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Broadstreet's states that there are in New England half a hundred stock farms, where twenty years ago there were practically none, and in California the breeding of fast horses has become almost a craze.

The *New York News* predicts that this will be an exceptional year for immigration. The figures for a recent month indicate a larger influx of foreigners by twelve or fifteen thousand than we had during the same period in 1890. The Italians predominate.

In 1890 the largest number of Italians arrived in the United States in any one year, being 52,001, of whom nearly eighty per cent must be classed as unskilled; in fact, 15,235 stated to the inspection officers that they had no special occupation.

A citizen of St. Louis makes a good living by renting turtles to restaurants for advertising purposes. He gets \$2 per day for each, and they are always in demand. They are left outside the door the day before turtle soup is served, and create a run the next day for the soup, but they are not in it.

Herbert Spencer opposes socialism because he says that it turns back progress and is a foe to personal freedom. Compulsory co-operation, he thinks, would result in a society like that of ancient Peru, where the people in groups of 10, 50, 100, 500 and 1000 were ruled by officers, tied to their districts, superintended in their work and business and made hopeless toilers for the support of the Government.

In consideration of the serious intruders which are being made on the timber of this country by the use of wooden props in mines, it is satisfactory to note that a patent has been taken out for a method of making steel rails into pit props and supports for collieries, mines, tunnels, bridges, etc. The rails are cut at their ends and suitably framed together. In point of cost it is said that this mode of propping compares favorably with bricking and other systems.

It is estimated that there are always 50,000 Americans in Italy, and that there are now about ten times as many Italians in this country. Nearly all the Americans in Italy are well off, and nearly all the Italians who come to this country are in poverty. In most cases the Americans who go to Italy spend a few weeks or months there, while the Italians who come to the United States expect to stay here. The Americans in Italy spend their money; the Italians in the United States earn money.

A groom's right to wear a moustache has been tried in England, with the court's decision in his favor. When Mrs. Grimshaw's groom was engaged he was smooth shaven, but after a cold he grew a moustache by his doctor's advice, whereupon Mrs. Grimshaw ordered him to shave or go without notice. The judge held that the demand was unreasonable. If he had been a house servant, wearing powder and white silk stockings, suggests the *Boston Traveller*, he might have been required to shave; but a groom was an outdoor servant, and a moustache was a natural protection against the weather. The plaintiff got \$25 damages.

The report of Sir Adolphe Caron, Minister of Militia for the Dominion of Canada, has just been issued. It shows the strength of the armed and organized Canadian militia to be about 37,000 men. As the population of the Dominion is about 5,000,000, the proportion of citizen soldiers to the whole number of the people is obviously very much greater than in the United States, where with 63,000,000 people we have not far from 100,000 members of the National Guard. Our Canadian cousins seem to be much more strongly imbued with the military spirit," admits the *New York News*, "than our own people. They possess a plentiful assortment of artillery, more or less modern; they have a government cartridge factory, where plenty of first-class cartridges and artillery projectiles are turned out, and the fact that half of their 37,000 militia spent ten days in active open air drill in camp last summer indicates the probability of a fair degree of efficiency in the entire force. When one of these days Canada takes her natural and rightful place in the great American Republic, her well organized body of militia will prove a very welcome addition to the military strength of the United States."

OUT IN THE WOODS.

Out in the woods where the maples grow,
There's a musical drip that the children know,
A spink, spink, spink,
A silvery tink
As the waters down from the great trees flow.

Sweet are the waters that trickle down
Through the great trees, afar from the town,
With their spink, spink, spink,
Till the trough looks pink
As it peers through the sap from its coating brown.

A rough-hewn trough is the trough for me
And its home-made "spile" in the maple tree,
For the spink, spink, spink,
Is a silvery tink
That dwells like a song in the memory.

The dead leaves rustling beneath the feet
Once gathered from sun and from rain the sweet,
And the spink, spink, spink,
Of the famous drink
Is the song when the spring and the water meet.

Out in the woods where the maples grow
There's a musical drip that the children know,
And the spink, spink, spink,
Is a silvery tink
That will summon the violets from below.

—Columbus Dispatch.

A Hero of New Mexico.

BY CHARLES F. LEMMIS.

