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Fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry,  
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CHARLOTTE, N. C.,  
June 9, 1873.

### St. Charles Hotel,

RE-OPENED.

THE undersigned, late of the Carr Hotel, Raleigh, having leased the St. Charles Hotel, Raleigh, has reopened the same for the accommodation of travellers and guests, and will be conducted as a First-Class Hotel.

The Table being supplied with the best Country produce, attentive Servants, &c. The House has been newly furnished and refitted, and no pains will be spared to give entire satisfaction to its patrons.

A share of public patronage is solicited. Guests of the St. Charles will always find a splendid assortment of Cuisine.

M. S. CLOSS, Proprietor.  
July 20, 1874.

### SIMONTO HOUSE,

STATESVILLE, N. C.  
L. P. SADDLER, Proprietor.

THE SUBSCRIBER, having become sole lessee of this spacious Hotel, and supplied it with a NEW outfit of Furniture, bedding and other appurtenances in the best style for the comfort of guests, with an experience of many years in the business in South Carolina, presents his claims to the traveling public, and entreats them to patronize his establishment with no exception in the State for all the comforts of a first-class House.

The Culinary Department will be under the immediate supervision of Mrs. Sedler, who will make that branch of the establishment a specialty.

Families accommodated with comfortable rooms and board, winter and summer. First-class table and servants.

Conduits for the arrival of trains.  
L. P. SADDLER, Proprietor.  
December 1, 1873.

### CENTRAL HOTEL,

FORMERLY MANSION HOUSE,  
H. C. ECCLES, Proprietor.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

### NATIONAL HOTEL,

Delightfully situated next to Capital Square,  
Raleigh, N. C.  
A. H. BOYDEN, Proprietor.

## THE SNOW-SHRIEK.

When the snow-shriek rages across the plains and prairies of the great West, folks who have a love for their life don't care to camp out. The Indians strike their lodges at the sound, and make the best of their way to shelter among the bluffs, or in a wooded tract. As for the settlers, they take wagon and family to the nearest town, leaving everything behind to its fate.

My story is of the far West. Alberic Parnell was a tall, manly young fellow, with a bronzed face and dark hair, strong indeed, and of a dauntless courage, as was reported; but not, like Caryl Winthrop, a musician, a sketcher and a poet, to whom foreign languages and art-talk were familiar.

Both men, and both loved the case with young men, both loved the same person—handsome, lovely Metella Stewart.

There was this advantage on the part of young Winthrop—he had not loved in vain. An intimate friend of the parents of the young lady, it was believed by all that he was engaged to her, and would make her happy.

Alberic finding that his suit was in vain had prepared to leave the village, and we find him one evening bidding adieu to Metella, preparatory to his going.

An old friend of hers, she wishes to part with him kindly; but he, heart-sore and jealous, is not in the best of humor, and his parting is as full of bitterness as such a parting might expect to be.

As Alberic bade adieu and rode off the loud wail of the snow-shriek was heard moaning bitterly over the prairies.

Thirty-six hours later the sad, monotonous sound of the snow-shriek had swelled into a menacing roar, as if angry winds for leagues to ravage and destroy, and a filmy veil drawn over the western sky had deepened from white to orange, and from orange to sable, and then, borne on the mighty wings of an icy wind, there broke upon the Territory the force of such a snow-storm as the hardest farmer there had never depicted.

Down came the whirling flakes, thick, heavy, pitiless; accompanied by a cruel cold like death's own touch, that pierced through furs and buffalo robes, and numbed the limbs and chilled the marrow, while still the blinding snow fell and fell, and swept along before the furious gale like so many white billows, over the country.

And still the wind blew from the cold northwest, and still the snow fell. The deep piled drifts soon began to blot out every sign of man's dominion from the lately snow-covered land that had been so recently won from the wilderness.

