

Goldsboro Weekly Argus

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

No soothing strains of Maia's sons
Can lull its hundred eyes to sleep.

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NO 2

PLEASURES OF COUNTRY LIFE

DESCRIPTION OF OLD-TIME DINNER.

The Visit to the Sideboard Before Discussing the Solids, Which was Customary Among the Planters Formerly—The Abundance of the Southern Housekeeper's Table Compared With That of the Yankee Hostess.

C. S. Wooten in Charlotte Observer.

A distinguished lawyer and an excellent friend of mine remarked to me not long ago: "You ought to be a happy and contented man. You take life quietly on your plantation, among your books, and you receive invitations to big country dinners, and, blessed by a kind Providence, with a good appetite and good digestion, you ought to enjoy life." I replied that I reckoned I did get as much out of life as most men. When my neighbors say that I will not work and am always seeking shady places, I do not become insulted, for ever since the Creator placed upon man the sentence "that by the sweat of his brow he should earn his bread" for violating the law in the Garden of Eden work has been a punishment and not a pleasure. Well, it is said that everybody is good for something, and I think I have learned that I am good at eating fine dinners—when somebody else furnishes the dinner. My neighbor, A. T. Uzzell, who lives about six miles in Wayne county, knowing my proclivity in this respect, invited me over to his house last Saturday, the 20th of June, to a barbecue. He lives on the same plantation that his father, Thomas Uzzell, owned, and who was a wealthy slaveholder before the war, whom I have already mentioned in a previous article when describing the old plantation scenes of those days. There are seven of the Uzzell brothers and all except one will weigh over 200 pounds. They are as fine looking set of men as you will find anywhere, and are thrifty, enterprising farmers. One of the brothers is J. R. Uzzell, of Wilson, a distinguished lawyer, who is employed to prosecute in the Wilson cases for the murder of Jones. The Uzzells are among our best people. Their only sister married a Mr. Woodard, of Wilson, a brother of Governor Aycock's wife. Like her brothers, she is remarkably handsome. A. T. Uzzell was a member of the last Legislature, from Wayne county, and has been treasurer of the county. He has 600 acres of land. It is stiff clay land and when improved will make a bale of cotton per acre. His neighbor, J. M. Wood, joins his land on the north and he has about the same number of acres of the same quality of land. Mr. Wood was a member of the Legislature in 1898. I know of no two men who are better fixed as farmers than they are. They are a little over forty, with nice families, and in a comfortable condition. Mr. Wood and his wife were at the dinner, and also W. S. Uzzell, who lives near me in Lenoir county. He has ten children and his oldest son is cashier of the bank at Beaufort and is only about 23 years old, being the youngest cashier in the State. W. S. Uzzell is one of the most generous-hearted men I know. Let me come to the dinner.

At 12 o'clock the host said: "Step this way." I knew what was coming, so I readily obeyed. We went into a room, and on the table was ice, sugar, water and a fine quality of old rye. I filled a glass with crushed ice, put in some sugar and some whiskey, and I told the boys

that I should take a half-hour to sip that toddy. I remember hearing Governor Morehead say, in taking a drink at my father's, that that was the way to take it. While I am in favor of the temperance people doing all the good they can, and shall throw no obstacle in their way, I expect I shall take a little a few days before the funeral if they will let me have it. It looks now like the way they are going that by that time they will have it so hedged in that we can't get any. If they do I suppose I can just do without it. Old men who came along when I did, in those old times when it was on everybody's side-board, and got accustomed to their toddy, can't reconcile themselves to the new order of things that are now about to be inaugurated. Well, there is one consolation. There are not many more years for me, and I have had a pretty good time in this life, so far, and I am trusting to the mercy of God for a better life in the future.

