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STATE NEWS.

The Grape Crop. The succubong grape crop is almost a failure in this section.—Moore Index.

Fatal Lock-Jaw. Carrie Blant aged 5 years, struck a splinter in her foot, a few days ago, from which lock jaw followed. She died Tuesday in great agony.—Newberne Nat Shell.

A Deserted Family. John Watterson, living near Mt. Airy, has deserted his wife and four small children, and eloped with another woman. His family is left in a strange neighborhood in a destitute condition.—Surry Visitor.

Drawing Color Line. At the Republican convention recently held in Halifax, the color line was drawn pretty tight. There was only one white delegate and he was not allowed to go into the caucus at all, but had to stand outside in the cold.—Weldon News.

Belligerent Candidates. In a discussion at Rocky Mount, Franklin county, Va., on the 7th inst., a personal difficulty occurred between Hon. C. Cabell, Democratic candidate for Congress from this district, and Mr. J. C. Stovall, his Republican opponent. Bystanders took part in the fracas, and both gentlemen were injured; Col. Cabell painfully, but not seriously, and Mr. Stovall badly, but not fatally hurt. Blood flowed freely, but no one was hurt except the two gentlemen named.

Terrapin Story. Mr. Henry Hall, of this vicinity, tells it, and stands prepared to prove it by three other eye-witnesses: They were in the woods, not long since, getting hoghead hoops, when the dogs jumped an old hare, and all hands quit work and put out to catch it. After a considerable chase they came upon a highland terrapin holding the rabbit by the leg, nor could they extricate the old hare from the jaws of the terrapin without pulling off the leg by which his terrapinship held the varmint, so firm was its grasp.—Milton Chronicle.

Growing Town. Randleman is the name of the town which has grown as if by magic around what was formerly Union Factory. A few years since a small factory stood upon the hilly banks of Deep River; now a town of over 1,200 inhabitants, with Randleman's factory running day and night for eighteen months past, turns out daily hundreds of yards of plaids and checks. Last week this company sold, through their agent, in New York, over seven hundred bales of checks. The town has also a large Methodist church, which is very handsome. It shows great signs of thrift, and just below is the fine building of the Naomi Manufacturing Company. Greensboro' Beacon.

Homicide in Ashe. Intelligence has reached this place that on Saturday evening, August 21st, a difficulty occurred in Ashe county, between John and Miles McGuire and Linville Waters. The difficulty originated with Waters and Miles McGuire, and John, a brother of the latter, taking part in it, was shot through the body by Linville Waters, death resulting almost instantly. Miles McGuire was also shot and there is a report that he, too, is dead, but this lacks confirmation. Immediately after the shooting Waters mounted his horse and fled and at last accounts had not been apprehended, though a party started at once in pursuit.—Statesville Landmark.

The Biggest Snake Yet. A colored man named Tim Powell, of Warren county was driving a wagon, and stopped at a branch on the road side to give his horses some water, and to let them rest. While the horses were drinking the colored man climbed on the top of a fence ten miles high and went to sleep. After a while he awoke and the first sight he saw was (horror of horrors!) a large cotton mouth snake standing erect with his mouth directly over Powell's head. For a few seconds Powell thought upon the best plan to escape and at last, seeing he could not evade the snake by jumping from the fence, suddenly grabbed the snake around the neck with both hands. The snake was a large one and showed fight. For two hours they fought, the snake wrapping himself around and round the negro, and the negro bending all his efforts in the endeavor to choke him. Some time the negro would have the advantage and then the snake would gain it. For two long hours (they seemed like centuries to Powell) they fought, and at last nearly exhausted with his almost superhuman efforts, Powell choked the snake dead, and took him to Warrenton and found that he measured 30 feet. Powell was rewarded and after lingering ten days died from the injuries he received from the fight.—Wilson Advance.

Poetry.

Only Waiting.

A very aged man in an almshouse was asked what he was doing now. He replied, "Only waiting." Only waiting till the shadows are a little longer grown; Only waiting till the glimmer of the day's last beam is flown; Till the night of earth is faded From the heart once full of day; Till the stars of heaven are breaking Through the twilight soft and gray.

Selected Story.

