

# The New Era.

VOL. 1.

WASHINGTON, N. C. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1862.

NO. 22.

"Our Nation's Honor the Bond of Union."

## The New Era

IS PUBLISHED

SATURDAY MORNING  
of each week.

TERMS:—Single copies five cents, in wrappers at the office of publication, Union Alley.

Letters and communications are respectfully solicited.

A limited number of Advertisements will be inserted at the rate of two dollars per square of fifteen lines or less for the first insertion, and twenty-five cents for each succeeding insertion.

Advertisements must be marked with the number of insertions desired.

## Poetry.

### ROLL-CALL.

"Corporal Green!" the Orderly cried;  
"Here!" was the answer, loud and clear,  
From the lips of a soldier who stood near;  
And "Here!" was the word the next replied.

"Cyrus Drew!"—then a silence fell—  
This time no answer followed the call;  
Only his rear-man had seen him fall,  
Killed or wounded, he could not tell.

There they stood in the falling light,  
These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,  
As plain to be read as open books,  
While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hill-sides was splashed with blood,  
And down in the corn, where the poppies grew,  
Were redder stains than the poppies knew;  
And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side,  
That day, in the face of a murderous fire  
That swept them down in its terrible ire;  
And their life-blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Cline!"—At the call there came  
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,  
Bearing between them this Herbert Cline,  
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name,

"Ezra Kerr!"—and a voice answered "Here!"  
"Ezra Kerr!" but no man replied:  
They were brothers, these two; the sad wind  
Sighed,  
And a shudder crept through the corn-field near.

"Ephraim Deane!"—then a soldier spoke:  
"Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said,  
"When our ensign was shot;" I left him dead  
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

"Close to the roadside his body lies;  
I paused a moment and gave him to drink;  
He murmured his mother's name, I think;  
And Death came with it and closed his eyes."

'Twas a victory—yes; but it cost us dear:  
For that company's roll when called at night,  
Of a hundred men who went into the fight,  
Numbered but twenty that answered "Here."

### ONLY A JOKE.

"And when are you to be married, Annie?" asked my friend Lucy, as I carefully laid aside my bridal veil and wreath, which I had been showing her.

There was something in the tone of her voice that struck a pang to my heart, though I knew not why, and I answered hastily, while the warm blood mounted to my cheeks—

"In two weeks from to-morrow evening if nothing happens to prevent."

"And that there will anything happen you do not expect?" said Lucy, looking seriously into my face.

"Of course not, why should I dear? Two weeks is not a very lengthy period, certainly, and before half that time has expired, Walter is coming to Elton."

"Are you sure of this?" inquired Lucy.

"As sure as we are of anything," I replied. "Are you a prophetess? Can you peer into futurity, and tell me if there is any reason why this shall not be so?"

"I am no prophetess," sighed Lucy, "and yet—" "And yet what?" I demanded impatiently, irritated by her manner.

"And yet, Walter may never come to you. If he should not—" she did not finish the sentence, but fixed her eyes sadly on my face.

"There are no ifs about it," said I.—"What has taken possession of you that you appear so strangely?"

"I dare not tell you," was the slowly spoken reply, "but to-day I have learned something dreadful."

"Dreadful! What can it be? Walter, no—nothing has happened to him, I am sure. Tell me do not torture me a moment."

"Walter—  
"What, Lucy? I shall go crazy—you'll kill me if you do not tell me. I cried, grasping her hands and holding them firmly.

"Walter is married!"  
"Married, Lucy—married, is that all? Did you think to frighten me with such an absurd story as that? Shame!"

I laughed hysterically as I said this, and tears gushed freely from my eyes.

"It is true, Annie; I read it in to-day's paper, Mr. Walter Mayo to Miss—Miss—I can't think—"

"Helen Stickney!" I gasped, grasping her hands again.

"Yes, that was the name. They were married in London."

"Have you the paper? I cannot credit what you have seen. I must read it—read it myself!"

