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LOCAL BRIEFS.

We hear much about "the Democracy refusing the people's demands." As the Democracy is the people how can it refuse their demands?

The Court House is now receiving its new metal roof, and it adds greatly to the fine appearance of the building since it has been brought up to its new designs.

That is a patriotic and substantial manifesto sent up from Grimesland Alliance, in Pitt county. How about its suppression by the Progressive Farmer? Is that "toting" fair with the "hayseeds," as it calls the brethren of the Alliance?

The news of the death of Capt. Jno. A. Richardson, formerly and for many years a Conductor on the A. & N. C. R. R., which occurred at his home in Newbern, Monday afternoon, will be received with sincere regret in this city, where he had many friends.

The death of Mr. Chas. H. Howell, aged 84 years, the venerable father of our good friends and countrymen Messrs. Jno. C. and H. T. Howell, occurred Wednesday night, at his home in Fork township, rather suddenly, though not unexpected by reason of his advanced age.

There are 248 students at the University. This is an increase of 50 over last year. President Winston, who was in the city yesterday, says that he will have 300 next fall, then 400, then 500. When he gets 500 he will take a rest. People all over the State, he says, are most cordial and enthusiastic in supporting the University; and, as to the students, why they love it and help in all ways to build it up. There have been only two cases of discipline during the year.

The sad intelligence reached this city Friday morning of the death of Mr. Council Bizzell, the venerable father of our esteemed townsman Mr. K. E. and Dr. Bizzell, of the firm of Bizzell Bros. & Co., which occurred Thursday night at his home at Bizzell's mill. He was a most estimable gentleman and honored citizen and his loss will be sincerely mourned in the community and by all who knew him. THE ARGUS extends its condolence to the sorrowing family.

A BOLD thief forced the front door of Mr. W. H. Huggins' hardware store, on Walnut street, Thursday night, using a wooden wedge and an axe. The only thing missed from the store was a glass rotary show stand, in which was displayed a number of pistols. This was found on the sidewalk near the store yesterday morning rifled of its contents. Evidently the thief was of a belligerent turn of mind. Thus far no clue has been obtained to the perpetrator of the deed.

It is with sincere regret, which will be shared in by many in this city, that THE ARGUS chronicles this morning the death of Mrs. Geo. D. Bennett, which occurred in Richmond Tuesday night, after a long and lingering illness. Her husband was a constant attendant by her bedside during all her illness, for the past several months. Her remains, accompanied by her husband, sister and brother, were taken Wednesday to her childhood home in Charlestown, W. Va., for interment in the family burying plot.

The negro Peter Cobb, who was sent up from this county in January last to serve a term of 15 years in the penitentiary for aggravated larceny, made his escape some days ago, and on Friday evening Sheriff Grant shadowed him in this city, and gathering a posse of determined men he went to the house wherein Peter was supposed to be loitering, shortly after midnight, and was not long in apprehending Peter, whom they found secreted under the house. The posse covered him with their shooting apparatus, and policemen Her-ring and Head put their nippers on him and brought him out where he could be stood up and searched. Imagine the consternation of the crowd when Peter was found to be literally clothed with pistols. He had seven pistols on his person—all of them new, 32 calibre, and loaded. They were the pistols taken from Mr. W. H. Huggins' hardware store Thursday night, and there can be little, if any doubt, that Peter is the man who broke open the store and stole them. He is now safe in jail and will be duly attended to according to law. He is a desperate character.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Its Observance in Goldsboro with Military Honors, Floral Decorations, Gathering of Confederate Veterans, and an Appropriate Address.

True to her cherishing of the memory of the Confederate Dead Goldsboro did honor to them yesterday with becoming ostentation.

As the hour for the ceremonies at the cemetery approached the weather grew so threatening that it was decided to hold the services in the Messenger Opera House, and soon that spacious building was thronged to its utmost capacity.

The Confederate Veterans, who turned out in goodly number, were given seats upon the stage. The ladies of the Memorial Association were seated in the right dress circle, and the Goldsboro Rifles occupied a section of the parquet.

