## THE ROCKY MOUNT MAIL,

AN INDEPENDENT

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# ROCKY MOUNT MAIL.

"Our Country, Right or Wrong; if Wrong, to be Set Right."-Carl Schurz.

ROCKY MOUNT, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 16, 1873. W. L. THORP. Editor.

Prindle's "place."

And all the vellow-coated bees Grew jealous of the sportive breeze, Who stole away With willful play

The Fickle Wooer.

The breeze beside my lattice strayed

And softly woord

The sweet rose hidden 'neath the shade.

In loving mood

And with rose-vine idly played,

The rose's fragrance at his ease! And as his sighing met my ear, Cried I, Ah, Zephyr! much I fear,

Young trifler, you Do faisely woo While lingering neath my lattice here.

And kiss her, not in love, but play!

And on the air

Her treasures rare Are sure to fling at close of day ! Now I've a lover o'er the sea, Who waits a word of love from me : 'Tis not for you To kiss and woo,

But you a messenger shall be. Go take my lover, little breeze, My love-and kisses, if you please! Now speed away.

Nor longer stay, The blushing rose towoo and tease!

### WIDOW M'BRIDE.

Farmer Prindle was a widower. He lived all alone in the old farm-house that had been his father's and his grandfather's before him. Farmer Prindle was not hospitable; since his wife had died-five years come next November-not a human soul or body had been allowed to enter the house of mourning. But if he was not hospitable, he was sociable; not because he cared much or the society of his fellow-creatures, GRAY'S HOTEL, but because he wanted to grumble; and, as every one knows, good grumbling

requires company. . Every pleasant evening Farmer Prindle visited some of his neighbors, and favored them with his views of life. These views were gloomy in nature and

"You had better get married again; it will cheer you up a little," suggested a Farmer Prindle shook his head dis-

consolately. "No, I'll never do that. I have had one good wife, and that's enough for me. Marriage ain't such a cheerful state, either, when you look at it seriously. And if it wasn't cheerful with the best of women, as my Lizzie was, what would it be with one as wasn't so good? Answer me that Mrs. Crane.' "It is kind of lonesome for a man to be all alone in a rambling old house, she said, pityingly. "And the Bible says so too, you know," she added, try-

ng to fortify her position.
Farmer Prindle smiled grimly. 'Maybe so. But it is better to be lonesome than pestered, and there ain't a woman round here as is worthy to tie

on my Lizzie's shoes, anyhow."
"I don't know," said Mrs. Crane.
"There's Widow M'Bride; she is a nice, smart little body, and-"Widow M'Bride! she! I wouldn' have her for her weight in gold!'

thundered Farmer Prindle. you, either; there's plenty after her quite as good as you be." "Widow M'Bride!" repeated the farm-

"To think of her comparing herself to my Lizzie! That beats all I eyer

Mrs. M'Bride was short, plump, and jolly almost to levity, and had, besides, a very pretty will of her own. She had been a widow ten years, and during this W. H. HARRISON & CO., period the had allowed several devoted suitors to console her and to lead her almost to the brink of matrimony. But having reached that point, she had always retreated, remembering, just in time, that "her heart was buried in the

It so happened that, the very next day, Mrs. Crane, wishing to make griddleeakes for supper, went to Mrs. M'Bride's to borrow some butter-milk, "if so be she had any to spare."

It so was that Mrs M'Bride could which most women can always "spare" Having mentioned this, that, and the

other, they finally alighted upon Mr. Prindle's devoted head. "How would you like him for a hus-

"He ain't so old, either; he ain't turn. is after."

ed fifty yet; and he has got a nice place, and no children to bother." "That's true; but somehow I don't there's so much work to be done on a

"I guess there's no more work any where than a woman has a mind to do. and get along with him. All men are

hard enough, for that matter; yet it is kind of nice to have one in the house."

you no later than last night," said Mrs. | weeks. Crane, throwing prudence to the winds. "And he was as mad as mad can "Widow M'Bride! said he, I wouldn't be!" said Mrs. Crane to the widow, Crane, throwing prudence to the winds.

"And he was as mad as mad can be!" said Mrs. Crane to the widow, have her for her weight in gold. Them's his very words, as true as I live."

"Good land! Did I ever?" exclaimed "And he was as mad as mad can be!" said Mrs. Crane to the widow, when she related that little incident to his very words, as true as I live."

