

# The Pee Dee Herald.

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## Pee Dee Herald.

EVERY WEDNESDAY.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES:**  
One year, in advance..... \$1.00  
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### SYMPATHY—AN ALLEGORY.

Wear, heart-stricken, and despairing—  
Fainting death a grievous load,  
See a lonely pilgrim faring  
On a cheerless, darksome road.  
Nought around; beneath, above him  
Answers to his pleading eye;  
Nought to comfort, none to love him,  
None to heed his yearning cry.  
All his breast is filled with sorrow,  
All his heart is steeped with grief,  
Knowing that each sad to-morrow  
Brings no hope of sweet relief.  
And the goal seems still retreating—  
Ever far and further seem—  
Unsubstantial and as fleeting  
As the fabric of his dreams.  
Frustrate by the way-side falling  
With a sad despairing cry—  
Save me from this fate appalling;  
Save me, God, and let me die!  
Thus with anguish prayer assail  
Maiden's all-listening ear;—  
Suspicion untrusting  
As the foot of heart-bad leech.  
But while lying faint, despairing,  
Frustrate by the cheerless way,  
Nothing knowing, nothing caring  
Of the joyous night or day;  
Faintly dreaming, softly stealing,  
Touching all his soul with bliss,  
Came a subtle, heaven-born feeling  
Thrilling like angel kiss.  
From his heart swift vanished sadness,  
Every thought of grief was gone,  
And a sense of purest gladness  
In his breast was newly born.  
And the pilgrim late benighted,  
Rose with conscious strength to cope  
With the cheerless pathway lighted  
By the heaven-sent angel, Hope.  
Seeking then with glance enquiring,  
For this source of rapture sweet,  
For this presence soft inspiring,  
Life and strength to weary feet;  
Lo! a little flower bending  
Modestly alone was there,  
All unconscious of its lending  
Faintest fragrance to the air.  
Then he knelt with a sobbing filling,  
Ploeked and pressed it to his lip,  
All this being deeply thrilling  
With the sweet companionship:  
And he spoke with broken murmur—  
'Tell me flow'et what thou art,  
Thou that mak'st my purpose firmer,  
Strengthening my fainting heart.'  
And the flower blushing brightly  
With a gladness sweet to see,  
Bent its head and whispered lightly—  
'Pilgrim, I am Sympathy.'—*Mobile Register*,  
February 16th, 1876.

### FIVE YEARS.

Along a shady wood-path,  
carpeted with greenest mosses,  
two young girls—Minnie Walters  
and Nellie Grafton—strolled  
leisurely, with their garden hats  
hanging on their arms, and  
skirts raised, to avoid the twigs  
and thistles.  
The woods were bright with  
blossoming wild flowers, and as  
they walked, they called them  
on either side.  
'See!' cried Nellie, the taller  
of the two, 'what a beautiful bud;  
it is almost as perfect as our culti-  
vated roses.'  
And she stooped to pluck it.  
As she did so, a sharp report  
rang out, followed by a bright  
flash and a little puff of smoke  
from the woods beyond; and  
simultaneously with the shot, the  
girl uttered a piteous cry and  
sank upon the ground; while  
her companion gave utterance to  
a succession of shrieks, that  
echoed with fearful shrillness  
through the woods.  
As if in answer to this appeal  
for aid, a crashing was heard  
among the bushes, and directly  
a young man burst upon the  
scene, broad shouldered and  
strong-limbed, and clad in a hun-  
ter's dress, while a still smoking  
rifle was grasped firmly in his  
right hand. His face expressed  
the greatest concern as he beheld  
the lady reclining upon the  
ground and her companion wring-  
ing her hands in dismay, and he  
advanced hastily toward them,  
exclaiming:  
'Good heavens, ladies! Is it  
possible that my careless shot  
has done either of you an injury?  
Ah, yes! I see you are wounded  
miss. How shall I ever gain  
your pardon for my heedlessness?  
Will you allow me to look at  
your wound? I am something  
of a surgeon, and can tell direct-  
ly if any serious injury has been

