

# 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.]

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### HOW MRS. JONES ECONOMIZED.

BY HELKEN FORREST GRAVES.

"The coal bill again, Mrs. Jones? Why, it isn't a week since I paid a coal bill!"

"I beg your pardon, my dear," said Mrs. Jones, who stood before her liege lord, a slip of paper in her hand, and a flush of annoyance and vexation on her cheek, "it is two months!"

"Well, what's two months?" demanded Mr. Jones, whose natural good temper was in no manner heightened by his present occupation—trying to pull on a pair of boots that were one size too small for him. "It does seem to me, Mrs. Jones, as if our servants fling coal into the gutter. And what's this other bill?" with a vicious pull at the refractory boot. "Apples! How in the name of common sense do we use so many apples?"

"They are healthy for the children," said Mrs. Jones, apologetically.

"Healthy! For the children! Upon my word, Mrs. Jones, if that's the platform you're going on, you may as well feed the children with hashed bank-notes and melted gold at once! Coal! And apples! And yesterday I paid a bill of six dollars odd, for a load of kindling-wood! Do we get up illuminations here, Mrs. J.? Do we lay Nicholson-pavements out of wood? Or are we in league with the carpenters and joiners? Never saw anything like it! Confound these boots, I can't get 'em on! Bill," to the fat little four-year-old who was playing with the paternal suspenders, "bring me my old boots. Now, I'll tell you what, Mrs. Jones, this won't do—won't do at all. We must retrench!"

"I indulge in no unnecessary expenditures, John," said Mrs. Jones.

"But you do, my dear—you must! Look at the bills. It didn't cost my mother as much to live, and she had nine children!"

"Things are dearer now."

"Don't tell me!" said Mr. Jones, irascibly. "You women are always prepared with some excuse or other. What I was saying was that we must retrench. You must discharge one of your girls, Mrs. Jones. We must give up the idea of that Dickens party you are going to have. We must content ourselves without any sea-bathing next summer. These little items cost altogether too much. And another thing, Mrs. J.," stamping his feet down into the roomy and comfortable depths of the old boots; "I mean to cut off thirty dollars a month from your housekeeping allowance."

Mrs. Jones's eyes flashed. The cornered rat will turn—and Mrs. Jones, although the weakest of womankind, felt that the moment for rebellion had come.

"Mr. Jones, I have but seventy-five dollars a month to pay the housekeeping bills of a family of seven persons and two servants," said she.

"And that's a great deal too much, my dear," said Mr. Jones, winding himself up in an enormous worked comforter.

"Nobody knows what they can do until they try—and you can economize in a good many little things, I don't doubt."

"Yes; but Mr. Jones—"

"Haven't time to argue the matter this morning, Mrs. Jones. Here's your month's money—forty-five dollars—and I hope you'll make it go as far as you can."

Mrs. Jones received the roll of crumpled and ragged bills in silence, but her countenance spoke unutterable things. Mr. Jones, however, was not a physiognomist, and went off, believing that he had made an impression on his wife.

And now the next day the errand boy came up from Mr. Jones' office with a note from his master:

"I shall bring Brown and Hobson up to dinner. Send to Hopper's for a lobster, and tell Mary Ann to scallop some oysters, J. J."

Mrs. Jones smiled sardonically to herself, as she read the note.

"Exactly so," said she.

Jones came up at six precisely, with his two friends, Brown and Hobson. He had treated them to expensive cigars, and engaged a proscenium-box at the theatre for their benefit.

Mrs. Jones, in her best black silk, received them with smiling graciousness.

Mr. Jones, flushed with rapid walking, discovered at once that the atmosphere of the parlor was akin to that of Greenland.

"Eh!" said Mr. Jones, looking uneasily at the polished bars of the gate, and the poker and tongs crossed neatly in their stands, "no fire?"

No fire, my love," said Mrs. Jones, sweetly—"on account of the coal-bills, you know."

Mr. Jones rang the bell with an energy which tried the wires.

Betty appeared.

"Betty," said he, "kindle a fire at once."

