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STATE NEWS.

Declining an Office.

Capt. Alexander, appointed Commissioner of Agriculture, declined the honor. Glad to know there is one man in North Carolina who does not want an office.—Wilmington Star.

Negro Duellists.

Two gentlemen of the colored persuasion participated in a regular duelling affair near East Salem, Saturday. Several shots were exchanged. No damage to either.—Winston Sentinel.

A Walking Boy.

A colored boy some twelve years of age, arrived in the city at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon, having walked all the way from Greensboro, a distance of some forty-five miles, since leaving in the morning.—Raleigh Observer.

Sudden Death.

A lady by the name of Rebecca Beaherton, while trading in one of the stores of Denver last week, fell dead. She was standing at the counter, buying a dress for herself, with a child in her arms. Noticing that she was in a fainting condition, her son took the child from her, when she immediately fell backward dead.—Hickory Courier.

A Good Selection.

The Trustees of the Goldsboro Graded School held a meeting last Thursday for the purpose of electing a Principal of that school. A number of applicants received consideration, when Prof. Alex. Melver, late principal of the Greensboro Graded School, was unanimously elected to fill the position.—Goldsboro Messenger.

Killed by a Train.

A sad accident occurred on Sunday last. Little James Thomas, the five year old son of Mr. Wm. G. Holloway, was killed just over the stomach by a passenger train, severely injured. He was the only child of the family who had been killed. He was a lively and the family have the sympathy of the entire community in their sudden and sad loss.—Goldsboro Messenger.

A Dreamer's Vision.

A correspondent of the Raleigh Farmer & Mechanic says Archie Shields, a good old citizen, dying of cancer, had a vision the other night in which he saw the Holy City with its pearly gates, golden streets, and throngs of women and children. He also saw 216 pious preachers knocking at the gates for admittance, but were all turned aside except one; he was brand 01.—

A Farm Picnic.

On last Friday, Dr. W. J. Jones of Greene, gave his laborers, at his lease-by farm in Jones, their annual picnic. He had an ample dinner provided for every tenant and laborer on his plantation and with the cider jug and fiddle a pleasant day's entertainment was provided for them. This plan was heartily recommended by the Southern Cultivator a few years ago, thinking it wise policy for the employer to show their appreciation of labor with a yearly picnic after the laying-by of crops.—Kinston Journal.

Swift Justice.

A negro by the name of Chas. Hodges stole sixty dollars from another of his sable brethren near Windsor, Tuesday, the 27th ult., was arrested on the following Wednesday, committed to jail on Thursday and tried, convicted and sentenced to the Penitentiary last week, thus costing the county very little, while the rail-roads have gained a valuable hand. This is the way we like to see them trotted through, with little ceremony and no delay.—More Index.

Harnett Hears.

The Harnett correspondent of the Raleigh News says that the Cape Fear was said to be higher than for ten years past, and fears are that this splendid crop on the river suffered severely. Tom McLean, colored, was drowned at Northampton's ferry by the upsetting of his boat, which is all the casualty I hear of. This freshet enabled all the timber now to move in the direction of Wilmington, and let us hope they may realize to their utmost expectations.—

Accidental Shooting.

Last Saturday afternoon three colored men, Wash. Stevenson, Henry Mitchell and Alick Morrison, all of Hethel township, were out squirrel hunting when an accident occurred which cost one of them his life. They had approached a fence and seeing a squirrel's nest in a tree near by, told Stevenson to shoot through the nest. The latter, having his gun—a cheap single-barreled shot gun—on his left shoulder, took it down when, in some manner or other it was discharged, the whole load of shot entering the side of Morrison's head and piercing the brain. He fell upon the fence and died without a struggle.—Statesville Landmark.

over to that fund, or rather into somebody's pocket.

About the same amount was levied and collected for the same purpose in 1878 and after paying off less than \$4,000 of the old debt, the balance went the same way as the first levy.

The Democratic Board has published an exhibit of its work. In 1878 there was levied \$25,264.00. With that sum every current expense of the county has been promptly paid in cash. The School Fund has been carefully managed; school houses have been opened all over the county and school teachers got their money on demand. In addition to this, more than five thousand dollars of the debt contracted by the Rads have been paid in one year.

Population of North Carolina.

From the Raleigh News we copy the following tabulated statement of the population of all the counties of North Carolina according to the census of 1880 and 1870:

Table with columns for County, 1880, and 1870. Lists counties from Alamance to Yancey with corresponding population figures.