done.'  
And as he spoke, he advanced  
and kneeling beside the wounded  
girl, raised the arm, down which  
a slender stream of blood was  
trickling, and drawing a pen-  
knife, cut the sleeve open to the  
shoulder; then, after critically  
examining the wound, white arm,  
he exclaimed, joyfully:  
'Thank God! There has been  
no bone broken! It is, I am hap-  
py to say, merely a flesh wound,  
and with proper care, will soon  
be well. I will bind it up, and  
then hope to have the pleasure of  
escorting you home. May I?'  
He bent his eyes, full of re-  
spectful admiration, upon Nellie  
and coloring deeply at his glance.  
Nellie bowed her head in token  
of assent; 'hereupon he drew  
forth his handkerchief and deftly  
bound it around the wound.  
'Oh, Nellie!' cried Minnie, 'as  
the gentleman was about to as-  
sist the former to her feet, 'I'm  
afraid you are not able to walk,  
and it is almost a mile back to  
the house. What shall we do?'  
'Don't be distressed, miss; all  
will be right—for if Miss Nellie  
here finds herself unable to walk,  
I shall do myself the honor of  
carrying her,' replied the stran-  
ger, bowing smilingly.  
But Nellie crimsoned again at  
the thought of such a mode of  
traveling, and half-amused, half-  
vexed at his words, replied laugh-  
ingly:  
'Thanks—but I am quite able  
to walk! It was the fright, more  
than the hurt, that affected me.  
Don't look so anxious, Minnie  
dear. I assure you I am quite  
equal to the effort, and I believe  
I could walk double the distance,  
if necessary.'  
'If you will accept my arm,  
then, we will start at once, if  
you please,' said the gentleman.  
'I should like to have a physician  
see your wound, as I do not feel  
inclined to assume any responsi-  
bility. It is enough that I  
caused it.'  
'Oh, I exonerate you from all  
blame, since I hardly think you  
shot at me with intent to kill!'  
laughed Nellie.  
'Indeed, no. Your hand must  
have made a rustling among the  
bushes, for I saw the movement,  
and caught a glimpse of some-  
thing brown—your dress, doubt-  
less—and, tell the truth, I  
thought it a bird, and fired.  
But I have had a lesson, and  
shall never again pull the trigger  
until I know for a certainty what  
I am firing at—but excuse me,  
ladies, you have not yet favored  
me with your names.'  
'Mine, sir, is Nellie Grafton,  
and this is my cousin, Miss  
Minnie Walters, and yonder is  
our home—doubtless you have  
seen it before to-day.'  
'Often; but have never before  
had the pleasure of meeting its  
fair mistress!'—and he bowed.  
'My name and residence, ladies,  
is Edgar Holcombe, of 'The Cedars',  
half a dozen miles distant.  
But here we are at your gate,  
Miss Nellie, and I must say fare-  
well, begging the privilege of  
calling again, in a day or so, to  
see if your wound is progressing  
satisfactorily.'  
'Certainly; I shall be happy  
to see you.'  
'Adieu, then; but pray don't  
let your family think that I in-  
tended to murder you, Miss Nel-  
lie. Miss Minnie, you must bear  
me witness that I am most peni-  
tent!'  
And with a bow and smile, he  
was gone.  
Again the same leafy wood-  
path—but this time the saunter-  
ers are not the same.  
Nellie Grafton, indeed, is one  
of them, but her companion is not  
her cousin Minnie, but the hand-  
some young owner of 'The Cedars',  
Edgar Holcombe, and his tone  
and attitude are most lover-  
like, as he says:  
'I love you, Nellie darling!  
Here, on this very spot, where  
one short month ago we first met,  
let me acknowledge my ador-

