

THE RALEIGH REGISTER.

J. C. L. HARRIS, Editor.

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

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THERE'S BURGLARS IN THE HOUSE.

BY CHANDOS FULTON.

The other night I was aroused from a profound slumber and blissful dream of an epicurean feast by my wife's vigorously poking my arm with her doubled fist. "Well, what is it?" I asked, testily. "There are robbers in the house," she answered, in bated breath. "Nonsense! Go to sleep!" I responded, edging away to avoid the second thrust, which I felt intuitively was coming. "I did not escape, however, and received a punch which completely awakened me. "I tell you there's some one in the house," she reiterated, emphatically. "Of course there is—all of us," I retorted, gruffly, with a mental imprecation, and closing my eyes. "I tell you there are burglars in the house!" she said, earnestly, with a perceptible tremor of alarm. "Nonsense; you've been dreaming; go to sleep," I said, carelessly, turning away and composing myself to get asleep. "Very well," she retorted, with asperity. "Very well; I have been listening to them, and they may carry off everything in the house—I'll not disturb you again"—and she moved away in a pique to the opposite edge of the bed. I closed my eyes and endeavored to go to sleep again; and would probably have soon succeeded in doing so, had I not been disturbed by her involuntary exclamation: "There it is again! Listen!" "Pshaw!" I ejaculated, angrily. But I did listen, and distinctly heard a stealthy, careful, subdued step, as if some one were walking on the floor below. "Don't you hear it?" inquired my wife, breathlessly. "Yes; I hear something," I admitted, straining now my hearing to catch every sound. "It's a man in rubber shoes, perhaps—a masked burglar!" my wife whispered, thoroughly alarmed. "H'm! How long have you heard this noise?" I inquired, uneasily, becoming suddenly interested in the subject. "For some time," she replied. "I have not been asleep at all." "Oh, yes you have? You were snoring a little while ago," I interrupted her to say. "No; I have been awake the whole time," my wife answered, firmly. "Well, I'll not dispute the point with you," I said, knowing that it was useless. "My attention," she resumed, "was attracted a little while ago by a noise as if of a careful footstep on the basement stairs, sounding more on the oilcloth thereon than it does now on the carpets of the parlors. Listen—it's a human step!" I listened, and the sounds—it could not be called a noise—though quite distinct, continued, and soon convinced me that some one on burglary intent, perhaps with murderous designs; was in the house. "He is quite bold, whoever he is," I said to my wife, trying to be facetious; but I have an idea I failed miserably. "There was no misinterpreting the sound—that of a muffled footstep stealthily moving about on the soft carpets in the parlors. I arose and went to the speaking-tube which communicated with the parlor, and boldly called down: "Who are you and what do you want?" I placed my ear to the tube to catch the effect of this bold interrogation on the intruder. I merely heard, however, the same noise slightly increased, as if the footsteps were in flight. I do not think that I moved toward the