The Mysterious Organist.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE. "Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood." Years ago, at a grand old cathedral overlooking the Rhine, there appeared a mysterious organist. The great composer who had played the organ so long had suddenly died, and everybody from the king to the peasant was wondering who could be found to fill his place when one bright Sabbath morn, as the sexton entered the church, he saw a stranger sitting at the crape-shrouded organ. He was a tall, graceful man, with a pale but strikingly handsome face, with great black, melancholy eyes, and hair like the raven's wing for gloss and color sweeping in dark waves over his shoulders. He did not seem to notice the sexton, but went on playing, and such music as he drew from the instrument no words of mine can describe. The astonished listener declared that the organ seemed to have grown human—that it wailed and sighed, and clamored, as if through its pipes. When the music at length ceased, the sexton hastened to the stranger, and said: "Pray who are you sir?" "Do not ask my name," he replied. "I have heard that you are in want of an organist, and have come here on trial."

the reply: "leave me! leave me!" The sexton drew back into a shady niche, and watched and listened. The mysterious organist still kept his post, but his head was bowed upon the instrument, and he could not see the lone devotee. At length she rose from the aisle, and moving to the organ loft, paused beside the musician. "Bertram!" she murmured. Quick as thought the organist raised his head. There, with the light of a lamp suspended to the arch above, falling full upon her, stood the princess who had graced the royal pew that day. The court dress of velvet, with its soft ermine trimmings, the tiara, the necklace, the bracelets, had been exchanged for a grey serge robe and a long thick veil, which was now pushed back from the fair girlish face. "Oh, Elizabeth, Elizabeth!" ejaculated the organist, and he sank at her feet, and gazed wistfully into her troubled eyes. "Why are you here, Bertram?" asked the princess. "I came to bid you farewell; and as I dared not venture into the palace, I gained access to the cathedral by bribing the bellringer, and having taken the seat of the dead organist, let my music breathe out the adieu I could not trust my lips to utter." A low moan was the only answer, and he continued: "You are to be married on the morrow?" "Yes," sobbed the girl. "Oh, Bertram, what a trial it will be to stand at yonder altar, and take upon me the vows which will doom me to a living death!" "Think of me," rejoined the organist; "your royal father has requested me to play at the wedding, and I have promised to be here. If I were your equal, I could be the bridegroom instead of the organist; but a poor musician must give you up."

Thomas J. Jarvis. [Raleigh News, June 18th.] There are few North Carolinians who are unacquainted with his career. His name is a familiar one in Eastern Carolina, where, as far back as 1890, we find Thomas Jarvis presiding over a court held in the Albemarle section. His father, Rev. B. H. Jarvis, was a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and gave his life to the welfare of his fellow men. His mother was one of a class of women who move the world by their simple piety, and by instilling into the children of their generation qualities of heart and head that make leaders among men. Gov. Jarvis' education was acquired by his own efforts. Alternately a worker and a learner; now at school and then earning the means to go to school; in these few words is presented an epitome of his life to the day on which he received his diploma from Randolph-Macon College. When the civil war broke out he promptly volunteered. We find him as a soldier in the ranks in May, 1861, and after a continuous and arduous service of three years we find him maimed for life by a painful wound that shattered his right arm at the battle of Drury's Bluff. He came home from Appomattox shattered in body and health, and began the life that was to place him at the head of the councils of his State, and make his conduct of her affairs one of the most noted in her annals. The times excepted when war was flagrant, no part of our history was so full of uncertainty, distress, and foreboding and painful experience as the first ten years after the civil war. In some respects it was worse than war. In 1865 affairs were declared to be in a state of formal anarchy, and a convention was ordered by President Johnson to resurrect, as far as possible, the life and body of the State. To this convention Capt. Jarvis was elected, almost unanimously, by the people of his native county, Currituck. He served them well and established a character, in a body composed of men who were almost all his seniors, for comprehending the dangers of the times and a wise prudence in avoiding or overcoming them. Licensed to practice law in 1867, he removed to Tyrrell, and became widely known as a careful pleader and an earnest and effective advocate. In 1868 he was elected unanimously to the Reconstruction Legislature. In this body every evil element that can enter into politics was fully represented. Unscrupulous cleverness, ignorance, venality were in triple alliance. To oppose this there was a small band of intelligent, virtuous and capable patriots. This was the fight and these were the odds. Capt. Jarvis soon became the captain of this host. The part he bore in frustrating the schemes of the conspiracy to rob the State under the specious guise of developing her resources, is written in the journals of those dark days, on the Statute Books, and in the hearts of a grateful people. He demonstrated the inability of the State to meet the merciless exactions made on her capital and labor to pay the debt that was heaped upon her. When demonstration and remonstrance failed he had recourse to all the parliamentary devices which desperation could suggest to ingenuity. These failed when the taxes were levied, but a cry of distress from the plundered people came up, even to the ears of a reckless majority, and Jarvis, with a full faith that this voice would not go unheeded, introduced and passed through at the ensuing session a bill repealing all railroad appropriations. The sheriff's hammer would have rattled on the hearthstones of thousands of homesteads but for this relief. The people will not forget it nor its author. In 1868 Jarvis was nominated Elector from the First District on the Seymour and Blair ticket, and made a brilliant canvass for the party. In 1870 the people of Tyrrell showed their appreciation of their countryman by re-electing him to the House of Representatives, and the Democrats, having come into power, at once advanced him to the highest seat of honor by choosing him speaker of that body. He won reputation in the field, and was at once recognized as a parliamentarian of a high order. So impartially and correctly did he decide the delicate and often complex questions that were constantly before that body that the leader of the republicans pronounced him a model speaker. In 1872 he was named as one of the Electors for the State at Large, and served in that capacity with his usual zeal and fidelity. During this year he removed to Pitt county, and resumed there the practice of his profession. So far he had served his State well and had won the title of Honorable by such labor as few men would undertake. But greater things were before him and had to be overcome. The organic law of the State had been framed by aliens ignorant of our domestic economy and hostile to the decency and intelligence of a large majority of our people. Under this law intolerable grievances had sprung up. Local governments were in the hands of negroes or their overseers, white radicals; taxes were imposed to a ruinous extent; justice was bought and sold like any staple pro-

