

Poetry.

PRIDE.

BY JOHN G. BAXE.

'Tis a curious fact as ever was known—
But often in human nature shown,
Alike in castle and cottage—
That pride, like pigs of a certain brood,
Will manage to live and thrive on food
As poor as pauper's pottage!

Of all the notable things of earth,
The queerest thing is the pride of birth
Among our "Sovereign Democracy!"
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from sneers—
Not even a couple of rotten piers—
A thing of laughter, flings, and jeers—
Is American aristocracy!

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thralldom you can't ascend
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it waxed at the other end
By some plebeian vocation;
Or, worse than that, your boasted lineage
May end in a loop of stronger twine,
That plagued some worthy relation.

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty and put on airs,
With insolent pride of station.
Don't be proud and turn up your nose
At poorer people in plainer clothes;
But learn for the sake of our kind's repose
That all proud flesh, wherever it goes,
Is subject to irritation.

Selected.

Home Again.

A correspondent of the Washington City Capital, Don Platt's paper, writes thus of an incident on the Boston and Albany railroad a short time ago:

I ran across what first struck me as a very singular genius on my road from Springfield to Boston. This was a stout, black-whiskered man, who indulged, from time to time, in the most strange and unaccountable manœuvres. Every new and then he would get up and hurry away to the narrow passage which leads to the door in these drawing room cars, and when he thought himself secure from observation, would fall to laughing in the most violent manner and continue the healthful exercise until he was as red in the face as a lobster. As we neared Boston these demonstrations increased in violence, save that the stranger did not run away to laugh, but kept his seat and chuckled himself with his chin deep down in his shirt collar. But the changes that those portmanteaus underwent? He moved them here, there, everywhere, he put them behind him, in front of him, on each side of him. He was evidently getting ready to leave, but as we were yet twenty-five miles from Boston, the idea of such early preparation was ridiculous.

If we had entered the city then the mystery would have remained unsolved, but the stranger at last became so excited that he could keep his seat no longer. Some one must help him, and as I was the nearest, he selected me. Suddenly turning, as if I had asked a question, he said, rocking himself to and fro in his chair the meantime and slapping his legs and breathing hard:

'Been gone three years? Ah?—
'Yes been to Europe. Folks don't expect me for six months yet, but I got through and started. I telegraphed them at the last station; they've got it by this time.'

As he said this he rubbed his hands and changed the portmanteaus on his left to the right and to the left again. 'Got a wife?' said I. 'Yes, and three children,' he returned, and he got up, folded his overcoat anew, and hung it over the back of the seat.

'You are pretty nervous over the matter, ain't you?' I said, watching his fidgety movements.

'Well, I should think I was,' he replied, 'I ain't slept soundly for a week. And do you know,' he went on, glancing around at the passengers,

and speaking in a lower tone, 'I'm almost certain this train will run off the track and break my neck before I get to Boston. Well, the fact is I have had too much good luck for one man lately. The thing can't last; 'taint natural that it should, you know; I've watched it. First it rains, then it shines, and then it rains again; it rains so hard you think its never going to stop; then it shines so bright you think its always going to shine; and just as you are settled in either belief, you are knocked over by change, to show you that you know nothing about it.'

'Well, that is curious,' that philosophy, says I, 'you will continue to have sunshine, because, you are expecting a storm.'

'It's curious,' he returned, after a pause, 'but the only thing which makes me think I'll get through safe, is because I think I won't.'

'Well, that is curious,' said I.

'Lord, yes,' he replied, 'I'm a machinist—made a discovery—nobody believed it; spent all my money trying to bring it out—mortgaged my home—all went. Everybody but my wife—sunky little woman—said she'd work her fingers off before I should give it up. Went to England—no better; came within an ace of jumping off London bridge—went into a shop to earn money enough to come home with; there met the man I wanted. To make a long story short, I've brought thirty thousand pounds home with me.'

'Good for you,' I exclaimed.

'Yes,' said he, 'thirty thousand pounds and the best of it she doesn't know anything about it, I've fooled her so often, and disappointed her so much that I just concluded I would say nothing about this. When I got my money, though, you better believe I struck a deal-line for her.'

'And now you will make her happy,' said I.