Dinner was soon announced and we all obeyed the summons. There was an abundance of everything on the table—barbecue, ham, fried spring chicken, cabbage, cucumbers, beets, ice cream and cakes of different kinds. All was so good I did not know on which to begin eating first. I told Mrs. Uzzell that she still kept up the old Southern style of living, by having a great variety of different dishes on the table. Either one of the meats would have been sufficient, for the ham was very tempting, and I have never tasted any meat more delicious than a country cured North Carolina ham. Our Southern housewives were raised to extravagant, for a Yankee would have only had one kind of meat. I ate the barbecue and the spring chicken, and as a woodman is judged by his pile of chips, if you had seen the bones on my plate you would have thought that I had eaten a hearty meal. I generally select the rib pieces of the barbecue, and there is not much meat on them, so you may have a big pile of bones and not eat much meat. A rib piece from a young tender pig, not too fat and large and the skin cooked to a brown crisp, well seasoned with salt and pepper and vinegar while cooking, is too good for a millionaire to eat, for they can't appreciate it.

After dinner we were feeling good and we went down to the fish pond, a few hundred yards from the house. On the edge of the pond was a neat little summer house, with seats in it and open on all sides. The air as it swept over the field of golden grain, and laden with the sweet perfume of the ripening harvest, was refreshing and invigorating and made you feel as fresh as "morning roses newly washed in dew." The fish were spawning in the shallow waters of this sequestered pool, with a green slope of velvet turf on its border reflecting the "quivering trees," with the "yellow leaf sleeping on its bosom" and fish roaming fearlessly about its limpid waters, while on every side are sunny landscapes which in the summer time, under the magic touch of the husbandman, are transformed into fields of waving corn and blooming cotton. The borders of this glassy lake were embellished with cedars, willows and rose bushes in full bloom.

As I cast my eyes over those broad, fertile acres I said to A. T. Uzzell and J. M. Wood: "Your land is worth \$100 an acre and you both have fine houses and nice wives and children, and you ought to be happy." I never knew them to do but one foolish thing, and that was to go to the Legislature, and what two men, situated as they are, want to go there for is a mystery to me. I have tried it myself and I am perfectly satisfied. They are both gentlemen of fine physical forms, and will weigh about 200 pounds each. They are stately and dignified in their bearing, affable and courteous in their manners and polished and agreeable in their conversation. Indeed there is in them the happy blending of the romantic chivalry of

the old-time Southern country gentleman and the lofty dignity of an English nobleman of the old school. Living in the country they do not possess the softness and effeminacy that characterizes men of rank living in the city, but they exhibit a union of elegance and strength, a robustness of frame and freshness of complexion which is attributed to their being so much in the open air and pursuing so eagerly the invigorating recreation of rural life. Under the regime of slavery they would have been ideal Southern planters. I knew their fathers well. They were both large planters and slaveholders and were larger men than their sons and were among the noblest men of the community. Like produce like; so these young men, springing from such worthy ancestors, could not help partaking of their noble qualities and being men of mark themselves.

Every neighborhood should have social gatherings of this kind at a very small cost, which would contribute largely to the enjoyment and refinement of the people. I hope others may follow Mr. Uzzell's example, and long may he live lustily on his lordly domains, in the vigorous enjoyment of prosperity and sunshine, and flourish on to a hearty and "florid old age," and have many such reunions around his hospitable board.

LaGrange, June 26, 1903.

CAUSES OF HAY FEVER.

Hyomei the Only Cure—Gives Change of Climate in Your Own Home.

Fifty years ago, hay fever had not been named, but undoubtedly people suffered then as they do now with storms of sneezing, profuse watering of the eyes, excessive running at the nose, intense smarting and itching and stuffed up feeling in the head.

The direct causes appear to be heat, dust and the pollen of flowers. Although hay fever may occur at any season of the year, it is most common and severe in August, and preventive treatment should be adopted some weeks before the time the disease is due.

Prior to the discovery of the remarkable effects following the use of Hyomei, the only treatment that gave relief to hay fever sufferers, was change of climate. The use of Hyomei enables any one to breathe air at home which is like that of the Adirondacks the White Mountains or other health resorts where healing balsams fill the air with nature's germ destroyer, ozone.

Those who are subject to hay fever should begin the use of hyomei at once and thus prevent the disease. An ounce of prevention is worth more than a pound of cure in the treatment of hay fever.

J. H. Hill & Son have seen the good effects following the use of Hyomei in all diseases of the respiratory organs and are willing to sell Hyomei to any hay fever sufferer, with the understanding that if it does not give satisfaction, the treatment will cost nothing.

