

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., AUGUST 20, 1885.

No. 34.

MAYTIME IN MIDWINTER.

The world, what is it to you, dear.
And me, if its face be gray,
And the new-born year be a shrewd year
For flowers that the fierce winds fray?
You smile, and the sky seems blue, dear,
You laugh and the month turns May.
Your hands through the bookshelves flutter,
Scott, Shakespeare, Dickens are caught;
Blake's visions that lighten and mutter;
Moliere—and his smile has naught
Left on it of sorrow to utter
The secret things of his thought.
No grim thing written or graven
But grows, if you gaze on it, bright;
A lark's notes rings from the raven,
And tragedy's robe turns white;
And shipwrecks drift into haven,
And darkness laughs and is light.
Grief seems but a vision of madness;
Life's key-note peals from above,
With naught in it more of sadness
Than broods on the heart of a dove;
At sight of you thought grows gladness,
And life, through love of you, love.
—SWINBURNE.

THE BURIAL OF GRANT.

How New York Does When It Tries.

New York Times.

The day broke heavy and sullen,
as though the smoke of his hundred
battles yet hung in the sky. Before
dawn the hum of busy preparation
began; by 8 o'clock it had strengthened
to a roar; a hundred ferries
and trains brought their myriads
to the host already gathered, and there
were 1,500,000 people in the streets
before the great hour was tolled.
Broadway moved like a river into
which many tributaries were poured.
At first the movement was downward
and rapid, but the great street soon
filled to its limit, and the incoming
streams were turned back and set
like a tide to the north, sweeping up
Fifth Avenue to the Park and thence
along the winding route to be traveled,
until there was one living mass
choking the thoroughfare from
where the dead lay in state to the
grim gates at Riverside open to receive
him. Such a crowd had never
before gathered within the city before.
It was orderly, quiet and respectful;
eager to secure a place of
vantage, yet obedient to the sway of
those who guarded the dignity of
the occasion. By 9 o'clock, every
balcony, window and door commanding
a view of the line of march
was teeming; the roofs and cornices
swarmed; there was not an accessible
point, however high and dangerous,
but had its observer; men
climbed the telegraph poles and
clung to the wires; boys were high
in the trees; carriages and wagons
thronged the crossings where the police
would allow them, and furnished
eminences from which hundreds
could see; the statues in the squares
were black with climbers, and even
the lamp-posts granted many a foothold.
The clouds had now parted,
and the west wind was filling the
sky with torn and drifting fleeces,
through which the sunshine sifted.
Travel was blocked, and the tenantless
cars stood in long lines before
the barriers, while the carriages hurrying
to and fro were compelled to
make long detours to reach their destination.
Here and there the police
pierced the crowds and opened way
for the commands marching in quick
time to the points assigned them.
But behind the last file closer the
people surged to their place again,
20 deep and pressing. Every place
was now filled, and neither entreaty
nor force could command an
inch of room. Those who came late,
and they were thousands, used every
effort to reach the street, but soon
saw the hopelessness of the task and
wandered up Fifth or Sixth avenue
to try again at some distant point.
The concourse at Madison square
was most impressive. From the roof
of the Fifth Avenue Hotel to twenty
feet beyond the curb there was not a
foot of accessible space untenant.
The strong arm of the police made a
broad swath along the avenue and
allowed no inch of encroachment.
From Fourteenth street to the top of
the hill it was the same—pave, window,
curb, steps, balcony and house
top teeming, motionless because
there was no room to move. To one
looking down, the trees of Madison

