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HILL ARP'S LETTER.

General G. T. Anderson (Old Tige) and Colonel Tom Taylor have just passed over the river. They were near the same age and were close together during the civil war. General Anderson was our brigade commander and Colonel Taylor commanded one of his regiments, the First Kentucky. Since the war one of them was made chief of police of Atlanta and the other of Louisville, Ky. Taylor was next to the last of the surviving colonels of that brigade. It was General Bartow's old brigade, composed of the Seventh, Eighth, Ninth and Eleventh Georgia regiments and the First Kentucky and a Virginia battery. The regiments changed their colonels many times and of the old Eighth only one (Colonel Towers), who was its fifth colonel, now survives. None but the veterans know how numerous were these changes of commanding officers. The records show that but one of the Georgia regiments that went into service in 1861 and 1862 brought back the same colonel it took out. The officers of the companies were changed oftener than the colonels. Deaths, resignations and promotions were ever going on. Captain Twigg's company of the First Georgia regulars had twelve different captains during the service. The personnel of the privates was also continually changing—"discharged" or K. I. B. (killed in battle)—is appended to more names than half the first muster rolls, and recruiting was constantly going on to fill up the files.

But I was ruminating about Old Tige and Tom Taylor, for after General Bartow was killed I was transferred to General Anderson's staff and followed his fortunes for nearly two years in the Army of Northern Virginia. He was every inch a soldier. He never questioned the wisdom of an order, but obeyed it.

"Ours not to make reply;
Ours not to reason why;
Ours but to do and die."

was his motto. I do not believe he experienced the emotion of fear. We thought that sometimes he was too daring. I remember that on one morning during the battles on the Chickahominy he wished to make a personal reconnaissance of the position of the enemy on its left flank, and asked Major Ayer and myself to ride with him. There was a wide, open field between the armies, probably 1,000 acres, and our wing was covered by a forest of thick woods curving round the open space in form of a semicircle. We kept covered by these woods until we had got far round and were as near to the federal batteries as we dared to go. The general said: "Well, there is no use in going back the long way that we came. Let us take the diameter of this circle and save a mile or two." "They will see us and open fire," said I. "Let them shoot," said he, "they can't hit us. We can outride their balls; come on; follow me." We did follow, but we did not want to and there was no necessity for taking such a peril. I never will forget that ride. The federal batteries opened fire quickly as we flew along the plain. The six-pounders sent their balls over us and some bounded along the ground quite near us, but the general only waived his hat and smiled. We were all well mounted and made the trip safely, but I never made another reconnaissance with him. One evening our brigade was at rest on the bank of the Rappahannock. We had made a long march and were waiting orders. The boys were sitting down or lying down upon the grass. The enemy were massed behind the mountain range that skirted the opposite banks of the river.

We could not see them, but we knew they were there, for their batteries amused themselves by firing over the mountains and dropping their shots and shell at random over us and beyond us. They expended in the air and did but little harm. We were not alarmed and watched them as we would a pyrotechnic display. General Anderson was stretched at length upon the ground and we were not far away. His fine horse was cropping the grass and the general held him with a long rein that was attached to the bridle. While we were chatting quietly a shell exploded directly over us and a murderous fragment struck his horse on top of the head and killed him instantly. Our nearness to the danger stopped all conversation, but the loss of his horse aroused and excited Old Tige beyond measure. Looking at his horse that was dying at his feet he used language according to his anger and indignation. His anathemas were fearful. "We will pay them for that," he said. "I would have given my right arm for that horse. But we will pay them back two for one. We have come here to fight, and old Bob will give us a chance to get even. Blast their infernal batteries! All they dare to do is to hide behind a mountain and shoot over it." We did get even, and Old Tige was comforted; for in a few days the second battle of Manassas was fought and a great victory won. Forty-eight thousand troops under Lee utterly routed and vanquished 80,000 under Pope. I never think of General Tom Tay-

