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Poetry.

FOR THE COURIER. A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

BY WALTER F. LEAH.

To mark the sufferings of her babe
That can not speak its woes;
To see the infant tear gush forth,
Yet she knows not why they flow;
To meet the weak uplifted eye
That this would ask relief,
But cannot tell its agony;
This is a mother's grief.

Through dreary days and darker
Nights
To trace the march of death,
To hear the faint and weakened sigh,
The quick and shortened breath,
To watch the last dread strife draw
Nigh,
And pray that struggle to be brief;
Yet she cannot give any relief,
Though her all is involved in the close;
This is nothing but a mother's grief.

To see in one short hour decayed the
Hopes of future years;
To feel how vain have been a father's
Prayers,
How very vain have been a mother's
Tears;
To think that the cold grave must
Close
On what was once the chief
Of all a mother's treasured joys of
Earth;
This is a mother's grief.

Yet when the first old thrush is past
Of a gush and of great despair,
To see her eye of faith to Heaven
And know that her child is there;
This best can dry a mother's tears,
This yields her heart great relief
Until the Christ's pious hope
Shall become a mother's grief.

Rockingham, Oct. 13, 1876.

Selected Story.

AGNES LANE.

"Is it your last wish, then, that I should go forever out from the circle of your vision, Agnes? You have love for me then?"

"None," was the faltering answer, "Then for this you have drawn me on—simply that you could not see my proposal at last! For this, Agnes Lane, that you say those bitter words to drive me away forever! Speak and answer me, that I may know the truth!"

"I do not love you, George Kent, and I shall be glad when you are gone away from here," was the low reply.

"Agnes, O Aggie!" his voice grew soft now, with the impetuous flow of feeling. "Have you considered it well? Listen: I can make a fine lady of you—place you in a far different station from the one you now hold as teacher—a station where people will love and honor you, and servants fly at your bidding; in fact, all that my inherited fortune can do to make you happy shall be yours alone."

"I am not a chattel, to be bought by money, George Kent! Besides, another, whom I love, and who is away at sea, has asked me to be his."

"Then why did you not tell me that before?" he impatiently cried.

"Because you never asked me. You chose to be my escort, and so we have passed the few months that we have been together quite happily. I could not in courtesy, refuse that."

"You might have hinted something before. But never mind now, Agnes; I forgive you, seeing that I have made a fool of myself, and am going away. Let me kiss you good-by, will you not, Agnes, before I go?"

The fair coquette turned her face aside, but not before he touched her white brow with his lips.

A frank, honorable kiss it was, well worthy to adorn a better woman.

When she looked up again, he was gone.

The sunset touched the river and the fields with molten gold; night looked down and placed her hand o'er the forest dim; growing black as the sun retreated, while the song bird hurried, belated, to its nest. Still Agnes Lane remained seated on the verge of House Rock, overlooking the meadows in the valley below. Something held her there—something that she saw across the pathway of her mind's retina that had possessed her very soul. But it passed soon, to judge from the exclamation that she uttered on recollecting herself.

"Gone! Well, I am glad; and yet he has been very kind to me. Heigh-ho! how the mosquitoes do torment! I will go home."

It would seem that young George Kent's avowal was speedily forgotten as the days and months wore on, and to all outward appearances, it was. The autumn had come, and Agnes resumed her school duties not to be disturbed until, one day, a rough, weather-beaten man knocked at the portal of the little gothic structure.

Something had made her forget—how odd it was!—that her accepted lover was due from sea; not until one of the larger scholars, who answered the summons, had whispered in her ear the description of the strange man, did she recollect. Then, for a time, the desks and many eyes before her seemed to swim on an ocean of space. Her inexorable fate, then, it was to marry this rough suitor of hers, whom she had in a moment of waywardness promised three years before. It all passed through her mind with the speed of thought; and then that vision she had seen stalked up through the center aisle, and folded her in a fond embrace. Lucky the school exercises were over, so she dismissed the scholars, and followed after, with her sailor lover.

