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VOL. III. WASHINGTON N. C. TUESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1873. NO. 19.

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**JOHN MYERS' SONS.**  
**For Sale!**  
I HAVE A GOOD, WELL-CONDIT-  
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**FOR YOUNG LADIES.**  
The 12th Session will commence Wed-  
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**THE ROMANCE OF A BRIGADE.**  
Brigades of the good old-fashioned  
type are fast dying out, but some very  
fine examples of the romantic sort are  
yet to be found in Corsica. A Ger-  
man correspondent of the Temps mentions  
that, beside some thirty-four very  
doubtful characters, who systematically  
elude the police of the island, there are  
three individuals named Germani,  
Suzanni and Alberti, about whom  
very sensational legends are told.  
The exploits of these brigands are  
however, but child's play compared  
to those of Suzanni's predecessors,  
the famous Santalucia. He was perhaps  
the last of the old race, and was a power  
in Corsica some thirty years ago.  
He took to the woods in consequence  
of a misfortune which happened to  
one of his brothers, who was convicted  
on the evidence of false witnesses,  
and sent to the hulks. Santalucia  
gave himself up to the authorities, but  
three men into his power. The first  
of these he tied to a tree and address-  
ed as follows: "You are about to lose it,"  
which assertion he instantly made  
good. To the next he said: "You  
have declared that your eyes beheld  
that which they have not seen; you  
are going to lose your eyes." To the  
third he said: "You have sworn that  
your ears heard what they had not  
heard; you will lose your ears." He  
then tore out the eyes of the one  
and cut off the ears of the other.

**Feminine Fancies.**  
A WOMAN'S CAPRICE.  
She sang her song at the window—  
"If he goes by," she said,  
"He will hear my robin singing."  
And when he came to the door  
I shall be sitting here to sew.  
"I am a fool," she said,  
"And he will love me, I know."  
The robin sang a love sweet song.  
The young man raised his head:  
The maiden turned away and blushed—  
"I am a fool," she said,  
"And he will love me, I know."  
The young man looked slowly  
By the house three that day.  
She took her bird from the window—  
"He tried not look this way,"  
She sat at the piano long.  
And signed and played a death-song.

Back when the dawn was done, she said:  
"Remember, Mary, if he calls  
To-night, I'm not at home."  
So when he came, she went—the girl—  
She went and led him in herself.  
They sang full long together  
Their songs were sweet, death-sad:  
The robin woke from his slumber,  
And sang out clear and glad:  
"Now go," she caddy said, "be late;  
And followed him to latch the gate."

He took the ribbon from her hair,  
While "I'm a fool," she said,  
"And he will love me, I know."  
And while her tongue was gone,  
Her will was dark on the eclipse,  
Of binding love upon her lips.

**Erin's Flag**  
BY REV. FATH R. RYAN.  
[Respectfully inscribed to his friends in Nashville.]  
Unroll Erin's flag! Sing its folds to the  
 breeze!  
Let it flash o'er the land, let it flash o'er  
 the seas!  
Lift it out of the dust, let it wave as of  
 yore!  
When its chiefs, with their clans, stood  
 around it and swore  
 That never, no, never, that banner would  
 die!  
As long as the heart of a Celt was its shield;  
 While the hand of a Celt had a weapon to  
 wield,  
 And his last drop of blood was unshed on  
 the field.

Lift it up! wave it high!—tis as bright as  
 of old!  
 Not a stain on its green, not a blot on its  
 gold!  
 The woes and the wrongs of three hun-  
 dred long years  
 Have srenched Erin's Sunburst with blood  
 and with tears.  
 Though the clouds of oppression overshadow  
 its gloom,  
 And around it the thunders of tyranny  
 boom,  
 Look aloft! look aloft! let the clouds drift-  
 ing by!  
 There's a gleam through the gloom, there's  
 a light in the sky:  
 'Tis the Sunburst resplendent—far, flashing  
 on high!  
 Erin's dark night is waning, her day-dawns  
 are high!