When I look back over the strange career of my brave old Spanish friend, Colonel Manuel Chaves, whose weary remnant of a body was laid to rest two years ago under the shadow of the noblest mountain in Western New Mexico, the exploits of many heroes, who were handier to the frame-maker, seem a trifle tame. Known and loved here, yet his name seldom reached to the great outside world of newspapers and historians, and to-day he fills the grave of an almost unrecorded hero. Yet I suppose there was never a more remarkable life. For over fifty years he was almost constantly warring against the Apaches, Comanches, Navajos and Utes. Over 200 of his relatives were killed by Indians. He participated in more than 100 fights and carried a scar for nearly every one of them. His body was such a network of ghastly cicatrices that scarcely could you lay your hand upon him anywhere without touching a scar. For the last fifteen years of his life he suffered untold agonies—the result of his awful wounds and the years of exposure and hardship, but he met this more merciless foe as calmly as he had met the Apache, and when, at seventy-four, the flickering soul went out, it was as calmly as a little child's.

Life on the New Mexican frontier in his day was something which we can ill realize. There were no railroads then to make travel easy for even the timid and weak; nor mails to bring far friend near; nor telegraphs to dash warning or hope. The lonely New Mexicans, shut off from contact, and almost from the East by a vast and fearful wilderness, were surrounded by savage nature and still more savage man. It was one of the bitterest lands on the earth, a land of vast distances and scant product, of infinite thirst and little wherewith to quench it, a land of hardship eternal and of daily danger, where boys were soldiers and mothers had to fight for their babes. It was almost as if there had been no other world beyond those awful plains. Whatever was consumed was made at home, and found no other market. There were not even firearms for defence against the relentless savages, save a scant supply of the clumsy old Spanish escopetas, (dintlock muskets) scarcely better weapons than the bows and arrows whose use the settlers learned from their foes. Manuel was in his youth a wonderfully expert archer, and won countless ponies and blankets from the Indians themselves in contests during the short intervals of peace. Later he became the best rifle shot New Mexico has ever produced.

The little town of Cebolleta, where Manuel passed his boyhood, was never at peace in the first half century of its existence. It was out and alone from the other Spanish settlements, and in the very heart of the Navajo country; and it was a fearful sufferer at the hands of the Indians. It was from Cebolleta that young Manuel started, when he was eighteen years old, on his first expedition—though he had already seen enough of war at home, and was accounted among the bravest of the brave. With his eldest brother, Jose, and fourteen other young men, he started for the Canyon de Chusco, 150 miles to the westward, in the stronghold of the Indians, on a trading expedition

What a commentary on the times in which they lived—this seeking a market among savages from whom murderous assaults the traders were in constant peril even while at home! They were attacked at night in the Canyon de Chusco, and all were killed save Manuel—who was left for dead with seven arrows in his body, and his Indian servant, Pabe, who was also fearfully wounded. Alone and on foot they started on that fearful journey homeward. Pabe died of his wounds in two days, and Manuel dragged himself alone the rest of the way, hiding by day from the savages, crawling on by night, followed by sneaking coyotes that never left his bloody trail; tortured with thirst and pain, with no food save the cactus fruit, until at last a faithful servant found him fainting on the last ridge of San Mateo and carried him home upon his back.

When he recovered from these wounds he was engaged as a guide to a party of traders from Mexico to New Orleans, and then went to St. Louis, with a young Cuban, who finally robbed him of all he had in the world.

Then he returned to New Mexico and settled in Santa Fe, but in 1846 had to flee to Utah on account of political complications.

The following year he was recalled and put in command of an expedition against the Utes, whom he thrashed soundly.

The invasion of New Mexico by the American forces in the Mexican war was not opposed, and the Territory became part of the United States without bloodshed. Very soon thereafter came the "Taos rebellion," a small but fierce uprising of Apaches and Pueblos in the most northern of the Pueblo towns, and Manuel played an important part in suppressing it. In a fearful hand-to-hand struggle, too, he saved the life of his commander—Captain Zeran St. Vrain, afterward owner of the 4,000,000-acre St. Vrain grant in Colorado. A gigantic Apache had his knife at the heart of the prostrate St. Vrain, when Don Manuel, shooting a foe who was almost upon him, wheeled and crushed the skull of St. Vrain's assailant with the barrel of his ponderous rifle.

