

# The Pinehurst Outlook

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## OLD HOCK'S STORY.

Bill Arp, a Favorite Son of the Sunny South, in Dialect.

### A TALE OF OTHER DAYS.

Of course,—of course it was Tom Moore. How came I to say that Burns wrote that pretty ballad beginning "And I know by the smoke that so gracefully curled?" I knew better and three letters and a postal kindly corrected me while the editor said he knew better, too. What is an editor for if he does not correct a "lapsus pennaee" like that? But I am glad I made the mistake for it has brought me three letters and a postal kindly correcting me, and proves that the people who read the old-time authors are not all dead. The last line of that verse always reminds me of a good old man, a comrade, Captain John Hocken-hull, an Englishman by birth, but a Georgia rebel who used to recite poetry for us around the camp fire in 1862 and 1863. We called him "Old Hock" and everybody loved him for he was a cockney and dropped the h's where he should not and vice versa. There is always a charm in broken English and to murder the king's English is no great offence. "Old Hock knew a good deal of Tom Moore and Burns and Hood and Campbell and it was a treat to hear him say: "The heart that is 'umble might 'ope for it 'ere."

He knew that other sweet ballad of Anne Crawford:

"Kathleen Mavourneen, the gray dawn is breaking,  
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill."

And he always said "The 'orn of the 'unter is 'eard on the 'ill. The "Exile of Erin," which he called "The Hexile of Herin," was another of his favorites. He learned these poems from his sweetheart while he was an apprentice in London—an orphan boy bound for seven years to a hard master, a brewer, and his daily service was to carry the jars of malt from the cellar up a flight of stone steps to the floor above. He never had a kind word from his master, and one day he tripped and fell and broke a jar and was bitterly abused for it, and told that he had forfeited the £20 that he was to get when his term was out. He was then 18 and had yet three years to toil at his hard monotonous work. That night he poured out his heart to the girl he loved and declared he would run away and go to America on the first sail vessel that left the port. That he would make some money here and send it to her if she would promise to come to him, and then they would marry and be so happy—and she promised. Within a week the opportunity came. He told

one of the sailors his sad story and the sailor told the mate, and they took him aboard by night and hid him down in the hold of the vessel until the good ship had weighed anchor and was far out to sea. "Old Hock" told it all to us one cold night at Manassas and how sad and sweet was his last kiss, his last embrace, his last good bye. He choked up sometimes and the tears glistened in his eyes, but it was a pretty story and Dickens could have built upon it and made a tender romance. This was away back in the forties when our state was building the Western and Atlantic railroad and wanted laborers and had sent a man to New York to hire immigrants as they landed at Castle Garden. "Old Hock" did not have to wait a day, but was hired and shipped to Atlanta and from there to Allatoona, where he did his first work. He said he did not feel safe upon the ocean voyage or in New York harbor, for he feared he

had named his fine mare Emma, so that he could call her Hemma, I reckon. But we made him finish the story afterwards and tell how one good friend volunteered to go after the license, and another after the preacher, and his landlady and her daughter baked some cake and got us a hextra supper and they were married that night at her 'ouse, and all he remembers about what the preacher said was: "Whom God 'ath joined together, let no man put hasunder. "Old Hock" was a patriot, a good, honest and true man. His neighbors at his home in Dawson county all loved and honored him, and there was not a man in his regiment (the Eleventh Georgia) more beloved by the men that he fed, for he was chosen their commissary early in the war, and you know it is so natural to love those who feed you well. When rations were short he would travel all night to secure supplies and the boys knew that if "Old Hock" couldn't get

came over me that I could not resist. I knew that "Old Hock's" postoffice in Georgia was named Farmville. I stepped into the hotel and took a pen and quickly added "Ga." to the word. I knew that it was risky and rascally, but I did it, and took it to "Old Hock" and told him to get ready to leave next morning. How quickly he brightened up and how thankful he was to me. He went home on the pass and came back in due time, renewed and recovered. He said the conductor looked 'ard at him and at the pass, but let him go by the hospital and then he felt safe. I knew if I had told him what I had done he couldn't face the music and tell a lie. After the war his people sent him to the legislature and my people sent me there, too, and we rejoiced to get together again every night and rehearse the soul-stirring times that we had in old Virginia.

