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POETRY.

For the Citizen.

"ELLA"

In the dimness of the twilight,
Musing in my room alone,
Memory of her I love, comes
On fancy swiftly borne.
In my thoughts I hear her laughter,
Hear her voice, and see her smile,
Thus, until the darkness gathers,
I, my loneliness beguile.

Perfect is her every feature,
Every action fraught with grace,
Fancy cannot portray truly
Smiles which light her heavenly face.
I have learned to love so fondly,
I am happy when she's near,
And if forced to weep her absence,
'Tis with agonizing tear.

All the frowns the world can give me
Care I not for, so that she
Will but sweetly smile upon me,
And that smile will let me see,
'God of love' protect and bless her,
Keep her in the way of right,
Safely shield her from all sorrow,
With thy powerful arm of might.

Louis Napoleon's Escape from Ham.

The fortress of Ham built of brick and stone, impresses you at first sight by its sombre aspect. It is a square, flanked at the corner with heavy towers. The spacious windows, which once admitted the light of day, have been filled with brick-work, leaving only a few small openings which are half choked by iron bars, converting it into the semblance of a mausoleum for the dead rather than that of a dwelling-place for living men.

Louis Napoleon was allowed to walk, at certain hours, over a platform forty feet long by thirty wide, on the parapet of the eastern rampart, overlooking the canal. In these walks, however, he was attended by a keeper, who followed him as close as his shadow. In this retreat the prisoner passed perhaps the six best years of his life. As some consolation, he breathed the air of France. And besides, thick as were his prison walls, they did not exclude all knowledge of what was passing outside them. More than once the soldiers offered to assist his escape. One day, Gen. Changarnier arrived at the fortress of Ham. Without visiting the prisoner, he sent the whole garrison out of the fortress, leaving only a subaltern and thirty men to guard it. The subaltern, pretending some reason for approaching the prince's prison, whispered, "We are only a handful of men, and our one and sole thought may be easily guessed. If the prisoner wishes to escape we shall all be blind." "I thank the brave fellow who told me that," Louis Napoleon replied; "but I do not wish anybody to run into danger on my account."

At another time a regiment had bivouacked before the fortress gate. A stone fell at the prince's feet, wrapped in a paper, on which was written, "The regiment desires to be passed in review by you to-morrow morning." And, in fact, on taking his usual walk the next day, he saw the regiment filing off at a distance. These demonstrations in Louis Napoleon's favor caused the authorities such uneasiness that, in the early days of his confinement, the garrison was several times changed without any warning. Afterwards it was determined to change it every fortnight, to prevent the troops having the time to take too much interest in the captive's position.

On the 23d of May Louis Napoleon was visited by some English gentlemen whom he had known in London. He begged them to lend him their passports, on the ground that his valet, who wanted to take a short journey, would find them useful in procuring post-horses. The travelers, whether suspecting any move or not, were happy to render the service, if trifling, still more happy, if important. By this means in the evening of the 25th Thelin managed to engage for the next day a cabriolet in the village of Ham.

On the 15th the prince rose early, cut off his mustaches and imperial, and put on the prepared disguise—a complete laborer's dress, consisting of blue linen blouse and trousers, a dilapidated cap, rough wooden shoes and dirty apron. The costume was completed by blackened eyebrows, and a rough black wig hanging about his ears, a painted face, and a short clay pipe. In spite of keeping about him papers which might betray his identity, he would not part with a couple of his letters, one from his mother, the other from the Emperor. He might especially value the latter from its containing the sentence, "I hope that Louis Napoleon, as he grows up, will make himself worthy of the destinies which await him."

At seven in the morning the masons entered the fortress to resume their work, Thelin offered them something to

drink, and having got together round the table in the vestibule, ran to tell his master that the moment was come. The prince shouldering a plank procured beforehand, walked down the stairs, avoiding the vestibule where the men were drinking. Thelin, dressed as for a journey, also stepped into the court-yard, leading a little dog by a string, and walking a few paces before the prince. As he had obtained permission the previous evening to go to the Saint Quentin, the keepers wished him a pleasant journey; at which he stopped to chat with them, to divert their attention from the prince, who was gravely advancing with the plank on his shoulder, held in such a way as to screen his face. So impossible was it to guess who it was, that a laborer, taking him for one of his comrades, went up to speak to him; but Thelin, with great address, directed his attention to something else. A little further on he met an officer, who, luckily was busy reading a letter. Then he had to pass through a group of soldiers assembled in front of the guard-house. Finally, having passed through the outer lodge, the porter, fearing a blow from the plank, quickly drew back his head. A few paces beyond the last sentinel, who followed him with his eye, the prince dropped his pipe and picked it up again. The movement served to hide his face, already half concealed by the plank.

