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"NELLY GRAY."

HISTORY OF THE SWEET OLD SONG JUST DISCOVERED.

On Cain street, in this city, lives Mrs. Charles Beddell, sister of the Rev. Benjamin Hanby, the writer of that beautiful old ballad that has tuned the hearts of a world of singers, from ocean to ocean, "Nelly Gray."

"Nelly Gray" was written in 1855, and was the maiden effort of Mr. Benjamin Hanby while a student at the United Brethren University at Westerville, O. The song was an inspiration of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

It was written and forwarded to Oliver Ditson, a musical publisher at Philadelphia.

Mr. Hanby did not hear from his composition, and had given it no especial attention for some months, but imagine his surprise, as he was passing along the streets of Columbus O., to see in glaring headlines on a bulletin board: "Nellie Gray," by Benjamin Hanby. The latest and most popular ballad of the day. Published by Oliver Ditson, Philadelphia.

Then as he proceeded down the street there was borne to his ear the familiar strains and words: "They have taken her to Georgia," etc.

Mr. Hanby's next venture in the song line was "Tillie's Grave." It was published by George L. Root, of Chicago.

"Old Shady," his next production, became quite popular. It is known all over the South. Indeed, there is scarcely a bandmaster in the country that has not at some time used it in connection with some brass or string melody.

"Old Shady," was contemporaneous with "Dixie," "Rally Round the Flag," "Bonnie Blue Flag," and other stirring war songs.

"Nameless Heroine" and several other popular songs followed. In fact Mr. Hanby was busy as a story writer, and in connection with John L. Root he published several books.

Rev. Benjamin Hanby died in 1863, leaving a wife and one daughter (Minnie, an artist), to mourn his loss.

Mr. Hanby's birthplace was Chillicothe, O., where a family of eight children was born to the Hanby house. They then moved to Westville, where the family lived for years.

The sons were all preachers, one excepted, Mr. Samuel Hanby, who lives in Birmingham, Ala.

This is the first published history of Rev. Benjamin Hanby and of the song "Nelly Gray."—Atlanta Journal.

PROTECTION PARADOXES.

The Protectionists of this country are just now endeavoring through diplomacy to persuade the protection countries of Germany and France to lower their duties on certain American products.

The logic of this request is that high duties are very good for this country but very bad for foreign nations.

Our Administration boasts of reciprocity treaties which have secured free admission or greatly reduced duties on many American products going into foreign lands, without abating in return any tax upon imports into this country.

The logic of this policy is that it is highly praiseworthy to untax necessities for foreign peoples, but that it is a patriotic duty to heap still higher the taxes on the necessities of our own people.

The Republican stumpers point with pride to cheaper sugar as the result of untaxing it, and then claim that five hundred other articles have been or will be made cheaper by taxing them.

The logic of this claim is that increasing a burden generally makes the load lighter.

Great are the paradoxes of Protection.—New York World.

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin." Diseases common to the race compel the search for a common remedy. It is found in Aver's Sarsaparilla, the reputation of which is world-wide, having largely superseded every other blood medicine in use.

A PLEA FOR PEACE.

A SENSIBLE LETTER TO THE NEWS AND OBSERVER BY J. H. P., ALLIANCE LECTURER, COMO, N. C.

Let us have peace. The South cannot afford to incur the danger of an internal political war. It would be ruinous to her domestic and commercial interests. There is not a household in all the land where there is perfect harmony, and yet the members work together and in unison to promote the general welfare. They agree on essentials and agree to differ on minor details. The father says this field of corn needs present attention, while the son says this field of cotton should be worked to-day. Still the plowing goes on and the crop is made.

No sect of Christians are a unit upon theological tents. The Baptists hold to close communion, and yet many good Baptists reject that dogma of the church.

Still they do not divide on the question, but work together, and the results are seen. The Methodists hold to sprinkle, pouring or immersion, yet many good Methodists will receive baptism in no other way than by immersion. They do not divide up in numerous sects upon every shade of opinion.

Let us carry this social and religious wisdom in the political field and see how it will work. Democrats differ among themselves in regard to the expediency of many measures. This is but natural. The interests of a commercial or of a manufacturing people must necessarily differ from those of a purely agricultural people. It is impossible to make a platform save upon general principles. To illustrate, take the tariff question. The late lamented and gifted Randall, of Pennsylvania, was a recognized leader in the Democratic party, and he was a somewhat high protectionist. Every true Democrat is in favor of tariff reform, and not a few Democrats are still in favor of high protection. All wise men want a sound currency, but many differ about the methods to be employed to effect it.