lor but what I think of the great battle of Drainsville, in which he figured and a smile comes over my memory. The fun of that battle lasted our boys a long time, and Major Ayer at Rome is not done laughing at it yet. The valley of Drainsville was neutral ground and the harvest of hay was great. The two armies were in winter quarters and wanted it. Job Stuart assured General Johnston that if he would furnish the wagons and teams and a regiment of infantry he would go for the hay. He said that the owners were mostly southern men and wanted us to have it. Old Joe was suspicious, but consented. The federals were nearer to it and had a large force of cavalry in their camp. Tom Taylor was sent along with his regiment and Major Ayer put in charge of 400 wagons with four-horse teams to each. It was about fifteen miles to the valley over a pike road that was generally wide enough for teams to pass each other, but was very narrow where cut through the little hills. Many of these cuts, a hundred yards long, were not more than ten feet wide. The day and the scheme was kept profoundly secret. One morning about the break of day our boys were aroused by the unearthly rumbling sound of 400 wagons rolling over the pike, but that sound was nothing to the roaring of those wagons on their return. That train of wagons was nearly four miles long and by the time the head of the column got fairly into the valley and the major began bossing the loading of the foremost teams Tom Taylor, with his men, were resting in the suburbs and Jeb Stuart, with 2,000 cavalry, were paraded on a hill overlooking the valley. Just then 6,000 federal cavalry came charging down from some hiding place behind the woods and for an hour or more Stuart and Taylor had their hands full. The federals had an artillery company to help create a panic and they were after the wagon train in desperate determination. In the confusion that followed the surprise Stuart ordered the wagons that were loading hay to counter-march in double quick and they performed that maneuver with great alacrity until the head of the procession reached the pike and could get no further, for the body and tail of the train blockaded the highway for two miles back. "Then rushed the steeds from battle driven." All along the line the alarm was given, whips were popping, teamsters bawling: "Turn, men; turn and save your teams," exclaimed the major. "The yankees are coming." And they did turn, but to this day nobody knows how. Some of the wagoners swore afterwards they flew over and some crawled under and some turned a four-horse team in an eight-foot cut. Colonel Taylor ordered his men to guard the wagons, but they couldn't keep up with them. Stuart's men were in a hand to hand fight with the enemies cavalry and slashed them with swords and shot them with small arms; but they were outnumbered and had to fight and fall back at every charge.

It was about the middle of the afternoon when the roaring of the stampeding train reached our campground. Old Joe Johnston heard it, for the sound thereof was like the sound of many waters. He understood it at once and ordered a whole brigade and battery to double quick up the Drainsville pike. "I told Stuart," he exclaimed, "they would trick if he didn't look out. Those rascals in that valley are nearly all union men and they got word to the enemy. I'm afraid we have lost some of our wagons, and it will be a hard joke on Stuart." Later on we perceived great clouds of dust gathering over the pike and the roaring came louder and louder and nearer and nearer, and by and by, with the aid of a field glass, we could see Major Ayer rise over the top of a distant hill and halt. He is a fine rider and was astride a fine horse whose name was Selim.

He saw the brigade coming to the rescue and slowed up, the long procession behind him. Man and beast were dripping with streams of sweat that had been turned a saw mill. In the grand melee Colonel Taylor got cut off from his command, for the boys were trying to keep up with the wagons. But they all came up in course of time and received the plaudits of their comrades. Stuart worried the enemy so bad that they left the valley with navy wagon and Major Ayer left it with nary hay. But they got it later, for old Joe got his back up and swore he would have it. Those 400 wagoners were for a long time the heroes of the campfires. One of them, Jim Wilkerson, our former marshal, lives here now and still declares that he turned his team in an eight-foot cut and passed two more in a ten-foot cut and had liked to have beat the whole train to camp. His driving was like the driving of Jehu, for he drove furiously.

The big battle of Drainsville never got into history, but it was camp talk at Centerville all that winter. During the revolution of 1776 there was a great battle called the "battle of the keys" that caused infinite merriment to the continent army and it

was set to verse by a humorous poet, Francis Hopkinson, but this is known to Virginia veterans as the "battle of the wagons." BILL ARP.

CONFUCIUS AS A TEACHER.