1,410,138 1,070,961

Rescued from Drowning.

On Wednesday morning Capt. A. Garrison, of the steamer D. Murchison, rescued two white men, whose boat had swamped in endeavoring to cross the river near Natoma, and who had succeeded in reaching a tree, where they had been all night, unable to make the shore. Capt. Garrison tied up not far above where the men were, and heard their cries during the night, but when he put off a boat it was unable to discover them. A sharp lookout was kept yesterday morning and they were soon discovered and rescued, being thoroughly exhausted.—Wilmington Star, 12th.

A Tribute to Hancock.

Hon. David Davis is now a United States Senator from Illinois, and for many years was a Judge of the United States Supreme Court, having been appointed by President Lincoln, who was his law-partner for many years. Mr. Lincoln was fond of Judge Davis, had great confidence in him and made him Executor of his will. We mention this to show what sort of a man Judge Davis is, and therefore an opinion from him is worth something. He has written the following letter to a gentleman at Washington which every voter ought to read, and in reading it bear in mind that the writer has never been a democrat. Here is the letter:

Bloomington, Ill., Aug. 4, 1880. My Dear Sir: The training and habits of my life naturally lead me to prefer civilians to soldiers for the great civil trusts. But as parties are organized voters must choose between the candidates they represent or stand about indifferent or neutral, which no good citizen ought to do at a Presidential election. I have no hesitation in supporting General Hancock, for the best of all reasons to my mind, because his election will put an end to sectional strife and to sectional parties, and will revive a patriotic sentiment all over the land, which political leaders and factions, for sinister ends, have sought to prevent. There can be no permanent prosperity without pacification.

Great as were the achievements of General Hancock in war, his conduct in peace, when in command of Louisiana and Texas in 1867, was still greater and justly commands him to the confidence of the country. That was a time when passion ruled in the public councils and military power was exerted to silence civil authority. The temptation was strong to sail with the rushing current, for an inflated partisan opinion was too ready to condone excesses and to applaud oppression.

General Hancock's order No. 46, in assuming charge of the Fifth Military District, announced "the right of trial by jury, the habeas corpus, the liberty of the press, the freedom of speech, the natural rights of persons and the rights of property must be respected." These principles are the basis of free government and the proclamation of them by General Hancock stands out in striking contrast with the action of his superior, who soon after rebuked and drove him from that command for uttering sentiments worthy of all honor. The soldier clothed with extraordinary power voluntarily uncovers before the civil authority, sheathes his sword, testifies his fidelity to the Constitution and set an example of obedience to law which will pass into history as his proudest claim to distinction.

The man who in the midst of the excitements of that stormy period was cool enough to see his duty clearly, and courageous enough to execute it firmly, may be well trusted in any crisis. His letter to Gen. Sherman, recently brought to light, his General Hancock far above the past appreciation of his civil ability. It marks him as one of the wisest of his time, with a statesman's grasp of mind and with the integrity of a patriot whom no sense of expediency could swerve from his honest convictions. Long and unbroken possessions of power by any party leads to extravagance, corruptions and loose practices. After twenty years of domination by the Republicans, chronic abuses have become fastened upon the public service like barnacles on the bottom of a stranded ship.

There is no hope of a reform by leaders who have created a system of maladministration and who are interested in perpetuating its evils. No thing short of the sternest remedy gives any promise of effective reform, and the first steps towards it is in a change of rulers. The government must be got up out of the ruts in which it has too long been run. New blood must be infused into the management of public affairs before relief can be expected. The people demand change, and being in earnest must be gratified. Very sincerely,

DAVID DAVIS.

The Road Law.

We wish to commend to the consideration of the people of Chatham the suggestions contained in the report of Maj. Gregory, a prominent farmer of Granville county, to the supervisors of his township in regard to our road law. We copy from the Oxford Torelight as follows: "To the Hon. Board of Road Supervisors for Oxford Township: I have the honor to report the roads of which I am overseer in good order (operatively). All my hands have been present, and it has been once worked since my last report. With your leave, I would like to submit a few remarks (as expressive of the sentiments of us who oversee and work) upon our present system of road working, so as when opportunity comes, you can tell those who make the laws that control you what those under you think of them (the laws). We think the present census will show the number of our popula-

