

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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MISS BETSY'S LEGACY.

BY HELEN ROCKWOOD.

Simeon Laphinstank was a dreadful miser. He loved nothing but money. He had no wife, no friends, no relatives, that any one knew.

He lived in a little stone house, which he had built himself, bringing the stones, one at a time, from a quarry near. It had but one room, and was unplastered. It was more like a den than a house.

It was not generally known, but old Laphinstank had once been engaged to be married—and to a very sweet and pretty girl. He was young, then, and handsome, though you would not think he could ever have been that, to see him now.

The marriage was broken off very abruptly and mysteriously. But Simeon had already acquired a reputation for being miserly, and it was whispered that he had taken alarm at hearing that his promised wife was sickly, and had himself terminated the engagement for fear of future doctor bills.

Neither he nor the lady ever married, and, so far as any one knew, never met again. But she was a seamstress, and, by economy and industry, had accumulated quite a little property at her death, which she left to Simeon Laphinstank, on condition that he took care of her cat.

She stipulated in the will how much meat, and how much milk, the cat should have every day.

The miser was delighted; and though he grumbled at wasting so much good food on a cat, he did not dare object, for fear of losing the money.

The cat in question was an extremely large and well grown specimen, and named Tommy Dontgo. He was as black as one of Satan's own imps, and possessed large greenish eyes, of a wonderful brilliancy even for a cat.

As if he had been a party to Miss Betsy's will, he went with old Simeon without any difficulty, and passers by the miser's den were therefor regaled with the sight of an enormous black cat, sunning himself on the roof, or stretched lazily before the door.

There were not wanting superstitious ones who believed that the cat was a familiar spirit, and that he was the cause of the miser's wealth.

Tommy landed on old Simeon's back; the dog stuck in the window, being too big to get through.

The dog barked and growled; the cat hissed, and spit, and clawed, and the miser was but thinly clothed.

Tommy never let go till the big dog's master had come to his rescue, and the pair of them had vacated the premises.

Smarting and bleeding from many wounds, old Simeon made one more desperate attempt to get rid of Tommy.

He hired a man who was a good marksman to come and shoot him.

This time there was no mistake. The miser blazed, Tommy fell flat. But even death his green eyes glared at his false

and Tommy was a big cat. Simeon was more than half starved all the time, and was growing old besides, while Tommy was well-fed, and in the prime of his youth and strength. If it came to a struggle, Tommy might get the best of it.

One night the miser had a dream. He woke up with the word "poison" on his lips.

The problem was solved—Tommy should die by poison!

In the middle of Tommy's next ration of meat the poison was concealed skillfully, and Tommy ate without suspicion. He had evidently no prejudice against that kind of seasoning.

The miser watched him, trembling with exultation.

But Tommy did not die. On the contrary, he seemed rather to thrive on his new diet.

Old Simeon resolved to try strychnine. It had been arsenic before.

Again Tommy ate, but again Tommy did not die. He was poison-proof. Something else had to be done.

Old Simeon resolved to hire some one to kill Tommy for him. He engaged a young quarryman, who owed him a trifle, to do the deed.

But, as it happened, the young man had just married, and his wife, having one time sewed for Miss Betsy, knew her cat, and declared he should not be killed for twenty misers.

"He ought to be ashamed for wanting it done, after her leaving him the money!" she declared.

"It's only a cat, and he'll get some one else to do it if I don't," argued the husband.

"Let him, then. You shan't do it. I'll tell you, John—we will keep Tommy ourselves. Old Laphinstank will never know the difference."

And he did not, for a time. He thought he was well rid of the black cat, till one night, as he was counting his gold, he heard the most unearthly howling and screeching on the roof overhead, and a few moments after, Tommy Dontgo leaped down the chimney upon the fireless hearth, where he stood hissing and spitting, and arching his stall back, and glaring with his green eyes at the miser, for all the world as if he knew how he hated him.

In spite of his belief that dead cats never walked, old Simeon was so frightened that his hair stood up, and his teeth chattered.

However, he found out the truth the next day, and took his measures accordingly.

This time, he got a man to come with a big dog.

He had taken the precaution to block the top of the chimney with stones, and to lock himself in his den.

But the big dog had barely made his appearance, when—crash, whiz! like a bullet, came Tommy through the one window of the miser's hut, the dog after him.

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friend's door, so that no one should enter, and bother him about a doctor. "I'd rather die than pay a doctor," he said.

And though he grew worse and still worse, he would not open the door, though many came and called and knocked.

