

The Roanoke News.

VOL. VIII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1879.

NO. 19.

SPACE	One M.	Two M.	Three M.	One Y.
One Square,	3 00	8 00	14 00	20 00
Two Squares,	5 00	10 00	18 00	30 00
Three Squares,	7 00	15 00	26 00	40 00
Four Squares,	9 00	20 00	34 00	50 00
Half Column,	20 00	30 00	40 00	60 00
Whole Column,	30 00	40 00	50 00	75 00

ROANOKE AGRICULTURE

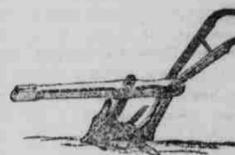
WORKS,

WELDON, N. C.;

JOHN M. FOOTE, Proprietor,

—THE—

RICHARDSON COTTON PLOW



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Everything in this line from a 100 TON
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of FOUR TONS capacity for \$60.00 and
Freight.

All kinds of

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BOLLER MAKER.

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Manufacture a GOOD OFFICE

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Also a good assortment of HOLLOW
WARE.

LUMBER furnished in any quantity
at the LOWEST Market Rates,
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One Year, in advance, \$2 00
Six Months, " " 1 00
Three Months, " " 75 cts.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

EDWARD T. CLARK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HALIFAX, N. C.
mr. 20ly.

W. W. HALL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WELDON, N. C.
may 11f.

R. H. SMITH, JR.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SCOTLAND NECK, HALIFAX COUNTY, N. C.

Practices in the county of Halifax
and adjoining counties, and in the Su-
preme court of the State. Jan 16 ly.

W. H. DAY, A. C. ZOLLICOFFER,
D. A. & ZOLLICOFFER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
WELDON, N. C.

Practices in the courts of Halifax and adjoining
counties, and in the Supreme and Federal courts.
Claims collected in any part of North Carolina.
One of the firm will always be found in the
office. June 21 y.

JOS. B. BATHURLOP,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

RALEIGH, N. C.

Practices in the courts of the 5th Judicial
District and in the Federal and Su-
preme Courts. May 11 f.

T. W. MASON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

GARYSBURG, N. C.

Practices in the courts of Northampton
and adjoining counties, also in the Federal
and Supreme courts. June 8 f.

THOMAS N. HILL,

Attorney at Law,

HALIFAX, N. C.

Practices in Halifax and adjoining
Counties and Federal and Supreme Courts.
Will be at Scotland Neck, once every
fortnight. Aug. 28-a

J. M. KRIZZARD,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

HALIFAX, N. C.

Office in the Court House. Strict atten-
tion given to all branches of the profes-
sion. Jan 12-1 o

D. R. E. L. HUNTER,

SURGEON DENTIST.

Can be found at his office in Enfield.
Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas for the Pain-
less Extracting of Teeth always on hand.
June 22 f.

E. T. BRANCH,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

ENFIELD, HALIFAX COUNTY, N. C.

Practices in the Counties of Halifax,
Edgecombe and Wilson.
Collections made in all parts of the
State. Jan 12-1 o

ANDREW J. BURTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WELDON, N. C.

Practices in the Courts of Halifax, Warren
and Northampton counties and in the
Supreme and Federal Courts.
Claims collected in any part of North
Carolina. June 17 f.

GAVIN L. HYMAN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

HALIFAX, N. C.

Practices in the courts of Halifax and
adjoining counties, and in the Supreme
and Federal Courts.
Claims collected in all parts of North
Carolina. July 4-1 o.

JAMES E. O'HARA,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

ENFIELD, N. C.

Practices in the Counties of Halifax,
Edgecombe and Nash. In the Supreme
Court of the State and in the Federal
Courts.
Collections made in any part of the
State. Will attend at the Court House in
Halifax on Monday and Friday of each
week. Jan 12-1 o

R. O. BURTON, JR.,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

HALIFAX, N. C.

Practices in the Courts of Halifax County,
and Counties adjoining. In the Supreme
Court of the State and in the Federal
Courts.
Will give special attention to the collec-
tion of claims, and to adjusting the accounts
of Executors, Administrators and Guar-
dians. dec 15 f.

