

The Weekly Courier

John I. Smith

Subscription \$1.00 Per Annum

In Principle a Democratic Newspaper but Independent in Thought and Expression.

Advertising Rates on Application

VOL. I.

LEAKSVILLE, N. C., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1913.

No. 42.

Reminiscences of the Civil War.

(By D. L. AUSTIN)

When war was declared between the States in 1861, I espoused the cause of the South and enlisted in The Mercer Rifles Company, Infantry, at Princeton, Mercer County, Va., (now W. V.) June 29th, 1861, and followed this profession of arms till the echo of the "last beat of the Confederate drum had died away forever."

During the months of July and August 1861, the drill company drilled at Princeton, W. Va. and the 1st of the following September, "we left the refinements and comforts of life, for danger and bloodshed, privation and strife."

At this time Brigadier Generals Floyd and Wise were in the Kanawha Valley. Brigadier General Garrett had fought a battle in August at Cheat Mountain, in which Garnett was killed and his army routed. We went to Big Sewell Mountain, Fayette county, W. Va., and went into camp.

Here for a short time we with the 3rd. Regiment, Wise began later on assigned to the 60th Va. regiment Co. H.

Not far from this camp New River pours through the Alleghany Mountains. On the right bank of the river is the Hawks' Nest, a rock that rises to a perpendicular height of 500 feet, and a little farther on is Ansted where repose the remains of Stonewall Jackson's mother. Several years ago some broad minded philanthropic, patriotic men erected a monument at her grave where she had reposed for years in obscurity. Some 50 or 60 miles farther on the capital grounds at Charleston, W. Va., is a monument to Stonewall Jackson.—The trump of fame will sound his praise, while ocean bears a wave."

In November 1861, we went to Greenbrier county and pitched our tents near the Greenbrier White Sulphur Spring. Here Col. Wm. Starke, one of the bravest of the brave, took command of our regiment.

Early in Dec. we broke camp, marched across the mountains to Selma, Va., there we got aboard a train and went by Lynchburg and Petersburg, Va., Weldon and Wilmington, N. C., and Charleston, S. C., to Coosawatchie on the Charleston and Savannah R. R. where we camped a while. Then went to Pocotaligo 5 miles from Coosawatchie. In January one of our comrades was run over by a train while he was on picket on a railroad trestle. He was buried the next day with military honors. There is not in the world a more imposing and affecting spectacle than the funeral of a soldier. The military forms observed in committing the remains of fallen bravery to their parent earth are grand and solemn. The hearse draped in mourning, the horses that draw the hearse accoutred in mournful trappings, the slow and measured step of the firing party with reversed arms, that precedes the corpse the death like stillness that reigns around, all are calculated for mournful effect from the first tap of the crape covered drum which announces the movement of the sad procession, until the tripple roll of musketry peals above the grave and tells that a gallant warrior there "sleeps the sleep that knows not treading." Such was the case when we laid our comrade to rest by the roadside at Pocotaligo, S. C., far away from his home—"There was lack of woman's tenderness; There was death of woman's tears."

Gen. Lee was with us in S. C. Our brigadier General was John C. Pemberton. We never conversed much with our commander-in-chief.

A private soldier told of a conversation he had with Gen. Lee. The soldier was a cavalryman and while on a march one day, they came to a farm house by the roadside, cherries were ripe, and he dismounted, turned his horse loose in the yard, climbed a cherry tree and began to eat cherries. A little later on Gen. Lee came along and said to him: "Get down out of that tree and take your horse out of that yard."

He said he came down as quick as he could, mounted his horse and rode off. He said that was all the conversation he ever had with Gen. Lee.

We left Pocotaligo, S. C., 20th of March, 1862, and came to Wilmington, N. C. Here Gen. French was our brigade commander. Some of the soldiers were permitted to go out every

day to the Atlantic ocean, and that was a grand scene to view the rolling deep, where the scattered waters rave, and the winds their revels keep."

Left Wilmington 20th April, 1862, went via Petersburg and Richmond to Guinea Station near Fredericksburg, Va. Here we performed picket duty on the bank of the Rappahannock River until sometime in May, then broke camp and marched toward Richmond, Va. One evening when near Pamunkey River in close proximity to Gen. George B. McClellan's army, there was some excitement. The citizens were fleeing from their homes, some of the ladies crying and sobbing—heart-broken. Here we met General Maxcy Gregg, of S. C., who was somewhat advanced in years.