tion and their intelligence to be such as to demand an absolute change of the laws we now work under. They belong to a day now past and are obsolete. They are not founded in justice or equity. They are burdensome, and bear the heaviest upon those least benefited. They are extravagant and wasteful of our labor. That they are inefficient and a failure, the roads themselves for the last fifteen or twenty years have stood as evidence. Here is the practical: I have five laboring men who work my road. Not one of them own a vehicle to drive over it. Certainly they are interested in good roads and a cheap, efficient road system because some of them have crops to carry to market and have their hauling to hire, and must have a good road to carry it all at one big haul if possible. Good roads make a thick population, and a thick population means more richer and better filled fields, and consequently more and better paid labor. I am the overseer. I own the lands lying along this road. A good road would enhance the value of my property. A good road would save the wear and tear on my wagons and teams. A good road would save the additional expense of carrying half loads to market. And thus I am satisfied with the system. And all of us do our work unwillingly and grudgingly.

As a matter of interest and economy, we are in favor of doing this work by a just and fair system of taxation, and by using the criminals of the county. The West has had this labor to build their railroads and turnpike long enough. We would send our own men who commit murder, arson and rape, but the lesser criminals we would keep at home, and thus a great good would be accomplished in their being kept apart from their associates. Granville has, I suppose, on an average, fifteen or twenty of the latter class. If it will not pay to guard and work fifteen or twenty, make a requisition on the State authorities and supplement these with fifteen or twenty more from the penitentiary of a like character. These, economically guarded and equipped with good tools would need but a small addition of tax to give us good roads throughout the county.

If the old system is to be kept up much longer, I would respectfully ask your honorable body to petition for me a set of road tools, picks, shovels and drills, including a keg of blasting powder. We have struck rock beyond the capacity of an axe or filing hoe. Ours was already a ditch when I was appointed to command the waters that flowed over it. You know it must be a hard matter and must require very superior skill to keep the noble of a water-drain higher than either side. I submit that this is not a proper highway, and that the county surveyor be ordered to run a new one running parallel, so that I can use the old one as a proper water drain.

Respectfully submitted,

NATHAN A. GARRISON.

Democratic Economy.

We gather the readers of The Record another instance of democratic economy compared with radical waste which we copy from the Granville Free Lance as follows: "In order that the people and taxpayers of Granville may fully understand the difference between the administration of county business by the two parties, we propose now to lay before them some facts and figures which may or may not prove agreeable reading this hot weather. These facts and figures are taken from the records, for the most part made out by the Rads themselves, and upon them they must stand. When the administration of county affairs in Granville passed fully into Republican hands in 1870, the debt of the county was estimated at \$4,000. It has since been ascertained to be less than that amount. During the eight years they had entire possession of the government they managed somehow to incur a debt, over and above that old debt, to the enormous amount at one time of \$37,000, ranging from that sum down to \$20,000. About 1874 the law was passed requiring the Board of county Commissioners to publish each year an exhibit of county business. In those exhibits, with the exception of one year, which have been mislaid, we find the following statement: In 1873-74 there was levied \$27,750.68. In 1875-76 there was levied \$27,750.68. In 1876-77 there was levied \$26,179.24. In 1877-78 there was levied \$27,860.99. During all these years the county debt was steadily increased. Notwithstanding the enormous revenue county orders went down to 40 and 50 cents in the dollar, and for a greater portion of the time there were practically no public schools. In the year 1876 an additional tax of \$8,131.80 was levied and collected for the ostensible purpose of paying off the old debt, contracted prior to 1868. Not a dollar of that sum went for that purpose, but the records show that by reason of an imagined deficit in the general county fund the whole of this large sum was turned

Poetry.

NO SECTS IN HEAVEN.

A New Version of an Old Rhyme.

Talking of sects quite late one eve, What one and another of saints believe, That night I lived in a troubled dream By the side of a darkly flowing stream, And a "Churchman" down to the river came, When I heard a strange voice call his name, "Good father, stop; when you cross this tide You must leave your notes on the other side."

Selected Story.

THE BOARD FENCE.