Dismal stories were brought in, ere long, of the disaster by food and field. Rivers had swollen and overflowed their banks, washing down, along with a pack of floating ice, the debris of ruined homesteads and the carcasses of drowned oxen.

In the pastures, herdsman and herd overwhelmed beneath the white waves of snow. In the drifts that blocked the roads, wagons and their teams were walled in, to perish of frostbite or exhaustion, unless aid came speedily, while many a bewilder'd wayfarer wandered from the track, and strayed across the desolate prairie until he found a grave in the deepening snow.

The pang of impending famine were soon added to the terrors of the situation. Those shut up in the once hospitable mansion at Stewart's Flat had but scanty supplies of food or fuel. It was as much as a man's life was worth to try to reach the great woodpile. It took severe exertion to bring in, from time to time, a few logs and some broken timber from the yard, while after the first few hours, provisions ran short.

There is little inducement for a settler in that land of Goshen to store up hams and salted meat, flour and biscuit, to any extent, but now that flocks and herds, and barns brimming with wheat and golden maize, had been alike whirled beneath the sudden snowfall, what like a gaunt wolf began to beset the blockaded household.

It was soon necessary to put the family and servants on rations, so as to avert actual starvation, as long as possible; and the beleaguered inmates of the dwelling huddled together around the rarely replenished stove; talking in tones they vainly strove to render hopeful of the probabilities of a prompt rescue; for it had come to that now. Rescue from without was their only chance.

Should the snow-storm continue very long, they must perish of cold and hunger; even if the roof, which they had been forced to prop up in places with casks and pieces of timber, did not cave in beneath the increasing weight piled upon it. The storm went on steadily, and still the wail wailed as before.

It was a group of haggard faces that had collected around the great hall-stove at Stewart's Flat, when at last the snow-shriek died away to a moan, and one of the farmhands brought in the welcome news that, for the time at least, the storm had ceased. By this time the house, being as it were a mountain, and with its heavy roof among many in the burned landscape. The inmates was helpless as so many shipwrecked wretches in mid-ocean in a frail boat without sail or oar.

For twenty-four hours, most of them had not eaten. The few morsels of food that remained were resorted to by common consent, for the female members of the starving household. The fire was low, as best might be, with broken furniture and wood-work torn from the walls. Still no help came. Perhaps the people at Troy were powerless to afford it. More likely it was taken for granted that the Stewarts and their servants had effected a timely escape to some place of safety. If so, and should not a speedy thaw set in, death was inevitable. Some hours elapsed, and still there was no sign that the blockaded household had not been forgotten.

There is one thing I ought to tell you, dear Caryl, I respect the girl, as they stood side by side in the porch. I have not been willfully untrue to my people, but that there was one who left her, but the other day on when I was ill, I could not stoop them. It is not as if I did not love you, indeed, I do, but I was disheartened when I thought of Alberic Parnell. I shall never see him more. He will never see me, and had I lived, it should have been my duty to seek for him. You are not angry, are you? He is not angry, I am not angry. I love a fair, will not be always right, and I am not your fault, my poor child, if you see in Parnell what you never saw in me. I was to you as a brother, was I not? And you learned, too late, that thing was not love. It matters little, dearest, on the brink of the grave, as we stand now, but believe me—Hail the noise without is real enough, this time.

And it is true, friends was no distinct clash and rattle of spade and shovel, or ax and pick, vigorously plied, and the sound of men and the sound of falling blocks of snow, and the cheer of voices, and the triumphant accents, by those within the house, while the door was angrily opened to admit the deliverers. And now a crevice, soon enlarged to a cleft, appeared in the snow-wall close in front, and a man, leaning to right and left, with a broad-brimmed hat, as if cutting a path through the drifts of snow, stepped forward. He was Alberic—Alberic Parnell, and the next he strode through the breach in the snow-wall, as if he had been a soldier, and the rest of the household, as if he had been a hero.