square were a tangle of tremulous
green, from the centre of which the
tall shaft of the lamps, shrouded to
its peak, rose like a spire of ebony.
The engines in the factories were
stilled and the chimneys smokeless.
All walls and doorways were a sweep
of black. From a thousand staffs
the flag rippled its scarlet and sapphire
and snow, and all over were the
blue deeps of space and the thin
gossamer of vapors made dazzling
by the approach of an August noon.
Beyond the ranks of the watchers
gathered a mass of vehicles of every
description, filling Broadway to
Twenty-second street. An unbroken
line of them stretched to Fourth
avenue, the horses grateful for the
unwonted rest. Men of all stations
and conditions were mingled in the
vast throng; women and children
were there by thousands; babies
were held up by strong arms that
they might see. Among the tall
branching lamps on the boundary
of Broadway and the avenue a score of
men were perched, and the cloud of
wires swayed and trembled between
poles to whose tops a swarm of
daring boys had made their way. For
half an hour there was no incident
but the passing of some regiment
with a stirring war note to its position.
A woman fainted from the
pressure. The crowd could give way
but little, but she was lifted and carried
through. A man perched on
the lofty seat of a van lost his balance
and fell headlong. An ambulance
was waiting near by, and with a
clang and a rattle he was removed.
Nobody paid attention to these happenings.
Every eye was strained
southward, patient but expectant.

Suddenly there was a stir. The
police made a concerted movement
and by one impulse the people were
forced back yet a foot. The few who
had eluded vigilance and got into
the open were hurried to the lines,
and a broad sweep of naked street
showed whitely as far as the eye
could reach. The Twenty-second
Regiment 500 strong, marched by
column of fours into the triangle and
swung into line fronting the hotel.
"Dress on the centre!" "Guides
posts!" "Order arms!" The
commands rang out sharply, and they
were at rest. The white coats, and
where the sun caught buckle and
helmet and shoulder knot, and musket
and sword, filled the place with
their shining. A battery of artillery
rumbled heavily by; the stout
horses straining at their grim load;
the jolting caissons bearing the
guns; a whirl of angry red and
flashing metal, and they had passed,
taking position on the Twenty-second's
right. Detachments of the Grand
Army, with sombre dress, crape on
every arm, and on every breast the
bronze medal of service, came to the
measured throb of their muffled
drums, swinging into place with the
sturdy step they had learned on
gallant fields long ago. A dirge breathing
band was posted below, cadencing
the heavy tread of a regiment
wheeling on right into line. There
was a rattle of iron on stone and the
ranks were motionless at parade rest.
An aide galloped by, scabbard
swinging and golden aiguillette
rising and falling as he rode. Then
a moment of quiet and expectancy.

A murmur ran through the gathered
multitude, and every head bent
forward. The Captains spoke sharply
and a thousand lifted muskets
glittered together. A guide is posted
to the rear and the long line moves
steadily back to a new position, the
file closers touching the front of the
crowd.
There he came—Hancock, a
gallant figure of war, proud and unbending
as on that deadly day at
Spottsylvania. With him Lee, Rodgers,
Gordon, Stevens, Barnum, Porter—
what a lot of glories they summoned—
and twenty other heroes in
his train. Then the soldiery of our
State, of which every heart is proud,
swept by in broad platoons to the
solemn rhythm of the March in Sauff.
From Fourteenth street into the
avenue poured a ceaseless river of light,
whose ripples rose and fell and
caught the sun, again, now shadow-

ed, now glorious; the gleam of
button and breastplate, the shimmer
of cross-belt and plume, the radiance
that poured from the line of steel—
crimson and azure and gold in masses
ever nearing and brighter; the
glint of the musket and flash of the
scabbard; the splendor that rested
on the howitzer's burnish; the
Gatling's cold gleam; the soft sheen
of the guidon, and the regiment's
color. In the distance the streaming
glory was as soft as the silver of
moonlight upon wind-swept waters,
but as wave after wave of the music
swelled upward and louder it broadened
and grew till a sun-burst rolled
by in that pageant of war. It was
the solemnity of homage that moved
in that stately array. The scarlet
of the flag was dimmed in its veiling,
the drums were shrouded, the arms
reversed, and the saucy marker a
flutter of crape. White, red, gray,
and blue, the battalions passed, but
not an eye sought the beholders
and not a hand was raised to acclaim
them. Sturdy young ranks they
were, the best material a country
could boast as defenders. But few
have seen the field with its glories
and horrors—they have yet to face
its terrible flame—but they have the
records of Grant and Lee, Sherman
and Jackson, Sheridan and Johnston,
Thomas and Longstreet, Hancock
and Buckner to tell them, when
occasion comes, what the American
soldier can do. And so they passed,
the legions of New York, Pennsylvania,
Massachusetts, Virginia, Connecticut,
Georgia, Minnesota, New
Jersey, and the district of Columbia—
all martial and reliant, for East
or West, North or South, the soldier
of this flag is the same; the van
passed upward and over the hill and
beyond; for two hours the platoons
in close order had gone rapidly by,
and yet from Fourteenth street up
was the same harmonious flowing
of sparkle and color. The assembly
that watched had not moved. It
was not satisfied. It saw in this
display of splendor only the glory of a
re-collection of the past, the reflection
of an achievement that would still
burn like a sun when these accoutrements
were rust. And so they
stood in the glare and gazed on the
passing. It had been one unbroken
current of melody and gorgeous
columns. Band succeeded band and
regiment regiment in quick succession,
but the pulse of the drums beat
to the same sad strain, and the downward
weapons and trailing standards
told the same solemn story.
But now a brigade trod by and there
was emptiness and a hush.

