

THE ARGUS,

R. BRIGGS, Editor.
W. F. HANLON,
Corresponding Editor.

THURSDAY MAY 6, 1875:

TO CORRESPONDENTS:

We wish it distinctly understood that our correspondents stand in their own shop, and we are responsible for what they may say.

No communication will be inserted in the columns of THE ARGUS unless it is referred to the editor or some responsible party.

DEAR SIR.—At the earnest request of some valued friends, and hoping at the same time to interest your readers, more than anything I can say on the political topics of the day, there have been so many to many good men and women; I concluded to give you an impression

of the grand and imposing ceremony in the city of Charleston, at the time of the repose that some chivalrous high-toned people paid to the mortal remains of her honored and adored son, C. Calhoun.

It is not my purpose to eulogize the merits of this great statesman. The future historian will do this; but this much I will say, that the doctrine of States Rights that taught, and for twenty-five years advocated is to-day bearing its fruits among those who for four bloody years fought for destruction, and who thought they had vanquished and annihilated it forever on the field of Appomattox. The sagacious statesmen who let loose the dogs of war upon us '61, now see that nothing but this doctrine will save them from destruction, which is only the first act in the drama of a bloody and disrupted despotism. It is not what I started to tell you. The news was flashed over the country that John C. Calhoun was dead, a of anguish went up from his native land unparalleled in its universality as sincere in its intensity.

News was suspended, and crowds hurriedly flock to the nearest towns to console with each other in calamity that had befallen them, now some fitting tribute of respect to memory.

My fortune to be present at one of primary meetings held in a town bordering on our own State. The assembled was addressed by that gifted jurist, afterwards was called "bell, book candle," by the author of South Carolina "ordinance of secession" and now an exile from his State and his home buried by Sherman's ravages of his property and persecuted carpet-bag government of his State, and an asylum in the grand old city more, that has given shelter to other refugees.

screne skies and cloudless sunshine erring of thy days, presceptor of my soul, and friend of my manhood.

to return, when the weaker delegation was appointed, the district in the city of Charles

arrived on the sad occasion. Your correspondent was one of these delegates, and was an eyewitness to what took

that memorable occasion, and thy language is too feeble to describe and incidents that passed before me then—yet twenty-five years at that time. The Legislature

a large appropriation to be ex- the funeral obsequies, and the

Carleton had, with its accustomed

followed its example. Every

the State sent large delegations

and strangers and admirers

from the whole continent—

of the United States appointment

representing his State in the United States Senate, a position among the gentlemen that adorned the councils of the nation at that time—subsequently Secretary of War under Mr. Pierce's administration, then back in the Senate and then President of the Confederate States, and last the prisoner at Fortress Monroe, and manacled and persecuted by "the best government in the world," and while naught saluted his ears but the breaking surge of the ocean against his prison walls and the monotonous tread of the clanking footsteps of the armed cavalry marching through the condemned cell—still Jefferson Davis was dearer to the hearts of these Southern people than when he stood on the proud pinnacle of fame, the admiration of patriots through the world. Next on the list came one who had battled in many a hard fight against the encroachments of the abolition party upon Southern rights, and whose name, at that time, was dearer to Southern hearts than any man north of Mason and Dixon's line, and for years after withstood the avalanches of vituperation that were hurled against him by the abolitionists, but who finally was swept away from his high position by the tidal wave of fanaticism, and, false to the instincts of his whole life, contrary to the principles he had always advocated, mounted the rostrum and harangued on the unholly crusade against his former friends with all the ardor of a new convert, and sweeping along with him the great mass of the Democratic party, who had hitherto refused to contribute their aid to Lincoln and Seward, and then the Northern people became united against us. Two names only of great note, stand out conspicuously as forasters in that dark political horizon, whose light shone more brightly for four long years, on account of the extreme blackness of the angry cloud that enveloped the Northern States. Honored then for all time in this our Southern land be the names of Franklin Pierce, and Millard Fillmore, while the name of Daniel S. Dickinson, of New York, the friend and pall-bearer of Calhoun, be handed down to future generations, accompanied by the virtuous indignation and just execrations of a betrayed people. With pleasure I turn to the next one of these venerable pall-bearers, a man who had identified himself for more than a score of years with the history of his country, who ranked in the Senate of the United States with Calhoun, Webster and Clay, and whose pre-eminence as a constitutional lawyer was acknowledged by the foremen of the Supreme Court of the United States, his name as familiar all over the country as it was in his own State. Friend of Calhoun, the star of existence had set in radiant splendor, are the dark days came upon us. We needed thy counsels in our long struggle for freedom; but thy teachings were not forgotten; for thy gallant State poured out her best blood on every battle field from Manassas to Appomattox, in trying to establish the principles learned from thy lips; and the name of James Berrier, of Georgia, will never die until constitutional liberty takes its everlasting flight from our once loved country. Following him on the committee were Senators Doge, from Iowa, and Clark, of Rhode Island. I have dwelt too long already on those names; but they have called up unbidden associations of the past that I rarely indulge in now. Should a kind Providence spare my life to see the constitution of the United States restored to its original purity, then, perhaps I may indulge in these sad but pleasing reminiscences, and retrace them more at length to those by whom I am surrounded. But one name and I pass on. With the exception of Mr. Davis, the only one now, of Mr. Calhoun's pall-bearers that linger among us, then member of Congress, contemporary with the illustrious Carolinian, he early drank in his words of wisdom, and became thoroughly imbued with his peculiar doctrine of states rights, and from that early period of his life down to the death of Mr. Calhoun, his friendship never faltered, and his clarion notes in defense of Southern rights, were never hushed—aye, and not even then, when fanaticism had at last succeeded, and the bulwarks of the constitution lay wrecked and shattered, and the storm burst upon us in all its fury, his voice was still heard above the din and roar of battle in vindication of states rights, and when blinding war had crimsoned the soil of his beloved South and the fierce demon of hate, incarnation of all the worst passions of the human heart, had striken us down with its hurling crew, he still stood erect, the noblest man of them all; and today his voice is still heard, although, in the retirement of a green age, with all the vigor of his early intellect, still advocating those eternal truths of political faith, he fought for through all his years.

