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JOTTINGS.

A Populist Senator said if he had been in the House and voted for the Douglas resolution he would have simply told them that they had "played h—l once," and not do so again by trying to patch the matter up. Certainly once is enough, if it had been only once.

An English paper says the bonds to be issued by the United States running fifty years and bearing 3 1/2 per cent interest will be "an exceedingly good investment." Not content with taking America's heiresses, Europe wants its bonds.

George Washington—Robert Edward Lee—Frederick Douglas—but the greatest of these—Frederick Douglas, say the fusionists in our Legislature. And they are the founders of the new white man's party.

At the fourth annual meeting of the National Reform Press Association at Kansas City, there was a split between the Populist party and a new party was born. So it is now twins and lookout for triplets.

After humbling itself to the honor of Frederick Douglas, the fusion Legislature on Friday again refused to acknowledge George Washington as his equal. February 21st will hereafter be Douglas day.

A Kansas man recently committed suicide in order that his wife might marry the man she had gone off with. Such self-sacrifice in Kansas must mark the dawn of a new era.

A Republican charges that fusion Legislators ride on free passes. Who has ever doubted they would if they could get them?

Ward McAllister's individual estate foots up about \$10,000. His wife owned something. But Ward got there just the same.

The bond syndicate have cleared about \$8,000,000 on their deal. They dance but the people pay the fiddlers.

Another fusion legislator drunk and too in the guard house. Send him to Keely.

Douglas Day February 21st.

HOW WE WENT TO WAR.

North Carolina and Secession.

A NORTH CAROLINA OFFICER TELLS THE STORY OF THE SECESSION OF THE LAST SOUTHERN STATE TO DECLARE FOR WAR, BUT THE FIRST TO BEAR THE BRUNT OF IT.

[Continued from last week].

The old military organizations of the State, might, with truth, up to this period, have fairly been entitled to the sobriquet of "holiday soldiers," for their principal labors had consisted of an occasional target-shoot, picnic, or Fourth of July jubilee, when each private was encumbered with a gold-laced, aiguilette, and epauleted uniform, and plumes that would have done credit to a field marshal of France in the days of the Napoleonic Empire, and where profuse perspiration was the certain torture inflicted on the warriors that wore them. At these military junketings nearly every man in the company was accompanied by a negro servant, bearing hampers of refreshments, the liquid portion of which at the target-shoots was, perhaps, responsible for the wretched marksmanship, which, with the old smooth-bore musket, rarely came, by accident, within three feet of the "bull's-eye." Heigh-ho! but these were happy times. Different days, however, were soon to dawn on the peaceful "Old North State." The black clouds of war were rapidly gathering on the political horizon, and the distant mutterings of the thunder gave token of the terrific storm that was to follow.

I bear in mind, at this moment, the appearance of the Warren County Guards as they came into the first camp of instruction at Raleigh. This county (Warren), by the way, was named after the grand Revolutionary hero, of Boston, who laid down his life at Bunker Hill, and it was one of the most aristocratic counties in the State, thoroughly permeated with old English ideas and customs.

When this company arrived in Raleigh and came into the camp (which was commanded by D. H. Hill, brother-in-law of Stonewall Jackson and afterwards one of the ablest lieutenant-generals in the Confederate army), it came with a train of wagons that would have sufficed, a few years later on to transport the baggage of Stonewall Jackson's corps, and the quality of the baggage was remarkable. There were banjos, guitars, violins, huge camp chests, bedsteads, and other material startling in amount and unique as to quality, while the soldiers a number of them large landed proprietors, were uniformed in a style of magnificence, as to gold lace, plumes and epaulets, that would have required the genius of Sir Walter Scott to describe with proper effect. There was something really pathetic in the nonchalance and naivete exhibited by these Warren cavaliers, who could see no incongruity between camp life and the luxuries of home.

But gallant heroes they proved themselves to be, for they formed part of the celebrated First Regi-

ment of North Carolina Volunteers, commanded by D. H. Hill, which fought and won the first battle of the Confederacy at Betnel, near historic Yorktown, where the gallant Major Winthrop, of Boston, fell—probably the first Federal officer killed in battle—Wyatt, of Edgecombe county, North Carolina, gave up his life, and in honor of whose memory there now hangs a life size portrait in the library of the beautiful capital at Raleigh.