He had been successful—had sailed his voyage without a wreck or disaster or even the loss of a single life, now he had come back to claim his bride, and settle down after they were married on the farm he had means to buy. Marriage! How detestable sounded the word to her ear! For she knew that, as with George Kent, even so to her sailor lover she must eventually seem fickle. It came at last, the dreaded enquiry: when would she name the happy day?

From this there was no escape, knowing that it must be sooner or later, and fearing to do more wrong, she named an early day. Then they were married, and before another summer came she was mistress of a cozy farm house nestled like a flower upon the lovely green hill-sides of the valley.

Was she happy? She knew not; all the days were the same to her; he was attentive—nay, more, he saw that she really did little of the rough farm work with her own hands, therefore she had a servant; and that her eyes might feast themselves on the varied beauties of the country around, a pony phaeton was provided. Did he not know, did he never mistrust that she loved him not, but like some natural creeping vine that clings to the hard stone, it does not see beauty in, but beautifies, so she clung to him because he was her protector. But, like the vine, she soared to the topmost pinnacle, and penetrated to a world peculiarly her own.

Strange it is that the little party of three (for there were others now—a nurse and a child, a wee little miss of two summers, with flaxen hair) lingered longest near the spot where House Rock overlooked the valley! Not so very strange, after all, when one obtained the view of the distant hills and blue-toned mountains in the far horizon.

One would hardly know the Agnes Lane of the present, so completely changed was she. The old piquant, coquettish look and air had forsaken her, and in its place was found a more subdued expression. Her hair and eyes maintained their old color of deep brown; but the face was paler and sadder than of yore. Home, husband, friends, had she; what, then, could be the cause?

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Who Not to Marry.

In the ladies waiting-room, at one of the depots in flourishing Western city, might have been seen, recently, two women; one young and handsome the other old and ugly. The various trains rushed in and rolled out; the last passenger train for some hours had departed, but still there sat these two women.

The day faded into the night. The lamps were lighted. The agent went home, and the many laborers went home. Minutes dragged slowly by and hours seemed to crawl. The silence was unbroken in the room. Every few moments would the young woman look up at the clock. Finally the old woman broke the silence.

"Goin' away?"

"Yes."

One remark led to another, until they were chatting quite confidentially. The old woman said she was going to "Shieagey," and told many things. The young woman in turn, became communicative, and said her lover was coming in on the midnight train, and that she was going with him to the next station to be married.

"Been engaged long?"

"Three years."

"Your lover in business?"

"Yes."

"Railroader?"

"No."

"Well, I'm glad on it. Never marry a railroader. Is he a soldier?"

"No."

"Well, I'm glad on it. Never marry a soldier. Hotel-keeper?"

"No."

"Well, I'm glad on it. Never marry a hotel-keeper. Travlin' man?"

"No."

"Well, I'm glad on it. Never marry a travlin' man. Steamboater?"

"No."

"Well, I'm glad on it. Never marry a steamboater. Dry-goods man?"

"No."

"Well, I'm glad on it. Never marry a counter-jumper. Grocery man?"

"No."

"Well, I'm glad on it. Never marry a peanut vender."

"Who would you marry?" asked the young woman.

"Well, my child, never marry a railroader, for he is liable to get killed most any time. Besides, he has such a nice chance to flirt."

"Never marry a military man, for he's liable to go to the war and be shot. Besides, his gorgeous clothes attract the attention of the women."

"Never marry a hotel-keeper. My first husband was a hotel-keeper, and fell through the elevator and broke his darned skull. It riles me when I think of that man."

"Never marry a traveling man, for he's always away from him. Nobody knows what these men are up to when they're away from him."

"Never marry a steamboater. My second husband was steamboat captain, and got blowed into 4,000,000 pieces, blast him. I always git terrible mad when I think of that man."

"Never marry a dry-goods man—"

Dyes in clothes is so injurious. They never live half their days.

"Never marry a grocer. They have such dirty hands. My third husband was a grocer, and such hands he'd have was 'nuf to sicken a body. He was killed by a molasses barrel fallin' on him. When I think of him I'm completely disgusted."

"Never marry a carpenter. My fourth husband was a carpenter, and fell off a scaffold and was mashed into a jelly. May his soul sleep in peace."