ation, and plead humbly for  
your love in return! Speak to  
me, beloved! Lift your dear  
eyes, and say you love me, even  
as I love you! I know it is but  
a short time that we have known  
each other, but what of that?  
Love does not require ages to  
nourish it into being! No; it is  
the growth of an hour, and I  
have loved you since the moment  
my eyes rested on your sweet  
face; and—am I too bold, dear  
one? I have fancied my love  
was returned.  
'Nay,' murmured Nellie faintly,  
'you must not talk in this way to  
me, for, much as you honor me,  
I cannot receive your atten-  
tions, Mr. Holcombe, I—'  
'Oh, Nellie, don't say you do  
not love me!' pleaded the lover.  
'Ah, I see, you think my love is  
but a little fancy, of too quick a  
growth to be lasting; but I never  
loved before, Nellie; you are  
my first, and shall be my only  
love!'  
'I did not say that I doubted  
your love, far from it, and I—oh,  
if I dared to say what is in my  
heart!' she cried, passionately.  
'Dared! And do you fear to  
tell me that you love me? Dar-  
ling, speak; in that it?' and he  
swole his arm about her waist.  
'Yes,' she whispered, softly, as  
she yielded to his warm embrace.  
'Then you do love me? you  
will be my wife? Oh, Nellie!'  
he cried, joyfully.  
'I—oh, what have I done? I  
moaned Nellie, as she tore her-  
self from his arms. 'I cannot  
promise to marry you, Edgar,  
although I acknowledge that I  
love you, have loved you from  
the first; but obstacles which I  
cannot surmount lie in the way  
of our happiness, and I consented  
to meet you here to-day, but to  
bid you farewell for ever; for I  
saw your love for me, and knew  
what my own heart whispered,  
and I knew, too, that we must  
part.'  
'And why, darling? Do you  
fear to trust yourself to me?  
Have you heard of some of my  
mad doings abroad? I have  
been wild, Nellie, fond of adven-  
tures and hair-breadth escapes;  
I acknowledge it; but oh, Nellie,  
with your love to guide me, I will  
be what you will. Speak sweet-  
heart, do you fear to trust your  
happiness to my keeping?'  
'No, oh, no! It is not that!'  
'Then, if your father con-  
sents—'  
'He will not,' interrupted Nellie  
in great agitation: 'I know he  
will not; he will only blame me  
for encouraging your attentions.  
Oh, Edgar, don't ask him, I pray  
you! I have reason, but I cannot  
tell it to you now—I am bound  
by a promise; but, oh, Edgar,  
I beg you not to ask my father!  
It is of no use; we must part, it  
is inevitable!' and she trembled  
visibly.  
'But I insist, darling!' replied  
Edgar, firmly. 'Can you ask me  
to stand calmly by and see my  
whole life-happiness ruined?  
I shall go to your father to-mor-  
row, and, trust me, I will win  
his consent. Faint heart never  
won fair lady yet, they say, and  
I'll not lose my love for want of  
courage to ask for her, you may  
be sure, dear one, and now, tell  
me, if he consents, will you be  
my own sweet wife?'  
'Yes, Edgar, I love you, and  
if father gives his consent, I will  
marry you; but oh, I fear—I fear  
he will refuse!' and Nellie  
sighed.  
'I have seen your father, Nellie,  
and although he would not give  
a hasty consent, still he was pe-  
nitent and asked me not to call  
here for two weeks, but at the  
end of that time to come and re-  
ceive his answer. I am very  
hopeful, darling.'  
'Oh, Edgar, I am so relieved!  
I was afraid he would be angry.  
Perhaps he will consent, and  
then—oh, I shall be so happy!'  
And she clasped her hands in  
innocent delight, while her lover  
smiled fondly upon the lovely

aptured face, and stooped to  
press a fond kiss on the rosy  
lips.  
'Miss Nellie—Sambo, is she at  
home?' smilingly queried Edgar  
Holcombe of the sable servant,  
as at the end of his two weeks of  
probation, he stood with a hope-  
ful heart at the door of the hall.  
'Miss Nellie, sah, did you say?'  
—and the speaker's eyes rolled  
mirthfully as he chuckled: 'Hi,  
hi! Guess Massa Holcombe  
doesn't know what goin's on dere  
warhere las' night, den, Well, sah,  
sah'—and the negro attempted a  
solemn gravity of expression—  
'Miss Nellie am not at home.  
Fact is, sah, she war married las'  
evenin'.  
'Married! My God!'—and  
Edgar staggered back like one  
struck a mortal blow—'married!'  
'Yes, sah, I sed married,' smiled  
Sambo, complacently.  
'And the family?' gasped  
Edgar.  
'Lef dis morin', sah, for the  
West. Gone trabellin', sah, wid  
de bride an' groom.'  
The stricken man uttered not  
a word, but turned and strode  
unsteadily away, muttering only:  
'False as fair—false as fair!'  
'Have you seen the belle of  
the Springs, Ed?' queried a  
gentleman of Edgar Holcombe,  
as they stood in the hotel door.  
'No. Who is she?' he replied,  
carelessly.  
'A Mrs. Clifton, a young widow;  
cannot be over twenty-three, and  
pretty as a picture—blue eyes,  
blonde hair, etc., etc. You know  
the rest. All the gentlemen are  
cray over her. But come, let  
me introduce you; and he led  
him into the parlor, and to a sofa  
where sat a lady, surrounded by  
a miniature court of her own.  
'Mrs. Clifton, permit me to in-  
troduce to you my friend Mr.  
Holcombe, who has just returned  
from abroad—'  
He paused, aghast. The lady  
had raised her eyes as he pro-  
nounced the name of his friend,  
beheld him who stood before her,  
and springing to her feet with a  
wild cry, fell back upon her sofa  
in a death-like swoon; and as  
she was borne to her room, many  
were the wondering surmises in  
regard to the pretty widow's  
sudden faintness.  
'Nellie!'—and once more Edgar  
Holcombe pressed the hand of  
his beloved—'Nellie, your agita-  
tion of last night led me to think  
that perhaps, after all there may  
be a shadow of love in your  
heart for me, notwithstanding  
your cruelty to me.'  
'Oh, Edgar, you wrong me!'  
sobbed Nellie; 'indeed you do.  
My father forced me into a  
marriage with a man I hated, to  
save himself from ruin. He had  
sternly forbidden me to encourage  
the attentions of any gentleman,  
and at the same time bound me  
to secrecy in regard to his inten-  
tions, fearing, I suppose, that I  
might be induced to consent to a  
runaway marriage, to save me  
from the fate I so dreaded. His  
delay in giving you an answer  
was but a ruse, and during the  
time he had set, I was forced to  
wed Mr. Clifton, who held father  
in his power, and who con-  
sented to be merciful only at the  
price of my hand. I saved my  
father at the cost of my happi-  
ness, and with an almost break-  
ing heart was borne away from  
love and you. But my husband  
is dead now—he died in less than  
a year after our marriage; father  
too, is dead, and I am now my  
own mistress—and, Edgar, I—  
I love you still!'  
And she extended her hands  
with the shy, winning smile that  
Edgar loved so well; and as he  
clasped her to his breast, and  
kissed her fondly, he whispered:  
'I said you should be my only  
love, Nellie, darling, and so you  
have been! In all the five weary  
years during which I thought  
you false, and lost to me forever,

