

# CENTRAL EXPRESS



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### JOHNSTON'S

#### Defence of Charleston Harbor.

We have often taken occasion to say that the development of the South is almost exclusively the work of her own sons, whose energy, intelligence and capabilities are equal to the successful solution of any practical problem. In a striking way that was exemplified during the war. Untrained in industrial matters we speedily utilized every resource known to us that was capable of being used to advantage, and displaying remarkable inventive genius, we grappled with and overcame many difficulties that seemed to be unsurmountable.

An agricultural people, unprepared for war, the opening of the conflict found us without munitions of any kind. At first private shops were turned from the works of peace to meet the demands of war, and then arsenals arose at which every article needed was manufactured. Such fertility of resources were never displayed by any other people of the world.

We are led to recall this general subject by a perusal of Maj. Johnson's Defence of Charleston Harbor, which affords many exemplifications of this phase of Southern talent. A notable incident of the kind mentioned by Maj. Johnson was the repulse of the 11 in. guns of the Merrimack. In the attack of April 7, 1863, this iron-clad came within the range of Fort Sumter and was so thoroughly battered that the next morning she sank off the southern extremity of Morris Island, about two-thirds of a mile from the beach. There in the immediate presence of the Federal fleet, a squad of men visiting the wreck by stealth at night, cut through the heavy iron turrets and lifted out two great guns, each three feet five inches long, three feet in diameter at the breech and weighing sixteen thousand pounds. They were a week in cutting through the roof and two weeks more in cutting through the turrets. The guns were successfully removed from under the nose of the Federal admiral and afterwards were the bravest effective ordnance used in the defence of the city. For enterprise, hardihood and capability, this feat is unsurpassed in the annals of war. Maj. Johnson's account of it is very interesting and entertaining.

The construction of our land batteries, such for instance as Battery Wagner, Batteries Bee, Beauregard, Marshall, etc., around Charleston, and of Fort Fisher, and other works on the Cape Fear, in like manner attest the industrial skill of Southern men.

The construction of iron clads, the building of rams, and the invention of torpedoes were all innovations, new projects, the result of Southern genius and illustrative of Southern capacity to deal with industrial matters. Immediately after the outbreak of hostilities, a machine was invented to mill by hand the smooth-bore guns found in the forts, and at Charleston the method of reinforcing them by banding was successfully adopted by that very capable and efficient ordnance officer, Col. L. Childs. It fell to the lot of the writer to determine the shape of the projectile to be used in them. An illustration of how boldly such things were essayed, it was in contemplation to erect at Fort Sumter a furnace to cast cannon ball to be used while the interior was still molten metal. The feasibility of this, low charges being used, was agreed to; but Major Wagner, who was the very life and soul of the defence at that period, being unhappily killed, the project fell through; and indeed as against the Federal iron clads afterwards built, such projectiles would have been valueless.

The expedients resorted to in strengthening Fort Sumter, after that fortress had been battered

down, also in a most remarkable manner illustrate the fertility of Southern genius and the highest industrial capacity. In this paper we can give no adequate idea of the vast labor that was performed within that dismantled fortification. That it was done at night, under a bombardment, lasting, with some intervals, more than a year only makes it the more wonderful. That is the story of Sumter—a story that savors more of the elements of romance than of stern, practical reality.

There were three great bombardments of Sumter, the last one continuing sixty consecutive days and nights, and there were eight minor bombardments, the whole covering 157 days and 116 nights; and there were 123 additional days and nights during which the firing was irregular.

During those days 46,000 projectiles, weighing 7,000,000 pounds, were fired against the devoted fortress. These shot converted into sixty pound rails would have laid a railroad track thirty-five miles long. The life of the garrison under such a bombardment, and their wonderful reconstruction of the fort, using in the operation probably half a million sand bags of material are matters of absorbing interest. No other men but Southerners have ever endured such hardships and accomplished such feats under similar difficulties. It will stand on the pages of history incomparably beyond the endurance and constructive energy of any other garrison known to fame.

One cannot read the pages in which these things are told without a glowing pride of race and a burning patriotic ardor; without lively emotions of sympathy and an exalted appreciation of the heroism and constancy and skill which the defenders of Fort Sumter displayed.

