



THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

"Let There Be Light: And There Was Light."

VOL. II.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1884.

NO. 3.

THE SUN.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY IN THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PRINTING BUILDING, ON PRISON STREET.

JOSIAH EVANS, R. K. BRYAN, JR., Editors.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. 1 copy 1 year, \$1.50. 6 months, 75c. 3 months, 50c.

These terms are strictly in advance. Liberal discount to clubs. Agents allowed 15 per cent. on all cash subscriptions.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. 1 square 1 time, \$1.00. 1 month, 25c. 3 months, 75c. 6 months, 1.25. 1 year, 2.00.

Contracts at fair rates for any specified time and space. Special notices 15 per cent. above regular advertising rates.

SPECIAL NOTICES. The editors hold themselves in no wise responsible for, nor do they undertake to endorse the views of correspondents.

Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper. We will not undertake to return rejected manuscripts.

HOME CIRCLE.

OUR WOMEN IN THE WAR.

BY MRS. JAMES KYLE, CLYNCH CO., GA. (Correspondence of the Charleston News.)

As the United States Arsenal was situated at Fayetteville, the first act was the order that the militia should be sent out. The Independent Company (organized in 1793) and the Lafayette Company were the two organized companies of the town, and they marched to the Arsenal April the 19th, 1869.

Col. Anderson was in command, but he being sick, the command devolved upon Col. De Lagnal, who, finding it useless to make any resistance, asked permission to salute the flag, which was granted, and he then turned the Arsenal over to the forces. The Arsenal was then garrisoned by the Independent Company, and this Company and the Lafayette Company offered their services to Governor Vance and entered for six months. My husband and cousin were both members of the Independent Company.

On the day the companies marched away our work commenced. We immediately organized our Soldiers' Aid Association, determining, with the help of God, that no soldier's family should suffer. Our first act was to write to Raleigh, N. C., for a contract to make drawers and shirts. The material was furnished us and we cut the garments, giving them to the soldiers' wives to make.

The Independent and Lafayette Companies were sent on to Virginia and took part in the memorable battle of Bethel, which occurred June 10, 1861. Of course our town was filled with mourning and lamentations when the news of the battle reached us, for so many from our midst were there that we could not help thinking that a part of them at least had fallen. Our mourning was soon turned into joy, however, as we heard that we had not lost a single man from either of our companies.

In a few days I left my mother for our summer home in Wytheville, Va., where I found plenty of work to do, as Floyd's Brigade was quartered near the town. The measles, one of the evils of camp life, broke out. Mrs. Alex. Stewart, a sister-in-law of J. E. B. Stewart, and as noble a woman as there was a great man, and myself rented rooms in the old Haller House, and sent word to Gen. Floyd that we were ready to take charge of the sick. We had thirty-two cases of measles from the Patrick Company at one time. After his command left the building was turned into a Wayside Hospital and taken charge of by the ladies of the town. As it was right on the railroad troops were constantly passing, and it was a haven of rest to many a poor, weary soldier. Whenever we received telegrams saying that troops were coming we were always at the depot with lunch for them.

I returned home with my mother the 1st of October, and then it was that our work for the soldiers commenced in earnest. Every carpet and curtain that was available was turned in blankets, as we felt we must make every effort to have everything in readiness for the winter campaign. We worked then with willing hands and light hearts. With Lee and Jackson as our leaders how could we think of anything but victory? Everything seemed so bright and hopeful. Our six months'

troops returned home in November flushed with hope and victory, but they were soon in the field again. My husband was first lieutenant in a Randolph company.