Lift it up! lift it up! the old Banner of  
 Green!  
 The blood of its sons that has brightened  
 its sheen!  
 What's the tyrant that has trampled  
 its down?  
 Are its folds not emblazoned with groups of  
 renown?  
 What's the thought for those it drops in  
 the dust?  
 Shall it decay like a rancor? No, no, God is  
 just!  
 Take it up! take it up! the tyrant's  
 foot tread!  
 Let him tear not the flag—we will match  
 his tread!  
 And he'll bleed on our forehead,  
 ere he'll bleed on our shield!  
 And we'll vow by the dust in the graves  
 of our dead.

And we'll swear by the blood which the  
 tyrant has shed!  
 And we'll vow by the wrecks which thro'  
 Erin he spread!  
 And we'll swear by the thousands who  
 have died!  
 And we'll swear by the heroes who  
 have died!  
 And we'll swear by the heroes who  
 have died!  
 That we'll follow to the cause which we'll  
 glory to see!  
 Till the gleams of our flag and the shock of  
 our bayonet!  
 Shall prove to our foes that we meant what  
 we said!  
 That we'll live by the Green, and we'll  
 die by the Green!

Take it up! take it up! bear it back from  
 the foe!  
 That banner must blaze 'mid the lightnings  
 of war!  
 Lay your hands on its folds, lift your gaze  
 to the sky,  
 And swear that you'll bear it triumphant  
 or die!  
 And about to the clans, scattered far o'er  
 the land,  
 To join in the march to the land of their  
 birth—  
 And wherever the exiles, 'neath heaven's  
 broad dome,  
 Have been fated to suffer, to sorrow,  
 and roam,  
 They'll bound on the sea and away o'er  
 the foam,  
 They'll march to the music of "Home  
 Sweet Home."

**Don't Ask Favors.**  
Rely upon yourself and ask no fa-  
vors. It is a great deal better to be put  
to serious inconvenience, and to suffer  
more than a little, than to be dependent  
upon others. Observe what you desire  
by your own exertions, or make up  
more true dignity in comparative pov-  
erty, than in the most luxurious in-  
dulgence gained through cringing and  
asking favors. And then, too, it is so  
humiliating to be refused by those who  
are abundantly able to aid you, with,  
"I'm very sorry I can't accommodate  
you." "I really wish it was in my  
power." "Dear me, if you had only  
applied yesterday," and all the other  
old, nasty speeches which have been  
screetly passed from time immemorial,  
ready for use by those who glory in all  
themselves of any excuse rather than  
put themselves to any inconvenience  
to do a favor for those who they say  
are their friends. How many such  
people there are in the world and who  
wants to dance attendance upon them  
forever?

We recently knew a man who had  
always been ready to do favors for his  
hundred, brought into favor a tight  
penalty fix, and though he had many  
wealthy relatives, who, without any  
trouble, might have assisted, yet there  
was not one of them that was willing to  
do the least thing for him. The better  
way is not to try to even the nearest re-  
lative we have on earth, by asking  
favors of them. If a man, however,  
has connections or friends who are  
really noble-hearted, and who, when  
they see him in trouble, come forward  
of their own accord and offer him as-  
sistance, let him accept it, and rejoice  
that he has such.

"That are friends indeed!  
Because friends in need."  
Don't ask favors, then, and don't re-  
fuse them when they come in the right  
place.

"Rely upon your own efforts; go  
ahead, work hard; and if sometimes  
embarrassed, and a whole-souled man  
comes along and offers the helping  
hand, do not let a foolish pride nor a  
stubborn notion of independence pre-  
vent you from cordially and gratefully  
accepting the proffered aid; and be  
ready to prove your appreciation of his  
kindness by doing him a good turn the  
first opportunity that occurs.

