

The Carolina Watchman.

XXI.—THIRD SERIES.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1890.

NO. 24.

GENERAL DIRECTORY

COUNTY GOVERNMENT.

Clerk, Superior Court, J. M. Horah.
Register of Deeds, J. C. Kridler.
Treasurer, J. C. McCubbins.
Surveyor, J. C. Arvey.
Commissioners, T. J. Summer chairman, L. Klutz, C. F. Baker, Dr. L. W. Cole, J. Cornelius Kestler.
Public Schools, T. C. Linn.
Health, Dr. J. J. Sumner.
Deputy of Poor, A. M. Brown.

TOWN.

Mayor, Chas. D. Crawford.
Clerk, D. R. Julian.
Treasurer, J. H. Foust.
Police, R. W. Price, chief, J. F. Pace, C. H. M. Barringer, Benj. Cauble.
Commissioners—North ward, J. A. Renwick, D. M. Miller; South ward, D. R. E. J. A. Barrett; East ward, J. B. Gorman; West ward, R. J. J. A. Conzouner; West ward, R. J. J. A. Conzouner.
J. W. Randle.

CHURCHES.

Methodist—Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 6 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 8 p. m. Rev. T. W. W. pastor.
Sunday school every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. J. W. Mauney, sup't.
Presbyterian—Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 8:30 p. m. Rev. J. C. Sample, D. D., pastor.
Sunday school every Sunday afternoon at 3 p. m. Rev. J. C. Sample, sup't.
Lutheran—Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7 p. m. Rev. Chas. B. King, pastor.
Sunday school every Sunday afternoon at 3 p. m. R. G. Kizer, sup't.
Episcopal—Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. and Wednesday at 6:30 p. m. Rev. F. J. Murdoch, rector.
Sunday school every Sunday afternoon at 3 p. m. Capt. Theo. Parker, sup't.
Baptist—Services every Sunday morning and night. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Rev. J. W. W. pastor.
Sunday school every Sunday at 10 a. m. Y. M. C. A.—Devolutions services at Hall every Sunday at 10 a. m. Business meeting first Thursday night in every month. H. Foust, pres't.

LODGES.

Fulton Lodge No. 99 A. F. & A. M., meets every first and third Friday night in each month. E. B. Neave, W. M.
Salisbury Lodge No. 21 K. of P., meets every Tuesday night. A. H. Boyden, C. C.
Salisbury Lodge No. 775, K. of H., meets every 1st and 3rd Monday night in each month. Dictator.
Salisbury Council No. 272, Royal Arcanum, meets every 2d and 4th Monday night in each month. J. A. Ramsay, Regent.

POST OFFICE.

Office hours from 7:30 a. m. to 5:30 p. m. Money order hours 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Sunday hours 11:30 a. m. to 12:30 p. m. H. Rausay, P. M.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the adulterated ones. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST. N. Y.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

CAUTION Take no shoes unless W. L. Douglas's name and address are stamped on the bottom. If the dealer cannot supply you, send direct to factory, enclosing advertisement.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 & \$2 SHOES FOR LADIES.

M. S. BROWN.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

M. S. BROWN.

Winnie Davis' Romance.

HER APPROACHING MARRIAGE TO YOUNG MR. WILKINSON, OF SYRACUSE.

A dispatch from Syracuse, N. Y., to the New York Sun says:

The story of the courtship and engagement of Miss Winnie Davis, the "Daughter of the Confederacy," to Mr. Alfred Wilkinson, of this city, reads like a fairy tale. The wooing covers a period of three or four years, but to fully understand the circumstances connected with the coming of Miss Winnie to Syracuse and her introduction to Mr. Wilkinson it is necessary to go back to the year 1826, when Jefferson Davis was a cadet at West Point. Among Davis' classmates and chums at the Military Academy was Wm. H. Emory, afterward's Gen. Emory of the Nineteenth Army Corps, that did such brave fighting under Sheridan. Young Emory and Davis were fast friends, and this friendship was still further cemented by their campaign in Mexico in 1846. When peace was declared Emory was ordered to Washington, where he continued in the service of the government. Curiously enough, Jeff Davis came there too as the representative of his State in the United States Senate, and both took up their residence within a stone's throw of each other, so that they could be together as much as possible. When the great war broke out the two friends found themselves facing each other on the tented field, although for some time it was feared that Gen. Emory would follow his old chum into the Confederate ranks. Indeed, Emory's sympathies with the South militated at first against his promotion in the Union ranks. The General, however, was loyal to the stars and stripes. One of his sons, Thomas, was then a student at the University of Virginia, and when the war broke out he decided to fight under the stars and bars. He therefore enlisted in the Confederate naval service, and through the influence of Jeff Davis was appointed surgeon on board the gunboat Florida. At one time during the war he lived at Mr. Davis' house in Richmond for some six months. The Florida was captured near Brazil, and young Emory was taken as a prisoner to Boston, which ended his naval career. The other brother, Campbell, entered the Union ranks and distinguished himself by his bravery.

