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The Morganton Herald.

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State Library

NORTH CAROLINA.

The Week's News in the "Old North State."

..The State Fair opens October 13th.

..McGee and Mosely, of Raleigh, have failed. Liabilities $33,000; assets not stated.

..Miss Sallie Evans, who lived near Milton, while delirious with fever, jumped from a two-story window from the effects of which she died in a few hours. She was 30 years old.

..Geo. Vanderbilt is said to own 80,000 acres of land in Bun combe county, and his individual freight bills are more, on one road in one month, than the same road received for freight in a whole year before he came to Asheville. —Rutherford *Banner*.

..The railroad commission has ruled that all railroads shall charge for fractions of a mile the same as a full mile, provided the fraction exceeds half a mile, but no charge shall be made for any distance under a half mile.

..Representative G. G. Gill brought up a hen egg shaped like a crooked-neck squash. Mr. Gill tells us that the hen was fed on squash seed, and is the stock of chickens that roosted on the horse's back to keep from freezing.—Louisburg *Times*.

..Uncle Abram McDougal colored, Bunn's Level, N. C., is to marry his seventh wife on next Sunday morning. He is 59 years old and now has sixteen children. He says he gets a young wife everytime. This one is only 16 years old.—Dunn *Times*.

..Murphy, the county seat of Cherokee county, near the Georgia line, is jubilant over the rail road crossing the Hiwassee river and its advent to their mountain town. Here it connects with the Marietta and North Georgia. Murphy, with its marble and other mineral wealth in close proximity is destined to a be live, large town.

..The Rev. James A. Pitchford has declared himself for the Third Party. Our neighbor is too fickle. He was once an infidel, then a Baptist preacher, then a Democrat, then a Radical and now a Third party man. At this rate of progress it will not take him long to get into the fourth party.—Warrenton *Gazatte*.

..Robert Dougherty, on whose hands rests the blood of William Torrence, killed on the morning of Sunday, May 31st, slept in Buncombe's jail last night, just six weeks and one day after the commission of the crime. He will remain in jail until arraigned at the bar of the next term of Criminal Court, which meets on the last Monday in July, the 27th.—Asheville *Citizen*.

The following officers were elected for Cleveland county Alliance for the ensuing year: President, John A. Roberts; Vice-President, J. C. Byers; Treasurer, T. D. Lattimore; Secretary, W. J. Roberts; Chaplain, L. L. Smith; Lecturer, J. H. Quinn; Assistant Lecturer, L. N. Durham; Door Keepers, R. B. Blanton and W. E. Tiddy; Sergeant-at-arms, L. L. Lankford; Executive Committee, M. N. Hamrick, R. W. Gardner and W. D. Lackey. Dr. L. N. Durham was elected a delegate to the State Alliance at Morehead City.

..A despatch of the 23d from Murphy, N. C., to the State *Chronicle* says: A grand railroad celebration of the completion of the Western North Carolina Railroad to this place was held here to day. The corner-stone for the new court house was laid with Masonic exercises at 10 a. m. Speaking at 12 m., in a beautiful grove on the banks of the Hiawassee. A free barbecue dinner to the crowd at 2 p. m., and music by the Cherokee Indian brass band from the government school of Yellow Hill, Swain county.

..The public is familiar with the fact that during the war John Allen Smith of Cabarrus, a private in the First Regiment of North Carolina cavalry, saved the life of Col. W. H. H. Cowles, now Congressman from the eighth district. Ever since Col. Cowles has held Smith in grateful remembrance, and time and again sent him some substantial token of his gratitude. Two years ago last January Smith died, and as the last service which he could render him, Col. Cowles is having a monument erected to his memory. The monument will be a very handsome one when finished. —Statesville *Landmark*.

..Sometime duaing the month of May Walter L. Nelson, a son of T. C. Nelson, the wheelright, in this city, enlisted for service in the United States army at the recruiting station here. Mr. Nelson was sent to Fortress Monroe, together with a number of recruits who went from Asheville. Sometime after his arrival Mr. Nelson's father received a letter from the young man saying that he had been vaccinated, and was ill from the effects of the operation. No hint, however, of his serious illness was given. Yesterday Mr. Nelson received a letter from the authorities at Fortress Monroe, bearing the sad news that his son had died on the 10th instant, from blood poising, brought on by vaccination. Young Nelson was only seventeen years old, and when he left here was a very stout, vigorous youth. —Asheville *Citizen*.