"Please, sir," mumbled Betty, "missis says I ain't to burn no more coal."

"Do you hear me? A fire at once!" shouted Mr. Jones.

Betty looked questioningly at her mistress.

Mrs. Jones inclined her head graciously.

"Obey your master's orders, Betty," said she. "Only, my dear, after your remonstrances concerning the coal-bill—"

"Hang the coal-bill!" said Mr. Jones, heartily ashamed of this discussion, in the presence of his guests.

"Just as you say, my love," assented his wife, with commendable submission.

Dinner was presently announced. The hungry gentlemen filed in, expectant of a savory meal.

Mr. Jones, in particular, had smelt scalloped oysters and lobster salad for some time, and entertained vague expectations of a roast joint of venison, with current jelly, that being a viand of which Mrs. Jones knew that he was particularly fond.

The table was set with all the family cut-glass, china and silver; the damask glistened like satin; the napkins were folded to imitate three-cornered caps. But the glorious joint of venison was not there, nor yet the creamy salad, nestling in fresh lettuce leaves, nor the scalloped oysters.

A little cold meat, thinly sliced, a dish of mashed potatoes, and a corresponding plate of turnips, with a few solitary pickles, and the necessary complement of bread and butter, were all that met their view.

"Eh!" ejaculated Mr. Jones, looking around him. "Where's the dinner?"

"This is the dinner, my love," said Mrs. Jones.

"I ordered salad," cried Mr. Jones, tugging at his black silk necktie as if something impeded his free respiration, "and oysters; and I supposed—"

"Yes, dear, I know," said Mrs. Jones, serenely calm as Dido on the shores of Carthage. "But all that wasn't consistent with your exhortations on the subject of economy. With my lessened household allowance, I couldn't think of any such expenditure. Pray be seated, gentlemen. We must wait on ourselves, Mr. Jones, for I have discharged the waitress."

Mr. Jones looked at his wife, the picture of convicted misery.

"Mrs. Jones!" said he, piteously.

"Well, my dear?"

"I was wrong. I'm sorry for it. What can a man say more? I'll give you a hundred dollars a month for your allowance after this."

Mrs. Jones smiled angelically.

"You have made the *amen* honorable, my dear," said she.

And she touched a table-bell. In answer to its musical clink, Mary Ann, the waitress, glided in.

"What, Mary Ann!" exclaimed Mr. Jones.

"Please, sir, I ain't a-goin' till to-night," said Mary Ann.

"Then don't go at all," said Mr. Jones.

In the twinkling of an eye, so to speak, the cold meat, turnips and pickles were whisked off the table, and Mary Ann bore in an immense saddle of venison, whose savory smell was enough to make old Epicurus rise out of the grave, followed by Betty, with a dish of scalloped oysters in one hand and a plate of lobster salad in the other.

"Hello!" quoth Mr. Jones. "This looks something like it. My dear, you are a treasure!"

And the three gentlemen proceeded to do ample justice to the meal.

"I had it ready all the time," Mrs. Jones whispered to her husband, when Messrs. Hobson and Brown were lighting their cigars by the fire, which now blazed cheerily in the parlor, "only I wanted to give you a practical lesson on the results of your style of economy."

"Well say no more about that, my dear," said Mr. Jones.

And he never again lectured his wife on the troublesome subject of retrenchment.

### NEW YORK JOURNALISM.

INTERESTING GOSSIP ABOUT IT BY JOE HOWARD.

[Interview with a Cincinnati Commercial Reporter.]

"Talk a little about New York journalism," we suggested.

"Good enough. I can give you all you want of that. You've probably observed that there has been a great change in the character of journalism in one particular, and especially in this change noticeable in New York. It is the pronounced power of capital. The newspapers of New York are great moneyed institutions now, with plenty of capital at their backs. Capital hires the brains. Brains alone cannot run a paper in New York. No matter how smart, how able a man may be, he must have money. He must be able to command the immense resources of the Associated Press. Nothing in individual journalistic enterprise can now compete with the Associated Press. You see, when Bennett wants to make a great reputation he goes to Africa or the North pole, where there is no competition. Bennett has moods, but all the force are glad to see him back, and when he is there, he is accessible to every *attache* of the paper. Whether it is a good paper to work on or not depends. Some men have been on the paper for 30 years, or something like that; for instance, Sam Glenn and Dr. Wallis. The managing editor is Tom Connery, son of Coroner Connery."