"His face was a well written page, but time alone was the pen." He fought his last battle at Fredericksburg, Va., 13th of December, 1862.

(Continued next issue.)

Mr. Jacob's Will.

The last will and testament of Mr. A. W. Jacob, who died in Danville recently was probated last week. It was written March 4, 1912 at San Antonio, Texas.

The following is a copy of the document:

"This, my last will and testament, made March 4th, 1912, being in my right mind, do give and bequeath to my sister, M. W. Jacob, \$30,000 of my estate, and to my niece, Miss Bessie Jacob, \$5,000; and to Mrs. P. B. Gravelly, \$10,000; to Mrs. Mary Canada, \$1,000; to Miss Marguerite Smoot, \$500, and the balance of my estate, except the drug business, to R. Chalmers Jacob, my nephew.

The drug business I give to Mr. John Pruitt, my partner, if he agrees to pay my sister \$500 a year for three years.

I appoint Eugene Withers, together with Robert Jacob, my brother, to settle the estate.

(Signed) A. W. JACOB.

"Witness: H. M. SMOOT."

The Life Time Earnings.

New York—Secretary of State William J. Bryan, speaking before the clerical conference of the New York Federation of Churches on the subject of "Fundamentals," declared it to be his belief that "it is possible for a man really to earn \$30,000 a year for a lifetime of 33 1/3 working years, or a million dollars a lifetime."

Secretary Bryan made this declaration in discussing man's relations to the society, which, he said, was one of the three things fundamental in human life. Other fundamentals he mentioned were "one's relation to the government under which he lives and to his God."

The meeting was attended by ministers representing fifty religious denominations.

Comparing the wealth of the richest American, which he estimated at \$500,000, 000 Secretary Bryan declared his belief that Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln rendered services to the world that were worth immeasurably more than that. What the world needs he added, is not the men who amass money to give away when they die, but men who give themselves to society.

Every morning compose your soul for a tranquil day, and all through it be careful often to recall your resolution, and bring yourself back to it, so to say. If something discomposes you do not be upset, or troubled; but having discovered the fact, humble yourself gently before God, and try to bring your mind into a quite attitude. Say to yourself, "Well, I have made a false step; now I must go more carefully and watchfully." Do this each time, however frequently you fail. When you are at peace use it profitably, making constant acts of meekness, and seeking to be calm even in the most trifling things. Above all, do not be discouraged; be patient; wait, strive to attain a calm, gentle spirit.—Francis De Sales.



The Courier wishes to one and all A Very Merry Christmas

Reception to Mrs. Percy M. Millner.

Percy M. Millner.

Mrs. P. R. Millner and daughters gave a most delightful reception in honor of the bride of Mr. Percy M. Millner on last Saturday afternoon.

The room and hall were tastefully decorated with white and pink chrysanthemums and ferns and with white wedding bells and festoons.

The house was darkened and rendered most attractive by the soft light of a hundred candles which lent a charm to the attractive gowns of the bride and hostesses, those assisting the hostesses and the large number of guests.

The bride who was the center of attraction was attired in her wedding dress of white charmeuse and lace showing to every advantage the charming new citizen whom all so cordially welcome to our midst.

Her affable manner and graceful ease already bespeak for her a host of friends among her new acquaintances whose warm greetings she accepts and returns in kind.

At the door the guests were met and greeted by Mrs. W. R. Walker and Mrs. T. Lee Millner, assisted by little Miss Mary Millner, who received the cards.

The guests then were received by Mrs. P. R. Millner who presents each to the bride who was assisted in the receiving by Miss Annie Millner, Mrs. T. J. Smith, of Reidsville, Mrs. A. E. Millner and Mrs. Gilliam Grissom who also performed the pleasant duty of ushering the guests into the dining room which was charmingly presided over by Miss Katie Millner assisted by Misses Madeline Ould, Rivers Ivie, Annis Moir and Corinne Smith of Reidsville.

Here refreshments were served to every one's heart's content and all were escorted to the coffee booth by Mrs. J. D. Martin where Mrs. D. F. King, Jr. and Miss Gertrude Fagge poured.

During the reception appropriate solos were rendered by Mrs. D. F. King, Jr., and by Miss Gertrude Fagge and the guests were favored by instrumental music by Misses Rivers Ivie, Madeline Ould, Corinne Smith and Martha Taylor.