RUFUS SANDERS, ESQ.

He's Against the Republican and the Third Party—An all Around Democrat—All Wool, a Yard Wide and Something Like Three Feet Thick—Iron Bound, Moss Covered, Rock Ribbed and Copper Bottomed.

Dallas (Texas) News.

I am a democrat world without end, all wool, a yard wide and somethin like three feet thick. I am a democrat, iron-bound and moss-covered, and rock ribbed and copper-bottomed. I was born and bred and buttered a democrat. I am a democrat all around and all over, up and down and through. I was brought up on a democratic farm, in a democratic family, with democratic neighbors and teachings and surroundings. I have fed and got fat on democratic bread, and democratic bacon, and democratic peas and democratic potatoes. My good old father is a democrat, warp and woof and fillin. Mother is a dyed-in-the-wool-tariff-reform democrat, with some home rule variations.

I love democratic books and democratic papers and democratic principles. I use democratic tobacco and drink good democratic liquor, or none. I have voted the democratic ticket in every campaign early and late, and if necessary often. I go to all the democratic rallies and barbecues and speakins, where I can feast my sad and heavy heart on democratic doctrine, bathe my weary soul in seas of democratic truth, and take the wrinkles out of my empty stomache with democratic grub I am goin to stand where Washington and Jefferson and Grover Cleveland have stood—on the head rock of pure democracy, old as the centuary and firm as the everlastin hills, till the cows come home and the evenin stars sing together.

AN OBJECTIVE CASE.

Every man that totes a democratic sign and jines the democratic band and hollers for the winnin ticket ought to know why he is a democrat.

Old Zeke Strickland and old Tommy Pickens was neighbors over on Dear creek for many years, and they was always at outs. It seems like old Zeke was borned on the other side of the question—in the objective case, as it were. When I first got acquainted with them, old Tommy was a democrat and old Zeke he was a whig from way back. By and by old Tommy got converted and fell in with the whig side, seein how his wife's uncle was runnin for sheriff on the whig ticket. And the very next thing I knowed old Zeke was a fire-eatin Jeffersonian democrat. After the war when the old line whigs went to pieces and jined the great majority of that thickly settled country where the woodbine twineth and the whangdoodle moaneth, old Tommy comes around in the democratic line once more, makes a profession of repentance and as a full-fledged, unterrified democrat. Then what did old Zeke do you reckon? He cut a double-back action somerset and landed hoof and hide in the republican party.

Somebody asked old Zeke one day what he meant by floppin around and changin his colors so reglar and frequent. He said he couldn't stand in with no party that would let a slou-footed, snaggle-toothed, box-ankled, tangle-haired old scoundrel like Tom Pickens jine. He didn't have no political faith. He didn't believe nothin. He didn't give a durn whether he was right or wrong, whether he was with the overwhelmin majority or in the lonely minority. He was just simply agin Tom Pickens. And there he was.

AN OBJECTIVE CASE.

They are both dead and gone long ago. No, I don't know where they are now. Old Tommy was a mighty good man, and everybody said he was goin to the good place. If he did it seems a right smart probable to my mind that old Zeke went the other way, providin he had his say when the arrangements was made.

SOME OF MANY REASONS WHY.

I am plum willin for my friends and the enemy to know right where and how I stand on all the great polictical questions that are now agitatin this day and generation, and the reasons why I say what I do.

I am a democrat for various and sundry and many reasons I am a farmer mostly because it suits me. I am a democrat for the same reason. I am not a democrat simply because some other fellow aint. I run my democracy deeper than that. I don't have no fears of runnin things too deep on this line. I love to git down to rock bottom, when I can keep all my feet under me. When a man plants his pegs on democratic principles and truth and justice he can stand up and face the world, the flesh and the devil, and win the fight mights nigh every clatter.

