

Goldsboro Weekly Argus

This ARGUS o'er the people's rights,
Doth an eternal vigil keep

No soothing strains of Maia'sson,
Can lull its hundred eyes to sleep!

VOL. XVII.

GOLDSBORO, N. C. THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1900.

NO 135

DEATH OF COL. ELAM.

Brilliant Virginia Editor Passes
Away. Was A Native Of
This State and a Brave
Soldier.

Norfolk, Feb. 24.—Colonel William C. Elam, editor-in-chief of the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot, died at his home in Louisa county, today. For some time Colonel Elam had been unwell, but the end came shortly past 1 o'clock this afternoon.

Colonel Elam was sixty-four years of age. He is survived by a widow and a family. He was born in Fayetteville, N. C., but was of Virginia parentage, and shortly after the war became a resident of this State.

Colonel William C. Elam was a native of North Carolina. At an early age the support of his widowed mother and family devolved upon him. He entered the Confederate service when but a youth and served throughout the war, winning promotion in the line of his duty by deeds of heroism and gallantry. He was seriously wounded at Trevilian, in Louisa county, and was there cared for by the family of the present Mrs. Elam. It was then as the result of the tender ministrations of the young lady who later became his wife that he subsequently cast his lot with the people of this State and made it his home. He located in Virginia shortly after the war and was identified with various Richmond papers, particularly the Richmond Whig.

Cronje's Heroic Defense.

Cronje's defense at Paardeberg Drift will take its place among the heroic actions of history. The admiration which it excites is based upon the reasonable supposition that Cronje and his devoted army are holding out with a definite purpose in view. It is no credit to a commander to expose his men to death in a hopeless position merely to avoid the shame or surrender. That is desperation not heroism. But if, by holding out to the death, he can keep the enemy in check until reinforcements come or a co-operating force can get into position to attack, then he may be performing the most splendid military service.

That this has been the purpose of Cronje's defense our best information indicates. When he started up the Modder it was evidently with the intention of establishing himself somewhere near Bloemfontein, where he could be joined by other divisions of the Boer army. Roberts and Kitchener, however, moved more rapidly than the British had been in the habit of moving before their arrival, and Cronje was caught at a disadvantage. The best he could do was to entrench himself and keep the British employed while the forces he had meant to join were making ready for a vigorous defense. Then, when the moment arrived, he could either cut his way out or surrender at discretion conscious of having done all that man could do.

This is the true spirit of the soldier, and it is this that wins the world's admiration for the desperate defense of the Boers at Paardeberg Drift.

There is a fair prospect that Ladysmith's inhabitants will soon be permitted to abandon their horse sandwiches.

CRONJE FIGHTS ON.

BOERS BURROW IN THE
RIVER BANK LIKE
RABBITS.

Food Still Plentiful. Ammunition, however, is said to be short and some are counselling surrender. Buller's advance on Ladysmith is marked by heavy fighting.

London, Feb. 26.—Dispatches from Paardeberg show that General Cronje's forces have far more protection from Field Marshal Lord Roberts' heavy fire than at first indicated. A special dispatch from Paardeberg, published in the second edition of the Daily Chronicle and dated February 24th, says:

"A balloon has discovered the enemy well covered by a system of burrowing in the river bank, which resembles a rabbit warren and affords shell proof positions."

It will not be much of a surprise if to-day and to-morrow which is the anniversary of Mejuba Hill, pass without being marked by the surrender or annihilation of the gallant band so overwhelmingly hemmed in, though the closeness of the investment appears open to criticism. Small bodies of Boers, apparently, are able to make their escape, causing comparison here between the Boer methods of investment, with their quickly dug, surrounding trenches impassable barbed wire, etc., and those of the British:

Lord Roberts holds a position almost analogous with that held so long by the Boers at Ladysmith. As General Cronje is reported to have plenty of food, the plan of starving him out can scarcely avail as Lord Roberts must either wait his ammunition, which is said to be short, runs out, or those of General Cronje's forces who are counselling surrender prevail. So indefinite is the information that either of these alternatives may occur at any moment.

Meanwhile, Lord Roberts' engineers are sapping steadily towards the Boer laager, and according to a special from Paardeberg, dated Sunday, February 25th, the cordon is gradually drawing closer.

General Buller's march on Ladysmith is being marked by sharp fighting. A Pietermaritzburg dispatch of to-day's date says he is still heavily engaged in fighting. In Grobler's Kloof General Buller seems to have discovered a hornet's nest.

The Pretoria Government proclaimed February 25th and February 27th, days of thanksgiving and prayer, presumably in memory of the battle of Majuba Hill.

A dispatch from Kimberley says its inhabitants have planned to erect a statue to Cecil Rhodes in recognition of his services during the siege.

Decisions by courts is supplanting decisions by Winchester even in Kentucky.

Cecil Rhodes should give his balloon a trial trip anyway.