But, as we have said, Maj. Johnson does not confine his narrative to Fort Sumter alone, for he gives a clear and admirable account of all the operations around Charleston, and he does so in a style that reflects great credit on him as a writer of history.

#### A Mad World.

Durham Globe.

A business engagement kept this pale-faced student in his office last night, and he could not hear Mr. Dixon talk upon the subject which was foals. But just before leaving the print-shop with its papers, it pens and scissors—the pale-faced student before mentioned, unbound these few thoughts and placed them on the hook to keep the devil's cry for copy a little longer in the distance this morning.

A man talks of fools—but from what perfection or what development does he make his comparison? It was the sublime Shakespeare who remarked in a most casual way that most all mortals were fools. Yet that was but an opinion. It will not do for one man to succeed and say that another is a fool because he failed. It will not do for one man to imagine that he is smart and that another is a fool because he does not happen to know what the other man does or do what the other man does. There are degrees of idiocy and stages of utter foolishness—sappy, grinning, giggling foolishness—and the unfortunate wretch thus afflicted is at best simple minded. We talk about fools—and like the withered, cringing sinner, who prays to God and imagines God looks like he looks—think, in our conceit and vanity that because the architectural construction of our neighbor is not like ours' that our neighbor may be a fool. But did you ever step over in his backyard and hear what your neighbor thinks of you?

The raw and untanned truth is simply this: No man with a sound mind is a fool. If his mind is diseased he may be a fool, a lunatic or a simpleton—and he is not responsible. The world applies the name of fool to those whose ideas do not dovetail with it; those who are at

variance with the general thoughts of the vulgar mob—but unless a man is a dunce—with a mind unbalanced and diseased, he is no more a fool than any other of his fellow men. Minds are no more alike than features. We are apt to measure other people by our own warped yard-stick and view ourselves in the mirror of vanity and exclaim that so and so is a fool—only because he does do what we think the proper caper.

Our lamented friend Hothacker—conceded to be one of the most brilliant journalists of the country, one night wrote this and handed it to the writer. It is a sermon.

"What is the word of a human worth. Be it praise or be it blame? Be it either, it is of earth—Just the echo of a name.

For after all, when all are through, Praise or blame or bitter tongue: Crime of age or vice of youth, I am I and you are you.

Does it matter? Not at all, Words are nothing, judgement worse.

Bad lines written in ragged verse—Conscience hardly worth a call—But after it's over God will know!

Or in other words: We may all be fools, we may all be rascals, we may all be first-class chumps. We were turned loose originally and we had no general orders. The central idea was that we be good—but there is nothing in history to show us that we should pass judgements on our neighbor; nothing which commanded us to embark in business and worry out our scattered brains; nothing which said that we should flatter our friend when we knew we were jesting and expected him to accept it in sincerity. This theological student knows that Adam was not sent here to run a newspaper—and the theological student could be easily convinced by Dr. Dixon that he is a fool for trying it—but that is as far as the fools extend so far as we have observed or wish to remark.

### GORDON ON THE STUMP.

#### The Governor Illustrates a Speech With a War Reminiscence.

The governor began by saying that he left as if he were coming to his kindred. In the adjoining county his eyes first opened to the balmy skies which a benignant God still bends above us. "I love this people," said he, "and I know that they have loved me. I know, too, that when the light of truth shall fall upon the record they will love me still." [Applause.] He then replied to the Alliance resolution as follows:

"When I read that statement of my brethren made in all the solemnity of a resolution 'that the said John B. Gordon is no longer worthy of trust,' I was forcibly reminded of my last interview on the battlefield with one of the grandest men who has appeared in all the tide of time. As I rode back from Appomattox Court House, after having met the conquering generals, by the side of Gen. Lee, he said to me with his heart swelling and breaking, 'I wish general that I had fallen in one of the last battles.'

"Why, general?" said I.

"Because my countrymen will mis-judge me."

"How?" said I.

"They will imagine that with eight or ten thousand veterans, I ought still to have continued the warfare in the mountains with a possibility of final success for the Confederate cause."

