

CENTRAL EXPRESS

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A SHORT BUT CAPITAL SPEECH.

Gov. Fowle Before the Southern Historical Society.

While in New York attending the Washington Centennial, Gov. Fowle was specially invited guest of the Southern Historical Society to an elegant banquet. While the feast was being served, the Governor made the following remarks:

Mr. President and Gentlemen:
If there is one State in this American Union that does not know how to blow its own trumpet, it is North Carolina. [Applause.] And yet, I tell you that there are, no people now within the city of New York that are prouder of the display which the Union made on day before yesterday than those of the Old North State. [Applause.] During this entire centennial celebration there was one grievance that North Carolina had against New York, and only one, and I will tell you what it was: When you placed us in the procession, you put 16,000 men from New York in such a position that it took a long time for North Carolina to greet her sister South Carolina. [Laughter and applause.] But North Carolina got there all the same. [Laughter and applause.]

I want to say one thing to this grand New York Southern Historical Society. It did my heart good, my countrymen, when I saw title upon the ticket that was sent to me only yesterday to meet you here to-night, and why? Because, members of the Southern Historical Society, we wish you to have treasures upon your record every brave act of every Confederate soldier in the late war between the States and for this reason: We want to show you that the next time, if in our day, the United States of America is engaged in any struggle with any foe, that these same Southern soldiers intend to surpass their record in behalf of our common country. [Loud applause.] New York may love this American Union, and Georgia, though her distinguished sons may boast of its devotion to this Union, but let me tell you that this old North Carolina has within her breast an affection for this Union of our fathers that is second to no State upon the soil of North America. [Loud applause.]

My countrymen, do you know why it is that we had such a grand celebration as this? I stood upon your streets and went in a carriage from one end to the other, and I gazed in the faces of a million of free men who prided themselves on the title of American citizens. [Applause.] Why is it that we had such a demonstration as this? I will tell you, sir, why. When the Southern States went from the Union there was one thing they carried with them. It was that grand, glorious instrument, that work of pure patriots and sagacious statesmen, that best mode of civil government which human virtue or wisdom have ever devised—the constitution of the United States. [Loud applause.] And when we returned again to this Union we found that same old glorious Constitution, and at this day, plain, honest North Carolina stands the peer and sister of magnificent New York. [Applause.] There is one thing that has been in my heart ever since the war terminated, and I tell you, my countrymen, my American countrymen, that on day before yesterday, for the first time, it seemed to me that before these eyes closed in death, they might see the desire of heart fulfilled, and it was this: In English history, when the wars of the Roses were over, the sons of Lancaster joined in praising the deeds of York, and the sons of York gloried in the manhood of Lancaster, and their deeds conjointly were weaved together in order to form a chaplet with which they might crown their old mother England. May the time come when the glorious deeds of the Union soldiers and the equally glorious deeds of the

CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS MAY BE TAKEN AND WEAVED IN ONE CHAPLET WITH WHICH WE WILL CROWN ALL AMERICA.

[Loud applause.] And when that time comes, then, my countrymen, will come the day when the national mausoleum to be erected to our great leader, Abraham Lincoln [Loud applause], will only be equalled by another monument, erected to our Christian Southern leader, Robert Edward Lee [Loud applause]. And then a monument erected by a grateful country to the large-hearted and honorable soldier, Ulysses S. Grant [Loud applause], will be equalled by American's monument to one of the greatest soldiers of modern times, Stonewall Jackson. [Loud applause.] When that time comes, and come it will, every one in this broad Union may take the poet's own words and say:

"The union of lakes, the union of lands,
The union of States, let none sever;
The union of hearts, the union of hands,
And the flag of our Union forever."

Three cheers and a tiger were then given to the Governor of North Carolina.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

Theodore Tilton.

"For female suffrage means infinitely more than merely dropping a vote in a ballot-box. It means a participation in all the responsibility of government; it means eligibility to nearly every legislative and executive office; it means that in addition to all the high and onerous duties which God has laid on every wife and mother, there should also be imposed the sacred trust and burdens of civil government. The idea is so monstrous that Dr. Horace Bushnell, in his unanswerable volume against it, well styled it 'the reform against nature.' Some able and excellent women—chiefly among the class who appear on public platforms—do indeed favor the project of loading their own sex with burdens of political citizenship and civil government. But they are a very small minority. Horace Greeley once said to me, very wisely: 'I will be more inclined to grant the ballot, and all its attendant responsibilities to the female sex, when a large majority of the thoughtful, cultivated, and conscientious women of the land really want the ballot. But I do not yet discover that they do want it.' He was right. Four-fifths of the most sensible women of America are utterly opposed to the imposition of the burdens of political duties upon their shoulders. Woman's empire is broad enough already; her burdens heavy enough."