"Never marry a machinist. My fifth husband was a machinist. I'll never forget the day when he was brought home on a board. I didn't recognize him. A belt had come off pulley and hit him plum in the face, and spread his nose all over his countenance. I promised him on his dyin' bed that I'd never marry another machinist."

Just then the train rolled in, and the old lady asked:

"Child, what business is your lover in?"

"Insurance business."

"Oh, mercy! You don't mean to marry him. My sixth husband was an insurance—"

But the young woman had gone to meet her lover.

Chairman Cox and His Committee.

There is one man the people of North Carolina cannot forget in the hour of their signal triumph. We allude, of course, to the chairman of the democratic state executive committee, Gen. Wm. R. Cox. We have an intimate personal knowledge of the work he has performed in the campaign just closed, the results of which we see in large democratic gains from every quarter. Gen. Cox and his committee perfected the best organization for this campaign the democratic party has ever known in North Carolina, and the magnificent majority of twenty thousand attests its efficiency. The chairman of a committee performing such work and accomplishing such results must and should feel proud in the hour of victory, and ought to greet and remember him for it.

And there is another gentleman whose labors cannot be overlooked. Samuel A. Ashe, Secretary of the Executive Committee, has devoted himself to the cause of the Democracy in the recent campaign with a zeal and energy which new no flagging. Like the chairman, General Cox, Captain Ashe labored day and night from the organization of the campaign in June until the result was proclaimed.

Possessing rare talent and ability for conducting a campaign, Mr. Ashe has been of invaluable service to the preparation of campaign matter. We acknowledge great service at the hands of Captain Ashe by the way of suggestions and assistance in the research for facts and figures bearing on the conduct of parties in the past, especially that in the power in our State for the last eight years.

The gentlemen composing the Executive Committee have all done good work and noble duty in the campaign; in fact everybody, not excepting our neighbor the *News*, the *Sentinel* and the entire Democratic press of the State, have all done their duty, and we have got a result to be as proud of as it will be permanent.

We dislike to be further specific, but it would be an act of injustice to overlook our clever townsman, James J. Litchford, a steady worker for years in the Democratic cause, whose long, faithful and patient service is at last crowned with victory, to be still further, we trust, substantially rewarded.—*Raleigh News*.

That Watch.

It was his grandfather's watch—a weighty, silver timepiece in make and fashion suggestive of the times of Queen Bess. The stranger pondered the subject for half an hour; while leaning against the corner lamp post, and finally soliloquized:

"It's been needin' 'fix'd' this five year, and I 'lowed to do afo' now;

but Betsy said no—can't afford it. I've got some loose change though, how, and I'm drat if I don't invest it in fixin' the air lume."

Suited the action of the words, the stranger sauntered up Dauphin street, until he came to watch-maker's shop of our friend F., at which he entered. Now F. wears goggles—high goggles; yes, terrible large goggles, and when he has them on, which is every day and all day, F. looks wild and madlike. Gifted by nature with large eyes and an expressively big mouth, F. only needed to wear just such goggles to render him frightful. All of this the stranger took in at a glance, and as half tempted to change his mind he halted upon the threshold.

"Good morning, sir," said F. with a bland smile.

"Good—good—mornin'," stammered the stranger, by no means reassured by the bland smile of F.

"Can I serve you, sir?" queried F.

"Well, I—yes—but—I wants to git this here turnip reconstructed. It's an air-lume in the family, and I'm monstrous kearful to git it done up right, I wants it tuck to piecas and investigated and judgment passed on it. And then I want's to know what it'll cost?"

"I understand exactly," said F., taking in the situation. "I can give you my judgement upon its status in a very few minutes."

Under the skillful manipulation of F., who, in his trade is reckoned good, the time-honored time marker was soon taken apart, examined, and put together again; the stranger then while looking in silent wonder. Laying down the institution, surnamed watch, F. changed quarters on the huge quid of tobacco toat had settled snugly down in the south-east corner of his capacious mouth, and arising from his stool, stood with his hands in his breech pockets and his eyes shut, and said:

"Stranger, that watch is an amalgamate; adulteration of alloyed babbitt."

"No!"