I am a democrat because the party is founded on principles that have stood through storms and trials and tribulations, beatin back the enemies of the people at every step for nearly a hundred years; because its principles and purposes are honest as the sunshine and broad as the dyin day itself.

I am a democrat because democracy wants the people to run this government, while the republican party wants this government to run the people: because democracy wants as much power as possible for the people in general, and republicanism wants as much power as possible for the general government. I am not agin the government, mind you, exceptin when the government gets agin me.

I am a democrat because all the onerous and numerous and obnoxious and various and unjust and unequal laws regardin the money system, the tariff and so forth and so on that have been passed in the last thirty years to oppress the people and plunder the country came straight from the republican party: because democratic statesmen like John G. Carlisle of Kentucky, Grover Cleveland of New York and John T. Morgan of Alabama have stood up like brave men, even though their hands were tied with republican majorities, fightin over every inch of the ground for democratic justice—"equal rights to all and special favors to none."

I am a democrat, because in 1860, after a democratic reign of more than a half a century, about 75 per cent of the wealth of the country was held by the farmers and about 25 per cent was held by all other classes; because now in 1891, after a republican of thirty years, the farmers hold about 20 per cent of the wealth of the country and about 80 per cent is held by other classes.

I am a democrat because under a democratic government the people were happy and the country was prosperous; because under republican rule the country has been plundered, and the people, the masses, the great unwashed as it were, have been growing poorer every year and every day.

I am a democrat because the republicans are simply out for stuff; because the republican party is a boodle party; because the shylocks of Wall street, New York and Lombard street, London, commenced robbing the south and the southern people through the republican party thirty years ago, and they have gone on robbing us from Dan to Bersheba, even unto this blessed hour.

I am a democrat because the democratic party in all her platforms and conventions, from Thomas Jefferson to Grover Cleveland, stands committed against a robber tariff and the centralization of power in the federal government; and up through the ruins of republican rule her true and tried repeesentatives of democracy have stood with their hands raised and their voices lifted in the solemn, honest protest against every infringement on the people's rights; stood like guide-posts to mark the decay of public virtue and the decline of American liberty.

I am a democrat because I am a southern white man, and whenever the southern people quit workin' and hopin and votin for relief through the democratic party, the devil will be to pay, and we can just blow off the dogs and quit the drive.

I am a democrat because democracy stands pledged by her principles and platforms to right the wrongs that have been heaped upon the country by the boodle party, and the time is comin when she will have power enough to redeem every promise and every pledge. "Truth crushed to earth will rise again. The eternal years of God are hers."

AGIN THE THIRD PARTY.

Somebody wants to know how "the Hon. R. Sanders" stands with the third party. He is agin it, tooth and toe nail. It is nothin but a republican ax with a high protection handle in it and they aint got no better sense than to think they can come down in our southern woods and thin out the democratic forest with it. But they don't know nothin. They are pullin the pucker strings most too soon. Jest wait till the thing gets big enough to jump on, let the band strike up on "Dixie", or "Yankee Doodle" or "Cotton-eyed Joe," or some other familiar old hymn, and then you can pick out a soft settin down place and watch the fur fly. When the boys git through with that third party dough face there won't be anything left more than a greasy spot, or maybe a little pinch of hair to tell where it stood. It is a republican scheme. The very sun shines through it.

Old Ebenezer Blevins that use to run a farm over on Caney branch was a gret hand for tryin on new schemes. He had a little steer calf that he wanted to break, so that he could plow his patches and haul up stove wood with him. But he didn't have nothin but a double yoke, and he didn't have nothin to hook up with the yearlin. So he fixed up a great scheme of his own. He got out his double yoke and hitched himself up with that little steer, sayin how he would mosy aroun't through the old field with him till he got usened to the riggin. Then he called his old lady and got her to tap the little steer with a switch and start him off. But the steer didn't move off slow and easy like old Ebenezer was countin on. He curls his backbone and lifts his tail and away he went down through the woods like a young storm on wheels. And old Ebenezer he was hollerin at the top of his voice with every jump and sayin:

Somebody head us! head us! Gol durn our fool souls, we're runnin away! Head us, down there! Head us! head us!