The men in all ages have been the governors. The Bible itself authorizes the supremacy of man in the great activities of the world's sphere. The sanctity of American home depends to a great extent in the conduct of the women. Let them turn politicians and they at once deprive themselves of all those guards and sanctities that surround woman. Reverence and respect, and with it love and delicacy will disappear to a great extent when women become political factors, voters electioneers and candidates.

TRIBUTES TO LEE AND HIS MEN.

Theodore Roosevelt, the Civil Service Commissioner, wrote the "Life of Thomas Benton" in the "American Statesman Series." In that work he pays the following high tribute to the soldiers of General Lee's army: "The world has never seen better soldiers than those who followed Lee, and their leader will undoubtedly rank as without any exception the very greatest of all the great Chiefs that the English speaking people have brought forth—and this, although the last and chief of his antagonists, may himself claim to stand as the full equal of Marlborough or Wellington."

DEATH OF A NOTABLE MAN.

Allen Thorndike Rice, the newly appointed minister to Russia, died suddenly of the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York at 3:30 o'clock Friday morning. He was to have sailed for Russia the day he died. Mr. Rice's reputation as editor of the *North American Review* is known throughout the country.

SOUTHERN LITERATURE.

A Growing School of Writers of Southern Fiction.

Charlotte News and Courier.
A few years ago the cry was heard on every hand "Let us have a Southern magazine of high literary grade!" The plea was that, owing to the bitterness engendered by the civil war, Southern writers could not get a hearing in Northern magazines; that Northerners stoutly persisted, in literary as well as in political matters, that no good could possibly come out of Nazareth. As the years have worn away the cry has become feebler and feebler. Southern capital was neither strong nor enterprising enough to establish a magazine which could successfully compete with the great New York monthlies.

The only attempt to establish such a magazine was made at Louisville about five years ago; but the *Southern Bivouac* no sooner showed signs of vigor than it was bought out by the *Century*. Several young writers, whose first efforts appeared in the *Bivouac*, now contribute regularly to the *Century*. So Southern talent has been obliged to go North for an outlet; and be it said to the lasting credit of Northern publishers that they forgot war prejudices much more quickly than did the politicians, and were not slow to see and appreciate the efforts of young Southern writers. A fresh, breezy story is a thing of delight to the editor of a literary journal, and it became plain to the editors as well as to their readers that the vein struck in the literary mines of the South yielded ore.

The New England Yankee—and a truly interesting character he was—has been masquerading through our lighter literature till we know all his tricks by heart, and now the time has come when his place is being rapidly taken by fresher Southern and Western types. The Southern story especially has come to be looked upon as the winning card in our big magazines. They sometimes tell their readers that the next number will contain, among other attractions, a fresh Southern story. More than one Northern critic has said that the best stories we get nowadays come from the South and Ex-Judge Tourgee, in a late number of the *Forum*, gives it as his opinion that the South is destined to reap a rich harvest in the field of fiction. He thinks that the Southern negro and the Confederate soldier will get the lion's share in the song and story of the coming years. If all this be true, it is not a matter for coasting, but for modest congratulation.

Why should we not have a literary renaissance? Our pulses have been quickened by the stir and thunder of a civil war; we have a picturesque and checkered past in which the social fabric was semi-patriarchal and semi-feudal, the interest in which will deepen as the years bring their change; the Old South is pre-eminently a land of memories, and around many firesides to day may be heard tales of privation and poverty, of noble daring and of still nobler sacrifice; many a grave now covered with periwinkles and roses has its story of love and devotion and death.

All these literary sheaves may be had for the gathering; and the following cursory glance at some of the writers who are now delighting thousands of our magazine readers will show that the reapers have not been slow to thrust in their sickles and that the harvest has been far from scant.

The first Southern writer who won a national reputation after the war was George W. Cable. He published in the *Century* a series of sketches of Creole life in Louisiana, which at once attracted public notice. The life pictured was new to most American readers, and the lightness and grace of touch with which the work was done did not fail to charm. Mr. Cable, despite his vagaries on the negro question, continues to please

A BRILLIANT SON OF CHARLOTTE.

Rev. W. W. Moore, D. D., to Preach a Graduating Sermon.