Finally, he grew too weak to leave his bed or help himself; and, as he lay there,

half out of his mind, he began to dream of that pretty, sweet-eyed girl whom he had loved once as much as he could love, and how badly he had used her; how she had retaliated by leaving him all her little hard-earned savings when she died, only asking him to take care of the one creature that had been more faithful to her than he. And he had murdered him.

Then he fell to counting the gains he had made by killing Tommy.

Two cents for meat and one cent for milk, every day since Tommy's death—two hundred and twenty-four was six hundred and seventy-two. Six dollars and seventy-two cents saved by killing Tommy!

The miser chuckled as he lay there dying. If he could only get out of his bed, and go to where his gold was hidden under the floor, and see if he had really saved six dollars and seventy-two cents by killing Tommy!

Suddenly, as he lay with his eyes fastened on the spot, there was a horrible screech and howl form somewhere, and the next moment he saw the big black cat seated on the floor above his treasure, and glaring at him with great, green, fierce eyes, the like of which were certainly never in any cat's head but Tommy's.

But Tommy was dead. He had seen him die. He had dug his grave himself, and himself put Tommy in it. He had piled so much earth above him that even if he was not dead he could never have got out.

This, then, must be Tommy's ghost! He had murdered Tommy, or caused it to be done, and Tommy's ghost had come back to haunt him.

It was too much.

Some passers, peering in at the window, later in the day, saw him lying stiff and dead, his eyes still with terror, and broke open the door.

As she entered, an enormous black cat leaped out, and vanished like a flash of lightning.

To this day the people there declare that the ghost of Tommy Dontgo still walks—Saturday Night.

FUN AT MADISON COURT.

The Spring Term of the Court commenced Monday, Judge Cloud upon the bench. The crowd in attendance during the early part of the week was unusually large.

The charge of His Honor to the grand jury was unique in delivery, humorous in reiteration, replete with good sound practical common sense, and bristled all over with sharp points of law; divested of all superficial technicalities that only bewilder the common mind and leave the juror in doubt as to the manner or authority he has for discharging a very plain but imperative duty.

Judge Cloud is a man of rude of speech, sterling honesty, and most unquestionable integrity—of ductile disposition, he can be influenced by sound and able argument from a position taken at first blush and apparently tenable, but neither favor nor reward can seduce him into error, or cause him to swerve from the line of judicial duty. Phlegmatic by nature, and impulsive only in speech, he poses the scales of justice with an unfevered hand, and guides with unerring certainty the compass of men's errors and their commensurate punishment. These truths are corroborated by the records of the Supreme Court, before which tribunal he has had fewer decisions reversed than any other Judge on the Superior Court Bench.

His idiosyncrasies lead strangers into error in forming an estimate of his judicial and social character, and these misconceived notions as to his legal ability and moral worth have been the cause of merciless criticism by the press of the State of the officer and the man.

Many are the anecdotes told of the peculiarities of this peculiar Judge. He has an antipathy for all whistlers; indeed, any shrill or discordant sounds strike his sensitive tympany with the force of an electric shock. He would stop the winds from whistling were it in his power to grapple the reins of the storm king, or hurl back to their source the sweet lullaby of the sighing pines. Rude boys surround the hotel where he stops and pipe "Old Dan Tucker," "Gwine to Run All Night," and other ancient melodies, much to the discomfort of His Honor and the disrepute of the juvenile serenaders.

At Marshall Court he was much annoyed by the "whoa-up! whoa-up!" of the hog

drovers, passing up the road. "Sheriff," cried the Judge, "stop that noise."

The Sheriff was absent, and the quiet, dignified clerk arose, and said, "May it please your Honor, it is impossible to stop that noise; it's the hog-drovers."

"Sit right down thar," exclaimed the Judge. "What do you know about hog drivers—hog-drovers? You couldn't drive a steer in a lane with a hoop-pole."

While holding Court in one of the lower counties, he discovered thirteen men in the jury-box. "Mr. Sheriff," said he, "how many is thar in that jury-box?"

"Only twelve, your Honor!"

"That's a lie. I've counted that jury twice, and thar is thirteen men in that box. Call the names of the jury."

The Clerk proceeded to call the names of the jurors, the Sheriff keeping tally. Twelve men only responded.

"Thar, now; that other man thar didn't answer. What's he doing in that box?"

"May it please your Honor, that's the Deputy Sheriff."

"Deputy Hell! Get out of thar!"

While holding Court at Bakersville, the Judge became restive under the incessant gabble of a flock of geese that were feeding on the grass plat behind the Court House. "Sheriff, driver them geese off from here."

"May it please your Honor, everybody in town owns geese, and if I drive them off I can't keep them off."

"Then kill them, exclaimed the angry Judge, and charge them to the Court."