The dead Conqueror.
There under a canopy as of night,
where the sun kissed the purple and
silver that hid him, he came; not
leading, but led; not victorious, but
but himself surrendered. From the
throats of flute and clarinet and
tuba the sighs and sobbings of the
nation were voiced in softest, saddest
music, but no heart could be struck
deeper than by the sight of that
reverent blackness that bore him as
a cloud. Around him the men who
had shared his suffering and his
honors from Palo Alto to Appomattox;
the Chief Magistrate, and the
honored of the people were in his
train; the great captains he had
launched like thunder-bolts against
the foe were with him again; the
hero who gave him the sword of
Donelson—the victor at Seven
Pines—the strong chief who yielded
only with Virginia's knightliest son—
these accompanied, too; statesmen,
orators, men of power, whose lives
are history followed, but the eye only
saw that place of rest under the
shadows of the flag he loved so well.
The place of teeming thousands was
stilled as by the awe of a temple, as
this greatest of the great went
onward to his grave. The universal
gaze was drawn at the first herald of
his coming; it followed steadfastly
until distance had shut its gates up
on the view, even after all had gone
it still lingered. Then the rattle of
many wheels as the mourners and
delegates, ambassadors and companions
joined the line. Half of these,
and then strode the comrades of his

camp and battles.
Of the thousands whose dearest
wish was to be with him this day
these had been chosen. They came
from a hundred glowing fields. That
white-haired man's once strong
shoulder helped lift that howitzer
trained by the young Lieutenant
from the belfry at Chapultepec; that
veteran behind was among the first
under the walls of Henry; the limp
of the next is a remembrance of
Huger's last shell at Manassas; his
companion pulled the lanyard of
Rickett's first gun; that sleeve has
been empty since the fœcil of the gray
billows hurled upon Thomas at
Chickamauga; yonder a red scar
burns in proud memory of the hour
at Aldie when Kilpatrick rode down
with a whirlwind of death; six there,
shoulder to shoulder, are marching
as steadily as they marched under
the thunders of Lookout; the one
band of that proud-eyed giant planted
the color at Mission Ridge; that
drummer beat the rally on the river
banks at Shiloh. All heroes—all
worthy of the man they obeyed and
followed.

Onward to the old commander's
grave. His last march was nearing
the final camp. At last came the
halt, and through the ranks of his
resting soldiers, as many a time
before when he had approved them
for their valor, he passed to his couch.
For the last time the light of earth
rested upon his coffin. Then he was
shut away.
Now in the hush was the murmur
of ascending invocation to the God
of Battles and the God of Peace that
after his toil and pain, his long
vigil and patient endurance, this
sentinel might find rest.

Hark! Through the stillness the
low, sweet notes of the soldier's
good-night. Put out the lights—the
great doors were closed and no eye
beheld him but that of his God.
Now leaped from the mouths of a
hundred guns the red gleam and the
thunder and cloud of the salute.
From the hill the angry muzzles
shot their clamors and the battle
cloud billowed and rolled above the
pennons and spars of answering river.
Land and sea spoke their highest
tribute. The soldier was at rest.