From time to time I receive good, earnest letters from the young folks—girls and boys—asking what books to read and where to get them. One came today from a young miss who is teaching a country school. She says she cannot go to college, for she is too poor, but manages to save a little money and wants to know what books to buy to improve her mind. Well, if I was too poor to buy some good encyclopedia, I would buy a Shakespeare, Macaulay, Goldsmith, Tom Moore, Burns, Pope, Gray, Cowper, Campbell, Tom Hood, Caldrige, Wordsworth and some of Scott's novels such as "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth" and "Anne of Guernstein." Buy some of Dickens' works, as "Dombey and Son" and "David Copperfield." Then there is "John Halifax," by Mrs. Muloch, and "Ten Thousand a Year," by Warren. Buy "The Vicar of Wakefield" for the sake of the hermit. Of course our own authors should not be neglected, such as some of Irvings' works and Hawthorne and Longfellow and Bryant. Buy Halleck for his "Marco Bozaris" if nothing else. There are two text books by Miss Rutherford, of Athens, Ga., the cultured principal of Lucy Cubb institute, that should be in every respectable household. One is English authors and the other is American authors. Both together make a good library and are always ready for reference. I had rather give up any two other books than those. "The Fisherman's Prayer," by Jean Ingelow, in the first named, is worth twice the cost of the book. Now most of these books can be bought nicely bound at prices from 50 cents to \$1. But there are hundreds of good books by such authors as Mrs. Austin and Charlotte Bronte and Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Sigourney and others. I name only a few to fit the slender purse of our young people. You can now buy the plays of Shakespeare separately for a small cost, and so I would get "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Romeo and Juliet" and "Merchant of Venice." When you are able by all means get a Cyclopaedia of biography, so that you can turn to the interesting sketches of any great man or woman, such as Gallileo, Mozart, Handel, Raphael, Beethoven, Audubon, Linnaeus and hundreds of others. But don't crowd your youthful mind with modern novels. They are made to sell—that's all.—Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.



GOLF CLUB HOUSE.

might in some way be caught as a fugitive and taken back, but when he got to Allatoona and saw the woods all around him and the high hills and deep ravines and mingled with good kind-hearted men and women, he felt safe and free. "I never knew w'at freedom was before, and you Hamericans 'av no hidea w'at a blessing it is. The good woman w'ere I boarded and her daughter were so kind and gentle to me that I would 'av 'ugged them if I dared, but I thought all of the time of the girl I had left behind me and it nerved me to good, 'onest work and the contractor soon raised my wages, and in six months I 'ad a 'undred dollars in bank and got a good man to send it to another good man in New York, and he found the same captain I came hover with and he took it to my sweetheart, and she came back with him, and while I was every day looking for a letter she took me by surprise one morning and brought the letter with her, and we just fell into heach hother's harms like—like—like—major hexcuse me now, I must go and look hafter my 'oss." He

what they wanted nobody could. But in course of time the old man got sick and wanted to go home. Other officers had got furloughs, but he had never asked for one. He went to bed and sent for me, and told me he was sick and if he didn't get a furlough he believed he would get sicker and perhaps die away from 'ome. I suspected that he was homesick, but he looked sick and I sent up his application. The army had been for some days sweltering in the hot summer's sun not far from Richmond. The application was referred to headquarters at Richmond, and I took it in to the proper official, who glanced at it and said: "Important movements are daily expected, and all furloughs to go home are strictly prohibited. The best I can do is to send the captain to Farmville for thirty days." There was an army hospital at Farmville, which was only 30 miles south of Richmond, where sick officers were sent to rest and be treated for their ailments. And so he endorsed upon it Farmville, and in the next blank said thirty days. Suddenly a thought