"I endeavored to turn his thoughts on other lines, but Gen. Lee's heart was broken at the very thought that his countrymen might mis-judge him."

"I confess my friends, that while I had entirely recovered from that shock yet when I first read those words, coming in a solemn resolution from honest, upright, honorable men, deliberately penned, deliberately enacted, as their judgement of myself, I felt for the moment as Gen. Lee felt."

"But my friends, I know yet, I have never had a moment of anger. I have had several of anguish, but as truth shall finally triumph, my name will be vindicated and I shall live again in the hearts of these my brethren." [Applause.]

### DR. PRITCHARD

#### On Rev. Sam Jones—His Criticisms, Etc., Etc.

Below we give some clippings from Dr. Pritchard's criticisms on Sam Jones, as published in *Charity and Children*. Dr. Pritchard is pretty severe in his criticisms, but he seems to be sincere. He speaks highly of the work Mr. Pearson did in Wilmington. Of course, while this is Dr. Pritchard's opinion, there are thousands who are strong believers in Sam Jones.

After a few preparatory remarks and an admission of Jones' natural ability, Dr. Pritchard remarks:

To call him a great man would be to revolutionize my conception of human greatness. There may have been great men with an egotism as stupendous as his, but there never was one in which this quality was transparent. Certainly, in all the calendar of saints, history shows not one whose self-appreciation was so colossal.

The truth is, the man is badly spoiled; his great success and the unstinted adulation he has received have turned his head. He assumes the role of dictator at times; on one occasion, turning to the preachers he said: "You fat lazy, rascals! why were you not here at the early prayer meeting, trying to save souls, instead of taking your morning nap?" On another occasion he said: "I expect to be at the judgement and to hear the excuses of some of the pastors of this city for not helping in this meeting." The intimation seemed to be that he not only expected to be at the general judgement, but to be a sort of associate justice with the Almighty in pronouncing sentence and would enjoy the condemnation of those of us who did not see fit to join in his meeting. Such arrogance would be unbecoming in the Apostle Paul, much more in Sam Jones.

"I was soundly abused" and vilified in some papers and by private correspondence for styling Sam Jones a vulgarian and a blackguard. Even the distinguished son of North Carolina, Dr. John E. Edwards, shot an arrow at me from away over in Virginia. After a fuller acquaintance with him, I am sorry to say I cannot withdraw those charges; on the contrary, I must add to them one still more serious, that of profanity; and if the utterances I submit below do not make good each of these charges, I am ready to be branded a slanderer of my brethren.

"If you jump on your Uncle Jones you have got a government job on hand." "I love to see a man that stands independent of rules, etymology, seed, ticks, and 'possum skins." "Get up on your hind feet." "Shoot off your little mouth," "you old fool," "you old liar," "you old flop-eared hound," you contemptible puppies," "You lousy calves," "whining pigs;" "I heard it was likely I would be arrested for slandering that damnable club." Damnable seemed to be quite a favorite with him, as he used it often. "If you get between me and that club I will knock the filling out of you." "Get up and tell God you did not approve of Sam Jones—you little bear-eyed fool."

Oh, shucks, I have got the dead wood on these things," meaning by things, the doctrines of grace. "The pastor that allows his members to sell whiskey is not worthy to be the pastor of a litter of puppies." He called some of the most respectable gentlemen of Wilmington "Pusillanimous pole cats of hell." "Pole cats of hell," a brand new style of swearing, he used certainly as many as three times, and of some of our citizens he said that if a buzzard should get scent of them he would fly straight up half a mile to get away from the smell.

These are samples of the elegant utterances of Sam Jones in the pulpit, and they are by no means the worst things he said. *The Messenger*, one of our city papers, promised the public full stenographic reports of all Sam Jones' sermons.

On two occasions I asked the editor why he left out some of his utterances—once when he preached to men only, and once when he had 300 ladies before him. His reply was as follows: "Doctor, I just couldn't do it. My paper goes into families where there are women and children."

Another lady told me she was reading aloud one of Sam Jones' sermons, when next day she heard a little boy use one of the ugly expressions, and when the child was reproved, he replied "I thought I could say what the preacher said."