Then followed a scene of indescribable excitement and confusion, in which thanks to God and man for the timely rescue were freely uttered by the inmates who were rescued. But Metella, who had seen nothing save Alberic's face in all the mingled group, was overpowered by the rush of her emotions, and was sinking senseless to the floor, when the young man sprang forward and caught her, fainting in his arms.

From the snow-shriek, the wind rose to a howl, and the snow fell in great flakes, and the wind whistled through the gables, and the white flakes came driving in heavy showers from the northwest, the sound and the sight combine to evoke the recollections of Caryl's early grave, and of the selfish sacrifice which was the last act of his blameless life.

From the Fayetteville Gazette.

### NOTES OF TRAVEL IN EUROPE.

LONDON.

Misses' Editors:—A traveler might spend a lifetime in London, and yet not see half of its sights, and, in fact, many of them are not worth the money you have to pay to see them. One of the first things an American learns after getting abroad, is that he is expected to pay for being "taken in" on all sides; he is expected to go into excursions over every old haunt in Europe, and swallow all their stories as gospel truth. I had read so much about the tunnel under the Thames that I had almost come to the conclusion that it was equal to any one of the seven wonders of the world, so I spent a whole afternoon and about a dollar and a half to see it.

The entrance to the tunnel is located in the darkest and most quiet part of the city—a place that reminded me of "Rockets" in Richmond, Va., during the war. Having found the station, I descended, by flights of steps, some forty or fifty feet, where I found a dark tunnel in the ceiling, whose sides were studded with black, and were most richly studded with glowing jewels through the ceiling, which it is said, is a few days lamp. I walked a single light along a single old-way track, upon which stood an old engine, filling the place with smoke and odor of machine oil. A second engine, which took a similar track, and whose wheels were studded with diamonds, and that I had seen again. The tunnel was dark, and I was told I had passed through the tunnel under the Thames. I was glad the man told me—for I saw nothing myself, and was shown a thoroughly illuminated tunnel, in which I saw many beautiful diamonds.

met respectfully, "was just about to slip away from us and our acknowledgment of his courage and his kindness. He could not trust himself, forsooth, to meet you again, Metella. Even now I see by his puzzled look that he hardly can grasp the solution of the enigma."

"This will explain all!" said Caryl, as, to Alberic's amazement, he took the young man's muscular hand and placed it in that of Metella.

"Happy, sister, with the husband of your choice? After the innocent confession that, when death seemed to have in his icy clutch, you made to me, I should commit a sin did I come between you two—between you and the man who, when turned back at the bare rumor of this fearful snow-storm, and risked his life and health to save the girl he loved."

Metella could not speak. "Clinging to Alberic, as a grateful vine to some towering oak of the forest, she hid her face upon his shoulder and sobbed aloud. In the mind, trustful of that moment she scarcely realized that every word which Caryl had spoken had been as a stab on the bosom of the speaker; that his generous self-sacrifice cost him very dearly, when a sudden outburst of voices, snatched both of the lovers from their dream of new-found happiness. Poor Caryl Winthrop had sunk helpless on the floor, and was being lifted by Colonel Stewart and the old hunter, who placed him on the sofa where Miss Stewart had so lately reclined.

"He has fainted," said kind, motherly Mrs. Stewart, as she laid his head upon the pillow.

"More than that, I guess. He's going home, if I ever saw death in a face," muttered the rough Irish woodsman. "Caryl," who had partially regained his senses, had no illusion of the subject.

"Don't keep for me, darling," he said, as Metella's tears bedewed his face, and the girl bent over him in tender sorrow. "The whole block fallen, but it is in mercy." He pressed his feeble hand to his heart, and the convulsion dashed on, as if the insidious malady from which he had believed himself to be cured, aggravated by hardship and the cruel emotions of the last hour, was reclaiming its prey.