duct; and, instigated by bad men, the negroes were insolent and aggressive. This anomaly in a civilized land had to be changed. The people were restive under it. A change commensurate with the evils could only be effected by a convention. The calling of a convention was, however, regarded as a hazardous measure, and a clear, strong mind and firm will—firm by nature, or made so by the discipline of life—were needed to measure the hazard accurately. Jarvis espoused the convention cause warmly. He was nominated by acclamation to represent his adopted county (Pitt), and was chosen by a large majority. To him more than to any living man we owe the enjoyment of our rights under the new Constitution. He organized that body by securing the election of a democrat to preside over its deliberations. In all its proceedings he was a counselor, an actor and a controlling spirit. Nominated for Lieutenant-Governor in 1876, he traversed the State and won golden opinions from all sorts of people by simple, strong and truly eloquent speeches, convincing and making earnest the people who gave him amongst the largest majorities cast for any democratic candidate voted for by the whole people. The presidency of the Senate matured his reputation for high parliamentary ability. Upon the elevation of Governor Vance to the United States Senate, in January, 1879, he succeeded to the office of Governor, and has discharged its responsible, grave and delicate duties with signal satisfaction to the people regardless of political bias. He has succeeded beyond the ambition of most men, and his success, in a great measure, has been wrought out by doing well whatever he had to do. He has been severely cautious in the use of that dangerous power, the power of pardoning, and has devoted an immense amount of labor to mastering even the dull details of his office. The most prominent feature of his administration is the calling of the extra session of the Legislature of the State and the sale of the Western North Carolina Railroad to New York capitalists. This railroad matter is so recent, and so familiar in all its details, that it is unnecessary to do more than refer to it. All that demands attention now is the sagacity, firmness and boldness with which the matter was managed. This question, a short time ago, hung over our party like a black cloud big with ruin. It threatened destruction not only to the party, but to any one who meddled with the combustible elements with which it was freighted. To meddle with it at all was what no mere politician would do; for with all such the science of politics is the science of self-advancement. It was just such a thing as a statesman would do, for a statesman has no thought of self; he lives and labors for his country. With a heroism as daring as it was quiet Jarvis grasped this formidable question, and under his skillful handling it became as harmless as the thunder cloud when its fiery fluid has been drawn off by the potent conductor. It was a perilous feat, and nobly achieved; but if it had miscarried he would have sunk, for a time at least, like a plummet of lead in the water. More than three years ago, on January 1, 1877, when Governor Jarvis was inaugurated as Lieutenant Governor, we stated our conviction that the Democratic party had higher honors in store for him than those with which he was that day clothed. Yesterday's magnificent triumph has verified that expression of our belief. Singularly well poised in character, of unsullied worth, with a great capacity for controlling men, a believer and practitioner of thorough organization and discipline, Governor Jarvis is the man for the times and the conditions of politics, and will lead the Democratic party to its most brilliant victory.