"I didn't say no, stranger. I said it was. More than that, it is in articulo mortis and therefore lost to reclamation."

"My God! Mister, you aint solemn about that a you?"

"I am more than solemn, stranger—I am truthfully, seriously, religiously in earnest. Your heirloom, as you call it, has lost its discriminating capability and can no longer formulate the situation, as to time, present or future. In a word tempus doesn't fugit, by that monitor."

"Gim me that watch, Mister, hand it over. Who would 'av' thought it! Let me go back to the State of Baldwin! Je-ru-za-lum! What'll Betsy say now?"

"Stranger," said F., with his eyes dilated and fly-trap set, "that watch of yours has lost its skuzorrump-tum."

"De-Je-ru-za-lum!" exclaimed the Baldwin ranger, moving for the door.

"And more than that, stranger," added F., with nostrils dilated and his voice raised to a thunder tone, "that watch is smashed right in the middle of its spizzerrincktum."

"My God!"

And the gentleman from the State of Baldwin was beating Harry Bassett's time down Dauphin Street, with the 'air lume' biscuit in the bottom of his breeches pocket.—*Mobile Register*.

Organizing the Forty-fifth Congress.

Saturday, when 'Big English' saw that it was going to be a lonesome day for the boot-blacks, he set his head to devise something to break the monotony. About 10 o'clock he got a number of boys into the alley behind the Post Office, and organized the Forty-fifth Congress. 'Big English' is a regular reader of the daily papers and he is a great organizer. It took him but fifteen minutes to get the 'House' and 'Senate' running so smoothly that lawyers and others looked down from their windows with great interest.

"Who's a liar?" yelled a white head of boy, as he jumped up.

"Oh, dry up!" shouted 'Sixth Ward Tom'.

"Put him out—he was in the rebel army," called a boy from Grand River Avenue.

"Some one clubbed my dog fifteen years ago, and I never can forgive him," howled Strawberry Bob.

"Git out the records and less," see who was loyal, put in King's boy.

'Big English' rapped on his box to restore order, but King Tommy threw up his hat and yelled: "I moves for aizes and the nezes."

"He can't gag me!" shouted a lathy boy from Windsor.

"Less; have er salary grab," piped a Congress street boy.

"The peopul won't stand it," whooped another.

"Ain't we the peopul?" demanded a boy on the railing.

"Are we one country?" asked the Speaker as he rose up.

"I are, but you ain't!" yelled 'Nickety Nick'.

"Doesn't one flag float for us all?" continued the Speaker.

"It does about tax time!" screamed a cross-eyed youth from Sprungwells.

Somelody kicked the honorable Speaker. He then struck the honorable gentleman from Wisconsin. The honorable gentleman from Wisconsin smashed at the honorable gentleman from Georgia, and hair stood up, coat-tails stood out. When the row had quieted down the honorable Speaker remarked:

"It was pretty good for the first time; though we didn't abuse each other enough."

Anecdote of a Newfoundland Dog.

A gentleman connected with the Newfoundland fishery was once possessed of a dog of singular fidelity and sagacity. On one occasion a boat and a crew in his employ were in circumstance of considerable peril, just outside a line of breakers, which—owing to some change in wind or weather—had, since the departure of the boat, rendered the return passage through them most hazardous. The spectators on the shore were quite unable to render any assistance to their friends afloat. Much time had been spent, and danger seemed to increase rather than diminish. Our friend, the dog, looked on for a length of time, evidently aware of there being great cause for anxiety in those around. Presently, however, he took to the water, and made his way through to the boat. The crew supposed he wished to join them, and made various attempts to induce him to come aboard, but not he would not go within their reach, but continued swimming about a short distance from them.

After a while, and several comments on the conduct of the dog, one of hands suddenly divined his apparent meaning: Give him the rope, he said; that is what he wants. The rope was thrown—the dog seized the end in an instant, turned round, and made straight for the shore; where a few minutes afterwards, boat and crew—thanks to the intelligence of their four-footed friend—were placed safe and undamaged. Was there no reasoning here? No acting with a view to an end, or for a given motive? Or was it nothing but ordinary instinct?