'Happy!' he replied 'why you don't know anything about it. She's worked like a dog while I've been getting ready to support herself and the children decently. They paid her thirteen cents a piece for making coarse shirts, and that's the way she lived half the time. She will come down there to the depot to meet me in a gingham dress and a shawl a hundred years old, and she'll think she's dressed up. Oh, she won't have no clothes after this—oh, no, I guess not,' and with these words, which implied that his wife's wardrobe would soon rival that of Queen Victoria's, the stranger tore down the passage way again, and getting in his old corner, where he thought himself out of sight, went through the strangest pantomime, laughing, putting his mouth into the drooliest shapes, and then swinging himself back and forward in the limited space as if he were walking down Broadway a full rigged metropolitan swell. And so on until we rolled into the depot, and I placed myself on the car, opposite the stranger who with a portmanteau in each hand, and descended, and was standing on the lower step, ready to jump to the platform. I looked from his face to the faces of the people before us, but saw no sign of recognition.—Suddenly he cried: 'There they are,' and laughed outright, but in a historical sort of a way, as he looked over the crowd. I followed his eyes, and some distance back, as if crowded out and shouldered away by the well-dressed and elbowing through, a little woman in a faded dress and a well worn hat with a face almost painful in its intensity, but hopeful expression, glancing rapidly from window to window as the coaches glided in. She had not seen the stranger, but a moment after she caught his eye, and in another instant he had jumped to the platform with his two portmanteaus, and making a hole in the crowd pushing on here and running one of his bundles plump into the well developed stomach of a venerable looking old gentleman in spectacles, he rushed to ward the place where she was standing.

I think I never saw a face assume

so many different expressions in so short a time as did that of the little woman while her husband was on his way to her. She didn't look pretty. On the contrary, she looked very plain, but somehow I felt a big lump rise in my throat as I watched her. She was trying to laugh, God bless her, how completely she failed in the attempt! Her mouth got into that position, but it never moved after that, save to draw down at the corners and quiver, while she blinked her eyes so fast that I suspect she only caught occasional glances of the broad shouldered fellow who elbowed his way so rapidly toward her. And then, as he drew close and dropped his everlasting portmanteaus, she just turned completely around with her back toward him, and covered her face with her hands. And thus she was when the strong man gathered her up in his arms as if she had been a baby and held her sobbing to his breast. There was enough gapping at them, heaven knows, and I turned my eyes away a moment, and then I saw two boys in threadbare roundabouts standing near wiping their red eyes and noses on their little coat sleeves; and bursting out anew at every fresh demonstration on the part of their mother, who seemed as if the pent up tears of all those weary months of waiting were streaming through her eyes.

Our Portfolio

Is he Rich?

Many a sigh is heaved, many a heart is broken, many a life is rendered miserable by the terrible infatuation which parents manifest in choosing a life companion for their daughters.

How is it possible for happiness to result from the union of two principles so diametrically opposed to each other in every point as virtue to vice?—and yet how often is wealth considered a better recommendation for young men than virtue?

How often the first question asked respecting the suitor of a daughter is this,

'Is he rich?'

Yes, he abounds in wealth; but does that afford any evidence that he will make a kind and affectionate husband?

'Is he rich?'

Yes, his clothing is purple and he fares sumptuously every day; but can you infer from this that he is virtuous?

'Is he rich?'

Yes, he has thousands floating on every ocean; but do not riches sometimes 'take to themselves wings, and fly away?'

And you consent that your daughter shall marry a man who has nothing to recommend him but his wealth?

Ah! beware. The gilded bait sometimes covers a barbed hook. Ask not, then,

'Is he rich?' Ask not if he has wealth, but has he honor? And do not sacrifice your daughter's peace for money.

A Remarkable Dream Verified.

The Louisville (Ky) "Commercial" Tuesday says:

Yesterday a gentleman of the highest character, a minister of the gospel, related to us the following remarkable facts, which were furnished him by Rev. L. N. Thompson, a well known Methodist minister of Southern Indiana, and formerly presiding elder of the Mitchell district. One of Mr. Thompson's parishioners had a very singular dream, which ran about as follows as he related it to his family the next morning: He dreamed that in walking through his pasture fields he came upon a certain tree near the path he was following, and which had an opening, from root, on the side. Near the foot of this tree, coiled along side the path, he saw in a dream a large yellow rattlesnake, and the snake, his dream told him, had bitten him.