After a fervent and eloquent prayer by the Chaplain of the Rifles, Rev. C. L. Hoffmann, the orator of the occasion, Mr. Jos. E. Robinson, was introduced by the Chief Marshal, Mr. Henry Lee, in words of commendation that were sincerely appreciated.

Mr. Robinson spoke as follows:

Veterans of the Gray; Ladies of the Memorial Association of Goldsboro; Comrades of the Goldsboro Rifles; Ladies and Gentlemen:

It was after much hesitation, chiefly on account of the consciousness of a certain inaptness for the task that I accepted the invitation to deliver this Memorial address. The highest qualification for speech on such an occasion as this, is one that, unfortunately, I do not possess—an appropriate experience, the experience of one who has been tried in the fiery furnace of war, and who knows what war means, and hence who has a more just and intense appreciation than I can have of the meaning and purpose of this day. And so it has always seemed to me that the principal actors in this, as well as other Memorial exercises, should, when possible, be those who were active participants in the stirring events to which they all relate. That the public interest in them would be enhanced thereby, it is fair to assume. Who so well qualified as the gallant soldiers, whose graves we come to-day to decorate, as one who, as it were, stood shoulder to shoulder with them in the great conflict in which they fighting fell, and was, perhaps, an eye-witness of their patience and fortitude, their suffering—and who did suffer—and their heroic death? And who knows so well to appreciate the tender significance of these ceremonies as the old soldiers among us? The thought, therefore, at once suggests itself to you as it did to me, that soldier-orators may not be every where available, even now, and still less will they be so in the future. The time is not far distant when the old soldier will cease to participate in any of the exercises of this day. One by one they are passing away "over the river and rest beneath the trees." Ere long the "Army of the Gray" will be marshalled on the other side. God grant that when the last reveille shall sound upon the plains of immortality his great orderly may report the ranks all full—not a soldier missing. It was with some such thought as this in mind, comrades of the Goldsboro Rifles, that I accepted the invitation with which you honored me, to address you at this time.

As I draw upon the sources of a personal experience in war, I can only present to your consideration such thoughts as observation and reflection have furnished me, and I shall, at least, address you seriously. It is not a time for hollow or unmeaning speech. Too many wounds, made by cruel war, still bleed and pain, perhaps insensate and in secret; too many mothers still live in mourn over missing boys sleeping in soldier graves. It may be far away where a mother's tears of grief and affection can never fall above them; for the South has had to gather her own dead together and care for them as best she could; too many stricken hearts are sadly beating away life's weary years in widowed solitude, heavily burdened with the cares that belong only to the husband and father, but which he will carry no more; and there are too many surviving soldiers, veterans of many a hard campaign, still among us, with minds so many with the memories and reflections that crowd upon them on such a day as this, for indulgence in sectional banter, or in the affectations of mere oratory. But would, Veterans of the Gray—would that I could speak to you with the soul of an old soldier to-day, who might recall with a kindling of the old warfare in his own heart, and a quick response in yours, the time when, each morning as uncomplainingly renewing the wearisome march, or silently taking his place in the line of battle, he laid his life, a fresh sacrifice, beside your own on the altar of his country. What reminiscences of those eventful years must throng your minds to-day, some sad and touching, some hard and painful, some bright and exultant, but all invested with that abiding, thrilling interest that always comes with the recollection of a great experience!

What a contrast between then and now! A great calm has followed the raging storm. Scarcely a ripple now disturbs the surface of the national life. The arbitrament of arms has settled the issues that were then involved; and whatever side the fault lay, the nation is now one—and at peace.

But it is not of this that I would speak. The lesson of the day and hour is one of patriotism, and the old and young alike should heed it. So long as these memorial exercises shall be observed in the spirit in which they were conceived, so long will they exert a potent influence in promoting among the people a love of country, and they are admirably calculated to do this, appealing as they do to reason and emotion alike.