At last crossing the two drawbridges, he was free!

Thelin ran to fetch the cabriolet he had hired the day before. During his absence the fugitive waited with feverish impatience on the road to Saint Quentin. Unconscious of the weight of his wooden shoes, he soon reached the cemetery of Saint Sulpice, nearly a mile outside the village. He threw himself at the foot of a lofty crucifix, which rises in the midst of the graves, and thanked Heaven for the happiness vouchsafed to him. He saw Thelin advancing with his cabriolet; but another carriage was following. He waited till the latter had passed off. Then jumped into the cabriolet, he threw his wooden shoes into a field, and took the reins now playing the part of driver. A few minutes afterwards two mounted gendarmes rode out of Saint Sulpice. But they took another direction; namely, towards Peronne.

Before entering Saint Quentin, which is a busy manufacturing town, Louis Napoleon got out of the cabriolet and walked through the streets till he left the town by the road to Cambrai, where Thelin was to pick him up with another vehicle.

He waited and waited; no Thelin came. He sat down by the roadside, leaning his head on his hands, and asked himself whether he was again to be made the victim of a third disappointment. He felt something gently joggling his shoulder. It was the dog that Thelin led out tied with a string, running before the carriage, and came to carress him. In a few minutes they were sitting behind a pair of post horses on the road to Valenciennes, where, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, they took the train to Paris, which stops there on its way to Brussels.

WILMINGTON, N. C., March 12.

Before the war there were a large number of men in this State who were Old-line Whigs. Among them was a speculator in merchandise named Geo. Washington Swepson. After the war ended, and when the State (N. C.) Convention came up, "in the course of human events," Swepson gained notoriety as a lobbyist. He cultivated the friendships of a man named Littlefield, who had come from Philadelphia, and whose ancestors were among those of the Pilgrim's ancestors who came from New England to the Quaker metropolis. Littlefield had known W. W. Holden when he was in mediocre circumstances, and when Holden was the sole editor of the Raleigh Standard, a Radical Republican paper published in North Carolina. When Holden became Governor he ostensibly sold out to Littlefield. Holden, who controlled the State Legislature, secured the State printing for Littlefield, and Littlefield and Holden went "snuck" on the profits of the State printing, which was an agreeable proceeding for them. Swepson and Littlefield embraced, and then they took in W. J. Hawkins. The trio formed a ring, sixteen million dollars in bonds were issued for proposed railroad enterprises. The ring got control of the disposition of those bonds. Only \$1,300,000 of the bonds has been accounted for satisfactorily. Swepson has fled the State.—Cor. N. Y. Sun.

Significant!

The following is from the Rutherford Star, the most rabid, ranting, Radical sheet in North Carolina. It is one of the Radical "true blue," and uow it bloweth bluely:

The Issue.

Shall W. W. Holden, or the honest Republicans of North Carolina rule the State.

The issue is made. The time for action has come, and we want to see how many are ready and prepared to show their hands.

There has never been, in the history of Republican Governments, a parallel to the administration of W. W. Holden to the present Governor of North Carolina. His administration, has been one of *tyranny, usurpation, treachery and corruption*. He has *usurped* powers that did not belong to him, and he has exercised those powers with an utter disregard for law or Constitution. He has *tyrannized* over the people, the State and even the Supreme Court of the State, in a way only suited to a *despot* and a *tyrant*. He *usurped* the powers belonging to the Superintendent of Public Works, in the face of law and public opinion. He exercised those powers with *corruption*, by placing irresponsible and *corrupt* men, in control of our railroads, because he was afraid to trust men of honesty and ability to such appointments, knowing that they would not be made tools of, in speculating upon, and swindling the people out of their money. He used these powers *treacherously*, because he promised the people to put honest and responsible men in charge of these important offices which he ignored in his appointments from A to Z.

