Carolina Watchman.

THURSDAY, JULY, 17, 1890.

Speaking from the Book.

A REPUBLICAN ON HIS PARTY.

"I am old line republican, one of the fire-tried sort, and am a republican to-day; but I will confess that I have never seen the hour when I thought a *southern white man* could be a republican and be decent. I was a republican for money."

The above are the words of D. L. Bringle, Esq., former postmaster of Salisbury.

Judicial Convention.

The Democratic Judicial Convention for the the Eighth Judicial District, is hereby called to meet in Lexington, N. C., on Thursday, the 31st day of July, 1890, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the offices of Judge and Solicitor for said district.

For the Committee,
JOHN C. BERNHARDT,
June 14, 1890. Chairman.

The 7th District Convention.

The democrats of the 7th Congressional Convention are called to meet in Convention at Salisbury, at 12 o'clock on Friday the 1st day of August 1890, to nominate a candidate for election to the House of Representatives of the United States.

By order of

FRANK BROWN,
Ch'm. Dem. Ex. Com.

Papers in the district will please copy.

THE CALLS.

PRIMARIES AND CONVENTIONN FOR 1890.

Democrats will note that the boxes for the primaries will be opened at each voting princinct SATURDAY, THE 19TH DAY OF JULY, at 2 o'clock p. m., and remain open until 5 o'clock.

The following is a list of the judges or poll holders:

Locke—W. A. Brandon, Rufus Safrit, R. F. Graham.

Bostian X Roads—Dr. M. A. J. Roseman, P. A. Sloop, Jeremiah Eddleman.

China Grove—I. Frank Patterson, J. A. Thom, J. M. Eddleman.

Salisbury—J. Allen Brown, J. Frank McCubbins, J. P. Gowan.

Unity—J. H. Gillian, M. S. Fraley, Richard Culbertson.

Heilig's Mill—A. W. Rusher, J. D. A. Brown, J. Henry Heilig.

Enochville—E. L. Smith, D. H. Kimmons, C. J. Deal.

Rowan Academy—H. C. Peeler, Alexander Peeler, Tobias Lyerly.

Bradshaw's precinct—J. L. Sloan, D. A. Sloop, J. F. McLean.

Mt. Vernon—Sanford Henly, David Flemming, Wm. Steele.

Mt. Ulla—J. K. Graham, J. K. Goodman, R. F. McConnell.

Cleveland—Dan Roseboro, Jas. Barber, Alex Moore.

Steele—G. A. Hall, D. E. M. Summerell, W. L. Kistler.

Franklin—H. C. Propst, B. F. Shuping, G. L. Thomason.

Gold Hill—J. C. Snuggs, J. W. Noah, R. J. Shaver.

Hatter Shop precinct—S. A. Earnhardt, P. D. Linn, Geo. W. Long.

Morgan—Paul Shaver, William Campbell, Wm. Kirk.

Barnhardt's precinct—Moses A. Fesperman, Crawford A. Miller, Uriah E. Miller.

The Convention for the county of Rowan will be called to order at the Court House in Salisbury, at 12 o'clock m., on Saturday, the 26th day of July, to which convention the primaries will elect delegates and return their vote. The delegates will be elected by the primaries in the usual way, to-wit: by the Primaries, at or shortly after 2 o'clock.

A full expression of opinion is in every way desirable. Every democrat in good standing should report to his precinct and cast his vote for his choice. By order of

A. H. BOYDEN,
Ch. Dem. Ex. Com.

Vance.

Turning Ixion's wheel has always been regarded as an occupation that pays nothing, whether worked by the day or by the job, and the *Progressive Farmer's* ludicrous haste to give it a whirl has resulted in a teaching along the general line.

Editor Ramsay now represents a grotesque figure, a sort of absurdity, as it were, in his misfortunes because of the quixotic imbecility of his attack on the one idol of North Carolina.

He dipped in his pen and wrote him a Phillipic and the only result thus far apparent has been a storm of disapproval and protest to beat upon himself and a universal drawing and gathering to our white haired Senator's cause. Thus they stand in incongruous contrast, the old war governor of North Carolina, supreme in the hearts of the people, and Mr. Ramsay, whose only claim to notoriety or notice is the stupendous nature of his mistake, and like the man who put the torch to the temple of of Diana, it is not an enviable sort of fame that is his.

