

AN OLD FAVORITE

THE BRIDGE

By Longfellow

THE bridge which is the subject of the poem was the old one known as West Bridge. In Longfellow's youth the bridge was probably more generally a resort for moonlight ruminators, comparatively speaking, than it has been of late years, for then the only means of transportation to and from Elmont was a coach, and as the fare was 25 cents, comparatively few people rode.

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight,
As the cocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city
Behind the dark church tower.

I saw in her bright reflection
In the water under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea,

And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the
ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away.

As, sweeping and eddying through
them,
Rose the belated tide,
And, streaming into the moonlight,
The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, oh, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, oh, how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
It burst in the sea,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It's buried in the sea,
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow o'er me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-incumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless
And the old subdued and slow!

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes.

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear
As the symbol of love in heaven
And its wavering image here.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Atlanta Constitution.
Little things fret us more than big ones. If I write that Neptune is sixteen hundred millions of miles from the sun and it comes out in print sixteen millions it worries me. If I write that the doctor sewed up his lips and it comes out his lips, I don't like it. The type didn't know that a rabbit had a slit under its nose. If I write that I walked out into the garden to let my choler down, meaning my anger, the typo thinks I meant my shirt collar, and so changes the spelling to suit his own idea. But since I read an editor's defense in a New York paper I feel better, for he says it is amazing how few of these mistakes are made in the great dailies that have to be rushed through with lightning speed. The constant pressure on type setters and proof readers is tremendous, but they rarely make any serious blunders, and the intelligent reader can generally correct them in his mind. And so I will not worry any more about it. There are some other little things that are of more consequence just now. Our cook has quit, and so has the house maid—gone off to Rockport for a week or two—gone to a house party, I think. That is all right, for the cook has been faithful a long time and needed rest. She is a good servant and keeps a clean kitchen, and we have had a house party ourselves for several months. I have been sick, but now we are reduced to the regular family of five and have but little to cook and can get along on two meals a day. My wife arranged it for me to fire up the stove and fill up the kettles and grind the coffee and put on the hominy and then ring the bell for the girls to get up and finish up the breakfast. She said that if I felt like it I might sweep out the hall and the front veranda and settle up the front room. Well of course, I had to split up some kindling and bring in the stove wood, but I am getting along fairly well and my wife thinks the exercise is doing me good. Last night she hinted that the veranda was badly tracked up since the rain and needed a good washing. So this morning I turned loose the hose pipe on it and she praised me right smart and I brought her some roses from my garden. We let her sleep until breakfast is ready, for she cleans up her room and makes up two beds and then sews all day for the grandchildren. But I want that colored house party to break up as soon as possible, for I don't hanker after this morning business as a regular job. Mrs. Minna says she likes it, and I think she does. She has a good room in the back yard and good furniture and a good handsome lamp to read by, and her little grandson lives with her, and I don't know of any colored woman that has a better time. In fact, I know of lots of good negroes in town who are contented with their situation and will continue to be if they are let alone by the northern fanatics and southern cranks.

What crass has come over that man Steed to cause him to write such a fool piece for the Boston magazine? What good can it possibly do, even if it was true? But it is not true and only the product of a diseased imagination. I would write hard things about him but for his family connections. For their sake he had better have smothered his feelings and his pen. The Atlantic Monthly has never shown any love for the south, and why he should select that as his organ passes comprehension. Professor Steed says the negro is an inferior race. Then why does he insist that we give him a place in our own churches and hotels and railroad cars?

It was the work of the Creator that made him inferior, and he will remain so—and neither education nor miscegenation will ever change it so far as social equality is concerned. Moses prophesied the law of God when he married that Ethiopian woman, and he had to discard her, and Aron and Miriam chided him for it long afterwards. Numbers, xii. The Story goes, according to Joseph, that the Egyptians were at war with the Ethiopians and had suffered defeat in every battle until Pharaoh was advised that no one could command his army successfully but Moses. So Moses was given command and he marched with the army to the borders of Ethiopia and met the enemy and defeated them and then marched on to Seba, and the royal city, and attacked the walls, and Tharbia, the daughter of the King, saw Moses from the window of her tower and he was so handsome that she fell in love with him and sent a messenger to him to say that if he would marry her she would surrender the city and army to him. Moses agreed to this and their marriage was at once consummated. Then Moses returned with his victorious army to Egypt. He did not take with him his Ethiopian wife, but not long after he married Zipporah, the daughter of Jethro the Midianite.