"Shoo, shoo, get home you plaguey critters!" cried Mr. Babcock, waving his arms, as he chased the dozen sheep and lambs through a gap in the fence. It was a wooden fence, and when he had succeeded in driving the animals to the other side of it, he lifted it from its reclining position and propped it up with stakes. This was an operation he had found himself obliged to repeat many times in the course of the season, and not only for that reason, but of several previous seasons. Yet Babcock was neither slack or thrifless; in fact he rather prided himself on the ordinary appearance of his farm, and not without reason. How then shall we account for his negligence in this particular instance? The truth was that this fence formed the boundary line between his estate and that of Mr. Small; and three generations of men who owned these estates had been unable to decide to whom it belonged to rebuild and keep it in repair. If the owners had chanced to be men of peaceful dispositions they would have compromised the matter, and avoided a quarrel, but if, on the contrary they belonged to that much larger class who would sooner sacrifice their own comfort and convenience than their so-called rights, this fence would have been a source of unending bickering and strife. And of this class were the present

owners. Again and again had they consulted their respective lawyers on the subject, and dragged from their hiding places dusty old deeds and records, but always with the same result.

"I say it belongs to you to keep it in repair, that is as plain as a pike staff," Mr. Babcock would say. "And I say it belongs to you—any fool might see that," Mr. Small would reply; and then high words would follow, and they would part in anger, more determined and obstinate than ever, and lawyers' fees and loss by damage from each other's cattle had already amounted to a sum sufficient to have built a fence around their entire estates, but what was that compared to the satisfaction of having their own way.

At last, one day Miss Letitia Gill a woman much respected in the village, and of some weight as a landowner and tax-payer, went for Mr. Babcock to come to see her on business; a summons which he made haste to obey, as how could it be otherwise where a lady was concerned?

Miss Letitia sat at her window sewing a seam, but she dropped her work and took off her spectacles when Mr. Babcock made his appearance. "So you got my message, thank you for coming, I am sure. Sit down, do I suppose you mean Isaac told you that I wanted to consult you on business—a matter of equity, I may say. It can't be expected that we women folks should be the best judges about such things, you know, there's Isaac to be sure, but then he lives on the place, maybe he would not be exactly impartial in his judgment about our affairs."

"Yes so," said Mr. Babcock. "Well the state of the case in this: When Isaac came from the long meadow to dinner—they're moving the meadow to-day and an uncommonly good yield there is—when he came up to dinner he found the stray cows had broken into the vegetable garden."

"You can fancy the risk made. I declare Isaac was almost ready to use profane language. I am not sure that he did it, and after all, I could not feel to reproach him severely, for the pains he has taken with that garden is something amazing, working in it, Mr. Babcock, early and late, weeding and digging and watering, and now to see it all torn and trampled so that you wouldn't know which was beet and which was cucumbers. It's enough to raise anybody's temper."

"It is so," Mr. Babcock. "And that isn't all, for by the looks of things they must have been rampaging in the orchard and clover field before they got into the garden. Just you come and see," and putting on her sun-bonnet, Miss Letitia showed Mr. Babcock over the damaged premises.

"You don't happen to know whose animals did the mischief?" said Mr. Babcock.

"Well I didn't observe them in particular myself, but I saw said there was one with a peculiar white, something like a cross on its flank. "Why that's Small's old heifer," cried Mr. Babcock. "I know the mark as well as I know the nose on my face. She had balls on her horns didn't she?"

"Yes, so Isaac said."

"And a kind of a hump on her back?"

"A perfect dromedary," said Miss Letitia. "I noticed that myself."

"There were Small's cows, no doubt of it at all," said Mr. Babcock rubbing his hands. "No sheep with them, hey?"

"Well now I think of it, there were sheep—they ran away as soon as they saw Isaac. Very certainly there were sheep," said Miss Letitia.

"I knew it. They always go with the cows, and what of Mr.?"

"It's fit damages," said Miss Letitia. "As I said before, women folks are no judges about such matters."

Mr. Babcock meditated a moment and then said:

"Well, I wouldnt take a cent less than seventy five dollars, if I were you not a cent."

"Seventy five dollars! Isn't that a good good deal, Mr. Babcock? You know I don't wish to be hard on the poor man; all I want is a fair compensation for the mischief done."

"Seventy five dollars is fair ma'am in fact, I might say it's low. I wouldnt have had a herd of cattle and sheep trampling through my premises in that way for a hundred."

"There is one thing I forgot to state: the orchard gate was open or they couldn't have got in; that may make a difference."

"Not a bit—not a bit. You'd a right to have your gate open, but Small's cows had no right to run loose. I hope Isaac drove them to the pound, didn't he?"

