

# CAROLINA MOUNTAINEER.

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### A VIRGINIAN ON DUELING.

Richmond, Va., March 5.—Under date of March 2, Mr. John S. Wise published in the Whig of this city this morning a card to the public, in which he says:

"About twelve months ago, as is well known to many persons, I resolved never again to recognize the practice of dueling. A few weeks ago my political disabilities, incurred under the dueling act, were for the second time removed by the Legislature. The above conclusion was stated, under oath, on Monday last. My reasons for so deciding were satisfactory to myself. Those of a private nature are of no concern to the public. The public consideration most potent in my decision was that I am satisfied public opinion will not sustain a duelist in any civilized community at the present day.

"Henceforth, therefore, I wish it publicly understood that I will not fight a duel or be party to one.

"I make this declaration public because some persons may expect me to resent several assaults of late appearing in newspapers especially in the paper called the Campaign. If I had intended to recognize the editor of that paper I would have done so long ago for the articles last appearing are no worse than many others that have been published. W. Page McCarty can have no difficulty with me. If the Commonwealth's attorney of the town where that paper is published had done his duty, McCarty would have been in jail long ago as the utterer of criminal libel. A poor man here in Richmond was sent to jail some months ago for an offence much less than his.

"Since McCarty killed Mr. John B. Mordecai he has been going about smelling the blood on his hands and pausing for more, apparently.

"Without stake of any sort, he has maliciously sought to provoke difficulties, first with Gen. Mahone, then with Senator Riddleberger, and next with myself. Some months before he said aught against me I was informed that he had declared his purpose, in a public place, to seek difficulty with me next. Gen. Mahone and Riddleberger failed to notice him, and I propose to do like wise. What satisfaction can I secure from McCarty? I do not wish his blood, and would be as miserable as he is now if I shed it. If I were to sue him for slander and give the money to some charitable institution, I could not make any thing out of him on execution.

"Unmarried, penniless, without any fixed employment, dissipated with nothing to lose, he seems possessed of a devil, and would no doubt esteem it a mercy for some gentlemen to kill him and ease a tortured brain and conscience. He may play Sir Lucius O'Trigger to his heart's content, boasting of his ancestor, (every one of whom has killed his man), his family portraits, and honours, but he must find some body else than me to kill him.

"With a sweet home filled with merry children, with enough to live comfortably, with a paying profession, I am happy and want to live. In God's name, what would a man like Page McCarty put in stake against this when we stood at ten paces with pistols? His abuse of me has no more effect than a dog's barking at the moon. His invitation comes too late. Time has been when I might have been fool enough to indulge in such folly but with age, and a broad view of life and its responsibilities and duties, I have bidden farewell forever to the McCarty type of manhood.

"What people may think of my courage, by reason of this letter, I cannot say. If they do not think me courageous, dueling would never convince them. I know what my friends will say. I sometimes think I would rather risk the charge of cowardice than that of murder. I have tried not to be too severe upon poor McCarty, whose wasted talents and miserable life I truly pity!

"Mr. Wise alludes in this letter to an editorial published in Capt. Page McCarty's paper, the Campaign, last Friday, which contained the following language: "How characteristic of the individual is Mr. John S. Wise's strong speech on the witness-

stand. A man occupying a seat in Congress, stolen with manufactured votes, himself the very exemplar of Virginia prejudice, braggart and bully, the hero of thirteen bloodless duels, kicked out of the democratic party, and selling his little stock of brains to Mahone, frozen out of recognition by honest men, and relegated to the association of the negroes whom he derided, and who are his superiors in all that makes even a pretense to manhood. John S. Wise, forsooth, talking about vilification, when he and his gang never had any other capital but vilification, prejudice and falsehood."

"Capt. McCarty was one of the seconds of Mr. Richard P. Beirne in his duel with W. C. Elam, of the Whig, last summer. Capt. Wise slapped Mr. John E. Massey's face here last spring during the taking of depositions in the contested election of Massey vs. Wise. Massey is a man 65 years old!

BOB ACRES AND SIR LUCIUS.

Mr. McCarty Promptly Replies to Mr. Wise's Paper Bulletin.

