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Will practice in Chatham and surrounding counties. Collection of claims a specialty. Also

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The Chatham Record.

VOL. II.

PITTSBORO, CHATHAM CO., N. C., NOVEMBER 27, 1879.

NO. II.

RATES

OF

ADVERTISING.

One square, one month, \$1.00
One square, three months, \$2.50
One square, six months, \$4.00
One square, one year, \$6.00
For larger advertisements liberal discount will be made.

The Summons.

I think the leaf would sooner
Be the first to break away
Than to hang alone in the orchard
In the bleak November day
And I think the fate of the flower,
That falls in the midst of bloom,
Is sweeter than if it lingered
To die in the autumn's gloom.

Some glowing golden morning,
In the heart of summer time
As I stand in the perfect vigor
And strength of my youth's glad prime,
When my heart is light and happy,
And the world seems bright to me,
I would like to drop from this earth-life
As a green leaf drops from the tree.

Some day, when the golden glory
Of June is over the earth,
And the birds are singing together
In a wild, mad strain of mirth,
When the skies are as clear and cloudless
As the skies in June can be,
I would like to have the summons
Sent down from God to me.

I would not wait for the furrows,
For the fabled eyes and hair,
But pass out swift and sudden,
Like a leaf from the tree's embrace,
I would grow best-sick with care,
I would break some morn, in my singing,
Or fall in my springing walk,
As a full bloom flower will sometimes
Drop all alone from the stalk.

So in my youth's glad morning,
While the summer walks abroad,
I would like to hear the summons
That must come some time from God,
I would pass from the earth's perfection
To the endless June above,
From the fullness of living and loving
To the noon of immortal love.

THEIR HEARTS OPENED.

South Down, though charmingly situated in one of the eastern counties of England, is not a place of general resort.

Here and there a cottage or two may be found, making a pleasing variety in a landscape rich in nature's loveliness; but as our narrative has only to do with that part of South Down in the immediate vicinity of the chalk pits, we will briefly introduce the reader to Adam Rawley and his wife, an old couple occupying one of the little dwellings near to this locality.

Adam spent most of his days in carting away mud and rubbish from the roadside, and at other times he would work in the pits, earning enough to keep himself and his wife in comfortable circumstances.

These old people lived on from day to day, from season to season, without change in their mode of life. They were quiet and orderly, causing neither trouble nor annoyance to their neighbors; but for all this they were no favorites.

The fact is, Deborah Rawley and her husband lived only to please themselves.

Possessed of every comfort—for, besides the bread-winner's earnings, they had a little income of eight shillings a week coming in regularly—and, engrossed in their own concerns, they never troubled themselves about being neighborly; thus much of the sunshine of life was unknown to them, through the unapproachableness of their own characters.

They were certainly a striking contrast to the rest of the inhabitants of Lime Cottage—as the collection of little dwellings was called—among whom there was a feeling of friendliness, and many helpful deeds made life's day brighter to many of them.

Mrs. Figgins, their next door neighbor, whose husband was down with brain fever, and required constant watching day and night, had three of her children laid up at the same time with inflammation of the lungs; yet in her domestic difficulties she never ventured on asking aid from Mrs. Rawley; but Mrs. Keen, a bony matron, with half a dozen little ones of her own, and engaged nearly every hour of the day in ministering to their wants, proffered the necessary help even before it was solicited.

The whole community, with the exception of old Deborah and her husband, vied with one another in helping poor Mrs. Figgins through her trouble. The faculty for performing kindnesses certainly did not belong to these old people. All their lives they had closed their hearts to works of benevolence, and now, in their declining years, no gentle promptings from earth or from heaven seemed to arouse them to deeds of love.

'What is it to us if they do want new-laid eggs? Let them keep fowls of their own and they'll get some.'

So the communication which he had overheard Mrs. Figgins make to a friend concerning the requirements of her sick family was blotted from his mind, as he convinced himself that it was not needful to bother himself with other people's troubles.

Nevertheless, he repeated what he had overheard to his wife, and as a woman's influence, in whatever rank of life, is powerful, Mrs. Rawley's reply, had it been in favor of a charitable action, might have done much toward its accomplishment, instead of which her verdict, 'Let them get eggs for themselves if they want them,' strengthened her husband in his opinion that the matter was no concern of theirs.

