

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL. III.

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, AUG. 16, 1889.

NO. 15

Grisson in the Role of the Moor.

From Reidsville Review.

Scene—Insane Asylum, Raleigh.

Enter Grisson, Board of Directors and others.

Gris. Soft you, a word or two before I go. I have done the State some service, and they know it.

No more of that I pray you in your words. When you shall see these unlucky deeds relate;

Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate, Nor set down night in malice; then must you speak.

Of one that lived not wisely but too well;

Of one not easily roused, but being wrought, Went to th' extreme; of one whose hand, Like the base Indian throws the "pap" away;

Richer than all his tribe, of one whose subdued lips, Not given much to the scolding mood, Have deigned to kiss poor women in distress;

Through purest sympathy. Set you down this.

And say besides that in the Asylum once, When a depraved and infamous attendant Defamed a female and traduced the State, I drew my pistol on the bastard dog And threatened him.

[Grisson. Exit Grisson. Othello, act v, scene 2.]

CALEB MARSH'S SURPRISES.

"Mother, these horses is mighty skittish and mettlesome this mornin'," said Caleb Marsh to his good wife Nancy, as they were driving along the road one bright day in September. Caleb and his wife were on their way to pay a visit to one of Caleb's sisters, who lived about fifteen miles from their farm.

"Sister Martha will be surprised to see us a comin', I know, mother," remarked Caleb. "You know she keeps a writin' and sayin' she'd give up secin' us again. You see how it's bin all the time; first the corn plantin', then the harvestin', and the threshin', and hayin' and wheat sowing. I've just had no chance to go anywhere till now."

"Yes, father," answered Nancy, "you have a right smart to do this summer, but they will be the gladdest to see us when we do get there."

"We're makin' mighty good time towards it, anyhow," said Caleb, as he struck a fly on the off-horseshoe with his whip.

"I just tell you what it is, mother, there's nothin' that can beat natur, accordin' to my thinkin'," remarked Caleb, after he had been loo'ing approvingly around him for some time. "They can all talk about the rich people in town and envy them their fine houses and carriages and horses and pictures and such things if they want to. I'll take the country all the time for my part. Them woods over there, all red and yellow and green is a heap purtier than any of their fine pictures that cost enough money to buy a farm, and when it comes to the horses, I'll just bet they haven't anything better than these two of mine." Caleb was a great admirer of fine horses, and no one in his part of the country had as good a pair of thoroughbreds as he had and he let no opportunity pass to remind people of it.

They drove along in silence for a time, evidently enjoying the surroundings. It was indeed a lovely scene. Summer was still in full dress—made more glorious even by the touch of frost that had only lent additional beauty, without showing its destroying power. The grasshoppers rose in clouds out of the roadway, as the prancing horses disturbed them, then with a "whir" settled back in the dust until aroused again by some passer-by. The little brown sparrows twittered merrily and the various red heads peeped saucily at them from behind the tree trunks or even the tops of the fencibles, their bodies hidden from view and only their red crests to be seen gleaming like rubies in the sun.

Caleb Marsh and his wife Nancy were good, honest, simple-hearted people. They had been brought up in the times when schoolhouses were few, and they had no chance to get an education beyond a little "readin', and writin' and cipherin'," as Caleb always expressed it. They had prospered in every way finan-

cially and were quite able to take life more easily than they did, but they had been raised to consider idleness a sin and they still kept at work from force of habit. Their married life had been blest with two children, but that dreadful scourge scarlet fever, had made them childless. Within one week their little ones had both been stricken and laid away. As they drove by the grave yard that morning, Nancy Marsh laid her hand instinctively on the reins as if to check the horses. It hurt her to have them prance so gaily by the place where their darlings were lying. Both father and mother gazed fondly and tearfully at the two little mounds, with their white headstones and borders of polished shells glistening in the morning sunlight.

"Father," said Nancy, for the names of father and mother they had learned to call one another by, when the little ones came, had never been put aside, "I know it is not showin' a proper and obedient spirit, but I can't feel reconciled yet to givin' them up. It's against nature, somehow, and we've been so lonely since they have been taken away from us."

"The Good Man knowed best, mother, and its wicked for us to fly in His face by murrning against what he sends us," answered Caleb. But the tears that he wiped from his face with the back of his hand did not assure her that he was any more reconciled than she was, and showed her that the yearning in his heart after his little ones was as great as her own was.