When the war closed it was the most natural thing in the world that Jeff Davis should renew the friendship of other days. He could not come himself, but he decided to send his daughter Winnie to visit the people he loved so well. Dr. Thomas Emory came to Syracuse and engaged in the dry goods business with the big firm of D. McCarthy & Co. His father and brother, Campbell, were both dead at the time of Miss Winnie's first visit. The visit occurred some four or five years ago. It was at Dr. Emory's house that Miss Winnie first met young Wilkinson, who was on intimate terms with the Emory family. There was certainly no affinity, but rather a divinity that shaped their ends and brought them together. Neither had anything in common. One was the grandson of the most pronounced abolitionists, the other the daughter of as pronounced a pro-slavery man. One came from the North, from a people that had been trained in the hardships and rigor of a northern climate; the other from the South from a people whose traditions and temperament were largely due to the influence of the southern climate. Young Wilkinson had not yet graduated from Harvard, while Miss Winnie had become a repository of facts in history and philosophy, and had earned no mean reputation as a writer. Indeed, one of the things that gave her so fascinating a hold upon Syracuse society was her education, mainly secured while acting as amanuensis for her father. In one or two northern cities, previous to her advent here, it was rumored that she had been received with coolness. The news only served to increase young Wilkinson's attentions to Miss Miss Winnie, and he boldly championed her cause in Syracuse.

A second visit to Dr. Emory's a year or two later brought Miss Winnie and young Wilkinson again together. Their friendship had never waned during the separation, and they soon came to hold each other in high regard. When she returned to her southern home she was no longer "heart whole and fancy free." Her father never dreamed of, much less desired, such a consummation, but the secret of the lovers was carefully guarded, and the Confederate chieftain passed away without receiving any intimation of his daughter's choice.

The Seam Girl.

SEALE, Ala.—A duel to the death was fought here between Louis Smith and Edward Elkins, traveling salesman from Montgomery, Ala. A year ago the two men quarrelled on account of a young lady both were paying attention. They did not meet each other again until yesterday, when they met on a country road by accident. Both drew pistols and opened fire at the same time. At the third shot a ball struck Elkins in the breast, killing him almost instantly. Smith is thought to be fatally wounded.—New York Herald.

The Great Danger.

Wilmington Star.

The great danger that threatens the people of this country is in the hands of the few who become rulers by means of their wealth. Extreme poverty in a republic is to be deplored, but not more so than the possession of colossal fortunes by individuals, because while one becomes venal when temptation offers, the other becomes the corrupter and the purchaser when emergency requires. Capital is imperious, if we may use the expression. It combines, plans, plots, forms alliances, offensive and defensive to protect itself or to extend its sway. In this it knows no nationality, no sect, no party, no race; it is simply bold-blooded capital, thinking planning, acting for itself.

The great fortunes possessed by the millionaires and many millionaires of this country are nearly all the growth of one generation.

What will they be in two or three if they continue to increase with the same rapidity that they have in the past?

Less than three thousand men own over one-half the total wealth of the country. How long will it be at the past rate of accumulation before they own it all?

Thirty years ago farm mortgages in this country were few and far between; now they are so numerous that the man who owns an un-mortgaged farm in some sections, is looked upon as a rare exception. These mortgages are held by the men who own the wealth. Suppose they were to decide to foreclose the mortgages which they hold on the people who were unable to meet them, how long would it be before the owners of a majority of farms in this country and the former owners would tenants? That they have not done so or do not do so because they do not care to incur themselves with the possession which would involve the cares of the farms and are satisfied as long as they receive the interest on the amount of money represented in the mortgage.

They could, however, if they saw fit to demand the payment of the mortgages upon maturity of the debts; dispossess and baggar thousands upon thousands of the farmers of the country.

They already own the great railway systems and are reaching out to possess themselves of what they do not own, which they deem it desirable to own.

The Tarheel Soldier.

NORTH CAROLINA'S PART IN VIRGINIA.