Yes, many hearts have been stirred to-day,

many noble, patriotic impulses engendered and quickened. Not only have the tenderest feelings of the people been touched by memories of the heroic dead, but a new interest has been awakened in the cause for which they fell—in a broad sense, the cause of country.

The importance of cherishing among our people a love of country cannot be over-estimated. By the very laws of development, cultivation is essential to healthful, vigorous growth. In a free country, absolutely and, to all appearance, permanently at peace, whose liberties are unannounced within or without, there is little to keep actively alive in the old or to cultivate in the young, the heroic qualities, or the sentiment of patriotism. Rome, struggling for life and empire, cultivated heroism in her children by ever present national peril or menacing national strife. Rome, the mistress of the world, whose eagles flashed in the rising and in the setting sun, enriched with the wealth of all climes, and enervated by luxurious ease and peace, ceased to be heroic and tottered to decay.

Now it does not follow that heroic or patriotic elements of character will not exist unless they are actively cultivated, for these elements will be found to a greater or lesser degree in every truly noble nature. Without any of the sharp teaching of events which for centuries of time made every Swiss a patriot and hero, how quickly, when the call to arms sounded throughout Southland, did the latent sentiment of patriotism in the hearts of tens of thousands of her sons burst forth into flame as vivid as ever, glow in the heart of Swiss or Roman! But none the less important is it that love of country should be cherished among our people, not alone in anticipation of foreign war or civil strife, which may never come, but for security against the more insidious, and hence, more dangerous evils that are ever present with us, and that our liberties and free institutions may be the more carefully preserved in all their original purity. While no argument is required to prove a proposition so self-evident, the point is too vital to be allowed to pass with a mere affirmation. We are apt to cherish the notion, practically if not theoretically, that our republican form of government is so superior to all others, and so well established, as to be beyond the reach of the perils that beset others, and therefore not to require the safeguards so carefully provided for their peace and security; in fine, that our republican system, out of its innate excellence and vitality, must stand forever. It is this spirit of over-confidence rather than indifference that makes our people so neglectful of their political duties, and that constitutes one of the dangers that threaten us. If the history of republican governments in the past, and that of our country so far, teaches anything at all, it is that there is no form of government exposed to more imminent perils than the republicanism, in which all elements of corruption, disintegration and decay have the freest and fullest play, and hence there is no form of government in which vigilance on the part of the people as well as by those who actively administer it is more imperatively demanded. The stability of a despotism depends in no small degree upon the ignorance and, what usually accompanies ignorance, the servility, of its people.

On the other hand the perpetuity of republican government depends on the vigilance of its people, and the conscientious, active, watchful presence in their hearts of the spirit of liberty. No government is, ever, anywhere, self-sustaining; and no law under any form of rule, has the power of self-enforcement. But especially in free America is the stability of the government and the vigor of the law dependent upon an educated, watchful, patriotic public sentiment. This is a practical axiom, and men of the world are quick to grasp it. Sentiment, but let us not in our vaunted security forget—and surely we cannot forget to-day, that only a few years ago our very existence as one broad and mighty nation that we are, stood trembling in the balance. I believe there can exist neither in this nor any other country, a state of society so uniformly elevated and a government so thoroughly fortified at all points, as to be beyond the reach of danger, or when it will ever be safe to neglect to cherish in the hearts of the people the spirit of liberty.

Contrast the future of a youth from the common walks of life just entering manhood in an absolute monarchy and in free America. It is a matter of no personal or national consequence whether or not the former understands the science of government, or even knows the history of his own country. Matters of state do not concern him, and in the conduct of public affairs he can therefore have no sense of responsibility. He is conscious that he is simply one of so many millions whose chief political duties are to obey the mandates, pay the bills and fight the battles of his imperial majesty. The political creed to which he has been educated teaches him to yield a slavish compliance with the requirements of a single despotic will. I can easily imagine how the untutored savage can love the wild woods, that are all his own, and through which he roams at will; and the wandering barbarian, the burning desert sands, where under the free canopy of Heaven, in unmediated solitude he pitches his tent and makes his home. But I cannot conceive how one can deeply love his country, whose aspirations for freedom, if he ever has any, are buried under a sense of utter hopelessness, and who can give expression to those sentiments only at the cost of bringing upon himself and all who are dear to him the crushing weight of despotic power. Of that broad sentiment of patriotism, that lofty sense of nationality that springs from pride in the past, hope in the future, and the enjoyment of inestimable rights and privileges in the present, for the preservation of which the possessor feels himself, in a measure, responsible, he can know nothing.