door, though I may have done so, for my wife said: "Don't seek them; let them take everything in the house, but don't risk your life." Touched by her affectionate and considerate appeal, I promised her I should not expose myself to their departing shots; but declared heroically that I could not quietly submit to the imposition (to use no stronger word), and asked her counsel in devising means to capture or discover the intruders. The embarrassment of my position was increased by the fact that I was the only man in the house; in the next room slept my two daughters, both quite young girls, while in the rooms overhead reposed the cook and serving-maid; and my wife agreed with me that it was advisable not to alarm either of them. The more I deliberated, the fiercer did I become in my determination to have satisfaction; my cheeks burned with shame at the thought the comments my friends would make on my courage and manhood; when the particulars of my remaining quiet under such an imposition (not to use a stronger word) was made public by the papers, as they must be when the daring robbery became known. We listened attentively. The sound proceeded from the hall, up-stairs, traversed the hall; it came down on our floor, even approached our door, then went, it seemed to me, very unconcernedly down-stairs, and continued its movements about the parlors with the same disregard of the comforts of others. "They are evidently prepared to leave," whispered my wife. "We have been spared." "But they shall not escape so easily as they think!" I exclaimed; I mean I said "easily" in a whisper, hurrying on my clothes. "I've an idea—I'll fix them," I continued, taking my revolver from its accustomed place in the bureau drawer. "Oh, let them go in peace? I want a new set of furniture," said my wife, embracing me. "They are evidently going now; let them go. They have spared us; you spare them now." But I was determined they should not escape so easily, and instructed her to watch from the back-window while I stationed myself at the front, that I might see them when they left, and shoot at least one of them in his tracks. We accordingly took our stations at the windows, and watched patiently and silently. Probably through magnetic influence—for I kept as quiet as a mouse, my daughters awoke—and would have screamed at my apparition if I had not hastily informed them of the facts of the case. My daughters appreciated the situation, and controlled their nerves and remained perfectly quiet, declaring to each other in undertones that they thought they heard the burglars trying the drawers of an antique escritoire in the front parlor. I do not know how long it was that I kept up my watch. I remained by the window till I was benumbed with the cold and tired of standing. I returned tiptoe to the next room to consult with my wife, who I found trembling from the cold and excitement, as with the palsy. "They cannot have left the house, or we should have seen them," said my wife. "Yes, they must still be in the house," I responded. "I wonder what they are doing that they keep so quiet?" "Assorting the silver," suggested my wife. "More likely having supper in the kitchen," I observed. Quick as thought she opened the window—what a cold gust came in!—to see if there was a light in the kitchen window; but there was not. As soon as I had left their room, my daughters arose and joined our conclave, evincing a courage and self-possession that inspired me with valor. The youngest and most mischievous asked through the speaking-tube if they had found the wine. She also told them to stir up the fire, and endeavored to engage them in conversation; but I soon checked this tendency to levity by impressing her with the terrors of the situation, which she did not until then thoroughly appreciate. The most attentive listening could not detect any sounds down stairs, and we agreed that the burglars could not be in

the kitchen, and were concluding that they had mysteriously left—probably avoided our sight by keeping close to the wall under the window—when the steps were again heard in the parlors, but this time more distinctly and less cautiously. My wife suggested they were in the parlor making bundles of their trophies. Careful listening through the tube convinced all of us that there was only one step. If there was only one, I felt equal to an encounter with him—that is to say, that I could shoot him before he could meet me—for I did not propose a hand-to-hand encounter, if I could avoid it. I announced my intention of seeking him, pistol in hand. At first my wife and daughters demurred at my leaving them unprotected, but finally decided to follow me at a safe distance. My wife armed herself with a broom; one of my daughters seized my Knight-Templar sword, while the other appropriated my ivory-headed cane. My wife, wishing to avoid, if possible a conflict, evidently not rating very highly my combative powers, shouted; through the tube: "We are coming, arm, ed to the teeth-fly if you value your life. And there was a bustle of sound down-stairs, as if of accelerated steps across the room, then perfect silence again. I unlocked the door and boldly sallied forth, holding a small kerosene-lamp overhead in my left hand, while in my right I carried my revolver primed and in position for a shot. My wife followed on my heels, imploring me in an undertone to "Be careful." My two daughters followed at a safe distance, brandishing sword and cane. The noise of unlocking the door aroused the servants overhead, and Bridget opened her door and called down: "Anything the matter?" Before I could reply, my youngest daughter thoughtlessly answered: "Yes; there are burglars down-stairs. Come help us!" "The Lord have mercy on us!" groaned the terror-stricken girl. "There is no danger—be quiet," I said, sternly; but the girl had run in and locked her door. I proceeded cautiously down-stairs, and peered about the parlor with my light, my wife nervously poking under the sofa, under the tables, the piano, the easy chairs with her broom, while my daughters speared at the curtains and in the corners with the cane and sword they respectively carried. We searched and researched every nook and corner without discovering anybody; examined and found every window fastened. "Most mysterious!" I exclaimed, as we all gathered, shivering, over the heater in the back parlor. "Perhaps it was a ghost!" exclaimed my youngest daughter. "Nonsense!" observed her mother, contemptuously. "Sh! sh! What's that? and she clutched my arm. A soft, measured sliding step fled the length of the hall, from the front door. We listened with bated breaths. "How fortunate I closed that door!" exclaimed my eldest daughter, she having on entering closed the door, which prevented our seeing the ruffian as he passed down the hall. "What a pity we did not think of looking in the vestibule; we should have found him!" said her sister, thrusting the air with her sword. "Let him depart in peace," pleaded my wife, perceiving the ferocious expression on my face. "He shall not escape me now!" I exclaimed, rushing forward and opening the door, with a thoughtless disregard that makes me shudder now when I think of it of the possibility of an accidental discharge of my revolver. There was a lumpy pat—a pat of a retreating footstep down the stairs leading to the basement. I pursued hotly, leaving my wife and daughters to remain in the parlor in the darkness, or follow as best they could the trail of my light. The mysterious footsteps proceeded from the lower hall to the dining-room, front; thence through the passage-way between the closets to the kitchen, after closing the second door in my face—at least, I found it nearly shut, so that, thoughtlessly pushing it open with my "pistol-arm," my revolver was discharged

