

Southward, Ho!

Issue by issue the WATCHMAN has been pointing a confident finger to our southern skies, as day by day her industrial constellations assemble other points of light. The cotton fields have always been ours, by right of inalienable heritage, and day by day it is becoming more and more our own to drive the spindle and the shuttle, to sweep the entire circle from the cotton seed to the bolt on the merchant's counter. The tobacco industry, too, has always been peculiarly our property, and it has been estimated that the unmarketed, marketable timber that stands upon the bosom of one of our States is sufficient to pay off the debt of the entire South. Climatic advantages were given to us from the beginning, so that, along with tobacco and cotton, the rice and cane fields, the orange grove and the vine are possibilities of our land alone.

Still, greater than all except the first, our hills sides, sanded with coal and iron in easy proximities and inexhaustible quantities, are beginning to press our advantage home in another direction. Already many Pennsylvania mills, burdened with inferior ores and which lie too far from coal, have found that they cannot hope to keep the field against the better circumstanced furnaces of the South. Therefore they have stopped their fires, perhaps never to light them again, while we are daily adding new plants of every description and increasing the capacity of the old. The drift of the establishments that work the pig-iron into the shapes of commerce is setting southward also. It is now an established and fully recognized fact that the South can produce her iron even cheaper and to a better advantage than England can. Of a consequence, therefore, is the migration of the manufactory and mill to the immediate locality of the sources of cheap material supply. Low priced iron is a condition, not a sentiment, which the manufacturer must confront. Either he must conform to it or combat it in a profitless losing fight from the inception. For this reason he moves southward.

Still there is one disadvantage under which we labor. Freight charges, except in favored districts, throughout the South are at a much higher average than those paid by northern and western men. This cannot continue, of course, but while it remains it is no inconsiderable handicap. As an instance of how it militates against us, we cite the case of the lumberman who came to our own county, and who, after pronouncing the Yadkin a splendid stream for rafting timber, shipped three trial logs to northern markets. He then paid his freight bills and quit, saying that although on either bank of the river a grand supply could be obtained, he could not market the trees, at those rates, if they were given to him.

For this reason it appears that some of us must wait until our railroads find out that fifty twenty-cent tons are better than ten at forty cents.

Nevertheless, despite these local obstacles, it is easy to gather that day by day the South is renewing her strength and assembling her powers for the race which must inevitably terminate in her favor.

In the language of Chauncey Depew, "Go South, young man!"

And Pity 'Tis, 'Tis True. With this issue we publish the full text of the Governor of Louisiana's letter, which is an arraignment of the Lottery. The people too are active in the fight. They have organized central and auxiliary leagues throughout the State and are issuing dockets inside and outside of it.

In one of their papers they say: "The Lottery Company is preparing a powerful effort to obtain from the Legislature the submission to the people of a constitutional amendment extending its corporate life for twenty-five years, and, failing in that, to control the election of the State Government in 1892 in order that a Constitutional Convention may be called. The League appeals for aid and influence to secure the enactment by Congress at its present session of a law which will effectually close the mails against the Louisiana Lottery Company.

Here indeed is a holy cause. A proud people struggling with their shame.

Typical.

ANOTHER ANYTHING TO WIN.

Did it ever occur to you to note the two-foot rule that a republican justifies his political measurements by? When he speaks of a situation, by no chance do the words right and wrong occur, but always some form of success or failure which shows you plainly that he is only thinking of that form of ethics which is called expediency. Read a report of an interview and you will readily discover that if they disapprove of any measure, it is only in direct proportion as the measure is prophetic of disaster to their plans. A high moral ground is never attained by them. Below we give the Washington Post's interview with Thomas Settle, Esq., and it is patent that his only interest in the matter is referable to the fact that he considers the measures treated as being mistakes in the sense that they make "hard sledding" for him and his people. He says:

"Politics in North Carolina are in a peculiar state. The democrats are leaving no stone unturned to elect a solid delegation this fall, but they have dissensions which are probably getting a headlong over. Andrew H. Joyce, of Stokes county, will be a formidable competitor for the republican nomination, and can probably get it away from Brower if he wants it. But we republicans can hold the fifth and ninth districts if the administration will give us half a chance. It is making hard sledding, however. The defeat of the Blair bill and this promise of pension legislation are not liked. The McKinley bill reduces internal revenue taxation without lessening in the least the odious, iniquitous features. In fact, the internal revenue law is now being enforced with a severity never known before. A late move, I understand, is to compel distillers to produce three gallons of whiskey to every bushel of meal. This is in favor of big distilleries, but the small ones can't do it. That regulation will lose about fifty votes to every distillery, and we have a lot of them."

