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NEEDS OF THE NATION.

DISCUSSED BY SENATOR ZEBULON B. VANCE.

More of the Robber Tariff and Its Oppression of the People. The Fallacy of Protection Exposed.

From the Baltimore Sun.

ARTICLE II.

Having shown that a tariff levied not to raise revenue for the government but to increase the price of manufactured articles to the consumers is unconstitutional and contrary to the accepted ideas of a free government, I will next consider it with reference to its justice and morality. We believe that our representative democracies are the best form of government in the world, because the most just—justice between man and man being the essence of liberty, equality, order, and everything else that is excellent in government.

The old watchword of the French revolutionists, "Liberty, fraternity and equality," though somewhat shorn of their beauty by an association with the violence and blood of that unhappy period, yet contain the sum and substance of democratic libetry. Centuries ago our ancestors made war against all forms of legal exclusive privileges and class distinction, and the fight was kept up by each succeeding generation. When our fathers, in the continuation of that struggle, threw off British supremacy in 1776, and established the American Union, by our constitution, they thought they had thrown off also all the ideas and institutions of aristocratic Europe which tended to create artificial and unnatural distinctions among men. Theoretically they did succeed in bringing about the equality of all before the law, but they did not provide for, because they could not foresee, the encroachments on popular rights of the spirit of greed which has in modern times converted the very instruments of democratic equality into the means of class advantage. The possession of wealth confers such powers and privileges as makes its attainment the ambition of all. In the struggle for it the law should do no more than give all men a fair start and an equal chance. In no case should it lend one man help against another. There will soon be inequality enough, at best. The strong man will soon overcome the weak; the man of brains will circumvent the dullard; the diligent the temperate; the industrious will soon forge ahead of their rivals. As soon as one advantage is secured the capacity to secure the next one is doubled; for in the business world the increase of power is in arithmetical ratio to the increase of wealth. Hence, without a line of legislation, according to the course of nature, the inequality of our society caused by the unequal distribution of wealth are sufficiently great to cause much misery. There is no subject which causes greater anxiety to the humane statesman. Yet, when such things come about naturally, as the result of superior thrift, industry or ability, no one can justly complain. It is the fulfillment of a great moral law, but what shall we say of that character of legislation which hastens and increases these deplorable inequalities? Which creates them where, according to the moral law, they would not exist? By which one class of our people, however industrious, temperate and thrifty, are yet so weighted down with restrictions and taxation in favor of another class that they are left behind in the struggle? Law represents the supreme power of the State. With us that power is lodged in the people, and law is the expression of the will indicated by the majority. There can be nothing more cruel and despotic than to bring the collective will of the majority or supreme powers of the State to the point of taxing or confiscating the property of the minority, or, which is the same thing, giving the one a legal advantage of the other which enables the same result to be obtained. Yet such is the effect and intentions of a protective tariff. Its avowed object is to enable the home manufacturer to make money, and as it rejects the idea of foreign trade and shuts it out altogether, the only persons off of whom he can make it are his own countrymen. The element of moral wrong in such legislation is radical, and unmistakable. No matter by what ingenious, far-fetched and roundabout arguments they attempt to show the taxed man that in the long run he is benefitted, the wrong remains. We may not do evil that good may come, even if it were sure of coming. Whilst the taxed man may or may not get back his money in the long run, we know of a certainty that the manufacturer gets his money every time in the *short run*. Wherever natural causes have operated to give one section or class of our people an advantage over another, the man who is either wise or humane would say at once that if the Legislature interfered at all it should be to help the weak and tide them over the shoals of their situation. There is no nobler function of law than this. What is a protective tariff, then, but a tax levied on A to support B? If it be so, then it is morally wrong. In the abstract, no man will venture to deny it. The sophistries and subterfuges resorted to in the attempt to show that it is not a tax levied on A, or, if it is, that he receives it all back again, are unworthy of serious consideration in this connection. It is a tax, or it could not increase the cost of the articles on which it is imposed; it *is* paid by the consumer, for there is no one else to pay it; it *does* support the manufacturer, for he clamors for it and says he cannot live without it. Otherwise we would have the strange spectacle of a manufacturer begging for a duty on goods which nobody was to pay, which did not enhance the price of anything he made to sell, and which he would die if he didn't get, and that man still at large outside of the lunatic asylum! Such are the arguments, analyzed.