She drew a paper from her pocket and pointed to the marriage list. My eyes seemed starting from their sockets as I read. My senses were not to be trusted, it could not be, and yet, and yet here it was plain, simple and indisputable:

"Mr. Walter Mayo, of Elton, to Miss Helen Stickney, of London."

Walter Mayo—my, my Walter, married to the proud, wealthy, city belle!

"Go from me, Lucy, please," I said, turning away from her. "Forget this—me—go!"

I staggered to a chair as she left the room. I pressed my hands to my throbbing temples. I tried to believe myself in the midst of some horrid dream from which I should soon awaken. I would not suppress my wild sobs of grief; I would let them come—the dreadful spell would sooner pass away. But no there was no change. My heart grew heavier every moment. The light that streamed in at the window was that of early morning upon which my eyes had just opened. There were sounds of busy life about the house; the children were out on the grassy lawn. I had heard their merry shout, and watched them at their play nearly all the long summer afternoon.— There were flowers on my table; real flowers that my little brother brought me in the morning, when the dew was on them. I was awake, alive; a reality.— Before my eyes was proof of my wretchedness—in my hands I held it. God pity me, it was real, real.

"Mr. Walter Mayo to Miss Helen Stickney," that was all; but my heart was breaking. My brain whirled like a maniac's. The mighty truth clasped itself about every thing. It was within me, and around me—above and beneath me.— There was no leaving it, no forgetting it. There was no rest for me; constantly my heart must bear up its terrible load of grief.

"And yet it was no wonder," I thought while the calmness of despair settled upon me, "no wonder that he should prefer the brilliant, accomplished city belle to me, me the simple, quiet unpretending country girl! I had often heard him praise her; she was like a sister to him he had said. Perhaps of a sudden he had found that he had loved her better than me. God only knew! But oh, it was cruel, so hard to bear! I could not—could not live!"

"Did people ever die when such grief came upon them?" I wondered. If so, I believed that I was dying. I rose and went to the mirror. My face was as

white as death; my eyes as wild and staring as though I had been wrestling with the great conqueror. Lines of purple lay about my lips, which looked as if they were frozen; frozen with such a pitiful expression of woe daguerre-typed upon them. I clasped my icy hands over my eyes to shut out the picture which I had not strength enough to turn away from. My senses seemed leaving me, as with a low moan of agony escaping from my lips I sank helplessly on the floor.

When I awoke to consciousness, I was in my mother's room lying upon her bed, with her dear face anxious and tearful, bending over me. "I was extremely ill" she said. "She found me like one dead upon the floor of my room. How long I had been there she could not tell. She had not called me at tea time because she thought I went out with Lucy Carrier, and had not returned. The doctor said I must be quiet."

"The doctor!" I repeated, wondering, staring into her face.

"Yes, dear, the doctor—good Doctor Owens; here he is now," and she stepped aside that I might see him, but I turned my head away murmuring—

"Walter, Walter!"

"You wish to see him?" asked the good old man, pressing his cool hand upon my forehead.

"See him? Oh, no, no, sir!" I cried, sudden strength coming upon me at the thought, "I shall never see him again."

"Well, well, you needn't dear, don't mind it," he said soothingly, believing me delirious.

I sank wearily back upon my pillow, and as I did so I heard my mother whisper my name. I listened attentively.

"Had we better telegraph to him I she said.

"There is no particular cause for your doing so. A letter sent by mail to-morrow morning will answer as well. I do not apprehend any serious results from this attack. Do as you please, however."

"We will send to-night, then. Walter can come in the first train to-morrow," answered my father.

"Don't don't send for him," I cried, springing wildly up. "If you love me, do not let him know that I am ill. I shall be better soon. Do not look at me so, I am not delirious, I know what I am saying—don't send for him!"

"Why not?" asked my father.

"Because, because," I faltered, I cannot tell you why."

"What is it, child?" queried my father.

"Walter will never come here again for me; he is—"

"What?"

"He is married to some one else! I read it in to-day's paper," I said.