I am not goin to put my head in one end of the yoke with the third party at the other end and let the republican bosses hold the reins and handle the whip. Not much, if any, and in fact, not at all scarcely. I want to warn my farmer friends and fellow citizens everywhere, if you yoke up with such a team as that it won't be long before you will be hollerin for somebody to head you. No good democrat, no true southern man can afford to hine at the third party bait.

HE IS ALL RIGHT.

I thank God every night and morning that I sprang from a race of farmers, from the aristocracy of brave hearts and hard knuckles from a long line of ancestors who never turned the back to friend or foe.

I am a Hardshell Baptist, a natural born southern gentleman, a farmer from Farmersville and a democrat from my youth up.

I worship God, I adore mother and the baby, I love my people and I pin my faith and my hopes to the white flag of democracy.

Against every movement and scheme that seeks to deceive and mislead the honest voters of the country, to cripple and weaken the democratic party and keep the shackles on the hands of her representatives in the halls of congress; against demagogues and place hunters and political shysters and Ishmaelits and hypocrites; against men from every class and quarter who hope to fill their pockets or build their political fortunes through the wreck and ruin of the democratic party, who now wear the sheep's fleece, while the wolf's teeth peep out—against them one and all, the whole kit and bilin, I set my face as a flint, and by the eternal jim-jams I am going to fight 'em till I die.

RUFUS SANDERS.

THE SHACKLING OF MR. DAVIS.

The Officer in Command Describes How It Was Done.

Lynchburg (Va.) Times.

The following letter was received by an employee of the *Times* from his father, and is of such general interest that we give it to the public:

ROANOKE, S. D., July 4.

MY DEAR SON:—There has been much said and written about Jefferson Davis in relation to putting fetters on him at Fortress Monroe, Va. Some statements are in part true and others are false and none say he never was shackled.

On the morning of May 23, 1865, I was detailed as Officer of the Day, and after guard mount I reported to Gen. Nelson Miles for special orders in regard to the three State prisoners, Jefferson Davis, C. C. Clay and John Mitchel, who were confined in separate guardrooms or casemates, the casemates of which were closed with heavy iron bars looking out on the moat or ditch, which is about sixty feet wide. The first room, or casemate, had but one door and two large windows facing the inside or the fort. The guardroom had two doors leading in from the casemate. These were closed by heavy iron grated doors and locked with padlocks, and at each door in the guardroom with the prisoner, were two sentinels with loaded muskets, and in the casemate were two more sentinels and officers of the guard, all of which were under lock and key. The Officer of the Day having charge of the keys. The guard was relieved every two hours, and that could only be done in the presence of the Officer of the Day. The windows of the casemate were also grated with iron bars. The prisoners occupied every other guardroom, and the guards not on duty the intervening ones.

There was a special guard mounted of eighty men for those three prisoners, and the commandant of the fort could not give any orders of any kind to that special guard; in fact, he could not come within its lines. There were four sentinels on the parapet overhead, four on the glacis beyond the ditch, and six in the fort in front of the casemates. The above statement is just as I found things the day that Davis was shackled.

I reported to Gen. Miles as the new Officer of the Day. The General said he had special orders for me as to Jeff Davis. Having heard it rumored that morning that Davis was to be put in irons, I said to the General: "I think I can guess what it is, General." "Well, what is it, Captain?" "To put irons on Davis." He said: "That is it." I said: "When do you wish it done?" He said: "The irons are not ready." Then I said: "Had we not better put them on toward evening?" He said: "Yes," and I could send my orderly to the blacksmith's and have him meet me at that time with the leg irons, and at the same time he (Gen. Miles) showed me part of a letter he had from Secretary Stanton, in which he said that if he thought the safety of Davis required it, he could put irons on Davis, or words to that effect. The matter was left optional with Gen. Miles as to whether Davis should be put in irons or not.

Just before the sundown relief I sent my orderly out for the blacksmith to meet me with the leg irons at the casemate. Soon after I went down I found the smith and his helper there. I then unlocked the door and told the guard to let them pass, that is, smith and helper.

