

Rockingham Rocket.

H. C. WALL, Editor and Proprietor.

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No. 25.

Job Printing.
Having recently purchased a first class outfit, we are prepared to do all kinds of
PLAIN AND FANCY
JOB PRINTING
IN THE
BEST OF STYLE
And at Living Prices.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

THE BUGLE.
EDWARD PAYSON HALL.
Rings the bugle's silvery echoes
Far away—far away!
Thro' the midnight's moonlight watches,
Echoes of my childhood's day,
When at eve beside my mother
I my infant prayer lisped o'er,
And from rocky steps the bugle
Rolled along Saluda's shore.
Home and heaven! God and mother!
Not so far, far away,
But we feel you in the music
Binging down life's little bay
To eternity's vast ocean—
To the ever-blessed isles,
Ever rooked by music's motion,
Ever warmed by Jesus' smiles.
—The Guardsman for June.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.
The Colored Minister to Hayti—Beecher as a Mugwump—About Dress and Toe-Nails—Two Sensational Occurrences, &c.

[Special Letter to the Rocket.]

NEW YORK, June 7.
The minister to Hayti appointed recently by President Cleveland, you remember, is a negro, and his name is Dr. Thompson. He is an educated man of good standing, and has always been a Democrat. He is very highly spoken of by all classes who know him. Last night about 100 of his friends gave him a big complimentary dinner previous to his departure. About fifty of them were black and about fifty were white. They all sat down together to a dinner which cost at least five dollars a plate, and they drank toasts and made speeches. You would have to read a good many speeches before you found better ones than some of those delivered by black orators on that occasion. The white men who participated in the banquet were Democrats and some of them were prominent ones.

You find many amusing incidents in the treatment of negroes here by the whites. The common uneducated laboring class of blacks is treated very much as they are in the South, except that they are as a rule not preferred as servants. White servants are more intelligent—that is, the best class of them—and the darkey is not in any particular demand and is treated very much in every way as he is treated in the South. But with the educated ones it is different. In their case the color of the skin makes little or no difference. You hear educated white people talk about "colored ladies," and I have seen white men get up and give a seat in a street car. The Hoffman House—possibly the most elegant hotel in New York City—receives guests without any regard to color, and several rich darkeys are frequently there.

BEECHER AS A MUGWUMP.
Beecher's work for Cleveland was no doubt of greater value here last Fall than the work done by any other one man who had before that been a Republican. One of Beecher's sons is a boat captain, or owner or manager, out in Oregon, and he had always been a Republican until last year. Then he was a Cleveland man. Now Cleveland has appointed him Collector at some place in Oregon. The office is not a very important one; but it is true that his father never opened his mouth about him or about the appointment. He said he had nothing to ask of the Administration and that he certainly should not make any effort to advance the interests of his son by asking for his appointment. The old man is said to be very much gratified, however, by the President's kindness to the boy.

AND AS A PREACHER.
Beecher, by the way, is now engaged in about as difficult a task as he has ever tackled. He has declared himself an evolutionist—that man came from the monkey and the monkey from the oyster, and so on. Yet he proposes to point out how this in no way conflicts with the Bible. He is delivering a series of sermons on the subject. Naturally they are attracting a great deal of attention. A great many persons are very anxious to see how these two very different views of man's origin can be reconciled.

ABOUT DRESS AND TOE-NAILS.

The movement to secure the adoption of sensible dress by women, especially of garments which do no injury to the form, long ago took the practical turn here of an establishment where underclothes are made for women on scientific principles. The gearing and the strapping are all so arranged that the weight of the garments is borne from the shoulders. The mysteries of it all I cannot begin to explain; but it has resulted in several good fashions. One is the very common custom that rich women now have of having their shoes made by a shoe-maker who is an anatomist and has made a scientific study of the nature and motion and shape and danger of the human foot. There is as much difference between these shoes and the ordinary corn-producing thing of torture as there is between a broad-cloth coat and a meal-bag jacket.