The year of 1862 our hearts were continually cheered with good news from the army though now and then some brave fellow from our midst would fall in battle. In 1863, however,

THE CLOUDS COMMENCED TO GATHER, and in that year one of the most painful and harrowing deaths that I ever saw occurred at the Wayside Hospital in Wytheville. A Mr. Gregory, of Georgia, having started home sick became worse and stopped there a few hours. Soon after he reached the hospital he was taken with lockjaw. The Rev. F. A. Goodwyn, of St. John's Episcopal Church, my pastor, watched with me that night. The unfortunate soldier was perfectly unconscious, and that made it so much more painful for us to see his great agony. Every now and then Mr. Goodwyn would repeat passages from the Scriptures and pray for him to try and comfort him, and we could see from his countenance that he understood all that was said. Just as the morning dawned his spirit took its flight and he was freed from all pain and suffering. We closed his eyes and folded his hands with an earnest prayer to our Heavenly Father that his sins might be blotted out and that he might be received in the army of the Good Shepherd. We laid him to rest in the cemetery in that place and I wrote to his mother, giving her an account of his last moments. She seemed very grateful that loving hands performed the last offices for him.

On the 17th day of July news was received that a raiding party was making its way towards Wytheville by what is called the Big Sandy Road, led by Lieut. Col. Powell. That same evening my sister's little boy was so ill that she had just had him baptized. Mr. Goodwin had not left the house more than a half hour when one of the servants ran in and said the Yankees were coming down the hill. I had sprained my ankle the day before and was not able to leave my room. My mother was in the room with me, and my sister brought all of her children and nine in the room with us. There was no gentleman in the house, and the children seemed perfectly paralyzed with fear. To calm them my sister said: "Dear children, we have no one to look to but God; we will seek his protection in prayer." Just as we arose a servant came crying, "They are firing into the other room!"

Just then a hail passed through the room which we were in. Of course we were terror-stricken. I seized a towel, pinned it to my crutch and put it out the window, hoping to attract their attention. In a few moments steps were heard on the stairs. My sister opened the door and said she would like to see the commanding officer. He stepped forward and asked what she wanted. "She said: 'sir, I ask your protection. You see my helpless condition—my mother old and infirm, my child in a dying condition and my sister not able to walk. If your men are hungry they will find everything they need in the dining room, or you can take all you want out of the house. All we ask is a shelter.'" He replied, with an oath, "My orders are to level this house to the ground. It has always been the headquarters of all the Rebels."

By that time the house was filled with his men. My sister turned and said: "Children, follow me," and she went down the stairs, my mother following her and little ones clinging to her. My nephew handed me my crutches and just as I reached the door a man snatched them from me, cursing all the time. I would have fallen, but was caught by one of the servants and she and my nephew carried me down stairs. As we got to the hat rack my mother reached out her hand to get her bonnet and shawl. They were taken from her.

In that short space of time they had broken to pieces the elegant parlor furniture, had it piled in the passage as high as the wall, and it was burning. As I was carried by them

THEY THREW MY CRUTCHES ON THE FIRE. I saw them in the parlor breaking the mirrors and glasses. My sister calmly walked out of the house, without once looking back, with her children following. My mother had my little boy by the hand; the others were clinging to the nurse. When I reached the front door they put me down to rest. An Irish soldier picked me up and started to take me to a house across the street; but one of the men said to him, "We are going to burn that too," so he carried me back of the Methodist Church. One of the servants returned to see if she

could save anything, and she said they made a fire on each bed. I suppose they thought this necessary, as the house was perfectly fire-proof. They permitted her to take out one small trunk with some of her own clothes and a few of the children's clothes.

My sister's home was just as lovely a spot as was ever seen. It was elegantly furnished with everything that could add to our comfort and enjoyment. Fortunately they did not find the wine cellar. That was in the basement at the end of the passage, filled with choice liquors and wines.

It was no light matter to be turned out of doors at night with eight little children and not a change of clothing. Everything in the world that we had was destroyed. All of the buildings that my brother-in-law used as quartermaster were destroyed, and a good many more buildings. There is no telling how much damage they might have done, but the whistle of the train was heard and some one told them we were expecting troops. Lieut. Powell was shot at out gate just as he was coming out by a young boy.