PERILOUS EXPERIENCE

Of the Transport McPherson—
Four Hundred Miles Out At
the Mercy of Wind And
Waves

Fort Monroe, Va., Feb. 24.—The transport McPherson, towed by the steamer Admiral Sampson, passed in the capes at daybreak and anchored off Fort Monroe quarantine station. She brings troops from Cuba.

The transport had a thrilling experience. During the heavy storm Monday, while 440 miles at sea, she broke her propeller shaft and drifted helplessly for many hours almost to the coast of Bermuda. Assistance was asked of a little Italian steamer, but her captain was afraid the big transport would swamp him. Excellent discipline prevailed. Contemplating an emergency, rations were immediately cut down to all of the 168 people.

Much personal bravery was shown. When it appeared that the broken shaft must snap the rudder unless secured, the entire crew volunteered for the dangerous duty. The four men selected performed the task successfully, and the ship, then manageable, was put under sail power. Wednesday a severe storm arose, which drove her further out of her course. Thursday night a Ward Line steamer by for three hours, but the transport was making headway under sail. Yesterday morning, however, she accepted the Admiral Sampson's assistance. The difficult work of securing the towline was accomplished by throwing it overboard attached to a life buoy.

In the midst of the storm Major Hutchins, in charge of the ship, was thrown violently against the superstructure and severely injured.

Impossible For Cronje to Escape.

London, Feb. 25.—4 P. M.—Since 2:15 o'clock yesterday afternoon nothing has been received from the scene of what the London papers call General Cronje's death struggle, the war officials announcing at midnight that they had nothing to give out. They stated that they believed it impossible for Cronje to escape from the grip of Lord Roberts.

The report circulated in Berlin that Cronje had succeeded in making his escape came from the Boer headquarters in Brussels, where it is stated that details were still lacking.

The only news from other parts of the seat of war received during the night, is a special dispatch from Colenso, under date of February 24th, stating that the British, in spite of strong opposition, was advancing slowly but surely, and driving the Boers from the kopjes between Groblos Klop and Hangwane.

Ladysmith reported by heliograph on Friday that the Boers were retiring northward in large numbers. Meanwhile, the certainty of relief is so strong at Durban that the authorities are actively preparing trainloads of provisions, luxuries and medical comforts for dispatch to beleaguered towns as soon as communications are reopened.

The house in which John Brown was born in Torrington, Conn., and which has been in a dilapidated condition and occupied for some years by a poor negro family, is to be purchased and preserved by a society organized for the purpose.

CRONJE HAS SURRENDERED

Now a Prisoner With His
Army in The British
Camp.

Capitulation Unconditional—Intense Excitement in London

—The Grim Old African
Lion Made a Magnificent Resis-ence.

London, Feb. 26.—The following dispatch has been received from General Roberts, dated at Paardeberg:

"Cronje and all his forces capitulated unconditionally at daylight and are now prisoners in my camp. The strength of his force will be communicated later. I hope her Majesty's government will consider this event as satisfactory, occurring on the anniversary of Mejuba Hill."

(Signed) ROBERTS
Paardeberg, Feb. 27.—General Cronje sent an officer through the British lines at dawn this morning with a flag of truce. The officer said he had a message to the British General in command and was taken to Kitchener to whom he said General Cronje is willing to surrender, having found his position untenable, and only defeat and capture was in prospect if he continued the fight. He wished to save unnecessary shedding of blood and save the women and children. He requested that they be given safe conduct. Kitchener granted the request so far as the women are concerned, but insisted that the surrender in all other respects be unconditional and absolute.

General Cronje agreed to this. The Boer commander at once left his laager, and, escorted by half a dozen officers, entered the British lines. He was met by General Kitchener, who immediately brought him to General Roberts' headquarters. The greeting of the rival generals was kindly and extremely sympathetic on the part of Roberts.

New York, Feb. 27.—The first news that was allowed to dribble the censor's hands of the splendid stand made by Cronje's men at Paardeberg drift reached America on Tuesday of last week. It showed that Cronje and Roberts had been fighting hard since Sunday, February 18, just south of Koodoe's Rand, which the Boers had been unable to reach, but which position was commanded by their fire, the British making unsuccessful attempts to reach the rand themselves.

Throughout that week and until this morning the grim old African lion, with his 8,000 men, held out against the persistent assaults of Roberts' 45,000 men.

London, Feb. 27.—The Queen, who is at Windsor Castle, has cabled her congratulations to Lord Roberts on the surrender of General Cronje and his army.

General Roberts' dispatch was posted in the War Office just as the press lobby was opened, and a few people besides the newspaper men were present. The news spread quickly and crowds hurried toward the War Office, where there was a scene that has been without parallel during the war.

APPEAL TO AGUINALDO.

Invitation to Become "A Good
Citizen of This Glorious
Country.

