

Rockingham Rocket.

BY H. C. WALL.

Office:
OVER EVERETT, WALL & COMPANY'S.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One year, \$1.50
Six months,75
Three months,40

All subscription accounts must be paid in advance.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

Rockingham Rocket.

H. C. WALL, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS: \$1.50 a Year in Advance.

VOL. III.

ROCKINGHAM, RICHMOND COUNTY, N. C., JULY 9, 1885.

No. 28.

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.

THE WATER THAT HAS PASSED.

As repeated by Lawrence Barrett, from Songs in "The Man o' Arlic."

Listen to the water mill
Through the live-long day,
How the clanking of the wheels
Wears the hours away!
Languidly the autumn wind
Stirs the greenwood leaves;
From the fields the reapers sing,
Binding up the sheaves,
And a proverb haunts my mind,
As a spell is cast—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."
Take the lesson to thyself,
Living heart and true;
Golden years are fleeting by,
Youth is passing too;
Learn to make the most of life,
Lose no happy day;
Time will never bring thee back
Chances swept away,
Leave no tender word unsaid,
Love while life shall last—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."
Work while yet the daylight shines,
Man of strength and will;
Never does the streamlet glide
Useless by the mill.
Wait not till to-morrow's sun
Beams upon the way;
All that thou canst call thy own
Lies in thy to-day,
Power, intellect and health
May not, can not last—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."
Oh, the wasted hours of life
That have drifted by;
Oh, the good we might have done,
Lost without a sigh;
Love that we once might have saved
By a single word;
Thoughts conceived, but never penned,
Perishing unheard,
Take the proverb to thy heart,
Take it oh, hold it fast!
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

The Evil of Intemperance.

I am aware that there is prejudice against any man engaged in the liquor traffic. I do not believe, neither have I ever heard of any person engaged in the liquor business who did not grow worse instead of better. There is not one man out of ten but what will come out worse than he started in; if he does not in dollars and cents he will in some other way. Look at men who have thrown themselves away with the poisonous stuff, that ought to have made useful men; but alas, where do we find them?—Some in the common jails, some in the work houses of the State for life, some in the asylums and some have filled premature graves. All we have to do is to think of the wrecks on either side of the stream of death, of the suicides, of the insanity, of the poverty and destruction coming from liquor.

Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength; it breaks the heart of the parents, it extinguishes natural affection; destroys conjugal love, blots out filial attachments, blights paternal hope, and brings premature age in sorrow and dishonor to the grave. It produces weakness, and not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It covers the land with idleness, misery and crime. It produces controversies, fosters quarrels, cherishes riots. It crowds our penitentiaries and furnishes victims for the scaffold. It is the blood of the gambler, the inspiration of the burglar, the stimulus of the highwayman, and it violates obligation, reverences fraud, turns love to hate. It degrades the citizen, debases the statesman, and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope, misery, not happiness. It does that and more—it murders the soul. Can any one tell what it will not do, if you put liquor and some other material together? In my opinion it is the worst evil that is on the face of the globe, among the many. It is the father of all crimes, the mother of all abominations, the devil's best friend, and God's worst enemy.—Cor. Lenoir Topic.

"Bonnetts come high this spring," remarks a fashion paper. The man who has the misfortune to sit behind one at the theatre is fully convinced of this fact.

The End of the Man that Hanged Mrs. Surratt—A Suicide.

Edwin M. Stanton was his name. He was Secretary of War under Republican rule, and such was his lack of good sense and knowledge of men that he was the cause of the deaths of at least 50,000 men more than need have been killed during the war.

He was also the brutal, cowardly murderer of Mrs. Surratt, a woman against whom there was not one particle of truthful evidence that could in any manner connect her with the death of Lincoln.

To go Beast Butler one better, and thus to rise one degree higher in infamy, Stanton engineered the trial, and ordered the murder of this most excellent christian Catholic lady.—She was hung, to the eternal disgrace of the administration that permitted it to be ever said.

Then Edwin M. Stanton saw sights that made his midnight hours torture unendurable! Night after night did the spirit of Mrs. Surratt, pale and with agonized features, appear at his bedside and point to the rope marks on her neck.