My husband was wounded on the 6th of May, 1864, at the battle of Wilderness, and was captured the 20th. Not hearing from him I wrote to my cousin, who was in the same command. He said he was left with the wounded and he had not heard from him since. After he was captured he wrote me a letter, giving it to a man at Port Royal, Va., to mail, which he did not do until the latter part of July. Just imagine my terrible anxiety, not hearing from him in all that time. But I was compelled to control my feelings, as my mother's health was failing rapidly. Indeed she was never well from the time we were turned out of our house in the night. She pined so for her mountain home that with her physician's advice I started with her and my four children across the country in a carriage. She died just ten days after we reached my sister's. Death, just at that time, seemed a happy release from all the cares and trouble of which we were surrounded. My grief was so great that I could not shed a tear and it did not give way until the latter part of the month, when I received a letter from my husband. When I saw his hand writing tears came to my relief.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Tourgee's Discomfiture.

Judge Tourgee, it is well known, is the editor of The Continent. As such he wrote and printed in the May number of that magazine his true opinion of Mr. Blaine. When the campaign got hot, however, Judge Tourgee took the stump for Blaine—and at a joint discussion at Dunkirk, New York, the other day, he appeared before a large audience and began to sound Blaine's praises. Just then his Democratic adversary pulled out Tourgee's editorial and read it. It was too much for the Judge and for the audience. The latter cheered and applauded, but the Judge retired in great confusion to the rear. The following is Tourgee's terrible arraignment of Blaine which his Democratic antagonist read to the people:

"If the Republican party seeks to commit *homicide*, the quickest and surest method for it to do so is by the nomination of James G. Blaine for the Presidency, and the next to select some man whom he may name as a figure-head of an administration he shall in effect control. * * * His followers have answered to the call with wonderful readiness, considering their previous disappointments and the fact that if even he were nominated, his election would be as hopeless an undertaking as an attempt to batter down Gibraltar with green peas. His disabilities as a candidate are radical and incurable.

"In the first place, he is the incarnation of all the reprehensible elements of the Republican party. He is a politician in the low sense in which the term is used. To his mind statesmanship is synonymous with trickery. While this characteristic gives him great strength with the 'healers' and 'strikers' who manipulate conventions, is a source of incalculable weakness with the people, especially in a struggle so close and doubtful as the present one. If he were nominated, a great part of the liberal element of the party (except such portions of it as the Cornell faction of New York, whose sole object is the defeat of President Arthur) would swing over to the Democracy, should they happen to make a fair selection for a candidate.

"In the second place it should be remembered that Mr. Blaine has nothing of substantial strength in his own record with which to rally the disaffected or apathetic even of his own party. He was one of the few young men of his own party who, at the very climax of his man-

hood, while enjoying the most robust physical health, was able to resist the infectious glow of patriotism during the nation's great ordeal. During that time when even the plough-handles burned the clod-digger's hands so that he was perforce compelled to drop them and catch up the musket, Mr. Blaine resolutely withstood the temptation to serve his country in the field, resisted the example of so many of his associates in the halls of Congress, and sedulously kept a soft seat warm and filled his purse by the opportunities which a period of war always offers to men of thrift, coolness and sagacity.

"In the third place it should not be forgotten that his legislative record is of that questionable character which is the hardest of all things successfully to justify or to defend. 'Not proven' is unquestionably the public verdict in regard to the charges that have been made against him. Further than that no one can go. Even charity can offer no more tenable hypothesis in regard to them. Such a record is a poor bait to catch voters with, especially at a time when so many of the most sincere and reliable of those of his own party are nauseated at the alarming prevalence of disgusting political trickery.

"Fourthly, the man who clamors for Mr. Blaine's nomination, even in the face of assured defeat, should not forget that the qualities of his mind, even admitting the immaculateness of his intentions, are the very ones best calculated to encourage doubt and uncertainty in regard to an administration controlled and directed by him. As one of the leading business men of this city, a Republican of the most honorable record, recently said of him: 'One might as well attempt to calculate the course of a sky-rocket.' That he would do brilliant things there is no room to doubt. His whole career has been pyrotechnic in its character. His chief object seems to have been to produce astonishment in the beholder. In this he has very generally succeeded. Even those who were unable to perceive any reason for the display have been compelled to admit the brilliancy of the coruscations attending the climacteric. The attack upon the rebel brigadiers was even excelled in brilliancy by the magnificent audacity displayed before the Mulligan committee, and the celebrated South American policy was itself fairly put in the shade by the series of veracious telegrams from the bedside of the stricken President. All these things, and many other events of his life, are of astounding brilliancy; but, fortunately, they are not the material out of which the fabric of confidence is woven. Under Mr. Blaine's control the government would no doubt have a policy, but it would be a policy which no one could forecast, and of which every one would ask, 'What next?'