Mr. Ramsay did not mince terms when when he came to impeach the integrity and indulge in sentences tantamount to a charge of perfidy against a venerable gentlemen who has spent every hour of his maturer life in serving his state with a matchless faith. Mr. Ramsay did not scruple to "rush in where angels fear to tread," in the idle hope of a victory over the first North Carolinian of this stage of the Century. He did not hesitate to attempt to wanton with the character of a man whom he himself, along with the host of younger Carolians had be n taught to venerate as one incapable of an impulse or a thought not wholly in consonance with the well being of our land and its people. By implication and express terms, and with a hair-brained folly whose only guerdon has been the absurdities of his present position, Mr. Ramsay has attempted a violence to the traditions and teachings of a quarter of a century, to his own better knowledge, and therefore known and unquestioned facts, to the accepted rules of gentlemanly conduct and toward the white hairs bleached through the years of unfaltering adherance to what we have always and with common accord proclaimed to be our rights and the right. Mr. Ramsay having lent himself to this, by what rule then are we held to the suppression of the thought that he himself could have been so hopelessly ignorant as to have supposed that the mere introduction of a bill is a tacit commission to its provisions, even if, as was not the case here, the introducer had remained silent. When as was the case, the introducer expressly held the matter up for consideration, what other explanation is possible than wantoning with the known facts.

In an interview with a State *Chronicle's* reporter the author of this purposeless (?) diatribe attempts to hedge and trim, having seen that his silly mistake has resulted solely to his own remediless damage, but his backing and filling and begging his own language only serves to illustrate the fact that Mr. Ramsay has not even the courage of his own bad judgment.

Years hence when the history of our times is written, the deeds and the faith of Zebulon Baird Vance will be cut as torso and relief upon the facade of the temple of State, long after the legend that once a wild, climbing weed attempted to reach and obscure it shall have passed from the memory of man.

Why does Mr. Ramsay wish to place Senator Vance on the dunce stool of the Senate? Has he reflected that if our Senator were to vote for that bill his would be the only one it would receive? Why then should he, at his time of life, be asked to stultify himself and his state, in his advocacy of a measure which Mr. Ramsay knows is regarded by every grade of people who possess any acknowledged claim to statescraft, as a direct violation in terms of every healthy economic principle.

Alliancemen and whole county Alliances are daily declaring against it as a class seeking affair most prejudicial and dangerous to the very class in whose behalf it was framed. Conceived in demagogery, it had but few friends at its inception and desertions are of hourly occurrence.

Zebulon Baird Vance; soldier of the Confederacy, loved War Governor of North Carolina, Sacrifice to the Test Oath in the United States Senate in '68, leader and the forlorn hope of '76, founder of first dependence of White Supremacy in North Carolina, leader of Democratic assaults upon tariff oppression, trusts, combines, monopolies finance and currency questions in the Senate of the United States, most faithful, and best loved son of North Carolina.

Mr. Ramsay, ——, ——, ——, ——, ——, ——, ——, ——.

There is one man in North Carolina who will never bunch himself for a dash at Zeb Vance again, for if a man safely secured untohimself a hoist with his own petard it was that same willing but inexperienced gentleman.

Mother, who comes our way so slow
Say, mother, what's hit him and hurt him so?
Did somebody sorrow his min with a maul?
Did a chimney reach for him, ma, in its fall.

That, my child, is an editor man;
Who has him a paper to run as he can.
He's been being told of the size of his pants
By the press of the State—been fooling with Vance.

Barking at Vance.

Besides the puerile attack of one Ramsey, connected with the *Progressive Farmer*, upon the great Southern statesman, Hon. Z. B. Vance, a Mr. Tomlinson, secretary of the Buncombe county Farmer's Alliance, in an interview with the Asheville *Citizen* reporter agrees with the *Farmer* and says he thinks the article will injure the Senator's chances for a re-election!

When you get over the above, gentle reader, listen to this remark of Mr. Tomlinson's about Senator Vance:

"If his election depended upon a vote of the people he would not make it again."

If his election depended upon a vote of the people, he would go back to the United States Senate, riding on a wave of votes, that rushed along towards Washington, like the waters of Conemaugh Lake rushed, when they broke over South Fork dam. Your vote would be cast for him, would it not, farmer of Rowan?

The *Citizen* says, "when asked if his opinion was that of a majority of this county, he said it was."

