

THE RALEIGH REGISTER.

J. C. L. HARRIS, Editor.

"Ours are the plans of fair delightful peace—unwarped by party rage to live like brothers."

W. M. BROWN, Publisher.

VOLUME I.

RALEIGH, TUESDAY, JUNE 19, 1877.

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Weekly Raleigh Register.

THE LATEST NEWS.

The rains have very much improved the crops in Alabama.

Rival factions of the Republican party in Alabama are still at war with each other.

On May 13 Gen. Prothro-Dix was officially recognized by the German Empire as the constitutional President of Mexico.

The Danube is falling, and it is expected the Russians will soon cross. There was heavy bombardment on Saturday at Ruzhchuck.

In Asia the Turkish situation is improved, and it is expected that Mukhtar Pasha will soon attack the Russian wings in detail.

The pension agency for Virginia, North Carolina, West Virginia and Tennessee will probably be located at Knoxville, Tennessee.

The Russians not only intend to occupy Bulgaria, but have made all arrangements for remaining at least three years in the village of Adrianople.

The unpublished portions of John D. Lee's confession, implicating Brigham Young in the Meadows massacre, have been received at Washington.

The election in Georgia on Wednesday last upon the question of calling a convention to frame a new constitution, is reported to have resulted in favor of a convention.

Twenty-nine employees were dismissed from the New Orleans custom-house on Saturday, including eight clerks, one messenger, nine laborers, one foreman, one carpenter, four day and five night inspectors.

The Piedmont Air Line, the shortest route between the North and South, Saturday put into effect fast mail schedule, making time between New Orleans and New York in sixty hours, with double daily trains.

A patent has just been granted to Loring Pickering one of the editors and proprietors of *The Evening Bulletin* and *Morning Call*, newspapers of San Francisco, for a method of rapid telegraphing of facsimiles of stereotype plates.

A Reuter telegram from Constantinople, dated Saturday afternoon, says the latest dispatch from Erzeroum states that the Russians continue their advance. Mukhtar Pasha has drawn closer to Erzeroum, where a battle appears imminent.

A despatch from Erzeroum says on the approach of three flying columns, sent by Mukhtar Pasha against the Russian right wing, the Russians not only evacuated Olti, but Penuck, at the foot of the pass over Tanly Range, leading to Adrahan. Both Olti and Penuck were re-occupied by the Turks, who also went in pursuit of the Russians.

A Washington despatch says Attorney General Devens has written a sharp letter to Judge Dick, of the Western District of this State. The Attorney General desires to know how fraudulent papers pass through his court. This is supposed to refer to vouchers in blank to which the clerk of his court, it is alleged, certified affidavits.

The Concord Sun says last Thursday evening, a son of Mr. Jim Scott, (we could not learn the lad's name) and a negro boy, were "playing" with a pistol, at Mill Bridge, Rowan Co., when by some means, the pistol was accidentally fired, and its contents entered the negro's abdomen, killing him almost instantly.

The Treasury department has contracted with the Syndicate to take \$25,000,000 of four per cent bonds at par in gold coin. This is the lowest rate of interest ever obtained by the government. The placing of these bonds will enable the government to resume specie payments on the first of January, 1879, without further legislation.

Usually, that which is everybody's business is nobody's business. Therefore, each of our subscribers is requested to consider himself a special agent to secure at least one new subscriber. A systematic effort of this kind for a few weeks will double our list. There is no reason why our friends will use a little energy why the Republican organ at the Capital should not have five thousand subscribers.

The fact that people are not subscribing for newspapers as freely as they would do because of the scarcity of money, is the reason above all others, why we need the assistance of every person who reads THE REGISTER. We know that an earnest effort on the part of each of our subscribers would double our list in a few weeks. Several friends promised to get up clubs as soon as they saw a copy of THE REGISTER. We are gratified to be able to state that these promises have been fulfilled and that the money and names were sent in with commendable

promptness. We are satisfied that our friends wish THE REGISTER all the success possible; and we simply ask every Republican who is able, to take one copy. Every Democrat who desires to read both sides is respectfully requested to subscribe.