I hardly think a Necker or a Colbert could devise a method of finance that would suit us all. Some Democrats (and I among the other farmers), demand an unlimited coinage of silver. We would have Potosi melted into silver ingots, and rounded into full jingling dollars. Some other equally good Democrats believe in gold as the unit of value, and a restricted silver currency. Campbell, of Ohio, dodges the Southern (my) view of silver, and the gifted and patriotic Cleveland has also had the audacity to differ with me; and, truly, would it be wise in me to rule them out of the party with their followers? Might I not be left in a cool minority? Truly, this is not the way great battles are gained. In army movements, in councils of war, there may be a difference of opinion, both among the rank and file, yet there must be unanimity of action when the roar of the enemy's guns are heard, and the shouts of the hostiles are threatening our bulwarks.

There is a mud flat, you cannot call it an island, mid stream in the beautiful Chowan. I believe it is a small Patagonia, no man's land. It is first above and then under the water, rather outre to say the least of it. Passing down the lovely river a few days ago, I observe that its pure, bright and laughing waters parted, as they impinged upon the upper end of this unhappy obstruction, and it seemed to me somewhat stagnant, part flowing on one side, and part, on the other. But I observed that when they came together again, they did so with a rush and it seemed to me with a happy commingling, and the waters went dancing and laughing; so glad to meet again. Just so, see. A slight mud flat is between the Alliance and the Democracy. Now if the mountain will not come to Mahomet, why then Mahomet must even go to the mountain. Query, which is the mountain? Let a grand Sanhedrim be called, the calumet of peace be smoked. Down bitterness, up love, and out of darkness will come light, out of confusion order will be evoked.

There is danger ahead! Who will start the ball? Who will cry "down brakes?" More anon.

A YOUNG POLITICIAN.

WANTED TO STUMP OHIO, BUT HIS SPEECH WOULDN'T DO.

An able young Republican, with an office in the neighborhood of the City Hall, wanted to go down into Ohio to make a stump speech or two during the campaign to sort to get his hand in for future usefulness, don't you know, but he didn't make it.

He prepared what he thought was a brilliant effort, and submitted it to an old wheelhorse in politics who was selecting stump talent.

"Rats! exclaimed the old hand when the young man went around to see him after he had read the speech.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed the shocked applicant.

"Take that speech away and hide it till you get older and know more."

"What's the matter with it? It's a good speech and I was a whole week in getting it ready."

"Good nothing!" blustered the old one. "It's lacking the very first principles of a political speech."

"Show me where it is wrong."

"Aw! its wrong all over; and right at the end where the work ought to be you've queered the whole business."

"In what way?"

"Why, look at it," and he pointed at the offending passage.

"There you say with a grand flourish: 'And it is only reasonable that the people and especially the farmers, should feel a profound and heartfelt gratefulness to an all-wise and beneficent Providence for the abundant crops which cover the fields with fatness and smile at the generous granaries waiting to receive them.'"

"Isn't that all right?"

"Of course it isn't. You don't know a little bit. You ought to have credited all that to the McKinley bill and the Republican administration, where it belonged. 'A beneficent Providence,' indeed! You make me tired. Here, take your speech. We can't trust you away from home till you've cut your wisdom teeth."—Detroit Free Press.

A SUCCESSFUL COTTON PICKER.

ATLANTA, Ga., Oct. 30th.—Quite a sensation was created here to-day over the working of the Willis Lipscomb cotton picker. In a large cotton field near Atlanta the picker was put to work, under the direction of Mr. Lisenard, the inventor and performed its work satisfactorily to hundreds of planters. Everybody was unanimous in pronouncing the machine a success. A bale of cotton was picked in a few minutes, leaves and green bolls of the stalk being uninjured.

"My Daughter's Life"

Was saved by Hood's Sarsaparilla," says Mr. B. B. Jones, of Anna, Maine. "She had seven running sores in different places on her body, but on giving her Hood's Sarsaparilla there was marked improvement and now she is well, strong and healthy."

Hood's Pills cure Constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal. They are the family cathartic.

TWO NOTABLE MEN.

Rocky Mount has two well known citizens, who, although it is not generally known, are near relatives of very noted men. The ever jolly Wm. M. Soden, who is a second cousin of A. T. Stewart, the great merchant prince, and Walter Scott Henderson, a canny son of "Auld Scotia," who is a cousin of Sir. Walter Scott, for whom he is named. Although at a very advanced age, "old man Walter" is still as bright and chipper as a school boy, and when speaking of the time in Auld Lang Syne, when he roamed over Scotland's hills and dales, his eyes flash with the fires of youth. Come to the Fair and Exposition, and you will meet both of them.—Rocky Mount Argonaut.