An ungodly man said to me a few days since: "We wicked men can learn plenty of cuss words from the Devil without going to the pulpit to be taught new oaths." Another man who sometimes swears said to me yesterday "If I wanted to curse a man blue, I wouldn't want any stronger words than Sam Jones uses." "Pusillanimous pole cats of hell is good." We have certainly fallen in evil times when our children and wicked men learn new profanity from the pulpit. God never made two laws of profanity—one for Sam Jones, and one for other people.

#### THE RESULTS OF THE MEETING.

I have no data that will enable me to speak with certainty on this point. I do not suppose so many people ever attended a meeting in North Carolina before. Fifteen hundred persons gave him the hand which simply meant that they would try to do better. Probably 300, possibly 400 professed conversion, many of whom were from the country. The indications now are that, while three times as many people attended this meeting as that of Mr. Pearson, not more than one third as many joined the churches.

Public opinion is generally divided here as to Sam Jones. Many good people would not hear him at all—hundreds went once and got enough and never went again. Many denounce him and his methods, while others denounce those who would not work. They are getting warm on both sides and the prospect now is that the whole town will be set by the ears over Sam Jones.

That such a state of strife should exist in a community immediately after a great religious meeting has closed argues that there has been wrong, serious wrong, somewhere, and this wrong I lay upon the pulpit manner of Sam Jones—that is the only issue I make with him and his friends. It is not a matter of taste—it involves issues far graver than that—it is a question of morals. Sam Jones said we had no issue, in Wilmington—that stagnation was the next thing to damnation with him. Well, we have an issue now—one distinctly joined as to the right and wrong in pulpit manners and the probabilities of a very considerable stir in this community. That this article will not tend to allay the excitement I do not doubt, but shall not deplore it, after the storm, the skies are clearer and the water purer.

I was requested by one of the city editors to give my opinion of the man in his journal, but I preferred to wait till the meeting had closed, and to express my opinion in the columns of the journal for which I wrote regularly.

The boldness with which Sam Jones denounces sin is greatly extolled; but I venture to say that it takes as much courage to write this article as he exhibits in rebuking wickedness. He comes to a place, deals out wholesale abuse for a few days and is gone. I remain here and must meet the consequences of my utterances and know what it will cost me. Already some of his admirers who have been my friends are cool in their manner towards me. I shall be sorry to lose their esteem, but if delivering my conscience on this subject causes me to forfeit their regards, so be it. God

has put me here for the defence of his truth and I must do it no matter what it costs. *Erat justitia ut at ulrum.*

I believe that that the sentiment of the best people of the State will sustain me—Nay more—I believe that it won't be long before these very men who now are angry with me will see that I have been fighting the cause of truth and righteousness. I believe that many Methodists agree with me, and I know that one of the most distinguished of the younger preachers of that church, lately a popular pastor in Wilmington, N. C., proposes at an early day to publish strictures in the *Christian Advocate* on the pulpit manners of Sam Jones. Dr. Paul Whitehead, whom I know personally to be one of the ablest and most honored of Methodist ministers of Virginia, said of Sam Jones' reflections on him: "I would rather he would love the Lord Jesus Christ enough not to wound him in the house of his friends by such imprudent and uncharitable remarks about ministers."

EXTRACT FROM REV. DR. CREERY'S REPORT IN WILMINGTON MESSENGER TO REV. DR. PRITCHARD.

I have noticed some of the strange statements you have made and which I cannot reconcile in reference to Brother Sam Jones. Take for example what he says in one article, "That he does not doubt his piety or impugn his motives." In this last article he says, "I charged him with being a vulgarian, a blackguard and a profane swearer, (italics mine) and what is more, I proved each of the charges true from his pulpit utterances." The Doctor of course, being the Judge. The Doctor's seems to see things that many of his brethren and other Christians do not in reference to Sam Jones. Many of the good people of Wilmington, wives, mothers and daughters—chaste, pure, refined, attended the meetings, many of the Doctor own congregation. They did not consider that they were listening to a vulgarian, blackguard and profane swearer, and when asked if they had been benefitted by the meeting as conducted by Brother Jones almost unanimously stood up in testimony of the fact. They heard more, a great deal more and saw more of Jones' pulpit manners than the Doctor and yet that was their vote. Take this statement from the daily *Advertiser* of Montgomery, Ala., under date of 28th instant:

"After the conclusion of the service, Dr. Wharton, pastor of the Baptist church, Dr. Burkehead, of the Presbyterian church, Dr. Moore, of the Court Street Methodist church, Mr. Cummings, of the Dexter Avenue church and Mr. Thompson, of the Adams Street Baptist church, made short talks endorsing Mr. Jones and expressing sincere thanks for the great work he had done in Montgomery. Dr. Moore took a vote to see how many people in the audience wanted Mr. Jones to visit Montgomery again in the next twelve months, and everybody stood up."

There were these men of God, pure, chaste, refined mothers, wives and daughters, all voting for the return of this man of God. Doctor, his pulpit manners certainly did not impress them as they did you. You say I have not touched the issue. Let the verdict come from the people and I will be content.

Thieves steal seed-cotton by the light of the moon in Cabarrus.

The *Workman* tells it that a lady of Greensboro who was monstreated with for her persistency in hard work beyond her strength, remarked that she had rather die trying to live than to live trying to die.

J. B. Wilson carried a fine hornet's nest to the editor of the *Greensboro Patriot*. That pencil-pusher quickly vacated his office when he found a hornet in the nest.

### EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTE.

#### Public Speaking.

Prof. E. A. Alderman will, during the week beginning Nov. 17th, 1890, hold an Institute in Carthage, N. C.

This Institute is not for teachers only, but for the people as well. Its efficiency, therefore, will depend largely upon whether or not the people attend. Let as many as possible attend the daily exercises.

Friday of that week will be devoted to special exercises that will be of interest and profit to all who will attend. Addresses will, on that day, be made by Prof. E. A. Alderman and others, which will do much good to the cause of education if the people will go and hear them.

In Virginia there is spent for public education on each child, white and black, an average of about two and one-half times as much money as is spent in North Carolina, and the average length of annual session in Virginia is about twice that of ours. Not only so, but we are behind almost all the other Southern States.

Except in a few of the cities, our public schools do not satisfy either their friends or their opponents. We levy only 12½ cents on \$100 of property (one and a quarter mills.) The fact is, that with so small a levy it is impossible to have an efficient and creditable system of schools. Count and see how little it amounts to on the assessed valuation of your property.

The great bulk of our people are farmers and laborers in other vocations, who are solely dependent upon the public school for the education of their children. Even of the white children, perhaps as many as 11 out of 12 in this State have no other schools.

Perhaps you object to dividing with the negroes. As a rule, the tax of 12½ cents on \$100 of property raises more money to each child, white and black, in the counties where there are many negroes than in those counties where there are few or none. It is the lab. of a county that makes its wealth. If we did not have the negroes we would have some other poor people whose children would have to be educated in the public schools.

But, whatever may be said about educating the negroes, we cannot afford not to improve our educational facilities, whether we consider our financial condition and progress or the perpetuation of our civil and religious liberties. The matter is within the power of the people, and when they come duly to consider this great question, and see it as it is, they will willingly tax themselves more, and give more attention to the education of their children.

If you say we are too poor, then I reply that the way to get richer is to educate our own people intellectually and industrially, so that they may be able successfully to apply labor to the development of our many resources. The history of the world points out this way, and we cannot fail if we walk in it. With good schools in the country districts there will be less incentive for the country people to crowd into the cities and towns to educate their children, much of the discontent and restlessness will disappear, and better success will attend their labors.

S. M. FROGMAN,  
Sup't. and Sec'y State Board of Education.

#### Local Applications.

The new tariff law puts higher taxes on the material used by—

- Every stove manufacturer.
- Every carriage manufacturer.
- Every malar.
- Every cigar manufacturer.
- Every roofer and tinsmith.
- Every marble dealer and stone-cutter.
- Every plumber.
- Every photographer.
- Every house painter.
- Every awning maker.
- Every blank book manufacturer.
- Every dressmaker.
- Every tailor.
- Every printer and publisher.
- And even every undertaker.

—Albany Argus.