But it is not the shoe-maker alone who has studied the subject of feet. There are several hundred chiropodists in New York who make fortunes trimming the toe-nails of the rich, straightening out cramped toes, and polishing the nails. Thousands and thousands of dollars are spent every year here for toe-nail and finger-nail polishing. It is a science and a fine art to be a great nail polisher. They are rubbed with ivory and a sort of ointment is used to produce the best shine. In a recent play a well known actress came on the stage in one scene with her shoes and stockings off, and everybody talked about the high polish of her toe-nails and the regular beauty of her toes. A year or two ago one of the most noted of these chiropodists published a book about the care of the feet and mentioned a number of fashionable ladies—wives and daughters of millionaires—whose toes he had treated. But when you come to think about it, it is no wonder that a curer of corns makes a fortune. There are times in most people's lives when they would give all they are worth to get rid of corns.

TWO SENSATIONAL OCCURRENCES.
The other night a night-clerk in a drug-store in the very heart of the city had his throat cut from ear to ear. He was found the next morning sitting in a chair in the back office with this fatal gash in his throat. The police and the detectives are utterly baffled to find out who did the deed, or even why it was done. A few dollars were taken from the money-drawer, but the amount was entirely too small to have been an inducement for such a crime. It is yet a mystery.

The next day the feller in the old Manhattan Bank ran away with \$160,000, and nobody yet knows where he is gone. The Bank officers are very frank to admit that there is no way to prevent a dishonest teller's stealing if he wishes to. When you remember how frightfully difficult it is to escape the detectives, you will appreciate the strangeness of these two cases.

ONE WAY TO ADVERTISE.
The committee that has charge of building the pedestal for the great statue of Liberty, have made a miniature copy of the pedestal and statue of bronze and rickety. It is six inches long and is an exact representation of the big original. They sell for \$1 a piece and the money goes into the committee's treasury to be spent in finishing the pedestal. This morning when it was announced that they were finished and were ready for sale, R. H. Macy & Co., the big retail merchants—the biggest, perhaps, in America—sent a \$10,000 check to the committee, ordered 10,000 of the little statues, and are now selling them for precisely what they gave for them—\$1 apiece. This is the way to advertise. The little statues are very pretty table ornaments and are appropriate souvenirs of the great statue.

SOME PERSONAL NOTES.
The great will case in which Ben Butler, W. M. Everts and Roscoe Conkling were employed, has somehow come to another period of quiet,

and the court room where it was conducted is no longer crowded with all sorts of people to hear the take-off of these big legal minds.

Talking of court rooms reminds me of a funny thing that happened here the other day. A man and a Chinaman got into a fight. The man sued the Chinaman. When the case came up in court the man was placed before the heathen Chinese and he swore that the heathen Chinese had hit him with intent to kill. The Chinaman's lawyer led the heathen pig-tail into an adjoining room and presently they came out in company with another Chinaman. Then the man was asked which Chinaman it was that struck him. He couldn't tell. He swore that all Chinamen looked alike. Of course, since he could not identify his assailant the man was obliged to let his case drop right there.

The report that ex-President Arthur is seriously sick is denied. John Kelly, the great Tammany boss, is in low health. His days of vigor are no doubt passed. Old ex-Governor Seymour the other day celebrated his golden wedding; and a prominent guest at the dinner was Roscoe Conkling. Mr. Cable, the New Orleans novelist, has a temporary home up in Connecticut, where a son was born to him the other day. He has five daughters.

THE GOLDSBORO POSTMASTERSHIP.
On no occasion has President Cleveland been more outspoken than when he was brought face to face with a delegation of North Carolinians the other day. Their particular business was the removal of a Republican postmaster and the appointment of a Democrat at Goldsboro. They stated the case in the fewest words.

"What charges do you bring against the incumbent?" the President inquired.

"The only charge we bring is that he is a Republican," was the answer.

"Is he a good citizen?" the President wanted to know.

"We don't know anything to the contrary," they said.

"Does he perform the duties of postmaster?" the President inquired, further.

"We are not prepared to say that he does not," was the reply.

"Then I will not remove him," was the way the President cut the matter short. The North Carolina gentlemen expressed their regrets, and said that such a course would be very disappointing to the party, and the President said he was sorry to hear it.

"I hope to have the approbation of the Democrats of North Carolina when they come to consider calmly the course of the Administration," remarked the President, in a conciliatory tone; but the gentlemen were doubtful about that.