The chief equitable ingredient of a contract is mutuality; there must be a giving as well as a taking. Now how is a farmer to be recompensed under a protective tariff? Where are the mutual benefits in a deal between him and an iron or woolen manufacturer? He goes to the iron master to buy his farm implements; the price is fixed by the cost of the foreign article plus the tariff duty; in other words, he buys in a *restricted* market. To pay for his purchase he sells his wheat or his cotton in a free-trade market at a price fixed in London in competition with all the wheat and cotton of the world. He sells in the cheapest market and buys in the dearest market, reversing the economical condition which his interest requires. Is it beneficial to him? Is it honest or just to force him to sell for the lowest price and buy for the highest? No man will say so; and the only answer is a denial of the fact by attempting to show that when the foreigner is kept out, domestic competition becomes so great that prices become lower than they would be without any duty at all; and, therefore, so far from protection being a tax upon one class for the support of another, it is, in fact, a benefit to the man who is supposed to be taxed! Stripped of its verbiage, this simply means that the manufacturer is a greatly maligned man; that he has no idea of taxing the consumer by placing a high duty on everything consumed—this he does for the purpose of reducing the prices to the consumer—and that his anxiety for a protective tariff is because it is the surest and most direct way of reducing the price of his own wares for his neighbor's benefit! A plain man, unaccustomed to the logic of protection, would naturally suppose that the manufacturer could put down the price of his own goods, if he wished to do so, without an enabling act; but it would seem not. If he could only lower his prices under the force of competition, it would appear at first blush that the competition of a foreigner would answer the purpose quite as well as that of an American. But again, it seems not. Domestic competition alone can enable the home manufacturer, with the aid of a high tariff, to so lower his prices as to prove a blessing to his neighbor. Such being the effects, and therefore the object of protective tariffs, its advocates resent with much scorn the idea of there being any moral wrong in thus striving to benefit their neighbors. But the wrong is apparent to the commonest understanding, and the absurdity of the defense only serves to emphasize it. It is a bald and naked system of using the taxing power of the government for the unjust purpose of enabling one class to enrich itself at the expense of another. It can no more be justified in morals than in economy; for it is happily true that good morals and good economy agree well together. Woe to our world if it were not so! It is the true glory of freedom that her institutions are based upon great moral principles, recognizing all the essential rights of man. In no other manner have these rights been so commonly violated as in the matter of taxation. Law and advancing civilization have long since stopped the seizure of men's property by the strong hand. The mailed plunderers of the middle ages have all passed away, and so have the grosser forms of monopoly and class privilege. But the spirit which animated them—the fierce desire to get riches by reaping where others have sown—still remains, and will remain until human nature is changed. It is this which still troubles our Israel. It is the old foes under new faces. It was the custom of the wives of the old border robbers to serve up a covered dish with a pair of spurs inside whenever the larder was empty of beef. Upon this hint, the husbands with their clansmen organized an armed foray into the pastures of the lowlands to drive off cattle. They had one virtue in their lawlessness, however; they told no lies about their motives or the results of their conduct. They confessed that they lived by these levies upon their neighbors; they did not declare that it was for the good of the cattle breeders, and try to prove they got it all back in the *"long run."* They wanted beef, and they went and took it, because they knew no other way to get it. New England could have shown them a more excellent way. She could have shown them how to get their neighbors' cows by law, and taught them to show how their transfer from the pastures of their owners to the larders of their captors was no robbery, but a most admirable process of political economy, and a blessing in disguise! That it increased the quantity of beef, raised the price of beef, and reduced the price of beef all at the same time, whilst both robber and robbed grew rich together! No man goes out on the highway to plunder his neighbor now armed with pistols; he goes into a legislative lobby, and arms himself with a stutute. In the name of patriotism and the workingman he is authorized by this statute to collect taxes from his neighbors with which he can buy beef to his stomach's content. There is no show of violence, no outcry, nor hot pursuit, nor unseemly lowing of overdriven kine; all is done decently and in order. He has violated no law and fears no punishment. On the contrary he poses as the benefactor and best friend of the plundered man instead of a wrongdoer. And yet the process is robbery—pure robbery; meaner than that of the Riever, because more cowardly; baser than that of any other, because right and justice and all the noble elements of law are prostituted and degraded in the service of selfish greed. In all ages and among all peoples taxes have been considered a hardship, and the laying of them regarded with the utmost jealousy. They are the favorite and peculiar implement of despotism—the time honored and dishonored means whereby an unscrupulous ruler confiscates the property of the citizen under pretense of public necessity. And yet no Bourbon, Tudor or Plantagenet prince ever extorted a tax to support unjust wars or pamper royal vanity more outrageously violative of private rights than the Congress of free America now imposes on our people and refuses to reduce. They at least had the plea of *public necessity* to justify their exactions, whilst we are taxing our people thirty-three per cent. beyond the public needs to benefit private individuals! The sum which we now collect over and above the public needs is greater—almost double—than the entire ordinary yearly expenditure of the government for twenty years just preceding the war. This takes no account whatever of the sum—estimated to be three times greater than the whole which goes into the public—which is paid in tariff duties into the pockets of protected manufacturers! If the test of a people's freedom be indeed their exemption from unjust and unnecessary taxation, I fear we should fall very low.