The Rawleys were not in ignorance as to the feeling of disfavor with which their fellow-cottagers regarded them—but what cared they?

Possessed of all they required, able to wait on themselves, endowed with good health, they collected favors of no one, and with blunted eyes, and well nigh unthoughtful hearts, they lived for themselves only.

One afternoon Adam Rawley had just partaken of a very comfortable tea which his wife had prepared for him.—Poor Mrs. Figgins' pale and anxious face, which he caught sight of as she returned from her sickly marketing, had by no means disturbed his enjoyment of it, and with the same unmindfulness regarding the wants of others, he prepared to set out for his work again.

'You'll about have time to shell the peas and get the supper on afore I'm back,' were his parting words to his helpmeet, and with no thought beyond the present the speaker started.

The following quarter of an hour was passed in feeding the horse and cart from Farmer Kirby's. Then Adam filled his cart with the collection of rubbish, and leading old Derry by the bridle, proceeded leisurely in the direction of the chalk pits.

Steadily and quietly the willing animal plodded on, past the lime cottages, down the curve of the road, to within a few feet of the deep hollow in which the load he was carrying was to be deposited.

But suddenly a loud 'Whoo!' accompanied by a tug at the reins, announced that something was wrong; but this failed to rectify matters, for the horse, suddenly checked at the moment of stepping, was unable to recover his footing, and, after one or two ineffectual attempts, his knees doubled under him and down he went.

Then began a struggling and reeling as Adam exerted all his strength to get Derry to his feet; but the ground, which was composed of loose sand, was unfavorable for this purpose, and the horse's struggles brought him nearer to the pit's edge. In bewildered dismay, the old man gazed aghast around, as he endeavored to pull the animal back.

In vain he shouted and called for help. No living creature was visible, and no sound broke the stillness as his agonized tones died away without response.

'She'll be over as sure as fate, and drag me in,' he gasped, frantically, feeling his strength failing with each plunge of the horse. While large beads of perspiration stood on his intensely puckered face, his thoughts flew to old Deborah, who was sitting in her kitchen, calmly shelling a fine gathering of marrowfat, little guessing the peril just then happening to her husband within a short distance from her dwelling.

Having finished, she rose from her seat as some one hastily passed her open door, and, in another moment, she heard Mrs. Figgins' eldest girl explaining something to her mother.

The tones were hurried and the sounds confused; and she might have paid little heed to them had not her own name fallen, with familiar distinctness, on her ears.

'What have they got to talk about me for?' she murmured somewhat gruffly, as, proceeding to the door, she was going to close it; but her attention was arrested by what appeared to be the outpouring of all her neighbors, as though, moved by one mind, they rushed in the direction of the chalk pit.

Mrs. Figgins alone stood stationary, and her countenance paled when she saw the look of fear that overspread old Deborah's face as she inquired:

'What's the matter—what's they all gone down there for?'

'Oh, Mrs. Rawley, don't be frightened; the horse has fallen down, and your husband can't get him up again—and we—'

Her listener stayed to hear no more. With a wild scream she ran off, and reached the scene of the accident just as, with an awful crash, the horse vanished over the pit's mouth, dragging along with him old Adam.

The half howl, half shriek, which broke from his wife's lips, long rang in the ears of those who heard it.

'My Adam! my Adam! oh, let me get to him! and had it not been for kind but vigorous arms, the poor creature would have thrown himself into the pit in her agony.'

'Say, stay ye here; he'll be all right.' But as the soothing words were spoken the speakers looked around with bewildered faces, as they saw no possible way of making good their promise, for, to use their own expression, 'the men' were all away.

Not a man was within call; the cottages were peopled by women and children at this hour of the evening, the bread-winners being away in the fields.

'If he's alive now, he'll be kicked to death before he can be got out,' wailed Deborah, as the horse gave a restless plunge, and once more made a desperate effort to reach her husband.

All unkind behaviors and past disagreements were forgotten by the poor woman's neighbors as they wound their arms strongly about her, striving by word and deed to moderate her anguish.