Richmond, Va., March 6.—Mr. Page McCarty this afternoon publishes the following letter in reply to that of Congressman John S. Wise, which was given in these despatches yesterday: "There is a card in Whig of yesterday morning from Mr. John Wise, the object of which seems to be an explanation of why he did not challenge me in answer to an article charging him with being a suborned witness against his State, and the alleged reason is that he has given up dueling. If he had rested his case with that statement there might have been a claim to dignity in his plea, but when he calls me Sir Lucius O'Trigger, I must say that the comparison could have no other foundation than his own likeness to Bob Acres, whose reform as a duelist only occurred in the face of an adversary whom his excited fancy exaggerated, just as Mr. Wise does me. Mr. Wise has mistaken ridicule for what he is pleased to term abuse, for I certainly treated his exploits as a stump speaker on the witness stand only in the light of the facts, referring rather to his intention than to any harm that his hearsay testimony could do. Innocuous by its overzeal against his State, and satirized by his doubtful position in a contested seat in Congress, perhaps he will further signalize his reform by treating the country to the participation of his contest with Mr. Massey, in which, during the taking of the evidence, this suddenly-reformed hero of thirteen duels on paper slapped the face of a gray haired preacher. This would be a good piece of testimony—after he changed the record—to put upon the bloody shirt issue, and artistically ground out by the committee, might set the precedent for introducing the blood curdling picture he has drawn of me. As to his paying profession, this is the first that has been heard of it, and when he makes money the standard of respectability people will naturally inquire if it comes by work. They who know us both say, judge of the comparative civilization of the two men, and any others who are interested in Mr. Wise's literary compositions are welcome to his autobiography and his interesting portrait of himself, which may do for a family picture to hang to the kitchen where he receives colored statesmen. Mr. Wise states that I would be glad to get an opportunity, for some gentleman to kill me. When I reach that point I should certainly not apply to Mr. Wise, and for two reasons. First his unsupported testimony, which he himself does not believe, is not sufficient to establish him as a gentleman; second, the hero of thirteen bloodless paper duels is not the person whom one would naturally seek to do the job. Mr. Wise's testimony is good only against himself as an undeniable proof that he is a ridiculous little poltroon and an ass, who, not being able to wear the lion's skin, is fit for just what he is, the trick mule in Sherman's Danville circus."

"Congressman Wise has been in Washington ever since the publication of his letter. Mr. McCarty is here.

"The determination of Congressman Wise to give up dueling for the future is a matter of a surprise and

disappointment to many of the less prominent members of his party. These have looked up to that gentleman, and much of his popularity among his followers, was due to the fact that he was a believer in the code. Mahone's party started out two years ago with the boast that they had as many fighting men among its leaders as their democratic opponents. Mahone, Gov. Cameron, Riddleberger, W. C. Elam, of the Whig, and John S. Wise were pointed out as fighting men. Mr. Elam is the only one of them who has been struck on the field or been in a duel in which blood was spilled. He was twice wounded in affairs of honor growing out of editorials written in defense of Mahone's party. Except Mr. Elam all of those named have intimated an intention of declining to resort to the code in future.

AN ADROIT ESCAPE.

How Lucky Joe Wilson Simulated Death and Escaped From Jail.

Special Dispatch to the Philadelphia Times.

LENOIR, N. C., March 6.—One of the most adroit escapes known in criminal history was effected today by Lucky Joe Wilson, a famous thief of a gang of desperadoes infesting this State. Wilson was, after many fights, caught and after a trial sentenced to ten years in the Penitentiary. On Tuesday his counsel obtained an appeal to the Supreme Court. Early this morning the warden of the jail entered his cell and found Lucky Joe lying on his mattress, which was sufficed with blood, as was the prisoner's shirt and mouth. His eyes were wide open and staring, his jaws fallen and his limbs cold. Help was summoned and the body was carried from the cell into an outhouse and laid out for burial in a plain coffin. The mother and sister of the deceased wailed his untimely end. At dusk this evening, when every one had left the apartment save his sister, she was horrified to see the corpse rise from the coffin, put his hands ominously to his lips and bolt from the room into the night. She screamed and fainted. The ruse was not discovered until an hour later and lucky Joe had succeeded in eluding all pursuit. A visit to his cell showed how artful his escape had been planned. Wilson had killed a chicken and covered himself with the blood and ripping open the mattress concealed the chicken in it. He had scraped in a bit of snow and ice from the cell window and kept his hands and feet well frozen in it up to the time when he heard footsteps in the corridor, when he had thrown it in a bucket. Therefore, when the jailer entered he found the man's feet and hands so cold as to leave no doubt of the prisoner's death.

THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

An Estimate of William H. Vanderbilt's Fortune—Worth \$200,000,000 and Over \$1,000,000 Added to His Wealth Every Hour.