**A Secret Kept For Sixty Years.**  
Says the Springfield Republican;  
Brattleboro tells rather a flighty story  
of a well-kept secret. The story goes  
that a boy, well back in 1811, made a  
kite, and attached a lantern to it, in  
which he put a candle and arranged it  
so that when the candle had burned out  
it would explode some powder  
which was in the bottom of the lantern.  
He kept the secret carefully to himself  
and waited for a suitable night in which  
to raise his kite. The boy got his  
kite into the air without being discover-  
ed, for it was so dark that nothing but  
the colored lantern was visible. It  
went dancing about in the air wildly,  
attracting much notice, and was looked  
upon by ignorant people as some spe-  
cially magical omen. The evil spirit, as  
many supposed it, went hobnobbing  
around for about twenty minutes and  
exploded, blowing the lantern to pieces.  
Next morning all was wonder and ex-  
citement, and this lad, who had  
carefully taken in his kite and hidden  
it about the caption without being  
found out, had his own fun out of the  
matter. The people of Brattleboro  
never had any explanation of the mys-  
tery, until nearly sixty years afterward,  
when the boy, who had become quite  
an old gentleman, published the story  
in a Brattleboro newspaper.

There are those who so seldom  
have a chance to speak to interested  
ears, that they gradually withdraw  
themselves into themselves, where,  
not generally finding much, they in-  
tellectually play away.  
To be sure, we should not fail to  
become good talkers, if we can't but  
do what we must, we can only make  
our talker of ourselves; whereas, by  
proper listening, we may make a dozen  
talkers of other people.—Frank  
R. Stockton, in Scribner's for Jan-  
uary.

**The Science of Health.**  
A NEW EXPERIMENTAL RESEARCH  
into the connection and relation of the  
Hygienic system.  
The Hygienic system is the first  
need of the individual, the nation, and the race.  
It is long known, that a premature death—  
Health, disease, and death, are the result of  
an unhygienic life. To illustrate the people in the  
science of health, and to show the relation of  
Hygiene, and to the life that should be preserved,  
is the object and purpose of this new  
Hygienic system.

**Listen.**  
Do you wish to do something to-  
wards making your home happy? Do  
you desire that your brothers and  
sisters should be glad to have you  
with them, and that you should always  
be a welcome companion to your pa-  
rents or your children? Do you want  
to have your society coveted every-  
where, and to feel the while, that  
you are doing good as well as giving  
pleasure? Would you like to help  
people to think well, and to have  
them save their best thoughts for you?  
Would it please you to get all the  
good you can out of the people you  
know?

If so, learn to listen.  
But first learn what listening is—  
for it is not merely the exercise of the  
sense of hearing. The stupidest of us  
all can keep ears open and mouth shut.  
To listen properly means to make other  
people talk properly. This is a so-  
cial definition, it is not a Websterian  
one. The good listener is a cause of  
talking in others, and by a proper ex-  
ercise of this valuable and too scarce  
gift, makes the diffident say what  
they think, and the verbose think  
what they say. For the greatest talk-  
ers are careful when they find they  
have a good listener. They know  
that they may not often be so fortunate,  
and they talk their best. The adept  
in listening may sometimes hear more  
pressing than he likes, but if he be  
skilled this will not often happen.  
When it is impossible to get anything  
interesting or useful out of a man, he  
need be listened to no longer. Every  
one of sense will agree to that. But  
it is astonishing how many good things  
some very promising persons will say  
if they be properly and conscientiously  
listened to.

To be sure it is very hard for some  
persons to listen. They have a gift  
for talking, and they like to exercise  
it. But these are the very persons  
who should do a great deal of listening.  
They know what a luxury it is to talk  
and they should give their families  
and friends a chance to learn the art.  
Besides, like farmers, they will often  
find much advantage in a rotation of  
crops. A season of listening is often  
a most excellent preparative for a  
season of talk.

It is often supposed that if a man  
has a good thing to say, he will say it  
but this is not necessarily the case.  
Very often he never says it, because  
he does not give him a chance. He  
doesn't want to waste his speech on  
fools, and the smart folks want him  
to content himself with hearing what  
they have to say. This happens  
not in education with very good  
things perhaps; but with things that  
might lead to very good things—every  
day and every hour, in thousands of  
families, all over the land—to say  
nothing of society.

There are those who so seldom  
have a chance to speak to interested  
ears, that they gradually withdraw  
themselves into themselves, where,  
not generally finding much, they in-  
tellectually play away.  
To be sure, we should not fail to  
become good talkers, if we can't but  
do what we must, we can only make  
our talker of ourselves; whereas, by  
proper listening, we may make a dozen  
talkers of other people.—Frank  
R. Stockton, in Scribner's for Jan-  
uary.

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