'Oh, if the men would only come!' and springing on a high railing, Mrs. Keen—who had already sent her children screaming off in all directions in

search of them—looked wildly toward the fields, as she waved her handkerchief high above her head and shouted frantically for help.

'They're coming! hold up, Mrs. Rawley! We'll soon have him out now!' she exclaimed, and still continued to wave her handkerchief.

For many seconds had passed half a dozen swarthy men—their faces illuminated with the rays of the setting sun—battered over the hedge and into the scene of peril.

Their brawny hands and arms were soon earnestly engaged in the work of rescue; and while the women comforted old Deborah, her husband was got out of his very dangerous position.

He made no movement as they bore him to the surface, and then to his cottage, where it was found that life was not extinct. He was fearfully bruised and shaken, however, and was some weeks in recovering his usual health.

This incident wrought an entire change in the old couple. Whether the attention and sympathy of their neighbors had anything to do with it can not be said; but it is very certain that few are proof against kind words and loving deeds; sneers and reproaches may harden, but who can resist the sunshine of love?

Happily the Rawleys' hearts were touched by the friendly solicitude shown them, and they evinced their gratitude in many ways. Selfishness gave place to generosity, and perhaps the final recovery of Mrs. Figgins' invalids was, in some measure, due to the frequent supply of new-laid eggs which Mrs. Rawley's hens seemed to take such delight in laying for other people as for their own mistresses.

Be that as it may, hearts which had been long closed to the sufferings around them were now awakened to the honest realization of life's duties, their earnest attention to which enriched them with a higher appreciation of life's true sweetness and the secret of all happiness.

Gen. Washington's Birthplace.

Secretary Evans, accompanied by a party, went to Westmoreland county, Virginia, the residence of the blood relative of Gen. Washington, to inspect the site of the proposed monument to be erected on the spot where the father of his Country was born. The old chimney which alone marks the spot of the house in which Washington was born, is between Mattox and Pope's creeks. The ground on which it stands is a slight elevation, commanding a fine water view. Several large trees encircle the spot on which the house stood, and near one of them was the window of the room in which Washington was born. A visit was paid to Wakefield, a mile distant, Mr. Nelson's residence. There the party were received by Mrs. Sallie Washington, the granddaughter of Augustine Washington, Gen. Washington's half-brother. She is the widow of her cousin, Lawrence Washington, and mother of Mrs. Rattie Wilson, the mistress of Wakefield. Mrs. Washington was born in 1729, a few months before Gen. Washington's death. She is a matronly, fine-looking lady. Her face strongly resembles the familiar face of Martha Washington. After a short stay at Wakefield the party visited the old family cemetery, on the grounds. It has been neglected of late years, and is overgrown with weeds. A depression in the ground alone marks the location of the old vault, which fell in years ago. Near by are two brown, time-worn slabs, on which with difficulty can be deciphered the name of Mildred Washington, who died in 1695, and of Jane Washington, the first wife of Gen. Washington's father, who died in 1729.

Not so Important as he Thought.

Occasionally you will meet a young man who gets on the train somewhere in Ohio, and when some fellow passenger asks him how far he is going, he will say, 'Omaha!' in the tone of a brackman calling a station, and then look up and down the car to observe the amazement and awe of the other passengers, and you will notice that he looks a little bit disappointed because they do not take off their hats and ask to shake hands with him and want to know where he comes from and all about him. But by-and-by when he learns from casual remarks dropped carelessly now and then, that the man behind him is going to San Francisco, and the one in front of him is going to Japan, and the old fellow on the other side of the aisle is just returning from St. Petersburg, the young man drops his voice to a husky whisper, shrinks down into his duster so that no one can see him, and tells the next man who asks him about it that he is only going out here a little way.

A Monstrous Casting.

The proprietors of the Black Diamond steel works in Pittsburg are about to construct a fifteen-ton hammer. This will require an anvil of one hundred and fifty tons. This is to be cast in a single piece, and special copulas will have to be constructed for making such a casting, using two furnaces. The casting will be made close to the foundry where it is to be placed, so that, by the use of two hydraulic screws, it can be turned over upon its proper place. The largest hammer now in use in the United States is one of ten tons at Nashua, N. H. The hammer will have a fall of nine tons and a power of thirty-five tons, sufficient to work an ingot of twenty tons. The hammer is to be steel, and will cost between \$30,000 and \$70,000. A five-ton hammer is also to be added to the works.