A Snake-Eating Man. The Goldboro Messenger relates the following snake story, which beats any we have yet heard. Its truthfulness is vouched for by T. A. Granger, Esq., of Goldboro', who witnessed it at Warm Springs, Madison county, N. C. The story is as follows: "A mountaineer brought a live rattlesnake to the Springs and offered to take \$5 for his venomous pet. While the crowd were inspecting the reptile a fellow hailing from Tennessee, but evidently a foreigner by birth, proposed that for \$5 he would take his snakeship out of the box, suffer himself to be bitten, and that then he would eat the raw flesh of the snake. The money was made up, and the snake eater proceeded to comply with his contract. Attracting the snake's attention to one end of the box, he pried the top of the box at the other end and cautiously but quickly seized the snake with his left hand below the head. In an instant the rattler coiled himself around the man's arm and rattled furiously. It was a mad snake, and the crowd retreated. The snake-cannibal, however, held his ground, and, by lowering his hold, suffered the snake to bite him on the hand. With perfect self-possession he quickly cut off the snake's head with a knife; he then administered an antidote of tobacco juice and salt to the wound, and finally complied with his agreement by eating nearly half of the snake, after first skinning him and pulling out its poisonous fangs. The poison of the snake had no effect on the man, but the delectable repast seemed to invigorate him. He claims to have been shipwrecked and cast on an uninhabited island, where he and his companions lived on snake meat until rescued. The snake measured 38 inches in length, and had nine rattles and a button." Moore's History. [Charlotte Democrat.] Some of our contemporaries are mentioning important omissions and errors in Moore's History of North Carolina, especially in the 2d Volume. In a rather hasty glance over the book we find what may be considered omissions of importance, and some statements are not exactly correct, though it should not be expected that Maj. Moore could make his history perfect at the first trial. For instance, we find no mention made of the fact that North Carolina had, previous to the war between the States, what was called a "Council of State" (advisers to the Governor who rejected or confirmed all appointments made by the Governor.) The Council was composed of one from each Congressional District and was elected by the Legislature. We remember that it was in session in Raleigh in the Fall of 1859 when the first news was received of the raid of John Brown on Harper's Ferry, and that resolutions were adopted by the council denouncing the encroachments of Northern fanaticism on Southern rights. W. W. Holden, Esq., then editor of the Raleigh Standard, assisted in drawing up the resolutions for the action of the Council. The Council at the time was composed of J. T. Granberry of Perquimans county, John L. Bridges of Edgecombe, John A. Averitt of Wayne, Dr. Powell of Chatham, Jesse A. Waugh of Surry or Forsythe, W. J. Yates of Mecklenburg, Dr. Columbus Mills of Polk, and (we think) Mr. Chandler of Buncombe. During the year 1859-'60 Gov. Ellis appointed and the Council confirmed Mathias E. Manly as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, and R. R. Heath, J. W. Osborne, George Howard and Robert S. French as Judges of the Superior Court. For the position of Judge in the Mecklenburg District, the name of James W. Osborne and John F. Hoke were proposed by Gov. Ellis to the Council, by one majority the Council selected Osborne, there being but 7 of the 8 Councilmen present. We don't suppose Col. Hoke himself ever knew how near he came being a Superior Court Judge. For the vacancy on the Supreme Court Bench, caused by the resignation of Judge Ruffin, the names of M. E. Manly and Robt. R. Heath were proposed—the Council voted three for Heath and four for Manly. Another omission is that of any allusion to two other branches or officers of the State Government which existed before the war—the "Literary Board" which had charge of the Common Schools of the State, and the "Internal Improvement Board" which overlooked the State's interest in Railroads, Canals, Rivers, &c. Each Board consisted of two members appointed by the Governor, he being ex-officio President of each Board. [Bro. Yates is mistaken in saying that "Dr. Powell, of Chatham," was a member of the Council of State. Ed.] Parents, mothers, nurses,—do not fail to give Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup to the little ones for all cases of Coughs or Colds. Costs only 25 cents. A little boy was taking a walk with his mother when suddenly a thunderstorm came on, when the little boy exclaimed, "Oh, mama, the sun is bursting out into a loud laugh."

