

IN THE DAYS OF OLD BRUNSWICK

BY ANDREW J. HOWELL.

CHAPTER IV.

A SURPRISE AT RUSSELLBORO.

Several months had elapsed since Governor Tryon had used the authority of his office to prorogue the Provincial Assembly from May 18th to November 30th, 1765. By so doing, he had gained his purpose of preventing that body from taking any steps to resist the enforcement of the stamp act. But this did not allay the feeling of the people against it. In many places in the province public meetings were held during the summer and early fall, at which the odious measure was boldly discussed and the determination to resist it openly declared.

The Governor was put much to his wits to handle the situation, of affairs in order to stem the tide of public sentiment, he used every resource of the politician, being lavish in his entertainment and profuse in people. He maintained a home each in Wilmington and at Brunswick, and gave great dinners at both of them. To his discomfiture, however, he found the sentiments expressed by him by Colonel Innes were to be firmly fixed in the minds of the colonists. His advances to conciliate them were of little avail; but he was determined to win them sooner or later. He had the utmost confidence in his ability to do so; although it was whispered that his hand was weakened by the fact that his own true sense of justice was in favor of the colonists.

So it was that, during a dinner party one day in October at the Governor's mansion at Russellboro, a very unlooked for incident occurred.

To trace the strange interest that attaches to the incident there was a small boat crossing the river diagonally towards Brunswick. It held but one occupant, and he was a well-grown boy with auburn hair, blue eyes and eager eyes to catch sight of objects of interest along the river. He was returning from a day spent with a party of fishermen off at the beach beyond the river. The breeze in the afternoon just before sunset. A sailing vessel had just come to anchor out in the stream, and the sailors were busy with their canvas. The small boat pulled through the water to the small boat with marked distinctness, although the vessel was a considerable distance away. The rower rested his oars a few minutes and watched the new arrival. Then he turned his prow toward the ship and made for her with steady strokes.

For many months the sight of a merchant vessel had been rare in the Cape Fear. The small boat, which carried papers to bear stamps, and the American colonists had determined to relinquish their commerce rather than pay the tax. It was therefore a matter of curiosity that sent the boy to the newly arrived ship.

When he drew up to her, he exchanged words of greeting with the officers standing at the gunwale. He learned that she hailed from England, and was laden with salt for merchants of Wilmington and Brunswick. As he was speaking with the men at the gunwale, someone came out of the cabin and stood by them. He medley a look of surprise came to the boy, and the face of the man on deck brightened as he called out, "Hello, little Bloody! Were you expecting me back?"

It was Captain Simpson, and a great flood of amazement held Thomas Bloodworth by reason of the sight of him. In this an indefinable fear for his own personal safety played no small part. He had successfully avoided all suspicion of guilt in aiding the captain to escape, and he knew not what this return would mean for him. At the same time, he was glad to see the captain, and told him of his pleasure in greeting him again.

Thomas inwardly swelled with many questions as to the meaning of the unexpected return of the captain, but, being prudent, he did not express them in the presence of others. Nor was there need; for Captain Simpson asked, "Will you take me ashore? I have a matter of business I desire to talk to you about."

Thomas drew close to the ship, and Captain Simpson lowered himself into the small boat. "Little Bloody," said he, giving him a hearty grasp of the hand, "I am glad to see you. I have been thinking of you often. I thank you again for what you did for me in helping me out of prison. I am tired of playing the coward and evading justice. If I ought to be meted to the gallows, let me surrender myself to Governor Tryon, and let the law take its course in regard to me."

"Why?" asked Thomas in great surprise. "Just to be a man," answered Simpson.

"Were you sorry you killed him?" "Intensely," was the reply. "I intended to take my chances in the duel, and my striking him with the pistol was by reason of the advantage he tried to take over me. It is a cruel thing, the murder of a man in that way. I wish I had never done it."

"The court may not go hard with you," reflected Thomas, "now since the Governor is trying to win the favor of the people respecting the stamp act."

"Has he been angry at my escape?" "Very."

"Where is the Governor this evening?" "At Russellboro, dining everybody with reach."

"Men, women or children?" "Men, women or children?"