Caleb and Nancy reached Sister Martha's in good time and they were joyfully received. When they had finished their visit and were all ready to start home again, Caleb told his wife he had concluded, to drive back by way of the lower road. "It's only a mile or so further, and I want to see a man that lives on the way about a trade we've been talkin' about. The extra distance don't amount to much with such a pair of travelers as these of mine."

They had driven about half the distance when a terrible storm came up and the affrighted horses leaped in terror at the vivid flashes of lightning. Caleb was compelled to seek shelter, and the nearest place that could be reached was the county almshouse. An orphan's home had been built adjoining it within the last few months, and they had been placed under the same management for the sake of economy. Caleb drove under one of the sheds and after fastening the horses securely, they went into the officer's room to wait until the storm should pass by. The matron of the orphan's home took them through the different apartments. There were quite a number of children at the home at the time, and Nancy's motherly heart swelled with pity as she looked at them and thought of her own little ones. There was one of them just the size her baby girl had been when she died.

Nancy took her on her lap and smoothed the long curls the matron had never had the heart to cut off. The matron seeing how interested Nancy was in the little girl gave an account of her. She said there were two of the children, a boy two years older than the girl. Some farmer had taken the boy out of the home the week before. The matron had tried to persuade him to take both of the children, as she did not like to have them separated. This the farmer refused to do, as he thought it would be too much trouble to raise two children. The children were of good families. Their father had lost all of his property through indorsing for false friends and had died penniless. Their mother soon followed him and the little orphans were taken to the home to be cared for.

Nancy called Caleb's attention to the little girl, and told him her name was Nellie, the same as their own child's had been. Caleb picked the child up and kissed her and Nancy begged him to take the child home with them. Caleb told her

he would think the matter over for a few days first. She said no more about the child to him then, but she whispered something to the matron as they passed out of the place when the storm had passed by.

On the way home Nancy could talk of nothing but the little girl but Caleb avoided committing himself in the matter. "I can't tell what has come over father; it ain't like him to act so queer. It must be he is selfish and can't bear to see anyone take the place of our own lost one," said Nancy to herself by way of an excuse for Caleb's apparent lack of interest.

The next week Caleb was drawn as a juror on a grand larceny case that occupied several days, and Nancy was left alone most of the time. Her mind was filled continually with thoughts about the child, and for fear that some one else might take her in the meantime caused her to become so anxious and worried that she could endure the thought of waiting no longer. She harnessed the old family horse and drove to the orphan's home alone. "Father hasn't comt right out and said I shouldn't have the child and I know he won't care after I get her home once and he sees how I have set my heart on her," said Nancy to herself as she drove along.

As the Marshes were well known in the community where they lived, Nancy had no trouble in getting possession of the little girl, and they were soon on their way back home. As Caleb was a little late in reachin' home that evening, Nancy had everything in order and the supper all ready to be placed on the table when she heard him drive into the barn lot. When she heard Caleb step up on the porch she slipped in, slipped into a side room to watch and see how he would receive the little stranger. The first object his gaze fell upon was a little golden-haired child sitting before the fire rocking and singing to a little doll that had once belonged to his own little girl.

Caleb picked up chair, baby doll, and all in his arms and pressed them to his heart.

"Thank heaven you got her, mother," said Caleb, joyfully. "I stopped there myself this evening and the matron told me she had been taken out. She didn't tell me you took her though, and I intended to surprise you by bringin' her home, and I was awful sorry about putting it off too long."

"I'm so glad you don't think I did wrong in gettin' her, father, without your tellin' me to," said Nancy as she wiped her eyes on the corner of her apron. Caleb kissed the child tenderly and put her down, while Nancy helped him remove the wraps he wore as the nights were getting chilly.

"Supper is ready, father," said Nancy, as she arranged it on the table. Caleb had stepped outside a minute, while she was busy when he returned he was leading a little boy by the hand.

"Put down another plate, mother; the good man gave us two children and I think there is still room for two," said Caleb buskily as he led the child forward.

"Sister!" "Buzzer!" were the next moment cried by the children as they flew into each others arms. Nancy looked on wonderingly a moment, then the glad tears rained down her cheeks as she realized that brother and sister were together never to be separated again.