So we must suppose that Moses married the Ethiopian princess as a war measure and with no idea of keeping his promise. At any rate it caused trouble and shame in the family, and so it has done ever since whenever a white person marries with a negro.

What a monstrous falsehood to say that the southern negro is dehumanized. Right here in our town every negro mechanic is employed at good wages. Blacksmiths, carpenters, masons, painters, draymen are all busy. Cooks nurse and white persons find constant employment—and they are not only contented but sometimes dare to be merry and laugh. Where did Steed get all that rot about kicking and cursing and beating the negro? We never hear of such treatment in this region. Mr. Milam, a truthful gentleman, whose business keeps him on the street, told me the other day that he had heard but one oath uttered by anybody within a year, and that was by a northern man to-

wards a negro who asked him a civil question. Dehumanized, indeed! Ask Tribble and Brown who give their shops freely to demand seats in our churches for the negroes. They have churches of their own that were built mainly by the charity of the white folks. They don't want seats in our churches. They have schools of their own that we support, and they have excursions and baseball and watermelons and funerals and Daughters of Zion. Oh, for shame on Steed! I pity his family and his kindred. He thinks he has found a mare's nest, and for lack of something fresh has raked up Sam Horse again. He laments the lynchings, but not the outrages, and he proposes a remedy. Mr. Steed can set this down—that the lynchings will not stop until the outrages do. When a negro dehumanizes himself and becomes a beast he ought to be lynched, whether it is Sunday or Monday. Let the lynching go on. This is the sentiment of our people, and let Boston and The Atlantic Monthly and Steed howl. We are used to that. Not long ago we had a lynching in Rome that was to my notion. The beast was strung up in Broad street in the daytime and shot to pieces and nobody was disguised. The judge lived there and the sheriff and the town marshal and policemen and a military company, and the governor wasn't far away, but not a soul said ray. That suits me exactly.

BILL ARP.

14 Persons Hurt in the Ruins at Carolina Beach.
A tornado struck Carolina Beach, a resort fifteen miles west of Wilmington one night last week wrecking the Oceanic Hotel, an old structure used as a pavilion for excursion parties and as a hotel. Fourteen persons out of sixteen in the building at the time of the disaster were injured, several probably fatally.

Rescuers came quickly, and worked in wind and rain with the night black as ink. Men and women cried to be released from their places of imprisonment. All were got out in an hour, except Hampton Smith, a young man, who was pinned down by an ice box and timbers. It took three hours to cut him out and he begged for those trying to save him to kill him.

The injured were made as comfortable as possible, but there was not a doctor on the beach, and telephonic communication with Wilmington was cut off. A messenger was sent to Wilmington on foot to get a passenger boat and physicians, but the storm had blown so many trees across the road that he made slow progress. The wounded were brought to the city twelve hours after the accident and most of them were sent to hospitals.

Miss Deacon's Heroic Deed.
The Matin, which printed a story to the effect that the German Crown Prince had had a violent interview with his father in which he expressed a desire to renounce his rank and give up his claim to the throne in order to marry for love, says that Miss Gladys Deacon, daughter of the late Edward Parker Deacon, is the object of the young Prince's affection.

The paper adds that Miss Deacon told Prince Fredrick William that she would never consent to a morganatic alliance, and if he desired to marry her a full religious and legal ceremony would be necessary.

Three days after Miss Deacon's avowal the Crown Prince gave her a ring which he had sworn to give to nobody except his wife, it being a present he had received from his grandmother, the late Empress Frederick.

Mr. Justice Gray Resigns.
The President has received and accepted the resignation of Mr. Justice Gray of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, has been appointed to fill the vacancy.

A STORY OF "STONEWALL."

War-Time Anecdote New Told in Brief for the First Time.
Philadelphia Record.
Among the many quaint stories that are told in connection with Stonewall Jackson's brilliant campaign in the Shenandoah Valley in 1862 there is one that always brings a smile to my face when I think of it as told by an old "ex-Confed.," who was attached to one of the batteries of his command during that trying time.