Wilmington Messenger.

North Carolina did her full duty from the first gun at Bethel to the last gun at Appomattox. In a hundred battles she illustrated her devotion to the Confederate cause and the splendid bravery of her soldiers. At Appomattox she surrendered as many guns as all the other States combined probably. We have called repeatedly upon Col. Taylor, of Norfolk, Va., of Gen. Lee's staff, to publish the list of men who surrendered with Lee, and where from. It has not been done. It is understood that he has the list.

North Carolina opened the war at Bethel and closed it at Appomattox, and all through the four years she had more soldiers in the fight than any other State.

North Carolina had in part after clothing her own troops to clothe Lee's army. For months her counties were scourged for food for the soldiers when Petersburg was beleaguered by Grant. As the war advanced desertions abounded in all the States because the soldiers had lost hope, were hearing bad tidings from their homes, and many of them were badly fed and half naked.

Gen. Hook spoke in Raleigh at a serenade given him by the citizens. He said this: "If I were called upon to give the bouquet to that State which furnished the most and best troops I would have to give in North Carolina. I had large opportunities for observation, and I declare that North Carolina had more soldiers in Virginia fighting her battles than Virginia had upon her own soil."

This statement was controverted by Gen. Early and Gen. Rufus Barringer replied to him. Such is our recollection. North Carolina did her duty bravely, fully, grandly, self-sacrificingly. She had more men in the last struggle around Petersburg than any other State. She had more in the last retreat to Appomattox, and at Lee's surrender had two men to Virginia's one.

Only three days ago the Richmond Dispatch said this: "She was in a great part the reliance of Lee in the time that tried men's souls."

Gen. Lee was heard to say after a grand display of courage and daring, "God bless North Carolina!"

Only two days since the Richmond Times thus wrote: "It is not the first time that the brave sons of North Carolina have marched through our streets. There is many a soldier in the present contingent who has tramped over those thoroughfares before with the prospect of a deadly conflict on the battle field in the near future, and yet has gone as cheerfully along as if a part of a holiday procession. To our older citizens, the sight of the gallant North Carolina troops will recall many of the most vivid and stirring memories of the period of the war."

North Carolina polled 112,500 votes in 1860. In the four years her printed army rosters authorized us to say that she had between 120,000 and 130,000 troops. The probability is that 124,000 will be the correct figures. There are some errors in the roster that ought to be corrected by legislative action. Such soldiers as Lee, A. P. Hill, Heth, Cook and Lane, of Virginia; Trimble, of Maryland; Hood, of Texas; D. Hill and Hampton, of South Carolina, have all given North Carolina the highest possible place. Their opinions are not a matter of inference or guess but are in black and white—have been printed long ago.

Another Northern Outrage.

Last February an inoffensive young negro had an altercation with a druggist in New Castle, Henry county, Ind., a republican stronghold. Thereupon a half dozen white men headed by C. M. Lake, a justice of the peace, and a member of the republican central committee of Henry county, took their guns and pursued him down the road, firing at him as they went. About a mile from the village he fell dead with a number of bullets in his body, and his body was left lying in the road. The whole thing was done in open day; there never was any more question about the fact than about the fact of the battle of Gettysburg. Had this occurred in Florida or Mississippi, Ingalls and Chandler would have made speeches about it, the Attorney General would have called on the United States marshal and district attorney for reports. What was the thrashing of Fanz by one man in Aberdeen, who was fined for assault, compared with this murder? "Well, at least," the republicans will say, "the murderers were convicted and punished. Individual crime occurs in the North, but it is punished." Indeed! the murder of negro in President Harrison's State, in a county that went republican two to one in 1858, was not punished. Lake has been tried and acquitted by a jury of the banner republican county of Indiana. Will Senator Hoar make a few remarks on this occasion? Will the Attorney General please call for a statement from the United States marshal, and will the President be kind enough to proclaim Henry county in his State as he did Marion county in Florida?

Gilbert's Retort.

WHY HE CALLED A NOBLEMAN A FOUR-WHEELER.

Chicago Tribune.

W. S. Gilbert is remarkably quick at repartee, and numerous stories are related illustrating his aptness at retort. One evening as Gilbert was leaving a party, and was standing in the vestibule waiting for his carriage a snobbish young nobleman emerged from the house, and mistaking him for a footman, said sharply: "Call me a four-wheeler." Gilbert calmly adjusted a single eyeglass in his eye, and surveying his lordship replied, blandly: "You're a four-wheeler." The young nobleman spluttered and wanted to know what he meant. Gilbert said: "You told me to call you a four-wheeler. I couldn't call you hand-son, you know."