After much clearing of his throat and rubbing of his eyes, Caleb found voice to explain how it come about. He had stopped at the home to get the little girl, but she had been taken out and the good matron had not told him who had taken her. She told him that the farmer had brought the boy back that afternoon, saying his wife thought the child too spindlin' to ever make a hand on the farm and they had concluded to take a bigger stronger boy.

The little fellow was crying so hard because his sister had gone that I hadn't the heart to come away and leave him so hear he is. I

suppose the matron didn't want me to know you had taken the little girl for fear I wouldn't take the boy and she knowed we'd never separate them after they got together again, concluded Caleb.

The extra plate was put on and it was a happy family that gathered around the table. After Caleb had returned thanks, he looked over to the children and his eyes filled with tears as he beheld the familiar high chair and the little tin plates with the A. B. C. borders and battered red tin cups that had been part a way so long.

"It's like old times agin mother," said he buskily, and there was such a lump in Nancy's throat that she could only answer by a nod of the head.

When the supper work was done and they gathered around the fire that night Caleb took down the well worn Bible and turning the leaves he found and read: "And whoso shall receive such a little child in My name receiveth Me." When they knelt at the family altar honest Caleb Marsh prayed for divine forgiveness for having closed his heart so long against the cry of the weak and fatherless, and good Nancy Marsh whispered a fervent amen.—*Laura L. Fitzpatrick.*

A NEW "MESSIAH" IN JAIL.

Georgia Jurymen Concluded Not to Let Him Roam Around.

McINTOSH, Ga., July 28.—The pseudo Christ of Liberty county is still in jail and twenty nine of his devoted followers are incarcerated with him. The sheriff aided by forty citizens of the county, effected the arrest yesterday morning. A jury was immediately formed to try James for insanity, the charge having been preferred by several citizens. After a satisfactory inquiry the jury pronounced James non compos mentis and ordered incarceration as such.

These steps were necessary in view of the serious trouble James and his followers were giving. The intelligent negroes passed resolutions condemning James' actions and asking the authority to arrest him. Excitement is still at fever heat but it's hoped that the trouble is over now.

A true picture of recent events in this county has never been given and they never can be faithfully pictured. Huis were deserted by their tenants. Little patches have been cultivated but have gone to the dogs through neglect. The tarpon farms and cotton fields are without hands. Clothing remains unwashed, cooks have deserted their stoves, servants have left their positions. Men, women, and even children got together and talked over the new Messiah, extolled his qualifications and submitted proof of his divine origin and supernatural power.

The sway of James, like that of Bell, his predecessor, was all powerful, and his authority unquestioned. His word was Law, his command despotic. The negroes were crazed into blind credulity and utter worthlessness. The faith with which they followed in the wake of the ugly pretender, the manner in which they beat and slew and offered up human sacrifice at his command is astonishing, and would be incredible if not so completely proved. They catered to his every wish, endeavoring to anticipate his wants and provide for his comfort. He could have any morning caused the massacre of every white person and the burning of every residence in Liberty county.

Congressman T. M. Norwood confirms the wildest reports in regard to the antics of the new Messiah. James is, or was, a justice of the peace. Court was to have been held Friday, but he dismissed the cases in a bunch, saying that he was soon to lead all the people into Canaan there would be no further use for courts. As an indication of the madness of the negroes, Mr. Norwood tells how they worshipped him wherever he went, and believe him to be Christ, although he was born and raised in the neighborhood.

Mr. Norwood says that the negroes at the meetings practice voodooism in its most degrading and most indecent forms. The Congressman confirms the report of the killing of the child, the beating of the devils out of the unoffending lookers on, and the throwing away of money &c.

The Letter of Resignation of a Postmaster-Elector.

The President gets some unique and original letters. The following epistle was received from the Democratic postmaster at Mt. Carmel, Ill., and is so much good sense, humor and independence in it that it will bear reprinting in full.

MT. CARMEL, Ill., June 7, 1889.

To Hon. B. Harrison, President, &c.:

SIR:—By the grace of God and Grover Cleveland I am postmaster at Mt. Carmel. My official term will expire Jan 20, 1890. In addition to editing the mails of the city, I am also the editor of the Mt. Carmel Register, a live, local, Democratic newspaper, established in 1839, and published at \$1.25 a year, cash in advance; a discount of 20 per cent, to ministers and presidents.