Troubles of a Newspaper Reporter.

One of the stories of Grant's
imperturbability was told after he
had taken charge of the Army of the
Potomac. A visitor to the army called
on him one morning. The General
was smoking and talking to his
staff-officers. The caller inquired of
him: "General if you flank Lee,
and get between him and Richmond,
will you not uncover Washington
and leave it a prey to the enemy?"
General Grant let a big wave of
smoke roll out of his mouth as he
replied in an indifferent way, "Yes,
I reckon so." Encouraged in his
line of attack on the citadel of information,
the visitor continued:
"General, don't you think Lee can
detach sufficient force from his army
to reinforce Beauregard and
overwhelm Butler?" "Not a doubt
of it," said the General as calmly
as before, while he knocked the
ashes from his cigar with his little
finger. The shocked face of the
inquirer was evidence of his perturbation
of spirit over Grant's replies, as
he propounded a third inquiry:
"General, is there not danger that
Johnston may come up and reinforce
Lee, so that the latter will
swing around and cut your communications
and seize your supplies?"
"Very likely," said Grant, as he
puffed another wave of smoke out of
his mouth so as to form a series of rings.
The visitor hastened back to Washington
full of the horrible fate that
was admitted pending over Grant
and the army, while Grant and the
army went on to Richmond.—New
York Tribune.

We have no order of the Bath in
this country, but it would be an
exceedingly good thing if the bath
order could be imposed upon some
people.
The relaxing power of Johnson's
Anodyne Liniment is almost
miraculous. A gentleman whose leg
was bent at the knee and stiff for
twenty years had it limbered by its
use, and the leg is now as good as the other.

Cedar Creek Church Centennial.

EDITOR ROCKETT;

Dear Sir—I promised you a short
time since, when we heard the distant
muttering of Babel's Centennial
thunder everywhere, that I would
gather together all the facts possible
that would establish proof beyond
question that Cedar Creek Baptist
Church in Anson county, N. C., was
erected and dedicated in 1785—one
hundred years ago!
Uncle Ben Saunders, of Lilesville,
(we call him, by way of brotherly
love and christian familiarity, a
"bright light" of the Baptist church,)
who has turned the beam on the
time-table at 76 summers and who,
too, has been a "Soldier of the Cross
and follower of the Lamb" for over
53 summers, held the vast audience
spell-bound three-fourths of an hour
on Saturday morning, the 3rd of
August, '85, with the all-important
narration of this ever-memorable
event. He told us in his happy
style of delicacy that eight members
of the Baptist church, with their
wives, came to this country and
settled in Randolph county in the
date of 1750. The head-centre and
ecclesiastical law-giver was Shable
Sterns, than whom a more zealous
advocate of christianity and religious
liberty never brought sinners to the
supple knee of repentance.

In eighteen years this little colony
of Baptists had built 40 churches
over an area of 250 miles, and inside
of this radius was one Cedar Creek
church—then known as Pee Dee
church—two miles north of the
present site, on the Dumas & Stanback
Ferry road. In 1805 the second
Baptist church was erected just 60
feet south of the present holy
sanctuary. During this long, eventful
period of 76 years Bro. Daniel
Marshall, Missionary Baptist and a
constant "rolling stone," like Lorenzo
Dow, passed through this country,
held service in this church; from
thence into South Carolina and on
to Georgia; while in the latter State
was imprisoned and tried for no
other offense than preaching "Christ
and him crucified."

My old friend Uncle Ben, the hero
of 3,000 delivered sermons, seems to
have lost the connecting link of his
pastors prior to the date of 1829.—
Bro. John Culpepper as pastor comes
first on the list of his recollection,
Bro. Archy Harris second, and Bro.
Daniel Gould third.