How different the present! The motto of a youth just arrived at the period of manhood in free America. The future, with all its possibilities of achievement and of public honor and emolument, lies wide open before him. Whatever his capacity, the field for its exercise is broad and free. Whatever his ambition, the prize glistens at the other end of the course, and he has but to outstrip his competitors to secure it. He has a clear conscience, his life is safe, his liberty is secure and his opinions as sacred as those of the highest in the land. He may and should assume the duties of citizenship with a sense of increased responsibility. It is as if at the moment of his assumption of these duties he were ushered unto Freedom's imposing Tem-

ple, and the presiding genius, the Goddess of Liberty, pointing to its sacred Constitutional guarantees of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, should say to him, "All these priceless treasures I commit to your keeping; preserve them in all their purity and integrity for yourself and your posterity." The figure is fanciful, but the truth which it typifies is substantial. Now, while we must not expect our young men to assume their civic rights with ostentatious displays of dignity and sentiment, we should desire that they should assume these rights with an evident consciousness, both of the greatness of the privilege and the gravity of the duty devolving upon them.

The youth of to-day will be the active citizen of another generation. Their proper education, therefore, is a matter of the deepest importance, their education into the spirit as well as a knowledge of the origin and history of republican institutions, and, more important still, into that nobility of character, which, if it is not patriotism itself, is the only soil in which patriotism can take deep root and find vigorous growth. True nobility of character is the best of all qualifications for American citizenship.

Themes open up before here upon which I cannot dwell. But how responsible is that work which belongs peculiarly to the teacher and the mother, and especially the latter—the work of moulding the characters of the young, of building up the manhood on which the safety and prosperity of the State must always ultimately rest. In view, therefore, of the mother's close and responsible relation to the formative period in the life of the young, do I express myself too strongly when I say, that an intelligent, patriotic womanhood is the great and ultimate conservator of American freedom. Of the womanhood of the South as an active, inspiring, patriotic power in the late civil war, did time allow, might be said. When the men of ancient Sparta were mustering for battle, their wives or mothers were accustomed to present them their shields, with the parting injunction: "Either with your shields or on them," signifying that in the way they bore themselves as soldiers of their country, a heroic death was better than dishonor. There may not yet be established, as to the South, the same custom, but the well words of Southern wives and mothers to those most dear to them hastening to join the valiant army of the Gray, but that their sense of honor and spirit of self-sacrifice equaled that of ancient Sparta; the history of the achievements of the soldiers of the "Lost Cause" affords abundant proof, and that they would have preferred that those whom they honored graves over which an admiring and grateful people bow to-day in holiest reverence, rather than prove recreant to the sacred trusts committed to them, we are proud to believe. Thousands of wives sacrificed all the transcendent sweets of domestic life, assuming burdens too heavy for them to bear, and thousands of mothers saw the hopes which they had fondly cherished for life's declining years fade away when they saw husbands and sons to their struggling country. The memory of a wife or mother's heroic benediction may have made Leonidas, fearlessly facing the Persian hosts in the pass of Thermopylae, immortal. Can we doubt that many a hero of the Lost Cause felt his soul fired and his nerves nerved to do valiant deeds, in the consciousness that proud though anxious eyes were watching him from afar—from home? Read the legend on the old war banner of the old Goldsboro Rifles—"victory or death"—and find the answer there!