into the floor; the lamp fell from my hand, but miraculously did not explode, the light being extinguished by the velocity with which it passed through the air; and the halls echoed with feminine screams and jangling of sword and cane against the banisters and walls. I rushed to the hall through the kitchen door, grappled with my youngest daughter who came near running her sword into my eyes pushed her aside as soon as I found my assailant was she; got rapped on the head with the broom in my wife's hands, and dodged a blow from the cane carried by my eldest daughter, and pursued the steps to the head of the stairs, the women, I believe, exchanging blows before they recognized each other. Determined to pursue and capture the burglar, or die in the attempt, I pursued him half-way down the cellar-steps; I passed then, satisfied I had him caged, hesitating to penetrate the Egyptian darkness that prevailed below-stairs. I heard him distinctly groping about. I called for a light as hastily as Richard called for his horse; my wife, creeping along the hall way, and suffering from a blow from the cane, angrily said I was foolish to expect any light at such a time; but Bridget had descended to the parlor-floor and called over the banisters that a light would soon be coming. I was nearly distracted, for my daughters were clashing and hitting things about in the hallway and kitchen with the word and cane in the most reckless manner, screaming and laughing hysterically. Hearing the step scrambling on the coal-pile, I fired in that direction, and in my excitement, missed my footing and fell from the steps to the floor, receiving a momentary stun. I scrambled to my feet, and was about groping my way out, but hearing a step on the stairs, I exclaimed: "I defy you; show yourself if you dare!" "There he is! There he is!" exclaimed Bridget's voice. Groping about in the darkness my hand came into contact with another's, and, closing in, I grappled with a stalwart man, who easily and in a very business-like way, threw me on the head with a stick, and then placed a revolver at my temple, observing that if I did not keep quiet, he would blow my brains out. I kept quiet, satisfied that the house was infested by a band of masked robbers, and that resistance was useless. "Here! here!" exclaimed my assailant. "Oh, spare my wife and daughters!" I exclaimed, piteously. "Spare no one!" my captor replied, acconically, pressing his knee upon my chest. I indistinctly heard the voices of my daughters uttering words of encouragement to my wife up stairs; but it seemed to me an age before the radiance of a light was discovered at the head of the steps. It was the bull's-eye of a dark-lantern. Visions of men in black crape masks, armed to the teeth, with a coil of rope on their arms to bind captives with, and gags in their hands to close their voices with, flitted across my mind. "You stay here with the ladies," said a gruff voice behind the bull's-eye, which proceeded to come down the steps. My captor released his hold on me and I instinctively got up and was about dealing him a blow when he collared me and almost shook the life out of me. "Hit me, will you?" said my captor, angrily—and a renewal of the vigorous shaking. I was as helpless as a baby in his hands—robbed me of breath and I fainted in his arms. * * * * * When I returned to consciousness I was lying in bed, and acutely conscious of a painful sensation in the head, which was bandaged with a towel saturated with vinegar and water. My wife and daughters were seated around the bed. "Where am I?" I inquired; whereat all laughed. "Have I been dreaming?" "I don't know!" laughingly replied my youngest daughter. "The burglar—" "Was a rat that had been nipped by the tail by a clam in a pile in the cellar; the rat aforesaid, dragging him around on his customary natural depredatory excursion, made the pat-a-pat noise like a smothered footstep that so alarmed us."