"Is it so that all the *attaches* of the paper are Irish, and nobody except Irish need apply?"

"Well," replied Mr. Howard, making such a nervous jump with the right corner of his mouth and his left eye that he nearly swallowed his cigar, "it does seem to be a rule that the graduates of Trinity college, Dublin, find a small salary and a cordial welcome awaiting them from the gentlemen who represent Mr. Bennett in his absence."

"Can't you say something definite of the circulation?"

"Circulation, my boy, is one of those things that no fellow can find out; but the circulation of the *Herald* is set by newspaper men at from 50,000 to 60,000."

"What about Raymond? You of course, knew him well?"

"I did. He was the greatest of them all. A most charming gentleman. Liberal and a considerate employer. It occurs to me now, that great and wise and sagacious as Henry J. Raymond was, he did not appreciate the future of New York journalism, in 1861 he wrote to me, at Washington, to stay away from the city, and act as correspondent, as he did not see but that it would be necessary to reduce the force on the paper. He said the future looked dark for the paper. He could not see any promise or hope for prosperity. He feared the war, which really made every paper in New York. George Jones was the publisher of the *Times* in the old days. He was a fair business man, honest and asthmatic. When he went south for his health his friends, in addition to stocking the vessel with every delicacy, also provided a handsome iron casket in which to bring him back. Strange to say, Jones outlived Raymond. Under him have acted Conner, now with Harpers; Jennings, now the *World* London correspondent; Foord, once the Brooklyn reporter, now the acting editor. As the *Herald* is Celtic, so the United Kingdom furnishes the *Times* its mental outfit. Shepherd is English; the city editor, Pulham, is English; Schwab, the dramatic critic, is a Polish Jew; Hennessy, the finance man, is Irish. The market reports, live stock, etc., are written by Miss Middle Morgan. She is a very peculiar lady. She is six

feet tall, and is considered the best writer on live stock and such subjects in New York. The man who writes the funny editorials which have made such a great hit is Mr. Alden. He is an old newspaper man, and has toiled for years and years, and at last has struck a vein.

"Not much is known about the *World*. It has the smallest circulation of the morning papers. Ballard Smith is the managing editor, and is a bright fellow."

"What paper has the largest circulation?" we asked.

"The *Sun* has by many thousands. It runs from 103,000 to 112,000 a day. Dana is a wonderful man and a great editor. He pervades and permeates the whole paper. He is everything. John Swinton is his first lieutenant, and takes charge at 7 o'clock in the evening. Mr. Dana comes down at 10 a. m. every day, except Saturday. On that day he goes to his country place at Glen Cove, and is back at 6 at night, in time to read the proofs and indicate the make up of the paper. He writes a good deal, but dictates more. There are, except the city departments, really no departments in the paper. Dr. Wood is the night editor, and is considered the best condenser of news in the city. He was lately elected president of the Press Club. There is a great corps of writers and contributors to the *Sun*, who never see the inside of the building. In the city department there is no regular reportorial staff. The paper is conducted on the assignment system, and so the city editor has always a corps of smart young fellows numbering from twenty to thirty at his service. They are assigned to duty, and are paid according to work or time spent. This system has its advantages, and it has its disadvantages, by a large majority."

"Are there many women reporters?"

"No; not as many as is supposed. The fashion articles of the *Sun*, the livestock articles of the *Times*, some of the dramatic articles of the *Herald*, and the sermon reports of the various papers, are written by women, but they are not very prominent."

"What is the average pay of reporters?"

"Well," replied Mr. Howard, energetically rubbing the top of his head, "between the probable ten dollars a week on the *Herald*, and the possible sixty dollars a week on the *Sun*, it is hard to strike an average."

"What about dramatic critics and criticism?"

