coal? Shall I introduce you to her Customs and her Badgers, among the living, and tell you of the glorious dead whose names will live upon the page of history? You would tire of so long a story as I might tell you.

But to turn once more to yourself.—Some have thought, notwithstanding the admission of the Hon. Senator, that South Carolina was awake in the days of Nightmare, which sat upon your bosom, and exhaled upon horrible plagues of drums, and blunderbusses, and blood. It was this incubus sat upon you, that you dreamed that North Carolina was asleep. Happily that has passed, and

you are now really awake, and can see how wide awake the good old North State is.

Mr. President, I have availed myself of the candid admission of the Honorable gentlemen, to tell you, in a jocular way, some plain truths, which it will become me to utter, and you to hear. You have had your turn, and now I have had mine. We are even. Candor obliges me to say, however, that I think we have all been a little drowsy, and the sooner we wake up thoroughly, and stand in the cause of Southern improvement as we stood on the plains of Guilford and Camden, and on the heights of Kings Mountain, shoulder to shoulder, and breast to breast, the better for us all.

I propose to drink a bumper to The City of Charleston—May she continue to fight the great battle of Southern commerce, until, the sun of prosperity having reached the meridian, it may be commanded to stand still for ever.

From the Charleston Courier.

The remarks of Mr. Hale brought out Mr. Preston, who, good-humoredly conceded that he had on one occasion, at a meeting of his constituents, *half in jest and half in earnest*, at a period of great political excitement, called North Carolina "the Rip Van Winkle of the South," but if he had imagined it would have given offence, or that it would have travelled beyond the walls of the building where it was spoken, he would never have uttered it. He was free to confess, however, that he thought there was then a little truth in the remark, and he must claim to himself the credit of believing, that it may have done North Carolina some service,—he had freely mingled since with her generous people, and believed in his heart they had forgiven him for it. He admitted that she was now *very awake*, and a worthy compeer of her sisters in the race of enterprise and glory.

COUSIN SALLY DILLIARD.

Scene—A Court of Justice.

A beardless discipline of Themis rises and thus addressed the court:—May it please your worship, and you, gentlemen of the Jury, since it has been my fortune (good or bad I will not say) to exercise myself in legal disquisitions, it has never before befallen me to be obliged to denounce a breach of the peace so enormous and transcending as the one now claiming your attention.—A more barbarous, brutal, marked, and malicious assault—a more wilful, violent, dangerous and murderous battery, and finally, a more diabolical breach of the peace has seldom happened in a civilized country, and I dare say it has seldom been your duty to pass upon one so shocking to benevolent feelings as this, which took place over at Captain Rice's in this county; but you will hear from the witnesses. The witnesses being sworn, two or three were examined and disposed of; one, that he heard the noise, but didn't see the fight; another that he saw the row, but don't know who struck first; and a third, that he was very drunk, and couldn't say much about the scrimmage.

Lawyer Chops—I am sorry, gentlemen, to have occupied so much of your time with the stupidity of the witnesses examined. Harose, gentlemen, altogether from misapprehension on my part. Had I known, as I now do, that I had a witness in attendance, who was well acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and who was able to make clearly and intelligibly understood by the court and jury, I should not so long have trespassed on your time and patience. Come forward Mr. Harris and be sworn.

So forward comes the witness, a fat, chubbily looking man, a "teetle" corned, and took his corporal oath with an oath.

Chops—Mr. Harris, we wish you to tell all about the riot that happened the other day at Captain Rice's, and as a good deal of time has been wasted in circumlocution, we wish you to be as compendious and at the same time as explicit as possible.

Harris—"Edzoathly," giving the lawyer a knowing wink, at the same time clearing up his throat—"Captain Rice

he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard, she come over to our house and axed me, if my wife she mought go. I told cousin Sally Dillard, that my wife was poorly, being as how she had a touch of the Rhetimatics in the hip and the big swamp was in the road, and the big swamp was up, for there had been a heap of rain lately; but howsomever as it was the cousin Sally Dillard, my wife she mought go. Well, cousin Sally Dillard then axed me if Mose he mought go. I told cousin Sally Dillard that Mose, he was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass; but howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, Mose, he mought go.

Chops—In the name of common sense Mr. Harris, what do you mean by this rignarole.

Witness—Captain Rice he gin a treat and cousin Sally Dillard, she come over to our house and axed me if my wife, she mought go. I told cousin Sally Dillard

Chops—Stop, sir, if you please; we don't want to hear any thing about your wife and cousin Sally Dillard; tell us about the fight at Rice's.

Witness—Well, sir, I will, if you will let me.

Chops—Well, sir, go on.

Witness—Well, Captain Rice, he gin a treat and Cousin Sally Dillard, she come over to our house and axed me if my wife, she mought go.

Chops—There it is again! witness, I say please to stop.

Well, sir, what as you want?

Chops—We want to know about the fight, and you must not proceed in this impertinent story; do you know any thing about the matter before the Court?

Witness—To be sure I do.

Chops—Will you go on and tell us nothing else?

Witness—Well, Captain Rice, he gin a treat

Chops—This is intolerable! May it please the Court—I move that this witness be committed for contempt—he seems to me to be trifling with the court.

Court—Witness, you are now before a Court of Justice, and unless you behave yourself in a more becoming manner, you will be sent to jail; so begin and tell what you know about the fight at Captain Rice's.

Witness, (alarmed.) Well, gentlemen, Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard—

Chops—I hope that this witness may be ordered into custody.

Court, (after deliberating) Mr. Attorney, the Court is of opinion that we may save time by letting the witness go on in his own way.—Proceed Mr. Harris, with your story, but stick to the point.

Witness.—Yes gentlemen, well Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard, she come over to our house, and axed me, if my wife, she mought go. I told cousin Sally Dillard

that my wife was poorly, being as how she had the Rhetimatics in the hip, and the big swamp was in the road, and the big swamp was up, but howsomever as it was she cousin Sally Dillard, my wife, she mought go. Well, cousin Sally Dillard then axed me if Mose, he mought go. I told cousin Sally Dillard, as how Mose, he was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass; but howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, Mose, he mought go. So on they goes together, Mose, my wife, and cousin Sally Dillard, and they comes to the big swamp, and the big swamp was up, as I was telling you; but being as how there was a log across the big swamp, cousin Dillard and Mose, like gaiter folks, they walks the log, but my wife, like a darned fool, hoists up her petticoats and waded, and gentlemen, that's the right I know about the business.

Yankee Shoes.—The way they should shoot together in Lyon and some other places "down east" is any thing but the right way. The Boston Transcript tells the story of a negro somewhere at the South, who had sported for two or three hours a pair of Yankee made brogans—"Whar dese shoes come from Massa?" said Gabe.—"They grow on trees down east," replied the master. "Well," said Cud, "I guess dey pick 'em fore um ripe."