"I heard him say he would shut 'em up somewhere and didn't mean to let 'em out till the owner calls for 'em. But Mr. Babcock, what if he should refuse to pay for the damages? I should have to go to law about it."

"He won't refuse; if he does, keep the critters till he will pay. As to law, I guess he's had enough of that."

"I'm sure I thank you for your advice," said Miss Letitia, "and I mean to act upon it to the very letter."

Scarcely was he out of her sight when Miss Letitia sent a summons for Mr. Small, which he obeyed as prompt as his neighbor had done.

She made to him precisely the same statement she had made to Babcock,

showed him the injured property, and asked him to fix the damages. It was remarkable before he did this that he should ask the same question. Mr. Babcock had asked, namely, whether she had any suspicion to whom the animals belonged.

"Well, one of them I observed had a terribly crooked horn."

"Precisely—it's Babcock's heifer, I should know her among a thousand. She was black and white, wasn't she?"

"Well, now I think of it, she was a one seldom seen so clear a black and white on a cow."

"To be sure, they're Babcock's animals, said Miss Letitia, and I see; what you want is just a fair estimate, I suppose?"

"Well, I should say ninety dollars was as low as he ought to get off with."

"Oh, but I fear that will seem as if I meant to take advantage. Suppose we call it—say seventy-five."

"Just as you please, of course, but I thought I'd let him off for less than a hundred dollars, if it were my case."

"And if he refuses to pay?"

"Why, keep the animals until he comes around, that's all."

"But there is one thing I neglected to mention—our gate was standing open; that may alter the case."

"Not at all, there's no law against keeping your gate open; there is against stray animals."

"Very well, thank you for your advice," said Miss Letitia, and Mr. Small departed with a smiling countenance as Mr. Babcock had worn.

But at making time that night he made a strange discovery—old Isaac was missing! At about the same hour Mr. Babcock made a similar discovery: the black and white heifer was nowhere to be found. A horrible suspicion seized them both—a suspicion they would not have made known to each other for the world.

They waited till it was dark, and then Mr. Babcock stole around to Miss Letitia's and meekly asked to look at the animals that had committed the trespass. He would have done it without asking leave only that the barn door Miss Letitia always shuts her barn door at night.

While he stood looking over into the pen where the cows were confined, and trying to negotiate with Miss Letitia for the release of his heifer, came Mr. Small in quest of his bundle. The two men stared at each other in blank dismay, then hung their heads in confusion.

It was useless to assert that the damages were too high, for had they not fixed them themselves? It was useless to plead that Miss Letitia was in a manner responsible for what had happened on account of the open gate for had they not assured her that the circumstances did not alter the case? It was useless to say she had no right to keep the cows in custody, for had they not counseled her to do so? As to going to law about it, would they not become the sport of the whole town?

"He that diggeth a pit, he himself shall fall into it," said Miss Letitia who read what was passing in their minds as well as if they had spoken, for by the light of Isaac's lantern fell full on their faces. "However, on one condition I will free the cows, and forgive the debt."

"What is that?" Both thought the question, but did not ask it.

"The condition is that you promise to put a good new fence in place of the old one that separates your estates, dividing the cost between you, and that henceforth you will live together peacefully, so far as in you lies. Do you promise?"

"Yes," muttered both in a voice scarcely audible.

"Shake hands upon it," then said Miss Letitia.

"Now let the cows out, Isaac; its time they were milked," said she. And the two men went away, driving their cows before them, and with a shame-faced air, greatly in contrast to the look of triumph with which they had before quitted her presence.

The fence was built and the strife ended when the cause was removed; but it was long before Miss Letitia's part in the affair came to the public ear; for she herself maintained a strict silence concerning it, and she enjoined the same upon her man-servant Isaac.

How a Camel Goes Through the Eye of a Needle.

The Passage from the New Testament, "It is easier for a camel," etc., has perplexed many good men, who have read it literally. In oriental cities there are in the large gates small and very low apertures, called metaphorically "needle's eyes" just as we talk of windows on shipboard as bull's eyes. These entrances are too narrow for a camel to pass through them in the ordinary manner, or even loaded. When a loaded camel has to pass through one of these entrances, it kneels down, its load is removed, and then it shuffles through on its knees. "Yesterday," writes Dady Dug Gordon, from Cairo, "I saw a camel go through the eye of a needle—that is, the low arched door of an inclosure. He knelt knee, and bow his head, to creep through; and thus the rich man must humble himself to pass through the eye of a needle."