Seldom has our town seen either so large or so enjoyable a reception and amid the talk on many varied subjects there always was prominent the inquiry as to who would be the next bride.

Eye-Openers.

A very old Irishman one day astonished a friend by announcing that he was about to get married.

"Married!" exclaimed his friend. "An old man like you!"

"Well, ye see," the old man explained, "it's just because I'm getting an old boy now. 'Tis a fine thing, Pat, to have a wife near ye to close the eyes of ye when ye come to the end."

"Arrah, now ye ould fule!" exclaimed Pat, "Don't be so foolish. What do ye know about it. Close yer eyes indeed. I've had a couple of 'em, an' faith, they both of them opened mine."—Atlanta Journal.

Illustrated Lecture

There will be an illustrated lecture on Palestine in the Baptist church under the auspices of the B. Y. P. U. on Friday night at 7:30 o'clock. Admission is free but a collection will be taken to defray the expenses of securing the stereopticon views.

There will be no service in the Baptist church on Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, but the congregation will unite in a special service at the Spray Baptist church in celebration of the liquidation of the indebtedness on the building. Rev. R. E. White will preach,

What I Am—What I Do.

I am a well-aimed missile in a vast volley of preventing pining disease to flight;

I am a messenger of hope who visits the thousands in despair.

I am a harbinger of the cure and at my coming the hopeless take heart;

I am a missionary of sanity and proclaim the truth where error reigns and fraud sits enthroned;

I carry the consumptive from the tenement to the mountain-side, from the crowded street to the open field;

I pay for the food that nourishes the weakened body of the coughing mother;

I send the visiting-nurse as an angel of mercy to the bedside of the sufferer;

I hold my school in the open air and see the color return to pallid, childish faces;

I open the sanatorium gates to him who, without me, would die alone;

I print the good news for the unknown and spread the gospel to the ignorant;

I smile a benediction on him who buys me at Yuletide, and I make glad his heart because he saddens the hearts of other.

I am small but I can do mighty work; I am humble but I save human life; I am mute but I speak a message of love;

I AM THE RED CROSS CHRISTMAS SEAL.

I can be purchased at most stores, and at T. J. Betts & Co.

Reception to Brides.

The ladies of the Episcopal and Presbyterian churches gave a floating reception at the home of Mrs. W. R. Walker in honor of the two brides, Mrs. W. J. Gordon and Mrs. J. M. Walker.

The ladies of these respective churches conspired together to give their pastor's brides a hearty welcome, and even the weather lent a genial warmth to the occasion. King Sol was shut out, with his bright, searching rays, and day was transformed into a mellow glow by the many subdued lights.

Miss Ann McCargo and Mrs. Jno P. Price were the wide awake sentinels who guarded the entrance, cordially receiving the guests. Little Minnie Walker bore the card tray, and Mesdames Millner and Foad were the ushers, who conducted the guests into the parlor, a symphony in green and white, where the receiving line presented a glittering array of costumes and bright faces. The guests filed down the line to be greeted in turn by Mesdames Walker, Gordon, Rainey, S. L. Martin and Miss Stone. Thence one proceeded to the dining hall, than which fancy could picture no fairer sight—'twas indeed a fairy scene, and here Mesdames Moir and Walker presided. The decorations were gold and white, and one paused long enough to partake of ices, cakes and bonbons. One made the circuit and landed in the coffee room, where this delightful beverage was dispensed by Mrs. Jones and Marshall, while Mesdames Walker and Field charmed all with music.

Evidently Ready for Him.

A gentleman who had been in town only three days, but who had been paying attention to a prominent belle, wanted to propose, but was afraid he would be thought too hasty. He delicately approached the subject as follows:

"If I were to speak to you of marriage, after having only made your acquaintance three days ago, what would you say to it?"

"Well, I should say never put off till tomorrow that which you should have done the day before yesterday."—Life.

We have just received a nice shipment of Huylers fine Xmas condities. Also a big assortment of Fireworks.—T. J. Betts & Co.

Mysteriously Murdered.

Information reached Leaksville Friday afternoon of the death of Franklin Flynn, of near Price, and he is supposed to have been foully murdered.