In these primitive days Baptist
Conventions were called "General
Correspondences," and why so the
deponent knoweth not. Our
time-honored speaker who had no
chronological dates whereon to lay
his words, said many strange
phenomena took place in his day.
The blue sun in 1829 shone three
consecutive days; darkened all things
here below; the naked eye could
scan the sun, like viewing the moon,
without dazzling the sight in the least.
This strange freak of nature occurred
during the progress of a protracted
meeting at Cedar Creek, and a pious
lady of culture and refinement
declared "out-right" to the congregation
that she saw a man by the side
of the sun. No sooner than the
words escaped her lips than saints
and sinners alike went to their knees,
and just such another revival has
no precedent in the annals of religious
history. Oh, for another blue sun
in all the churches, to sharpen up
the faith of lukewarm members and
run sinners and sons in blue out
of phantoms and buggies into the
house of God! Hear me when I talk!

In 1832 Bro. Thomas Armstrong,
a fine pulpit orator of his day, came
through this country as a Baptist
missionary, "conquering and to
conquer" with the "sword of the spirit."
Uncle Ben charges up his piety and
long life of usefulness to the
convincing and convicting appeals of
this arm divine. Oh, for another
strong arm like Bro. Armstrong to
come round again! Revelations in
those days seem to have been nearer
the surface than they are at the
present day; for during his missionary
stay, and just after Uncle Ben had
closed in with the "overtures of
mercy," the meteors of '33 began falling

and all who witnessed those astro-
nomical wonders of nature thought
their "time was up" and the world
was at an end." When Bro. Culpepper
assured them that he did not
think the end of time was yet but it
would be safer to prepare to meet
their God, the panic doubled and
quicken a spirit of reformation as
far as the stars were seen.
Robert Daniel, of Orange county,
was agent for Sandy Creek Association,
and, during his sojourn at Cedar
Creek church in '34, a dissolution
of the church seemed imminent.
Archy Harris, the leader of the anti-
missionary wing, started out of the
the church with 52 out of 194 members.
When he reached the door a
more considerate brother touched
him on the shoulder (like a New
Yorker touched a North Carolinian
last fall) and said: "On this vital
question we must all stand together,"
and henceforth they all stood together.

For fear this may stumble into
your waste-basket, Precious, I'll be
very brief. From 1840 to 1847 Bro.
James Toomas and Bro. Hayes were
pastors of Cedar Creek Church; from
1847 to '55, our highly honored Bro.
John Monroe, whose intrinsic worth
and piety in the several counties are
proverbial, and which gives him a
through ticket from any station in
this world to any point preferred in
the New Jerusalem. From '55 to
'59, Bro. Beatty; from '59 to '61,
Bro. Jordan; from '61 to '66, Bro. J.
B. Richardson; from '66 to '68, Bro.
Monroe again; from '68 to '71, Bro.
Jordan, Sr.; from '75 to '79, Bro. N.
B. Cobb; from '79 to '80, Bro. Rollins;
from '80 to '81, Bro. Wilhoit;
and from thence up to the present
time Bro. Harrison has perpetuated
the power and sanctity of that
church, and to-day holds an iron
grip on the neck-veins of sin and
Satan and will never turn loose until
his flock is safely landed "on the
other side of Jordan."

PEE DEE.

Buttermilk as a Summer Drink.

It has been discovered that but-
termilk, in a remarkable degree, sat-
isfies the craving for strong drink
and enables a man to endure fatigue
in warm weather better than any
other drink he can use. The prop-
rietor of a bar, who disposes of
over a dozen pailsful a day, in one
of the Northern cities, says it is re-
markable how quickly the appetite
for it increases after the first glass.—
He thinks it is destined to destroy
more liquor drinking than St. John
and his prohibitionists can ever do.
It is further claimed that it satisfies
the cravings for acids by giving to
the stomach a natural supply, and
at the same time furnishes in its
cheesy matter a good supply of
wholesome nutrition; that it is one
of the healthiest and best diet drinks
that one can use; and if it could be
partaken of occasionally during the
day as a substitute for ice water, the
immoderate use of which is danger-
ous this hot weather, it would be
found highly beneficial. In many
of the northern cities it is sold over
the bar of saloons and restaurants in
large quantities in place of strong
drinks. The establishment of cream-
eries has thrown an ample supply
of a superior article on the market.
We hope some day to see an abun-
dant supply of the article here in Wil-
mington.—Star.