"It is rumored that a ship with stamps will soon be here; and he is trying to get them in good humor to receive the stamps, and to pay all the money they have to buy them."

Simpson laughed at the boy's humor. "Well," he said, "it is an auspicious time to make my surrender. I shall go to the Governor's dinner party and present myself to his Excellency to-night."

"And so shall I," responded Thomas. Simpson looked surprised. "He has never found out that you helped me to escape?"

"Then, why should you inform on yourself now?" "If it will be mainly for you to surrender, it will be for me also."

Captain Simpson looked him in the eye. "Your mental right ring, sir. Do what you will. I hope all will go well with you. And by the way, has the Governor suspended any one else?"

"No," he said, "at one time or another, he has singled out every man in Brunswick, and in turn dropped him. It is a great mystery to him. He thinks there was some deep-laid conspiracy."

"The two laughed heartily. It was an amusing situation. "Have you told anybody of what you did?" continued the Captain.

"No one."

"Well, little Bloody, this much I shall say: His majesty, the King of England, will lose a great admiral or

a distinguished general if he does not callit you in his service."

By this time they had reached the quay, and the twilight of the Indian summer day was settling upon river and forest and town. No man could be seen except a few negro slaves, passing the streets for nearly all the gentlemen were at dinner with Governor Tryon. There were, however, a number of children playing on the avenue leading up to the church, and their happy laughter rang out merrily on the still air.

Thomas made fast his boat, and, taking from it a large bunch of fish, he and Captain Simpson started up town. "I wish to go past home," said Thomas, "and tell my mother that I am going to do. I want her to know everything. I have not felt before that I could tell her, and I hope I was not wrong in failing to do so."

Thomas's father was a soldier, enlisted as a lieutenant in a company employed in holding in check the Cherokee Indians in the western part of the province; and, being much away from home, he had been named protector to his mother; and he tried to spare her all the care possible in her rather lonely life. Consequently, he had not told her of his contriving the escape of Captain Simpson.

"Mother, I am back safe," called Thomas cheerily to his mother from the gate. "I had a fine day, and this is what I have brought you as evidence of my report." He held up his bunch of fish.

"And, mother," continued Thomas, "may I present to you Captain Simpson, of whom you have heard?"

"Captain Simpson!" spoke she in great surprise; "I thought you had gone."

"Indeed, I did go. For nearly a half year I have been in England in disguise. Now I have come back to let the courts deal with me as they see fit. My captain, highly as I prize his purpose would involve nothing serious."

"He intends to surrender to Governor Tryon to-night," added Thomas; "and since I aided him to make his escape, I am bound to present myself as the guilty one for whom the Governor has been searching."

His mother paled at this sudden revelation; and it required much explanation to make her realize the truth about the matter. Her eyes, into tears, she finally told him to do what he thought right, and she would abide the consequences to herself.

It was a sad hour for Thomas, but having determined that he would make a confession, he proceeded to Russellboro for that purpose, in company with Captain Simpson.

There was a grand illumination at the Governor's mansion on bonfires of tar and lightwood. The gentlemen were sitting on the porches, smoking tobacco in pipes, and drinking imported sack, of which there was a goodly store at Russellboro. After the custom of the day, they were powdered and dressed in long coats of many colors, knee breeches with large buckles, and low quartered shoes. It was, consequently, an imposing scene upon which Captain Simpson and Thomas Bloodworth looked when they walked up the cedar avenue and approached the Governor's mansion.

The central figure of the party was the Governor, himself dressed elaborately in the red uniform of a colonel of the Queen's Guards. He moved about conspicuously among his guests, seeing that none of them lacked a certain amount of splendor. Simpson walked deliberately up to him.

"Governor Tryon," he said, "I am Alexander Simpson, of whom you no doubt have a remembrance. I have come to offer myself for trial, to you, as representing his majesty's law."

After his first glance of intense surprise, Tryon straightened himself and assumed the stern look of a military officer in the discharge of a serious duty. "Where have you been, sir, the past month?" he demanded.

"In England," answered the captain calmly.

"Why did you escape from prison, and how did you get to England?"

"I had a desire to see when the opportunity offered, and I took passage on a ship in the harbor."

"You are very concise," said the Governor shortly. "Who aided you to escape, and what is the name of the ship?"