After relating the dream to his family next morning, he concluded to go to the pasture, and there beside the path at the foot of the half rotted tree, lay coiled up a large rattlesnake. Seizing a small limb from a tree near by, he struck at the snake, but in doing so his foot slipped and he fell upon the poisonous reptile, which bit him upon the cheek. He hastened to his home,

nearly a quarter of a mile distant, where two hours later, he died in great agony. This story is an almost incredible one, but it comes to us from such a high source that we cannot doubt its truth.

A Happy New Year!

We hope that the "Merry Christmas" which has been enjoyed by our patrons and friends is now succeeded by a "Happy New Year." The News puts forth, in behalf of that felicitous consummation, such fervid and effectual prayers as a newspaper may be capable of framing and expressing. The best luck attend all! the kindest smiles of benignant Heaven—the fairest fruits of our mother earth. As we draw, step by step, more close to the destined and inevitable bourae which awaits us in the Shadowy Kingdom, may each succeeding New Year be freighted with fuller bounties of Providence and richer blessings; more ample consolations for the ills which beset our condition of humanity, and larger promise of peace, good will and prosperity for the years to come.

Still, while we keep our faces fixed hopefully on the opportunities and promises of the Future; and while our hearts are no less steadfastly fixed upon the duties which its untried experience will impose, we cannot repress some tears and sighs of regret at the death of the old year. To many of us—to most of us, perhaps—'twas the messenger of trouble, and privation and toil; of pain and disappointment; but as we have listened with awe-touched hearts to the last ebbing pulses and broken tones which told the sad confession of its dying, we have folded its record so that all bright passages should lie exposed, and all dark images of sorrow be concealed in oblivion.

Memory, however sad, has her claims no less than Duty; and her allurements no less beautiful than the pictures of Hope. Let us therefore bless the Old Year, while we welcome the New, and honor the parting as we do the coming guest:

'His face is growing sharp and thin,
Alack, our friend is gone,
Close up his eyes, tie up his chin;
Step from the corpse and let him in
Who stands there alone,
And waiteth at the door,
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend.
A new face at the door.'

It seems useless and inappropriate to repeat here the reflections, or to enforce anew the homilies, with which every earnest mind and sensitive heart are charged on such an occasion. As the Old Year gathers around him the folds of his wintry robes, and silently and darkly disappears from our sight forever; and as the "new face at the door," enters in with the chiming of the New Year's bells, to take possession, all of us feel the solemn significance, for all time and all eternity, of such a passage and of such a succession. 'Tis the old, old story of Death, and the old, old mystery of Birth and Life. God help us to read that story in all its higher aspects of hope and promise; and to stand in the presence of that august and divine mystery with hearts which feel duly its sanctity and its import!

We would begin the New Year with such sentiments of reverence, and, in such a spirit of faithful memory for the past, and serene, patient confidence for the future. As we ride down the tide of Time, through all its storms and glories, mid shores of beauty on one hand, and of danger and darkness on the other, it becomes us often to turn our eyes backward, and to study the stretches of the stream along which we have sailed:

'For all experience is an arch where through
Gleams that untravelled world whose confines fade
Forever and forever as we move.'

Let us take, then from the past the lessons of patience, and fidelity and endurance; and so move forward, undaunted, into the experience which the coming year is to unfold. In every breast let there be a brave heart, and "God over all!"—Raleigh News.

A WORD WITH YOURS MEX.—It is as easy to be a rich man as a poor one. Half the energy displayed in keeping ahead that is required to catch up when behind would save credit, give more time to attend to business, and add to the profit and reputation of those who work for gain. Honor your engagements. If you promise to meet a man or to do a certain thing at a certain moment, be ready at the appointed

time. If you go on business, attend promptly to the matter on hand, then as promptly go about your own business.

Do not stop to tell stories in business hours.

