

# The Milton Chronicle.

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Pledged to Truth, to Liberty and Law. . . . No Favors Will We, and no Fear shall Awe.

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## Capture of the Sea-Serpent.

The Glasgow News of a recent date publishes a circumstantial narrative by a resident at Oban, from which, if it be true, it appears that the sea-serpent has at length been actually captured at that place. Under date of April 27, the correspondent writes: "A most extraordinary event has occurred here, which I give in detail, having been an eye-witness to the whole affair. I allude to the stranding and capture of the veritable sea-serpent in front of the Caledonian Hotel, George street, Oban. About 4 o'clock yesterday an animal or fish, evidently of gigantic size was seen sporting in the bay near Heathen Island. Its appearance evidently perplexed a large number of spectators assembled on the pier, and several telescopes were directed toward it. A careful look satisfied us that it was one of the serpent species, its carrying its head fully 25 feet above the water. A number of boats were soon launched and proceeded to the bay, the crews armed with such weapons as could be got handy. Under the direction of Malcolm Nicholson, our boatman, they headed the monster, and some of the boats were within 30 yards of it when it suddenly sprang half-length out of the water and made for the open. A random fire from several volunteers with rifles seemed to have no effect on it. Under Mr. Nicholson's orders the boats now ranged across the entrance of the bay, and, by the screams and shouts, turned the monster's course, and it headed directly for the breast-wall of the Great Western Hotel. One boat containing Mr. Donald Campbell, the Fiscal, had a most narrow escape, the animal actually rubbing against it. Mr. Campbell and his brother jumped up unburied by Mr. John D. Hardie, saddler, in his small yacht, the Flying Scud. The animal seemed thoroughly frightened, and as the boats closed in the volunteers were unable to fire more, owing to the crowds assembled on the shore. At a little past six the monster took the ground on the beach in front of the Caledonian Hotel, in George street, and his proportions were now fully visible. In his frantic exertions, with his tail sweeping the beach, no one dared to approach. The stones were flying in all directions; one seriously injuring a man called Baldy Barrow, and another breaking the window of the Commercial bank. A party of volunteers, under Lieut. David Menzies, now assembled and fired volley after volley into the neck, according to the directions of Dr. Campbell, who did not wish, for scientific reasons, that the configuration of the head should be damaged. As there was a bright moon, this continued till nearly 10 o'clock, when Mr. Stephens, of the Commercial Bank, waded in and fixed a strong rope to the animal's head, and by the exertions of some 70 folk it was securely dragged above high water mark. Its exact appearance as it lies on the beach is as follows: The extreme length is 110 feet and the thickest part is about 25 feet from the head, which is about 11 feet in circumference. At this part is fixed a pair of fins, which are 4 feet long by nearly 7 feet across at the sides. Further back is a dorsal fin, extending for at least 12 or 18 feet and 5 feet high in front, tapering to 1 foot. The tail is more of a flattened termination to the body than anything else. The eyes are very small in proportion and elongated, and gills of the length of 24 feet behind. There are no external ears; and as Dr. Campbell did not wish the animal handled till he communicated with some eminent scientific gentlemen, we could not ascertain if there were teeth or not. Great excitement is created, and the country people are flocking to view it. This morning, Mr. Duncan Clark, writer, formally took possession of the monster, in the rights of Mr. M. Fee, of Appin, and Mr. John Nicol, writer, in the name of the Crown.

## Wentworth Court.

[Reidsville Times.]  
There was a great crowd present Tuesday, and yesterday the Court was in full work. A family feud between William Baily and William King occupied the most of the morning. There were two bills. First Baily was tried for an assault upon King, and then King upon Baily. In the first Baily was acquitted, and the next the jury hung, and the Judge dismissed them. The Judge said he would like to put both parties in jail and thus settle their family quarrel. He reserved his decision as to costs, holding both Baily and King in attendance. A man named Foy and a cross-eyed white woman with a baby in her arms were then waltzed in for fornication and adultery. The Judge instructed the jury to find not guilty, that the State had not made up its case, and a crime to be fornication and adultery must first become a nuisance and be generally known to a community. The parties were dismissed. Ryland Patterson and Bob Payne for a fight at Stone's store were next handed up. Ryland—a regular Ransy Sniffles—swore straight through that Bob Payne fell on him with a fence rail, but didn't hit him, that he slung his shoulder out of place, and he was in the "acts of fainting" when he recovered, that he didn't draw a knife on Payne, and, in fact, was as harmless as a lamb all through the fight. Payne's witnesses—good men—swore that Patterson hit the first lick, that he did draw a knife, and that a man named George Turner backed up Patterson and encouraged him to fight. Turner swore he did no such thing, also swore that Patterson drew no knife. The jury found Payne guilty of an assault and the Judge fined him five dollars and costs. The Judge then ordered Patterson and Turner before him and all the witnesses in the case, and examined them as to the crooked swearing. The result was Patterson & Turner were placed under recognizance and failing to give bail were jailed. They will be tried for perjury. Judge Cox seems determined to break up false swearing in Court. It is becoming quite fashionable, but prompt handling, such as this, will soon throttle it. An old negro, Sam Jones, then gave amusing evidence as to an assault upon him by Joe Napper. Sam said Joe hit him on the jaw which was already shivered by the pulling of a tooth. He also told what Joe said to him, and it wasn't sweet language at all.  
The Reid House had a splendid dinner. Judge Settle was a visitor in Court. Mr. R. W. Best represented the Raleigh Observer and found warm friends to its interest. It was a general complaint of hard times though we saw money change hands to a negro with a banjo who gave a concert in the open street and sang "Where's Rosanna Gone."  
On all sides the people speak highly of Judge Cox.