Mrs. A. W. Wilson Finds His System Far Short of Ideal.

The wife of Bishop A. W. Wilson, of Baltimore, wrote as follows recently to the Baltimore Sun from Shanghai, China:

Confucius did not offer to China even the rudiments of a religion. There is nothing to show that any supreme being had a place in his mind. He formulated a system of morals. He was particular in his statements concerning the relations between men, but the relation of God to man and of both to another life he refused to deal with.

He recommended certain rites known and practiced in China centuries before his day. Their antiquity proved their strength to him, and by them he lived and died. He had been dead almost three centuries before his writings were valued, and it is said that not until B. C. 200 were sacrifices made to him. The Emperor Kao Tsu made the first offerings at his grave. The first temple erected to him was A. D. 1. Now these temples have multiplied and may be found all over the Empire.

His proverbs are committed to memory and his sayings are sacred to every Chinaman. They settle difficulties of state, quiet belligerents and are of value in any personal quarrel. In short, if appealed to his word will certainly calm a street fight or compose the nerves of high officials who and hour before would heap indignities upon an antagonist. His commentators, however, ascribe more to him than his writings prove.

The worship of heaven and earth and ancestral worship were among the things he found already established. But he recommended that they be continued, and to these his followers have added the worship of Confucius. There was no place for woman in the ethics of Confucius, because, as he stated, she had no soul outside of her husband. There could be no future for her except as it pleased him to grant her a favor in his own coming existence. Yet Confucius was careful not to acknowledge a life hereafter. But one thing—the ancestral rites—proved a universal belief in this.

From the Emperor down to the coolie every man sacrifices to his ancestors. This is more firmly rooted in the Chinese mind than any other sacred function, and more than any other thing stand between the Chinaman and Christian faith. It is believed that all disembodied spirits will work evil upon the living unless propitiated. Offerings of every sort are burned at the grave or at the ancestral tablet, the fire conveying them to the other side.

The Buddhist, who also worships Confucius, is taught that there is a future existence where the demerits due the failures in this life must be suffered for thousands of years, when the spirit is granted a rebirth into the world, perhaps in some very low form of life. Occasionally a man may return as an animal of low order. After millions of ages and many rebirths, between which he must continue to endure the system of demerits or punishment, he may become a Buddha. Buddha is reincarnated at intervals, and it is possible for the spirit of the man to be raised to this honor. The best woman may hope for it that she may by certain favor come back to her old haunts as a man.

A coffin is the most dutiful present that a man may give his parents. This is often done years before death, and it is kept under the family roof with pride. The dead body is at last placed there, the coffin filled with lime and then sealed.

The burial does not take place at once. The geomancer must find the place and time of interment. Sometimes months intervene before burial. I have seen coffins unburied in the fields. I suppose awaiting the word of the diviner. He is a necessary adjunct to funerals, wedding, the purchase of property, the building of a house or the start upon a distant journey.

The nation lives upon its superstitions. All classes of the people are moved by this unseen power. The "yeng shui" seems to be the strongest of the whole. This is the spirit of the air and of the water, and nothing can be done that does not in some way affect his highness. His favor or disfavor is of great importance. A man may want to build, but only the astrologer can discover the mind of the "yeng shui" and so fix upon the proper site and tell the kind of building which may be erected. One man may occupy a lot that another man must touch, or one may use it for a class of business that another is forbidden to consider. The penalty is ill luck to the "yeng shui." His sons will die, his money will take wings or his own health give way. The spirit will not be thwarted.

Chester Holcombe records the case of an Emperor whose burial was before diviner, the question being, "Shall he be buried in the Eastern or Western Cemetery?" After months of investigation and many appeals from board to board the dead Emperor was interred in the Eastern. The cost was \$250,000, and the "yeng shui" was at the bottom of the trouble.

The "yeng shui" moves in straight lines and consequently towers, chimneys, spires and the like are an offense to him. To pass them he must turn aside, which causes such anger that the whole neighborhood will perhaps be visited by an epidemic, and the chief offender being found, the severest ill luck will be visited upon him. In the ports there are factories, chimneys and spires, but in the far interior these innovations are not found.