MULLEN & MOORE,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Halifax, N. C.

Practices in the Counties of Halifax,
Northampton, Edgecombe, Pitt and Mar-
shall in the Supreme Court of the State
and in the Federal Courts of the Eastern
District.
Collections made in any part of North
Carolina. Jan 1-1 e

TRIED AND TRUE.

Be thou my lover, quoth a maid,
Listening to the songster's wooing;
And the morn'g through the glade
Sped away with zephyrs blowing.
The merry bird made but reply
With sweeter notes by far, who to clear
Each frosty songster tuned his lay,
A welcome to the glad spring year.
Came autumn sighing through the glade
And scented the leaves with angry breath
While singing out the little maid
Who closed her eyes for'er in death.
Now ever warbled notes are heard,
Borne on the winds that moan above,
Where sweetly sings a m'king bird,
To her henceforth a willing lover.

WHEN THE SHIP COMES.

A sweet-faced woman and a sweet-
faced child are wandering among the
decks of the great city. The woman is
plainly dressed, but evidently in her
best attire, and there is a touch of gen-
erality in her fiery, in the real collar-
relics of better days, perhaps—the pearl
ear-rings and the neat gloves. The
child is neatly dressed, too, and, as she
claps the woman's hand, looks love at
her guardian. But the woman's face is
not at its best now; a careworn look
and a faint wrinkle upon the pale fore-
head age her and lessen the charm of
her features.

She is inquiring of the dockmen, of
stevedores, of the loungers about the
wharves, whether the brig Good Luck
had come in. She always receives the
same reply to her eager question, for
the brig Good Luck has been lost a
month ago, dashed on the lee shore and
ground to pieces by the sea, and will
never come in—never—never more.

If they told her, she wouldn't believe
them, for the woman and her child have
supreme faith that the brig Good Luck
will come in soon with cargo and crew,
though they have been asking the same
question and making the same prayer
for many and many a day.

Then she goes across the street and
winds her way along the bales and
boxes and passing carts, and through all
the hubbub and bluster of the wharf,
and climbs a flight of stairs to where
the brig owners have their office. They
are used to seeing her. They smile
sadly when she enters with the child,
and look significantly at one another,
as much as to say: "Poor thing! she's
mad. No wonder! no wonder!"

"Mad! Yes, she is mad with 'hope
deferred,' with anxiety to meet her hus-
band, Caleb Shelter, master of the brig
Good Luck—to meet the master of the
brig, her husband and the father of her
child. Why does he stay away from
her so long?"

"Is the Good Luck in yet?" she asks
of a clerk.
"Not yet, ma'am."
"She is expected, of course, to day?"
"Of course."
"There's a vessel coming in now. I
see the tall masts. Look! Look!"
pointing out of the office window to the
river front. "Maybe that's it! Ellie,
dear, look! there's father's vessel, with
father on board!"

The child claps her little hands at
the sight.
"Sorry to say that ain't it, ma'am,"
says the clerk, relapsing into his calcu-
lations and paying no more attention
to the woman. She stares out of the
open window at the approaching vessel
drawn by a tug, and then with a blank
look upon her face and a moan that is
heart-rending, she says:
"No, Ellie, no! That is not the Good
Luck. I see the figure-head. The figure-
head of the Good Luck is an angel—
a white and gold angel. Not that
that isn't it!"

"But papa will soon come home-
won't he, mamma?" whispered the
child.
Old Mr. Tawman, who is at the head
of the establishment here, now comes
from behind his desk, and, approaching
the woman, says in a kindly tone:
"Mrs. Shelter, sit down; make your-
self as comfortable as you can in a
dingy office like this. Here little one,
come here; give me a kiss. A bright
pretty little dear, Mrs. Shelter."
"She looks pale," said the mother.
"She is tired; she has been walking too
much." The old gentleman sits down,
and lifts the little girl on his knees and
kisses her. She winds her arms about
his neck and exclaims:
"You tell my papa to come soon,
won't you?"
"Yes, dear!"

is sitting; his face is flushed with emo-
tion some strange excitement. He
throws into her lap a bundle of bank
notes.
"There, Mrs. Shelter, now go home.
Take a car at the door."
"Oh, I'm not tired. And I should
like to be here when the brig comes in.
I thank you so much, so much."
"Here, little one," says the good-
hearted Tawman, "here's something for
you to buy candies with." He puts
into her tiny outstretched hand a bright
quarter of a dollar, and laughs at the
wonder and delight of the little recipi-
ent.