In vain did Edwin M. Stanton implore her to begone and appear no more. In vain did he turn his face to the wall, and with hands clinched over his head, wait and wait for her to depart. But she went not till he would look out, and with a cry of anguish bury his cowardly face again and again. No matter where he slept, she came to his bedside and pointed to the rope marks on her throat!

He not only thought he saw her, but he did see her, and his white livered soul grew more blanched with fear horn of cowardice, as she was sent by the God of Justice to appear in judgment against him.

Previous to the war, when Edwin M. Stanton was a worker with Democrats, though never a Democrat at heart, one of his political friends and associates was Hon. Gideon J. Tucker, at one time Secretary of the State of New York, and ever a truthful, fearless gentleman, living to this day, and still a man of commanding influence. Not long before his death Edwin M. Stanton said to Judge Tucker aforesaid:

"That woman, Mrs. Surratt, is driving me insane! Night after night I see her, day after day at odd times I feel her touch on my shoulder—upon my throat. I cannot escape her!"

"Imagination," replied Judge Tucker.
"Not a bit of it! I see her. I feel her. She is my Nemesis! She comes to me in presence palpable, as one who is in no hurry. She knows that I murdered her, and I know that I murdered her to satisfy public clamor, when I had full power to save her. She points to her throat and she touches mine with a motion that means the knife! I shall have no more rest on earth. God has given my soul to her, and as I had no mercy for her, it is ordered that she shall have none for mine. I tell you, Judge, my life is in hell, and there is but one way out of it—the knife!"

It was not long after this interview that Edwin M. Stanton, the once imperious, heartless Secretary of War, deliberate, cowardly murderer of Mrs. Surratt, cut his throat and let his cur-like spirit out to do the bidding of a woman the hem of whose garment he was not fit to touch.—Till his great crime be atoned for, he will not escape her lash. Edwin M. Stanton died by his own hand. He cut his throat and bled to death as does a hog when stuck. Thus he died in a proper manner.

Well were they who knew the facts of his crime paid to keep the secret. They let soiled and clean linen absorb the blood that ran from his throat-cut. The rags were carried away from the house. His throat was bound up and when his body was prepared for burial, the throat was muffled to the chin. Cloths were wrapped tight about it to help keep the secret. No such burial was given him as is given to honest pub-

lic servants. No throngs walked about his remains lying in state.

A hog he lived. As a hog he died, except that hogs do not cut their own throats nor have their blood by spirit hands thrown up in their faces as went the spatters up into his face in a way the attendants at his death could not understand.—Pomeroy's U. S. Democrat.

Labor and Thought.

"It is only by labor," says Ruskin, "that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy." Now, if the latter part of this dictum be the truth, then the modern processes of industry are going the wrong way, for surely the tendency of every inventive improvement is to take from the worker the little thinking which he had previously to do and to transfer the seeming equivalent of that thought to the machine. Suppose a man of the olden times, dug in the earth. He delved with some degree of pleasure, for in his mind there stood a concept of the structure which would some day rise out of the excavation in which he then toiled. The dreadful "organization of labor" had not begun. But how is it nowadays? Look over there at that gang of men, standing in the morning mist and smoke of a great city. They are waiting for 7 o'clock to come. The man of long ago would have begun at once. Ask one of these present laborers what thing is about to be builded? He will stare at you vacantly. How should he know, he wonders. Would the owner or architect ever speak to him about it? When 7 o'clock comes, he raises his pick slowly, holds it a certain time in the air, and brings it to the earth with the minimum expenditure of tissue. Or, he puts his shovel into the sodden ground, pushes it to the minimum shovelful, raises it at the slowest rate of motion for which the contractor will pay money, and lays the small cargo on the wagon with the most carefully-calculated interim of total inaction. Why does he proceed with such deliberation? Because he is not making anything.—He is not truly laboring. The wild Indian with all the horrors which Nature inflicted on him, was a nobler creature. This laborer may be digging under the Peabody or Cooper Institute. He may be preparing for Girard College. He may be making for the Washington or the Lick Observatory. Is it not cruel? Knowledge and light and peace are to come from it all, and yet where are the knowledge and light for this wretched man, who this morning sees but dimly the hour with the cold dinner in the bucket, and who can hardly hope the night will ever come at all? Oh! you Genius of Progress, hasten your rewards, for the millions are offering as sacrifices, and the full propitiation of the destroying gods is ever afar off!