In the early spring of that year General Jackson had rushed his "Commissary General" Banks—the commander of the Federal Army in the valley—through Winchester and Martinsburg, across the Potomac into Maryland, with the loss to the latter of many men and a large quantity of military supplies, and then leisurely returned to Winchester, where he was not permitted to remain long undisturbed by his enemies. Banks, Shields and Fremont, approaching from three sides (north, east and west), endeavored to cut off Stonewall's retreat up the valley.

After leaving Winchester the Confederates followed the turnpike—a first-class road—through Stroudsburg, Woodstock, Edenburg, Mt. Jackson and New Market, to Harrisonburg, where they left the turnpike and struck out in the direction of the Blue Mountains by way of Mt. Crawford.

Behind the condition of the pile and the red clay road on which Jackson's command now found itself there could be no comparison. Everything on wheels stuck fast in the mud, and the patience of officers and men were alike tried to the utmost.

The infantry and cavalry kept out of the mud road as much as possible, seeking the fields and threading their way through the woods, where the ground was not cut up so much. Notwithstanding the disagreeable condition of things, the hottemo march was kept up in the direction of Port Republic, with Banks and Fremont hanging like hawks on the rear, and Shields pushing with all his might up the Luray Valley to keep Jackson from crossing the river and reaching the protection of the "burly Blue Ridge" after his anticipated defeat by the two first-named generals.

At a point on the road where it was bely deep to the horses a twelvemonth howitzer was stuck fast, and the disgraced artilleryman strove in vain with whip and spur, fence rails, strong English and every expedient that disgraced men could think of to get the piece out of the "slough of despond."

At this time some cavalrymen sitting on their horses looked idly on, and congratulated themselves upon having four legs under them instead of four wheels, and a heavy piece of artillery in their charge, which seemed to be possessed of the devil of obstinacy.

While the cavalrymen were enjoying the situation, sitting high and dry upon their horses, and now and then cracking a joke at the expense of the mud-dabbled gunners, a rather quaint-looking officer, with an old slouched hat "cocked off his eye askew," halted with his staff and quietly took in situation.

Then, turning to one of the cavalry officers in command of the troop on the roadside, he directed him to order some of his men to dismount and help the gun out of its unfortunate position.

The response of the mounted men to the order was very slow indeed; but they recognized Stonewall as the officer who had come to the rescue of the gun and knew there was no help for it.

THE FARMERS STILL ON TOP.

Atlanta Constitution.
A census bulletin recently published shows that the farm values in the United States are still immensely greater than those of any other kind of property.

In 1900 the farm property of the United States, including live stock and machinery was valued at \$20,514,001,638. These farms yielded in 1899 products to the value of \$4,739,118,752, or 18.3 per cent. of their entire value.

This was, of course, the gross income. What the net income was cannot be stated, or even estimated, with any degree of certainty. The combined farmers are still ahead of the gigantic steel trust by about nineteen billion dollars, though the trusts and other forms of aggregated and organized wealth are making rapid gains on the total of agricultural values.

The railroads represent a greater investment than any other interest except the farms.

In 1900 the surface railroads in the United States were valued \$12,768,910,837, or about three-fifths the value of all the farms, with their live stock and machinery.

The gross income of the railroads in 1901 was \$551,020,460 which was 4.2 per cent. on the nominal investment. On account of the quantity of water in it this is far in excess of the actual investment.

The farmers own more property now than they ever owned before and, generally speaking, are probably in a better condition. But for the levy which the protective tariff makes upon them their condition would be much better than it is.

If the farmers could buy tariff-protected articles made in their own country at the prices which are charged for them in foreign markets, their net profits would be increased many millions every year.

And yet many farmers vote to maintain a system that robs them of a large percentage of their earnings.

STATE NEWS.
One of the first convictions under the early closing ordinance in Charlotte came about last week before the recorder. According to the officer's watch, W. G. Lindemann was selling beer at eighteen minutes past 9, while Mr. Lindemann's watch recorded a few minutes prior to the closing hour. The recorder accepted the mute evidence of the policeman's timepiece and imposed a fine of \$50.

REPULSIVE SORT OF MEN.