The editor of the Pocahontas Sun, published somewhere in Kansas, molds a whole lot of truth in a small wad when he indicts the following open letter to the leader of the Philippine patriots: "Aguinaldo, you do not know what a good thing you are missing by not wanting to become a citizen of this grand country of ours. There is nothing else like it under the sun. You ought to send a delegation over here to see us—this land of the free; this land of churches and 470,000 licensed saloons. Bibles, forts, guns and houses of prayer, the millionaires and paupers, the theologians and thieves, libertines and liars, Christians and chicanes, politicians and poverty, schools and prisons, scoundrels, trusts and tramps, virtue and vice.

"A land where we make Bologna of dogs and canned beef of sick cows and old mules and horses, and corpses of people who eat it; where we put men in jail for not having means of support and on a rock pile if he has no job; where we have a Congress of 400 men to make laws and a Supreme Court of 9 men to set them aside; where good whiskey makes bad men and bad men make good whiskey; where newspapers are paid for suppressing the truth and made rich for telling a lie; where professors draw their convictions and salaries from the same source; where preachers are paid from \$1,000 to \$25,000 a year to dodge Satan and tickle the ears of the wealthy.

"Where business consists in getting property in any way that will not land you in the penitentiary; where trusts hold you up and poverty holds you down; where men vote for what they do not want for fear they will get what they want by voting for it; where women wear false hair and men dock their horse's tails; where men vote for a thing one day and swear about it the other 264 days in the year; where we have prayers on the floor of the National Capitol and whiskey in the basement; where we spend \$5,000 to bury a Congressman and \$10 to put a man away when he is poor; where the Government pays the army officer's widow \$5,000 and the poor private who faced the shell \$144, with the insinuation that he is a Government pauper and a burden because he lives.

"Where to be virtuous is to be lonesome and to be honest is to be a crank; where we sit on the safety valve of conscience and pull wide open the throttle of energy; where gold is worshiped and God is used as a wastebasket for our better thoughts and good resolutions; where we pay \$15 for a dog and 15 cents a dozen to a poor woman for making shirts; where we teach the untutored Indian the way to eternal life and kill him with bad booze; where we put a man in prison for stealing a loaf of bread and in Congress for stealing a bank or a railroad; where check-books and sins walk in broad daylight, justice is asleep, crime runs amuck, corruption permeates our social fabric and Satan laugh at every corner. Come to us, Aguinaldo! We have the grandest ag-

gregation of good things, soft things and hard things of all sizes, varieties and colors ever exhibited under one big tent. Send your delegation and we will prove all these assertions for truths."

Eastern and Western Conventions Philadelphia Times.

The selection of Kansas City as the place for holding the Democratic National Convention furnishes a new illustration of the remark that westward the star of empire takes its way. Up to this time no national convention of either of the principal political parties has journeyed beyond the western shore of the Mississippi. The Democratic convention of 1876 was held in St. Louis, as was the Republican convention of 1892. The Republican convention of 1892 was held in Minneapolis, but with these three exceptions no national convention has gone west of Chicago.

While it is probably true that the friends of Bryan were influential in the selection of Kansas City as the location of the coming Democratic convention, the choice is an entirely logical one on other grounds. The western border of Missouri is not beyond the geographical center of the country and Kansas City is a town possessing all the necessary qualifications of a convention city. In railway and telegraph facilities, hotel accommodations and other necessary requirements, it is quite equal to all the demands, and there will be few and well informed people in any part of the country to criticize the selection.

In no former Presidential year have the two convention cities represented geographical extremes to the same extent as this year. A great Presidential convention has seldom been held farther east than Philadelphia and never before has one journeyed so far west as the western line of Missouri. But it cannot be said in any true sense that the rival conventions this year will represent the sections in which they are held. There will be Republican States as far west as the Pacific and Democratic States that border on the Atlantic. The Democrats will simply cross one State farther to the west than ever before and the Republicans, in selecting Philadelphia, have chosen an old convention city.

ERYSIPELAS.

Albemarle, N. C., May 18, 1899.
The Editor of the Stanley Enterprise says:

Dear Mrs. Person: I am a complete convert to faith in your Remedy. I wrote you about my mother, of her having been attacked at regular intervals with erysipelas, she having an ulcer on her ankle, swollen leg, etc., and further, after taking two bottles of your Remedy, as prescribed, how she broke out with a terrible itching humor. Well, after resting on the strength of what she had taken for a few days, she commenced it again, and I am thankful to say it has done for her what 17 years treatment from doctors and other remedies failed to accomplish. In less than two months your Remedy has driven the erysipelas from her system (she not having a single attack since commencing your Remedy) the swollen leg has been reduced to normal proportions, and that ulcer on her leg, which had been there in an inflamed and running condition for 17 years, has entirely healed, and, praise God, your Remedy has done for my mother what doctors could not do, and what we had lost all hope of ever being done for her. Despite her 65 years of age, she can walk two miles with more ease now than she could walk two blocks before. I feel like singing your praises for what your Remedy has done for my mother, and I shall take pleasure in recommending it on all occasions. I am,
Sincerely,
J. D. BIVENS.