no other love has entered my  
heart, no woman's hand been  
pillowed on my breast. I have  
kept my word, Nellie—I have  
loved you alone, truly and un-  
changeably, and now I have my  
reward; for, after long years of  
darkness I clasp my own again—  
mine forever now!'  
There is a good deal of disas-  
trous advice floating through the  
press. The latest candidate for  
misery is from the *American Agri-  
cultunist*. It advises farmers to  
be sociable with their cattle. The  
*Agriculturist* is confident that so-  
ciability with a cow will make it  
give more milk. If the *Agriculturist*  
is right this is an important  
discovery, and promises to work a  
revolution in farm economy. We  
may soon expect to see cows sit-  
ting back of the kitchen stove  
holding skeins of yarn, and horses  
playing dominoes with the hired  
man, and hens attending candy  
pulls, and oxen in charades. We  
say *may expect*, but the man who  
came into this office, yesterday  
morning, with a copy of the *Agri-  
culturist* in his hand, and a face  
which very closely resembled a  
piece of imperfectly cooked liver,  
has done much to weaken our  
faith. He had read the advice.  
He determined to be sociable  
with a cow which was the con-  
trariest beast on the whole face  
of the earth to give down her  
milk. We don't exactly com-  
prehend the process he employed  
to bring out and develop the so-  
cial instincts of the animal, but  
he was around at the back part  
of her, on his hands and knees—  
probably with a view to a little  
diversion in the way of leap-frog  
—when she drew her fist out of  
some of the best mud in this sec-  
tion, and explored for him with  
the most gratifying results.  
'It is a great wonder it didn't  
kill me out and out!' he added  
mournfully, 'but it's knocked me  
out of the centennial, at any rate,  
—the luck.'—*Danbury News*.  
They were in Phipps & Hod-  
ges's undertaking rooms, last Sat-  
urday. One of them was a sharp-  
faced woman of about thirty-five  
summers, and the other looked  
enough like her to be her sister,  
which she was. The former had  
just sustained a great grief in the  
loss of her husband, and was  
present now to select appropriate  
burial case. She explained to  
Mr. Hodge that her neighbors  
volunteered to do this melancholy  
errand, but she had determined to  
attend to it herself, for, as she  
very properly observed, 'Who  
knew the late Joseph better than  
her, his own wife, who had lived  
with him nigh onto ten years  
and knew all his little peculiar-  
ities like a book?'  
The two looked over the gloomy  
assortment with a critical eye,  
subdued in part by the solemnity  
of the mission. Finally the widow  
selected a walnut case, the price  
of which was twenty-five dollars.  
Her sister rather favored another  
article, at a less cost.  
'But I think this is just the  
ticket,' whispered the afflicted  
wife.  
'Oh it's nice, I know, but twenty-  
five dollars is a good heap of  
money,' returned the sympathiz-  
ing, sister, in a low voice.  
'But I guess I can afford twenty-  
five dollars,' murmured the be-  
trayed.  
'I don't know, Jane,' doubt-  
fully observed the cautious sister-  
in-law. 'You must remember  
you have got to get a great many  
clothes if you're going to the  
Centennial in the summer.'  
'Land's sake, Eliza! ejaculated  
the sufferer, 'I'd clean forgotten  
all about the Centennial. You're  
right.'  
The cheaper case was immedi-  
ately engaged.  
'Sooner or later,' says a French  
writer, 'everything is found out.'  
Just so. A married man, for in-  
stance, is generally found out  
later—about three hours later  
than he should be.—*Norristown  
Herald*.