"And he was as mad as mad can be!" said Mrs. M'Bride; and openting them, boys, she would say; "the red apples are just as good. These are wider, she perceived she was holding a letter written by some which I had found in the pocket-book of a gentleman which came into my havn't got any money." "You say I can pay?" "Yes." "I wouldn't hem, boys, she would say; "the red apples are just as good. These are wine, cried the winds. "What!" said Mrs. M'Bride; and openting them, boys, she would say; "the red apples are just as good. These are wine, cried the winds. "You say I can pay?" "Yes." "I havn't got any money." "No more ain't dear."

"Men are so foolish," said Mrs. Mc-" "The merry month of May had return-" the merry month of May had return-" th

like of that. Not want me! Did you Accidents will happen, and an acciever! Well, I don't want him—wouldn't dent did happen to Mr. Prindle: he was touch him with a pair of tongs! So we are even, you see."

Mrs. Crane departed, not entirely in peace. "I wish I hadn't said it," she I ain't afraid of her, if she does know.

The blu disappear.

must remain said forever. So thought Widow M'Bride, as she went. He looked very well in his black down. watched Mrs. Crane's retreating form. coat and clean shirt, but he did not "No "You horrid creature! You won't come know it. In the matter of good looks well. I will come to the point at once: PETERSBURG, VA.

here in a hurry. And as for that old men are either too vain or too modest, man—I declare!" Then suddenly a and Mr. Prindle was a too modest "Dear me! No, indeed; I won't

aloud. "Yes, I will do it—see if I tiest "weeds," looking like a full-blown am dreadfully in earnest about it—as don'tl" she said, shaking her plump rose in a bed of autumn flowers, for you would know if you knew all. little fist in the direction of Farmer this was a middle-aged tea-party, and Prindle's "place." she was the youngest woman in the but—I won't have you. The next day, about noon, Mrs. room. She had made herself agreeable "Why not? Becau M'Bride went to the bank with a fifty- to the ladies, as she always did; but said?" dollar bill in her pocket. "Will you when the gentlemen came in she felt rehave the kindness to change this bill for lieved, and soon proposed a waik in the least. But there are reasonsme?" she asked Mr. Plum, in the most garden.

me?" she asked Mr. Plum, in the most business-like manner.

"With the greatest pleasure."
Mr. Plum grew slightly rosy about the cheeks, and decidedly sweet about the eyes.

"It is a very pleasant day," he remarked. Then looking at the clock, and seeing that it wanted five minutes to twelve, he suddenly remembered that his andlady wished him to be punctual.

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"It is a very pleasant day," he remarked. Then looking at the clock, and seeing that it wanted five minutes the wishing he had not said it. Was she angry? he wondered.

Angry? No summer sky could be more softly serene that he vidow's fair the called her "widow's cap."

"It is a very pleasant day," he remarked. Then looking at the clock, and seeing that it wanted five minutes the vidow's fair the could not help wishing he had not said it. Was she angry? he wondered.

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"Certainly," said Mrs. M'Bride. She flowers in your garden," she said, knew as well as he did that Elm street | milldy. and Pine street were as far apart as two "No; I don't care much for flowers," streets can well be; nevertheless Mr. said Mr. Prindle.

was going her way. As good luck would have it, whom ers and trees and birds." street but that odious Mr. Prindle! At | I guess." that moment Mrs. M'Bride was so deeppared his shortest nod and his sourest of "knuckles." look for her special delectation, and he felt that he was defeated. Mrs. M'Bride "It would be a pity to spoil them by felt that she was victorious so far, for useful work, wouldn't it?" he said, not

said, gratefully, "I will not ask you to come in now, but I am always at home "And yet," said Mr. I my friends."

-an act of politeness seldom performed

ow M'Bride. As she had told Mrs. her. Crane, she never flirted-not conscious- "No, I shouldn't think you was ! ly. Never in her life had she thrown a Farm life wouldn't suit you, would it?" broadside glance at a man, or smiled at him too encouragingly. "Courting is men's work," she used to say. And there was something about her that helped men to do that work willingly, if not successfully.

Hitherto she had neglected Mr. Plum. He had lately come from a large town to fill the position of cashier in the Appletown bank, and it was said that "he didn't think much of country folks." To bashful young men Mrs. M'Bride wasas tender as a mother; but pride was not to her taste, and she had been rather cool to Mr. Plum. However, at the beginning of her campaign he seemed to be exactly the man she needed to carry war into the enemy's camp.