"I have offered myself for trial on account of the deed I committed, and do not think I should now be questioned as to such matters. I trust your excellency will spare me further inquiries of the kind."

There was a minute's pause, and Tryon turned and looked about upon his guests. He was a man who could control himself admirably, and he saw at once that he was making a mistake in displaying an attitude of antagonism toward Simpson. There were questions of public policy that were of more importance than this one of personal feeling toward the captain. Hence, in a moment, his expression quickly changed, and he said with a half smile, "I will not make you a prisoner under escort; but for the present you are my guest, and all that you have to do before you is to answer the questions I put to you."

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Tanglewood

Our hero fulms, almost distraught.

At last he sees glorious vision! In dreamland fair his decision. Determined, then, the world to show

That wisest thoughts from him may flow, He seeks a journalistic field.

Eager he tells, rejoicing when— Welding with skill a facile pen—

Rich rewards, in glory and gold. Incomes, as each year's tale is told. Thus he sways the nation, reading Each wise thought, and gladly heeding.

ARCANUS.

PRIZE UNTANGLING.

A bit of geography is the prize exercise this week, and one of Tom Tanglewood's most attractive rewards will go to the sender of the best list of rivers answering 501. The solutions are to be forwarded within five days to E. B. Chadborn, Melrose, Mass. A list is possible, and it is well to make the competing list as neat and attractive as can well be done.

The prize for 71 has been taken by Mrs. Wm. Cullinford, Charlotte. Other answers particularly good were those of M. W. White, Madison, G. H. Smith, N. P. F. Ida E. Lane, J. W. Ames.

ANSWERS.

70—Ice-wall, ice-creeper, ice-cold, ice-crop, ice-boat, ice-tongs, ice-water, ice-storm, ice-cream, ice-plant, ice-chair, ice-box.

71—1. Paranárho. 2. Quito. 3. Trinidad. 4. Bogota. 5. Parahiba. 6. Santa Fe. 7. Caravellas. 8. Arequipa. 9. Lima. 10. Buenos Aires. 11. Santiago. 12. Montevideo. 13. Cartagena. 14. Sucre. 15. Georgetown. 16. Bahia.

72—Nowhere (no-where, now-here).

73—Mare, Deer, Rabbit, Beaver, Ram, Sheep, Goat, Cow, Fox, Seal, Wolf, Coney, Little Duck, Great Duck, Cat, Dog, Hog, Calf.

74—Beautiful September.

75—This is the author's list: Gentian, anemone, arbutus, vervain, calla, ageratum, lotus, aster, canna, orchis, pansy, orange, bluet, stock, pink, yarrow, pear, ivy, almond, daisy, iris, peony, also, spring.

76—Knot.

77—1. Bag, beg, big, bog, bug. 2. Lag, leg, lug, lug.

78—Breathe, breath.

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The Chiefs and Ex-Chiefs and Superintendent Harris in Council.

From left to right—Seated: Bird Sololanuta, Superintendent Harris, Chief of Police David Owl, Chief John Goings, Assistant Chief Joseph Saunook. Standing: Gardner Sampson Owl, Industrial Teacher Joseph C. Bradley.

he had received a letter from the United States Commissioner of Indian Affairs, telling him of the approval by the government of the first census of this Eastern Band ever made. Only 15 of the applicants had been rejected, 1897 going on the roll. Superintendent Harris said the band has always been self-sustaining. It is incorporated under an act of the North Carolina Legislature and is governed by a council of sixteen, elected every four years. The acts of this council are ratified by an executive committee of five. The council elects a principal chief, to serve two years at \$121 annually, and an assistant chief at half as much. The school at Cherokee is an industrial boarding school and \$167 annually is allowed each child attending. Congress has appropriated \$19,500 for new buildings, so that 50 more students can be taken next year. Half

are advancing along industrial lines. At least 100 of them have gone to the great school at Carlisle. Gardner Wolf went there. His wife is a Pueblo Indian, from Arizona. Wm. Locust, who lives on Snow creek, married a Chippewa girl, while another Indian married a Seneca girl from New York State. It seems very probable that in two years there will be an allotment of the lands in the Nation in severalty and Superintendent Harris declares this to be the best solution of the Indian question. The first distribution of the tribal fund, which will be made in October, will give each of the 1897 Indians \$27.75. These Indians have no disposition to make money. They are more honest than the whites. It is said that there were something like 10,000 there when the civil war ended, so much had they increased after the exodus of 1838, but directly after the