"Here he is," said Bridget, whom I had not observed before, and she showed me in a basket a large rat whose tail was clutched by the mouth of a clam, which, doubtless, had it open for a breath of fresh air when it (the tail) passed athwart its obscured vision, and which evidently regarded the movements too tempting to readily loosen its hold—for it even now held on like grim death. [This is a fact; no invention.] "But the man I fought with?" "Was a private watchman from the next block whom Bridget summoned from her window, and who grappled with you in the dark under the impression you were a burglar. The one with the dark lantern was his comrade." "Ah!" and the truth flashed across my mind.—Saturday Night.

[From the Washington Republican.]
THE CHISOLM MASSACRE.

BLOOD STAINS THAT WILL NOT BE WIPED OUT.

THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF THE KEMPER COUNTY MURDERS—MISSISSIPPI JUSTICE A CRUEL MOCKERY—THE DESERTED HOME OF THE CHISOLMS—MRS. GILMER'S DESTITUTION—INNOCENT CHILDREN CURSED AND INSULTED—"MURDERED BLOOD WILL NOT BE SCOURED UP."

CHARLOTTE, MICH., March 12, 1878.

DEAR SIR:—In the interest of suffering humanity I send you the letter appended hereto. It speaks such a volume of itself that I forbear comment. But I wish to say a few words respecting Mrs. Gilmer, one of the sufferers in the most terrible tragedy, whose husband was brutally murdered on that Sabbath day in the streets of De Kalb. It is true she did not lose so much as Mrs. Chisolm, neither had she so much to lose. Her husband and a little babe were her all. No home, no friends! They were both young and had been married less than two years, Mr. Gilmer supported an aged mother, step father, and step-brother, which absorbed nearly all his earnings. Mrs. Gilmer's relatives are all Democrats, and a gentleman who is acquainted with the family says "every one of them rejoices that her husband was shot and killed like a dog." She says: "They kept me from marrying him for four years, simply because he was a Republican, and for no other reason under the sun. I finally married him in opposition to them all." Deserted by her kindred, her means of support cut off, she lives alone with her babe in that land of murderers. Insults without number are continually heaped upon her, and her little boy is never carried out on the street but that some ruffian addresses him as "that d—n little Radical." With what little means she had, and by a recent sale of some of her furniture, she has managed to live until now. How she is to obtain a living in the future God only knows. She and a few friends have done all they can to obtain employment for her, but thus far without success. She has a fair education, is a good penman, and is able and anxious to work. O that some kind, benevolent heart, who has the ability, could be moved with pity for that lonely, broken-hearted woman, and remove her from that cursed land and place her where she can earn a support for herself and child!

Yours, &c.,
 L. O. SMITH.

[The letter referred to was written, as the reader will see, before the March term of the Kemper county court, which Mrs. Chisolm attended as a witness; but even at this late day it is of interest, showing as it does the fulfillment of her prophecies regarding the administration of justice and the utter hopelessness of her case.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 20, 1878.

I had a letter yesterday from a lady friend in De Kalb, asking if I did not wish I could take wings and return to my beautiful home. "I have not been near it," she says, "since you left, but am told it is beautiful, and the air is fragrant with the sweet odors of hyacinths and violets." I have been told you cannot recall an odor. Ah! I smell the roses, the lilies, the violets, honeysuckles, all, all; and I see bright forms fitting through the beautiful garden, which to me holds so many bright recollections. It is strange I should be unable to say, God forgive the demons incarnate who first violated that Eden and then drove me from it? I almost dare to cause them.