FIREBUG CONFESSES BOLDLY

Williamston, N. C., July 13.—At the trial of Josephus Williams to-day for burning the store of Anderson Hassell & Company yesterday, he confessed to the burning and told how he slept all night in the store intending to burn it during the night, but slept late. He gives no reason, but is bold in his confession and appears unconcerned. The loss of goods amounts to ten thousand dollars; insurance six thousand.

Greenwich, Conn., July 8.—Captain Harry Hanson, who was acting as chauffeur of Harry Harkness' big 40-horse power automobile, was instantly killed by being hurled from his seat into rocks at Putnam's Hill, about 1 o'clock to-day.

THE POPE STILL LIVES.

SUNDAY COMES AGAIN AND FINDS THE POPE BETTER.

If the Improvement Last Until the 21st the General Health of the Pontiff May be Such As to Relieve Anxiety.

Rome, July 12.—Pope Leo has lived to see another Sunday, and with the Sabbath quiet which fell upon Rome, came also peace and even progress to the Pontiff.

Beginning this morning with distinct signs of improvement, the Pontiff maintained this throughout the day.

To-night Dr. Lapponi made the following statement: "I believe that if the improvement lasts until July 21, we may not perhaps achieve an absolute cure, but we will secure such a general state of health in the patient as will allay our anxiety."

Rome, July 13, 6:45 a. m.—The condition of the Pope was stationary during the night.

POPE LEO'S POEM ON DEATH.

In 1897 the pope felt the shadow of death beginning to fall upon him, and in splendid defiance of its power wrote the following lines, which are considered among his strongest work.

DEATH.

The westerling sun draws near his cloudy bed,
Leo, and gradual darkness veils thy head:

The sluggish life-blood in thy withered veins,
More slowly runs its course—what then remains?

Lo! Death is brandishing his fatal dart,
And the grave yearns to shroud thy mortal part:

But from its prison freed, the soul expands
Exalting pinions to the enfranchised lands.

My weary race is run—I touch the goal:
Hear, Lord, the feeble pantings of my soul.

If it be worthy, Lord, thy pitying breast
Welcome it unto everlasting rest!

May I behold thee, Queen of earth and sky,
Whose love enchained the demons lurking nigh.

The path to heaven; and freely shall I own
'Twas thy sweet care that gained my blissful crown!

New York, July 9.—There were six deaths from heat to-day in New York, six in Brooklyn, and fully two score of prostrations. It was the hottest day in two years, or since July 2, 1901, which was the hottest day in the hottest month since the local weather bureau opened in 1871. The official record of that day, two years ago was 99 degrees. To-day it was 94 degrees at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Down in the streets humanity suffered terribly.

Wilmington, N. C., July 9.—The board of directors of the Atlantic Coast Line railroad Company have declared a dividend of 2 1/2 per cent on the common capital stock of the company, the same due and payable on and after July 10, 1903.

Durham, N. C., July 10.—About 9 o'clock this morning Louis Edmondson, a white carpenter, 32 years of age, was instantly killed by falling from one of the new tobacco warehouses. He fell fourteen feet, breaking his neck.

GOSSIP OF THE WORLD.

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM DIVERS SOURCES.

The Latest Telegraphic News of the Day Boiled Down to a Focus For Busy Readers.

The postoffice department is doing a land-office business at Oyster Bay.

Seattle is 1,450 miles nearer to China and Japan than San Francisco.

Educators rushing towards Boston is like carrying coals to Newcastle.

The last hours of Pope Leo command the silence and respect of the world.

You can nearly always tell when a woman is not thinking by the rate of speed of her talk.

Woodland, N. C., July 8.—Typhoid fever is raging in this section again this summer.

Asheville, July 8.—The Inspectors have about decided on Asheville for First Regiment encampment.

New York, July 10.—All grades of refined sugar were advanced ten cents a hundred pounds to-day.

Memphis, Tenn., July 8.—Two deaths occurred in the city to-day as a direct result of the severe heat.

New York, July 10.—The new pier of the Scandinavian-American Line, was burned to-day. Loss \$500,000.

Savanna, July 10.—A. Copen, a negro who killed Susan Rogers, a colored woman, two years ago, was hanged to-day.

New York, July 10.—Thirty-six deaths and 83 prostrations in and around New York and Brooklyn tell the story of to-day's heat.