Charlotte Chronicle.
Rev. W. W. Moore, D. D., of Hampden Sydney, Va., will preach the sermon before the graduating class at Peace Institute this year.

Speaking of Dr. Moore, the *Baltimore News and Observer* says: "Dr. Moore is a brilliant man and his career has been a remarkable one. He is a native of Charlotte, N. C., and is a graduate of Davidson College. After leaving Davidson College he took the course at the Union Theological seminary of the Southern Presbyterian Church. He is now a professor in this seminary having been called to take a position there six years ago, almost immediately after his graduation. He is the youngest member of the faculty being about thirty years of age, and is perhaps the youngest man who has ever occupied a similar position. The Doctor is not only a fine scholar, but is considered by many as the most brilliant young preacher in the Southern Presbyterian Church. A few years ago Dr. Moore married Miss Lula Fries, of Salem, N. C."

GEN. PRYOR VINDICATED BY THE FACTS.

New York Sun.

A Southern journal having stated recently that Gen. Roger A. Pryor was a deserter from the Confederate army, the General's son has taken the trouble to obtain letters and affidavits from persons acquainted with the circumstances of General Pryor's capture on November 27, 1864, the date upon which the desertion is alleged to have occurred. The General was at that time "general" only by courtesy, being in fact a private in a Confederate cavalry regiment. His capture was an act of treachery. He crossed the Confederate lines to exchange newspapers with the Federal pickets—a common practice—and having been made prisoner was kept in Fort Lafayette till arrangements were made for his exchange. This account is confirmed by a letter from Gen. Wilcox, who commanded the Confederate line where Pryor crossed; by an affidavit of H. O. Dudley, colonel of the Eleventh New Hampshire, who effected the capture; by affidavits of Capt. Hussey and Mr. T. O. Fernald, who assisted in the capture; by a letter from Assistant Provost Marshal General Sharp, who met Pryor at City Point in the position of prisoner, and by a letter from Washington McLean, of Washington, who secured from Mr. Lincoln an order for his exchange, and on visiting Fort Lafayette found Pryor in strict confinement in the casemate with other prisoners. Contemporaneous accounts in both Confederate and Federal newspapers agree as to the fact of the capture, the *Richmond Examiner* and *Petersburg Express* describing it as a capture effected treacherously by the enemy while Pryor was trying to secure an exchange of newspapers. Extracts from Northern papers are given chronicling every step of his progress from City Point to Fort Lafayette. Under the weight of this mass of testimony the slander upon Gen. Pryor is effectually extinguished.

London *Standard*: At a village school, not many miles from Canterbury, a precocious boy being asked to parse the sentence, "Mary, milk the cow," went on accurately till he came to the last word, when he said: "Cow is a pronoun, feminine gender, third person singular, and stands for Mary." "Stands for Mary?" asked the master in astonishment. "Yes sir," responded the urchin with a grin, "for if the cow didn't stand for Mary, how could Mary milk the cow?"

WHY WOMEN FADE.

Women lose their beauty because colds undermine their life. Dr. Acker's English Remedy for Consumption is an absolute cure for colds. Sold by Dr. A. J. Thompson, druggist.

THE CHILD IS FATHER TO THE MAN.

Express Correspondence.

The imperative summons, in obedience to which I became an inhabitant of this mundane sphere, came to me in the cool breezy days of September, 1862. No great preparation had been made, or royal personages assembled to give me an ovation on my arrival and impress me from the beginning favorably with the world as a place of habitation. No, my infant eyes first beheld the glorious light of nature as it illuminated a scene of bloodshed and carnage.

My young ears were first greeted not with soul-cheering melodies, but with sad wails rising from broken hearts and the heart-rending cry for bread, for the people were passing through the experience of the little Irish girl, when she prayed,

"Only three grains of corn mother,
Only three grains of corn,
To keep the little life I have,
Till the coming of the morn."

The storm was raging fiercely overhead; the sky was darkened; the angry thunders were muttering forth their wrath, and the blinding and awful lightning's flash was playing heartlessly around our fondest hopes.

What the end of civil strife would be, no one could prophesy. I could not take in the meaning of this great war storm. My perceptive faculties and consciousness were not at that time sufficiently developed to appreciate or in any measure realize how lamentable and disastrous were civil wars. I have been told since of untold wealth that existed in the South previous to the years '61-'65 and how it was swept away in the tempest of which I am now writing. I have been told of men reared in opulence and great wealth, upon realizing that the war had made them paupers, giving up all hope of reparation and sinking underneath the burden never to rise again. I have been told of noble, aspiring young men and women whose education and mental development were neglected in consequence of the ravages of war. Yes, I came to the world in a stormy season to become the heir of poverty, and, in a large measure neglect, because of civil strife, yet I am proud to say, born of honorable and respected parents. I never heard of any "blue blood" tracing its way through my veins. I belonged to no special order or caste that would bring me favors and prestige and strengthen me for life's arduous duties, but to that good class of humble people who try to be loyal to themselves and their country, thousands of whom are to be found in Moore county to-day.