"Kiss me, once, sister," he said, softly, and Metella pressed her lips to his brow, on which the damp of death was gathering. The young people were kneeling beside him. All surrounded him. He looked up, smiling, and his lips moved, but no sound came, and then a spasm of pain contracted his features, and the heavy head fell back. He was dead. It is scarcely needful to say that some six months later from the date of these events Alberic Parnell and Metella Stewart were married. Their experience of wedded life has been a happy and prosperous one; but whenever the wind whistled through the gables, and the white flakes came driving in heavy showers from the northwest, the sound and the sight combine to evoke the recollections of Caryl's early grave, and of the selfish sacrifice which was the last act of his blameless life.

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has served as a prison for kings, queens and nobles—a prison in which many noble men, and women, have yielded their lives, even in captivity or were led to the block from its dungeons. The history of the Tower is dark with deeds of crime and bloodshed, rendering a visit to its many towers and cells of the deepest interest to all travelers who are at all acquainted with the history of England. It was originally built for a fortress, by William the Conqueror, about the year 1079; it stands on Tower Hill, on the north bank of the Thames. The easiest way to reach it is by steamer from either Westminster or London Bridge stations. It is now used for an armory and arsenal, and as a repository for the crown jewels of the Kingdom. The principal entrance is at the south-east angle, where a common bridge crosses the moat. The gate is open daily from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., and the price of admission is 25 cents. Visitors are shown through the buildings by the warders—old soldiers on the retired list—who dress in livery resembling that worn by the guard of Henry VII. They pride themselves on their knowledge of its history and repeat it parrot-like, and so fast, that you can scarcely remember a word they say. It is one continuous string of Edwards, Henrys, Richards, Stewarts, Elizabeths, &c., dinned in your ears for an hour at a time. The old fellow that showed me around never stopped to catch breath or answer a question, but he continued to talk until he had rattled out the whole twelve hundred years of history.

There are twelve towers altogether. The first one shows to the visitor the "White Tower," a massive quadrangular building, 32 feet in height, comprising three stories, the top being covered with lead. The walls are four feet thick and built of solid stone. On the first floor is a cell ten feet long and eight feet wide, formed the thickness of the wall, and receiving no light except from the entrance. This was the cell in which Sir Walter Raleigh was confined a prisoner for twelve years. On this floor is an apartment known as "Queen Elizabeth's Armory." This room has a vaulted roof, and is devoted to the arms and armor of the days of Queen Elizabeth. In the center of this room is a stand, on which is shown those horrible instruments of torture that wrung confessions from the victims of the tower.

Here are racks, thumb-screws, and hooks for the head that are filled with iron spikes. There also is the block on which Louis Lovat, Kilmarnock, and Belzoni were beheaded, also the bedstead on which James O'Connell was executed. The walls of the room are covered with spears, spikes, halberds, battle-axes, and every kind of arm used in war at that period. Below this room is the Horse Armory, containing suits of mail, helmets, breast-plates, figures of knights on horseback, chain armor, and many other curiosities of past centuries.

Next in interest to the White Tower is the Beauchamp Tower, named after the Earl of Warwick, who was imprisoned here in 1397. This tower occupies the central part of the inner ward, and is two stories high. The walls are 15 feet thick, and the roof twenty feet square. In one of these rooms on the walls are cut many names, emblems, &c., done by men who lived and died here in prison hundreds of years ago. In one place is a crucifix, a bleeding heart, and a skeleton. In another a coffin with a name under it. Many of the inscriptions are in Latin, and others in Italian or French. It is here that in 1554 Anne Boleyn and Lady Jane Grey, in the room in which Lady Jane was imprisoned, were executed with a sword upon their heads.

"To mortals common fate my mind resign; My body to endure my name to live."

Six hundred Jews were incarcerated in these dungeons during the reign of Edward III. for interfering with the coin of the realm. Many curiosities are shown in all the different departments of the Tower, such as old hats, hags, swags, &c., &c., brought from the Mameluk at Egypt, and from the Turks and all nations with which England has been at war.