"I'll keep this for my papa."
Poor little thing, she is weary unto
sleep. She cuddles herself in the big
chair, and sinks into a slumber in an
instant.
"Now, Mrs. Shelter, you've had no
dinner," says Tawman.
"Oh, yes, sir."
"Yesterday, perhaps, but I mean to-
day. Go down with Mr. Pelton, there,
our young man, and get something to
eat. You see we have arrangements for
the comfort of our clerks. We give
them a hot dinner, and a good dinner,
too. There's nobody there."
"Go down there and ask the waiter,
George," addressing Mr. Pelton, whom
he had summoned, "to give this good
lady a cup of tea and a piece of toast,
some chicken, and all that." Then
pausing a moment, as if propriety and
philanthropy are struggling for mastery
in his mind, "No, no, George, tell
Henderson to send the dinner up into
the room here; that's better." The
young man leaves the room. Then
Mr. Tawman enters the telegraph office
again and consults the operator.

"Send this message at once, Mr.
Halsey, if you please." He writes
something, and the operator clicks it off
at once. It's a long message—a very
long message indeed—but the Presi-
dent's message, itself is not half so im-
portant, so interesting to those whom it
concerns. In fact, by the time the mes-
sage is sent, the dinner is ready in Mr.
Tawman's private office, when Mrs.
Shelter partakes of it, but does not think
proper to waken the weary child, that
she may eat also. Then Mr. Tawman
says:
"Now you had better go. I'll see to
the child, and bring her up with me to-
night."
"No! no!" exclaimed the mother. "I
must have my Ellie with me always, sir.
You are very good, though, sir; so very
good! And is there no news of the
Good Luck?"

"Not a word, I'm sorry to say."
"It can't be possible. The brig must
come in to-day."
"I'm sure I hope so, with all my
heart and soul, Mrs. Shelter."
"I know you do," she responds with a
sigh.
"Now go. I'm sorry you have to
waken the child, but I suppose you can't
help it."
"Come, Ellie," says the mother,
touching her lightly on the shoulder.
The child, with a start, awakes, and
cries, "Is it my papa, dear, dear papa?"
Then, seeing her disappointment, she
burst into tears.

"Don't cry, dear, don't cry! The brig
will come in. Don't cry! Don't cry!"
The good old man speaks soothingly to
the sobbing child; and the mother,
catching her hand, walks slowly and
sadly away, followed by Mr. Tawman,
who lifts the little girl down and helps
both her and her mother into a car.

The next morning the mother is
again lingering about the dock with the
same agonized inquiry. She again puts
the question to the wharfmen, and
again only receives the same answer.
Then, as before, she seeks the office of
the owners, still accompanied by the
little girl, and asks:
"Has the brig Good Luck come in
yet?"
"Not yet, ma'am."
She sighs, and looks out the window
at the shipping. She says she will wait
for Mr. Tawman, and sits down. When
Mr. Tawman comes in as usual he greets
her very kindly, and kisses the little girl,
and says:
"I'm sorry the brig isn't in yet."
"Will it be in to-day?"
"I hope so." And he goes behind
his desk and looks over his letters. He
has not long been engaged in his cor-
respondence when a scream from the
woman attracts him. She has risen,
and is pointing excitedly out of the
window.

"Here is a ship coming in! Look! Look!"
"That's not it," says a clerk; "that's
a schooner."
"Oh, no!" adds Mr. Tawman. "That's
not the Good Luck!"
"It is! It is!" She dashes from the
office, dragging the child after her, runs
across the bustling wharf out to the
very edge of the water. Mr. Tawman
rushes to the window, opens it and calls
to her. To no purpose, however. All
the clerks cluster about the window to
watch her.