Aside, then, from any question of policy or economy, there is no kind of doubt in my mind that so-called "protective taxation" is wrong in morals as well as in law. That which is unjust, unequal and unnecessary, must inevitably be *wrong*.

Z. B. VANCE.

State News Items.

The State convention of the Young Men's Christian Association will meet in Charlotte April 9th.

Prof. Henry E. Shepherd, of Charleston (S. C.) College will conduct the Asheville Normal School in July.

Josh Crowder, a colored brakeman, was killed while coupling cars on the C. C. R. R. at Hamlet Saturday. His leg was cut off by the train, and he died in a few hours.

The directors of the Salisbury Cotton Mills have decided to manufacture a finer quality of cotton goods than is made by the majority of factories operating in the South.

The *Citizen* says Jay Gould and Gen. T. Eckert, general manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company, have engaged rooms at the Battery Park Hotel, Asheville, and will arrive there about June 1st.

A call is extended to the counties of Craven, Pamlico, Beaufort, Hyde, Carteret, Jones, Onslow and Lenoir to join together and form a permanent society for the holding of an annual fair at Newbern. It is an important movement.

Rev. James Weston, of the Episcopal Church, Raleigh, will next month begin the preparation of his book on P. S. Ney, the remarkable man who lived in Rowan and Iredell counties, and who, it is firmly believed by most persons, was no less a personage than Napolean's "great marshal."

Raleigh *Visitor:* Yesterday Marshal Bradley, of the Supreme Court, served upon Gov. Scales a copy of a complaint in a suit for some $150,000 against the State, brought by Baltzer E. Taaks, of New York, on account of iron sold the Chatham railroad company, in 1868. The case will be heard in the Supreme Court.

"Sketches of Prominent Living North Carolinians" is the title of a book written by Mr. Jerome Dowd, of Salisbury, which is now in the hands of the publishers, and will appear about May 1st. The book will contain over one hundred sketches of prominent North Carolinians in every profession and will be a work of very great interest.

A Raleigh letter in the Wilmington *Messenger* says: "Your correspondent has in his charge the records of the North Carolina troops in the war of 1812, and in looking over them today, observed a name so strange that it is worthy of note. It is Swinfield Hell. He was a private in a company from Burke county. One can imagine readily that, when he was wanted, and a comrade called out "Oh, Hell," it must have sounded odd."

Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla Regulates the Regulator. Best blood purifier. Largest bottle in the market. Manufactured by proprietors of Warner's Safe Cure. Sold by all druggists.

HE WHACKS BACK.

THE DANBURY REPORTER GETS A DRUBBING AGAIN

By "Democrat." The Danbury Reporter at Last Confesses That Only from the Democrats Will Relief Come From Internal Revenue Oppression.

Editor Danbury Reporter.