Reader; This is a personal appeal to you. Heed it and send us one new subscriber, with the cash.

Great Britain reaches across the Atlantic Ocean to protect one of her subjects. The U. S. Attorney for the Southern District of Mississippi, has been instructed by the Department of Justice to investigate the facts attending the death of McClelland in the Kemper county massacre, in compliance with the request made by the British authorities, who claim that McClelland was a British subject. In contrast with this effort to protect her subjects Gov. Stone, of Mississippi, stands in an unenviable light. He has done nothing; says he is powerless. Not one of the murderers have been arrested. Gov. Caldwell, of this State swore out a bench warrant before Judge Pearson and had a party arrested, charged with defrauding the State. Gov. Stone might have done likewise and the responsibility would have been shifted to the shoulders of some Judge. A State government which is powerless to protect its citizens from mob law, is contemptible in the eyes of the American people. Had the Chism family been Democrats and their murderers Republicans, every man engaged in the murder would have been arrested and lynched. It is mere pastime in Mississippi to kill a Republican.

REMONETIZING SILVER.

Despatches from Washington report the President and Secretary of the Treasury as being in favor of remonetizing silver. In 1873, after a discussion, lasting more than two years, Congress passed an act demonetizing silver. At that date silver was a legal tender for all debts. The advocates of demonetization contended that inasmuch as silver had become a marketable commodity; its value being fixed by the supply on hand and the demand of the markets of the world, that it was unjust and dishonest to continue a debased coin of this kind as a legal tender. This argument prevailed; since 1873, silver has only been a legal tender to the amount of five dollars. It is now proposed to order the coining of the old silver dollar, which was worth three cents more than the gold dollar, make all other silver coins according to that standard, and then remonetize silver by making it to the same extent as the note of the United States Treasury, a legal tender. Secretary Sherman believes that remonetizing the silver dollar will aid in resuming specie payments by taking the place of the Treasury note exchanged for it.

The extreme advocates of remonetizing the silver dollar, demand that it shall be made a legal tender to the same extent that gold is a legal tender. This is the point upon which the two political parties will divide. The Democratic party will demand that the interest on the bonds of the United States shall be payable in gold, silver or legal tender notes as the government may see fit to pay; that the bonds at maturity and the custom duties shall be redeemable and payable in like manner. The Republican party will insist that the interest and the bonds shall be paid in gold coin; that the government contracted with the bondholders that the interest and the bonds should be paid in gold; that any attempt to alter this contract in the manner contemplated, would impair the National credit and violate the constitution. It is further contended by the Democrats that the fact that the custom duties, the interest and the bonds at maturity being payable in gold and not in legal tenders, depreciates the legal tenders and is the only reason why they are not now at par with gold; that placing the silver dollar upon the same ground as the legal tenders will prevent silver from circulating at par.

The Republican State Convention of Ohio, to be held early in August, will doubtless put forth, in a well-considered resolution, the views of the Administration upon this subject.

Judging by the light before us, there is no valid objection to passing a law making silver equal to United States Treasury notes as a legal tender. Any legislation

beyond this would undermine the public credit, impair the obligation of contracts, and thus violate the constitution.

Again, as in 1875, the issue in Ohio will be that of the finances. It is becoming more evident every day that parties are dividing upon the proper financial policy of the government.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