"The woman is mad!" says one. "She
is going to drown herself."
Tawman says quietly to the telegraph
operator:
"It's the Mary."
The schooner is being towed up the
river by a tug. She is making prepara-
tions to anchor in the stream oppo-
site the wharf. All this time Mrs. Shel-
ter is standing in the midst of a crowd
of excited people waving her handker-
chief, and the little girl is waving hers.
"Look! look! there! There's a man
overboard!" cried one of the clerks.

A cry of alarm goes up from the wharf.
"Heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Tawman,
thoroughly aroused. "What does that
mean?"
"It is swimming like a fish!" says a
clerk.
"He has landed!" Hark at the
cheers! Look! look!" shout the opera-
tors. "She is hugging him; so is the
little girl. It's Captain Shelter!"
"Thank God!" exclaimed Tawman.
"And pray heaven she may not sink
under the shock. Poor woman. How
she clings to the drenched man! Dear
dear!"

Then he puts on his hat and runs
down the steps like a boy, and darts
over to where husband and wife and
child are seated and happy.
"Ah!" he exclaimed, shaking the cap-
tain by the hand, and not caring for the
gaping and wondering crowd all around
him; "this is good luck, isn't it? Did
you get my telegram?"
When the man can speak he answers:
"Yes."
"I planned it all!" chatters old Taw-
man. "You see I got a dispatch yester-
day from the Breakwater, saying that
Captain Shelter had been picked up on
a raft by the schooner Mary. I told
her in the car yesterday that the brig
would come in, and come in it did.
Over to the office, every one of you,
and after dinner and dry-clothes, Cap,
we'll have a talk about business. Come
on."

GENERAL T. J. JACKSON.

Gen. Jubal Early, in a noble letter to
the Savannah News, refutes the state-
ments of Mr. Pollard in regard to
General Lee and General Jackson.
His remarks then close with the fol-
lowing paragraph, which no true soldier can
read without emotion:
"There is another reason, which to
me is a most potent one, and that is
because I know that the boldest man
in his strategic movements and his tactics
on the field of battle in all the Army
of Northern Virginia, Stonewall Jack-
son not excepted, was General Robert
E. Lee. Yes, under that calm and
dignified exterior there beat one of the
boldest hearts and dwelt one of the
most daring minds that ever inspired the
commander of an army. He required
no council of war to urge him to deeds
of boldness, and I never heard of a
council of war during the whole history
of that army under his command. It is
true that he often conferred with his
corps commanders, and sometimes with
subordinates entrusted with special
duties, but it was not to catch inspira-
tion from their counsels, but, to instill
into them a portion of his own daring
spirit. General Jackson had his confi-
dence in a pre-eminent degree because
he was always ready to second with
alacrity the plan of the commanding
General; and no one felt the loss of that
invaluable lieutenant more than General
Lee himself did."

To satisfy any one of what I say in
regard to General Lee it is only neces-
sary for him to examine the yet un-
written history of that unparalleled
campaign from the Rapidan to the
James, of the operations on the line of
defences around Richmond and Peters-
burg, and of the retreat for more than a
hundred miles to Appomattox Court-
house—a place that will remain forever
famous, not as the scene of triumph for
the invader with his untold legions, but
as the scene of the struggle of that
great heart and that great mind which
amid which so reluctantly surrendered
the small remnant of less than nine
thousand of the Army of Northern Vir-
ginia with arms in their hands.

"General Jackson did enough
to establish his reputation on an enduring
foundation as one of the greatest
soldiers, heroes, patriots, and Christians
ever produced by any country or age.
Let his fame, therefore, rest on his
deeds, and let not his pure name be
connected with wild and absurd proposi-
tions and schemes, either for the pur-
pose of adding to his glory or obscuring
that of any of his competitors. Who is it
that claims to have known his secret
thoughts and purposes? If he had any
fault as a commander it was his extreme
reticence, that often left his immediate
subordinates in ignorance of his pur-
poses until they were called to act.
Was it likely that strangers to him per-
sonally should know more of his views
than those who immediately surrounded
him? The wild schemes with which his
name is sometimes identified are calcu-
lated to do as much damage to his char-
acter as a soldier as some of the ex-
aggerated accounts in regard to his
religious devotions and opinion are
calculated to do to the earnest, truthful,
and spotless nature of his Christian
character."