MY DEAR REPORMER:—You have favored us with another article, and we will not depart from our custom always to answer those who write to us. Your last is like unto your others. Your ideas are so vague, and your command of the Queen's English so imperfect that it would baffle the proverbial wisdom of a Philadelphia barrister to fathom what you are driving at. You beat the devil around the stump and say a great deal in saying nothing. The fact of the business is, you have done wrong, and it makes you mad to tell you so. If the truth cuts you like a two-edged sword, the whole truth would cut you like a two edged razor. If you want the whole truth, press the matter. If you want to run into personalities, crack your whip. We will accept any kind of contest you may offer. You seek by remote innuendo to divert the public mind from our charges, but we are going to keep them under your nose until they "smell like burnt horn."

You ask what your cabbage patch, Camaca, &c., have to do with your politics? Nothing. We never would have mentioned them if you had answered us in a spirit of manly discussion. Our first article had nothing "personal" in it. You answered it by insinuating that we paid for the publication of our statements, and that we were a delinquent or not a subscriber to your paper. If you think we are the former, present the account and if we can't cover it with your receipt, you can get the money. That dodge won't do any longer. You have never come to the point or answered us. After your evasive style, you refer us to the files of the *Reporter* to ascertain your political complexion. We have neither the time nor inclination to search old *Reporters* for your politics. If we did, we would hardly discover a Democrat in them if you have been correctly represented by Republican candidates during the last several campaigns, or by Republican papers more recently. Such a search might show you up as a Republican. In fact, we never heard you accused of being a good Democrat. If you are a good Democrat, it makes Republicans mighty scarce and lonesome. If you doubt this, deny it, and we will adduce the proof.

If we don't let you alone, you threaten to "get too big for your breeches and run for constable or road overseer." Unless you change greatly you would not get the nomination in the Democratic party, and Bill Hall would beat you to death in the Republican. An occasional recollection of this fact ought to keep down your ambition and prevent you from outgrowing your old pantaloons.

You should not beg the question by telling the editor of THE SENTINEL he could find other news more interesting than our letters. No doubt other news would be more interesting to you. But whenever your assistance is desired in running THE SENTINEL, very likely a proposition for your services will be submitted to you. But as you are so little adapted to editorial labor, we take it that you and the *Reporter* will jog on together, and for a while longer "lag superfluous on the stage." Your conception of the functions of a journalist and your appreciation of the popular taste for news are wide of the mark and several centuries behind the age. The success of modern journalism is not attributable to the publication of antidotes for the destruction of "ticks, fleas and rats."

As to your future abode we have but little concern. We would be glad to see you go to heaven—if it were possible. And if you are bound to go below, it would be a good idea to take the *Reporter* with you. It has been said that h—l would be a good place to run a Republican newspaper. You and the *Reporter* could fill the bill in that new field of journalism.

You persist in asserting our criticisms to improper motives. Was the Wilmington *Star* "actuated by personal hatred" when it mopped you against the earth so unmercifully? Mr. Kingsbury had no personal feelings against you and he knew it was not the "other quill driver" that was writing those "thin, vapid, pointless" effusions. Your articles bear internal evidence of having emenated from a mind replete with ignorance. The reverse is the case with the "other quill driver's" articles. According to your rule, you must have great "personal hatred" for the Democratic party. Much more strongly does it apply to your case since that party has done nothing to merit your unjust censure.

But your mind seems to have undergone a slight change since we first took you to task. You now say, "true the people in the revenue-cursed sections, whether Democrat or Republican, are with us in feeling and are looking to the Democrats to repeal the obnoxious law." Only a brief while since you were charging the Democratic party with breaking their promises to the people and loudly declaring that, at the next election, "many would not vote at all, or, if they did they would vote the Republican ticket." You see the Democrats are in earnest, eh? If you would lay the facts and records of the two parties before the people instead of your wild predictions and foolish arguments, they would vote intelligently, and justice and truth would not demand these letters from us.

You express the wish that we "had given you a cold potato" before we let you go. We regret that we have no cold potato for you. Nevertheless we might give you some fine collard plants to put in your patch. They are a fine variety and would furnish news for the *Reporter* all the summer.