Connecticut. Representative Mitchell, of Connecticut, is quoted as saying: 'I feel quite sure that Cleveland will carry Connecticut. He will get a great many Republican votes. The Independent Republicans are well organized and are doing effective work. Their committee send out about as many documents as either the Republican or Democratic committee, and they send them to those who apply for them. There are a great many Republicans who intend to vote for Cleveland, but they say nothing about it. They are quiet men, who go to the polls and vote without making any fuss. I know of a single block in New Haven in which fourteen Republicans reside. Twelve of them are against Blaine, and most of them, perhaps the whole twelve, will vote for Cleveland, but they don't talk any. The Independent Republicans will vote for Cleveland but they will support their party's candidate for Governor. Hence Cleveland will run ahead of our State ticket, but I believe we will win on both tickets. When Butler first declared himself a candidate I was discouraged,' continued Mr. Mitchell, 'but I soon got over that, Butler does not cut much of a figure in our State. He has played out.' Mr. Mitchell was in New York Wednesday, and he said the Democrats there talk confidently of success.

Now watch for York's inconsistencies and note how artfully he dodges.

Sufferers from the effects of quinine, used as a remedy for chills and fever, will appreciate Ayer's Ague Cure, a powerful tonic bitter, composed wholly of vegetable substances, without a particle of any noxious drug. Its action is peculiar, prompt, and powerful, breaking up the chill, curing the fever, and expelling the poison from the system, yet leaving no harmful or unpleasant effect upon the patient.

Address Of The Dem. Ex. Committee.

HEADQUARTERS NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE, 11 WEST 24TH ST., NEW YORK, SEP. 22d, '84.

To the people of the United States:

The National Democratic Party of the United States has pledged itself to purify the Administration of Public Affairs from corruption; to manage the Government with economy; to enforce the execution of the laws and to reduce taxation, to the lowest limit consistent with just protection to American labor and capital, and with the preservation of the faith which the nation has pledged, to its creditors and pensioners.

The open record of the man, whom it has named as its candidate for the Presidency, has been accepted by thousands of independent Republicans, in every State, as an absolute guarantee that, if elected, all pledges will be exactly fulfilled, and that, under his administration, good government will be assured.

To secure these good results all good citizens must unite in defeating the Republican candidate for President. His history and political methods make it certain that his administration would be stained by gross abuses, by official misconduct and wanton expenditure of the public money, and would be marked by an increase of taxation which would blight the honest industry of our people.

Against us, and against those honorable Republicans who, for the sake of good government, have made common cause with us, notable combinations have been made. These are chiefly made up of four classes.

First. An army of office-holders who, by choice or compulsion, are now giving to Republican committees, as parts of the campaign fund of that party, moneys paid to such officers out of the Treasury for services due the people of the United States.

Second. Organized bodies of men who, having secured by corrupt means the imposition of duties, which are in excess of all sums needed for the wants of the Government and for the protection of American labor and capital, and having thus gained enormous wealth, are willing to pay largely to the Republican campaign fund for the promise of continuance and increase of such duties which constitute a system of bounties to monopolies under the false pretense of protection to American industries.

Third. A host of unscrupulous contractors and jobbers, who have grown rich upon public plunder, and are ready to pay tithe of what they have acquired in order to avoid all risk of being called to account for the evil methods by which their wealth has been gained.

Fourth. Corporations which, having appropriated the public lands by the aid of corrupt agencies in the Republican party, believe they will be compelled to give up their ill gotten gains if that party is driven from power, and are, therefore, willing to keep it in place by a percentage of their unrighteous profits.

This committee has not troops of office-holders at its command. It will not agree to sell the future legislation of Congress for money paid now into its party treasury. It will not promise immunity to thieves.