Mr. Plum was in every thing the opposite of Farmer Prindle. He was a city man," with city manners and language; he was handsome, too, with black eyes, black hair, and the blackest mustache in Appletown. It was not the style of beauty that Mrs. M'Bride admired; but then, as she said to herself, "that horrid old thing will think he is

Mrs. M'Bride was right there. The 'horrid old thing," Peter Prindle by name, did think that Mr. Plum was "a handsome puppy - all hair and no

Mr. Prindle was rather bald, and prided himself on his brains; and immediately after that meeting on Elm street he began to—despise Mr. Plum.

In a large town far away there lived a sweet little girl who honestly believed that Mr. Plum was "too good for this world," certainly too good for her; yet he had vowed that he loved her. But they were poor, and they must wait. While he waited Mr. Plum led a very endurable life, and once a week he wrote to his love, telling her how lonely he was without her. Mrs. M'Bride knew nothing of the little girl, but had she known, it would have made no difference in her plans, for she considered

This little war of the "weight in the men, with a knowing wink.

all his evenings at Mrs. Crane's, smokband?" asked Mrs. Crane. tien of Mrs. M'Bride's behavior. "It so old as my—". Then he stopped and man! "Me? that old man!" laughed Widow is a shame! and she that's old enough called himself "a fool," and Mrs. Crane Wit to be his mother! It is her money he an old-something else

He had said this so often that Mrs. ancy him; he is a hard man. And then widow, she determined to stand up for But these trees must have been very in- door.

You would know how to manage him, don't want her yourself, why don't you And remembering that Mrs. M'Bride Mrs. M'Bride took it. Who was it

the farmer. "Maggie M'Bride! And you a-flirting. When I told her what you said about was there, so it must have improved

the widow. "No, I never did hear the Bride, complacently.

thought. But she had said it, and it I meant what I said, every word of it!" So Mr. Prindle adorned himself and

smile shone in her black eyes, and man.

3. ANDREW WHITE, C. T. CORLING, R. A. MCKENNEY spread all over her face, till she laughed Widow M'Bride was there in her pret-

Plum's remark was perfectly true—he "Don't you? I love them; I couldn't live in the country if it was not for flowshould they meet at the corner of Elm "Farm-work wouldn't suit your taste,

"Not at all; I should hate it so! It ly interested in Mr. Plum's conversation would make my hands so hard and that she did not see Mr. Prindle. This brown." And she gazed at two hands, made the farmer angry, for he had pre- on which dimples had taken the place Mr. Prindle looked at the hands too.

she had prepared the meeting.

Arrived at her own gate, the widow "I think it would. A lady must have "And yet," said Mr. Prindle, speakin the evening, and always glad to see ing almost angrily, "I knew a woman, the best of women, who was as good as

Mr. Plum looked delighted, said he any lady in the land, if she did milk would be very happy, and actually took the cows and make her own butter and off his hat when he bowed himself away | cheese. She didn't think of her hands!" | do it. There !' "She must have been a saint," said the widow, softly, "I hope she got couldn't live here after this Let no one take a wrong view of Wid- her reward in this world. I am not like

> said Mr. Prindle, revengefully.
> "No indeed! If I had my choice I would live in New York, or Paris, or London," said Mrs. M'Bride, trying to remember which was the largest city in

"Well, I think you have had your choice, as far as a city man goes. Alow me to congratulate you, Mrs. M'-"Congratulate me! Upon what, Mr. Prindle? "People say Mr. Plum is to be the

"The happy man? Oh, I see what you mean! I hope he will be happy, but not as people say. "And why not? If I may ask."

"Oh yes, you may ask; it is no secret. Because, Mr. Prindle, I never intend to marry again. Never! Not if the Emperor of China himself should ask We all nurse an ideal of some sort.

It appears that Mrs. M'Bride's ideal was the Emperor of China; and considshe might have been pardoned for con-

empress, wouldn't you?" he said, scorn- | dle's love had nothing to do with her Fortunatelytea was ready. The guests Yes, it was her money Mr. Plum His hair is long, hanging down to the

it better than any other.

conversation. She was very fond of It was to have this question answered apples—of brown russets especially— that he came one evening. The widow and her apple-trees were not doing well; was alone, and Mr. Plum, taking the was to be done?