A few thoughts on the influence and uses of public memorials and I will close. Claim to the possession of heroic elements of character as a race inheritance is so natural to every people, that history, relic, festival and monument are employed as safe repositories or permanent memorials of the notable events of the past. In constantly reminding the people of the heroes of the past, or the marked crises of the national life, they become as inseparable, that silently but surely unite all hearts in a common memory, a common pride and common hope. These memorials often become the embodiment or the emblem of a national principle, and in the presence or contemplation of the emblem, whether in the form of a national ensign, an enduring monument, or a recurring memorial day, all unconsciously the people grow steadfast in their adherence to the principle, until both are held in religious veneration. This beautiful memorial monument, around which we are now assembled, was erected not merely to perpetuate the memory of the "Confederate Dead," but that our sympathies may be kept warm in the cause of country. And so long as that silent sentinel shall stand guard over the immortal heroes who sleep beneath this grassy mound, with its inspiring influence for good be felt through all the rolling years.

The ancient Romans were accustomed to place the images of their distinguished ancestors in the vestibules of their dwellings to remind them and their descendants, as they passed out to their daily avocations, to emulate their illustrious example. So we erect monuments in public places and observe memorial days, not alone as fitting tributes to the eminent characters or public services of the dead, but as perpetual lessons to the living. Through these the dead address the living—the past speaks to the present and the future, and theirs is the voice of wisdom, for it is the voice of history and experience.

Right hundred sleep here! Their earthly sun has set, but until its rising on the Resurrection morn shall their beneficent influence of their valor be felt through all the land. The glory of their heroism shall but augment with the lapse of years, and generations yet unborn in this Southland of ours shall rise up and call them—blessed.

After the address the Rifles, accompanied by the Chief Marshal and his assistant, Capt. D. J. Broadhurst, the Chaplain and Orator, many Veterans, the Eclipse Steam Fire Engine Company in uniform, and numerous citizens, proceeded to the cemetery, where the floral decorations around the Confederate Square and Monument, thanks to the noble women of the Memorial Association, were beautiful and profuse and where a round of three salutes were fired by the company.

NO DODGING THIS PLANK

That Twelfth Plank of the St. Louis "Demands" is There: Face it Fairly and Bravely as You Did Yankee Bullets, Men of the South, and Say What You Will Do With It.

IT IS NOT "MERELY A RESOLUTION"

The next important political event in North Carolina "with no politics in it," is Mr. President Butler's great Star Chamber Conference, called to meet in Raleigh on the 17th inst., to consider the St. Louis manifesto "for the purpose of adoption".

This conference promises to be even more secretly interesting than that great silent conclave of Mr. Polk's that has just adjourned in Birmingham. We opine it will become particularly interesting when the conference comes to discuss a plank in the St. Louis platform that, although prominent, Mr. Butler "forgot" to put in his call. We refer to the Twelfth section, which says:

"Twelfth—We demand that the Government issue legal tender notes and pay the Union soldier the depreciated money in which he was paid and gold."

This would mean the expenditure of two thousand million of dollars to be raised by taxation of the whole people for the benefit of a single class in one section of the country.

The South would have to pay about one-third of this enormous sum.

The Third Party promoters in the South cannot leave out this section. They may assert that it was "only a resolution and not a part of the platform". That will not do. It stands out as plain as language can make it, an essential part of the platform itself. It is just as much in the platform as the government ownership of railroads, telegraph, etc., is, and we want those of our friends—the honest yeomanry of the Alliance who attend that conclave on the 17th to be heroic enough to grapple it and kick it out of the Alliance "demands".

It is found in the hand books of the Third Party, and in certain sections where it is meant to catch votes the Third Party orators howl over it as energetically as they dodge it in the South.

Is Mr. Butler prepared to saddle this debt on the South? If so, although he is a young man his youth will not be accepted as an excuse for such an act, and were he to live a thousand years he could not outlive the odium of his even championing the effort to saddle so nefarious a measure upon the people of the South.

If Mr. Butler thinks that the people of North Carolina are going to be lulled to rest, or that the Democratic press of the State are going to be cowed to silence, while he calls his secret conclaves and star chamber conferences with the view to saddling upon the people of this State and the South, by secret wire-pulling and high-handed chicanery, such odious measures as the 12th plank of the St. Louis demands, he is sadly mistaken and woefully blind.