We are not making a specialty of "the general repair business," but if you are in need of repairs we can put you up a good job. If you doubt our skill, put it to the test. We have good tools and ample material. *Verbum sapienti satis est.*

A DEMOCRAT.

HON. WM. DORSHEMER DEAD.

A Prominent Figure in National Politics Expires Suddenly in the South.

Governor William Dorsheimer, of N. Y., editor and proprietor of the New York *Star*, died at Savanna, Ga., Tuesday.

Very few of Mr. Dorsheimer's friends knew that he was sick. It was only a few days ago that he was in his office in good health and spirits, and was planning an active political campaign for his paper. His sudden illness was probably due to overwork, which made him an easy victim to an attact of pneumonia. Mr. Dorsheimer was a conspicous figure in New York, physically, professionally and socially. He was known as a most intimate friend of Ex-Senator Conklin, and through the influence of the latter was made United States district attorney for the northern district of New York. He was appointed to that position by President Johnston in 1867. At the beginning of the war Mr. Dorsheimer had been appointed major on the staff of Gen. Fremont, and at the close of the Missouri hundred day's campaign he returned to civil life. In the Greely campaign he deserted the republican party, and a year later became a full-fleged democrat. He was a member of the liberal republican convention held in Cincinati in May, 1872, and also of the democratic convention held in 1876, a member of the committee on resolutions in the latter body and reported the platform. Mr. Dorsheimer was one of the founders and original officers of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy and the Buffalo Historical Society. He was a giant in stature, being about six feet four inches in height and weighing over 300 pounds

As a lawyer he possessed fair abilities; as a speaker he was forcible and eloquent; as a conversationalist he was witty and entertaining, and as a writer he was thoughtful and graceful. He was born in Lyons, Wayne county, N. Y., just fifty-six years ago. He graduated from Havard, and studied law in Buffalo, where he practiced with financial success for several years. He married Miss Patchen, a member of a wealthy Buffalo family. In 1874 he was elected Leiutenant-Governor on the ticket with Governor Tilden, and he was Tilden's personal representative in the convention that nominated the "Sage of Gramercy" to the presidency. Mr. Dorsheimer went to New York in 1880 and entered in law partnership with David Dudley Field. He was elected to Congress from the seventh district of N. Y. city in 1882, and in 1885 he was appointed by President Cleveland to be United States district attorney for the northern district of the state. He resigned that position one year afterward to assume the control of the *Star*. Mr. Dorsheimer was a hard-working journalist and author of a biography of President Cleveland.

His death leaves a vacant editorship in metropolitan journalism which will be a tempting plum to a good many politicians who think they have a literary knack.

President Cleveland is averse to the kissing of babies and he avoids it when ever he possibly can at his noonday receptions. Now and then he has to succumb, however, and he would perhaps add to his popularity with his Cabinet if he would do as Andrew Jackson did—delegate kissing to them. Jackson on one of his tours was handed a dirty-faced baby by a very proud mother. Secretary of war, Eaton, was standing beside him at the time. Jackson held the baby up and said: "Here is a beautiful specimen of young American childhood. Note the brightness of that eye, the strength of these limbs and the sweetness of these lips!" Here he pushed the baby into the face of Gen Eaton and said without a word of warning, "Kiss him, Eaton!" and of course Eaton had to do so.

On the tenth of May the good people of Washington will unveil a beautiful monument erected to the memory of the Confederate Dead. Upon that occasion Hon. Daniel G. Fowle, a native of Washington, will deliver an appropriate address. His reputation as an orator will attract the latgest crowd that Washington has seen since Judge Fewle spoke there in 1876. His memorial address will be one of the ablest and most eloquent efforts of his life. Gen. W. G. Lewis, of Goldsboro will act as Chief Marshal.

IMPOSING CEREMONIES.

FUNERAL SERVICES OF CHIEF JUSTICE WAITE.

Congressman Mills Sick. Mr. Randall. Tariff Forecast. The Coming Campaign.

Special Correspondence of the Sentinel.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 30.