Do you remember the pretty story in Mythology at school of how the goddess

picked her finger with the rose's thorn, and the blood, getting on the white petals, made the white rose-red? Far deeper than the reddest rose from the blood of the gentlest goddess is the crimson sorrow which overwhelms the beautiful and dear remembrances of my once fond, joyous home! Do I want to see it? Not now! It is to be gently placed in its coffin, and buried lovingly away with him who provided its comforts and adornments, and with the other dear ones who were its brightest ornaments. No, let the flowers grow above all their graves—home, husband, daughter, and son. They will all be resurrected in heaven, and that heaven will be the home for us all.

I went to Jackson, Miss., in answer to a summons of the Federal court. The Ku-Klux were all cleared. What a good thing to have one's crimes wiped out so easily, and to so readily be able to begin anew! What need of priestly pardon or of masses hereafter, with all the cowardly Ku-Klux lawyers of Mississippi, and with the witnesses from the mob to perjure their diminutive souls, and with the Judge and district-attorney to clear (?) them, "though the heavens fall!"

In March, the Circuit Court of Kemper County will take up a great blotter and wipe out Mr. Gilmer's, Mr. McLellan's, my three darlings—my husband, son, and daughter's—blood! Wipe out little John Gilmer's orphanage, his poor mother's lonely sorrow! Wipe out Clay and Willie's bitter agony! Wipe out my broken-heart throbs, my loneliness, my want and woe! Wipe out where I found the servants time and again scrubbing here and there! One said, "Don't you know, murdered blood will not be scourd up?" Neither will crime be wiped out by false juries, false witnesses, false attorneys, or false Judges.

I have wandered away from the facts which I set out to relate, but must now close. Yours, etc., E. S. M. CHISOLM.

NORTH CAROLINA POLITICS.

THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION TO BE HELD JUNE 10—FIGHTING FOR THE SUPREME COURT VACANCY—KU-KLUX LEADERS AND PARTY CANDIDATES—THE UNITED STATES SENATORSHIP.

[Special Dispatch to the New York Times.]

RALEIGH, April 2.—The Democrats have called their State Convention to meet on the 13th of June next, in this city. The Republican State Committee has been called to meet in this city on the 25th of this month. A bitter fight is going on among the Democrats for the nomination of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Hon. W. N. H. Smith, who was appointed by Gov. Vance, in January last, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Chief Justice Pearson, is distasteful to the ultra wing of the party because he holds that the jurisdiction to try revenue officers when indicted in the State Courts is by removal to the Federal Court, and then by trial or other proceedings in that court. He is also obnoxious to a large number of Democrats on account of the decision of two cases by the Supreme Court at the recent term, one involving the power to imprison a man guilty of assault and battery on his wife, in the County Jail for five years, and the other a question of divorce. These questions have been discussed and commented upon until it appears that a majority of the counties are opposed to the nomination of Judge Smith. The opposition has centered upon David Schenck, of Lincoln county, who is a Superior Court Judge. This gentleman holds that the jurisdiction to try revenue officers for offenses committed by them in their capacity as officers of the United States is in the State Courts. The feeling against revenue officers has been played upon until the people are at white heat in opposition to Judge Smith.

It is rumored upon the streets this morning that a desperate fight is going on between Mr. Randolph Shotwell, who was convicted in 1871 and sentenced to the Albany Penitentiary for Kukluxing James M. Justice, of Rutherford county, and the friends of Judge Schenck. Shotwell is opposed to Schenck because, he says, Schenck betrayed the Kuklux and denounced them in his testimony before the Committee on Southern Outrages at Washington. Shotwell was high up in the order, and the charge is made that he is now writing letters and using every means in his power to organize the ex-Kuklux in opposition to Judge Schenck. On the other hand, the friends of Judge Schenck, charge Shotwell with downright lying and perjury. They say that Shotwell published a statement after he was pardoned, in which he denied that he was present or had anything to do with the raid upon Justice. Upon this showing he has been regarded as a martyr to political persecution, and was taken up by the Democrats of Mecklenburg county and elected to the last Legislature. He is now the editor of the *Farmer and Mechanic*, an agricultural paper published in this city, which is the organ of the State Department of Agriculture. It is reported that affidavits have been procured from parties who were in the Justice raid,