This little war of the "weight in gold" began in May, and during the Prindle, to his profound astonishment, Poor sinful little widow! she had a following summer Mr. Plum's devotion heard himself offering to escort Mrs. hard time of it. But she stood firm, to Widow M'Bride was the general topic M'Bride. The lady was so used to be- and explained matters very clearlyspare some, and welcome. Then Mrs. of conversation. "Did you ever!" said ing escorted that she was not astonish- also in part. She was just in the mid-Crane sat down to have a talk, a thing the women, forgetting what they had ed in the least, but having to "hold up dle of her closing argument when the seen before. "She's hooked him!" said her dress," she declined Mr. Prindle's door-bell rang with a peal that startled

arm, and trotted independently by his side, chatting merrily as she went.

her. A sudden conviction flashed into her mind that Mr. Prindle had return-As for Mr. Prindle, he spent nearly side, chatting merrily as she went.

"What a cheerful little thing she is!" her mind that Mr. Prindle had returning the second state of the second sta ing his pipe by the side of Mr. Crane, thought Mr. Prindle, "and so pretty for the world would she be found by and freely expressing his disapproba- too! She ain't so old, either-not near him alone with that angry, red-faced

The next day he came to Sk at Mrs. M'Bride's apple-trees, and was politely Crane got tired of it at last; and as she received, but not asked into the house, en, opened the door, and locked it af- fast friend. He was the last man in had made up her little quarrel with the the widow having met him at the gate. ter him. Then she went to the front the tribe who it would be thought could r friend.

And why should it be for her to look at them. At the end of a month money?" she asked. "She is good his perseverance was rewarded by a "It is a dispatch for you, ma'am," he enough for any man; and as long as you general invitation to "come in any time." "Of course I don't want her," growled called upon her once in a while. Gradually she seemed to be the only neigh-"But, my dear Mrs. Crane, I don't want a man in my house, I hate men!" Wouldn't have you if you wanted her. evening, and never grumbled while he

his temper.

ed. Looking out of her window one afternoon, Mrs M'Bride beheld Farmer Prindle coming toward her house, dressed in his very best black suit. And as she looked she blushed, and her eyes beginning toward her eyes beginning toward her house, dressed in his very best black suit. And as she looked she blushed, and her eyes beginning toward her house, dressed in his very best black suit. And as she looked she blushed, and her eyes beginning toward her house, dressed in his very best black suit. And as she looked she blushed, and her eyes beginning toward her house, dressed in his very best black suit. And as she looked she blushed, and her eyes beginning toward her house, dressed in his very best black suit. And as she looked she blushed, and her eyes beginning toward her house, dressed in his very best black suit. And as she looked she blushed, and her eyes beginning toward her house, dressed in his very best black suit. And as she looked she blushed, and her eyes beginning toward her house, dressed in his very best black suit. And as she looked she blushed, and her eyes best black suit. And as she looked she blushed, and her eyes best black suit. The blush and the sparkle had both

"No, thank you, standing will do as have anybody.

"Then, Mr. Prindle, I am very sorry. "Why not? Because of what

capture the town had a garrison of 500 "Oh, no, I didn't mind that in the men; the Carlists had a force of 2,500. "What reasons? Tell me." knocked at the gates of the town, and "In the first place, you don't love

"Don't I?"

"You didn't say so." "No, nor I won't say it, because you "That is not the way, Mr. Prindle. "It is my way, and I can't change it.
Will you think about it?" "No; it would be no use. I can not

give up my weeds."
"Weeds? What weeds?" "I mean my widow's cap. I will wear it till I die." "Not if you are my wife, I can tell

"But I don't want to be your wife. Good-by, Mr. Prindle."
"Good-by. But I don't give it up; I will ask you again," said Mr. Prindle. And he may not have been far from the truth when he had called himself a fool. Precisely a week from that day Mr. Prindle came again. "You may wear the cap if you like," he said meekly. "Thank you. But you are wasting smoke of the petroleum kept advancing, your time. Please don't think any

more about it.' Another week passed. come?" wondered the widow. He came. " Now, Maggie, this is the last time. 'Three times and out,' you know. What shall it be—yes or no?"
"No, most decidedly!" said the ob-

durate widow. fire and destroyed it in its principal "Not if I say I love you, as I didn't think I could love ?" "Not if you say anything. I won't were in front of the barracks, in which "Then I must leave the place. I