Count Herbert Bismarck to obstruct the Emperor's policy.

This unfortunate attitude of Bismarck is, if he could only see it, a complete justification of the young Emperor in retiring him. There can be but one master in Germany, and fate, whether kind or evil, has called William II. to that place.

Bismarck, who has foreseen so much in the course of his wonderful life, ought surely to have foreseen that thirty-one and seventy-five do not mate well; that new rulers must have and ought to have their own people about them; that a young emperor cannot openly, in the face and eyes of Europe and America, go in leading strings and thus shamefully confess that he is only a puppet and unfit for his place and its duties. Punch, in a popular cartoon, pictured the Emperor as captain of the German ship of state bowing the pilot Bismarck down the side. "Dropping the pilot," said Punch, but in Heaven's name, is not that in the regular order of things? Does any captain carry his pilot with him across seas?

But Germany is endangered! Pshaw! If the security of Germany depends on one man, and he a man of seventy-five, worn down by the herculean labors of nearly half a century, what is as all old men are, to his own ways; incapable, as old men are, of fitting his thoughts and his imperious will to new times, new ideas and new complications—if Germany is not safe in deep water without this pilot she is surely in a bad way. We do not believe anything so bad of her. Germany does not depend on any one man.

We had over here once a melancholy lot of people who imagined that this country depended on Grant. But we intend no disrespect to the General's memory we say that this country got along rather better without than with him. We lost in a most critical moment, a far greater than Bismarck, but while Lincoln's death appalled the nation, this country went on just the same.

But the Emperor is a young man! Well, this is the age of young men; and surely no one has ever so vigorously scolded at old men as Bismarck in his vigorous youth. It is the age of young men. Events move more rapidly than ever before; new inventions, new discoveries, new ideas, new arrangements and complications arise day by day to pull old devices to naught and confound the stratagems of ancient statesmanship. This young Emperor may make mistakes, but they will be his own and will teach him something. Youth is no crime in these whirling days. It is on the contrary, a merit beyond most others.

But that Bismarck should deliberately seek to add to his master's difficulties; that by his attitude and his utterances he should sow dissension and dissatisfaction among his countrymen; that he should now in his retirement, selfishly grumble and intrigue—he whose cry when he was in power was ever loud of the duty of loyalty to the Crown—all that makes one ashamed, makes one think that this great man has lived too long.—New York Herald.

Robert E. Lee.

Washington Post.

The colossal equestrian statue of Gen. Robert E. Lee which was unveiled at Richmond. It is an occasion of great interest to the people of the whole South, who hold the memory of Lee in reverence and affectionate admiration, and representatives from every State in the South—from some of them in large numbers—were present to participate in the ceremonies and do honor to the late commander-in-chief of the Confederate armies.

It is but a just and natural impulse, and the ungrudging North will soon recognize it.

Lee was a soldier and a gentleman in the highest sense of both terms, despite the fact that he took an arms against the Government, under a mistaken sense of superior duty to his State. He possessed in a remarkable degree those qualities of character which command respect and win esteem. He was a citizen upon whose private life rests no reproach, and the South is not alone in her opinions of his greatness and goodness. The standard by which true manhood is measured is a universal, not merely local or sectional standard.

The Post is not of those who who hold that because of the South's hostility to the Federal Union she is thereby debarred from paying memorial tribute to her fallen leaders; or that because the issues of the war on which she fought and lost are dead, the brave men who fought and lost with her should therefore be buried in neglected graves and out of remembrance. It is not in human nature that they should be. It casts no imputation upon

McCune's Sub-Treasury Bill.

McCune's SUB-TREASURY BILL.—IT IS PRO- NOUNCED BOTH DANGEROUS AND IN- EFFERITIVE—DANGER TO THE FARMER AS WELL AS THE NATION.