Perhaps, in the connection, he is not altogether sincere, though; for he is not so precious green (Gael Hamilton says this expression is Cowper's, and therefore allowable) as to attach any importance to the idle threats of the negroes in his district. There is only one way to count, the colored voter, and that is to count him every time, whenever you see him, in any wind or weather as republican, for it is only when a people begin to think, that they cease to be all of a sort and jump with the bell weathers of their kindred.

The fact that we are a proud people who scorn to hand over the children of our land as further wards of the nation, and therefore defeated Mr. Blair's plans, also strikes him as being inexpedient. Nor has it occurred to him to consider that while the government may become the guardian of the Union soldier and the freedman that we have a foolish, perhaps, but sacred sentiment where the little ones of our land are involved.

Reverting again to the original observation we add that no distinction of Mr. Settle is intended; the sole object of it all being to point to the fact that everywhere it is the same. Always there is but one metric standard, that being not right or degree of right but expediency—material consequence, or cause and effect.

We ne'er Shall See His Lik' Again.

Co'onel Elliott F. Shepard used up nearly a column of his paper yesterday to prove that he is one of the finest lawyers of the age.

It was charming reading, because it gave us a catalogue of the Colonel's victories, a list at the amount of his fees and in one or two instances the difficulty he had in collecting them.

He needn't have been at such pains, though, to prove his own greatness. Neither Casey nor Napoleon ever recited the story of his battles in order to Joe the calumnious mouth of some Gift Enterprise concern of his time. The truly great need no eulogist, much less do they need to eulogize themselves.

The Colonel will never enter oblivion. He will live forever as the only one of his kind. A thousand years after his exit he will still remain, like a fly in amber, and the scientific men of twenty centuries hence will puzzle their brains to find out why the Lord never made another like him.—Sunday Star.

It is a puzzle why he made this one. We are strongly inclined to think he evolved or was just tossed out as a misfit. At all events, that he is sui generis is a matter for thanks. To THE WATCHMAN he seems about as useful as a tack in a chair.

A pleasant little surprise was that organized by Bynum, Springer, Holman and the defiant democracy of the House for the benefit of the White Czar last Saturday. Conscious of right, scorning Reed's attempted tyranny, fired by the indignity offered, fearing nothing, they laughed in the Speaker's face and mocked his idle words of censure. Aye, Mr. Reed, when next you propose to permit the reading of a letter on the floor of the House which reflects upon the character of a member, and when you rule the injured member down on his question of personal privilege, you will easily understand that Bynum, of Indiana, is not such a victim.

The Swamp Lion.

W. W. Cottrell, so well known on the streets of Salisbury, is earning fame. Since he left us he has used his pistol and shot gun right and left, and to drive out the collector of customs from his office in Cedar Keys Florida. The consequence is that the United States has declared war, placed Cedar Keys in a state of siege, sent a vessel there, trained two twenty-four pounders on her streets, searched a number of houses, marched a lot of marines through it and sent a squad of sixteen sailors under the command of a Lieutenant to hunt Cottrell through the swamps. Mayor Cottrell is now, and has been for days past, engaged in playing the wild Seminole of the everglades, as the sailors press him from point to point in the swamp. Cottrell's misdeeds are listed as follows:

One morning the light house keeper was shot at on the street by Cottrell, but was not hit. The same afternoon Cottrell "held up" the agent of the F. C. & P. railway with a double barreled shot gun, but the railroad man disarmed him. The mayor next visited the U. S. collector of customs, and with his city marshal by his side, both with drawn pistols, insulted him foully, and threatened to put him in jail the moment he dared to leave his office. Cottrell also threatened to horsewhip the Episcopal minister and his wife, most estimable people. The clergyman went to Tallahassee to complain to Governor Fleming, and on his return was escorted to his home by his parishioners. Cottrell has committed a long list of lawless deeds. He killed his brother-in-law over a drink of whisky shortly after the war. He had eight indictments to answer at the last term of the county court, but as matters were so arranged that the jury drawn was an illegal one, he got off. He was formerly a deputy collector, but the present collector discharged him.