Not Bad.

'W—do you know why you are like a donkey?'

'Like a donkey?' echoed W—, opening his eyes wide. 'No, I don't!'

'Do you give it up?'

'I do.'

'Because your better half is stubbornness itself.'

'That's not bad. Ha! ha! I'll give that to my wife when I get home.'

'Mrs. W—,' he asked, as he sat down to supper, 'do you know why I am like a donkey?'

Wives of our Presidents.

James Parton, in his book, tells the story of the lives of Presidents' wives. He says: Thomas Jefferson, like Washington, married a widow, Mrs. Maria Skelton, who had considerable property; but that did not save her great husband, who died greatly in debt, owing to his slavish devotion to his country. She was a lady of extraordinary beauty of face and form, and singularly competent to adorn and conduct a great household.

A little above the medium height, fair complexion, eyes large, dark and expressive, Auburn hair and a daring horsewoman, and full of talent. She played, danced and sang well, and had literary tastes.

When Jefferson courted her he was twenty-eight and she nineteen. He played the violin and sang well, and, as he had money then and a high position, he distanced all rivals. They had a great wedding. She had a great responsibility managing her husband's immense estate, had six children, of whom two only survived, and died before he rose to his great renown, mourned by the last. He remained a widower forty-four years, down to his death. Of course she never saw him in the White House.

Dolly Payne was a Quaker and a widow when she married James Madison, and the daughter of a Virginia planter, born in North Carolina. Her father and mother set their slaves free and moved to Philadelphia, and there Dolly married a lawyer named Todd. She was twenty, and he died three years after, leaving her with a son and no wealth. Her mother kept boarders while Congress sat there, and she helped her mother to keep the establishment.

Among these boarders were Aaron Burr, then a Senator from New York, and James Madison, a member of Congress from Virginia. Dolly was very beautiful and accomplished, and when she married Madison he was forty-three and she twenty-five. They had no children.

When he became President, in 1809, the White House received its lovely mistress, who enjoyed its attractions for eight years. She died in Washington in 1819, aged eighty-two years, surviving her husband thirteen years.

Daniel Webster was twice married, but his first wife was the mother of all his children. She was a clergyman's daughter, one year older than himself, quite accomplished, not beautiful, but much esteemed; and when she came to Washington, not more than fifty years ago, made many friends. She died in New York, aged forty-six, in 1827, whither she had been taken from the national capital by her husband. If she never saw him in his splendid prime she did not witness his sad decline.

I have spoken of Mrs. Andrew Jackson more than once. She was the wife of another man, Lewis Roberts, of Kentucky, when young Jackson saw and loved her. Her mother, Mrs. Donelson, was keeping a boarding house at the time, having returned to Tennessee with Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, and Jackson lived in her house. Result, a jealous husband and a separation. A rumor came that a divorce had been granted, and then Jackson married the 'great widow'; but the rumor proving false, they lived together two years before a divorce could be really granted, and then they were married again. The husband left early, and these peculiar circumstances led to many quarrels between Jackson, who grew into a great reputation, and his many enemies. She was short and stout, a great housekeeper and manager, very religious, very illiterate, kind to her slaves and full of anecdote and fun. She had no children, and died in December, 1828.

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A New Way to Collect Old Debts.

Dr. Preston, a dentist of Wayland, New York, has adopted a plan to collect his bills for false teeth when not promptly met. Miss Rosa Roberts, of Blood's Depot, had been one of his negligent customers, and on a recent visit the dentist asked her teeth were wearing. She took them out to show him and he put them in his pocket, saying she could have them again when they were paid for. In consequence of this calamity Miss Roberts was unable to see the gentleman to whom she was engaged to be married. On his insisting upon the reasons her friends told him, and her sister dissolved the engagement. She is now undecided which to commence first, a suit for breach of promise or one against the dentist for the loss of a husband. Dr. Preston, it seems, adopted this course from the success in another case, in which a reverend gentleman found himself deprived of his false set that had not been paid for.

An Act of Vandalism.