**TOBACCO.**—We regret to inform our readers, especially those having the article for sale, that tobacco is still down, down, at too low an ebb to offer any inducement to have them bring it to market. Very heavy breaks have we had all week, and still the glut continues. Some few lots seemed to sell tolerably well, but the bulk of all that has been upon the market this week, has not brought anything like the cost of production. We have the belief that the glut is about over, and if tobacco should come forward more sparingly throughout the remainder of the season, that it will before long improve in price. This appears to be the general belief of our dealers, though a few take a different view and say they can see no signs of any improvement in price as the season advances.—Danville Border Express. 18th

A coquette is a rose from which every lover plucks a leaf; the thorns are reserved for her future husband.

## Price of Farm Labor.

Is it not too often the case that in hiring their ordinary farm hands, farmers make a great mistake in the common plan of being governed by a certain rate of wages? All hands, of course, aim at the same rate of wages; a poor hand cannot be convinced that he is not worth as much as any other, but can we afford to accept this doctrine? Taking the average rate of wages at \$12 per month, we all know that there are men who are well worth \$3 per month more than the average hand, and past experience proves that by far a large proportion are worth less by from \$3 to \$5. In purchasing other commodities we are governed by the actual value, and why should not the labor (which is bought for a fixed sum) be gauged by the same rule? If there are indications that a certain hand, by extra care of his tools, superior management, good care of teams, or general good conduct, is worth more than the average, it will pay to give it to him; if on the other hand (before the bargain is made), the man is known to be careless, it is no more injustice to refuse to give him full price than it is to refuse to give a neighbor market price for damaged grain or hay; your refusal will stimulate him to improve his standard and become worthy of the highest rate. We hear much complaint of poor hands, but does not this feature of our system have a tendency to keep them so?  
After the bargain has been made, there are other points which are important. The man has contracted to do certain things for a certain amount of money. If he does less, we expect to lessen his pay; but if he does more, do we increase it? If he quits work half an hour, or even an hour, before sundown, is it often the case that a deduction is made from his pay; but if he works after sundown, ought we not, by the same rule to pay extra for it? It is often the case that for special causes—to finish up a piece of ploughing, so as not to need to bring up and harness the horses next day; to bring an extra load or two of hay in at night—we ask and receive an hour or two of extra work. Is not this as much upon our side of the bargain as the loss of time was on his? If it is fairly understood that in return for such favors the man may have a half or whole day at a leisure time, it will be far from lost, and will increase his willingness to do so again either for you or his next employer. A man who will wait at the "barn end" of the furrow because he cannot get clear around again before sundown may be set down as worth \$3 per month less than one who does not, for this example is the key to his whole character. If we were more exact and careful on these points we would see a marked improvement in our farm hands.—Cor. Country Gentleman.

## A Fight.

**Border Express.**  
MR. EDITOR:—A lively bout and fist fight came off at this place on last Thursday evening, and as it settled a vexed question I think you should know about it. The question at issue between the combatants was the comparative honesty of "Sambol" taken as a race. Don Lewis—negro boatman asserting that he himself would steal, and that every "Nigger" in the world would do the same, Tom Jones, colored carpenter denying the proposition in its general sense, but admitting the truth of its particular application to Don. Not being able to settle the question by argument they finally agreed to fight it out. The result verified the old Federal practice of trial by combat for when the smoke of battle blew away the champion of African honesty was found to be knocked out of time. Thus history repeats itself, and the decision of nearly every court in the State are confirmed by a method of trial as old as the hills, and eternal justice speaking through the potent fists of Don Lewis proclaims the inevitable fact that a "nigger" will steal—What a pity.