A good story is told about a Ken-
tucky Congressman's pretty daugh-
ter, who visited Washington recently.
She went up to President Cleveland
upon the occasion of a White House
reception and said:
"I'll bet a horse you don't know
who I am."
The President was equal to the
occasion. "No," said he, "I don't
know who you are, but I'll bet a
horse you are from Kentucky."
"Shake," said the young lady, and
she has been on good terms with the
President ever since.
The Christian teacher or worker
who reclaims an evil doer brings
forth fruit thirty-fold. The one who
prevents the evil-doer brings forth
fruit a hundred-fold.—Nashville Ad-
vocate.

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.

A Chance to Manage Wives.

Jones was well aware that his wife
was in the habit of rifling his pocket-
s when he was asleep, but like a
wise man, he kept silence on the
subject. One night, however, he
awoke and caught her in the act.
"Ah!" he exclaimed, "what are
you doing, my dear?"
The lady started, her cheeks flushed,
the pantaloon dropped from her
grasp, and she was about to make a
full confession when a bright idea
entered her head. Recovering her
composure she said:
"I was looking to see whether
your pantaloon needed any buttons."

"They do, they do, my dear," he
exclaimed, springing from the bed,
"needed 'em for weeks, months, and
I wondered why you didn't sew 'em
on; but I waited, for I was sure you
would get to it some time. And
how kind of you to get out of bed at
this time of night to attend to 'em!
Say what you will, there's nothing
in the world like a good wife. Let
me turn up the gas a little, so's you
will have all the light you want in
sewing 'em on. Got your needle
and thread and the buttons? No?
Well, tell me where they are and I
will get them for you."

Mrs. Jones proceeded to sew on
the buttons, while her husband sat
on the side of the bed and encour-
aged her with words of praise for her
wifely care and thought for his com-
fort, occasionally remarking that
where he would he would always
say there was nothing in the world
like a good wife.
Then he went to the wardrobe
and brought out several pairs of
trousers, a coat, two or three old
vests, and a number of shirts, from
all of which buttons were missing,
and cheerily observed:
"White we're at it we'll make a
job of it."

Two hours later, when Mrs. Jones,
with a weary sigh, removed the
thimble from her finger, Mr. Jones
patted her on the cheek and said:
"I say it again, my dear, say it
again, that wherever I go I will make
it known, proclaim it from the house-
tops, shout it in the highways and
byways, that a wife who gets up in
the middle of the night to sew but-
tons on her husband's clothes is a
priceless treasure, a crown to that
husband and an ornament to her
sex."

Then Mr. Jones chuckled to him-
self, and laid calmly down and slept
the sleep of the just.—Detroit Free
Press.
The New York "Herald" publish-
es the hopeful views of a large num-
ber of representative business men,
who see signs of good times coming—
not with a fictitious boom, but with
a steady and sure advance. These
men are Republicans as well as
Democrats, and it is worthy of note
that they agree, Republicans and
Democrats alike, in giving credit to
the caution and conservatism of
President Cleveland as a contributory
cause of this encouraging condi-
tion of things. This is by no means
in harmony with the assurance of
our Republican friends during the
last campaign that the election of a
Democratic President would insure
the utter collapse of business and
the ruin of the industrial and com-
mercial interests of the country.—
Louisville Courier Journal.

The New York "World" announ-
ces the completion of its fund of
\$100,000 for the pedestal of the Bar-
tholdi Statue. This is a remark-
able example of what a news-
paper can do. The whole town of
New York had been worrying for
two or three years in a vain effort
to raise the money necessary to pre-
pare a place for the great statue.
The task was apparently hopeless
when the "World" undertook to stir
public interest and to receive sub-
scriptions. Without doing more
than a newspaper may legitimately
do, by editorial appeals and the
publication of the subscription list, it
has within a few months gathered in
\$100,000, which is sufficient to com-
plete the pedestal and save New
York from disgrace.—Philadelphia
Times.