In 1855 he led a regiment of volunteers on a six months' campaign against the Utes, making a brilliant record therein. In 1857 he accompanied General Loring's command in the war against Cuchillo Negro (Black Knife), the most redoubtable of all Apache warriors. He captured the savage chief with his own hand in a desperate night attack in a gloomy canyon where his scouts had found the camp of the hostiles. General Loring was greatly elated by this capture, but the prisoner was murdered by the officer left to guard him—a turbulent man who afterward met a violent death.

In 1860, when a large band of Navajos made one of their characteristic raids on the Rio Grande settlements and drove off 5000 sheep, Colonel Chaves pursued them with fourteen men. He overtook the hostiles at nightfall at Ojo de la Monica and routed them; but in the morning found his camp surrounded by several hundred Navajos. From dawn till dark of that desperate day the fifteen heroes withstood the wild charges of the swarming savages, each fighting from behind his tree. One by one the brave New Mexicans sank back on the red-soaked earth, bristling with arrows; and at nightfall only two of them were left—Colonel Chaves and Roman Sanchez—both fearfully wounded. A company of soldiers from Fort Craig arrived just in time to save them. In that ghastly struggle Colonel Chaves had fired his clumsy muzzle-loader eighty times, and for every shot an Indian or a horse had fallen. He had two bullets left when the arrival of the troops ended the fight. That was the kind of war they had on the early frontier.

In a dozen other Indian outbreaks, before and after those to which I have so briefly alluded, Colonel Chaves distinguished himself by the same cool bravery, the same dauntless will and the same matchless skill as a marksman. When the Civil War broke out Colonel Chaves took command of the Second Regiment New Mexico Volunteers, and did brilliant service in this out-of-the-way corner of the Union. When Colonel Chaves returned to his lonely home at Ojuelos it was only to find that the Indians had despoiled him of everything—his horses and cattle, his 30,000 sheep, crops and all—and left him penniless, a blow from which he never fully rallied his affairs, though his industry never left him to wait.

After New Mexico's share in the war was over, there was still more than two decades of frequent Indian outbreaks within her broad borders, in most of which Colonel Chaves was a prominent figure. On one occasion his lambing camp at the Salada was "jumped" by a large force of raiding Apaches. The few shepherds were too badly frightened to fight much, and all would have been killed but for the coolness of Don Manuel. Posting each man behind a tree, with a promise that he himself would shoot the first who dared run—and they dreaded his matchless aim even more than they did the Indians—he took his ten-year-old boy by the hand and ran up the hill a few rods as a feint. The Indians, seeing his flight, dashed straight into the camp without their accustomed preliminary manoeuvres to see of what stuff their enemies might be made. As one grabbed up Colonel Chaves's priceless Navajo blanket from beside the fire he fell sprawling with an ounce bullet through his brain. Another snatched the blanket and Colonel Chaves called to one of his companions to shoot. But when he saw the poor fellow's hand trembling so that he could scarce hold his gun, the Colonel shouted, "Wait! Don't shoot!" He hurriedly rammed another charge into his old muzzle-loader, and although by that time the Indian had got so far that he felt himself safe, the unerring bullet caught him as he ran and tore his neck nearly in twain. By that time the shepherds had recovered their senses and gave the Indians such gallant resistance that the latter soon withdrew, carrying away some valuable horses, but no scalps.

Ah, what a rifle-shot the withered, wiry old man was even when I knew him, in his old age! New Mexico has never had another such marksman as he was in his prime; and his six-foot muzzle-loading rifle of enormous calibre was never excelled by the finest modern arms that tried conclusion with it. In all his long life—in nearly fifty years of which not six months at a time were ever without warfare—he never was known to miss but one shot. And never did he have to shoot twice at bear or deer, and seldom more than once at human foes. I shall never forget my mingled amusement and awe at an incident which occurred when he was seventy-two years old and suffering fearfully from a cataract in his eye. We were out with his grandson, Rodolfo Otero—a gallant lad and fine rifle-shot. Rodolfo had a fine Winchester with which he did some extremely clever shooting. "Try it, grandpa!" he kept urging the worn, old man, bent and wasted by disease. He had never trusted our modern magazine guns, but at last yielded to Rodolfo's entreaties.

"Go, put me a mark on yon cedar," he said, pointing to a gnarled tree a full 100 yards away. Rodolfo ran over, and—considerate of his grandfather's age and condition—fastened to the tree a paper some six inches across. "Va!" cried the old man, calling him back. "What thinkest thou, hijito? That I am as the moles? Here, take thou this bullet and make me a mark of it on that paper!"