He exercised those powers with *selfishness and tyranny*, by refusing to surrender them to the proper officer or allowing the question of power to be decided by the proper tribunal. (The Supreme Court,) and now on the eve of a decision *belonging* the power would be taken out of his hands, and as was intended by the Constitution and the law placed in the hands of the Superintendent of Public Works, with an utter disregard, and disrespect for that "honorific tribunal," he put to work with all the *trickery and intrigue* belonging to him by nature, to forestall their decision, by repealing the law giving these powers to the Superintendent of Public Works, which we are very sorry to see, by the influence brought to bear upon the Legislature, he was successful in doing.

Republicans of North Carolina, look at the picture. We have stated nothing but *truths*, and refer to all honest men as our witnesses.

Are you willing that your State should be ruled and *ruined* by such a despot? Are you willing as *Republicans* to be quietly led by this *tyrant and usurper* to your *ruin and destruction* as a party? We ask of you, before it is too late to survey your position carefully, and strike while there is yet time.

We call upon the *Standard*, and all other papers in the State, that are published in the interest of republican principles, to come out and show where they stand. The issue is fixed and plain, *are you for Holden or the republican party, and the redemption of the State from the ruin and degradation brought upon it by his corrupt and unwise policy?* There is no time for delay. We want to know where you stand. You must take one side or the other, and the choice is left with you. Which will you take?

To follow Holden is to be *politically damned*, for all time to come, and it is to be hoped that republicans have their eyes open to the danger.

"How this World is given to Lying!"

Shakespeare.

"Some of the Radical rural organs of the Democracy," says the Asheville Pioneer, "are boasting that they will not allow the negroes to vote under the Fifteenth Amendment, and that the Amendment itself will be stricken from the Constitution."

Some people, who do not keep posted, might think there is some truth in the assertion contained in this extract, but there isn't! No, not one word of truth in it, nor shadow of foundation for it.—Let the Pioneer give the name of the paper, and the language which would justify the cool deliberate assertion thus made.—Sentinel.

Civility costs nothing, therefore misers are a civil race.

Printers pay an ink-em tax.

[COMMUNICATED.]

HENDERSONVILLE, N. C. March 24 '70

MR. EDITOR:—Henderson County is ready to enlarge your list of subscribers; and while you have these claims upon our County, she charges you with a duty towards her: "give her a chance." Henderson County, as to natural scenery, fertility of soil, salubrity of climate, and natural facilities for machinery, as well as, to her rich beds and mines of ores and valuable metals, has not a superior in North Carolina. Aye, may I not say, in any adjacent State. With all these attractions, she presents a beautiful level surface for miles in all directions from the County site, here and there spotted with rich plantations; and the very waters of the serene French Broad, the roaring Mill River, the deceptive Mud Creek and the limpid clear and pure Camp Creeks, are ever inviting a rigid cultivation of their rich banks and bottoms, and the whole prospect tells that the farmers of the County are *too weak* to till the lands properly, and years for the immigration of industrious and scientific husbandmen to unloose the latent powers of the soil and let them speak the truth boldly, and to give to the mighty water-powers an opportunity of whirling the rude works of nature into the most desirable works of man under the auspices of immigrant mechanics. Henderson County needs more farmers, and more mechanics; and they ought to be men of means and enterprise. The natives of the County are truly industriously disposed, but have not the ability to develop the resources that are promised. By reason of the confusion created by the late war, there are several very excellent farmers and magnificent building abundant, (and now only occupied by careless tenants,) which can be bought at one fourth their intrinsic value, and if purchasers would only visit them, they would surely buy. But why is it immigrants have not long since settled up and improved our County? The fact that they have not would seem to negate the above statement. But it is easily accounted for. Land-searchers have never found out the facts—they have had no one so recommend them to our county. We have but one newspaper published in the County; and that paper is exclusively devoted to religion; and the editor, therefore, cannot safely "put" for the county. Newspapers published in the locality being immediately interested in the growth of that place in which they operate, as a matter of course, will speak out in favor of that particular section, in preference to all others. And hence, Henderson County has suffered much for the want of "puffers." But not so much for the want of "puffers" to magnify and exaggerate the charms of our section beyond reality, as for the want of responsible, reliable agencies to recommend to the inquiring world the real, unmistakable, attractions it presents. Henderson County therefore would respectfully ask the world and particularly the vast number of persons travelling in search of good lands (i. e., stay a week up with some good citizen, who will take a pleasure in accompanying "gentlemen from a distance," to visit every good farm in the County, if necessary. And Henderson County claims that she has a right to be heard on the subject; and covenants that those who come "shall not go away empty." From fifteen to twenty thousand acres can be bought in this County, and good titles made; and this land is divided off, into farms of convenient sizes; on many of which there are excellent buildings.