Yet the man of labor still holds to himself many of his old rights. I saw a mason at work in the cellar. His trowel rang out the march of the hours; the drawers of water mixed his cement and beclouded the air with the recreant atoms that were escaping from the great temple. And as the days passed, the scaffoldings rose higher and higher, until, eleven, twelve stories were piled above my low line of vision, and the mason's trowel-rings came as the twitter of the swallows from the lantern of the spire near by. Ho! must not this mason's heart have something of his noble calling in it? Must he not, as he looks against the western storm-cloud, defy it in the walls of his vast fabric, which stand for him—the metempsychosis of his heart and hope? This, then, is labor, heaven-given, the only boon for which man will ever in secret remain thankful, though he revile it by day and by night.

I cannot bring myself to believe that every man upon the earth should not thoroughly understand the work he is doing. I wish he might know it so well that he should see its usefulness. Give a human

being only this little satisfaction, and he or she would work with a cheerful hand. Can any office be more trying upon the sense of ease than the duties of a nurse? Yet does not every nurse put forth efforts which can never be requited with money? Do not the workers in ten thousand callings add to the thing nominated in the bond some little painstaking which discloses their secret—the secret that they love their work rather because it fills a place in the sum of earthly endeavor than because they themselves expect to profit by the extra exertion? Did the man who mounted the cabinet of 2,000 humming-birds in the museum of Central Park, in New York City, expect a return in cash for his toil? Did Pasteur or Koch or Ferri expect to sell the microbes by the pair if they should succeed in branding and breeding them? I can imagine that if a man only understood the datum and plan of a city's grade and sewerage, he might work all day in pipes, and go to his home with a feeling of triumph over perhaps one of the greatest difficulties of civilization. Maybe he does that same thing now. I hope so, but I doubt it.

I asked a plumber once as he was putting out his candle and packing his countless kit, if two plumbers could work together more profitably than one alone. He turned scornfully on me: "They never send two plumbers to a 'ouse. They send one plumber and a 'elper." I honored the journeyman's pride, and felt he was daily rewarded for his battles with kitchen-carelessness.

Perhaps, also, the very unthinking yokes of men-o-ken that I do pity have some wisdom that a philosopher may add to his own poor little stock of knowledge. I saw two "movers." They came down the street, high on their chariot, their chins on the palms of their hands, their elbows on their knees—the ideal of impeccable laziness. When they went in after the kitchen stove, they walked with the ceremonious pace of a pall-bearer. But they came forth, the stove in their arms, with no slower step. The o'er-ambitious goodwife gazed upon their motions while they were not freighted, and the fire that had often quaked the household came in her eye—they were teaching the everlasting lesson of Nature, the persistence of force. These men were doing "the work of the world." All other persons theorized about "moving." They moved. They knew about it. At night they had done it all, and it was well done. They would move some other luckless family the next day.

Let no kind reader think, either, that I am a pessimist. I have read of an archaic stone-picture revealing the methods by which a column was put in place at Karnac. A thousand men-o-ken of Rameses or Sethos' time stood on each side of the pillar. When the word was given to the whippers, they lashed the men-o-ken, and the men-o-ken, alas! knew it was time to push, and to push hard.—Ours are the happiest days, sorry as they may be. The scourge has been put away—a true Medusa's head it was. The sun of hope has arisen, but ah! it is yet far to the south.—The charity of men is still a cold ray of comfort.—John McGovern, in the "Current."

Shelby is proving itself this year more attractive than ever before. A larger number of visitors are here now than ever before at this time of the year. The Cleveland Springs has a considerable crowd already and the promise of many more in a few days. During the months of July and August this place will be all astrir with lovers of pleasure.—New Era.

We were shown a very peculiar worm found in a garden here. It is green in color, and has a head and neck exactly like a bull-dog. No one in this place has ever seen one like it.—Lincoln Press.

The policemen in Pensacola sport umbrellas while on duty.

BILL NYE VISITS HIS BIRTHPLACE.

"Where He First Met His Parents"—A Lesson for American Youths.