"And what would the farm do with-

"I will sell it. I don't mind that." "Take my advice, Mr. Prindle, and don't do anything foolish. Go away for a little while, if you like, then come back and be friends. But Mr. Prindle wouldn't take the

widow's advice, and he would do something foolish. So he went away, and for a whole month no one knew what had become of him. Mrs. M'Bride spent that time in several frames of mind. She was glad, and

she was sorry; it was a great pity, and yet it was very silly. She really missed Mr. Prindle, and she felt sorry for him, But then I couldn't do it-the idea!' About this time another idea dawned upon the widow's mind, and that idea was-Mr. Plum. She had been so accustomed to deal with young men on philanthropic principles that she was slow to admit the possibility of "such a dreadful thing." Yet if a man's eyes mean anything when they look unutterble things, then Mr. Plum's eyes

meant precisely "such a dreadful thing. Mrs. M'Bride felt that an evil day ering how impossible it was for that was coming, and that she was powerless gentleman ever to fall in love with her, to ward it off. Coolness did not cool Mr. Plum, and she certainly could not "speak first." Then came the bitter But Mr. Prindle was not in a forgiving mood. "You would make a fine whereas she well knew that Mr. Prin-

were called in, and Mr. Prindle was di-rected to sit next to Mrs. M'Bride. He to take her with it. He had reflected tried to think that he disliked that ar- much on the subject. On one side was rangement, and yet he felt that he liked | love and a salary of six hundred dollars -a small fence to keep off the wolf from Mrs. M'Bride was as gracious as an empress, and strictly agricultural in her M'Bride and—well, why not?

In manner he is cool, self-possessed,

she was thinking of having some of them tide of his affairs at the flood, rushed grafted. Did Mr. Priddle know how it at once into melting eloquence. But Fortune refused to smile upon him. Mr. Prindle kindly told her all he Mr. Plum persevered; he stated his knew about grafting, and still more case-part of it-in glowing language; Mr. Plum too young to fall in love with kindly offered to come and look at the in vain. Then Mr. Plum forgot his manners, and asked "why had he been

was elected chief of the offender. He was elected chief of the tribe two or to Mr. Plum and whispered, "You three years ago, and Squire Steele, of must go away-at once." She led him through the sitting-room into the kitch- fact which has always made Steele Jack's

No Mr. Prindle was there; only a tirely out of keeping with his past boy with a yellow letter in his hand. | character. - San Francisco Chronicle. was one of his neighbors, Mr. Prindle from? Had anything happened to any body? And with trembling fingers she

opened the envelope.

It was only a business communication. "I have a good offer for my farm. Shall I sell er teep? [Signed] PETER PRINDLE." "I never flirt," said the widow, with awful dignity. "You know I don't; and I in my weeds yet! And as for Mr.

Then Farmer Prindle got up, and standing in the middle of the room, he forget his mother's teachings, and—ut-brown russets rained anonymously into She was retreating to the parlor, when Bridget knocked at the kitchen door in possession of port-monnaies contain- ed who had just been enjoying a glass Prince I wouldn't have him for his tered very bad language! after which her house. "And they are so mice! I she saw her dispatch lying on the floor; we have no means of doing so. It is sued: "It was me asked yer; it's my he went away without saying good- wonder who sends them?" Whoever she picked it up, and sitting down by dangerous to carry them about—so we treat." "No, you paid last time; it's "Them's the very words he said about on later than last night, and did not return for several out on later than last night, said Mrs. How with the word of the wind saying good-words he said about on later than last night, and did not return for several out of them. I tell yer it's my treat, by seeing the widow's white teeth bits are forced to destroy them. I tell yer I shall pay," worder the words he said about on the wind several of them would have been rewarded by seeing the widow's white teeth by seeing the

> post-office and dropped a letter in the no name in the port-monnaie, and no box. Then she went to the telegraphoffice and sent the first message of the

disappeared, however, when she greeted The letter was addressed to Mr. be decent—and always leave their ad-Mr. Prindle and invited him to sit James Plum, and contained only the sweet little missive. The message was addressed to Mr. Peter Prindle, and contained only one

word: "Keep."
And Mr. Prindle kept, from that day "Don't say no without thinking. I forward, for better and for worse.