At the beginning of every year Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt makes it an invariable custom to take a careful inventory of his immense property. His strong boxes are then opened, their contents counted, and from the total the profit for the year is received. In January, 1883, he told an intimate friend, who had dined with him that day, that he was worth \$194,000,000.

"I believe I am," said Mr. Vanderbilt, "the richest man in the world. In England the Duke of Westminster is said to be worth \$200,000,000, but it is mostly in lands and houses. It does not yield him 2 per cent. A year from now I shall be worth more than \$200,000,000 and will have an income equal to 6 per cent. on that amount."

When his talking fit had left him the modern Midas repented his hasty speech and asked that it be not repeated, claiming his words were boastful and his wealth exaggerated.

A few days ago Mr. Vanderbilt sent some papers to a gentleman with whom he had business relations. On looking them over the recipient was astonished to find the rough draft of a memorandum in the czar's peculiar handwriting. It was dated Jan. 15, 1884, and was evidently his last balance sheet, which by oversight had been folded inside another paper. Of course the secret could not be kept and the figures reached the press. An error or two may

have crept in on their travels, but in substance they tell the following:

Mr. Vanderbilt has registered in his name and in coupon bonds \$51,000,000 in 4 per cent, maturing in 1907. He has lately added to these \$4,000,000 in 3 1/2 per cent, and get retains a trifle over \$1,000,000 in 6 per cent. The 4 per cent are worth 121, and the market value of his governments today is \$70,500,000.

Reckoning at yesterday's prices the value of Mr. Vanderbilt's railroad stocks is \$98,750,000, of his government \$70,500,000, of his railroad bonds \$26,857,420, of his other securities a trifle over \$5,000,000. The aggregate is \$201,332,419.

The czar puts down an item of "real estate," &c. \$3,900,000. In this is included his splendid Fifth avenue mansion, which with its furniture and contents cost nearly or quite \$3,000,000. His magnificent art gallery, with its gems from the best modern masters, represents almost \$1,000,000, the estimate being that of a bed chamber which is familiar with the gallery. His stables on Fifty first street occupying one of the most desirable building sites in the city, represent \$200,000, while the equine beauties there luxuriously lodged would not be disposed of for as much more. Mand S. would bring \$75,000 at a forced sale, and her owner would not dispose of her at any price. Early Ross and Aladdin are also included above price.

But the bulk of the king of millionaires is invested in railroad securities. He holds 21,000 shares of Michigan Central stock, \$94,000 shares of Northwestern, amounting 80,000 of the preferred stock, and 5 of On the 200,000 shares of Lake Shore and 120,000 shares of New York Central. Besides these are smaller amounts in a score of other stocks among which the Rock Island of which he had 29,500 shares, and Luckawanna, where the total was 20,000. Of the others he had in all 21,840, a grand total of 934,510 shares of stocks.

Of various railroad bonds there was an aggregate of \$22,120,000, and of State and city bonds \$3,200,000.

In miscellaneous securities, mortgages, factoring stocks and mortgages the sum of about \$2,000,000 was shown to be invested.

The czar can take his comparative ease on an income of twelve millions a year, and watch his wealth pile up without an effort of his. From his Governments he draws \$2,372,900 a year; from his railroad stocks and bonds, \$7,344,324; from his miscellaneous securities, \$575,029, or \$10,342,015 from his investments alone. Thus every day they earn for him \$28,334.25. Every hour sees him \$1,180.59 richer and every minute means \$19 of added to his hoard. Basis for this calculation is made \$2,000,000 every year of fortunate sales. His reinvestments last year he calculates at \$1,000,000.

This rich man lives well but not lavishly. Last year his ordinary expenses he stated recently, were out a trifle over \$200,000. In this is not included such luxuries as his great ball, on which he expended \$40,000. His attire is not as it does not indicate a Czar's by any means. Mrs. Vanderbilt, too, although dressing richly, is by no means extravagant, although her diamonds cost her lord \$150,000.

Since Mr. Vanderbilt made out his balance sheet some unimportant changes have been made in his investments. He has disposed of some of his Lake Shore stocks. Last week a firm of his brokers, Messrs. Barton, Davis & Minor, were large buyers of Rock Island, taking in one day 9,830 shares. Since then it has not been possible to dispose of any quantity of this except at considerable concessions. In his Michigan Central corner he altered his figures on this stock. The changes merely an increase of his holdings of railroad securities at the expense of his loans and surplus income, for the czar does not keep a large bank account. Everything must bear interest, he believes.

The people of Charlotte will raise \$2,500 for 20th May celebration.

Every railroad line in Atlanta has a shorthand writer.