"Perhaps you are an office seeker," said the President, addressing himself to the spokesman. "I have noticed that office seekers, when they are disappointed, generally think so."

The spokesman affirmed that he was no office seeker, and was asking only for a Democrat for postmaster in the place of a Republican, who has held the office for several years.

"It is what we think we are entitled to, and we say candidly that our party will be greatly disappointed."

The North Carolina Democrats went home that evening.—New York Sun.

"THE PHANTOM BOAT."
The Beautiful Indian Legend of the Death of Estatoa and her Dusky Lover.

(Correspondence Lenoir Topics.)
BAKERSVILLE, May 22.
Where the "Estatoa" (The river crosses the State line between North Carolina and Tennessee is the "Narrows."
The river above the Narrows is from two to three hundred yards wide, but through the Narrows it is not more than ten or fifteen feet in width, but with a fall of several feet to the hundred. The waters go rushing and plunging, surging and dashing in the wildest fury against the huge rocks that lie in the river. For a quarter of a mile the maddened waters rush onward with terrible and irresistible force, then rolling themselves gently into a calm pool, pause, as it were, for a moment; then roll onward to the Holston. On both sides of the river rise perpendicular cliffs, making it impossible for man to pass near the water.

The following Indian legend refers to the Narrows:
A long, long time ago, there lived on the banks of the beautiful Estatoa, above the Narrows and east of the great Unaka Mountains, a tribe of Indians—the Wantalatchies.

The chief had a most beautiful daughter, "Estatoa," and was very proud of her and very particular as to who should woo the heart of the dusky maid.

There were several young warriors of the Wantalatchie tribe that sought the hand of this maid of the wild woods, but Estatoa discarded them all and gave her heart to Natchahala, of the Nolchuckee tribe, that lived west of the Unaka Mountains.

Estatoa's father was so exasperated at this that he vowed by the "Great Spirit" that Estatoa should never see her brave Natchahala again, for the two tribes were enemies to each other. So one night of the full moon in the month of mild September, when the katy-dids were chanting their last requiem of the dying summer, Natchahala crossed the mountain and stole Estatoa from the sleeping guards that her father had ordered to keep watch over her. They had gone but a few paces when they were discovered, the alarm given and their retreat cut off across the mountain.—"The Silver Clipper" will save us," whispered Estatoa. Then hurrying away to the river where Estatoa's canoe was fastened, just above the Narrows, they started across the river, but alas! ere they had made half the distance some of the braves appeared on the opposite bank of the river. Then all hope of escape was gone forever.

They both whispered at the same time: "Down the Narrows." Then Natchahala headed the boat down the river; they were fast approaching the terrible waters, when Estatoa's father called for her to return, but she replied that she would not return without Natchahala. This, the chief would not consent to.—Then, with one powerful stroke of the oar in the hands of Natchahala, the boat shot down the rushing waters beyond the control of all human power. The lovers saw their fate, and clasping each other in their arms, sat in the canoe and awaited their terrible doom.

A frantic wall went up from the banks of the river and Estatoa waved an eternal farewell to her father. Down, down, the boat went, faster and faster, rocking and tossing upon the merciless waters until it was dashed against a large rock and capsize. The lovers rose once, twice, and there was heard a low moaning wail above the roaring waters. Then two souls winged their way to the eternal hunting grounds.

It is said that at the hour of midnight of every full moon in September an Indian canoe, with two Indian lovers in it, glides out from the banks of the Estatoa and moves swiftly down the Narrows until it gets to a certain rock. Then the boat and lovers vanish away, and there is heard a low moaning wail—a wail that dies away on the midnight air.

Mr. Beecher's Belief.

At the weekly conference of the Baptist ministers held yesterday at No. 9 Murray street, Miss Fields, who educates Chinese women for evangelical work at Swatow, made an interesting address about her labors during the past few years. The main feature of the conference was the discussion of the revised edition of the Old Testament. The Rev. Dr. G. W. Sampson read a long paper upon the injudicious changes made! He objected to the use of "one day" and "a second day" in the Genesis instead of the first day and the second day, and especially to the description of man as a little lower than God instead of a little lower than the angels. He also objected to the way the word "sheol" was left untranslated in certain places, while in others it was translated into grave, and again in one of the Psalms it was rendered hell when it evidently stood for grave, but this way of putting it, he considered, was simply to fit the prayer-book of the Church of England.