Foreigners live in the native houses and generally go through the winters like the Chinese—without fire, except a small brazier or a coal oil stove. A friend of mine lately moved farther into the interior and could not rent a house except one that was haunted. The citizens were afraid of the "yeng shui" and would not let no other. As my friend is not timid about ghosts, he took it, is having some repairs done and will move his family there. The house is haunted because someone died there. When death approaches the patient is placed upon a board and gently lifted to the outside of the room, while the family watches for the last breath. If death comes before the sick one is moved, one of the spirits (every-one has four) remains in that room ever after.

The astrologer can exercise the spirit. I have heard of its being done by some incantations and wonderful performance like the setting up of poles at the four corners.

The "river dragon" is, I think another name for "yeng shui." He it is who caused the floods which inundate miles of country and turn thousands out homeless and starving. Men often sell their wives and daughters, not knowing how else to feed them during the famine that is sure to follow these floods. Crowds of miserable creatures in rags often pass down into the lower country in search of help after one of these terrible disasters. A fit of anger roused the river dragon, and he spent his vengeance upon helpless creatures because some community failed to follow the will of the "yeng shui."

During the last six weeks we have had no news of the terrible sufferings of some of the survivors of last summer's catastrophe. Some escaped, being hunted for weeks and enduring untold horrors—men, women and children—at last to be discovered, tortured and murdered. Others managed to find their way to safety, but broken by hardship and distress. A party entered one of the cities north of Shanghai a month ago or a little over scarcely recognizable, so much had they endured in hiding, starving and other horrors. The story of those months can never be written. A part should not be written.

The Chinese are a heathen people. One thing only can save them—not civilization alone, but Christianity, which means the best civilization.

Mrs. A. W. Wilson.

Some Be's of the Bible.

Be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long. Prov. xxiii, 17.
Be at peace among yourselves. I Thess. v, 13.
Be content with such things as ye have. Heb. xiii, 5.
Be careful for nothing. Phil. iv, 6.
Be very courageous. Joshua xxiii, 6.
Be ye all of one mind. I Pet. ii, 8.
Be pitiful. I Pet. iii, 8.
Be thou faithful unto death. Rev. ii, 10.
Be glad in the Lord. Psa. xxxiii, 11.
Be of good cheer. Acts xxiii, 11.
Be ye holy, for I am holy. I Pet. i, 16.
Be ye kind to one another. Eph. iv, 32.
Be kindly affectioned, one to another. Rom. xii, 10.
Be ye mindful always of his covenant. I Chron. xvi, 15.
Be ye merciful, as your father is merciful. Luke vi, 36.
Be not afraid of sudden fear. Prov. iii, 25.
Be not deceived; God is not mocked. Gal. vi, 7.
Be not overcome of evil. Rom. xii, 21.
Be not wise in thine own eyes. Prov. iii, 17.
Be ye separate. II Cor. vi, 14, 17.
Be ye perfect. Matt. v, 49.
Be ye ready. Luke xii, 40.
Be not conformed to this world. Rom. xii, 2.
Be ye sober, be vigilant. I Pet. v, 8.
Be strong in the Lord. Eph. vi, 10.
Be thankful. Col. iii, 1.
Be ye doers of the Word. James i, 32.
Be watchful. Rev. iii, 2.
Be zealous, therefore, and repent. Rev. iii, 19.
Be steadfast, immovable. I Cor. xv, 58.
Of course you cannot receive the full benefit unless you read the entire references.

Here you have a large swarm of "be's" searching for a resting place. How many of them have you in a "hive"?

Harvard graduates are stirred over a rumor that President McKinley on his visit in June will receive the honorary degree of LL. D. Several have written open letters of protest.

The Commercial hotel, at St. Mary's, W. Va., was blown up Monday by a natural gas explosion. Four persons were killed and many wounded.

THE FAMOUS WATLINGTON CASE.

Raleigh Cor. Charlotte Observer.