While the office has agreed with me, and I have in the main agreed with the office, and while I might reasonably entertain the hope of holding on for eight months longer yet I feel it my duty to tender you my resignation.

Being a Democrat, I have preached that "to the victors belongs the spoil." I fell disposed to practice what I preach.

Your immediate predecessor hoped to build up his party by keeping the opposition in office. You are probably aware if you are at all familiar with the vocabulary of true and trite sayings, that his name is now Dennis.

I am moved further to tender you my resignation because of the anxiety of a barnyard fall of patriots anxious to succeed me. I believe that a tariff is a tax. They do not. Therefore they are of your kind and kindred, and he who provides not for his own household is worse than an infidel. I am told that you are not built that way.

But to resume the thread of my discourse: The boys who are anxious to be my successor are very hungry; they have been feeding on shucks and leeches for four long weary years; the official call is fat and they yearn to taste its tender joints. They fought (among themselves), bled (at the nose) and are willing to die for the g. o. p. When I asserted that you were the Chittaman's candidate, and ate rat tail soup with chopsticks, they swore by Dudley and Foster that it was a campaign canard and threatened to detail blocks of five to fry the fat out of me. Fortunately for me their threats were not carried into execution. They carried torches, drank with eons, sang "Grandpa's hat will just fit Benny," and did divers and many foolish things none of which would they have been guilty of doing had they not scented an aroma of postoffice on the crisp of morning air. Peans of praise which they sounded when it became evident that you had got there, Eh, will never be a Sahara in my memory.

For these and other reasons, unnecessary to mention, I tender you my resignation, with the hope that my successor will be animated by a similar spirit in 1893. If he is, your Democratic successor will be spared the painful necessity of "turning the rascal out."

I am very respectfully yours,

FRANK W. HAVILL, P. M.

N. B.—I would rather be right than postmaster.

Ice Trust.

ST. LOUIS, August 1.—Information comes from Mobile, Ala., that a recent consolidation in that city of rival ice companies has led to the foundation of an ice trust for the purpose of controlling the manufacture and sale of artificial ice in the South. Five large companies, one each in Mobile, Savannah, Charleston, Birmingham and Brunswick are already in the combine and others are expected to join and the business of the entire South is brought under control. The combination, which has been organized into a central company has a capital of \$500,000, and will control individual companies through ownership of stock each.

A very short wheat crop in India, it is said, will greatly aid the southern and Western growers.

LOVERS TWENTY YEARS.

Romantic Marriage of a Washington Woman and a Montana Ranchman.

Chicago Inter Ocean.

That years touch lightly the heads of those who love was demonstrated at St. Cloud, Minnesota, on the 10th ult., by a most romantic wedding after an engagement of two full decades. During all this time the lovers were widely separated, and only a half dozen letters passed between them.

Twenty years ago Miss Mary A. Thorp, a society belle of the national capital, met Arthur W. Delaney, then a beardless youth just graduated from an Eastern College, who had gone to Washington to witness the inauguration of General Grant as President. Their friendship ripened into love, and the parents of both being anxious that the young people should marry, an engagement followed. Business reverses on the eve of their wedding day caused a postponement of their nuptials, and young Delaney came West with the hope of retrieving his lost fortune. He settled on a ranch near Sun River, Montana Territory, and in a few years had amassed a fortune. For reasons known only to themselves, Miss Thorp and Delaney did not correspond until a few weeks ago, when communications passed between them and they agreed to meet in this city and be made one.

Delaney arrived here about two weeks ago from his ranch, the largest in Montana, and his fiancee made her appearance Monday evening. The meeting between them, after so many years' separation was a happy one, and immediately preparations were made for their marriage. The Rev. E. V. Cambell was summoned to the Grand Central Hotel parlors, and Charles Copper and Miss Belle Mattison, friends of the contracting parties, witnessed the ceremony which made them husband and wife. It was intended to keep the marriage a secret, the officiating clergyman and witnesses being pledged to say nothing about it, but Delaney could not suppress his joy, and announced the marriage himself. The bride is a fine-looking woman of about 40 years, prominent in the social circles of Washington, and the groom is a polished gentleman and her senior by a few years. They will go East on a visit and return to Montana to live.