judice against the whites, this growing out of the removal of the Cherokees to the West and the grasping of Cherokee land, and it was further stated that some of the Indians who speak English will not do so for this very reason. Another ex-chief, Stillwell Saunook, made his appearance, a big fellow with very little to say, and it was learned that he has for many years been a conjurer, magician or medicine man and that he was such even while at the head of the Nation. The most famous of all the old chiefs of the Cherokees was Junaluske, who with about a thousand warriors went to the aid of General Andrew Jackson at the Battle of the Horseshoe and saved the day, the Cherokees claim. The Indians seem to have a sort of sixth sense. Their trails lead not along the top of a hill or at the bottom, but part way up, and their won-



The Home of Salolanuta, Ex-Chief.

the time of each pupil is devoted to literary work, the other half to industrial. The Indians have their own preachers and general Baptist Association. They are as a rule moral, and their women are of extremely good repute, this being particularly true as to the full-bloods. In marriage they conform to the State laws. They cannot intermarry with whites if they have more than 1-16th Indian blood. They are generally healthy and most of them live to old age. They are slowly increasing in number and, under the fine influence of the school

civil war smallpox broke out and destroyed much more than half of them, wiping out entire families. The United States never really took charge of them until 1874 and not until 1893 did it take full charge of the school. The government has expended about \$50,000 in buying land within the boundary, whites having held a good deal of this land under the very poor State entry laws. In the old days, before the war, some of the Cherokees were large farmers and a few owned slaves. It was stated that on the part of some Indians there was racial pre-

ferential sense of direction enables them to follow the stars the darkest nights and also to find their way to distant places with the ease which characterizes a dog or a cat. Two girls, aged six and nine years, ran away from the school one night and in the very blackness of darkness went home, six miles, along trails which give white people quite difficult walking in broad daylight. Most of the Indians are night-walkers by choice and these Children of the Woods are truly at home in the almost endless forests in this Land of

CANNON AS AN ISSUE.

His Defeat Urged as a Service to the Nation. Kansas City Times.

The country will watch with lively interest the campaign in Speaker Cannon's district in Illinois. Cannon received a plurality of 10,000 over his opponent in 1906, but that was before the issue of Cannonism was made acute by the high-handed methods of the Speaker. It was before Cannon openly, contemptuously, and effectively blocked the policies of the people, as represented by President Roosevelt, in favor of the policies of the "interests."

The Democrats have nominated a good man to oppose Cannon this year, and right-thinking Republicans, as well as Socialists, Independence League, and Prohibitionists in the eighteenth Illinois district could well

afford to unite on the Democratic candidate in order to defeat Cannon. Such a defeat would render a service to the nation that no other district in the United States has the power to render.

Speaker Cannon's defeat would, of course, come too late to help other Republican candidates for Congress. While the effort is being made to prevent Cannon's re-election in his district, the voters at large will be governed, in considerable numbers, by a desire to prevent his re-election by the House, in case his district returns him. Those candidates who are avowed supporters of Cannon, or who refuse to declare against his re-election as Speaker, will lose many votes this year—in some instances enough to encompass their defeat.

This issue is a live factor in the congressional elections; and it will become more and more assertive as the campaign progresses. There is only one thing that could eliminate it, and that would be the elimination of Cannon as a possibility that Cannon

will resign his seat or his ambition to be re-elected Speaker. New York's Summer-Starved Cats. New York Sun.

Those sentimental souls who are audibly bemoaning the fate of young do-gooders these torrid days should arise betimes and in the cool of the morn walk slowly through the East Side residential district, say from Thirty-fourth street up Madison avenue, taking in a few of the side streets, and not missing Fifth avenue. They will find the number of starving cats almost incredible; their name is legion, and they are all skinny. Hunger has tamed them. They follow pedestrians clamoring not so much for human affection as for milk. They should be killed or fed. Many persons leave their