The full particulars of the Watlington case as referred to in your issue of April 13th inst., are as follows: The suit was brought in the Superior Court here against the Seaboard Air Line Railroad and developed the most novel accident known to the annals of jurisprudence. There is but one other case like it and that is to be found in the Alabama reports.

The vestibuled train from Atlanta was bowling along toward Raleigh on a down grade at the rate of 50 miles per hour at 10 o'clock in the morning. Mr. William Watlington was on his way to a wild turkey blind which he had baited and had his double-barreled breech-loading gun on his shoulder, two cartridges being in the chambers. On reaching the railroad track, which was on an embankment about ten feet high at this place, Mr. Watlington heard the train in the distance, and stopped on the side of the track about 50 feet away, to view the train as it passed by. He could not see over the embankment to the other side of the track. Along beside the embankment on both sides of the track are the usual ditches, which were filled with water.

Mr. Watlington was standing on the north side of the track with his gun on his shoulder. On the other side of the track were a number of cattle nipping grass, which Mr. Watlington could not see. Just a few seconds before the train swept by these cattle commenced to straggle across the track to the side on which Mr. Watlington was standing. The bovines all got safely across except one small Jersey bull. He was caught on the cow catcher and buried away with terrible velocity, and as misfortune and luck would have it, he struck Mr. Watlington about midships and knocked him down into the ditch and planted the bull on top of him. The bull was stunned and struggled but could not get up, and the water was drowning both man and beast. Mr. Honeycut, the engineer, who was watching the cattle, had not seen Mr. Watlington, and when the fireman told him what had happened he stopped the train and hurried back and got there in time to get Mr. Watlington and the bull out of the ditch before they were drowned. Striking Mr. Watlington and knocking him into the water saved the life of the bull, and the water saved the life of the bull from killing Watlington.

Further examination showed that when the bull struck Mr. Watlington the shock knocked the gun some distance, and when it struck the ground it was discharged and killed one of the cows and wounded another so badly that it had to be killed. The gun was not injured. On these facts Judge Brown held that the railroad company was not liable in damage to Mr. Watlington. Since the trial the owner of the two cows has sued Mr. Watlington and recovered \$100 in full of damages for their killing.

Mr. Watlington says the ending of this law suit bangs a blue sheep. That he was knocked down by a Jersey bull, which was hurled at him by the train, and nearly drowned, and his gun was discharged and killed two cows, and he gets no damages and is compelled to pay \$100 for the luxury of being principal in the most celebrated case in the history of accidents to animals and man by railroad trains. But since all this happened Mr. Watlington has had a great piece of good luck to befall him. He has been working for Mr. H. N. Snow at High Point, in the furniture business for many years, and Mr. Snow is getting old and being rich and tired of business, he retired and gave the whole plant and business, worth \$20,000, to Mr. Watlington, who was of no kin to him, but simply a faithful employe. So Mr. Watlington had some recompense for his experience with the bull and the train.

Pensions for Negroes.

The question of allowing negroes to remain on the Confederate pension rolls is being agitated in the local camps in South Carolina.

County pension boards have approved the applications of a number of negroes, and these have been drawing pensions from the State. In one instance the pensioner was a free negro when he went into the army. He was not enlisted and did not bear arms. The other cases were those of slaves who remained by their masters during the height of battle and were severely wounded. The pension fund, originally \$50,000, was increased by the last Legislature from \$100,000 to \$150,000. Efforts are being made to have the lists revised by committees of veterans.

That Would be the Clever Thing.

It is said that much cotton is still held by farmers in the east. Those who advised them to continue to hold when cotton was ten cents should now show them the way out.

Strict Mamma—Penelope, what time was it when that young man left last night?

Pert Penelope—Only a quarter of twelve, mamma.

Suspicious Papa—Hub! I heard the hall clock strike three just as the outside door closed.

Pert Penelope—Well, papa, isn't three a quarter of twelve?

DECLINE IN CHURCH MEMBERSHIP.

This Serious Question and Its Possible Causes Considered.

Trojan's Notion.