Prof. Melrowitz, an eminent Hebrew scholar, criticized several of the alterations, and said he considered the revised version still needed revision. "The new version," said the Professor, "says, 'And the man Moses was the meekest of all men.' This is not so, according to my belief. Moses, in my opinion, was a very fiery man. When he saw an Egyptian striking a Jew he did not reprove him, but killed him at once. 'There is a natural evolution,' continued the speaker, "which every Christian believes in. God created the best world he could, and it is developing itself."

"That is Brother Beecher's belief," said a voice in the rear of the room. "It is the belief of all good Christians," declared the speaker. "God does not create every tree that now grows."—N. Y. World, 9th.

Giving Up His Office.

A. F. Howard, Collector of Customs at Portsmouth, N. H., has tendered his resignation to the Secretary of the Treasury. In his letter he says he has held the office since December 24, 1873, during which time he has endeavored faithfully to discharge its duties. He adds: "I have also during all that time been a zealous member of the Republican party and in every way possible contributed to its successes. Consequently my 'offensive partisanship' can be established by many witnesses. For twenty years I have also been a firm believer in the old Jacksonian doctrine, 'To the victors belong the spoils.' Consistency, therefore, compels me to firmly adhere to these principles and convictions in defeat as well as in victory. The Republicans having been defeated at the polls in November and a Democratic administration being now firmly established, the offices and patronage of right belong to those who have waited for nearly three months for the moving of the political waters, which thus far do not seem to move. In my judgment the 'hungry and the thirsty' (to use a common phrase) should no longer be deprived of the fruits of their victory. I therefore quit and deliver up the office which I have held for nearly twelve years."

Mr. Howard's letter of resignation is dated May 30. Mr. Alpheus A. Hanson was appointed to take the office vacated by him.

"How are times down in the country, uncle?" asked a white man of an old negro.

"Porely, sah, porely."

"What is the cause?"

"It's de comin' in o' dese Yankees, sah."

"How did they cause hard times?"

"By t'arin' down all de ole smoke-houses, sah."

"Why did that make any difference?"

"What? Why did dat make any difference? Confoun' em, sah, dat tore down all de log houses an' built brick ones in dar place. Da needn't be so pertiklar. Nobody wasn't gwine to steal nothin'."—Arkansas Traveler.

About Literary Degrees.

We are living in the season of college commencements. It is in this period that doctorates of divinity, literature, law and philosophy are named. During these last years we have come to recoil somewhat from reading under the caption "Degrees Conferred," because we have so often been disgusted with the whole doctorate making business. It really looks like grave and dignified boards of trustees have substituted popular influence for literary fitness as the most important acquisition which entitles to the doctorate of law and literature. Provided a man has been tossed, at the right time, to the crest of a conspicuous billow in the storm of life, although possessing in himself but little knowledge of law or literature in general, he must be doctorate. His position, fortuitously obtained, and not his personal fitness, wins the distinction. And doctorates of divinity are conferred upon preachers not so much, apparently, on account of their own intrinsic merit, as on account of the dignity and influence of the churches they are serving. It seems, in brief, that social position, wealth, influence wielded, and such like considerations, are superceding the central and exclusive qualifications set forth in the very names of the degrees conferred. Thus the farce goes on, while intelligent observers smile and sneer and show their disgust, and the cause of higher learning is wounded in the house of its professed friends.—Enquirer and Express.

The Power of a Holy Life.

A true Christian life is always a lesson, and its power as such depends on its true inward quality. No large measure of power comes out of the fact of a man's outward conformity to Christian rules and institutions. Now and then you see in houses fire-grates furnished with imitations of wood piled up in them. You cannot burn them. You can only light up the gas in their hollows and it will make a blaze. They are very different things from the natural sticks with their sap and juices, and the elements of combustion pent up in them. Similarly a man may be in all outward aspects a Christian; he may look just like one, but the elements which respond to the touch of God's fire are not in his heart. He may seem to glow, but the fire is strange fire and the glow is on the surface. The man himself is not ablaze.