The story goes that Flynn was in Ridgeway on Monday, December 8, and was exceedingly reckless in displaying a large roll of bills, and that while there he purchased some ten gallons of whiskey. It might be said that Flynn had the reputation of illegally selling liquor, hence the unusually large purchase of the Ridgeway spirits. It is surmised that some one took notice of the unfortunate man's money and followed him to his home for the purpose of robbing him. It would seem according to the circumstances that the murderer waited until Flynn retired at night and probably fell asleep. It was found that five shots were made from a revolver, three of the bullets being imbedded in the wall near the bed, the other two entering the body of the victim. One entered the back and the other the head. When found, the body was lying on the floor and was badly decomposed. The money was gone but the ten gallons of whiskey was still in the room, apparently untouched.

LOVERS' LONG QUARREL ENDS

Quaker City Couple United in Marriage After Being Separated by Spat for 20 Years.

After a separation for nearly a score of years, during which there were several romantic features, Miss Matilda Kass, of Appleton, Wis., and George Alvord, of 624 Henry street, Camden, Pa., have just been married.

Twenty years ago Alvord and Miss Kass were sweethearts in the west. A difference arose, and they separated. Some time later Alvord married another woman and moved to Camden. With the couple went Paul Engum. After a time the boarder and Mrs. Alvord disappeared and Alvord awoke one morning to learn that his wife had divorced him and had married the boarder.

Recalling his sweetheart of years ago, Alvord wrote and found she was not married. A correspondence was entered into, with the result that the two decided to marry. In the meantime, Alvord received a letter from his erstwhile boarder, in which the latter stated that Alvord's former wife had divorced Engum. The latter had learned of Alvord's approaching marriage, asked forgiveness, and sought to act as best man. Arrangements were under way to carry out such a program, but Engum was unable to come east.

SIX STATUES OF THE WORLD

Continent of America Divided into Two Parts to Please the Artistic Eye.

Only recently the stairway fountain at the Trocadero at Paris, France, and the statues which dominate it were restored. This work brought out a curious fact which for a long time has been forgotten.

The statues represent the five parts of the world, but unfortunately there were six statues. The extra statue is accounted for in this way. When, forty years ago, the sculptural decoration of the palace was ordered (the Trocadero is the only remaining decoration of the exposition of 1878) it was decided to erect statues to represent the five parts of the world. But to maintain the symmetry of the decoration six statues were needed, so it was decided to divide America into two parts. Aime Millet and Houssin were the sculptors for South America and Hiolle for North America. Europe was fashioned by the chisel of Schoenerwerk, Asia by Falguiere, Africa by Delaplanche and Australasia by Mathurin Moreau.

Dedicated to Would-be Character Robbers.

It is Little Use.

It is little use for the local editor to waste his lungs and sprain his spine in trying to boom a town when the citizens all stand around with their hands in their pockets and indifferently wait for something to turn up. If the capitalists or business men do not put their shoulders to the wheel and do a little boosting it is useless for the editor to try to boom things. He can write "boom" articles till he gets baldheaded, but if the citizens themselves do not take hold and push, the town will forever stick in the mud.

The above was taken from the Charlotte Observer credited to an exchange. That, however, does not lessen the truthfulness of the statements, although some people seem to think that an editor should know all things at all times, be responsible for the shortcomings of the whole community, and tell the truth always.

The Other Fellow.

Give him a kindly, brotherly thought at least once in a while. Make him the center of things occasionally instead of yourself. Get into the habit of seeing a few things from his point of view. As you value the best things for which men were made, do not make life a competition and all humanly a field for your exploitation. Of course you can get ahead of the other fellow if you try hard enough, and act meanly enough, but the net result of it all is bound to be terribly disappointing. The money in your pocket that ought justly to be in his may not burn a hole and get out, but it may do something worse than that—it may burn and scar and scorch your own soul. It is really a rather serious matter living alongside the other fellow. What we do with him may be important from his view, but it is very much more important from ours.—Christian Guardian.

Pay in Advance.

I went to an inn when I'd finished my work, possessed of no goods but my name and requested the clerk to give me the nicest room in the stack. The clerk seized me up with an indolent eye, nor withered away in my arrogant glance; he smiled at my orders, and said in reply: "All guests without baggage must pay in advance." I started to argue the matter at length, said I was insulted by such a demand; "unless there's retraction I'll use all my strength to hoodoo your tavern through all the broad land." The clerk gave a wink to the janitor bold, who gathered me up by the slack of my pance, and sighed, as around on the sidewalk I rolled, "All guests without baggage must pay in advance."

