

Rockingham Rocket.

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Rockingham Rocket.

H. C. WALL, Editor and Proprietor.

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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.

Written for the Rocket. DROWNING CREEK AND LUMBER RIVER FROM TORY HOLE TO RUSSELL'S BRIDGE.

A Summer Idyl. BY ERYLDOWN. Two Scotch lassies fair as the light, And two Scotch laddies brave and bright, Came to a Poot's cave one day...

JOHNSTON'S AND SHERMAN'S ARMIES. Their Passage Through Fayetteville, N. C., in March, 1865.

Special Correspondence of the Rocket. On the 8th of March, 1865, the vanguard of Johnston's army, consisting of part of Hardee's corps, entered Fayetteville. I was then a school girl of sixteen, with ardent love for the South and unbounded faith in the final successful termination of her cause...

at some Yankee cavalrymen that appeared above the brow of the hill. I shall never forget my feelings at the sight of the latter as my aunt said solemnly, "Children, they are Yankees." It was like a knell of doom. Hampton's cavalry were camped west of the town and had not yet passed through, so close were the contending armies together. After this, for an hour or more we saw no more Yankees and the Confederate cavalry passed by, the horses in ranks and every man with his sabre held up over his shoulder...

the good luck to meet Lieut. McVeagh, of Illinois, whom I verily believe was walking ahead of his regiment in order to afford protection to some poor woman who might stand in need of it. He drove the bummers out of the house and they ran into the kitchen where they began ransacking the servants' things, and taking what they could find to eat. A negro rushed in, exclaiming, "Oh, Miss Susan, they've took the dinner mammy's cooking, and daddy's Sunday breeches"—and seeing the Yankee officer, he interrupted himself with "but daddy don't care." The main body of Sherman's army now began to pass by in martial array, with flags flying, the field officers on horseback prancing at the head of the column, the soldiers proudly keeping step to the music of the band; and the very first band that went by played "Dixie." This was too much—the drop that overran our already brimming cup; one and all we burst out crying, and sat around pouring out floods of tears as if our hearts would break. Lieut. McVeagh must have been one of the men who cannot stand the sight of woman's tears. He did all he could to comfort us, even averting that which he did not believe—that the Southern cause was not lost yet. Finally he desisted in his efforts at consolation and strode up and down the room in despair until his regiment came along, when he left us regretting that he could not stay until a guard was placed. We at last were able to dry our eyes and look out at the grand military show, the like of which we should probably never see again. A man in a lipen duster riding at the head of a troop called out to us, "Gone up the spout." "No, we are not," said my aunt, "hurray! for Southern rights." In about half an hour an officer came with a guard. My aunt began asking if that was the way civilized warfare was conducted—alluding to the bummers—but he interrupted her, saying, "If that's the way you talk, madam, I'll place no guard at this house." The guards did their duty well enough, keeping intruders from the house and never failing to call us when any celebrity passed by, thus: "Here, you people, don't you want to see Gen. Sherman?" or "I say, here's Kilpatrick going along." We had no trouble after this except that a horrid looking man in a red shirt, who had some writing to do, brought his papers and wrote at a table in the house. We did not know he was spying on us until one day he called out, "Look here, if Gen. Sherman knew how you people talked he'd burn this house down."