A DRUNKEN WAGER ENDS IN DEATH.

Clelia Lentsburg, of Lee Sruer county,
Minnesota, while on a drunken spree,
undertook to swallow the glass con-
tained in a whisky flask. The glass was
pulverized, and she swallowed it mixed
with a tallow candle. The next day she
began to feel the effects of the un-
natural food and to writhe and scream
in agony as the glass cut into his vitals.
His sufferings continued until the close
of the third day, when death relieved
him. Medical aid was called in, but
because of the consequences of such a fool-
bricker trick there could be no relief.
A post-mortem examination was had, and
the man's stomach and intestines were
found to be literally ground to shreds.
His death left a wife and nine children
in a destitute condition.

A MASONIC STORY.

Two men had been fast friends. In an
evil hour they quarreled. They did not
speak and had not spoken for years.
Mutual friends tried the art of recon-
ciliation in vain. They were avowed
enemies for life. One of them became
a Mason after the estrangement, and it
happened that the other remained igno-
rant of the fact. One evening he too
was admitted to a lodge. Almost the
first voice he heard, and certainly the
first face he saw, was that of his enemy,
who presided over the ceremonies of
initiation, and was obliged, according
to usage, to address him by the title of
"brother." This was a peculiar situa-
tion, and a severe ordeal for both.
After the Lodge was closed, the
Apprentice sought the Master, and with-
out any preliminaries, the following
colloquy ensued, commenced by the
newly made Mason:

"Are you a member of this Lodge?"
The answer was, "I am."
"Were you present when I was
elected?"
"I was."
"May I ask if you voted?"
"I did."
"Now will you tell me how many
votes it requires to reject a candidate on
ballot for admission?" The Worshipful
Master answered, "one."
There was nothing more to say.
The initiated extended his hand, which
was warmly grasped by the other, and
uttered with thrilling accents, deep emo-
tion mellowing his voice, "Friend!
Brother! you have taught me a lesson I
shall never forget." This is a little ray
of Masonic light. No language is so
eloquent as the silent throbbing of a
heart full of joyful tears. While this
kind of cement is used in our moral
edifice, should it not be enduring?—
Masonic Trowel.

MOTTOES TO BE STUCK IN THE HAT.

Read your county paper.
Never "fool" in business.
Be vigilant. Pay as you go. Trade
is money.
Never lie to your partner in business,
or wrong him out of a cent.
Learn to think and act for yourself in
all things that are honest.
Do not kick every stone in the path.
Do not stop to tell stories in business
hours.
Pay strict attention to your own
affairs.
Keep ahead rather than behind the
times.
Have but few confidants, and the
fewer the better.
Use your own brains, rather than
those of others.
A man of honor respects his word as
he does his bond.
No man can get rich who lounges in
stores and saloons.
If you have a place of business, be
found there when wanted or in business
hours.
No who seeks to build his reputation
on the weakness of another has an
unsafe foundation.
Learn to say "no." No necessity of
snapping it dog-fashion, but say it re-
spectfully, as you ought to.
Help others when you can, but never
give what you cannot afford to, simply
because it is fashionable.
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.
Never put on airs with your partner
and cry out "I do the most," when you
know he is the "main-stay" of the busi-
ness at his own loss.

RESPECTABILITY OF AGRICULTURE.