# THE ROCKY MOUNT MAIL

VOL. II.---NO. 4.

The Carlist War.

In the Barcelona Independencia ap-

At one A. M. two men, with lamps,

attack became rerious. The principal

Catalan francos, volunteers, and troops,

apparently without any fixed direction.

After awhile the Carlists slackened the

time the authorities concentrated the

Pedro. The flames and the suffocating

offered, for some time, greater resist-

ance, but at last the petroleum set it on

part. The struggle continued until the

end of the afternoon, at which time the

enemy, with their train of petrolists,

ranged by their commandante, Morales.

At nine at night the delivery of arms

commenced, and lasted till eleven: 1,200

rifles, 60,000 cartridges, and other munitions of war fell to the Carlists.

These occupied thirty carts, and, with

still held out. Petroleum had to be

Friday they were considered as prisoners

of war, and, closely guarded, led out of

the town in the direction of Vallcebre.

Captain Jack.

and its shape indicates firmness and de-

notes cruelty and baseness-traits which

In manner he is cool, self-possessed,

and very dignified. He insists upon

being treated with the greatest respect

by all with whom he comes in contact,

and the chief ruler of forty millions of

for official etiquette than is this same

miserable savage. He never smiles.

casion of the visit referred to was a

splendid exhibition of indifference and

haughtiness, notwithstanding at the

time he was so ill he could not stand up.

Before this act of treachery he was be-

in the neighborhood who had many

dealings with him said that they never

any act of peculation or other annoy-

ance, Jack was sure to visit punishment

be guilty of so base an act—an act en-

A Tender-Hearted Pickpocket.

An exchange has received the follow-

Str :- Please advise your readers al-

ing curious letter, and prints it for what

ways to leave their names and addresses in their pocket-books. It frequently

happens in our business that we come

shadowed for it by the police. Tell

Yours, truly, A PICKPOCKET.

it is worth: .

Captain Jack, the chief of the tribe,

attack was made on the barracks.

One Inch or less, constitutes a Square. each additional insertion.....

Facts and Fancies.

pears an account of the capture of 000 of his trees have been gnawed by Berga-the centre and key of the upper | mice.

part of Catalonia. On the day of its Drained land gives larger crops because the soil is deeper and the season

longer and warmer. Mohammedans in Bosnia had planned

desired admission. They said they were in quest of a midwife. The guards discovered and thwarted. Ex-Mayor Tarber, of Alton, Ill. opened, and instantly, by the light of the lamps, saw the gleam of the bayo-nets of Saballs' approaching party. bounced out of bed the other night and

general, and lasted all the rest of the her by pouring hot water on him while night. The Carlists in the meantime asleep. A fire-engine, loaded with soap suds

points were defended by a few of the Memphis. On tolerably accurate estimate, about one hundred and twenty acres of floor-

fire of their muskets, and threw in vessels-filled with petroleum, as also balls Miss Lucy Potts, of Petersburg, Va., of lighted oakum. Entire houses were quickly in flames, and a pass was thusgraph album taken from her home by a opened for the invaders. In the mean-

oldier in 1865. Custom-house authorities in Halifax principal forces in the barrack, the castle, and in the parish church of San are making arrests of the people who

plunder the bodies recovered from the

wrecked Atlantic.

followed by the Carlists, who sacked the houses which escaped the devouring fight, twenty-one insurgents and four element. The heroic defenders of the weak parapets found themselves obliged spaniards wounded to retire towards the forts or else die

A convict in the Mississippi peniteningloriously. The church of San Pedro tiary dug a tunnel 180 feet long and got out. He used the handle of a spoon, and was nineteen months about it.

mond fields, and weighs 2881 carats. A lawsuit to recover the value of a the garrison and the volunteers were nclosed. These were all decided to duck was dismissed from a Troy (N. Y. continue resisting valorously in the court, the other day, after each party hopes of succor arriving, when they had spent about a hundred dollars on it. were told a capitulation had been ar-

> An Iowa paper half boastingly says that it starts on its sixth year with some subscribers who commenced with the

the prisoners, left under escort in the direction of Pont de Reventi. At a quarter of an hour's distance from Delaware, rendered a verdict of guilty, Berga four volunteers were shot, and and Burton was sentenced to be hanged shortly afterwards two more. All this on June 20. occurred on Thursday, but the castle Morris Goldstein, a commercial "tour-

employed to force its brave defenders Nebraska Court for obtaining a railroad to lay down their arms. They were asand that they should be perfectly free. Instead of this, when they gave in on