As you like it. Gray and faded whiskers may be changed to their natural and even color—brown or black—by using Buckingham's Dye. Try it.

THE FIRST CHARGE

OF THE WAR WAS MADE IN NORTH CAROLINA BY NORTH CAROLINA TROOPS.

As an old soldier I felt proud the other day in reading in the election of officers of the North Carolina Confederate Veteran Association in Raleigh, that gallant old veteran, Col. E. D. Hall was unanimously made vice-President of the Association for the coming year. It brought vividly to my recollection a scene I witnessed in the great drama, the late war, that time will never obliterate from my mind. It was at the battle of New Bern on the 14th day of March, 1862, that baptism of fire for many North Carolina regiments that afterwards became famous as the brightest representatives of North Carolina manhood. Among them was the glorious old 7th, commanded by Col. Reuben Campbell, Lieut. Col. Ed. G. Haywood and Major E. D. Hall. The 7th was posted behind the breastworks between the Beaufort road and the railroad. The militia, St. Clair and Vance's Regiments with Brem's Charlotte Artillery was on the night of the 7th. The battle had been raging furiously for about an hour when the militia and St. Clair's Regiment gave way in great disorder leaving Brem's guns in the enemy's hands, Vance's Regiment on the extreme right still holding their position. Col. Campbell seeing the situation determined to make an effort to restore the lines. He therefore ordered Major Hall who was then near him on the right and under a heavy fire, to put the 7th in line and charge the enemy who was then, with heavy number in full possession of the space vacated by the militia and the St. Clair Regiment and was busy in putting Brem's guns in position to enfilade the entire left of our lines. Major Hall immediately caused the regiment to file to the rear by the right flank, and when seven companies had gotten into line gave the order to charge. The enemy in a dense mass was 150 yards on our right with levelled bayonets, and with a yell that rose loud above the din of battle that body now dashed forward and the tall form of Col. Hall full twenty-four feet in advance of his line with his sabre in hand cheering on his men. That scene and yell I shall never forget. They were soon lost in the smoke and confusion of the mele. In a few moments the smoke cleared up and Hall and his men were seen triumphant on the recovered breastwork, and the artillery reclaimed and again turned on the enemy. But alas the space left vacant by the 7th was swarming with yankees and the entire left in full retreat and the day was lost. It was my fate to witness afterward many fierce charges and hand to hand fights but I can truly say I never saw a more determined charge or one more gallantly led. "All honor to all engaged."

One who was there,

A. F. BEZZELL,

Lt. Col. B. 7th N. C. S. T.—Correspondence News and Observer.

THREE OF EVERY FOUR

Diseases which afflict mankind are due to disorders of the blood. In fact, if the vital fluid is kept in good condition, the tendency to any disease is lessened by three fourths. A harmless vegetable remedy which cleanses the blood, should be taken occasionally by every one. In the young, it assists in the development of the body and mind. In the adult, it helps nature to keep up the equilibrium, of strength, which is taxed by the labor and cares of life. To the old and those with the infirmities of age, it is invaluable for its tonic and strengthening powers, to prevent diseases which are so often fatal to old people. This remedy is Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) It clears out all the germs and poison, and builds up the human organism. We will mail free a valuable book to all applicants.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,
Atlanta, Ga.

ON CAROLINA'S HILLS.

THE GRANDEST SCENERY TO BE WITNESSED EAST OF THE ROCKIES—COL. M'CLURE IN PHILADELPHIA TIMES.

I have seen the grand mountain views of every part of our continent east of the Sierra Nevadas, and must testify that there is no mountain scenery this side of the Rocky mountains that equals, or even approaches, the grandeur of the varied views presented here. From the southern portico of the Kenilworth Inn can be seen fully forty mountain peaks and domes, all of which are higher than Mt. Washington or any other mountain elevation east of the Rockies. Here is a complete circle of broken mountains far as the eye can reach, with Mt. Mitchell nestling among a family of undulating cliffs away off toward the rising sun, kissing the chilly breezes at an altitude of 6,711 feet above the sea; and directly toward the setting sun, more than one hundred miles distant, is Mt. Pisgah, with its beautifully rounded dome towering over its neighboring peaks to cast its long shadows over the foot-hills and valleys below. Such a panorama of variegated mountain scenery is not to be seen elsewhere in all our boasted Blue Ridge and Appalachian ranges or in all the varied rugged scenery of the White Mountains of New England.