**Amos' Little Trouble.**  
The new year brought trouble  
to that good old negro Amos.  
Yesterday he entered General  
G's law office, and seemed to be  
in deep distress.  
'Have you got a case, Amos?'  
inquired the General.  
'Yes, General, I've got a power-  
ful bad case, sah!' said Amos,  
shaking his head gloomily.  
'What's the trouble?'  
'I wants to git me a revorer,  
General—me and dat gal what's  
been my wife is fallen out, sah!'  
'Well, that is bad; let us see if  
you have grounds for a divorce.  
What has she been doing?'  
'Why, sah, she's jist been par-  
ticularly raising the old Harry  
round de house for the las' four  
weeks. Fast thing fo' most she  
took all de money she could find  
bout de house for buy Christmas  
gifts fur herself, and when I ax  
her fur dat money back agin, she  
jis cussed me out from head to  
heels, sah!' urged Amos.  
'What else?'  
'Well, sackerly, sah, she en-  
vited two of her sisters to come  
dar an' quarter on me fur de  
whole ob de holidays, tuk my  
bed fur 'em to sleep on, an' when  
I 'fused to gib it up, an' got in  
it, myself, she cut de cord's an' let  
lemme collapse through onto de  
flo'. an' den split de biskit board  
ober my head, right dar, sah!'  
pointing to a sore place on his  
head.  
'Anything more?'  
'I stood dat party well, Gen-  
eral, and nebber nuffin more ob  
her meanness twixt dat time and  
de eader night, when de gib a  
party down here to dat nigger  
boarding-house on Decatur street.  
Den she cum up to me and set,  
'Amos, you doesn't go to parties,  
an' my eason' cousin, Joseph, is  
up here, an' I want you to lend  
him dem black suit of Sunday  
clo's ob yours;' now, General, dat  
hog-eyes Josiah was dat gal's  
sweetheart fore I married her,  
and dat talk made me madder'n  
bless, an' I upst things 'round  
dar in a hurry!'  
'What did you do?'  
'I got on my mules, an' for an  
ole man I'm a boss nigger when  
I gits started! I jist' reached out  
dis dyar han', an' fouched her a  
biff on de mouf dat made her  
'tik dar was a bone fiery  
started unner her nose, flung her  
down de back ead's, and emptied  
'bout 'leven flower boxes full ob  
yearth on her! 'Bout dat time  
Joseph he come in de gate, an' he  
no more dan sot foot on de  
step' fore I jumped in among him,  
and I tell yer de honest truf',  
General, dere ain't 'nuff ob dat  
nigger's hide left on him to p'ch  
yer slipper at de toes!—And dat's  
whar for I wants a revorer. 'Kese  
dis marryin' 'moag de niggers  
nowadays is got down to a  
loafarin', cut-throat biance, any-  
how.'  
Amos was given full legal ad-  
vice in the case, but it did not quite  
suit his side of the matter.—*Ar-  
lanta Constitution*.  
**Colored Political Views.**  
On the morning of the election  
the following dialogue took place  
between two darkeys, near the  
Court House in this place:  
'Well, Josiah, how's you gwine  
to vote?'  
'Vote? how's I gwine to vote. I  
dun no what you talkin' about  
nigger?'  
'I axed yer yer how's you gwine  
to vote on de constitution.'  
'De constitution? What con-  
stitution?'  
'Well, I declah, you's de big-  
gest fool nigger I abber see! I  
mean the constitution of the  
United States ob Missouri; de  
commonwelf ob all us us—one  
and not to be cop'rated; de land  
ob Abraham Lincoln, Moses and  
de patreacher—and a hundred  
dozen mo' whose names I dun  
forget—who suffered tribulations  
and suf, rudder dan see de poor  
nigger pine under de molments ob  
equality, and died, yer sah,  
died, to make de nigger a chattle  
ob circumstance and a vote at de  
polls.'