A Town Wrecked by the Flood.

NEW YORK, July 31.—Late reports state that Bloomb'g, N. J., especially its business centre, is wrecked from the great flood. One or two lives are reported lost. Many persons are imprisoned in their houses along the river unable to get out on account of the flood, caused by the break of a dam. South Orange and adjacent villages along the line of the Delaware and Lackawanna road were all under water. That part of the Newark known as the "Neck," situated near the meadow, is under water. In the upper part of the city many sewers overflowed, inundating the streets. It is roughly estimated that \$100,000 will not cover all the damage done by the rain storm in Newark and in Essex county. Word comes from Poughkeepsie that Ellis Cornet's Ulster county flour mills, West Highlands, has been destroyed by a tornado. Reports from Kingston, N. Y., state that the river grape growers report that the vast grape crop is almost ruined. Considerable damage was done in a number of towns in New England, but no lives are reported lost. Boston escaped with only a shower. The New York, New Haven and Hartford and Erie roads were also blocked by the flood.—*Richmond State.*

—THE VERDICT UNANIMOUS.—

W. D. Sult, Druggist, Bippus, Indiana. "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of Rheumatism of ten years' standing." Abraham Hare, druggist, Belleville, Ohio, affirms: "The best-selling medicine I have ever handled in my twenty years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or Blood. Only half dollar a bottle. At Dr. J. M. Lawing's Drugstore.

What is the Matter with the Workmen of this Country?

Mr. Terence V. Powderly, in the official organ of the Knights of Labor, tells the wage earners some wholesome but disagreeable truths. They have failed, he says, because they have not stuck together. He calls to them to go to the ballot box as one man, with the assurance that they can get what they want if they go the right way to work.

At the same time he denounces dynamite and all forms of violence as the policy of a fool.

What you can't get by means of the polling booth—that is the substance of his lecture—isn't worth having.

Powderly has a level head. But to tell the truth he has a lot of unreason and unreasoning fellows to deal with. Some time they may acquire common sense, but it is the one thing they lack at the present moment.

They have heretofore conducted a sort of guerilla warfare and pursued the tactics of brutality rather than of diplomacy. Shaking their fists in the world's face and hurling cobble stones have not won the public sympathy. On the contrary, they have thrown the whole organization into serious disfavor and imperilled its existence. The Knights are weaker to-day than they were two years ago, and they have only themselves to blame.

Oftentimes they have been in the right, but their methods have been so obstreperously wrong that they have been ignominiously beaten. An organization which attempts to bully the community has mighty small chance of success, even when its cause is just. Brickbats and bullets are not convincing arguments in these days.

When the workmen do all get through with their stupidity they will do something. Until then corporations can oppress them as much as they please and they will remain as helpless as they are now.

The Herald has given them good advice from the beginning, but they suffer from big head and think they know everything.

The working classes can hold the balance of power in almost any election; but they are like Jumbo—a huge, unwieldy creature who does not know his own strength. Poor Jumbo was maltreated by his keeper, who drove the prod into him until he roared. But it all ended in a roar. If he had had sense enough he could have knocked his keeper over the ropes. Being nothing but an elephant, however, he let the fellow prod him as much as he pleased.

Workingmen may bemoan their lot, but so long as they have the remedy in their own hands and fail to use it sympathetically misplaced. Acrid speeches won't save them; harangues against monopolies are simply the bellowing of a fog horn.

When they know how to act together they will accomplish something—not till then.

There are laborers' votes enough in New York State to control the Legislature and dictate measures of relief. If present laws discriminate against them they can have new laws made. By getting together and keeping together they can change the complexion of affairs and compel the Legislature to do them justice.

But their ranks are full of demagogues and jobbers. Petty factional jealousies are the blood poison in the body of Knights which weakens and destroys their influence. They roar like Jumbo when the monopolist prods them, but nothing more.

Powderly is right: The ballot box is the engine of revolution, and until the wage earners of the country recognize that fact and govern themselves accordingly they will accomplish no results whatever.

We should like to see a compact and powerful workingman's party. It could do a deal of good. But there is no such thing now, and will not be until laborers get sense enough to use the right means to accomplish a really great purpose.—*New York Herald.*