"There is no such thing in New York as dramatic criticism," replied Mr. Howard energetically. "There is no dramatic criticism in the daily papers. Some of the weeklies, noticeably the *Dramatic News*, give careful and matured expressions of opinion on dramatic matters, both as to plays and to players, but, as a rule, on the daily press, the box office controls the critic's pen."

"By bribery?"

"Oh, no; that is all nonsense. But publishers are sensitive to advertisements, and the advertisements govern the dramatic work. As a rule the 'criticisms' are written by reporters, and are not criticisms, but mere reports. Mr. Winter is the dramatic critic of the *Tribune*, and is the best informed of all, but he is swayed by his personal prejudices. I think the *World* has no dramatic critic. On the *Sun* Mr. Wheeler (Nym Crinkle) has succeeded Mr. Hayward, who is now correspondent for the paper from Switzerland, where he is spending the honeymoon, with his \$700,000 bride. Mr. Wheeler writes a screed for Sunday, but the bulk of the work is done by regular reporters, assigned by the city editor."

### ENGLAND AS A WAR POWER.

There can be no question but that the British lion is rampant. Even the unicorn on her shield becomes belligerent. All accounts from there concur in representing the English Government and people as panting for a good, rousing, comfortable war with their great Russian rival. Lord Beaconsfield, the Premier, desires a war to signalize his rather tame administration. The Queen is quite willing to humor him, as her long reign of forty years has had no military distinction worth mentioning. The London mob is clamorous for a war that shall be conducted a good ways off and spend much money at home.

True, there is a peace party in England, and composed of some of the best of her people and ablest of her statesmen;

just as, in 1861, there was a peace party in our South. But there, as here, the war party, though possessing no more patriotism and much less wisdom, are nevertheless capable of vastly more noise, clamor, and uproar; and consequently are able to silence the still, small voice of peace by the earthquake of tumult and the whirlwind of passion. And it is quite possible that, there as here, those who sow to the popular wind may be doomed to reap the whirlwind.

Nearly two-thirds of a century have passed since England has appeared as a war power on the battle fields of Europe. Her European military career ended at Waterloo, June 18th, 1815. It was a glorious ending for British arms. But the world has long since decided that, without Prussia at her side, without the accidents of Grouchy's blunder and Blucher's aid, the day at Waterloo, instead of glorious, must have been disastrous. Only five months before, January 8th, 1815, British troops under Packington, quite as brave as those who fought under Wellington, were totally routed at New Orleans by an inferior force of Americans under Jackson, and their army driven from this continent in disaster and disgrace. From that day at Waterloo to this day England has waged no European war.

It is the natural tendency of those long lapses of peace in a nation's career to imbue such nation's mind with a belief in its own invincibility in the war. Being untried, it fancies itself unequalled. Having suffered no defeat, it counts on certain triumph. We think there is manifested much of this national conceit in the present clamor for war among the British people and rulers, when no cause for war can be found. But it is proverbial that, wherever there is a will there is a way. So, if England can not, after diligent search, return any just cause for war found, she will doubtless make one. It therefore becomes a question of some interest to consider how England may really rank as a war power among the States of Europe, and especially as to her military capabilities to cope with the mighty antagonist whom she is now menacing with sudden and direful warfare.

It is true that England has had numerous wars on her hands since 1815, but none, save that in the Crimea in 1852-3, that brought her in conflict with any civilized power. There, on that crowded Asiatic frontier, she met the Russian power. And though aided by all the forces of France, Turkey and Sardinia, united with her own, England gained no military glory there, nor any advantage at all equal to her sacrifice of life and treasure. Together they destroyed the commercial portion of a Russian frontier town, and caused the Czar to sink his fleet within the waters of the bay of Sebastopol, whence unharmed they were afterwards raised by the ingenuity of American mechanism. And this was all the impression that England as a war power, with all her allies, could then make on the Russian Empire.

And right glad was England to be let out of her dilemma when the treaty of Paris was signed, ending that Crimean War.