## Oxford Torlight.

**R. R.**  
We want a Railroad. We need one. If the people of Oxford and the surrounding country ever expect this to be much of a business place and a leading tobacco market, we must have a Railroad. A narrow gauge road from this place to Durham would give a fresh impetus to trade—bring white population and infuse new life to the country every way. Take for instance Milton, N. C. Since the building of the Milton, & Sutherland Road has become an established fact, the town, that was once considered finished, begins to look up. People are immigrating there. New houses are being built. A bank is soon to be established. Property holders are beginning to build dwelling houses. This is one way of how the thing works.  
Again, the narrow gauge road just completed between Orange C. H., and Fredericksburg, Va.—38 miles—the receipts of which, for last week, were \$1,500, and the expenses only about one-fourth.  
It is stated by the Reidsville TIMES that if the M. & S. R. R., be extended from Milton to Durham, W. T. Blackwell & Co., will subscribe \$50,000. Why not extend it on to Oxford? Let our people call meetings and cooperate with this company in regard to this route.  
What has the Milton CHRONICLE to say about this route? Let us hear from you, Mr. Evans.  
A narrow gauge Railroad from Oxford to Durham is the thing. Let us have it.

The weathercock on the steeple of the village church in Soudan, France, was timeworn and rusty, and those in authority decided that it should be removed. A man clambered up the steeple, but just before he could reach the weathercock he lost his balance and slid down for seventy feet, then rebounded to the roof of the church, and was precipitated to the ground without being seriously injured. Then a man named Chevalier strove to haul himself up by means of a rope; but at last his hands slipped and he fell backward. His foot caught in the rope, and there he remained, 120 feet from the ground, with his head down beating the air with his arms, struggling to recover himself, and swaying backward and forward with a high wind. Pierre Pean now stepped forth and volunteered to mount to the rescue of Chevalier, but after doing his best for three-quarters of an hour he had to descend. His piece was taken by Moreau, who, climbing higher than Chevalier, slipped a rope round his body, and cutting that which held his foot freed him from the fearful position in which he had remained for three hours.

## McAden vs. the Great Western Railroad.

[Charlotte Observer.]  
The case of "McAden vs. the Great Western Railroad," which was announced in our telegrams yesterday morning as having been decided by the Supreme Court of the United States in favor of the latter, is McAden, as trustee, vs. the Western Railroad, commonly called the Fayetteville Road. Several years since this company executed a mortgage to R. Y. McAden and others, as trustees: It having refused to pay the interest on the mortgage, one Hewell, a bondholder filed a bill to foreclose the mortgage. In the Circuit Court of the United States, in session at Raleigh about three years ago, Chief Justice Waite, decided against the mortgage and in favor of the railroad company, Hewell appealed; and as stated the decision was reserved, and R. Y. McAden and others are allowed to sell the road, unless the mortgage debt is paid. It is said that the road is fully able to pay their debts.

## Border Express.

Go FOR HIM.—He is a poor devil of a printer having a larger "pile" of brains than money—a publisher, an editor—"a fellow of infinite jest and most excellent fancy," therefore we advise you to go for him. Sometimes he says hard and soft things, very frequently spicy, for people say he has a queer way of putting words together, still you had better go for him! He is very poor in purse, (and wouldn't be purse-proud if he was worth a million,) has a wife and children (a dozen we suspect, for where is the poor editor that has'nt his share,) but that matters not, go for him. We met him the other day on the train going for Milton, he was looking serene and cheerful, twisting his moustache with his finger and thumb with an air that made us feel that he was happy with the thought that he was only a poor editor, so we think it would be a good, kind act if you would go for him. He talked to us, and would you believe it the continental hardened newspaper sinner talked nothing but newspaper, (he must have the thing on the brain,) then why not burst things wide open and go for him. He prints the liveliest, sprightliest, and most readable paper (always excepting the BORDER EXPRESS.) between turkey-cock mountain and the dismal swamp, and his name which it is TOM EVANS, and his paper which it is Reidsville TIMES, so make up your minds to go for him and that paper, subscribe for it, give Tom a helping hand, and you'll live until the next Centennial, we'll bet—if your breath holds out! It is a remarkable fact that people live the longest who do the greatest number of kind acts.

## Hon. D. F. Caldwell.

[Reidsville Times.]  
One old-line whig has at last been heard from. He has written a poem on the Palmetto Flag in honor of the inauguration of Governor Hampton. He wrote it at the request of the Yorkville Enquirer and it appeared in that paper. We refer to the Hon. D. F. Caldwell, of Greensboro. Had we gathered roses from the limb of a sturdy oak tree we could have looked for poetry from the pen of Frank Caldwell—and yet we learn that some of the sweetest waifs on the strands of journalism are from his pen. We quote a verse from this poem:

The Palmetto Flag! hoist it up we are free!  
And trusting in God, hope ever to be.  
And now if one fail to act well his part,  
May a curse fall on him and wither his heart;  
And honest men hiss him with every breath  
Till the vile creature is chased to his death;  
For only the good we have here remain,  
Who'll work for the State, her glory and fame!  
For the Palmetto Flag has ne'er proved a shield  
To robbers and thieves, in camp or in field.