Last week I visited my birthplace in the State of Maine. I waited 30 years for the public to visit it, and as there didn't seem to be much of a rush this Spring, I thought I would go and visit it myself. I was telling a friend the other day that the public did not seem to manifest the interest in my birthplace that I thought it ought to, and he said I ought not mind that. "Just wait," said he, "till the people of the United States have an opportunity to visit your tomb, and you will be surprised to see how they will run excursion trains up there to Moosehead Lake, or wherever you plant yourself. It will be a perfect picnic. Your hold on the American people, William, is wonderful, but your death would seem to assure it, and kind of crystallize the affection now existing, but still in a nebulous and gummy state."

A man ought not to criticise his birthplace. I presume, and yet, if I were to do it all over again, I do not know whether I would select that particular spot or not. Sometimes I think I would not. And yet, what memories cluster about that old house! There was the place where I first met my parents. It was at that time that an acquaintance sprang up which has ripened in later years into mutual respect and esteem. It was there that what might be called a casual meeting took place, that has, under the alchemy of restless years, turned to golden links, forming a pleasant but powerful bond of union between my parents and myself. For that reason I hope to be spared to my parents for many years to come.

Many old memories now cluster about that old home, as I have said. There is, also, other old bric-a-brac which has accumulated since I was born there. I took a small stone from the front yard as a kind of "memento" of the occasion and the place. I do not think it has been detected yet. There was another stone in the yard, so it may be weeks before any one finds out that I took one of them.

How humble the home, and yet what a lesson it should teach the boys of America! Here amid the barren and inhospitable waste of rocks and cold, the last place in the world that a great man would naturally select to be born in, began the life of one who, by his own unaided efforts, in after years rose to the proud height of postmaster at Laramie City, Wyo. T., and, with an estimate of the future that seemed almost prophetic, resigned before he was characterized as an offensive partisan.

Here on the banks of the raging Piscataquis, where winter lingers in the lap of spring till it occasions a good deal of talk, there began a career which has been the wonder and admiration of every vigilance committee west of the turbulent Missouri.

There on that spot, with no inheritance but a predisposition to premature baldness and a bitter hatred of rum; with no personal property but a misfit suspender and a stone-bruise, began a life history which has never ceased to be a warning to people who sell groceries on a credit.

It should teach the youth of this young land what glorious possibilities may lie concealed in the rough and tough bosom of the reluctant present. It shows how steady perseverance and a good appetite will always win in the end. It teaches us that wealth is not indispensable, and that if we live as we should, draw out of politics at the proper time, and then die a few days before the public absolutely demand it, the matter of our birthplace will not be considered.

Still, my birthplace is all right as a birthplace. It was a good, quiet place in which to be born. All the old neighbors said that Shirley was a very quiet place up to the time I was born there, and when I took my parents by the hand and gently led

them away in the spring of '53, saying, "Parents, this is no place for us," it then became quiet.

It is the only birthplace I have, however, and I hope that all the readers will feel perfectly free to go there sometime and visit it, and carry their dinner as I did. Extravagant cordiality and overflowing hospitality have always kept my birthplace back.

BILL NYE.

A CABINET OFFICER'S VIEW.

"A Continuance of the Spoils System Would Breed Revolution."

The longer the administration lasts the more confirmed its members, from the President to the last Cabinet officer, are of the absolute necessity and extreme importance of the civil service law and of all which it implies. A Cabinet officer said to your correspondent a few days ago:—"But for this law and the public sentiment which opposes merely partisan use of public place and denounces the spoils system we should, I am convinced, have a revolution after or before every presidential election, in a very few years. The hunger for office, while it is singularly limited in one way, comparatively few people being infected with it, is astonishingly vehement and furious. If you could see and know all the applications for office that I know of you would be amazed. I no longer wonder that poor Garfield was shot. He unfortunately was persuaded into the fatal course of rewarding his and some other people's friends and punishing his and their enemies. I am convinced that this administration, had it pursued that course, would have flung the country into turmoil and fury in six weeks after the 4th of March. We should have seen a repetition of the wild excitement of four years ago, which culminated in poor Garfield's assassination. The country and the Democratic party, as well, owes a deep debt of gratitude to President Cleveland for the firmness with which he has adhered to his engagement in regard to the public service. I can say to you that he has been the master of us all in this matter; and I will add that while I believe in civil service reform I never saw before the absolute necessity of it for the safety of the country, for its peaceful and orderly continuance, as I have learned to see it since I have been a cabinet officer. The country has become too great and populous for a continuance of the spoils system. It would breed revolution."