"DUTIES AND DREAMS," a sermon by O. B. Frothingham.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, who have a publishing house on Fifth Avenue, are issuing nearly every week, an unpretending little pamphlet, which contains an address delivered by Octavius B. Frothingham, a disciple of the Transcendental school, at the Masonic Temple, corner of Twenty-third street and Sixth Avenue, where, Sunday after Sunday, one of the most intellectual audiences of New York gather to hear him speak. Here may be seen George Ripley, Bayard Taylor, Edmund Stedman, and men of that stamp, who are considered the advanced guard of the Liberals or Rationalists, and with them large numbers of intelligent Israelites, who have either left Israel as a church or, having no religious services on that day, come as an intellectual treat to hear one of the finest speakers of the city who, by the force of his intellect, has won himself a prominent position, and is denounced as a heathen by his opponents, and almost worshipped as a demi-god by his followers. A believer in the humanity, but not in the divinity of Christ, Mr. Frothingham stands between what *The New York World* calls the "Gosh and Gush" of Brooklyn, and the open unbelief of Standard Hall, where, at the same hour, another audience gathers for the purpose of "ethical culture," which leaves out of consideration all religious elements and confines itself to the study of those problems which bear directly upon human relations as such, and concern men in their daily life and intercourse with each other. Felix Adler, a son of the old Rabbi of the Temple of Emanuel, is the lecturer of Standard Hall, where there is neither prayer nor praise. In the Masonic Temple there is both, but the prayer is "aspiration" not a petition for benefits; Christ is glorified not God; and the "scriptures of Confucius" or Buddha, are read as well as the Sermon on the Mount. Mr. Frothingham holds that "men must grow up to new beliefs before they can profit by them, and must outgrow old beliefs before they can safely dispense with them." He regards the fall of Adam as a pure myth; the Christian idea of Satan as a fiction—a mere imagination; holds evil to be, "not an intrinsic essential entity in the universe, but a negation, a shadow, a cloud, a name given to the realm of ignorance." While holding to the ethics of Christianity he discards its theology, deeming it "mythology," but he believes in Dreams as well as Duty, while Adler and his followers discard the "dreams of a future state," and hold only to the duty due humanity from humanity in this world. As God has given man infallibility only in mathematics, they would reduce everything to equations in mathematics, and would pull down what they call the "card house of religion." They have discovered that all religion is a form of nature worship, and began in the worship of the sun, and think they have only to show what the worship of the sun was among unintellectual rude people, and religion is discredited. To this, Mr. Frothingham replies:

"About two hundred years ago it was discovered that the diamond was composed entirely of carbon, was in fact, pure carbon, was simply a lump of coal. The experiment succeeded perfectly in reducing the diamond to charcoal. Has the price of diamonds fallen? Not at all, for charcoal has never yet been exalted into diamonds." "So it may be true that the finest religion in the world grew out of nature worship, but until you can by some process show how nature worship became the finest religion the discovery does not cheapen faith." "Our most beautiful conceptions remain as beautiful as they were before the exposure was made. Our worship is as noble, our sentiment as heavenly, our hope as transcendent."

Here, in North Carolina, we have not "outgrown" Christianity. And we believe in the Devil as a spirit and a person—and hell as a place of torment. Religion is not a picture but a reality; and we never equate whether it has a scientific basis or not. Science and religion are as distinct to some of us as religion and medicine. We don't want a mathematically defined religion, neither do we wish to discard religion altogether. If reason is the light of man faith is the shadow of God, and we are content to rest in that shadow. But yet there are some of us who like to know what is going on in the religious, as well as the scientific and medical world, and these little pamphlets open our eyes to much that is fermenting in the great soul of humanity. They are sent by mail for ten cents each, or subscriptions will be received for the series of twenty for two dollars. As literary essays they must always rank high even with those who do not agree with the doctrines advanced in them.

M. B. C.

MENTION.—We are indebted to Col. Thomas B. Long for a copy of the United States Official Postal Guide. Col. Long is one of the few Federal officers in the Southern States who gives general satisfaction.—*Raleigh News*

Praise well merited. The Post Office Department can boast of no more faithful and efficient official than Col. Thos. B. Long. His duties are most arduous, extending over a large extent of territory, but it all has due and faithful attention. He is ever vigilant.—*Statesville American*.

THE PILLS OF SMITH.

A MARRIAGE MADE NOT IN HEAVEN BUT IN A PATENT MEDICINE ALMANAC.

I.
How doth the patent medicine
Man in his almanac
Set down his nostrums' virtues in
The boldest white and black.
He's reckoned wiser than "Old Prob"
By honest farmer folks,
Who winter evenings read with sobs
And tears his quips and jokes.
His almanac abroad is flung
To every race and sect.
In the Devanagari tongue,
The Caffre dialect,
Nay, truthful travellers do teach
That they have come across
It as an African fetiche
Or on a Chinese joss.