As I entered the guaroom Davis was sitting on the end of his cot or hospital bed reading his Episcopal Prayer Book, and as he looked up I said: "Mr. Davis, I have an unpleasant duty to execute." At the same moment seeing the blacksmith with the irons, he said: "You do not intend to put fetters on me?" I said: "Those are my orders." He said: "Those are orders for a slave, and no man with a soul in him would obey such orders." I then said: "Those are my orders." Mr. Davis said: "I shall never submit to such an indignity." He then asked if Gen. Miles had given that order. My answer was in the affirmative. He said he would like to see Gen. Miles. I replied that the General had just left the fort. Davis then asked that the execution of the order be postponed, and I should telegraph to the President in his name. I said: "Mr. Davis, you are an old soldier and know what orders are. It is needless to say that an officer is bound to execute an order given him." Davis said it was obvious that there could be no necessity for such an order to make his imprisonment secure. I said: "My duty is to execute this order and it is fully for you to resist." Davis's answer was that he was a soldier and knew how to die, and, pointing to a sentinel, said: "Let your men shoot me at once."

A few moments after that he placed his foot on a stool; his quiet manner led me to think he would not resist. I then said: "Smith, do your work." As the blacksmith stooped to place the clasp of the shackle around his ankle Davis struck him a violent blow that threw him on the floor. He recovered and at once made for Davis with his vise and hammer and would have struck him if I had not caught his arm as he was in the act of striking. A moment after that I saw Davis and one of the sentinels struggling, both having hold of the musket, Davis just below the shank of the bayonet. The next instant the sentinel had wrenched the musket from Davis' hands. I then ordered the soldier to his post and reprimanded him for leaving. I now saw there would be trouble, so I ordered the officer of the guard to go out and get four of the best men of the guard with outside arms and have them to report to me at once. A few minutes after four stalwart soldiers made their appearance. I said: "Men, I wish you to take Mr. Davis, with as little force as possible and place him on the cot, and hold him there until the smith is through with his work."

As the men advanced Davis struck the first or foremost man, but all four instantly closed on him and shoved him on the cot. Davis showed unnatural strength: it was all the four men could do to hold him while the blacksmith riveted the clasp around his ankle, his helper holding a sledgehammer. The other clasp was locked on with a brass lock, the same as is in use on freight cars. I ordered the men to their quarters, and as they passed out Davis lay perfectly motionless. Just as I was going out Davis raised from his cot and threw his feet on the floor, and with the clanging of the chains he gave way. I will say here that it was anything but a pleasant sight to me to see a man like Jefferson Davis shedding tears, but not one word had he to say.

Two hours after, I called to relieve the guard and found Davis lying on his cot. I said: "Mr. Davis, you can't rest well that way; if you will give me your word of honor that you will give no more trouble in this matter, I will unlock the shackles so you can take off your clothing." "Captain, I assure you there will be no more trouble. I was very much exasperated at the time; I never expected to be subjected to such an indignity." I then unlocked the shackles, he taking off his clothing, and locked it again himself. JAMES TOWLE,
Late Captain Third Pennsylvania Regiment, Artillery.

The Necessity of Good Roads and Good Hotels.

Wilmington Star.

THE MORGANTON HERALD sometimes among the evidences of progress in Western North Carolina, the fine road and comfortable and often elegant hotels that are being built throughout that section. It says that one of the finest of roads is to be found between Cranberry and Lenoir, well supplied with good hotels at points along the way. This is a good sign, and it is also a good thing, for there are few things which make a stronger favorable or unfavorable impression upon the visitor than the roads and hotel accommodations, favorable, if good, unfavorable if bad. Not only the country, but the people are judged by these. It is a known fact that people who came into some portions of North Carolina with a view to purchasing homes were deterred from it by the wretched condition of the roads over which they had to travel. And so it is with the hotels. There are towns in this State which have lost desirable settlers and much money by their poor hotel accommodations. There is one city which we have in our eye, one of the smallest, most poor person and heading cities in the State, located in the central part of it, which has lost thousands of dollars annually, and been abused enough to wipe it out of existence, if abuse would do it, on account of its poor hotel accommodations. Its progressive people now and realized that and are now putting up one of the finest hotels in the State, with one of the most unique names (for a hotel) in America. You good roads and good hotels are good things to have around.