Baltimore Sun.
The career of the outlaw Tracy has had a dramatic end. Surrounded by a posse, the man who for nearly two months had eluded his pursuers turned his pistol upon himself and shot the gallow of one who richly deserved to be hanged. Tracy's adventures since he escaped from prison on June 9 throw the deeds of the dime novel hero into the shade. His escape from the Oregon Penitentiary, obtained only after he had murdered the prison guards. From that time until he met his life yesterday his career was that of the typical ruffian. He stole horses in order to continue his flight, sought desperately with his pursuers, killed the convict who caught with him near the Oregon Penitentiary, obtained food and lodging at pistol's point, and committed whole communities. The history of yellow-back fiction does not record the exploits of a hero more daring and more depraved than Tracy.

According to his own statement, Tracy was unjustly convicted of a crime of which he was innocent. He confessed, however, that he had been a thief and a murderer, and on general principles the penitentiary seems to have been the proper place for him. The only redeeming trait the man possessed was courage, but perhaps any fugitive from justice would fight desperately to avoid capture. He was cunning to a remarkable degree and displayed extraordinary skill in eluding pursuit. But this is about all that can be said in his favor, and those who would exalt him into a real hero have a wildly incorrect conception of what constitutes true manhood. He was a desperado of a repulsive type, a man whose hands were stained with the blood of many victims. He seems to have met death bravely, but if he had not killed himself and had been taken alive he would have expiated his crimes on the gallows. It does not require great courage to commit suicide in such circumstances.

Mr. Justice Having Trouble.
State's Eye Landmark.
There is some trouble on account of the Democratic nominations for State Senator in the 84th district—composed of Alexander, Caldwell, Burke and McDowell counties. The nominees are Mr. E. J. Justice, of McDowell, and Judge A. C. Nvery, of Burke. The trouble began in the McDowell primaries where it is charged that Mr. Justice ran things with a pretty high hand. As a result both of the McDowell papers, the Democrat and the News-Times, to support Mr. Justice, and give indications as to that a good number of the Democrats of the county are with them. As an indication of the feeling developed the Marion News of last week, which had a four column criticism of Mr. Justice, says among other things:

Personally we would not hurt a hair in Mr. Justice's head; politically we'd kill him dead as a door nail, as he ought to be. We know his uncharitable nature, his domineering, tyrannical nature, and no doubt he would crush us to death anyway. We oughtn't to breathe without his permission.

On top of this Mr. Lawrence Wakefield, of Lenoir, has announced himself an independent candidate for the Senate in the 84th district.

Wilcox Said to Be Giving Away.
NORFOLK, Va., Aug. 11.—Commander to die for the murder of Nellie Cropp, at Elizabeth City, N. C., Jim Wilcox is said to be giving way in the hands of the Supreme Court. He has been, it is stated, that he will not be given a new trial, and that even if he should get one and be acquitted, he would be lynched and the strain, it is alleged, has told on his mind. It is also claimed that he is signing insanity in an effort to escape the gallows. It is stated that Wilcox, who is a cigarette fiend, has been acting strangely for some time and that recently having sent the jailer for a match, he became exasperated at the delay and threw a knife at him, almost severing his fingers. Wilcox has many friends who believe him guiltless and who visit him frequently at the jail.

Howan's Giant in Charlotte.
Charlotte Observer.
An excursion train from Albemarle and Norwood arrived in the city early yesterday morning, bringing 450 people. The visitors found plenty of amusement about the city and at Latta Park during the day and at 7 o'clock left for their homes. There were too oddities among the excursionists. One was Mr. S. C. Liak, of Gold Hill, who is 18 years old and is 6 feet and ten inches tall. The other was an old stager wearing a long linen duster and having his hat connected with the lapel of his duster by a shoe string. He says that he has worn the same hat, shooting and duster on 57 excursions. He claims tobacco, smokes cigars and drinks whiskey and has never met with an accident in his life.

A Negro Lawyer Called Down in Charlotte Recorder's Court.
J. B. Leary, a well known colored lawyer, was severely rebuked by the recorder in the Charlotte city court last week. Recorder Shannonhouse said that he had reason to believe that Leary had been soliciting business among the colored prisoners, and this the recorder regarded as degrading to the legal profession. When a witness was called upon to corroborate the recorder's statement Leary rose to his feet. Recorder Shannonhouse said: "I am going to try to stop this thing."

"I have a right here and I am not going to overstep that right," replied Leary.
"If you say anything more I will have you put out," asserted the Recorder. And Leary took his seat.

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