A clergyman once said to me, "Will
farming ever be considered more re-
spectable than now?" My answer was,
"No." Farming is highly honored, when
we consider that from it flows all the
calls for artisans of every name to sup-
ply the real or imaginary wants of all
mankind. Heaven, as a state, whether
it relates to the present or the hereafter,
consists mainly in the beautiful. Adam
was to dress the garden, which meant
to make it look well, and at the same
time it would be useful. How is it to-
day? A beautiful garden attracts visito-
rs from all the surrounding country.
No less does an extensive farm, made
beautiful by the diligent hand; by the
product of the farm, man and beast sur-
vive. All other callings are supported
by it; but to the question, "Is it more
respectable than formerly, or will it be?"
I answered, "It has always had the
precedence in respectability." God and
good men in former times looked with
pleasure and delight upon seed time
and harvest; so in this age, professional
men extol the beauties of agriculture,
and especially every one who is looking
for a lucrative office from the honest
yeoman, as much as to say, your call-
ing is respectable.—Robert Mausfield.

AN ACCOMPLISHED JUGGLER.

[Correspondence Boston Courier.]
One of the mountebanks who showed
his talents to the Gingerbread Fair in
Paris not only exercised himself from
payment of board. He would put his
stock in trade in front of an ally (taking
care it was no blind ally) of a house with
a back as well as a front door. His whole
stock in trade (his brass face exclusive)
was a piece of old carpet and a light fold-
ing table. His grils tongue, loud voice,
and promised wonders always drew a
large crowd around him. He announced
that he should first perform the most diffi-
cult trick of jugglery, and it afterwards
explained. He did perform two tricks, and
explained the mode of playing them. He
next asked for a silver fire-brace piece, a
gold ring, and a gold brooch, which he
held in the sight of the spectators
dissolve in sulphuric acid, and when the
three objects had entirely disappeared—
hey! presto!—they would be each in his
respective owner's pocket. He never
added in vain. He no sooner had the
three objects in hand than he screamed,
halt frightened to death: "Mon Dieu!
mon Dieu! there comes the policeman!
Let's run! Don't go far! I'll be back as
soon as they are out of sight!" The words
were not out of his mouth before table
and carpet went under his arm and he was
making quick steps for the entrance of
alley or house. The spectators gradually
withdrew, going to other shows; three of
the spectators alone were patient. They
had good reason to remain. One's reason
was a silver fire-brace piece; another's
reason was a gold ring; the third's reason
was a gold brooch. Patience became
impatience. They made inquiries. They
were told they were fools. They con-
plained to the police. Good watch was
kept for the necromancer. He was
nabbed. He will have no bills for bed or
board to pay for the next six months. I
don't pretend to say he will be as com-
fortable as if he was staying at Parker's.

A LITTLE BOY, WHEN ASKED TO WHAT TRADE HE WOULD WISH TO BE BROUGHT UP, REPLIED—

"I'll be a trustee, because ever since
papa has been a trustee we have had
pudding every day."
It is the most beautiful truth in morals,
that we have no such thing as a distinct
or divided interest from our race. In their
welfare, we are and by choosing the load-
stone paths to effect their happiness, we
choose the surest and the shortest to our
own.

WITNESS DISMISSED—EXPLANATION SATISFACTORY.

"Yes, sir, I see him."
"Was he a white man?"
"Don't know, sir."
"Do you tell me you saw the man,
and can't say whether he was white or
black?"
"Yes, sir, I see him, but dares so
many white fellers callin' themselves
'niggers' round here, I can't tell one
from t'other."
Witness dismissed—explanation satis-
factory.

THE DARKEY TOO HARD FOR THE SCALLAWAG JUDGE.

A good story is told on Hancock, a
scallawag judge in Mississippi. He had
been endeavoring to convert a conserva-
tive negro, and, failing, swore that any
nigger that voted against his own race
and color ought to be hung. Sam o
hung his head for a moment,
as if in deep meditation, and then
looking the Judge straight in the
face, said:
"You say any nigger who votes agin
his own race and color ought to be
hung?"
"Yes," said the Judge, "be u 't t
be hung."
"Well, Judge," said Sambo, "what do
you think ought to be done wid de
white man who votes agin his race and
color?"
The Judge bid his s'able friend good-
night, and has never invited him to li-
house since.

"I HAVE CAUGHT THE CAR."

It is a fact that has been noticed and
commented upon time out of mind, that
many husbands neglect those little atten-
tions and marks of affection of which they