"You may fool some of the people all the time, and all the people some of the time; but you cannot fool all the people all the time."

Mark it, Mr. Butler, while the time goes by. The reckoning is in the future—and it will be between you and the people.

The wife of Thomas Buchanan Reed is buried in Spring Grove Cemetery, Cincinnati, and he, we believe, "sleeps the dreamless sleep" in a foreign clime, while his peerless poem, "Drifting" lives on and keeps his memory green:

A revivifying of nature's latent forces occurs every spring. At this time, better than at any other, the blood may be cleansed from the humors which infest it. The best and most popular remedy to use for this purpose is Ayer's Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

Delegates Elected to the State Convention: The New County Executive Committee.

The Democratic County Convention that assembled in this city Saturday was one of the largest and most harmonious we have ever known.

The convention was called to order by Mr. I. F. Dortch, chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee, and Mr. J. P. O'Berry was requested to act as temporary secretary. A call of the townships showed them all to be fully represented, and thereupon permanent organization was effected by the unanimous election by acclamation of Mr. W. F. Kornegay as permanent chairman.

On coming to the chair Mr. Kornegay stated the purpose of the Convention briefly, and his appeal for harmony and counseling together in behalf of Democratic success was strong and eloquent and met with general and hearty applause, showing that the masses of this county are still true in their allegiance to the party that has ever fought the battles of the people.

On motion, Mr. J. P. O'Berry was elected permanent Secretary and Mr. Jos. E. Robinson, assistant Secretary.

It was decided by the Convention that every township should select the number of delegates to which it was entitled and refer them to the Convention for election, to represent the county in the State Convention.

In accordance with this plan, which met with unanimous endorsement, the following gentlemen were reported by their respective townships, and elected accordingly:

Goldsboro Township—Messrs. C. B. Aycock, Jno. W. Bryan, I. F. Dortch, W. R. Allen, Fork—N. H. Gurley, Granthams—J. A. Stevens and W. B. Hood, Brogden—C. F. R. Kornegay and W. H. Jinnett, Indian Springs—J. W. Edwards, New Hope—A. T. Uzzell and M. W. Moyer, Saulston—B. A. Parks, Nahantla—B. F. Aycock and Z. P. Davis.

Great Swamp—Green Copeland, Pikeville—J. W. Thompson and J. E. Person, Stony Creek—H. D. Ham.

On motion Messrs. W. F. Kornegay and J. P. O'Berry were made honorary delegates.

There being no further business to engage its attention the convention adjourned.

Subsequent to adjournment, according to the time honored Democratic custom, the several township executive committees met in the hall and elected a county executive committee as follows: I. F. Dortch, Chairman, W. F. Kornegay, M. T. Johnson, J. W. Bryan, W. H. Ham, E. A. Daniels and D. A. Cogdell.

The re-election of Mr. I. F. Dortch as Chairman of the County Executive Committee is a distinction that was pre-eminently deserved by him, and a graceful recognition of his service to the party by the township committees. His election is an earnest of Democratic success in Wayne county, complete and brilliant, in the campaign of 1892.

"There are no birds in last year's nest" but this year's are doing business as of yore.

What is lovelier than the landscape when it wears the first sweet smile of Spring?

The May sun sheds an amber light On new leaved woods and lawns between. —Bryant.

Isn't a young lady who fits on ladies' gloves at a glove counter a regular counterfeiter?

The birds all pipe their welcome blithe and clear, While May comes through the doorway of the year. —Whittier.

People should not worry when their books get rough usage. Books are "bound" to get soiled sooner or later.

If thou art worn and hard beset With sorrow that thou wouldst forget, If thou wouldst learn a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills! No tears Dim the sweet look that Nature wears. —Longfellow.

As the name indicates Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is a restorer of the hair, including its growth, health, youthful color, and beauty. It will please you, and it will keep you young. Leading medical authorities endorse Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best blood medicine.