II.
It was a young man credulous
Who had been cured of ill
To mention far too numerous
By using Smith's pills.
He sat him down in gratitude
And penned a testimonial,
Nial, where he his case reviewed
And thankfully did show
How when three boxes he had used
His appetite came back,
New vigor was in him infused,
His hair curled jetty black
(Twas tank and red before), increased
By thirty pounds his weight;
His forearm girthed two feet at least,
Like Weston's was his gait.
Therewith two photographs to be
Due witness of his ill.
He sent inscribed "John Jones as he
Appeared 'fore and after taking three
Boxes of Smith's pills."

III.
It was a maiden young and fair
With fever had a bout,
And (dreadful consequence!) her hair—
Her tresses all came out.
A single hair she had not left
To draw creation with.
When "joy" of earthly hope bereft,
She heard the fame of Smith,
Oh, bald and awful was her head!
As Blanca's, that sov'n'ran Alp.
But when three bottles she had shed
Of Smith's upon her scalp,
Out grew her tresses of dead gold
And rippled to her knee.
Like those Godiva had of old
She rode through Coventry.
Wherefore two photographs she sent
Out of her grateful soul,
The first of which did represent
Her scudding neat bare pole;
In the next, loose were her tresses seen,
While this legend was narrator:
"Portrait of Miss Melissa Green
As she appeared when she had been
Using Smith's Invigorator."

IV.
My gentle reader, do not doubt
In boldest white and black
These cases twain were blazoned out
In the Smith his almanac.

V.
The Smith his almanac appears;
The tender country folks
Already have shed cheeks of tears
O'er his perennial jokes.
The Jones its pages scans apart;
He sees his page, his name,
And says: "Be still, my throbbing heart!
And this, at last, is fame!"
But soft! whose is that perfect face
Those gently braids between?
O youth! O loveliness! O grace!
O Miss Melissa Green!
He reads and with prompt sympathy
His inmost soul is moved,
Melissa Green, Melissa Green!
Thou'rt known to be loved.

VI.
Meanwhile, where is Melissa Green?
Where is Melissa Green?
That almanac peruse she
As 'twere a magazine.
His symptoms, as the Jones doth tell
With tears her eyes are covered,
And to herself she says, "Poor fellow,
Ow, how he must have suffered!"

VII.
Events to their conclusion travel fast.
Such is the case of Jones and Green the
fair.

She loves him for the symptoms he has passed,
And he loves her that she has lost her
hair.
Acquainted with each other soon they
were,
And letters, each containing several yards
Of fond affection, pass between the
pair.
The end you readily can guess, "No
cards!" lisp Melissa, "our firch-born be
a Mith.
Or Mather, thill it thall be chritened
Thmith!"

* * * Beauty draws us with a single hair. — Pope.
* * * On thy bald, awful head, O sov'n'ran Bald.
— Coleridge.
* * * Showered down her rippling tresses to her
knee. — Tennyson.
— New York World.

TWO WASTED LIVES.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE "HOTEL CONFEDERADO" AND THE CORDOVA DILIGENCE.

Perhaps many of those who crossed the Gulf of Mexico in 1865 and 1866 will remember the "Hotel Confederado," in the city of Cordova. It was managed by a shrewd little fellow from Northwestern Texas, and this rare specimen operated the caravansary in a way that puzzled natives and sojourners.