It will not contract to uphold any corrupt bargain, heretofore made by the Republican party with any corporation, for all the wealth which such corporation can offer.

It appeals to the people against one and all these opponents, thus banded together against the friends of good government.

The number of all these opponents is small, but their wealth is great, and it will be unscrupulously used. An active and vigorous campaign must be made against them. Their paid advocates must be met and defeated in debate upon the platform and in discussion in the newspapers. The organization of all who are opposed to them must be perfected in every State, city and county in the land. Money is needed to do this honest work. Your committee, refusing to adopt the methods by which the Republican party fills its treasury, calls upon all good citizens for the aid which it requires.

It invites, and will welcome, contributions from every honest man who is opposed to the election of James G. Blaine as President. No contribution will be accounted too small. Wherever a bank, banker, or postal money order office can be found, the means exist for placing at the disposal of the Treasurer of this committee, individual, or collective contributions in aid of the great cause in which we are engaged—or, money may be remitted by mail, to Charles J. Canda, Treasurer, at No. 11 West 24th street, New York.

When victory is achieved over the unscrupulous combination, which is now endeavoring to thrust James G. Blaine into the Presidential office, the recorded list of such contributors will be a roll of honor, such as no other party in this country has ever possessed.

Our opponents cannot be saved from disaster by forcing their unwilling candidate to speak to assemblages of the people.

The man who wrote the Fisher letters will never be the choice of the people for the Presidency of the United States.

ARTHUR P. GORMAN, Ch'm'n Dem. Nat'l Ex. Com.

York's Union Blood.

Dr. York said here last Saturday that he was opposed to the war, and that he was a staunch Union man throughout the struggle. He said he sent his wife's relations to the war, and he staid home to take care of the poor boys when they were sent back from the army. 'Twas a rich man's war, he said, brought on by "broken down, secesh Democrats," the same men who were now trying to get control of the Government.

In reply Col. Morehead said such assertions from such a source was unworthy of notice, but as a complete answer to all such stuff he would read the following certificate:

WILKESBORO, N. C., SEPT. 17, 1862. STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA. WILKES COUNTY.

We, the undersigned, certify that we were members of Col. W. F. Barber's company of Confederate soldiers, and were present at its organization, and that Dr. Tyre York ran for first lieutenant of said company, and in his speech he said there had been false reports circulated against him; that he was a Union man or entertained Union sentiments; that such a report was false and slanderous, and that if he knew he had a drop of Union blood in him he would open a vein himself and let it out "or words to this effect.

[Signed] JAMES HICKERSON, GEO. W. SALE, W. P. SHAW.

Turning to Dr. York, he asked him if he knew the men who signed the certificate.

He answered, Yes. Are they reliable men? No answer. Are they truthful men? No answer.

Does this certificate speak the truth? No answer. Doctor does it speak the truth? No answer.

Tell these Guilford people, Doctor, does it express the truth, or is it a lie? He answered at last, "it does not express the truth."

All right, Doctor, said Col. Morehead, I know the men who signed this certificate to be honorable and truthful men, and they shall know your answer.

In his rejoinder Dr. York said the men who signed that certificate were "secesh Democrats," men he had whipped for the last eighteen years in Wilkes county, and that the charges against his loyalty to the Union was "as false as hell and black as midnight."—Patriot.

Cholera in Europe.

Up to now the cholera has slain 13,132 persons in Europe. This is the work of the plague for a period of less than four months. Nearly one-half of these deaths occurred in the Province of Naples, although the pestilence first fell upon the Mediterranean cities of France. Owing to the great ignorance and superstition of the people, and the accumulation of filth in the places where they live, the disease appears to have run its course in cities and villages alike, and to have defied the labors of the authorities. In the last week it has been found in three additional departments of France, and it is now knocking at the gates of Paris.

The late venerable Dr. Closs, when on a witness stand a number of years ago, had occasion to use the word "scalawag." The judge stopped him and asked him for a definition of a scalawag. The doctor replied: "A scalawag is a white man who thinks that a negro is as good as he is, and who is not mistaken in the estimation he puts on himself." Webster nor Worcester never gave a better definition.—Piedmont Press.