The Judge was stopping with the Sheriff, and at the end of the Term the officer handed him his bill; one item of which was as follows: "Twelve geese, 50 cents a price, \$6."

"Look here McKinny," said the Judge, "I havn't tasted a piece of goose since I've been on the circuit."

"True, your Honor, but you ordered me to kill the geese about the Court House and charge them to the Court."

"Look here, Sheriff," said the Judge, at the same time expectorating his tobacco juice with unusual rapidity, "You certainly wasn't darn fool enough to kill them geese? Look thar, now; 12 geese at 50 cents a piece, \$6. I'll pay it, Sheriff; I'll pay it; but you ought to be removed from office for being a damn fool—damn fool!"—Asheville Pioneer.

DOWN "INDEPENDENTISM."

Since the inauguration of the present administration and the adoption of the Southern policy of President Hayes, up until now, the tone of almost the entire Democratic press of this State has been at least tolerating and in a few instances conciliatory. The people have been spared, to a degree, the bitter invectives of its partisan spite and the result has been a better state of feeling reigns among all men of all classes than has existed in the south for fifteen years. We would have no fear of successful contradiction were we to assert that in this State the partition walls that have ever divided parties are lower to-day than they have been within a quarter of a century. The people are busy fighting against the hard times. They are trying to make their bread. Their primary object now being to raise their crops of tobacco and cotton and educate their children. This is as it should be. No man of sense can close his eyes to the importance of maintaining this happy mood of our people. Parties are of a secondary consideration. Necessary and important in the control of governments but unless free and independent, holding and controlling their constituent members by the cohesive force of principle and the innate power of the interests they represent, become arbitrary and worse than useless. The curse of the present political age is that our people vote for men rather than measures. It is the tricksters and wire pullers who pack conventions and control political meetings. Executive Committees, National, State, county and district, each in the several sections composed of the same individuals, call the meetings and in nine times out of ten constitute the membership and in all instances controlling them, make the nominations. Thus, not infrequently happening that a little town clique or court house ring make the nominations for an entire county. If an honest farmer objects to the operation of the "clique," the committee, and his friends urge upon him to declare himself a candidate, then the furies of calumny, vituper-

ation and abuse, are to be heaped upon him and he is to be crushed.

We ask the free men of the State, if they expect to yield to dictation from the partisans, come from what quarter they may.—Winston Republican.

P. S. NEY, THE REPUTED MARSHAL.

(From the Southern Home.)

Peter Stuart Ney, the remarkable man who was widely known in Western North Carolina, as a classical teacher, sometimes, it is said, claimed to be the world renowned Marshal Ney, who so often led the French troops to victory. When asked to account for the execution of Marshal Ney, which took place in Paris on the 7th of December, 1815, he is reported to have said that the French soldiers loved him so dearly, that they determined to spare his life, and deceive the government, by firing at him with blank cartridges. He was, beforehand, apprized of their design, and instructed to fall just as if he had been shot. By the connivance of some of the officers, this was all accomplished, and he was conveyed to the nearest seaport, and thus escaped to America.

Some things about P. S. Ney were certainly very remarkable. Why a man whose great learning and accomplishments would have entitled him to a seat in a university chair, should have taught common schools in the most retired neighborhood, is what people could not understand. On one occasion, he wrote an acrostic on my sister's name, and in a note accompanying it, said: "I take great pleasure in throwing the name of 'Isabella' into verse, as it was my mother's name. My mother was a Scotch woman, and her name was Isabella Stuart." Now, we know that Marshal Ney's name was Michel, while our old friend wrote himself Peter Stuart Ney—the Stuart for his mother's family. Had Marshal Ney been wishing to conceal himself, he would have been more likely to have dropped his surname than his christian name. As the teacher retained the name of Ney, why not retain the Michel? Marshal Michel Ney was born in 1769, and Peter Stuart Ney was teaching in Lincoln county in 1843 or '44. Had they been the same person, P. S. Ney's age would have been at that time eighty-four, and I do not think he was near so old as that. Michel Ney, the Marshal, left four children, all sons, and their names were Joseph Napoleon, Michel, Eugene and Edgar. Some persons have suggested that Peter Stuart Ney was a son of Marshal Ney, but he had no son of that name. His eldest son, Joseph Napoleon, prince of the Moskva, was born in Paris in 1803 and died at St. Germain in 1857. I am sorry to destroy so interesting a romance, but I do not think it probable that our old teacher was the real Marshal Ney. I admit that he was a very remarkable man, and in addition to his wonderful learning, there was always a mystery about him; a reticence in speaking of his own affairs (except when intoxicated, as he was, at times), which excited curiosity and comment.