Some people can travel around on their gall, though why they should do it is not understood; the man who is welcome in tavern or hall has visible assets to show he is good. Although we have pity for fellows of worth, knocked out by the buffets of fell circumstance, this rule's holding good in all parts of the earth: "The guest without baggage must pay in advance."—Walt Mason in News and Observer.

She Came "Into Two."

A lady with a wasp-like waist faintly in the street one day, and was carried into the nearest drug store. An Irishman who had observed the occurrence looked into the store after a few minutes and inquired:

"How is she?"

"Oh," said the druggist, "she's coming to."

"Ah," replied Pat, come in two, has she. Poor thing! Bedad, it's just that I was afraid of."—Selected.

According to the American Bible Society, the Bible is now printed in between 400 and 500 languages and dialects. In many instances the missionaries have done heroic work in Bible translation, some of them having to deal with tribes whose language was crude and unformed. In Africa and in the South Seas work of this kind had to be done.—Christian Herald.

One of the blackest crimes in the history of Rockingham County was attempted during the trial of the suit wherein The Leaksville-Spray Institute was plaintiff and B. F. Mebane defendant, when A. L. Brooks, C. O. McMichael and A. D. Ivie, attorneys for the defendant, seemingly colluded together deliberately, premeditatedly, and with malicious intent for the purpose of going into the Temple of Justice and by falsehood, slander, vilification, misrepresentation and innuendo, rob me of my good name and character, in an effort to advance the interest of their client. That their effort resulted in a miserable failure does not lessen the crime, for it was by no fault of their own that they failed to accomplish their hellish purpose, but because I was too well and favorably known. The Judge presiding, who has known me from childhood, knew they were lying, the spectators knew they were lying, and the saddest part of it all is, they themselves knew and were bound to be conscious of the fact that they were lying.

I have been looking for the good that may be gotten out of this crime. It brings me face to face with an opportunity to glorify God and magnify his grace by forgiving these would-be character robbers, and this by his help and grace I will do. Already I have buried all purpose and desire for personal revenge. If only by touching a button I could bring disaster upon them and their homes and thus get personal revenge I would not do it, but I feel the rather like saying: "Father forgive them for they know not what they do."

The Lord God whose servant I am, requires me to forgive the sinner, but to hate and condemn his sin. O, the magnitude of the sin of the character-robber! Who can compute it? When one is robbed of his health, as a man it is only a part of it, possibly his pocket change, but when you rob a man of his character, you take a priceless possession, and strike a blow at every member of his family, not only the innocent babe in the mother's arms, but children as yet unborn even to the third and fourth generation.

No man has a right to sell himself to do wrong, and yet these men must have sold themselves to commit this crime for the sake of the silver that was in it. This article is not a malicious attack upon them, but only an outburst of righteous indignation and a rebuke to such a crime.

The writers of both sacred and profane history agree that the character-robber is by far a worse man than the highway robber, and if any writer has made him a better man than the murderer I have failed to discover it. The strong arm of the law and public sentiment have driven the highway robber from the land, but the little jackleg lawyer is still plying his trade in some places and will continue to do so until an awakened public conscience drives him out. If ever there was a day when such tactics were useful, that day has passed in Rockingham County. Her best citizens stand for truth, honor and justice.

Now, if what I have written is not true, I have slandered these men, but if on the other hand it is true, I have rendered a public service by repudiating and exposing their methods. Let us hope that such a crime as this may never again be repeated in any of our courts of justice.

By some it has been thought a mark of great courage to stand in the Temple of Justice and abuse and slander one's neighbor, but it is the same kind of courage that displays itself when one takes the advantage and conceals himself by the roadside and shoots his neighbor from ambush. The right to practice law does not carry with it the right to abuse, vilify, slander and lie. The legal profession has, in some instances, been degraded by a few who thought they could not earn their fee without resorting to such methods but the higher class lawyer feels that he is entitled to his fee when he has rendered a clean, clearcut service.

I do not believe that either of these men, who appeared for the defendant in this suit, will ever enjoy the fellowship of the Lord Jesus Christ, (which is worth more than everything else) until they make public confession of this crime. Nor do I believe they can ever enjoy the esteem, respect and confidence of their fellow countrymen to the extent they might have enjoyed it but for this crime.

Yours for Justice,
D. F. King.
Adv.