"To-day's paper," responded my mother.

"Yes, it is in my room; go for it."

The paper was found, and the evidence of Walter's perfidy read by each member of the family before the wretched truth could be realized, and then a blank silence followed, and my mother came to my bedside and put her dear arms lovingly around me, and said, if all others failed, she would rather suffer from his fickleness a thousand times over than bear up under his guilt; it was all for the best, even though my heart broke under the burden which bore down upon it.

How from my inmost soul I blessed that mother for the comforting words she spoke to me, and, while I nestled closely to her arms, like a frightened, grieved child, and felt warm tears upon my cheeks, her tender kisses upon my lips, through my sorrow, a little vein of joy found its way, and I thanked God for my mother—for my mother's love!

In a few days I was up and about the house. The pride, that had been numbed by my first shock of sorrow, took up life again and came faithfully to my aid. I put a seal upon my lips. Upon them should linger no regrets; play no words of passionate tenderness; tarry no names

which had been once uttered with so much gladness. My heart should prison on its griefs, though in their rebellion it were torn and broken. Pride should be the stern sentinel which I would set to watch over it. Pride the sexton which should bury from the eyes of the world my woe; the mutilated corpse of my once brilliant hopes. The world should have no tombstones to look upon, and say, that in such a place my dead was lying; I, and only I knew the silent resting place.

And thus the day went on, till the time fixed for Walter's coming was at hand.— The story of his marriage spread rapidly through the village. Every gossip was busy with this rare piece of news. If I went out, I was watched as eagerly as though I were a condemned criminal or a wild ferocious animal that was bent upon some fatal mischief. Some said that I was most heart broken; and others that I was nearly insane; and others still that I had fallen into a sort of stupor from which I should never be roused; that in all human probability I should live but a short time. God knows, I prayed that the last might be so; that every day I prayed not to see the light of another; that the bridal robes laid away so carefully might be my shroud at the time I thought I should become a blessed, happy wife!

The day on which Walter was to come dawned at last. I knew, expected that it would be a wretched one to me, and I shuddered when its light broke clear and rosily at my windows. O, how everything mocked me, on that morning! The mist rose up like a fragrant breath from the lowlands at the first warm kiss of the sun, and lay like a white mantle at the feet of sweet green hills. The fields stretched away, glistened in the sunlight as though their mantles were studded with jewels; and the birds hymned out their praises rich and clear upon the morning air. In all this how wretchedly, how wickedly I cursed the very fate that made me look upon it—live to see it.

I wandered out into the woods, where the silence grew more terrible than the busy, bustling sounds of human life. I went back to the village again; wearily toward home. I went past the station. A train had just that moment come in. I had promised to meet Walter there at that very hour. I turned back, I knew not why; perhaps I thought to cheat myself for a moment into the belief that I should meet him as I had promised; that the past week was a myth, a dream. As I did so a well known voice sounded upon my ear. I turned quickly around, the blood receding rapidly from my brow, cheeks and lips. Merciful heavens!— Walter Mayo was standing before me, with a beautiful, showily dressed woman leaning upon his arm!

"O, if I could but be away from this spot!" I thought, as a terrible faintness came over me. "Was pride frightened from her post again? Should I give up there, sink before those cold, criticising eyes? No, no," and with a strong effort I moved on, directly past them. As I did so, Walter's gaze fell upon me.

"Ah, there is Annie," he said, "this way, Helen;" and going towards me, he held out his hand.

I drew back. A rapid light shot from my eyes. My lips quivered, my whole frame trembled with emotion. I would not bear his insults, for every word that he might speak to me after what he had done, was indeed an insult. I looked disdainfully at his proffered hand and turned away.

"Why, Annie, what is the matter, you are looking as white as death?" he exclaimed, laying his hand upon my arm.

"Why do you turn away so—what does this mean?"

Oh, how the tenderness of his voice went down to my heart, and pleaded with the stern sentinel, pride! How it roused

(Continued on fourth page.)