These same Warren county soldiers soon learned the sad realities of war and nobly performed their duty. The handsome gold-laced uniforms were soon exchanged for the regulation gray blouse. The bodies of many of them were placed beneath the sod on old Virginia battle-fields, and the little remnant came back to the old homesteads in rags from Appomattox, to fight bravely the battle of life under the new regime.

Gov John W. Ellis, of Rowan county, was North Carolina's distinguished war executive, one of the ablest men who ever occupied the gubernatorial chair and who was confronted with the gravest issues that had ever presented themselves for the consideration of a chief magistrate of the State. He was a States Right Democrat of the old school, was exceedingly popular with his party, and was serving his second term when the civil war commenced.

While Governor Ellis was naturally in deep sympathy with his Democratic confederates in the far Southern States, yet neither by word nor deed did he compromise North Carolina beyond the law and the expressed will of the people on the secession question. On one occasion when a number of over zealous soldiers took possession of Fort Johnson at Wilmington, he immediately ordered them to evacuate the fort and turn it back to the United States government, and this, too, at a time when the war spirit had commenced to boil over.

It was not until President Lincoln's proclamation, calling for 75,000 troops and on North Carolina for her quota, that the people of the State became a unit and her secession a certainty. Governor Ellis declined to furnish the quota. Relations with Washington were immediately broken up. Never was there such a transformation of political sentiment wrought in so short a time. Raleigh, the capital of the State, where strong Union sentiment prevailed and where the stars and stripes were conspicuously displayed before the proclamation, was instantly metamorphosed.

The writer of this article was, at the time of the intense excitement, a student in the Senior class of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. There were over 600 students at "The Hill," from all parts of the South, and a military company had been formed there, known as the "University Blues," who promptly offered their services to the Governor, but they were declined, because as ex officio head of the University, he deemed it unwise to take any action that would disorganize this time-honored institution of learning.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FROM ROAN TO ROANOKE.

A fight occurred on Shelton Laurel on the 25th in which Everett Shelton was shot and supposed to be mortally wounded by James Stanton, who made his escape. At the same time and place Boss Stanton was shot and killed by Baxter Shelton. At the time he was shot he was making a brutal assault on Shelton with a pistol. Shelton first begged for peace but Stanton was determined to fight. The affray is the result of an old feud.

Whit. Ferron, the negro who murdered Deputy-Sheriff Owen, of Cleveland county, is in jail at Lexington and fears of a lynching party are entertained.

Plum Levi, Asheville's colored barber made almost famous by mention by Bill Nye in his syndicate letters, died last week.

H C Owen, deputy sheriff of Cleveland county, was killed last week by a negro desperado whom he was trying to arrest.

The Florida Central and Peninsular railroad has had a survey made from Winston, by way of Salisbury to Columbia, S. C.

One hundred and sixty dollars were raised for foreign missions by the Washington Methodist church last Sunday.

A Richmond colored detective has been instrumental in bringing several parties to justice in Elizabeth City.

A young man and his wife both recently entered the Keely Institute at Greensboro, and both were very drunk.

Robert L. Burkhead, clerk under State Treasurer Tate, will go to Norfolk to engage in business.

A twenty-seven months old hog weighing 712 pounds is reported from Cumberland county.

The fusionists are trying to deny that they honored Douglas above Washington and Lee.

Four Killed.

Lexington is full of excitement over the killing of Dr. R S Payne, Sr, and the mortally wounding of three others on the 25th. He was killed by Baxter Shemwell, a young business man.

The exact cause of the trouble is not given. Dr Payne, Jr, a son and partner of the dead man, and Shemwell had a quarrel early in the day. They parted, and Dr Payne went to his office, where his aged father was. Shemwell followed, and in the second quarrel the fatal shooting occurred.

A crowd gathered, and a riot resulted. Indiscriminate shooting occurred, and was continued until weapons were emptied. Shemwell then went off and got a shotgun. His wife interfered, however, and prevented further bloodshed. It was learned after the riot that three others were killed, all being shot by Shemwell. Their name could not be obtained, as friends bore their bodies away. Shemwell is in jail.