

THE PEE DEE COURIER.

JOHN DUCKETT, Editor.

Devoted to the Interests of North Carolina.

\$1.50 per Annum in Advance.

Vol. 2. No. 52.

ROCKINGHAM, NORTH CAROLINA, DECEMBER 9, 1876.

Whole No. 155.

Poetry.

ONLY WAITING.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is down,
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Thro' the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer time is faded
And autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
By whose side I long have lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate.
Even now I hear their footsteps,
And their voices far away;
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is down,
Then from out the gathering darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

Selected Story.

A NIGHT LODGER.

When I was in my twelfth year, papa and mamma made up their minds to take a pleasure trip to the "Far West." This was something unusual; they seldom left home. Well, they went, and my two sisters, two brothers and myself had a gay time "housekeeping."

One day, all except myself and our servant girl were invited to a dinner party. I confess I dreaded to have them go.

"Kate, we will bring you any amount of candy."

"Now, pet, you know you and Sally can stay here just as well as not."

"Don't be a baby, Kitty"—were the words directed to me.

Finally I resignedly bade them "get out of my sight."

Sally and I were good friends; she told me stories and sang songs till I began to think it was quite a fine thing to be left at home.

Tired of staying in the house, I sauntered down the front walk, and amused myself by indulging in a forbidden pleasure—swinging on the gate.

Looking down the road, I espied a man coming along. I flew to the house, and satisfied that he was coming in, I ran to Sally. Seizing her dress with both hands, I exclaimed:

"Oh, Sally! there is a dreadful looking man coming in."

Sally picked up the poker and walked to the door, while I, imitating her example, snatched a stick of wood. Suddenly Sally cried:

"You little goose, it is Bill McCarty!"

Sure enough, it was Sally's beau. Her mother was very sick, and McCarty was sent to bring Sally home immediately.

Here was a dilemma. Sally didn't want to leave me, and unless she started home then, she might not see her mother alive. It was nearly time for the rest of the folks to come home, so I managed to raise courage enough to say I was willing to remain alone.

In a few minutes Sally was off, and I was left in possession of our great house, which never seemed so large to me before. I tried to read, but it was impossible; all the murder stories I had ever heard came to my mind.

I remembered that none of our doors could be locked. Papa, who had a few strange ideas, declared locks were a nuisance. I felt that I was doomed.

I went out to the yard, and, to my dismay, discovered that the sky was overcast and a storm near at hand. I could see the rain coming; faster and faster it came; it was soon at the

house. Oh, now it did rain! On each side of our yard was a brook, pretty and peaceful in pleasant weather, but a very little rain transformed them both into raging torrents.

As I stood at the window I saw first one bridge, and then the other swept off. I knew now that I must stay alone all night; it would be impossible for my brothers and sisters to get home.

Travellers, or, as Sally called them, "trampers," often stopped at our house over night, as there was no public house near. To my horror, I now saw one of them coming across the fields. Should I hide? No, that was not to be thought of. Without stopping to knock, the great rough man walked in.

"Can I stay here all night?" I dared not refuse him, so, as firmly as I could, answered:

"Yes." He seemed surprised at seeing no one but myself, and questioned me much. I told him my brother was up stairs writing; that we two were alone. That was the first thing that entered my head to tell him. Such a villainous countenance that man had!

His hair was cut close to his head leaving his ears in bold relief. Wicked looking eyes, and a brutal mouth, completed his general expression of ferocity.

Bedtime came and I directed the man to a room up stairs in the servants' department, not the "up stairs" where I had said my brother was.

Now that there was real danger, I was calm and reasonable. I fastened the door that lead up stairs with my cut-throat scissors, which happened to be in my pocket, so as to guard against surprise, and hurriedly collected our silverware, carried it to mamma's room and hid it in the bed.

No one would have supposed the bed had been disturbed.

I was elated at my ingenuity. I then hunted up what jewels the girls possessed, and placing them, with what money I could find in a box, I hid them in my pocket.

After doing this, I stole down stairs and removed my scissors from the door. These scissors were counted among my most valuable treasures. I had had them many years, and had no intention of losing them now.