mistress's clothes. I saw a negro man with a ladies' hat on trimmed with blue ribbon, another walked off with a velvet cloak on belonging to one of my acquaintances. Each night the sky was lurid with the flames from some burning homestead, but it has passed into a proverb that Sherman's route could be traced by solitary chimneys where happy homes once stood. In town there were several buildings burned besides the factories, namely the State bank, several large warehouses belonging to a factory company, two dwellings and the office of the Fayetteville Observer. Outside the town, where no guards were placed, the soldiers "ran a muck" through everything. At my uncle's place, four miles from here, they tore up smashed and stole everything they could lay their hands on; they cut up the parlor carpet into saddle cloths, broke the mirror over the mantel, broke up the clock and the sewing-machine, carried off the books from the library, even the family Bible was not sacred; one of them opened it and spread it over a mule's back and rode off on it for a saddle. Finally they finished by tearing up clothing, pamphlets, feather-beds, &c., and pouring peanut oil over the debris. All the bedclothes were carried off except one quilt on which the baby was lying. One miscreant worse than the rest seized that; my uncle's wife held on to it, but, he being the stronger of the two, jerked it away from her and ran away with it. Of course everything eatable was laid hands on the first thing. A faithful servant was dispatched to town to the house of a friend for something to eat; he brought some meal and a bottle of molasses. The bummers took the molasses from him as soon as he arrived; my aunt made some bread from the meal, and as she was cooking it before the fire a scump sitting by kept spitting over and around it, "Please don't spit into my bread," said my aunt. With that he spat directly into it—the bread intended to feed our hungry little children. The evening they left this place a field officer rode by—Burgess I think—followed by some men with horses loaded with bacon. My uncle approached him, saying, "Sir, you have taken all my provisions and my family must suffer without anything; will you not leave me some of that meat?" Without deigning to reply he turned to one of the men following, "Throw him down a piece." The soldier obeyed with the air of throwing a bone to a dog and they rode off. I wish to confine myself to my own experiences and that of my family, or I might multiply instances like these of the conduct of Sherman's men near Fayetteville, such as hanging men to make them produce their valuables, pouring molasses in pianos, converting bureau-drawers into feed boxes, tying up silk dresses for flour bags, and so on; verily the Yankees are an inventive nation. One evening we were surprised by a visit from two Confederate officers. How refreshing to our eyes the sight of the gray uniform! They were officers on parole who were permitted to go round among the people to obtain food and other things for their men who were prisoners. With all the provisions Sherman had appropriated in and around Fayetteville it did look as if he might have managed to feed his prisoners. During the stay of the army my aunt found it necessary to apply to the commissary for meal. She was told to go to a mill about a mile away down town. Taking one of her daughters and a negro boy to bring the meal she set out. In about an hour the boy returned saying we must get some corn and an order from an officer who was stationed in sight of our house. Having procured the corn and order, one of my cousins and I returned with the boy to the mill. We had to pass down the principal street of the town, and the familiar scene seemed somehow to have changed and looked unnat-

ural like places seen in dreams. The town seemed literally boiling over with blue-coats. In every vacant lot they had pitched their tents and were luxuriating in rocking chairs or stretched on carpets in front of them; some were lying at full length on the side-walk and would not even draw in their feet for us to pass, but lay staring impudently at us as we walked around them into the street. We got our peck of meal, and as we turned homeward we perceived that the Arsenal was in flames. It had all been fired at once and presented a fearful appearance, especially to one whose home lay in its immediate vicinity. Frightened out of our wits we hastened home and began moving out but some officers from Col. Estes' regiment, seeing us from their camp, came and persuaded us it was no use, as they would place a guard in the yard to watch the sparks which were showering in every direction. Gratitude is never out of place, so I take pleasure in mentioning the names of two who were so kind to us on this and other occasions, Capt. J. B. Newton, of Ohio, and W. B. Jacobs, of Indiana, although we never made any secret of our opinions. The thanks of the ladies in our neighborhood are especially due to the former, as he spent all the time he could spare from his duties in going around among them, quieting their fears and seeing if they needed anything. After all danger of the fire was over and things had quieted down to their normal state, a boy came running to tell us that he saw two men setting our stable on fire. Capt. Carter, from Ohio, had just come in and asked for water to wash. He had been on the roof of a neighbor's house that had caught fire and was so black he could scarcely be told from a "man and brother." He seized the bucket of water that was brought to him and ran to the stable. Sure enough a blue column of smoke was circling up from it. Fortunately he arrived in time to extinguish it or it might have spread to several dwellings. The next day they broke up their camps and crossed the Cape Fear River. There was a regiment camped in the grove back of our house. Sherman's body guard, they said. The night they left they burned a quantity of corn. They built a large fire in the street—I could point out the spot now—and poured on bag after bag of corn, looking in the firelight like a company of fiends. How glorious the boys in blue appeared, burning up the bread from destitute women and children. On the night of the 15th they left, and seemed to leave behind them the barrenness of desolation. Some few people had saved their provisions by hiding them or by accident, but the bulk of the population must have suffered if some of the citizens who had managed to save some cotton had not sent a boat to Wilmington and bought provisions—hard-tack and mess beef—from the Yankees who occupied that city. The officers of a regiment near us, wishing to have a dinner party, borrowed the dining-room of an old lady who lived near us. They politely invited her to sit down with them. To give an account of it in her own words: "General," said I, "ain't you going to ask a blessing?" "Well, grandma," said he, "I don't know how; won't you do it for me?" "So I asked a blessing and prayed a short prayer. I asked the Lord to turn their hearts away from their wickedness and make them go back to their homes and stop fighting us, and everything I was afraid to tell them I told the Lord and they couldn't say a word." One officer offered my aunt \$15.00—Confederate of course—for a home-spun dress. He wanted it to carry to his wife to show her what Southern ladies wore. The soldiers seemed very fond of making presents; "easy come, easy go." Among the things they brought my aunt's little girl were a gilt-edged Bible, a copy of Hiawatha, several