In the State of Maine, where Mr. Blaine lives, the Governor appoints the Magistrates by and with the advice of the Executive Council. And yet Maine is a Republican State. Why should North Carolina Republicans and mongrels want to change our present system of County Government, when it is the system practiced by Republican Northern State? and is fair and just to all good citizens, but does not suit dishonest tricksters.—Home-Democrat.

Governor Cleveland will not come West. The West will go to Cleveland.—Kansas City Times.

Filing on the Agony.

The Republican organs which first cried "forgery" when Mrs. Morrill's letter to the Ohio State Committee was published were baffled by her identification of her letter and her reiteration of the charges she had made. Here is new food for reflection which is taken from the Springfield (Mass.) Republican:

Mrs. Gov. Morrill's courageous statement in regard to Mr. Blaine's character and acts has produced a profound sensation throughout the country, and she is overwhelmed with letters and telegrams asking if the statement in the New York Herald is authentic. She gave the following letter to a representative of the Boston Globe, some of the terms of which indicate a more intimate knowledge of Mr. Blaine's life than has been previously attributed to her.

To the Editor of the Globe:—

In reply to your inquiry as to the correctness of the report of my letter, as published in the New York Herald, I will simply say that it is correct in every respect. The knowledge of Mr. Blaine's wicked and vicious life, and of his treachery to those now dead, two pure and honest statesmen like Pitt Fessenden and Mr. Morrill, prompted me to make the reply I did.

[Signed] CHARLOTTE H. MORRILL.

Joint Canvass.

Some of our Democratic papers seem to have forgotten that the lack of a joint canvass defeated Merriam in 1872; that the heated, joint canvass in 1870 elected Vance by about fifteen thousand majority; that the sudden breaking off of the joint canvass between Jarvis and Buxton cost Jarvis several thousand votes, and that the want of a joint canvass in 1882 came near defeating Bennett. Let the joint canvass continue.—Newbern Journal.

Yes, certainly, by all means let the joint canvass continue. Let us all beg Dr. York to stand up with Gen. Scales before the people, and say what he has to say. We are willing to give Dr. York a guarantee that he shall not be hurt only by Scales' exposure of his record and general bad conduct.—Home-Democrat.

Vance at Newbern.

Fellow citizens! Victory is in the air! The winds whistle it through the pines in our forests. The streams murmur in their courses toward the sea. The ocean roars victory. The sparrows chirp it in the hedges, and the eagle screams it in the air. Everywhere are signs of victory and North Carolina from the mountains to the seaboard stands tiptoe in expectancy of it, and God grant that we may all see it ripen into the perfect day. [Tremendous applause, cheering and music.]

The Friends of Labor.

Mr. Blaine has two afternoon organs in this city—the Mail and Express and the Commercial Advertiser. Both are in trouble with their printers, and both are paying "rat" wages. The Tribune, the leading Blaine organ of the country, is being "boycotted" by laboring men because it refuses to recognize the Printers' Union, and the Philadelphia Press—another prominent Blaine organ—is known as a "rat" concern.

Caught again, Phelps, the man Friday of Blaine, was at Blaine's house when the letter to him was written. Blaine never did anything open and above board in his life. "My Dear Phelps," and all the time Phelps was at his elbow while he was writing his varnished story.—Star.

If we want to keep good and evil apart from each other in our acts, we cannot be too careful to keep them distinct in our thought, and distinct thinking waits on precise and honest wording.

An attempt will be made during the next session of the Legislature to get a new county carved from Wake, Chatham and Harnett. We hope that success will attend their efforts, if the people who live within the boundaries desire it.—Durham Reporter.

As an evidence of the severity of the drought in Maryland and Virginia a letter from a resident of Northeast Virginia to friends in Lenoir, states that water is selling there at 25 cents per barrel.

Postmaster General Gresham has entered upon his duties as Secretary of the Treasury to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Judge Folger.

How many fall into sin which they did not believe themselves capable of committing!—The Living Church.