The funeral of Chief Justice Waite in the Hall of the House of Representatives on Monday of last week was one of the most imposing I ever witnessed. The service of the Episcopal Church, of which Justice Waite was a member, was read by Bishop Paret, who entered the Hall accompanied by six white-robed priests. Behind the Speaker's desk sat Mr. Carlisle and Senator Ingalls. On the left of these were the members of the Senate and House. On the right, the members of the Diplomatic Corps, and other official bodies. Immediately in front of the Speaker's desk is a raised dais, on which the officiating clergymen stood. In front of them was the casket. The front seats were occupied by the President and Cabinet, the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, the pall bearers and members of the family of the deceased. I noticed among the distinguished throng the strong and handsome head of ex-Solicitor General Philips, formerly of Chapel Hill, who was Solicitor General for years, and an intimate friend of the late Chief Justice Waite. This gentleman, as you know, is the son of the late Dr. Philips, of Chapel Hill, and is a most creditable representative of one of the most scholarly families our State can claim. General Philips is yet in his prime, and any stranger would have noticed him as a gifted man, even in the group of distinguished men of which he formed a party that day. Near him, I noticed another head, which, from an artistic standpoint, is one of the finest I have ever seen. This belonged to Hon. Samuel J. Randall. To me, this man's face is a study. If I was a painter, I would put his features on canvass until I had it as it is. He is very handsome, but there is a magnetic power and resolute determination in the face that irresistibly attracts. His lips are thin, his eyes large, dark and expressive, his brow broad, high and white, his nose, long and beautifully chiseled. As he sat not far from Mr. Carlisle, his pale face wore a serious expression which did not change during the brief ritual readby Bishop Paret, nor while the low, sweet requiem was being chanted by the choir in the opposite gallery. I could not help wondering whether he was thinking of his own busy schemes and changeless ambitions or of the inevitable fate which awaits all mortality at the summons of the Angel of Death, whose grim shadow at that moment had fallen on the scene on which his calm gaze rested. Nine-tenths of the people of that vast assembly knew that the obstinate opposition of this one man was impeding legislation which might affect for all time the destiny of the party to which he owes allegiance. With a handfull of organized followers, he has stood up during this session and the last, against a measure favored by a majority of the House, the President of the United States, and undoubtedly by the majority of sixty thousand of his fellow citizens. And yet, his face was as inscrutable as that of the sphinx, as handsome as Apollo's, and as full of magnetic force, as he sat within the circle of the men he was fighting, with all his wonderful power of brains and will. The President was in front of him, Mr. Carlisle was near him, and all around him were tariff reformers whose constituencies will refuse to return them unless the plans of that one man are thwarted! I forgot, in wondering what he was thinking about, the shadow of the Dark Angel, the funeral chant, and the familiar words of the burial service. Stronger than the perfume of the wreathed flowers, the breath of low, sweet music, the presence of the representatives of this great Nation, and even the silent remains of the illustrious dead, was a surmise as to what were the thoughts of this cold, impassive autocrat of the House! His ambition is to be President of the United States, and he is just the man to sacrifice everything to that ambition. I disapprove his methods, and regret his disposition to regard a spirit of compromise, but I cannot help admiring his ability and persistency. The outcome of the struggle no man can forecast. Mills is sick—worn out with the work on the tariff bill, and what is worse, the uncertainty that envelops it! Randall is as well as ever, and is serene as a May morning, although his followers are said to be deserting him.

* * *

Speculation is busy with the names of those who may succeed Chief Justice Waite. Those who are best informed think it will be a north-western lawyer whose name is probably not known outside of his profession. The South does not stand a ghost of a chance in this appointment, and it is useless to pretend that she does.

* * *

Hon. W. S. Barnum has been in this city several days. It is possible the coming campaign will be engineered by Hon. W. L Scott and Senator Kenna, as the leading spirits. As yet there is no organization and no work accomplished.

* * *

The old barnacle of sending out long-winded campaign speeches, and dry-as-dust compaign books, which, like the July fly, come along the latter part of the summer ought to be scraped off the bottom of the campaign committee.

* * *

I have a good idea. Suppose, in every district you send out some bright young speaker—young Jim Leach, for example,—and pay him $500 to stump it from end to end next summer.