The moral of all this is that if you want to raise sand, don't do it with the government's property or people.

Clean Straight Grained Bynum.

Bynum, of Indiana, is the true type of the unterrorized democracy. Always he may be depended upon to come forward and exhibit the courage of his convictions. He is afraid of nothing, and when things go wrong he makes remarks—which are generally considered full. When he is required to appear before the bar of the House for censure he has a triumph that Caesar might have envied, and the Speaker's august person becomes pitiable by contrast. We refer to the following scene, which occurred during the debate on the McKinley bill:

Mr. Bynum, of Indiana, speaking of the protective tariff on wool, argued that it had destroyed the manufacture of woolen goods and driven the manufacturers to manufacture shoddy, thereby destroying the industry of wool-growing.

Mr. Bynum, of Pennsylvania, in speaking to a verbal amendment, sent to the clerk's desk, and had read a letter from Jas. Campbell, of Pittsburg, Pa., denying the statement reflecting upon his character made a few days since by Mr. Bynum of Indiana, and had read a letter from Virginia, in his letter he strongly attacks those gentlemen and uses vigorous language in denunciation of them. An attempt was made to have the letter stricken from the record, but it was unsuccessful.

Mr. Bynum, of Indiana, rose to a question of personal privilege to speak to the Campbell letter, and when the Chair expressed a belief that no question of privilege was involved, there was an uproar and much confusion.

After a half-hour had been wasted, Mr. Bynum got the floor and explained the conditions under which he had called Campbell a liar and a perjurer. He concluded by reiterating his charge, and by saying: "I have as great confidence in the character of Mr. Campbell as I have in the character of the gentleman who makes this attack upon me." (Excitement and uproar.) On demand of Mr. Catechon, the words were turned down and reported to the House and Mr. Catechon offered a resolution to censure Mr. Bynum. Debating motions consumed a great deal of time, but the previous question was ordered finally on the resolution.

After much debate the matter came to a vote. Mr. Springer demanded a division of the resolutions, and the first resolution declaring that Mr. Bynum merited the censure of the House, was adopted, yeas 126; nays 103. The second resolution providing for the presence of Mr. Bynum before the bar of the House was also adopted, yeas 126; nays 103. (Mr. McKenna, of California, voting in the negative.) Then Mr. Bynum, of Indiana, appeared at the bar, accompanied by all of his democratic associates who could find room in the limited space, and who were loud in their applause. The Speaker demanded that members be seated, but the democrats to a man rose and crowded about Mr. Bynum. The Speaker then censured him, and at the conclusion, Mr. Bynum said: "Under such circumstances, I accept the censure of the House as a decoration of honor." [Applause.]

Washington Letter.

(From our regular correspondent.) WASHINGTON, D. C., May 19, 1890.—The protection ring is struggling hard for life. As long as its demands were confined within the limits of humanity the producer cheerfully bore the burdens it imposed. But like all oppressors, it grew more and more exacting, audacious and blind until the patient jade tired out, and is now in a state of rebellion.

For many years the farmer has starved himself to fatten the protectionist, assured that there would come a butchering time when this outlay would return. He has followed the ignominious arguments and alluring promises that this burden would be removed. He has been hoaxed over and fondled by pick-pockets, who distracted him with prohibition or whiskey while he was robbed. But, while the population doubled in numbers, farms diminished one half in value. While the farmer pays double for all the necessities for farm use and consumption his own products are reduced in price and his eyes are opening. The protectionists, too, see that their ship is sinking, and the instinctive rats have already commenced to leave.