Perhaps, maybe, but very doubtful. God pity Buncombe county if it is so. God pity the mother that could fall so low as to spurn her own son. In Buncombe was born one of the greatest statesman North Carolina ever produced, and one of the greatest of the South, and his name was Zebulon Baird Vance, ever the friend of the poor and the oppressed, and the enemy of the unjust and the oppressor.

Do you say farmer friends that Vance has not ever been zealous for your interests, and the interest of the laboring classes? Why is that the railroads and some of the railroad men in the state do not like Vance? Perhaps it is because he has always opposed corporations, because they have no souls.

Whatever you say against Vance, friend farmer, and the WATCHMAN does not believe you will say anything or lift a finger against him (you white-haired ex-Confederate farmer, who lost your limb on a Virginia battle field, and who lived through the dark days of reconstruction, you are a Vance man) whatever you may say against Senator Vance, remember that the light and lustre of one of Vance's eyes has gone out. It watched itself out. Watching what? *Your interests*, farmer and laboring man. *Your interests*. widow and orphan. *Your interests*, poor and oppressed. Watching the tariff that was wrapping you in tax, unnecessary tax, tax that would make you poorer and the rich richer. And when that eye was tired, and the doctor said "rest," it still watched, that Argos eye. But the strain was too much. It went out, that eye, looking out to the last, for its country's good. And did fate demand it, do you doubt the other would go the same way?

But the farmers will stand by Vance. He

"Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angles, trumpet-tongued"

for his re-seating at his old desk where he watched till his eye went out; for this and against all attack his chrystal clear record, by the Alliance secretary of Buncombe county, the associate editor of the *Progressive Farmer*, not well enough informed of public affairs, to know how much a Senator's pay was, by the National Economist and all others.

Now it is reported that Col. L. L. Polk, who is out west making speeches, and does not know of the attack upon Senator Vance, said that he (Col. Polk) would crawl on his hands and knees all the way from Washington to Raleigh to vote for Vance.

Col. Polk can't do any good that way, for he is not in the Legislature and therefore could not vote for Vance. But this attack upon the Colonel's friend, in the Colonel's absence, in the Colonel's paper, will give the Colonel a grand opportunity to do some crawling.

But the WATCHMAN predicts that Col. Polk will crawl straight in this important matter, and no backing all around himself like the crawfish he has left in charge of his paper, and in this week's *Progressive Farmer* is trying to tone down his former rash and regretted utterances.

A brainless idiot who signs himself "Pig Iron" is out with a communication in the Philadelphia Press. It needs no comment. It speaks for itself. It is as senseless as it could be and the blame should be divided equally between the fool who wrote it and the hair-brained editor who did not know enough to exclude it from his columns. In the writer's opinion the Lodge election law is the measure that will relieve the North and West from the troublesome competition of southern industries. The whole is as follows:

"it is all very well to rejoice in the prosperity and growth of the new Northwest, for there sound views upon the tariff generally prevail, and their progress does not now interfere with ourselves; but the advance of the South is to a great extent at our expense. Her cotton mills compete with those of the New England and Middle States, and her furnaces are supplying pig iron at rates which make it impossible to run those of Pennsylvania. If the democrats had never been allowed to regain control of the State governments of the South, northern capital would never have embarked in the development of southern coal and iron; and the surest and speediest way to put a stop to this competition from men who are our political enemies, as our commercial rivals, is to carry through and enforce measures like the Lodge election law. They won't like it, and some of them will be fools enough to make trouble about it; and if we can once more get them into the condition they were before 1876 we won't hear any more about cheap iron and cheap cotton goods from the South They will have other things to think of."

Washington Letter.

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, July 14, 1890.—Senator Gorman has, by common consent, been put in charge of democratic interests in the fight which is now evident will soon be engaged in upon the floor of the Senate. It will be a consolation to democrats throughout the country to know that under his skillful leadership everything will be done which is possible to be done to prevent the consummation of the republican threat of throttling the minority in the Senate, as Speaker Reed has so effectually done in the House.

The republican Senators who have been opposed to the new force bill, otherwise known as the federal election bill, are slowly yielding to the pressure which has been brought to bear upon them. Even Senator Evarts it is said has, under compulsion, promised the new republican boss—Representative Belden—that he would vote for the bill. It now looks as though the bill would become a law. It is regarded by republican as a last desperate chance to gain enough congressmen in the South to offset the losses which they are certain to have in other sections. In fact Mr. Belden openly uses this as an argument to convert republican opponents of the measure.