Northern Ku-Klux. Thomas McDonald, aged about 28 years, a farmer, living near Commercial Point, Pickaway county, Ohio, was taken from his house on the night of September 1st, by a mob and hanged to a tree near his residence. McDonald came from Kentucky some years ago and married into a highly respectable family owning a large farm. He has for a long time been regarded as a desperado—quarrelsome and vindictive. A feud has existed between McDonald and his neighbors for some time, and especially during the past year. Saturday he commenced a quarrel with Thomas Beaver, a neighbor, and was badly beaten. The neighbors, thinking to rid the neighborhood of him, determined to commit this horrible murder. There is no means of knowing who or how many persons composed this mob, and it is not likely the public will ever know who were concerned in the outrage. Hard on Editors. Gen. Haskell, of the Salvation Army, entertained a large crowd on a St. Louis street corner the other day. He told them that he was formerly a circus man and a good card-player. He said that over in East St. Louis the Army had a camp where they fed the hungry. He didn't care who came—if he was right out of the penitentiary and was hungry he should have something to eat. It was no use talking religion to a hungry man. First fill his stomach. You could never convert a hungry man. There has never been an instance of it on earth. Of the different political parties, he said that there were good men in each party, good men in the Democratic party as well as in the Republican. More than that, there were good men who were editors, and up in Casey county, Ia., George W. Ashton, editor of the Clarion, had been converted to God, the first instance in the history of Christianity Rich Men of Ancient and Modern Times. The ancient historians have a great deal to say about the wealth of various old Greeks and Romans; but none of them was so rich, in all probability, says a New York paper, as are many living Americans. Cressus, King of Lydia, 600 years before the Christian era, had so much gold, with other kinds of property, that "rich as Cressus" has been for ages a threadbare simile. He was the great plutocrat of antiquity, and it is difficult to judge of the value of his possessions; but it is not at all likely that it ever reached more than \$10,000,000 to \$12,000,000 of our money. There are, no doubt, forty New Yorkers at least, seven more than he, and some six or seven have fourfold his wealth. The richest Roman in Julius Caesar's time, and one of the triumvirate, was Marcus Licinius Crassus, an astute speculator noted for avarice. His fortune has often been estimated, and never above \$9,000,000 to \$10,000,000 in United States currency. An Athenian or Roman who could count his estate at what would be \$1,000,000 of our dollars was considered immensely wealthy, but residents of Manhattan who have no more than \$1,000,000 are not now considered particularly well off, and are unknown among the opulent members of the community. Here millionaires are so common here as to merit little distinction financially. There were no such estates in ancient times as those of the Astors and Vanderbilts, and no such private fortunes as are held not only here, but in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, San Francisco and other cities of the republic. The growth of wealth has been prodigious in this country within this generation. Some of the largest accumulations in the land have been made within forty or fifty years. Half a century ago only one man in the metropolis was worth \$1,000,000, and his name was John Jacob Astor. Now, hundreds of our fellow citizens can go beyond those figures, and they feel rather poor than otherwise. When Stephen Girard died, in 1831, he was considered by all odds the richest man on this continent—no body approached or began to approach him monetarily, and yet his property was not valued at more than \$3,000,000. Men who do not regard themselves as very old can easily remember when \$100,000 was thought to be a fortune, even in our largest cities, and when \$10,000 in the small towns was deemed an independence. At present \$100,000 is hardly reckoned sufficient to make a man comfortable, and \$10,000 would not be deserving of mention, unless in a rural village of New England, where general poverty lends a magnifying power to any eye that contemplates any kind of coin. Within the next fifty years it is likely that private fortunes will be increased beyond what they have been in the same period in the past. In 1930 and 1940 it is probable enough we shall hear of plain American citizens who are worth from \$100,000,000 to \$150,000,000, and who will be grumbling that they have no more. Prolific Vine. Mr. J. W. Batts, of Wilson county, raised this year upwards of 154 pounds of watermelon from one vine.

Remarkable Health. Ex-Gov. English, of Connecticut, has never been sick a day in his life, has never called a physician and has never taken any medicine, although he was sixty-eight years old last March. How to Get Cotton Choppers. Mr. J. H. Mattocks, of Onslow, has a very successful plan of getting laborers when he needs them: early in the spring he buys up all the eggs he can get around in the neighborhood; when chopping time comes and he needs hands, he puts out word that he feeds on eggs—the work is done.—Kinston Journal.