Sarah Wouldn't and She Was Right.

There was a wedding tour in this direction the other day, and the happy couple were accompanied by three others. It was a sweet spectacle to see the four pairs promenading up Jefferson Avenue, with hands clasped and a taffy-like smile spread over every face, and hundreds of pedestrians stopped to gaze and admire. The porter of a wholesale house wasn't quite satisfied with what he could see, but stopped the last couple and inquired:—

"Is it a case of love?"
"You bet!" replied the young man.
"Are they extremely happy?"
"Jest a-biling over."

"Why don't you and this gal follow suit?"

"I'm perfectly willin', but Sarah kerchunks on me. I've asked her over twenty times to have me, but it's no go."
"Never! never!" she firmly said, as she rolled her end of gum to the other side for a moment. "When a man takes me to a circus and crawls under the canvass to save expenses, and then can't see the man with the lemonade nor the boy with the peanuts, I wouldn't hitch to him if I had to go out and set a bear trap to catch a partner!"—Detroit Free Press.

He—In fact, Miss Lighthouse, I've a good mind to give up art altogether and volunteer for active service. She—Oh do! I should so like to know somebody in the war—Puck

Mr. Wilkins Speaks His Mind to Mr. Vilas.

Beriah Wilkins is an Ohio Congressman. He has a district that represents anywhere from 5,000 to 8,000 Democratic majority. He is a banker, with a round-shaped head that is deemed quite level in his own home bailiwick. Mr. Wilkins called on the Postmaster-General with reference to numerous appointments that he had requested for his district. He was asked for the papers, and handed out a formidable bundle. The Postmaster-General picked up one and began to read it. He said presently:

"These are strong recommendations. But I don't find any charges against the present incumbent. I presume you have read my circular?"

"Oh, yes. I have read it."

"Well, there are no charges here."

"The man I want you to put in is a Democrat. The man who is in is a Republican."

"Yes, but there must be charges against him."

"Blank the charges. I just told you the man I want to get in is a Democrat."

"That doesn't comply with the requirements."

"And the man I want to get out is a ranking Republican."

"Then you should make charges against him."

"That is all the charges I can make or will make."

"Then I cannot make any change."

Another package of indorsements was taken up, but the Ohio Congressman reached out and took the entire bundle.

"I understand you, do I," he is reported as saying, "that your circular requires me to make oath to the offensive partisanship of all these postmasters—you want sworn charges, do you?"

"Exactly," said the Postmaster-General, who thought the cloud was disappearing, but was mistaken, for the Ohioan continued:

"You needn't trouble yourself to look any further. You won't find any such affidavits. In our section of the country we have too much respect for our neighbors to be filing sworn affidavits against their political character. I want a Democrat in. I want a Republican out. The Republican expects to go out. The Democrat expects to go in. The Republican thinks that the Democratic Administration is made up of blanked fools that it hasn't turned him out long ago. The Democrat thinks so, too. And so do I, Mr. Vilas; and blank me if I ever set foot in your department again. But when you come knocking around Congress for an appropriation, by thunder, I'll see that you either stir the pudding or give up the ladle. Good-day, sir."

A Paper With the Right Name.

The Dry Wash Arizona "Lyre" tells this story: Billy Mascotti, of the lower divide, has an old gander that beats the Dutch. Every Thursday morning he (the gander) goes out to the front gate, and picking up the "Lyre" which he finds lying there carries it into the house. Then he hawks loudly till some one appears and takes it from him. This same gander also goes to the village, two miles distant, and can carry home light articles hung around his neck better than a boy. He was sent to Jim Bludsoe's for a paper of needles the other day; with a dollar bill under his wing; To tease him Jim gave him no change; but Mr. Gander knew it wasn't a straight game, and chased James around the store till he gave him the change. Then he houted a pean of victory and went home.

Parson's Purgative Pills are a priceless boon to the people of the South and South-west. They effectually prevent fever and ague and all malarious diseases, and cost only 25 cents a box.

The report circulated relative to the death of Mr. Childs or Laurens, of the Wizard Oil Troupe in Virginia, is not true. Both are alive and doing well.