Many of the more decent republicans are disgusted with Mr. Belden's attempt to manufacture sentiment in favor of the force bill, by sending that remarkable appeal to the republican editors to come to the rescue of the G. O. P.

Much indignation is expressed here over a rumor which has leaked out through British sources to the effect that Mr. Blaine has completely backed down in the Behring Sea negotiations, and that Great Britain is to have everything her own way. Should it turn out to be true, good-bye to Mr. Blaine as a public man. The American people forgive everything except cowardice.

The two subsidy shipping bills, about which, for certain reasons and promises, Mr. Harrison has been fretting a great deal, have passed the Senate. Even such hide-bound republicans as Senator Edmunds and Plumb could not stand this bill,-which will take millions—just how many no one can say— out of the treasury, all of which will go to a certain well known ring already formed in anticipation of the feast at public expense which awaits them when the bills become laws. Only one democrat—Senator Payne—voted for these bills.

Thanks to the solid republican vote of the Senate and of the House, it now only requires the signature of Mr. Harrison to complete the degradation of silver and put it on the same footing as coal and iron or any other commercial commodity. Senator Sherman, the man who is responsible for demonetizing silver in 1873. is also responsible for this latest fraud upon the people, under the guise of friendship. Mr. Sherman is and has always been the humble tool of Wall street, and the provisions of this silver bill, with which he so adroitly bamboozled his colleagues of the conference committee, are all in the interest of those money sharks. No democrat stultified himself by supporting it.

Speaker Reed is as mad as a hornet over the article signed "X. M. C." which appears in the current number of the North American Review, showing the mistakes which he (Reed) has made since he became Speaker. What adds to his anger is the fact that the article is generally understood to have come from Mr. Blaine, who is madly jealous of the prominence the Speaker has recently gained, although "Gail Hamilton" is the writer of it.

The tariff bill is now the "unfinished business" of the Senate, the majority having repented of the "carelessness" which made them refuse to take it up last Monday. How fast it will be pushed through will depend largely upon the action of the republican caucus.

It has been the boast of Speaker Reed that the House was no longer a deliberative body, and now that the Senate seems no longer to adopt the gag rules of the House, the question naturally arises, why not abolish Congress, and let those immaculate saints who now ran republican party decide upon what shall became laws? There is one consolation, however. The further the republicans go in their encroachments upon liberty, the more certain it is that the people will rise in their might and thrust them from the power which they have so glaringly misused.

Gen. Schofield will soon be Lieut. General of the army, unless the republican bosses shall decide that the bill reviving that grade in the army, which has been favorably reported from the House committee on military affairs, shall not be passed, because the officer to be promoted under it is not a republican.

A Solemn Warning.

Durham Globe.

Col. H. C. Jones, of Charlotte, who a few weeks ago announced himself a candidate for the democratic nomination for Congress in the sixth district, withdrew from the contest yesterday, in view of the fact that it is apparent that Capt. S. B. Alexander will secure the nomination. It will be remembered that Col. Jones was the first public man who refused to sign the demands of the Farmers' Alliance; and that he did so not because the demands were repugnant to him, but because he did not intend to stand on any political platform except that of the democratic party.

Col. Jones' assertion of his manhood and spirit of independence has been the admiration of thousands of his fellow citizens, who will give heed to the solemn warning contained in his letter announcing his withdrawal, of which the following is an extract:

"In the brief campaign in which I have been engaged, my controversy has been not with Capt. Alexander personally, but with the political methods of the leaders of the Farmers' Alliance. In regard to them, I repeat here what I have said everywhere, that they tend to the disruption of the democratic party. To classify and array the white people of the State, according to occupation, and to claim supremacy for any one class to the exclusion of the others, is disruption itself, so obvious that he who does not see it is either blind or thoroughly heedless. I thank those of my fellow citizens who have kindly tendered me their support, and beg them to remember that what I have said in this connection is not intended to incite them to resentment. The consequences to the State are altogether too serious to admit of the indulgence of any hasty or intemperate action or speech. If evil comes we will see to it that it is not charged to us. We will be faithful to the party, and humbly trust trust that the same good sense and sturdy patriotism which under God has carried our party safely through so many dangers, will avert, too, this latest and greatest of them all."