We cordially invite public attention to these facts. To enterprising emigrants, I would say, you can't possibly do better taking everything into consideration, by *risking* an endless tour through all the Counties of the *Far West*. There you find rich lands and gold; here you find good lands with good buildings, good health and good society; and all upon the prospective route of the great Railroad thoroughfare from Cincinnati, Ohio, to Charleston South Carolina. The people of Henderson want your money and your enterprise and you want their lands; so let there be a mutual accommodation arrangement effected. To the South of Hendersonville, the distance, not exceeding five miles from town there may be found from twenty-five to thirty very excellent and costly edifices, together with little towns of outhouses appurtenant thereto, built upon good lands, one half of which desirable places can be bought in all probability at very low figures.

Turn your attention westward and you find the Davis Farm, on French Broad and also the farms of Johnston, Henry, McBrayer, Morgan, King, Mill-

er, Summey, Spann and others, and at the junction of Mill River with French Broad you find the Myers Farm consisting of near one thousand acres of the most productive bottom lands—and adjoining the farm of Capt. Ivens—next the preceding in value. Then go if you please along the meanderings of that beautiful little river upward, some six miles and pass the fine farms of Corpening, Summey, Evans, Johnson, Carlin, Allen, Kimsey, Murray, Brittain, Whitakers, Taylor, Bickmans and others. Many of these farms can be bought at low figures, and any of these may be bought at their value. And further these lands will be effectual by the completion of any Railroads through Western Carolina and enhanced in value and are all lying in the heart of the very best of neighborhoods. Let purchasers come and let them not be afraid. As the merchants say: "Give us a trial; we will not charge for showing." J. J. O.

For Moderate Drinkers.

A "Merchant prince" of New York—a portly "six-footer" of great manly beauty, who never dined without his brandy and water, nor went to bed without a terrapin or oyster supper, and who was never known to be drunk died of chronic diarrhoea, a common end of those who are never intoxicated never out of liquor. Hall's Journal of Health gives this account of his death:

"Months before he died—he was a year in dying—he could eat nothing without distress, and at death the whole alimentary canal was a mass of disease; in the midst of his millions he died of inanition. That is not the half reader. He had been a steady, daily drinker for twenty eight years. Scrofula had been eating up one daughter for fifteen years; another is in the mad house; the third and fourth were of unearthly beauty; there was a kind of grandeur in that beauty; but they blighted, and paled and faded—into Heaven, we trust—in their sweet teens; another is tottering on the verge of the grave, and only one is left with all the senses, and each of them is as weak as water."

The same periodical instances another case that should supplement the one just given:

"A gentleman of thirty-five, was sitting in a chair with no specially critical symptoms present; still, he was known to be a dissipated young man. He rose, ran fifty feet, fell down and died. The whole covering of the brain was thickened, its cavities were filled with a fluid that did not belong to it, enough to kill half a dozen with apoplexy; a great portion of one lung was in a state of gangrene, and nearly all the other was hardened and useless; blood and yellow matter plastered the inner covering of the lungs, while angry patches of destructive inflammation were scattered along the whole alimentary canal.—Why, there was enough of death in that one man's body to have killed forty. The doctor who talks about guzzling liquor ever day being "healthy" is a perfect disgrace to the medical name, and ought to be turned out to break stone for the term of his natural life, at a shilling a day, and find himself."