I have mentioned these things simply to show that no favoring gale of fortune swept across my pathway and led my young mind first to think of attaining unto usefulness, but that all was dark and discouraging from the very beginning of my career.

It has now been nearly seventeen years since I was deeply burdened on account of sin and felt in my heart the great need of a Saviour from sin. I shall never forget, while reason sits enthroned, the happy hour when my burden of sin rolled away and Christ was formed in my soul the hope of glory. I was then only ten years of age and connected myself with the missionary Baptist Church in the old town of Fayetteville, my childhood's home. I came to Christ, I suppose, in compliance with the divine arrangement, "The poor have the gospel preached to them," for I was even at that early age beginning to feel the effects of poverty keenly. I would pause here to say to the readers of this article that my acceptance of Christ at that age was the most important event in my life's history, giving shape to my character and setting me in a determined resolution to serve loyally my best interest and leave the world far richer and better by my having lived in it. The first thing every young man should do in order to be successful, is to seek the kingdom of

God and His righteousness, and then abide God's time, confidently expecting to receive all things needful from Him.

With my conversion came the conviction that God had called me to preach the Gospel of His Son, and to this end I was kept in school up to my fifteenth year. When the shadows fell across our threshold and what seemed a sad stroke of providence, drove me out into the battles of life, to learn something more of privation and hardships, and to be strengthened for the great struggle just ahead. The event referred to above was my father's death. He left to me his only property, a wife, my own dear mother, and two sisters, orphaned by his demise.

This of course put an end to my school days, and instead now of dreaming of college life and a glorious future, my mind was directed by stern necessity, to the solution of the problem of an existence. Up to this time I had not come in contact with the world, and knew little of its customs and treatment toward those who are dependant entirely upon their own efforts. Many hard lessons were in store for me, and were learned one by one, making me stronger and more determined every time.

It is disgusting to watch pretending sympathy with the unfortunate. They are deeply moved at the trouble of their friend, but never go beyond a tear or some worthless expression to indicate their sympathy. This writer had scores of such sympathizers, but not one to suggest a way out of the difficulty or lend a helping hand. He soon discovered that he must "root hog or die."

The sooner we all learn that sympathy is a luxury with which we can dispense, the better it will be for us and the world.

Next week I will tell you of my first visit to Moore county.

W. F. WARSON.

NOTES ABOUT PEOPLE.

Gen. Lew Wallace has a decided penchant for baseball.

Cardinal Gibbons has reached his home in Baltimore, from his Southern trip.

A young minister "away down in Maine" introduced Mrs. Mary A. Livermore to an audience the other evening as "the Grand Old Woman."

Gov. Hill is taking riding lessons. He goes frequently to a quiet riding school in Hoboken, where he has already become quite an expert in the saddle. He has not, of course, mixed in with the ordinary pupils, but has taken his lessons privately.

Sybil Sanderson, the California girl who has made a striking success at Paris in the title role of *Masenet's* latest opera, has luxuriant auburn hair, a pale complexion and a magnificent figure. She is fond of dressing in black, and the whiteness of her skin, the brilliancy of her eyes and the peculiar tint of her hair combined to make her a fascinating object when thus attired. She is a great coquette and has had various love affairs of a romantic character.

NORTH CAROLINA FARMERS' INSTITUTES.

Raleigh News and Observer 28th.

Commissioners Robinson yesterday received a letter from Secretary Rusk of the National Department of Agriculture at Washington enclosing blanks, and asking him to send dates regarding the work of organizing farmers' institutes in this State. Secretary Rusk is collecting reports from all the States in the Union. North Carolina has done some important work in this line, but there is much more to be done, and it is hoped that Commissioner Robinson will be provided with the necessary funds to carry out the work. He will send a report of the work in this State to Secretary Rusk as desired.

A Sad Story.

The child coughed. The mother ran. No remedy was near. Before morning the poor little sufferer was dead. *Moral:* Always keep Dr. Acker's English Remedy at hand. Sold by Dr. A. J. Thompson, druggist.