* * *

Mr. Leach holds a $2,000 place in the Treasury Department here, but Senator Ransom can get him off long enough to stir up the farmers. I mention young Mr. Leach, because I have heard he got his place here as a reward for some thrilling campaign speeches he made during the Scales campaign. I have my doubts about this, but I know young Mr. Leach has a remarkable "gift of the gab." He can talk politics or anything else right straight on. He can overwhelm any farmer in North Carolina in twenty five minutes with such a "feast of reason and flow of soul," no matter what the theme is, that he will carry his point. Moreover, after the head of the house is converted, my young Demosthenes can make himself solid with the "powers behind the throne," especially if the old man has several daughters! He is good looking, and can sing like a Compinini! He knows at least two dozen pretty love songs and serenades, and he would not hesitate to sing the same song with the very same expression to a thousand young daughters of as many farmers whose votes were needed to swell the Democratic majority in 1838.

* * *

Messrs. Busbee, Heartt, Graves, Rogers and Womble spent Saturday in this city consulting with Solicitor General Jenks, Comptroller Trenholm and Secretary Bayard about the course they propose to pursue with regard to the fugitive President and Cashier of the State National Bank, of Raleigh. Saturday night Mr. Womble returned to Raleigh. District attorney Busbee, accompanied by the other gentlemen mentioned above, went to Toronto. They secured from the State Department the necessary extradition papers, as the crime of forgery can be clearly proven on the defendants. They expect to return to Raleigh with them about next Thursday.

GRANVILLE.

THE RALEIGH BANK CRASH.

Particulars of the Robbery. How they Got Away. Personal History of the Defaulters. Caught at Last.

THE SENTINEL last week gave a brief synopsis of the robbery of the State National Bank at Raleigh.

This week we give a full statement of the affair, carefully gathered from all the papers, and an account of the capture of the boodlers in Canada.

A week ago, last Saturday evening, White receipted for $20,000 that came by express. This, with the other cash on hand, amounted to over $42,000 White and Cross took this and a large sum which they obtained by hypothecating the bank's paper, packed it in two valises and left Raleigh, saying they were going to Chapel Hill to see a sick relative of White's.

They left in the bank $3,500 in bills, and over $11,000 in silver. The latter they could not carry off. The bills were for the teller for use Monday morning, so as to avert suspicion.

A police officer said he saw Cross and White taking the train Saturday at 6 o'clock. Behind them was the negro janitor, carrying two satchels.

The negro is named John Griffiths. He was the janitor of the bank. He told his wife he was going to Apex for a day or two.

They left Raleigh 6 o'clock Saturday evening, buying tickets to Greensboro.

At Greensboro a railroad man jokingly remarked, "It is funny to see a bank Cashier and President going off together, you look like you were going to Canada." White answered him carelessly.

They travelled all night Saturday night, all day and night Sunday and soon after the bank opened Monday morning, appearantly in good condition, they crossed the Canadian line.

Monday evening rumors of the robbery spread like wild-fire and Tuesday morning the *News and Observer* published a card from the directors saying the officers had absconded and that the bank would be turned over to a proper officer.

The Comptroller of the Currency, at Washington, was telegraphed, and he telegraphed S. M. C. D. Tate Esq., bank examiner, at Morganton N. C., to take charge.

Bank Examiner, Samuel McD. Tate, reached Raleigh Wednesday morning and formally took charge of the Bank. He went to work at once. All the parties who had private valuables in the Bank were allowed to identify and claim their property. It had been feared that the absconding officials had taken the private valuables with them, but that would make them guilty of theft—an extraditionable offence and they were too wise to be guilty of an offence that would procure their capture. Col. Tate gives his opinion, from the examination so far made, that the depositors and creditors will receive 75 per cent. of their deposits. A Receiver will shortly be appointed who will wind up the affairs of the Bank, sell the property and pay all that can be paid to the depositors and creditors.

About two weeks ago five shares of one thousand dollars each, of the bank stock was sold to the following named parties and they were elected addition-directors: Rev. C. T. Baily, Messrs. E. H. Lee, G. E. Leach, D. E. Avera, and M. T. Norris.