It is stated in The Christian and Missionary Alliance that the last few years have witnessed a marked revival of the science of revivalism in the Church. It has almost become a new profession, with a great variety of new methods of exciting public interest by special sermons, sensational advertising, star singers, new hymn books sold for the benefit of the chief performers, and high pressure methods of various kinds, some of them not far removed from the theatrical. It would seem that with all this machinery there ought to be a great multiplication of results, especially when we think of the vast increase in the number of our rescue in the number of our rescue missions and our city union work during the past few years. The Philadelphia Presbyterian, one of the organs of that great Church with an aggregate membership of nearly 1,000,000 members, shows, that in the year 1890 the net gain to the membership was just 8,000, or four-fifths of 1 per cent. That is an addition of about one member per year to a church of 125 members. But going back to the year 1894 the net gain was five times as great, or a total of 40,000 in a membership of 900,000. In 1895 it fell to 26,000; in 1896 to 20,000; in 1897 to 17,000; in 1898 to 14,000; and 1899 to 8,000. This is not peculiar to the Presbyterian Church for the same organ says that the figures of the Congregational Church indicate a more alarming decline. With a total membership of 625,800 their net gain in 1899 was only 2,300 or one third of 1 per cent. That is to say it would take a church of 300 members to produce one addition in a whole year. Attention is called to the Methodist Church. This great body has a membership of 2,701,000, nearly three times as great as the Presbyterian body. There was no net increase in this denomination in the year 1899 but a net loss of 8,700 members. Taking these three denominations together they represent a total membership of 4,302,600, and a net gain in 1899 of 6,300, or one-seventh of 1 per cent. That is, it would take a membership of 700 to produce a single addition in the course of a year. Now mind you these figures are copied from The Philadelphia Presbyterian. The Alliance well says that the figures need little comment. Certainly they do not show that modern methods of revival are producing increased results. Perhaps they show that something is radically wrong in the spirit and life of the Church of God. One reason for this trouble is worldliness in the membership, rationalism on the part of the ministry, with a deep seated antagonism toward what are known as the teachings of the higher Christian life and anything like bold faith in the supernatural. These things are bearing their fruit, and the people of the world do not find anything radically different in the gospel from their social clubs to satisfy the cravings of a higher life. What is a church worth anyway if the Holy Ghost is not there.

Big Elephant Kills His Keeper.

Henry Hoffman, well-known animal trainer with the Wallace shows, met a horrible death at Peru, Ind., on the 24th, being killed by "Big Charley," a moose elephant, while the animal was in bathing in the Mississippian river. Charley wound his trunk about Keeper Hoffman, and buried him far into the stream. The man was uninjured and when he returned he said: "Why, Charley, I didn't think that of you; aren't you ashamed of yourself?" The next instant Hoffman was grabbed by the big elephant and thrown to the bottom of the river and held there by the forefoot of the animal. Then with a great roar the elephant ran away. Several showmen shot at him with no effect. He broke down fences and roamed about in a big field, keeping everybody at a distance. Apples loaded with strychnine were thrown near him and he ate one. An hour later he laid down and was in terrible agony. A rifle shot finished him.

"Big Charley" weighed over three tons, was valued at \$20,000 and in his life time had killed four men.

Killed For Hiring Negroes.

James Durbin, a white farmer of Independence, La., was shot last week as a result of the whitecap outrages in that parish. Durbin has a large strawberry farm, and as the crop is now ripening, labor is scarce for picking the berries. Durbin employed negro pickers, an act which aroused the anger of the regulators. They visited his farm and drove his negro labor away. He suspected Lee Parker, his cousin, of being the leader of the regulators and announced his purpose of appealing to the law against him. The two men met and clinched. Parker drew a revolver, killing Durbin and wounding himself in the arm.

A special dispatch from Charlotte to the New York Commercial says: "The buoyant feeling in cotton goods yards continues. Yarns are quoted on the basis of 17c for 30c, 2-ply; 14c for 20s, 2-ply. One of Concord's largest cotton manufacturers says: 'I expect to see cotton goods go higher, but cotton lower. We are now making cotton goods on the basis of 6 cent cotton.'