> called for that purpose. An old stager was compelled by his worthy spouse to "join the cold water army," which he did, promising never

Gen. Fry, of Sheridan's staff, who is familiar with the Modocs, says that they have no pure Indian blood, but are inmongrel outlaws generally. They are

National Encampment will be held at

that the seventh annual meeting of the

laration is confined to the person who lieved to be the soul of honor. Settlers is the victim. A five-years old child of Mr. P. Nath, of Canada, had never uttered an articuknew Captain Jack to do a mean or base late sound, and had been given up as act, nor would be knowingly permit any hopelessly mute, until the other day,

In some of the Northern States about is frozen so closely to small apple, pear, and other fruit trees, as to take off the Yreka, acted as judge of election-a bark as the snow settles. Farmers and gardeners in that vicinity have been for several days carefully removing the snow and cutting away the crust to save

> A stealthy rat which dwelt in a Chicago station-house undertook to help himsel, from a plate from which an old game-cock, captured in a raid on a cockpit, was eating his dinner. The old gamester permitted, him to reach over the edge of the plate and nibble at a crust of bread, but before he had swallowed the first mouthful, the cock drove one of his spurs clear through him.

In a public house two men were seating private papers and photographs of beer together. Settling time having

> The extra pay of Congressmen represents, six thousand bushels of wheat,

ADVERTISING RATES:

A Vermont nurseryman finds that 30,4

the massacre of Christians, but were

put a burglar to flight with a poker. A colored woman in Terre Haute, lately They fired, and caused many casualties to the assailants. The firing became retaliated on her liege lord for beating

took up advantageous positions, and A fire-engine, loaded with soap suds awaited daylight. When it dawned the and lamp black, was lately used to disperse a crowd of disorderly women in

> ing are contained in the mills in Lowell, Mass.

> has just had returned to her a photo-

A report from Cuba says that in a Spaniards were killed and thirteen

The largest diamond in the world will be exhibited in the Vienna Exhibition. It has been found in the African dia-

The Dutch forces in Sumatra have retreated to the beach and entreached This was confirmed by the fact that no themselves. They are vastly outnumbered and their losses have been heavy.

> first number, and have never paid a cent. The jury in the case of Joe Burton,

st," has been ordered to pay \$400 in a ride by use of the free pass of a dead o San Francisco, Arizona, is progress-

ing rapidly among the Mormons in Utah. Two thousand men have been and author of the villainous plot, is a to touch a drop of anything else except full-blooded Modoc of about thirty in sickness. He has never been well

years of age, though he looks much since. older. He has a good head, though They tell of a mother who says of her like all Indians, the forehead is low baby, that "as it couldn't be handsome and retreating. His complexion is like its papa, it's going to be good like dark, being a bright, copper color, and its mamma." This is the first baby on his eyes are black, full, and piercing. record that is not the prettiest that ever was-to its mother. shoulders, and his face is entirely des-

titute of beard. His mouth is large, termination, though it by no means determixed with half-breeds, Diggers, and Gen. Burnside, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic of

> New Haven, Conn., on Wednesday, May The Pennsylvania Supreme Court has murdered man should not have been admitted, as the admission of a dving dec-

member of his band to do one. If any when its parents were astounded by of the ranchmen ever complained of hearing it give utterance to several well-

or 15,000 bushels of corn, or do, of oats; or 10,000 bushels of potatoes; or, 733 barrels of flour; or, 50 yoke of large red oxen; or, 150 head of fat three-year-old steers; or, 2,500 head of sheep; or, 45 span of first-class horses; or, 100 dairy cows; or, 30,000 laying hens; or, 15,000 geese; or, 15,000 pounds of butter; or, 500 barrels of eggs; or, 20,000 pounds of cheese; or, 18,000 pounds of honey dresses in their pocket-books. We want to live and let live. in the comb; or, 16,000 pounds of wool; or, 30,000 pounds (75 bales) of cotton; Leprosy is spreading to an alarming or, 2,500 boxes of assorted candy; or, extent among the natives of Honolulu. 2,600 boxes of soap.