Be proud of him, North Carolinians—study his life, and teach it to your children. You cannot honor him now, for he has in his manhood's prime shed lustre on your history, and left behind an unsullied record that will light your pathway through the political darkness that stretches before you. You can still honor him in representing events in the catalog of the city hall, that had been magnificent

Conventions, and give to that body the experience of over half a century in political life, and the name of Abram W. Venard will once more be a household word in North Carolina.

These were the men who represented the United States Government, at Mr. Calhoun's funeral in Charleston. In that day there was no railroad communication between Wilmington and Charleston, alias of steamer plying between the two cities. One of the steamers was fitted up in an appropriate manner in Charleston, and a committee of twenty-five distinguished citizens left for Wilmington to escort the remains to their own city.

The arrangements in Charleston were of the most perfect character. Marshals appointed to take charge of the procession. The Mayor of the city was to receive the illustrious dead and his escort, on the wharf where the steamer was to land. From thence the procession was to move to the citadel square and there to be received by the Governor of the State. But this is anticipating. When the steamer appeared from Fort Sumter minute guns were fired from that historic fortress, while the same solemn sound came rolling over the placid waters of a tug towed by the steamer. Soon Port Moultrie was passed, and the puff of white smoke that floated from her parapet was evidence that the garrison there were doing honor to the lead. Steaming slowly up the bay, the troops at Castle Pinckney threw open their casements and the deep roll of their signal gun announced to those far up the city, that the lifeless clay would soon be deposited on the soil of his native State, that his immortal spirit lived as well

—and then the deep-toned chime of bells

away up in old St. Michael's spire caught up the mournful dirge, and from steeple to steeple the mournful peals went out the solemn refrain far across the blue waters of the bay, and over Ashley and Cooper rivers until their echoes died away in the solitude of the country. Save these solemn sounds the stillness of death rested over the vast multitude who stood with bowed and bowed heads as the steamer slowly rounded to the wharf. After the formal introductions between the Congressional Committee and the city authorities had been gone through with, the processions started for the citadel square. Across every street from house to house, were stretched banners, with appropriate devices, draped in crape; and when they reached the large square where the Governor, members of Mr. Calhoun's family and other eminent citizens were waiting, and the introduction took place, Governor Seabrook, in an appropriate speech to the Congressional delegation, formally received the body. Then it was that your honored representative made the most impressive speech I ever heard. I shall not attempt an outline of his speech. His manner was more eloquent than his words, as his voice faltered, and tears of grief down his cheeks.

He spoke of his intimacy of years with the honored dead; his last illness; his absorbing anxiety to save the union; his last great speech, when too feeble to utter it, he reclined on a sofa in the Senate chamber, when the Hon. James M. Mason read it;

he spoke of its prophesy, he told of the last great struggle; his last thoughts on his country; and then he told how the flickering pulse gave token that his great heart was about to cease its functions—and then he said: "I determined his eyes should never grow dim in this world, and I drew down the lids, and then his immortal spirit took its everlasting flight from that frail tenement." He went on to say that he "shed tears of gratitude as they passed through his own State at the demonstrations of respect made by his own people," remarking that "at every depot they passed, at every hotel, the people of North Carolina honored him & their tears." He thanked God that he had witnessed this day's scenes that no pontiff on earth could ever realize, a whole State weeping for their son. "Such a scene as is witnessed," said he, "is unparalleled in the world's history. Every shop, store and business house closed; not the sound of a hammer or anvil heard in this great commercial metropolis." But I bear any further synopsis of his speech—Old men and maidens wept.