I expected the man would only wait till he thought I and my fictitious brother were asleep, and would then search the house for valuables, and finish by killing me.

Only one plan for escape—that I originated seemed feasible. I determined to wait till I heard my lodger in the rooms below, and then wrap myself in papa's shawl, and jump out of the window. I was not kept long in suspense; the peculiar squeak of the sitting room door warned me that it was time to act.

Quietly I raised the window, and just as the steps approached the stairs, I jumped to the ground. Fortunately, there was a bed of lilies directly beneath the window and they softened my fall.

That there was danger of breaking my neck I had not thought. I was determined to escape.

It was as dark as Egypt, the rain was pouring down in torrents, but this was nothing in comparison with the horror within the house.

Half a mile back of our house lived a friend of papa's—Mr. Vincent. I resolved to go there. I ran along, stumbling against fences and falling into ditches, thinking I never knew such a long half mile.

Finally I reached the house, and managed to tell my story. Several young men happened to have been delayed there by the storm, and headed by Henry Vincent, and young man of some twenty two years, the prepared to capture my visitor.

I was too excited to remain at Mr. Vincent's. I declared I would go back home. They all tried to persuade me not to do this except Henry Vincent, who said "such a little heroine should do as she pleased." With my hand tightly clasped in Henry's, we started.

When we came within sight of our house, we saw a light, fitting from room to room, and a few words of boisterous song floated to us on the breeze. Silently my friends surrounded the house, guarding every avenue of escape. Henry and I (I would not let him leave me for a moment) entered the house. We found the vagabond searching papa's desk.

He had found several hundred dollars that I had not seen, when preparing for flight. He started to run when he saw us, but finding men and revolvers on all sides he was obliged to surrender.

He was safely bound, and then questioned. It appeared he was a noted thief who had long baffled the police.

He said when he learned the house was occupied by only two individuals he was much elated. He did not intend to proceed to acts of violence, unless my brother and I troubled him too much. When he found the house deserted, he concluded I had not told him the truth—that I was alone. Not finding me, he supposed I had hid, and he would not hunt for me.

Lifting me into his lap, Henry Vincent called me the "bravest little woman he ever knew." All the others praised and flattered me, till I began to think men were greater talkers than women. All that night we staid there, but before morning I was "raving like a madman." Three long weeks I remained unconscious.

When I became sensible, anxious faces were bending over me. Papa, mamma, and all the folks were at my bedside.

"What is the matter?" I asked. In a moment that dreadful day came to my remembrance.

"Oh, I know," said I, with a shudder. It was a long, long time before I regained my strength.

Every person patted and praised me. I was the heroine of the neighborhood. Henry Vincent never tired of descending upon my bravery, and devoted himself to me in a manner that would have been very aggravating to his lady friends had I been a few years older.

My "lodger" was sent to prison to meditate for some years.

Judge Bond.

This partizan Judge who is represented to be ready to do anything without regard to law for his master, Grant, is thus described by the *Baltimore Gazette*:

"His Honor, Hugu Lennox Bond, has hied him to South Carolina to work for his masters. Anything required of him in the premises will be promptly done. That's the kind of a man he is. The Judge fully understands the length and breadth of the homely phrase, that a friend in need is a friend indeed, and by his supererogable zeal in behalf of his party has made that sublimated institution feel, like Blaine of Maine, that life would almost worthless without its *Bond*."

Just at this time South Carolina presents a fine field for this eminent jurist, and no man in the country can better help his friends to reap where they have not sown and gather where they have not sown.

In the mean time, while the recussant members of the Returning Board are in the penitentiary, where they properly belong, Chamberlain and his precious crew are still busily engaged in attempting to thwart the ends of justice, setting at defiance the solemn decrees of a court, and shamelessly gloating over the ruin they have made—

Grave as Libanius, slumbering o'er the laws,

While gold and party zeal decide the cause."

The early risers nowadays are the thermometer and the house-fly.

THE LEGISLATIVE LOCK.

Democrats Encamped Inside the Constitution and the Capital.