If you have a place of business, be found there when wanted. No man can get rich by sitting around stores and saloons. Never "fool" on business matters. Have order, system, regularity, liberality, promptness. Do not meddle with business you know nothing of. Never buy an article you do not need, simply because it is cheap, and the man who sells it will take it out in trade. Trade is money. Strive to avoid harsh words and personalities. Do not kick every stone in the path; more miles can be made in a day by going steadily on than by stopping to kick. Pay as you go. A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond. Aid, but never beg. Help others when you can, but never give what you cannot afford to, simply because it is fashionable. Learn to say "no." No necessity for snapping it out dog fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully. Have but few confidants, and the fewer the better. Use your own brains rather than those of others. Learn to think and act for yourself. Be vigilant. Keep ahead rather than behind the time.

Young man, out this out, and if there be fully in the argument, let us know.

A Beautiful Demon.

In going through the parish prison a few days since, the attention of the reporter was attracted to a young girl, apparently not more than fifteen years of age. She had fair nut-brown hair, and a complexion fresh and white as milk. The mild blue eyes were singularly soft and intelligent, and her whole appearance indicated the free, joyous characteristics of youth and happiness. Yet this amiable looking creature, this fair, delicate Minerva, of slender form and ingenuous face, is said to be a devil incarnate. She was not a prisoner, only a visitor to the institution, and when the reporter saw her she was conversing with a noted burglar; indeed she says she is a cousin of Pete Monday's and goes under the sobriquet of Lily. She is almost as fair and delicate as an angel.

Her career is a remarkable series of adventures and hair breadth escapes.—About a year ago she lived in San Antonio, Texas, and for some real or fancied misconduct received a severe castigation at the hands of the man with whom she was living.

Burning with resentment, and conscious of her inability to cope with him in physical strength, she waited until the next night, when he was asleep, and then locking the doors of the room and closing every avenue of escape, she prepared for a work of horror almost impossible to conceive. On one pretext or another she sent all the inmates of the house away, and procuring paper and other inflammable material, built a funeral pyre around the bed of the sleeping man. This done, she set fire to it, and locking the door behind her fled the house. The man woke up when the house was full of flames; and in escaping from the room was literally roasted. One side of his body was burned almost to a cinder. He has never recovered from his injuries, and is to-day a hopeless invalid, suffering excruciating torture and continual anguish. His generosity—perhaps his sense of atonement—prevented his prosecuting the girl, and she made her escape to New Orleans. Arriving here, she took apartments on Toulouse street, between Rampart and Burgundy, where she still resides. She is yet very young, certainly not more than seventeen at farthest, and her vindictive and savage fury when excited is a terror to all her acquaintances.

It is strange that beneath an exterior so fair and beautiful should be concealed the elements of such lawless violence.—New Orleans Picayune.

Thoughts for Girls.

Yes, too much, too much, entirely too much false show, deceit and hypocrisy, fill that in this subversive section of the moral vineyard, and if I could annihilate it, I would fire away until I had accomplished my design, or expended my entire supply of mental and physical ammunition. I don't mind seeing the girls wear false hair, false color, false projections, and such like but I do detest false smiles, deceit and hypocrisy! Take care, girls, to guard

your hearts with flowers of wisdom, charity and virtue, that never fade, and you will always look lovely without the aid of external embellishment. When you smile, don't let the face perform the office, unassisted by the feelings, but let every smile be fresh, and warm from the heart, and when you are sad, let folks know it—go it with a vengeance, rip, stave it around, smash things generally, stamp your Sassy bonnet, tear your frock, kick over the ash-box, pitch into the cook, do something desperate, and you will satisfy everybody that you are in "dead earnest." But this playing mad, for the sake of getting a grip on a young fellow's feelings, won't do, it is unkind, cruel, and non-sensical. And again, don't pretend to be struck with admiration at the sight of this and that thing and exclaim, "Oh, how beautiful, perfectly exquisite, charming; and then turn on your heel, with your back to object of admiration(?) and wink at and elbow your lady friend, who understands "what's up." Never praise, nor denounce anything, unless you really mean what you say. Don't smile to betray. Don't profess a purity of purpose, while your daily practices are wholly at variance with your precepts. Don't let your affectation arise principally out of a desire to obtain the good opinion of others, or the fear of losing it. Don't pretend to know a great deal more than is contained in your knowledge-box, for it will be detected by those who know more. Don't affect to be witty, refined, delicate, or sentimental for by so doing you subject yourselves to ridicule which is as disgusting as it is undignified.

Z.P.
[Roanoke News.]

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