Rodolfo did so. My eyes are none the worst in the world, but I could not even see that lead-mark less than half an inch in diameter. Colonel Chaves raised the rifle in his withered hands, looked painfully at the fluttering paper, threw the rifle to his shoulder and fired—all in the time in which one might count five.

"Pues!" he said, as the smoke cleared, "now it sees itself better," and he fired again, with the same rapidity. And when he walked to the mark the bullet was in the spot Rodolfo had marked, and the second beside it so close that the fattened bits of lead touched!

Little wonder that such a marksman, as cool in mortal danger as in sport, a born commander and a noble man, was the terror of the savages, and was loved and mourned by those he helped to defend.—*St. Louis Republic*.

Where They Found the Lost Doggie.

I heard a good story the other day of a Boston woman's poodle, writes a correspondent. True or not, I dare to publish it, for doggie, bright as his mistress thinks he is, hasn't learned to read the newspapers yet, and so can't sue me for libel. "King Charles" ran away a few weeks ago, but profuse advertising and offers of reward brought him home again.

"Where did you find him?" asked his mistress of the man who returned him. "Oh, a burly man had him hitched to the end of a mop-stick and was washing windows with him."—*Boston Traveller*.

MEISSONIER.

METHODS AND FOIBLES OF A GREAT FRENCH ARTIST.

The Fabulous Sums He Received for His Masterpieces—Curious Reminiscences of the Eccentric Painter.

Meissonier, the great French artist who died in Paris recently, spent money with both hands. He built himself on the Malesherbes place in Paris a house that was a wonder of taste. He kept a country seat in the grand style of the millionaire aristocrat. He bought everything he wished right and left without once stopping to calculate his immediate income. His ability to be thus reckless with impunity was due to his unparalleled success in making his high art a financial success. Few if any other modern painters have persistently demanded and received such great material recognition of their work. The prices paid repeatedly for his tiny canvases have been fabulously high. A Frenchman has calculated since his death that none of his well known works is to be had for much less than \$300 a square inch.

At the Secretan sale seven little genre pictures by Meissonier went for \$101,000—"Le Vin du Cure," on wood, four and one-half inches high by six inches wide, done in 1860; brought \$16,000; "Le Peintre et l'Amateur," on wood, nine by four inches, 1859, \$12,500; "Joane Homme Ecrivant Une Lettre," on wood, nine by seven inches, 1882, \$13,000; "Joueurs de Boules aux Versailles," on wood, five and one-half by eight, 1817, \$14,200; "Joueurs de Boules a Antibes," on wood, five by seven inches, 1869, \$12,000; "Liseuse en Costume Rose," on wood, eight by six inches, 1854, \$13,200; "Le Coup de l'Etrier," on wood, nine by five inches, date unknown, \$16,000.

Meissonier was never to be shaken in his demands for enormous prices. Often, after finishing a picture, he doubled the estimate he had made of its value before beginning it. Emperor Napoleon III. originally appropriated \$20,000 for the picture "Napoleon III. at Solferino." After completing the work on it Meissonier gave him the alternative between paying \$40,000 and letting his most famous portrait fall into strange hands. Richard Wallace agreed to give the painter \$30,000 for putting on canvas "Napoleon in the Battle at Friedland." Meissonier did the picture, and refused to let it go for less than \$60,000. When Wallace demurred, Meissonier coolly sold the painting at his price to an American who did not haggle.

Meissonier's masterpiece, "1814," is known as the most expensive painting in the world. It is twenty inches high by thirty inches wide, and was last sold for \$170,000. It represents Napoleon I. and his great general staff riding back from the scene of their defeat. It came to be painted in this wise: In 1870 M. Delhante, a rich business man with a taste for art, found Meissonier at work in his studio on one of his microscopic canvases.

"What does it represent?" he asked. "A military subject, to which I will give the title '1814.'"

"Your subject is very great and your canvas is very small, M. Meissonier," said Delhante. "Why do you not paint a larger picture?"

"I have laid it in small for two reasons—first, because that is my style of painting; second, because, to speak openly, I need money. I work slowly, and so able to finish a little picture much sooner than a large one."

"So you need money. Well, paint my portrait. What will it cost?"