Some time in the spring of 1865 John McKay, an engineer from the Cumbres, was carried up the steps and into the office of the landlord. McKay was an invalid. He had exposed himself while in the employ of the Imperial Railway Company and was rapidly passing into a hopeless decline. He had been notably reckless and disposed to live fast. Of all the staff of English and American engineers he was the most expert and the ablest.

and his grief were communicated to no one. He had no confidant in the land of the cactus and brigand. Among the army of railroad men at that time engaged at the Maltrata centre, his face was the saddest of all. Many a time he would saddle his mustang and gallop toward the snow-covered Orizaba peak. People who saw him while on these rides say that his face was gloomy and that he rode recklessly. Once he was seen walking away from his cabins towards the hills; and then for hours he faced the plateau with the sleet and rain beating upon his head. He quarrelled with no one; but while at play in a cafe he was insulted, when a pistol encounter followed, ending in the wounding of McKay and the death of his assailant. The same evening a poor woman approached him asking for charity, when he emptied his pockets into her hand. McKay was, at this time, drifting rapidly into the wildest dissipation. He courted monte and drank the fire rum of the country, besides frequently facing the poisonous night winds, until a fearful cough began to rack him. When the French troops abandoned the distant metropolis and prepared to march towards the Gulf, a panic seized the projectors of the road and the numerous bands of men on the Cumbres and along the line of the railway scattered hither and thither. McKay, too, worn out and sick, bade adieu to the hills and cliffs forever, and drifted down to the lowlands. He was sick and without money. Bitterly did he then repent of his folly.

Without some means of subsistence a stranger must fall by the way, for with all the tropical fulness and wonderful powers of production of the soil, to one without money the land seems a vast desert. A Mexican can look upon a starving man without one jot of sympathy. He never dreams of charity.

No wonder the younger engineer of the Cumbres looked gloomy as he made a survey of the future. I saw him as he sat on the balcony of the hotel the day of his arrival.

Indeed, he was then compelled to accept help from his old comrades who were passing out of the empire. And McKay was a changed man. From this time on he touched no liquor, and, when once solicited to play, refused. But he would sit for hours together on the balcony, his face turned toward the east, with a look of woe.

He listened to the Doctor's plan of moving him to the coast, and believed that life might be prolonged in the warm air of the lowlands. But the lower country was swarming with guerrillas; so time wore on, McKay remaining in the Spanish-Mexican city of Cordova, surely and swiftly drifting towards dissolution.

And when the spring rains had ceased in the valley and the coffee-trees had grown red with ripening fruit, the host at the hotel grew uneasy about his rich guest's poverty and probable decease. McKay would accept charity from no one. He was proud as a large landed baron. He owed no one. Even his losses at faro were liquidated to the last farthing. He looked upon his advances of his few friends as so many loans to be cancelled upon the arrival of a remittance from Boston. And he was growing restless about the delay. Each mail was a fresh hope and at the same time a bitter disappointment. But hope died at last; and from that day on no smile ever stole into the face of the sick engineer. A little girl, beautiful as a lily, would now and then present him with a wild flower, and while he thanked the girl in a courteous way his eyes travelled out toward the east, and when the little one questioned him he answered not a word.

One day he overheard the landlord complain of delinquent guests. He knew that he was meant, and he was. It was a cruel allusion. It struck home. The face hitherto pale, underwent a change—it grew older in an hour. Not a friend with means was left him—all had gone.

Despair was clear-cut in that suffering face. Some time before this the doctor had invited him to Potrero, a sugar plantation on the road to Vera Cruz. In the evening I passed out upon the front balcony, and McKay was there.

He began to speak in a voice that quivered with emotion: "I go to Potrero tomorrow. I shall never see Cordova again! Three years ago I left home, and then I promised myself that nothing could ever induce me to return. The past is a bitter memory; but let that go. Yesterday I still expected to return to Boston, if for nothing else, to die at home. The dream even has passed forever. And now, when it is all over, let me be laid in some quiet place, and when those in Boston hear of my death let the cause be consumption." A fit of coughing prevented further words, and I saw him no more.

The next morning he left Cordova. He slept at the plantation. But he waked no more. A little phial of poison lay beside him. He was dead.

There was a ring on his finger, and inside were the words "from Mary to John." He was buried on the banks of the Rio Seco, under the shade of the broad leaved banana.