They had a bad fright the other day when Mr. Butterworth deserted. They are fast losing in the North and West, to gain a temporary respite are about to exercise their brains and money from their present vantage ground of power, unfettered by scruples and bold with the success of long-practiced deception. Protection, of course is the soul and prop of the republican party, and the means sought to perpetuate it is a federal election law. It is not conceded that it is a purely partisan measure but the following by Speaker Reed at a recent banquet explains the matter concisely. "The only wise course is to take into federal hands the federal elections. Let us cut loose from the state elections; do our own registration, our own counting, our own certification. Then the nation will be satisfied. The southern states can by themselves grapple with the problem whether a state can permanently enthrone injustice. Freed from all right of interference from the North, within their own borders and their own state rights they will have the power for which they have longed, the power to work out their own peculiar problem themselves."

So the G. O. P. cares nothing for the negroes whose wrongs it has been heralding so. They may be lulled and cheated and marbled as it has been claimed they have been treated heretofore, at State elections; just so that their votes are recorded for protection high tariff and the republican party in the federal contests. For greater security Senators Sherman, Hoar and others advocate making the tenure of election officers for life. Others wish to charge the judiciary with this duty; but so far no one has been able to devise any practical bill that didn't run counter to the constitution. This additional election will involve an extra expense of ten or fifteen millions but the tariff men and salaried officials will regard that as a small sum well appropriated if it answers their purpose.

In the House the tariff debate last week was no better than a squabble, the amendments being regularly voted down as they were offered. In the Senate Mr. Teller denounced the Windfall silver bill in vigorous terms and promised that with free coinage wheat would go up to \$1.10. He didn't say it would go to that price in Liverpool, where the world's price is made, but virtually confessed that inflation was the object. This bill will be voted on Wednesday and will pass the House all right. But wait until it gets to the Senate. Senator Allison is waiting for it. The west will show its teeth. He says that he is profoundly convinced that the conditions have changed, and will handle the McKinley bill so that the author won't know it, when he sees it.

At an evening session of the House last Wednesday 130 private pension bills were passed. As these claims are invariably first rejected for want of satisfactory proof, after careful examination by the Pension Bureau it would seem that the House had developed a remarkable capacity for business, to dispose of so great an amount of it in so short a time.

Representative O'Neil, of Mass., introduced a bill in the House, amending the Contract Labor law, increasing the penalty for the violation of the law to \$500 fine and six months imprisonment, in addition to the \$1000 forfeit, now imposed. The Government has decided to send back at its own expense 21 Chinamen which were smuggled through Mexico. It was feared that if they were sent back to Mexico they would be allowed to find their way back here again.

Being now "out of the woods" as to the railroad, we can all hallow if we choose, this our very throats become hoarse. The idea of a locomotive running through the woods of Stany in this year of grace, was not dreamed of by the old citizens of two decades ago, but "truth is sometimes stranger than fiction."

Mr. Bally Boyden, of Salisbury, was here on Tuesday of this week and he brought "gal tidings of great joy." The duting Thomas's of whom there are so many, may now clap their hands for joy, for "believing is seeing, and seeing is the naked truth." A force of convicts, several hundred strong, will be here this week or next, and the work of grading will be pushed vigorously. The intention is to complete the work in five or six months. Large tents instead of stockades, we hear, will be used for the convicts at night. Specifications for cross-ties are in the possession of Mr. S. H. Hearne. 25 cents per tie will be given for them, each delivered on the line of the railroad.—Sally Observer.

The Methodist General Conference.

The Eleventh Quadrennial Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, began its session in St. Louis, Mo., May 7th, Bishop J. C. Keener, the Senior Bishop of the Church, presiding. All the bishops now living were present, namely J. C. Keener, A. W. Wilson, J. C. Granberry, R. K. Hargrove, W. W. Duncan, C. B. Galoway, E. R. Hendrix, and J. S. Key. Bishop H. N. McTyeire had died during the last quadrennium.

The body will probably continue its labors until the last of this month. It is composed of a number of clerical and lay delegates to the number of about three hundred, representing forty annual conferences lying in the bounds of the United States and Mexico, and embracing large missionary territory and interests in South America, the West Indies, China and Japan. The body represents a total membership of 1,177,150 communicants, which shows an increase in the last four years of 186,150.