It is one of the rooms in which Wolfe died at the taking of Quebec, 1759; in another the uniform of the Duke of Wellington; and last of all the quaking stool, used for sticking the obedient wires. It was a common thing in England once that, when a woman reported to her husband that she was carrying a child, he would lead her to the Magistrate, who sentenced her to be ducked as many times as the name of the offspring indicated. The "wooden" consists of a block of wood, twenty or thirty feet long, placed on a single post, like a saw, with a single wheel at one end, in which is a wooden ball, while the ducking is done, and one of the water. The only consolation given to these women, their husbands were certainly well when their husbands were sent to prison.

married life in Florida.—The Condition of a Young Couple had about Florida and what came of it.

After having been married some weeks it came into the head of a young husband in this city, on Sunday, when he had but little to occupy his mind, to suggest to his wife that they should plainly and honestly state the faults that each had discovered in the other since their respective marriages. After some hesitation the wife agreed to the proposition, but stipulated that the rehearsal should be made in all sincerity and with an honest view to the bettering of each other, as otherwise it would be of no use to speak of the faults to which marriage had opened their eyes. The husband was of the same mind, and his wife asked him to begin with her faults. He was somewhat reluctant, but his wife insisted that he was the first to propose the matter, and as he was at the head of the house it was his place to take the lead. Thus urged he began the recital. He said: "My dear, one of the first faults I observed in you after we began keeping house was that you a good deal neglected the tinware. You didn't keep it scoured as bright as it should be. My mother always took pride in her tinware and kept it as bright as a dollar."

"I am glad that you have mentioned it, dear," said the wife blushing a little; "hereafter you shall see no speck on cup or pan. Pray proceed."

"I have also observed," said the husband, "that you use your dish-rags a long time without washing them, and then finally throw them away. Now, when at home, I remember that my mother always used to wash out her dish-rags when she was done using them, and then hang them up where they could dry, ready for the next time she should need them."

"Blushing as before, the young wife promised to amend this fault. The husband continued with a most formidable list of similar faults, many more than we have space to recount; when he declared he could think of nothing more that was worthy of mention.

"Now," said he, "my dear, you begin to tell me all the faults you have observed in me since we have been married."

The young house-wife sat in silence; her face flushed to the temples, and a great lump came up in her throat, which she seemed to be striving to swallow.

"Proceed, my dear; tell me all the faults you have observed in me, sparing no fault."

"Aching suddenly from her seat, the little wife burst into tears, and throwing both arms about her husband's neck, cried:

"My dear husband, you have not a fault in the world. If you have even one, my eyes have been so blinded by my love for you that so long as we have been married I have never once observed it. In my eyes you are perfect, and all that you need now to be done in the best manner and just what ought to be done."

"But, my dear," said the husband, his face reddening and his voice growing husky with emotion, "just think, I have gone and found all manner of fault with you. Now, do tell me some of my faults; I know I have many—ten times as many as you ever had or ever will have. Let me hear them."

"Indeed, husband, it was I tell you; you have not a single fault that you can see. Whatever you do, seems right in my eyes, and now that I know what a good-for-nothing little wretch I am, I shall at once begin the work of reform, and try to make myself worthy of you."

"Nonsense, my dear, you know sometimes I go away and leave you without any wood cut; I stay up town when I ought to be at home; I spend my money for drinks and cigars when I ought to bring it home to you;—"

"No, you don't," cried his wife, "you do nothing of the kind. I like to see you enjoy yourself. I should be unhappy were you to do otherwise than just exactly as you do."

"Now, however, my dear wife," cried the now thoroughly abashed husband, "from this moment you have not a fault in the world! Indeed, you never had a fault; I was just joking and quarreling with you, and I said I had faults, and you, my dear, you had none, and I am perfectly satisfied." Never again did the husband scruple the tinware, nor wash the dish-rags, never so much as mention one of the faults he had enumerated, and so ended the neighborly quarrel.