other books, a half bushel of ground-peas, a finger-bowl and a large looking-glass. For the last we were fortunate enough to find the owner. I knew of their presenting one young lady with a piano. Fayetteville, N. C. Secured his Rights. An negro called on the president of a railroad company. "Hobbling into the room he said: 'Looking at me, sah.'" "Well, what do you want?" "Money." "What for?" "Dis heah," holding out a foot from which three toes had been cut. "I've got nothing to do with that." "Well, er mighty fine lawyer tells me dat yer has. Wuz on one o' yer trains tuther week. I ken rekiver er thousan dollars." "Didn't you work for the road?" "Yas, sah, I worked for it twict." "Were you not riding on a free pass?" "No, sah; wuz ridin' on de train." "You know what I mean. Didn't you have a free pass?" "No, sah, I'll sw'ar to de Lawd I didn't, an' more den dat, I ken prubeit." "What do you propose to do about it?" "Perpose ter hab my rights. Gin me ten dollars an' a pass for a year, an' I'll let de thing drap." The money and the pass were given him. "Thankee, sah." As he hobbled down the stairs, he muttered: "Wan't ridin' on er free pass. Wuz er stealin' dat ride. Dis pass is jes' inter my han.' Gwine to fetch up fish frum de bayou. Huh, dis ten dollar bill is ez putty ez a new shirt."—Arkansaw Traveler. Stopped his Paper. Once upon a time a certain man got mad with the editor and stopped his paper. The next week he sold his corn at four cents below the market price. Then his property was sold for taxes, because he didn't read the Sheriff's sale. He was arrested, fined eight dollars for going hunting on Sunday, and he paid \$30 for a lot of forged notes that had been advertised two weeks and the public had been cautioned not to negotiate for them. He then paid a big Irishman, with a foot like a forge hammer, to kick him all the way to the newspaper office, where he paid four years' subscription in advance and had the editor sign an agreement to knock him down and rob him if he ever ordered his paper stopped again. Such is life without a newspaper.—New York News-dealer. "Who's the new boarder over the way?" asked Mrs. Bluff of her husband. "I don't know," he replied. "He's a nice looking man," she continued. "Yes, very nice looking." "Is he married?" "No." "How do you know?" "Oh, I know." "I thought you said you didn't know him." "I don't." "Then how do you know he isn't married?" "I heard him singing 'Heaven is my home' as I came by last night."—Merchant Traveler. A RUINOUS SYSTEM.—We heartily commend the following from the Wilmington "Star." The "Gold Leaf" has been preaching this sort of doctrine all the time. The "Star" says: The mortgage business is simply ruinous. People who use mortgages as a plaster will grow weeds and poverty. North Carolina has been very much injured by the lien system. Farmers pay a ruinous interest when they go into this business. It ought to stop, and until it does there will be no positive recuperation and improvement.—Gold Leaf. Never judge a policeman by his helmet.