They Gain Possession of the Hall of Representatives by a Coup-de-Main—Blank Astonishment of the Chamberlain Crowd at Manoeuvre—A Dramatic Scene in Hall—Speaker Wallace in the Chair—Vain Appeal of Mackey for Bayonet Aid.

[Special Dispatch to the News and Courier.]

COLUMBIA S. C.

November 30.—6 P. M.

When the people of Columbia lay down to rest last night, they little dreamed of the eventful day that should dawn upon the morrow.

Pursuant to adjournment the Democratic House of Representatives convened at 10 o'clock this morning and immediately went into secret session. From the hurried manner in which members went in and out of the hall, it was soon suspected that some decided action had been determined upon.

A few moments passed, and then the plan became apparent to all. The Democrats, had, at last, decided to make a bold stand and demand their right in the Legislative Hall of the State.

In squads of fours and eights they steadily pressed nearer to the State House. At the door of the State House stood a guard of the United States troops; but they evidently had other orders than those under which they acted on Tuesday.

The Democrats were admitted, and, in a solid body, ascended the stairs towards the door of the Hall of Representatives.

Col. A. C. Haskell and Mr. James L. Orr headed the body, and were stopped at the door by a United States Marshal and the Radical Sergeant-at-Arms. They asked for admittance and were refused. The members of the front rank drew their certificates. The door-keepers, not expecting the crisis were nonplused. The door was opened to pass the front members in, who, on getting half-way in, flung open the door and the Democrats as a body marched into the Hall and took their seats. There was but one sharp decisive struggle, and all was over, although at one time it seemed that bloodshed was imminent.

Inside of the hall were seated about forty of the negro members, who stared with blank astonishment at the influx of the white faces. Gen. W. H. Wallace, the legally elected Speaker, proceeded at once to the Speaker's stand and took the chair, followed by the Democratic clerk, who also took his position on the stand. The Democratic Sergeant-at-Arms remained at the door alongside of the Radical Sergeant-at-Arms. Things remained at a standstill for about five minutes, when Gen. Hampton applied for admittance at the door, and was refused by the Radical Sergeant-at-Arms. A scuffle ensued, and trouble again appeared inevitable, but before the issue came Gen. Hampton declined to enter and withdrew.

Five minutes more passed, when everybody's attention was attracted to the door by the entrance of E. W. M. Mackey, A. O. Jones, United States Detective Hubbard and others of the hangers on. As they neared the Speaker's stand, Speaker Wallace rapped with the gavel and said, "The House of Representatives will come to order."

Mackey and Jones ascended the steps, and Mackey, trembling with excitement and gasping for breath,

said to the Speaker: "You will please vacate this seat."

Speaker Wallace remained seated and replied: "I have been elected by a majority of the House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, duly sworn in, in the Carolina Hall, on Tuesday, the 28th day of November, instant. The Constitution provides that the Legislature shall meet in the city of Columbia, on the fourth Tuesday in November. It makes no provision that the House of Representatives shall be organized in this hall. On Tuesday last a majority of the members of the members of the House of Representatives, with certificates of election, were refused admittance to this hall. They retired to the Carolina Hall and organized with a membership of thirty-six, who, according to the constitution, were duly sworn in and their officers elected. We are here in pursuance of our rights under the Constitution of the State of South Carolina. We desire to oppress no one, and to deprive no one of his rights on this floor. We desire to claim only the rights that belong to us, and those rights we intend to have."

Mackey said: "I claim that I was elected Speaker of this House by a legal quorum of members legally sworn in. We do not recognize that any others than those sworn in here on Tuesday last are members of this House, and these men who are visiting this hall without our consent must keep order. I must again demand that you, Gen. Wallace, leave this chair."

Speaker Wallace: "I have already declared that I am the legal elected Speaker of this House, and I must request you to retire."

Mackey: "The Sergeant-at-arms will please step forward and enforce my order."

Speaker Wallace: "The Sergeant-at-arms will please step forward and enforce my order."