Another piece of vandalism can be set down to the credit of some unknown later of the fine arts. About the most valuable art decorations of the Capitol, Washington, are several paintings of Western scenes, from the case of Thomas Moran. Some few years ago Congress, through the library committee, paid the artist \$10,000 each for them, and they hang in the eastern ante-room to the Senate gallery. It has just been noticed that some wretch has punched quite a large hole with his cane in one of the corners of the picture representing the valley of the Yellowstone. From the marks along the margin it is evident that before accomplishing this design the desecrator scratched his sharp stick along the entire length of the painting and then wound up matters with a vigorous punch into the canvas. During dull times, when it is impossible to watch all corners of the Capitol, such acts of violence could easily be done. This is the first recorded for some years.

An Awful Death.

Mr. Richard King, while returning from Littleton, Va., to his farm in that neighborhood, met with a most awful death. He was driving along the country road running parallel with the railroad, when his mule team took fright at an approaching handcar and dashed off at a furious rate. Mr. King was sitting on a box, which fell from under him, and he fell between the arms just in front of the axle, catching his left leg in the wheel. He was literally ground into fragments. He, thus entangled, was dragged several hundred yards, while a broken iron bar about eight inches long was thrust into his body. The wagon was hurled against a tree, which broke three of his ribs and bruised him nearly all over his body. In this terrible condition he lay nearly four hours before death relieved him of his agony. Medical assistance was soon at hand, but nothing could be done. He was perfectly conscious to the last. He leaves a wife and several children, who were at his side through the long agony.

Rather Awkward.

Young Ratillon Bragge (infinitely to middle-aged stranger whom he finds alone in Brown's studio: Good picture, isn't it? Old Stilton's brought it. The duke, you know. Brown's going down to Stilton to shoot. Wish I could go with him, but I'm booked in London till Christmas. Just my luck! Capital old boy, Stilton! Looks like an old clothes-man. Gets tight after dinner; tells rummy stories; makes you roar. Fine old place, capital shooting! Awful jolly girls, the ladies Camebert. Nearly a dozen of them, all freckled. Dukes tremendous matchmaker. Bag you before you can say Jack Robinson, it don't look out! Awful fun, the old dukes! D'you happen to know her by sight? Shiny red nose and as under-lim as a building. Ah! here's Brown at last. (Enter Brown suddenly.) Ah! Bragge, how are you? Let me introduce you to the duke of Stilton—Punch.

Telegraphing Without Wires.

The Journal of the Telescope says that Professor I. snail continues his experiments in the mountains of West Virginia to demonstrate the theory that at certain elevations there is a natural electric current, by taking advantage of which telegraphic signals may be sent without the use of wires. It is said he has telegraphed a distance of eleven miles by means of kites flown with copper wires. When the kites reached the same altitude or got into the same current, communication by means of an instrument similar to that of Morse was easy, but ceased as soon as one of the kites was lowered. He has built towers on two hills about twenty miles apart, and from the tops of them has run up steel rods into the region of the electric current.

France is an example of what school penny banks can accomplish. Last year the depositors numbered 3,300,000, or one in eleven of the population, and the money deposited reached the enormous total of \$292,900,000. In 1874 there were 2,170,000 depositors and \$132,000,000 of deposits, and the growth since then has no parallel elsewhere.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

The native population of New York

exceeds the foreign by about 125,000. Fifty-three cotton mills in operation in North Carolina consumed last year 38,481 bales of cotton.

Under the new law of Texas all strips of vacant land in organized counties can be bought from the State at 50 cents an acre.

Teamsters along the Gila river, Arizona, complain of the large herds of wild camels that have of late taken possession of the main roads, to the extermination of horses and mules.

The ten crops of cotton in the South from 1852 to 1871 aggregated 31,905,193 bales. The ten crops from 1872 to 1879 inclusive, comprised 11,451,712 bales. The excess of the last decade is 9,152,303 bales.

Jefferson Davis is threatened with blindness, and his health is broken.—Mrs. Sarah Dancy, who left her property to him, bequeathed an excellent portrait of him to the State library of Mississippi.

The discovery has been made in a Brooklyn, N. Y., court that a man drawn as juror in a number of important