Two-thirds of the guests at the "Confederado" quit the house that day, and the concern went to pieces a month after. Some time after the clouds had begun hanging about the hills and the air had

cooled from the raids of the Northerners from the coast, a diligence from the railway terminus brought a well-dressed lady to the quaint old city. She was American, and, ordering a room at the "Diligencia," asked if any of her countrymen resided in this city.

An uncouth specimen was pointed out, and she forthwith plied him with questions, while he answered with candor and bluntness.

"Do you know," she began, "a gentleman named McKay—a civil engineer?"

"Yes, ma'm, I did know him."

Eagerly she followed with, "And where is he now?"

"He took poison and is dead; he's buried on the Rio Seco."

Before his answer was fairly out the lady fell upon the floor in a swoon.

Pitying strangers lifted her up and laid her upon a couch. Some time elapsed before she returned to consciousness, and when she opened her eyes she was a changed woman. She was beautiful, graceful and queenly, but the face had undergone a marked change. An American lady, three years a resident of Mexico, called upon her, and to this lady she poured out the depths of her sorrow and the salient points of her sad story.

She was McKay's affianced, and in a moment of levity let slip a remark which cut him so deeply that he went from her door without a word. That night he boarded a steamer and left his country forever.

It was by reading *The Herald* that she caught sight of his name as having ascended the volcanic peak of Orizaba. And the first mail carried a letter of inquiry to the railway office at the Mexican capital. The reply told the story of McKay's sickness, and that he was at Cordova.

The next day she went to New York and took passage in the first steamer to Mexico. She had a quick passage on the Manhattan, but arrived at Vera Cruz a month after the singular drama at Potrero. She came to Cordova with the hope of meeting McKay, being united in marriage and taking him with her to Boston.

Then she visited the spot where he was laid.

Let the scene be unwritten. When she turned away, tears were in her eyes and unutterable woe was written in every line of her face. By her direction a stone wall was built around the spot and a rude slab was placed at the head of the grave with the name of the dead upon it.

The natives looked with a sort of awe upon the graceful woman superintending the work, and seemed impressed with the grief of the stricken lady.

"My bonitas! my very triste!" they whispered to each other.

Some mementos that had drifted into her hands she sent forward to the gulf from whence she was to embark for her native land.

When all was done she turned away. To go home was all that remained; and what a change had come to her in a week. The past was bitter enough—the future looked far less cheering. Miss Mary Montfort, for that was her name, secured a seat in the eastern-bound diligence.

The road was dusty, with much travel, the vehicle crowded. Two French officers were among the passengers. An escort of six troopers, armed with carbines, galloped beside the diligence but never passed beyond. The escort were Mexican imperialists. Lines of pack-mules, laden with cotton bales and merchandise, stretched along the wide thoroughfare. Half-clad Indians, bearing crockery, fruits and vegetables, were hurrying toward Paso del Macho.

The Attaic is a rapid stream, dashing from the snow mountain toward the sea. It boils through the Chiquiquite Mountains, and roars on its way through the gorges like a vast river over a rocky descent.

The diligence had barely reached the east side of the bridge spanning the stream, when four mounted men dashed from the chaparral and faced it. The robbers fired as they advanced, and sweeping by us, charged the escort, who turned about, without firing a gun, and scampered away like so many sheep.

Then the assailants wheeled and opened fired upon the passengers, the French officers being the special objects of attack. These two, with a Mexican and Miss Montfort, were killed. A bullet ploughed along the lady's arm, then glanced off, struck her breast, producing a mortal wound. She lived only ten minutes.

"And this is the end of it all," she said; and with an earnest request to be laid beside John McKay on the Rio Seco, she spoke no more. She had the satisfaction of knowing that she was understood; for the uncouth fellow who had first communicated the sad news to her was a passenger, and he would have served her if it cost his life.

And she had her wish. The two sleep side by side on the banks of the river under the shade of the coffee and banana—in the land of revolt and superstition.

With singular celerity the French contraguerrillas tracked down the robbers, carried them to the site of the tragedy, and without more ado shot them to death. And that scene was characteristic too. The doomed men spoke and conversed to the last moment, and were as merry as if entering upon a grand fandango.—*St. Louis Republican*.