Macon, Ga., July 8.—A Gainesville dispatch to-day says that General James Longstreet is dangerously ill at his home here.

London, July 10.—Lord Mayor Samuel gave a luncheon in honor of Rear Admiral Cotton, of the United States European squadron, here to-day.

Valparaiso, Ind., July 9.—The plant of the Aetna Powder Co., at Milles Station, was demolished by an explosion from unknown cause. The loss was \$10,000. Nobody hurt.

Baltimore, July 10.—Dreaming according to his own statement, that burglars were after him, Frank B. Manoly, at 1:30 this morning, shot and killed his wife. He was arrested.

Major T. L. Emery has sold the famous Weldon fair grounds to Gen'l Mat W. Ransom, the consideration being \$7,500. The grounds will be put in fine condition and a big fair will be held there this fall.

Atlanta, Ga., July 8.—The Legislature to-day by a vote of 89 to 75 killed the child labor bill which prevented the employing of children in cotton mills under a certain age limit.

Winston-Salem, July 8.—Lucy Cole, a 9-year-old girl, was fatally burned here to-day by her clothing catching fire. She was using kerosene oil to start a fire when the blaze flashed in the can, causing it to explode.

Greensboro, N. C., July 9.—The new Vestal Hotel at Graham was discovered on fire at 1 o'clock this morning and was totally destroyed. It had been open but six months, and was owned by Mr. Sherman Vestal, and run by Mr. Horace Foushee. The building cost \$10,000 and was insured for \$5,000. The contents of a drug store and dry goods store on the ground floor were saved, with slight damage. The fire broke out in the kitchen.

SHEPARD AND AYCOCK.

TO LEAD THE PARTY—A NEW DEMOCRATIC BANNER BEFORE US.

Old Alliance of the Solid South and the Empire State—Former Objection Out of Date.

Washington, July 9.—The Washington Times this afternoon, discusses at length the possibility of Shepard and Aycock as the nominees for the Democratic party next year. The Times says, among other things:

"A new Democratic banner has been flung to the breeze. It bears the names of Shepard and Aycock. For president, Edward M. Shepard, prominent citizen of Brooklyn borough, N. Y., and former candidate for mayor; for vice-president, Chas. B. Aycock, governor of North Carolina. This suggestion for a renewal of the old alliance of the solid South and New York ought to cause Democrats to stop and consider.

"Of the Hon. Edward M. Shepard the general public knows much; it knows of his opposition to the regular Democratic ticket in 1896 because of the silver plank in the platform, of his return to the fold four years later, and his support of Bryan on the issue of anti-imperialism, of his unsuccessful canvass for mayor two years ago on the Tammany ticket, and of his recent efforts to harmonize the divided factions of Democracy, and with it there is a suspicion that Mr. Shepard, who had never avowed himself one way or the other, is willing to be considered a candidate for president.

"Of Governor Aycock probably not so much is known, although he is certainly entitled to careful consideration. He is regarded, by those who know him and his record, as one of the ablest men in public office in the South to-day. He is brilliant and an orator of ability, and has given North Carolina a clean administration.

"The old objection of a candidate from a secession State should not hold against him, for he is so young as scarce to remember even in a vague sort of a way any of the stirring events of the early sixties. He is greatly beloved by the people of the State; scholarly, conservative, earnest and conscientious, and if a Southern man he is to be chosen by the Democracy he is entitled to first consideration."

THE NIGHT REDDENED.

Blaze at One Time Threatened Newbern's Whole Business Section.

Newbern, N. C., July 8.—A fire broke out here at about half past ten o'clock to-night, which for a time threatened the whole business section of the city with destruction.

The flames spread with great rapidity and in a short while the Planters tobacco warehouse, Mitchell's livery stable and several smaller houses were ablaze.

The firemen fought desperately to subdue the flames, but at first it seemed that their efforts would prove unavailing. At last, however, shortly after midnight the fire was gotten under control.

An estimate of the losses puts them at \$50,000 or more, with the amount of insurance unknown.

Lexington, Ky., July 8.—A jury in County Judge Turpin's court to-day at Richmond adjudged General Cassius M. Clay of unsound mind, on the testimony of several of his children and a physician from Richmond, none of whom had seen General Clay for months.