These new directors gave notice that they had been induced to become stock-holders and directors of the State National Bank by the fraudulent misrepresentations of C. E. Cross, President, and Sam. C. White, Cashier, upon which they relied, the fraud and falsehood were not discovered by them until night of Monday, March, 26, 1888, and that they intended to resist any and all liability on their part respecitvely on this ground.

After the notice above was given, M. T. Norris, C. T. Baily, D. B. Avera, G. B. Leach, in behalf of themselves and Ed. H. Lee, who is absent from the city, but represented there by counsel, averred that at the time they agreed to accept directorship in the State National Bank, they had no reason to believe that its condition was not good and as represented by its President and Cashier, and had no reason to think otherwise till the night of Monday, 26th. March, 1888, that their assent having been obtained by fraud, they are advised that in law it was no assent, and that they have never been directors.

Since the above Dr. Baily has published a card in which he has reached the conclusion that he ought to hold himself responsible to all claims and demands incurred as a nominal director of the State National Bank.

The capital stock of the Bank was $100,000, owned as follows: $1.000 each by Messrs. W. S. Primrose, S. C. White, G. E. Leach, Rev. C. T. Baily, E. H. Lee, M. T. Norris, and D. B. Avera; 4,000 by E. R. Stamps; $30,000 by Chas. E. Cross; and $49,000 by the John G. Williams estate. All the Directors of the Bank up to a month ago were sons-in-law of Mrs. Williams except Capt. White, who is her brother.

Mr. Chas. E. Cross, the absconding President, is a native of Gates county, and is about thirty years old. He has a wife and three children, the youngest being only two weeks old. He went to Raleigh several years ago as Chief Clerk in the Auditor's office. Some years ago he married Miss Maggie daughter of the late John G. Williams, Esq. About two years ago he was elected President of the Bank. One year ago he was elected a City Alderman. As president of the Bank he represented the stock of Mrs. Williams, his mother-in-law, and in running away with the money he not only became a thief but an incrate. He was made all that he was, financially, by Mrs. Williams, and in return for her kindness, he brings ruin not only upon the entire community, but upon the family to whom he owed so much.

Mr. Samuel C. White, the absconding Cashier, had lived in Raleigh many years. He was the brother of Mrs. M. C. Williams. When Mr. White was a mere boy, Mr. Williams took him into his family as a member, educated him, and gave him a position, and afterwards made him Cashier of his bank. He had held a responsible position in the State Bank a number of years and was trusted implicitly. This confidence was placed in him by reason of his many years' faithful service, and the fact that he was an official member of Edenton street Methodist Church, and a teacher of a Bible class in that Sunday School. He had held the highest office in the Knights of Pythias in the State, and belonged to several benevolent orders, in which he held responsible positions. He was a friend of the late Capt. Randolph A. Shotwell, and when an association was organized to build a Shotwell Monument, Capt. White was made Treasurer of the fund. This one trust he did not violate. Bad as he proved to be, he was still true to his friendship of the lamented Shotwell. The monument fund had been placed in the National Bank of Raleigh, and is therefore safe.

THE ROBBERS ARRESTED.

The following dispatch was sent by Mayor Thompson on Tuesday:

RALEIGH, N. C., March 27.

Chief Police, Buffalo, N. Y., and New York City:

Arrest, for embezzlement of funds of the State National Bank of Raleigh, C. E. Cross, aged 32 years, height about five feet and eleven inches, weight 190 pounds, round face, fair complexion, heavy drooping eyelids, speech deliberate and low-toned, habit of smacking his lips when talking, sandy hair, black eyes, and walks with a swinging gait; also Samuel C. White, aged about fifty-six, height about five feet and nine inches, weight about 140 pounds, light sandy hair and whiskers, thin face with prominent thin nose, wears No. 5½ shoe, walks with toes turned in and steps short and quick.

ALF. A. THOMPSON,
Mayor of Raleigh.

Nothing was heard from the above dispatch till Thursday the following was received by Chief Police Heartt:

TORONTO, ONT., March 29.

Chief Police Raleigh:

Do you want absconding President and Cashier of State National Bank? If so send description and particulars. Think they are here.

H. J. GRASSETT,
Chief Constable.

It is supposed from the above that the Chief Police of New York advised

(*Concluded on second page.*)

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