NEWS NOTES.

Items of Information of All Sorts from all Places.

..The United States has 1,000,000 miles of telegraph wires.

..An astronomer estimates that 146,000,000 meteors fall upon the earth annually.

..The Declaration of Independence was read at Graham, Mo., July 4, by a little girl only 7 years old.

..More underwood letter business is done in the Chicago postoffice than in any other postoffice in the Union.

..In sections of Florida cabbages are being grown every for cattle food, such a drug are they on the market.

..Next to Germany Great Britain and its colonies now send the most immigrants to America. Ireland follows next.

..A Philadelphia surgeon has discussed and mounted the complete nervous system of a human being—something never before accomplished.

..The latest improvements in the long distance telephone have raised the question of the probability of their being put into operation between this country and Europe.

..The experience of a wine grower of Napa, Cal., who employed nearly two score of Japanese in his orchard, has brought with it the conviction that in industry, economy and discipline they cannot compete with the Chinese.

..The highest inhabited place in the world is the Buddhist Monastery, Hanle, in Thibet, Asia, 15,000 feet above the sea. Next to this comes Gabon, a railway station in Peru, 15,665 feet. Leadville, Col., has an elevation of 10,200 feet.

..In the early elections of Oklahoma the rival candidates stood in wagons placed some distance apart and their adherents gathered around them and were counted. The elected man took office at once and his edicts were as implicitly obeyed as an act of Congress.

..Two cooks of Ashland, Ore., one a negro and the other a Chinaman, indulged in a novel contest a few day ago to see which could clean a chicken in the shortest time. The colored man in 20 seconds and the fowl was still looking after being deprived of its feathers.

..Washington is the only city of its size in the United States which has no factory girls. Women who earn their living there are principally in politics, though there are a few employed in retail stores, photographic studios and private offices. In Washington tenement house life is unknown.

..The average number of American patents issued yearly is about 20,000, England, which comes nearest to us, issues only about 4,000 to 5,000 a year, and no system is very much more lax than ours. Patents are issued without any conditions as to novelty or merits, and not two applications in 200 are rejected. In Prussia the number granted annually is less than 300; in Belgium, 1,500 to 2,000.

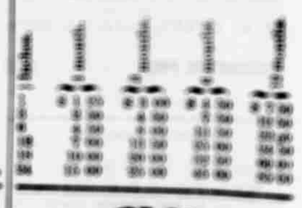
..An Alabama girl actually laughed herself to death. After the laughing, which was provoked by a funny happening to her brother, had lasted for some time, her parents advised her to stop, but she couldn't. They threw cold water on her, but as this had no effect, they sent for a physician. He arrived to find the girl unconscious, and in a few minutes she died from exhaustion.

..It has been demonstrated that, while the greatest velocity imparted to a cannon ball scarcely exceeds 600 metres a second—about 1,500 miles an hour—meteors from space penetrate air with a velocity, it is claimed, of 40,000, sometimes 60,000, metres per second. This tremendous speed causes the temperature of the air at once to 4,000 or 6,000 centigrade, causing in many cases the complete destruction of the meteorite by combustion.

..Wauconah, Ill., has a human barometer in the person of a small boy. He is able to predict the weather infallibly by looking at his hair. The hair is straight and thick as that of an Indian ordinarily, but at the approach of a storm the hair begins to kink and curl two or three days before hand, and it remains in that condition until after the storm is over, when it again becomes perfectly straight. If the storm is of any magnitude the hair will curl up into little balls.

..Any squint or cast in the eye can be cured without the expense of going to a physician or an oculist. It is only necessary to get a pair of spectacles with plain glass in and to color the center of one of the lens black. The eye will naturally make an effort to look straight ahead all the time, and after a few days the effort will be ungovernable. With a child a cure can be effected in a week, and with a grown person a month will suffice to remedy the worst case. Wearing smoked glasses is the best possible safeguard for weak eyes when in a strong light, and even these will help to get rid of a "cast" by accustoming the eyes and relieving them from unnecessary exertion.

ADVERTISING RATES.



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