The weakness of the arguments in favor of the agricultural sub-treasury scheme were thoroughly exposed in the pleas made for it at the hearing before the ways and means committee of Congress at Washington last month. The specious arguments in its behalf, like the scheme itself, fell by their own weight. The hearing was not advertised, and therefore no one appeared in opposition to the scheme. But its advocates' statements were enough to kill it. There is a great revision of popular sentiment among the members of the alliance in the South and Southwest who have been deluded by the glittering generalities of the scheme. Aside from its impracticability and inadvisability on general principles, the farmers have found that this plan would not protect them against speculation in farm products, but would rather facilitate corners and gambling in futures by the ease with which the certificates (representing deposits of produce) could be manipulated. The farmers know that these certificates would quickly find their way into the hands of the farmers' creditors, so that, so far as controlling his crops was concerned, by this system the farmer would be worse off than ever. To this objection is added the fact that the proposed sub-treasuries mean a degree of centralization that never was contemplated in this republic, and that never will be approved. If the federal government is to transact the commerce of the country, State lines would be practically abolished, because such a system would inevitably result in federal control of politics. We should thus be working toward a system of politics and business management on the part of the few at the expense of the many; whereas, it should be the object of every patriotic citizen to correct this tendency in its present phases, to the end that we may restore and perpetuate the independence of the individual, and the maintenance of a strictly representative and republican form of government, under which every person may enjoy equal rights and privileges.

It is also a duty that Farm and Home owes the farmers of the country to again point out the fact that the original advocate and principal supporter of this sub-treasury scheme was the man under whose administration the Texas farmers' alliance exchange came to such a disastrous end. We have always had the opinion that this failure was due to lack of proper support, poor judgment, want of experience and bad financing; but that Mr. McCune and his co-laborers used their best abilities with the utmost good faith and the strictest integrity to make the exchange a success. But now sensational statements as to the past and present financial unworthiness of the Texas exchange are being circulated. It is claimed that this is being done by enemies of the farmers, and that the fullest investigation is courted. Whatever may be the outcome of this particular investigation—and it is hoped that every dollar has been honestly accounted for—the gentleman's practical failure as a financier is not to be wondered at in view of the unsound theories which he has so diligently promulgated. The good common sense of the rank and file of the farmers' alliance is the best protection against the vagaries of unbalanced leaders, however well meaning.—Farm and Home.

Such a paper assumes a pious whine, nauseating in the extreme, and poses as a representative of Christianity. It could not live without the assumption of some moral force; it would not be tolerated, and so it steals the livery of heaven. In the name of God and of truth, of honesty and integrity, I, for one, repudiate this so-called newspaper as in any sense representative of Christianity. The god that presides over the editorial office of the Mail and Express and such papers is not my God. I do not know him, I do not want to know him. About as near as I can make it, his God is the devil, whom I fight and fear, with this exception, that the devil is shrewder and more artistic in his methods.—[Appause.]

Hear this quondam editor shriek for an army of a million men to march on Richmond! For what? To rob the dying of the memory of the dead. Such men are neither brute nor human; they are glout! Twenty-five years have rolled away since those awful days of war. Peace and prosperity onward flow over mountains and plain and sea. And now in the midst of all these things this little tin soldier wakes up suddenly and waxes the ears of heaven and earth with its little tin horn. [Appause.]

Keep such papers from your homes as you would a pest. If you want vicious literature use the bald vulgarity of Swift or the naked realism of Zola. It will be less dangerous than the hatred and bigotry and malice and falsehood of such a sheet wrapped up in a scripture text.

Men of the North and men of the South, we are brethren. Let us hear to-day the voices of the heroic dead. They all speak for peace and for harmony. The brave and true never fight after the battle is closed. The time has come for us to take each other by the hand and crush those influences that seek to perpetuate strife, for a base, ignoble purpose. God help us that we may have, indeed and truth, one glorious, united nation.

In Guilford county, last year, only 710 negroes paid poll tax, and 182 voted.

Rev. Tom Dixon on Sheppard.

Rev. T. Dixon has been heard from again. He preached at New York last Sunday on the "Sectional Newspaper." He called Sheppard a tin soldier, and says he is in league with the devil. Said Mr. Dixon, *The Mail and Express* so distorts and falsifies facts as to make it appear that the only flag to be seen was the Confederate flag. This was done with the deliberate purpose of deception. It deals in vituperation, abuse, epithets. The words traitor, rebel, and such are ever ready for use; they are ridden to death. Such is the resort of small natures. Think of Abraham Lincoln, whose life meant "clarity toward all and malice toward none. Think of him, and then think of this vile tirade of abuse! Think of Gen. Grant. Hear the message that he sends from Mount McGregor: "I have witnessed since my sickness just what I wished to see ever since the war—harmony and good feeling between the sections." Small vandals destroy this harmony and good feeling! The man who would seek to destroy it in the face of this message of peace and of everlasting fraternity that comes to us from the lips of the great chieftain, is unworthy of the inheritance of such a man, and for such a reviler to dare to pay tribute to the grave of Grant is the height of scelerity.