Asheville and its surroundings are a revelation to all when this matchless mountain view breaks upon them. It is now a hive of industry as well as the Mecca of pleasure and health-seekers in the South. Its altitude ranges from 2,400 to 3,000 feet above tidewater. The city, with its permanent population of 5,000, is the county-seat of the famous county of Buncombe, and it is surrounded by innumerable broken hills with frequent sharply-jutting peaks, all adorned by beautiful residences, while across the Swannanoa (the Indian term for beautiful river), is an enchanting view of mingled foot-hill farms and broken mountains. One prominent elevation some three miles from the river is the centre of the magnificent estate of George W. Vanderbilt, containing 7,200 acres in one body and employing from 600 to 1,000 men in beautifying it. The land alone cost \$250,000, and his improvements are so colossal in conception as to find parallel only in the grandeur of the ancient Romans. His house is now in the course of erection on the western slope of the central elevation, with a bewitching view of mountains, rivers, farms, and city. It is 400 feet in length, with solid walls of fifty feet in height from the deer park on the western front to the first floor, and the lawn-tennis court alone, with its huge walls from thirty to fifty feet in height, would make a foundation for the grandest of the ancient temples in the Old World. A private railroad some five miles in length is kept busy transporting materials for the palace, for bridges, for roads, etc., and when completed the cost of the estate will reach \$5,000,000. There will be one hundred miles of elegant roads traversing the Vanderbilt estate, of which thirty-eight will be macadamized, and scores of bridges, of every conceivable form of exquisite architecture, will add to the beauty of the place. The building of the palace will be a five years' task, even with every branch of mechanism employed in its construction filled with workmen. This will be the most magnificent estate on the Continent, surpassing the oldest and largest English estates in natural beauty and with its game preserves equaled by few in any country of the world.

It is not surprising that thousands of visitors come from the sunny South in summer time to enjoy the bracing atmosphere and unrivaled beauty or these mountains, nor is it surprising that thousands come here from the North in winter time to escape the sudden changes and oppressive rigor of our winter climates. It is the one pleasure and health-seeking region that has all seasons for its worshippers. Its rides and drives of unequalled beauty; its dry, exhilarating

atmosphere; its genial winters even among the mountain tops, and its pure breezes and cool nights in the heat of summer, make it an all the year resort for those who seek pleasure, rest, or fugitive health, and it is evidently destined to become the great resort of the American continent.

WHITE HOUSE WHISKEY.

BUT WHY THIS ROUNDABOUT WAY OF GETTING IT, MR. HARRISON?

The speed with which the papers for a cask of Scotch whiskey sped around the Customer-house yesterday occasioned some comment among the brokers and clerks who were not specially pressed with business.

The cask was consigned to Col. Joel B. Erhardt, and was intended, as appeared by the papers, for the "Hon. Benjamin Harrison." It was a fourteen-gallon cask, and arrived by the steamer Gurnesia, from Glasgow on Tuesday.

The invoice presented by Broker E. M. Ackerson to Deputy Collector Berryman, of the second division, showed that the liquor was purchased at Perth, Scotland, and was invoiced to "Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Cluny Castle." Mr. Harrison's connection with the transaction was only indicated by the footnote: "To be forwarded to the Executive Mansion, for Hon. Benjamin Harrison, President, &c." which the shipper had incautiously written on the invoice.

In the absence of Col. Erhardt, who could hardly be expected to enter in person a cask of whiskey for the private sideboard of a chief who had turned him down, Broker Ackerson was authorized to act for the President.

Some speculation was indulged in at the custom-house as to the inside history of the transaction. It could not be determined from the papers whether the whiskey was the gift of Mr. Carnegie to the President, or whether Mr. Harrison was to pay for it out of his private pocket. The appearance of Col. Erhardt's name in the papers was probably in pursuance of instructions given while he was collector of the port, and was clearly intended to avoid having the President's name appear on the records of the custom-house as an importer of whiskey.

The whiskey will be gauged and sampled by an official sampler, who will probably not hesitate to post himself as to what sort of liquor the President uses while mixing his hot Scotch.—New York World.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper—W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y., apr 30 ly.

A COURTEOUS MAN.—Show me the man who is habitually courteous to other men of all degrees and I will show you a man who is sure to be kind to his wife, his children and his horse. I saw a man give up his seat in a horse car the other day to another who was old and shabby. After standing for ten minutes the one first named alighted and three little children danced down to the gate to meet him. Good tendencies are always recorded on earth, although good acts may wait for a space.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.