KEEPING LENT AND HEALTH.—Dr. W. W. Hall, the publisher of Hall's Journal of Health, in his recently published and most excellent work on "Health and Good Living," has the following on the physical benefits of keeping Lent strictly, without the dispensation usually granted:

If all persons for a month in early spring were to abstain from all meats whatsoever, as the spirit of the doctrine of Lent requires, it would add greatly to the health of communities, by enabling the system to throw off the impurities of the body acquired by the hearty eating of winter; would cool off the heated blood, and thus destroy the germs of spring and summer disease; and thus it is that the proper practice of the precepts of religion promotes not only the spiritual but the physical health of man. These are simple measures; they are practicable, cost no money, and are available to all, and if heeded in a rational manner death would be kept from many a dweller, and life-time sorrows would be lightened to many bosoms.

A well known young lawyer obtained a divorce for a pretty and wealthy client. He sent a bill for \$1,000. The next day the lady called on him, and inquired if he was in earnest in proposing to her. "Propose to you, Madam! I didn't propose to you," replied the astonished attorney. "Well, you asked me for my fortune, and I thought you would have the grace to take me with it," was the calm reply. The lawyer wilted.

A Lover on a Rampage.

It is singular what strange episodes the tender passion sometimes occasions. It is not unfrequently the cause of biliousness, producing dyspepsia and other complaints of the digestive organs; it has been asserted that cholera is sometimes the result of it, and a wonderful tendency is created by it. Meditative walks, silent reveries and self-communion spring inevitably from the first advances of the observing emotion. These are common and anticipated results; but it has been left to Julius Cober to disclose a new feature in the universal malady. It seems that Julius had been smitten with the bright eyes and rosy cheeks of a cabbage vender in the Paydras market. He visits her daily, dinner in her presence on rashers of bacon and cold vegetables, and on one of these occasions summoned sufficient courage to proffer his suit. But his embarrassment caused him so much excitement that he actually overturned a jug of carbolie acid, which had been put under the table by the maiden's respected progenitor. The noxious fluid rapidly spread upon the pavement and a most offensive odor from it.

"What's that?" inquired the little maiden, elevating her olfactory member, and making evident signs of distress.

"It's my love," continued Julius, oblivious in his excitement of the smell, and supposing her inquiry to refer to his attachment.

"Oh, my! You dont tell me that's love?"

"Of course it is, my dear. You have no idea how strong it is."

"Yes, I have—my goodness!" exclaimed the beauty, as Julius' feet stirred the sediment, and more sickening odor arose.

"Why, it's terrible!"

"Indeed it is; and I'll certainly die if you don't marry me."

"And will it always be this way?" and again the little pug nose shot up in the air.

"Always."

"But I can't stand it."

"It won't be quite so violent, but just as strong."

"I—I—I—don't think I like to be loved, sir; it smells too bad."

"What," said Julius, with another scrape of his foot—and this time obtaining a good draught of the carbolie acid.

"It smells so!" the maiden again repeated.

"But that ain't love—it's something under the table!"

"Oh! well, now, I thought as how when people loved, they smelt!"

"Oh, no," said Julius; and an immediate search revealed the cause of the offensive odor.

It is useless to say that thereupon Julius became happy and his sweetheart radiant.

The Man Who is In Love.

There is something very cruel in the cruel contempt with which women, as a rule, look upon a man who is in love.—One might have thought that compassion (which is nearly akin to contempt, however, with many people) would have been a more appropriate feeling; but it cannot be denied that a man is never less a hero with the women of his acquaintance than when he is desperately in love with some particular woman.—If it be his good fortune to have inspired a similar attachment in the bosom of the young person who has upset his reason, she, out of all her sex, may be inclined to see something fine and noble in his devotion; but your ordinary woman—and, above all, your extraordinary woman, who has some power of satire, and loves to revenge the weakness of her sex by laughing at the other—cannot help regarding a lover as a rather silly person, who has caught a fever which is about as ridiculous as measles to a grown-up man. In novels the case is quite otherwise; and nothing in fiction attracts the sympathy of woman so much as a perfect abandonment to a wild and impetuous affection, with the spectacle of a rhetoric-loving young man conquering every difficulty, and overcoming all obstacles, for the sake of his sweetheart. But in actual life, a man finds himself compelled to keep a strict watch over any exhibitions of affections he may be inclined to indulge in; and if he does not, the woman of his acquaintance look upon him as a "softy," and shrug their shoulders in a highly humorous way over his folly. As for the modern young lady, she conceals her affection so thoroughly that you would almost imagine she had none.

The man who tore his coat thinks rents are increasing.