Such a paper assumes a pious whine, nauseating in the extreme, and poses as a representative of Christianity. It could not live without the assumption of some moral force; it would not be tolerated, and so it steals the livery of heaven. In the name of God and of truth, of honesty and integrity, I, for one, repudiate this so-called newspaper as in any sense representative of Christianity. The god that presides over the editorial office of the Mail and Express and such papers is not my God. I do not know him, I do not want to know him. About as near as I can make it, his God is the devil, whom I fight and fear, with this exception, that the devil is shrewder and more artistic in his methods.—[Appause.]

Hear this quondam editor shriek for an army of a million men to march on Richmond! For what? To rob the dying of the memory of the dead. Such men are neither brute nor human; they are glout! Twenty-five years have rolled away since those awful days of war. Peace and prosperity onward flow over mountains and plain and sea. And now in the midst of all these things this little tin soldier wakes up suddenly and waxes the ears of heaven and earth with its little tin horn. [Appause.]

Keep such papers from your homes as you would a pest. If you want vicious literature use the bald vulgarity of Swift or the naked realism of Zola. It will be less dangerous than the hatred and bigotry and malice and falsehood of such a sheet wrapped up in a scripture text.

Men of the North and men of the South, we are brethren. Let us hear to-day the voices of the heroic dead. They all speak for peace and for harmony. The brave and true never fight after the battle is closed. The time has come for us to take each other by the hand and crush those influences that seek to perpetuate strife, for a base, ignoble purpose. God help us that we may have, indeed and truth, one glorious, united nation.

In Guilford county, last year, only 710 negroes paid poll tax, and 182 voted.

Such a paper assumes a pious whine, nauseating in the extreme, and poses as a representative of Christianity. It could not live without the assumption of some moral force; it would not be tolerated, and so it steals the livery of heaven. In the name of God and of truth, of honesty and integrity, I, for one, repudiate this so-called newspaper as in any sense representative of Christianity. The god that presides over the editorial office of the Mail and Express and such papers is not my God. I do not know him, I do not want to know him. About as near as I can make it, his God is the devil, whom I fight and fear, with this exception, that the devil is shrewder and more artistic in his methods.—[Appause.]

Hear this quondam editor shriek for an army of a million men to march on Richmond! For what? To rob the dying of the memory of the dead. Such men are neither brute nor human; they are glout! Twenty-five years have rolled away since those awful days of war. Peace and prosperity onward flow over mountains and plain and sea. And now in the midst of all these things this little tin soldier wakes up suddenly and waxes the ears of heaven and earth with its little tin horn. [Appause.]

Keep such papers from your homes as you would a pest. If you want vicious literature use the bald vulgarity of Swift or the naked realism of Zola. It will be less dangerous than the hatred and bigotry and malice and falsehood of such a sheet wrapped up in a scripture text.

Men of the North and men of the South, we are brethren. Let us hear to-day the voices of the heroic dead. They all speak for peace and for harmony. The brave and true never fight after the battle is closed. The time has come for us to take each other by the hand and crush those influences that seek to perpetuate strife, for a base, ignoble purpose. God help us that we may have, indeed and truth, one glorious, united nation.

In Guilford county, last year, only 710 negroes paid poll tax, and 182 voted.

Such a paper assumes a pious whine, nauseating in the extreme, and poses as a representative of Christianity. It could not live without the assumption of some moral force; it would not be tolerated, and so it steals the livery of heaven. In the name of God and of truth, of honesty and integrity, I, for one, repudiate this so-called newspaper as in any sense representative of Christianity. The god that presides over the editorial office of the Mail and Express and such papers is not my God. I do not know him, I do not want to know him. About as near as I can make it, his God is the devil, whom I fight and fear, with this exception, that the devil is shrewder and more artistic in his methods.—[Appause.]

Hear this quondam editor shriek for an army of a million men to march on Richmond! For what? To rob the dying of the memory of the dead. Such men are neither brute nor human; they are glout! Twenty-five years have rolled away since those awful days of war. Peace and prosperity onward flow over mountains and plain and sea. And now in the midst of all these things this little tin soldier wakes up suddenly and waxes the ears of heaven and earth with its little tin horn. [Appause.]

Keep such papers from your homes as you would a pest. If you want vicious literature use the bald vulgarity of Swift or the naked realism of Zola. It will be less dangerous than the hatred and bigotry and malice and falsehood of such a sheet wrapped up in a scripture text.