Since 1815 England's other wars have been with unmilitary peoples. Her "opium war" with China, in 1842-4, was ingloriously conducted, even as a military enterprise, for it is well known that her attack upon Canton was saved from disaster only by the volunteer intervention of an American, whereby the British frigate was rescued from certain destruction by the Chinese gunboats and land forces. Her war for the suppression of the Indian Sepoy mutiny was entirely against native forces, poorly commanded and feebly armed. The conflict was more a slaughter than a battle.

England's next war with the far off Abyssinians in 1867-8, was conducted with uncommon energy and most unusual appliances of military devices. The transportation of batteries of artillery on the backs of elephants shipped for that purpose from Bombay, and of supplies and munitions of war upon camels and dromedaries, over regions where roads were unknown and where mountain descents prevailed, passing troops and their arms over precipices by ropes to attack the fastnesses of the natives, were wonderful instances of Anglo-Saxon ingenuity, pluck and endurance. But when

the enemy's capital of Magdala was reached, behold there was no enemy there. They had surrendered all and fled. There was no battle; only a military march of a most singular and successful character. And such was the British conquest of Abyssinia.

Since that, England has had a little brush with the pirates of Borneo, with the convicts of New Zealand, and more recently with the savages of Dahomey, and just now with the Kaffirs and Hottentots of the African Cape of Good Hope. She was able to overcome each in succession. And such only has been England's experience in war for sixty-five years past. Her conceit of her own omnipotence as a war power can therefore scarcely be wondered at. Untried during the present generation, except as against these ignoble savages, she feels herself irresistible.

But is England really so formidable as a war power as she fancies herself to be? Money she has; and money has been called "the sinews of war." And yet money is not all of the essentials of war. A review of the history of European warfare does not present, with the exception of Waterloo, any flattering exhibit of British success. Her military attempts on this continent have been signally unsuccessful and disastrous. All the possessions on the European continent once held by her sovereigns have been lost to her crown; every one of them.

England's navy is her strong arm. But as against Russia that arm can not reach. It may defend, but it can not punish nor pursue. We are informed that she has an army of 145,000 troops. Of these 60,000 are ready for the field, and can quickly be landed on the banks of the Dardanelles. But what would the whole army of 145,000 signify when there, while Russia has more than twice that number of seasoned soldiers already south of the Danube? Russia could double her force, and put three-quarters of a million of men into European Turkey. She may not have so much money, but she has far more men than England can possibly command. England's draft upon India for troops would be worthless. Her British troops in India she can not spare. Her native Hindoos would be useless in such a war. She boasts that she can raise an army of four hundred thousand men by volunteers and regulars. This is doubtful. But granting that it can be done; then she has to meet an antagonist of twice that force.

In view of all that England can claim as a war power, and in view of what she must certainly meet if she declares war against Russia, we are entirely sure that she will enter upon a most hazardous frame, at which she may lose more than she can possibly gain by the conflicts. An alliance with other Powers is her only hope for final success in the trial of conclusions on that battlefield of the Orient.

### POLK COUNTY SUPERIOR COURT.

The Superior Court for Polk county was in session, at Columbus, three days of last week. His Honor, Judge Cox, presided; Maj. Montgomery, District Solicitor, prosecutor; Otis Nelson, Sheriff, and R. S. Abrams, Clerk, which office he has most acceptably filled since the "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." The dockets, civil and criminal, were disposed of in a business-like manner. No jury trials of civil causes. The people seemed to like Judge Cox very much, and he manifested no desire in his doings as a Judge, to have the endorsement of public sentiment, without a censoriousness of duty well performed. He was very patient and courteous toward the members of the court.—*The State*.

His Honor Judge Moore spent Saturday night in our town on his way to Montgomery court. During the late term of our court he made a fine impression on our people. His decisions were rendered without bias or prejudice and gave general satisfaction. We were glad to receive assurances from His Honor that the people of Moore made an equally favorable impression on him.—*Carthagenian*.

During the past year the experimental department of agriculture, at Washington, distributed over 20,000 tea plants, grown in the greenhouses of the department. Three hundred pounds of the seed of this plant have been lately sown with a view of extensive distribution to the Southern States.