The Conference is engaged in reviewing all the interests of the church, such as its missionary, church extension, Sunday school, educational and publishing interests, and in planning largely for the future.

The Conference has made strong deliverances against dancing, theatre-going, card-playing, etc., at the part of church members, and also on the subject of temperance.

On a count of the increase of membership in the church and enlargement of territory, there will be an increase in the number of annual conferences. It is expected that the N. C. Conference will be divided into two annual conferences.

On last Monday the Conference elected two new bishops—Rev. Atticus G. Haygood, D. D., of the North Alabama Conference, and Rev. Oscar P. Fitzgerald, D. D., editor of the Nashville Christian Advocate, and a member of the Pacific Conference. The latter is a native of Caswell county, N. C.

Bishop Haygood has won national fame as a pulpit and platform orator, and as a College President, an author, and as agent of the John F. Slater fund for the education of southern negroes, a sum equal in amount to the Peabody fund. He was elected Bishop in 1882, but declined on account of his devotion to other duties.

Bishop Fitzgerald is a many-sided, versatile man, and is especially distinguished as one of the foremost religious editors of this country. Both will fill the office of bishop well.

The delegates present from the N. C. Conference are: Clerical—J. R. Brooks, J. A. Cunningham, F. L. Reid, V. A. Sharpe, W. S. Black, H. T. Hudson, J. E. Mann, F. D. Swindell. Lay—D. W. Bain, B. F. Dixon, J. A. Odell, J. W. Mauney, Walter Clarke.

Last Thursday evening about 5 o'clock Willie Warren, of Salisbury, committed suicide by taking two bottles of laudanum. A few minutes before the hour named he went into Moose's drug store and bought one bottle of the poison, going out he went between Cook & Foll's and the Racket store and drank the whole of the contents. A few minutes later he went back to the same store and asked for another bottle. Mr. Moose became suspicious and asked him what he wanted with so much laudanum. He said he wanted it for another fellow. The druggist let him have it, and Warren then went out and drank half of that. Then, going from the post-office, I met him. He said: "Hold on; I am going up street." Our way he asked me if a bottle and a half of laudanum would hurt him. I said it would kill him. He says, "I have drank that much." I said it wasn't so, and he pulled out the half bottle and said he was going to drink that before he got to his room. And when he left me to go to his boarding house he told me I would never see him again. I told him he ought not talk that way. I then left him and thought no more about it. After going to his room and lying down a few minutes, he told his room mates about it. They thought he was fooling, but told him he had better walk about. He did so at once, going back down the street. A room mate started to the College to report it. Meeting another student he told him. They immediately went down town and found Warren insensible lying on the counter in the Racket.

When he left his room he went immediately to the public well, sat down upon the curb and went to sleep. His condition was discovered and at once medical aid was summoned. Willing hearts and ready hands were not lacking, and every possible effort was made to counteract the effects of the poison. Dr. P. A. Borrie and a medical student, Roberts, were in constant attendance. Dr. Lilly of Concord was at once sent for, and a telegram was sent to Warren's mother in Salisbury. The students worked faithfully with him all night. About half past two they brought him to, and he spoke a few words, but it did not last long. They still did everything in their power for his recovery, and we all thought he was getting better. He got so that he could talk a little and he knew some of the boys, and also called for milk and water to drink. We were all satisfied of his recovery. About 11 o'clock Dr. Lilly, in company with Dr. Fitzgerald, came up, and did all they could for him. But about 25 minutes after 2 o'clock he began to sink away and in five minutes he was dead. A coffin was at once prepared, and about 4:30 his mother came, but too late to find her son living.

We know not what caused him to do so. He was liked very much by his fellow students, and was getting along fine in school, the professor says. His body was taken to Salisbury about 6 o'clock by a number of the students. The faculty and students did everything in their power to save him. If attention would have saved him he would be living today. All college work was suspended and not a boy could be seen there only when resting each other. M. S. COLLY. Mt. Pleasant, May 17, 1890.

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