Nearly 200 Drowned.

AN EXCURSION BOAT CAPSIZES ON A MINNESOTA LAKE.

LAKE CITY, Minn., July 14.—Last night just before dark, a disastrous cyclone bore down upon this community, and in a few minutes nearly 200 people were killed.

What appeared to be an ordinary electric storm was noticed coming from the west, but in half an hour the whole heavens had been converted into a lightning-lined black canopy of death.

A little before dark a terrific wind struck the village, every one being in doors. Trees were uprooted, buildings wrecked, and much damage done in the short time the storm lasted.

In a few minutes, the news was abroad that an excursion boat, with over 200 people on it, was capsized in the middle of Lake Peppin, and it was the Sea Wing, which came down the Lake from Diamond Bluff, a small place about 17 miles north of here, on an excursion to the encampment of the First Regiment, N. G. S. M., which is being held a mile below the city. The steamer started back on the homeward trip about 8 o'clock, and although there were signs of the approaching storm, it was not considered in any way serious, and no danger was anticipated. The boat was crowded to its fullest capacity, about 150 men, women, and children from Red Wing and Diamond Bluff being on board, and about 50 people on a barge which was attached to the side of the steamer.

When about opposite Lake City, the boat began to feel the effects of the storm but the officers kept on their way. The storm increased as the boat continued up the lake, and in fifteen minutes was at its height.

Nearing Central Point, about two miles above Lake City, the steamer was at the mercy of the waves which were washing over the boat, and all was confusion. The boat momentarily ran on to a bar, and the barge was cut loose and the steamer again set adrift in the lake.

A number of those on the barge jumped and swam ashore. As the barge floated again into deep water, those on it saw the steamer as it was carried helplessly into the middle of the lake, and as they were being tossed about on the raging waters, were horrified a moment later to see the steamer capsize and its cargo of 150 people precipitated into the lake.

Those on the barge remained there until they drifted near the shore, and they were all rescued and swam ashore. Among them were two ladies who were brought to the beach by strong and willing swimmers,

As soon as the storm began to affect the progress of the boat, Capt. Weathern gave instructions to run the boat into Wisconsin shore, but it was too late. The waves were running to high to permit the helmsman to operate the rudder, and the boat was at the complete mercy of the storm. A few moments after the barge was cut away, the steamer was carried to the centre of the lake, and the efforts of the boat's crew and the more cool-headed passengers were devoted to preparations for the worst. A dozen or more secured the few life preservers that were to be found, and jumped into the water, preferred to take their chances. In five minutes waves began to wash into the boat, and fill the lower decks, and while hail-stones as large as hen's eggs came down on the heads of the poor and helpless creatures who were huddled together on the top, a huge wave struck the craft on the same moment that a terrific blast of wind, more horribly forcible than the others, came up and carried the boat over. All of the people on board 150 or more, were thown into the water some being caught underneath and others thrown into the waves. The boat turned bottom upwards, and only about 25 people were observed floating on the surface. These caught hold of the boat and climbed up on the upturned bottom, those first securing position assisting the others. In 10 minutes more, 25 or so who obtained momentary safety on the boat could observe no others of the boat crew or passengers floating on the surface of the continuing high sea of waves. Afterward, however, as a flash of lightning lighted up the surface of the lake, the sight of an occasional white dress of a drowning woman or child was observed, but it was impossible for those who witnessed the horrible sight to lend any aid.

Those remaining began calling for help from the shore. Soon the storm began to abate, and in half an hour lights were observed flitting at out the pier at Lake City, opposite which point the upturned steamer had now been driven. Before help could reach it, however, the poor creatures who yet remained to tell the horrors of the night were again subjected to another battle with the elements with no word of warning. As they were just beginning to hope that they would be taken off by the citizens of Lake City, the boat again turned over, this time on its side, and again the 25 remaining souls were hurled into the water. Of these, several were drowned before they could be brought to the boat. Those who succeeded in remaining afloat again secured a hold on the boat's side.

In a few moments a dozen or more rowboats were manned and put out from shore, although the high sea of waves had not yet subsided, and after scouring the lake for a quater of an hour, the upturned doat was at last discovered. The twenty or more remaining people clinging to the boat were rescued and brought to shore, most of them being men who could swim.