H.

ANOTHER HOMICIDE.—On Saturday coroner George L. Kirby was notified that a colored boy named Lorenzo Reed, residing with his father, Zion Reed, in the Nahunta section, had died from a blow dealt him by his cousin, Jesse Reed. Our excellent coroner repaired promptly to the scene of the killing, accompanied by Dr. W. H. Moore, for the purpose of holding an inquest.

It appears from the facts elicited before the coroner's jury that on Thursday, the 28th of March, the boys attended a log rolling at John Reeds, Jesse's father, and got into a quarrel about a log-stick, when Jesse held the stick at Lorenzo, striking him in the right side with such force that for a time he suffered most excruciating pains. Later though, he seems to have been well enough to walk and for a week was able to be about, even going to the mill. On Friday last he complained of more severe pain and that night he died. Dr. Moore's post mortem examination established the fact that the blow had produced internal inflammation which was the cause of death.

The jury, with the exception of two, were all colored men and rendered the verdict that "Lorenzo Reed came to his death from the effects of a blow or injury inflicted by Jesse Reed."—Goldboro Messenger.

THE DEATH PENALTY.

THE EASIEST WAY TO GET RID OF MEN SENTENCED TO DEATH.

After hearing the report of Dr. William A. Hammond in regard to legislative action towards the investigation of the State Asylums for the Insane—in which the system is spoken of as "the most barbarous in the civilized world"—the Medico-Legal Society last evening listened with interest to a paper by Dr. John H. Packard, of Philadelphia, on "The Mode of Infliction of the Death Penalty." Dr. Packard reasoned that, just as the physical terror of punishment is increased, just so much is the moral effect of the punishment weakened, as is proved by the simultaneous records in the daily press of executions and murders. He gave, among other reasons for opposing the present mode of capital punishment, that its horrors excited the humane sentiment of the community to an inordinate degree, thereby largely increasing the chances of acquittal even for the worst criminals. In Pennsylvania, he said, if the Governor goes out of office without signing the death warrant of a criminal, his successors, following the long established custom, neglect to give official sanction to the warrant, and in one notable case a man sentenced to death twenty-six years ago is still unhung.

Dr. Packard suggested that in place of the rope a more humane and decent means of lifetaking be employed. His choice was the administration of carbonic oxide in a close room in which the criminal should be placed under the direction of a jury. At the end of ten minutes fresh air should be admitted into the room, and the same jury should view the body and give the necessary certificate as to death. He advocated this plan as one presenting the advantages of economy, humanity and decency.

Mr. Riddle, one of the many speakers who followed Dr. Packard, believed that if the gallows were dispensed with we should substitute something more mysterious and horrible. "Do away with the rope as a means of punishment," he said, "but give us in place of it a terrible punishment by dead of night, in secrecy and mystery, and let the body of the felon be put so far away that even the devil cannot find it."—New York Sun.

WILL NOT DISBAND.—The great Republican party will not disband. There has been some differences, but these are all overshadowed by the great interests of the country which are bound up with the continual supremacy of the organization that saved the Republic. Men may condemn or they may forbear when questions are in the form of discussion. But when they enter the arena of battle with the enemy, then the paramount, commanding duty is to stand by the party upon which alone we can rely to stand by the welfare of the country. This was what was done in New Hampshire. The Republicans made her granite hills reverberate with victory. They gave the country to understand that their Republicanism was unflinching and unswerving. The vitality of the Republican party is enduring. It will continue to be a power in the nation.—North Carolinian.

STANLY COURT—2ND WEEK.—Stanly Court closed Tuesday, and Judge Moore, accompanied by Solicitor Pemberton and Mr. Rodwine, passed through town Wednesday, en route for Monroe, where the Union Court convenes next week. The two murder cases spoken of in our last issue were tried the latter part of last week. In the case against Asbury Chavis, James Chavis and Allen Jacobs for the murder of Jerry Everitt (all colored) the jury returned a verdict of guilty of murder against Asbury Chavis, who was sentenced by the Judge, to be hanged on the 29th of this month. Chavis' counsel took an appeal of the case to the Supreme Court. This case was removed from Richmond, to Stanly county for trial.

In the next murder case—State vs. J. M. Carter for the killing of John Bird, in December last, the jury returned a verdict against Carter, guilty of manslaughter. Carter was sentenced to the penitentiary for five years. We get these particulars from parties just returned from Albemarle.—Concord Sun.

JUDGE LOGAN.—Mr. W. H. Deaver, who has just returned from Rutherfordton, informs us that ex-Judge Logan is so seriously ill that his friends have lost all hope of his recovery.—Asheville Pioneer.