"Five thousand dollars."

Delhante drew out his purse and laid the money on the table. "Now, I wish also for myself the picture '1814,'" he continued, "but on the condition that you do it on a larger canvas."

Some time later, when the portrait was completed, Meissonier showed his patron the outlines of a new "1814," with the question: "Is that large enough for you?"

"Just right. What will it cost?"

"Fourteen thousand dollars."

"All right; there is half the price."

The picture was painted, paid for, and delivered, and in 1864 was exhibited in the Salon. An Englishman offered \$60,000 for it, but Delhante held back. Vanderbilt increased the offer to \$80,000, yet failed to secure the picture. Finally M. Beyer, a man of means, got it for \$100,000, and, after keeping it in

his possession for one day, made the famous sale of it to M. Chaudard for \$150,000. This was the first time a great painter had seen with his own eyes such a triumph of his art. Those who have approached most closely his success were Munkacz, with his "Christ before Pilate," which sold for \$100,000; Millet, with his "Angelus," for which \$120,000 was paid, and Murillo, with his "Ascension," \$130,000.

In the work behind his great artistic and financial success Meissonier followed closely the suggestion of the German proverb, "Kein Preis ohne Fleiss." An experience of Menzel and Pietsch in his studio in 1867 illustrates the infinite painstaking with which all his great pictures were painted. "1807," or the "Cuirassiers of Friedland" was unfinished on his easel. In response to a comment from one of his visitors Meissonier explained the nature of the work he had done in order to be able to do it. "The way of the cuirassiers to the enemy," he said, "lay over a field of grain, still colored with the tints of June green. Infantry had already marched over the field and had trodden down the blades. To get this effect perfect before my eyes I had a field near my house in the country planted to rye in the fall. In the following May, when the blades had taken on about the size and the color which would be characteristic of a grain field in East Prussia on June 14, the day of the battle, I had a troop of infantry, placed at my disposal by the commander of a neighboring garrison, march over it diagonally. After the field had been thus prepared, I made four large and minutely exact studies of nature from it. These studies I utilized in the picture before you. I also made use of a company of cuirassiers from the Poissy post for the purpose of studying the effects produced by their movement. Day after day they stormed by my house in the wildest haste, swinging their swords and shouting, 'Vive l'Empereur.'" Thus, without the aid of instantaneous photography, now so indispensable to the painter of such scenes, Meissonier was enabled to study and represent the men and horses in the mad movement of the full charge.

Meissonier, the Great, was of dwarfish stature. He had a large, powerful, bony head, with a wide forehead and bushy eyebrows. Down over his breast flowed a long white beard, the pride of his heart. He imagined that it helped him look larger and stouter than he was. This idea was a drop of comfort in his cup of mourning over his dwarfishness. It gave him a little consolation in his everlasting regret that he was not a man of martial figure, for, with all his phenomenal successes, Meissonier dreamed half of his days of the impossible ambition to be big. To make himself look more manly and robust he frequently encased his diminutive legs in huge cavalry boots. He prinked daily before the mirror, and was never weary of comparing himself with other small men to show that he was really not so very little. To the end he confided in his friends the pang he ever suffered on account of his under size. Occasionally, but only occasionally, did Meissonier find the desired consolation he sought from his acquaintances. One afternoon, as the Sculptor Dubois entered his studio, Meissonier exclaimed joyfully: "What do you think! The corn doctor was just here, and what do you suppose he says? A six-foot grenadier cannot get any bigger corns than mine."—*New York Sun*.

Canine Jealousy.

Druggist Koehler lives in Mount Auburn. He owns a huge bloodhound, which for a long time had been the pet of the children on the block. Not long ago he presented his neighbor, Mr. Hill, with a solemn looking little pug. The children immediately transferred their affections from the big bloodhound to the little pug. The bloodhound moped for a while, and once or twice assailed his rival, the pug. The other day the pug disappeared. It was sought far and wide. One of Mr. Hill's servants remembered that she had seen the bloodhound carrying the pug pup in his mouth through the side yard of the Hill residence. Another search was made. The pug was found in the cistern. It was dead. The bloodhound had captured the pug, carried it into the rear yard and dropped it into the cistern well, the cover of which was half removed. The bloodhound thus disposed of his rival.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

The value of live animals imported into Great Britain last year was \$61,809,435 in 1888.