The Democratic and Republican Sergeant-at-arms marched up the aisle together, and each obeyed the orders given them, and several of the Democrats and Radicals ascended the stand and stood behind their respective leaders. Neither Speaker Wallace nor Mackey moved, and there was a general crowding towards the stand as if in anticipation of a fight. But no fight came! Both parties held firm, the Sergeants-at-arms standing on either side, glaring at each other.

One of the Democratic members then moved that a committee of six be appointed to adjust the matter. Speaker Wallace appointed Messrs. Simpson, Allen, Shaw, Gibson, Hamilton and Goul.

Mackey called out to his crowd to take no notice of the Democratic Speaker's commands, and told Jones to call the roll. Jones proceeded to call the roll, while the Democrats continued addressing Gen. Wallace as Speaker all the while. When Jones got through calling over the names, being answered only by Radicals Mackey said: "A Majority being present, the proceedings will be opened with prayer."

Thomas of Newberry, the mulatto chairman of the committee of privileges and elections, who admitted the negroes from Barnwell, yesterday, then went upon the stand and offered a prayer.

Mr. Gray, of Greenville, moved that the chair appoint a committee of three to inform the proper authorities that the House of Representatives was disturbed and usurped by a band of insurgents. Speaker Wallace appointed Messrs. Simpson, Allen, Shaw, Hamilton, Meyers and Gibson. Gibson, one of the Radical on the committee, declined to serve. Mackey then called upon all the members who had not been sworn to come forward and be

sworn. Speaker Wallace did the same. No one came forward.

Several Democrats then rose and were recognized by Speaker Wallace. Several Radicals did the same, and were recognized by Mackey. Both Democrats and Republicans began to deliver speeches, each addressing himself to their own party. At this stage Mackey had a conference with Dennis, and sent a message to Chamberlain stating that the House was disturbed by men not members, and calling upon him to send troops to eject them. Dennis went off smiling, and Mackey said triumphantly: "Order will be restored in a very short time and the illegal members will be ejected."

Andrews, of Sumter, moved to adjourn, but the Radicals refused to adjourn, the Democrats taking no notice of the motion.

Reed, of Beaufort, got up and made a speech in which he said no one desired peace more than he did, and concluded by hoping that the Democrats would go out and be admitted by the certificates of the secretary of State, recognize D. W. M. Mackey as Speaker and have peace.

Mr. Gray, Greenville, (Dem.) and Gibson, (Rep.) both got up and both made speeches. Mackey called Gray to order. Speaker Wallace called Gibson to order, and neither came to order. After these two had finished, Mr. Sheppard, (Dem.) of Edgefield and Minort, (Rep.) of Richland, both got up and started to speak. Mackey called on the Radical sergeant at arms to compel Sheppard to go outside of the railing and stop disturbing the peace of the House. Speaker Wallace called on the Democratic sergeant-at-arms to make Minort come to order. Both sergeants-at-arms attempted to obey orders, and both failed, and the double speeches continued.

CONCLUDED ON SECOND PAGE.

War-like young ladies—Sallyport and Embrasure.

Winged Merchants—Bees, because they cell their honey.

Moving for a new trial—Court-ning a second wife.

A Western settler—The contents of a six-shooter.

What is nothing? A footless stocking without a leg.

To escape trouble from your noisy children—send them to your neighbor's visiting.

A vinegar-hearted old bachelor says he always looked under the head of "marriages" for the news of the week.

A father, bent on instructing his three-year old son, said: "If you had three apples and should give me one, how many would you have left?" "I wouldn't do it, pa," was the prompt reply.

"You are a nuisance! I'll commit you!" said an offended Judge to a noisy person in court.

"You have no right to commit a nuisance," said the offender.

A watering place correspondent writes that "very few bathers bathe at the West End," whereupon Mrs. Partington says, "she had an idea they bathed all over."

A Brooklyn girl was asked by a very thin gentleman if she didn't think she could learn to love him. "I might, if you was stuffed," was the laughing reply.

"Mynheer, do you know for what we call our boy Hans?" "Vell, I'll tell you; der reason we call our boy Hans—because dat ish his name."

At a wedding recently, when the clergymen asked the lady: "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband, she with a modesty that lent her beauty an additional grace, replied: "If you please."