Mr. Calhoun's body was then placed on the bier built for the occasion, a large platform erected on wheels. On top of the platform stood eight columns, running up about ten feet high supporting a roof, octagonal in shape, and on the top of each corner was a palmetto tree, the whole covered in crape. This bier was drawn by six black horses, covered with cloths reaching to their fetlocks, and each horse led by a negro dressed in a black suit, with cravat & hat, reaching to the ground. Immediately following the bier were the members of Mr. Calhoun's family, in carriages—Then followed the pall-bearers, already mentioned. Then the Governor of the State, accompanied by six Ex-Governors of Philadelphia, in Bedon, Germany, and F. A. Brezinger, of New York. The New York player won the game.

The Georgia Grand Royal Arsen Chapel

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ly fitted up for the occasion. In the middle of the large hall had been erected a beautiful and elaborate catafalque, entirely draped in crape. The body was placed on this so that every one could have an opportunity to take a last look of the great deceased. The body was encased in a metallic coffin, and over the face a plate of glass had been fixed so tight you could hardly get a clear and distinct view of his features. The long procession then commenced filing through.

This was about 2 p. m. About nine p. m., I walked round to take my last look at all that was mortal of John C. Calhoun, and still the crowd was so dense that I could with difficulty make my way. Entering my way in, I found the entire coffin buried in magnificent white bouquets, magnolias, jasmines, and all kinds of rare exotic, taken from the hot houses in the city and placed there by the fair hands of Calhoun's daughters, and all night long that living throng passed through the hall.

On the next day the body was taken to old St. Phillip's church, and then the sainted minister of God, Dr. Miles, pronounced his funeral sermon. I venture to say there was scarcely a dry eye in that vast assemblage. Thence it was carried to the rear of the church, and deposited in a grave, and a simple marble slab resting on four small pillars, and the only inscription on it was "John C. Calhoun."

Thus ended this memorable funeral. The splendor of the pageant did not design to captivate the eye and take a parade in a formal way to convince the world of their deep love for Mr. Calhoun—not it was the spontaneous outburst of hearts deeply smitten at the loss of one they almost worshipped.

Here I might stop, but will add this much that the city of Charleston and the city of Columbia, the Capitol of the State, each vied with the other in claiming their representative places as his last resting place. It was finally settled, by voting it at Charleston, and there it remained until at the close of the war. Just previous to the occupation of the yankees it was privately taken up, and removed to some secret place where the malignant hate of the vandals could never find it. What has since been done with it I am unable to say.

I only hope upon my last visit to that spot, when I beheld a huge stone, filled with rare white flowers, resting on the slab, kept pure and fresh by

500 though all these long years.

EDGELDENE.

Argo, Robeson Co., N. C.

AN IMPORTAMINOT TO THE SENIORS OF THE STATE.—We publish the following at the request of the State Treasurer:

RALEIGH, April 27, 1875.

To the Sheriff of the several counties in North Carolina.

I receive information from time to time that many persons are traveling in this state doing business as traveling agents in the interest of houses, men, and out of the State without returning the money from the State without returning the money from Schedule B of "An act to raise revenue."

The attention of State and Tax Collectors is called to the provisions of said section.

It will be seen by reference to it that a material change has been made in the section as it exists in the former law. The only exception which in no

authorizes agricultural implements and fruit trees which are the growth or manufacture of the house holding them, and seeds of all kind intended for the improvement of agriculture. This section is entirely consistent with the decisions of the Supreme Courts of the United States and this State.

It applies to residents as well as non-residents. I call upon all county officers in the section to see, as far as practicable, that is not evaded in their respective counties.

D. A. JENKINS.

State Treasurer.

THE DELAWARE PEACH CROP.—It is

known from the most reliable sources that the damage to the peach crop by the recent cold weather is not as serious as was at first feared. The damage has been more severe in some sections than in others. The orchards on the Susquehanna have suffered a loss of three-fourths.

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varieties on trees of any age. McNamee report a total in Kent county, Theobromia, Cecilton is from three-fourths to nineteen-tenths gone. It is believed that peaches in the vicinity of Townsend in the "Levels" are materially injured. From Laurel

two-thirds the peaches on the trees from three to five years old are reported killed, and on the older trees one-half.

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NEW ADVERTISING NEWS.

NOTICE.

ALSO TAXES.—*BY THE END OF THIS MONTH* we will meet in Washington on the 1st May day in May on Tuesday and Wednesday following for the purpose of hearing their complaints. Parties who are dissatisfied will attend on the 1st day and hear the same heard.

By order of the Board.