It is character that teaches, and the life in which the Word of Christ dwells richly will be an instructive life in spite of itself. Many a man who is too humble to entertain the thought of his teaching any one, and who is simply trying to live out his life faithfully to God, is, unconsciously to himself, a lesson to hundreds. Like Moses, he knows not that his face shines.—Marvin R. Vincent.

We took a trip across the country last Monday with Capt. John M. Little, to view a crop which was growing a short distance below Farlan, and not upon "government business," as some who saw us might have thought. We noticed along the road which we traveled for a distance of about 15 miles, that fully nine-tenths of the cotton had been "chopped out" and was ready for the rain which has since fallen abundantly. The few who were behind with their chopping are indeed "in the grass" now. The best crop we saw after leaving Wadesboro was Dr. Bennett's, but further on we found Henry Kendall to be ahead of him, while W. J. F. Stubbs, below Morven, was decidedly in advance of them both. Mr. Stubbs' cotton is simply magnificent, and his garden makes one hungry to look at it. The crops generally we found to be unusually promising, and if our memory serves us correctly, there is a much better stand of cotton than there was in this same section of country in '82.—Wadesboro Intelligencer.

Uncles Don't Count.

One of the recently discharged clerks has an uncle, and that uncle once knew Mr. Cleveland. Through the uncle the clerk thought he would be a fixture, and when he was discharged for inefficiency he appealed to the President, who said he would speak to the head of the department about it. The President did as he promised, and when the ex-clerk wanted to know the result he was told that he would stay discharged. "What! don't you remember my uncle!" exclaimed the young man, with great surprise.

"Very well indeed; an excellent gentleman in every respect," said Mr. Cleveland.

"Then has he no influence with you now?"

Well, not quite so much as those who have assumed under oath a grave responsibility. What kind of relations do you suppose would exist between a Cabinet officer and a President if the Executive insisted on reversing the acts of his advisers in the administration of their departments?"

This ended the appeal, and the uncle is no longer paraded as a man of great influence with President Cleveland.

Another instance.—Where a discharged employe said he could get the very best letters, among others one from General Hancock and one from Gen. McClellan, recommending him for retention in the highest degree. "Say to your friends, Gen. Hancock and McClellan," said the chief of the bureau, "that if they will do your work you can remain in your place. Efficiency, and not letters, is what the government pays for."—New York Herald Washington Letter.

A Cave of Skeletons.

A man calling himself T. C. Pyle, who is teaching school in the mountains of Tennessee, in a letter to an Ohio paper graphically describes the finding of a cave by a party of railroad engineers. The cave was explored for a considerable distance. At the entrance was discovered an inscription in Hebrew characters. After passing some 300 yards into the cave it enlarged into a great amphitheater. Still further in the cave was found an appalling sight that struck terror to the hearts of the explorers. There, on the right and left and in front, were thousands of grinning skeletons, encased in brass armor, with ponderous shields. Not less than 5,000 skeletons were seen, each of which was reclining on his shield. They presented the appearance of men killed in battle, who had been brought there for burial. A large brass box contained manuscript giving an account of their wanderings. According to this veracious chronicler, Tennessee holds the remains of the lost tribes of Israel.—Chicago Herald.

A Murder in Raleigh.

RALEIGH, June 10.—A great sensation was caused here to-night by the killing of John Cheatham, a merchant, by William Gooch, a street employe, and the possibly fatal stabbing of James Cheatham, a partner of John Cheatham, by James Smith, also a street hand. The affair was the result of a dispute in the store of Cheatham Bros. over a small account due by one of the men. Smith has been captured, but Gooch is yet at large. Many people are in pursuit.

This is the first murder here in many years. Jas. Cheatham says that his brother was quarrelling with the men and cried out that he was stabbed. James tried to part his brother and Gooch, when Jim Smith rushed up and stabbed him in the stomach in two places and in the left shoulder. The affair occurred in the heart of the city in fifty yards of police headquarters. None of the party is known to have been under the influence of liquor.

Minister Jarvis sailed from Newport News last Saturday.