The Tarborough Southerner.

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT; THEN GO AHEAD.—D. Crockett.

VOL. 54. TARBORO', N. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 21, 1876. NO. 19.

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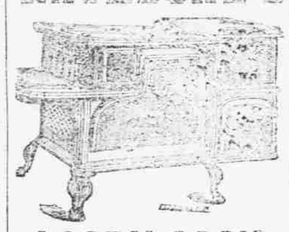

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Tarboro' Southerner.

Friday : : : April, 21, 1876

PEGGY'S ADVICE.

'You're expecting Sam Stilts here to-night, I reckon. You need not color up Alice. *I've* seen the way he's been coming and going for the past six weeks; *that* means something, when it gets to be steady company.'

Peggy Watts paused and gave the maiden a searching look, but Alice could not bear the scrutiny. She turned away to the window, as if to view the pretty New England landscape in the deep'ning twilight.

'*Is* Mr. Stilts coming to-night or not Miss?'

'Indeed, Peggy, I can't say; perhaps he may call.'

'Perhaps, yes; and you are thinking some day to be Mrs Stilts yourself.'

'Why, Peggy, you're ridiculous.'

'Ridiculous, am I. Well, may be, Miss. In the first place, I know Sam Stilts has asked you to be his wife, and though you haven't given him a decided answer, you're on the point of taking a step which you'll regret till your dying hour. You are tired of the little brown house and its homely furniture.—You are disgusted with the toil which soils and hardens your hands; you'd like a piano like the Squire Smith's to thrum on, instead of sweeping, dusting, and washing of dishes, and you think you'll get *that*, and fine clothes into the bargain, by marrying Sam Stilts, but it's all humbuggery.'

Alice had turned from the window and was standing by Peggy's side, looking down into her dark, wrinkled face.

Peggy's cold eyes sought the face of the pretty Alice, blushing and paling by turns, and she drew her to a footstool beside her, and brushed away the soft curls from her forehead.

'*I* don't mean to be hard on you, Alice. I know you're got that within you that unfits you for the life you are now leading, but in Sam Stilts' company you are on the wrong road for happiness. I've got two pretty good reasons to give why you shouldn't marry that man, a story to tell, and then I've done advising. Will you hear me?'

'Yes, Peggy,' answered Alice, burying her face in the lap of the faithful serving woman.

'*I*'m going to tell you about your mother. We were girls together, and I knew quite as much about her affairs as she did herself, and I remember as plain as if it was but yesterday, every little circumstance connected with her marriage.'

'People call you good-looking, Alice, but you're nothing to what she was, with her hazel eyes and chesnut hair. It was my pride to twine the heavy ringlets over my finger and then let them fall carelessly over her neck and shoulders. There are no such complexions now-a-days, so *I* can't tell you how fair and beautiful she was. Her father was poor, like the rest of us, and his wife was an invalid, so the cares of the house came upon Letty your, mother.

'As soon as the house was put to rights she would bring out her spinning wheel. and buzz, buzz, it went from morning till night, many a day, to earn the price of a new dress or bonnet. Some way, she always contrived to look a trifle smarter than the rest of us girls and for the young men of the town, why Letty might have taken her pick. Aunt Laury Burtch used to say they acted like a parcel of fools around Letty, but, you see she had a batch of grown-up daughters, waiting for an offer, so she was excusable for being a little jealous. One day—it was when Letty was about eighteen—she had a big day's work on hand and sent for me to help her.'

'But few could afford in those days to keep steady help, as it was necessary for me to do something, *I* used to go out by the day. 'What is the matter Letty,' says *I*, the first thing when I set my eyes on her, for she looked strange like to me that morning.'

'Won't you ever mention it if I'll tell you,' she asked?

'No,' says I, and my word was as good as a *Bible oath* with her.

"'You know Squire Moore's nephew *Robert*, that was here nigh on six weeks last spring,' she said.

"'Yes, *I* replied.

"'Well he wants to marry me. Here's the letter; you may read it and then I want your advice.'

'She drew a crumpled sheet of paper from her pocket. It proved to be a very long, loving letter.'

'He was then twenty-one, the possessor of a handsome fortune, and after telling his love in what I called *hifalutin* language he offered her his heart and hand.

'You'll take him, of course,' says I, handing back the letter and bringing to my mind the finely-dressed, smooth-faced, meek-looking Robert Morse. Yes, Letty, you'll cut a figure in the rich silks and satins the Squire's nephew will buy for you. You'll be the handsomest woman in the county. I'll warrant!'

'I don't think Letty thought as much of her good fortune as *I*.—She looked half pleased, half frightened, as she sat down to answer the letter.

'Suddenly a thought struck me, I interrupted her to ask if she had not told her parents.'

"'I gave them a hint of the contents of the letter, and of course they think it's a *great thing*,' she replied. 'Robert will get *their* consent without half asking; but poor Will Worthy might have hung around till doomsday and then got a surly refusal—*poor Will!*'

'With a sigh she went on with her letter—signed, sealed, directed and gave it into my hands to post on my way home that night.

'In due time Mr. Robert Morse made his appearance, and owing to his impatience, the wedding day was set full two months earlier than Letty wished. This was the first and last time that I saw him in a hurry about anything.

'*He* gave Letty scarcely time to finish the web of linen she had commenced: insisting that it wasn't necessary.'

'My mother was to take Letty's place, care for the house, and wait upon her invalid mother, while I was to go as house-keeper to Letty in her new home.'

'Robert stayed with his uncle, the Squire, for a month before the wedding and, of course, we saw him every day.'

'One evening he left us standing on the porch watching him in the moonlight as he went down the lane.

'When he was out of sight and hearing, Letty said:

"'You've been a good friend to me Peggy, and I feel that I can trust you as I have never anyone else.'

'My heart began to beat very loud and fast, when I saw her take a small package from her bosom. Not noticing my surprise, she went on:

"'I want you to take this parcel to Will Worthy—take it to him to-night; for I've no longer a right to the contents. Will you go?'

'I assented, threw a light shawl over my head, and ran across the orchard that separated the houses.

'Did she love Will Worthy instead of the man she was engaged to?

'I thought of the sigh that always followed his name from her lips, and inadvertently I, too, exclaimeed 'poor Will!'

"'Is it me you are calling?' said he, stepping from the shadow of a lilac.

'I handed him the parcel, without uttering a word. I saw his hands shake as he opened it there in the moonlight. Some dried rose-buds and a tiny circle of gold I had once seen on Letty's finger, fell into the deep grass and disappeared. 'So she prefers *diamonds* to *hearts*.—Well so be it. God forgive her!' and with that he tore the papers in tiny bits, and walked away.

'When I got back to the house Letty was sitting on the porch, her face buried in her white apron.

"'Letty Lawson,' said I, seizing her by the arm, 'what ails you?'

"'Poor Will! how could I throw you off?' and sobbed like a child.

"'This is pretty to-do,' said I, comprehending the truth at last.—'There's not enough of diamonds in the mines of Golconda to make me break my word as I believe you have broken yours.'

"'I never promised to marry Will,' she sobbed; 'but I knew he loved me and meant sometime to make me his wife; and *I* encouraged him, till—till Robert came and dazzled my very brain with his offer. I hope poor Will does not take it to heart!'

"'He is doubtless, very grateful to escape so easily from a fickle minded girl, whose only reccommend is a pretty face,' I replied, for I was too angry to be just to the poor thing. So we went in doors and to bed, though *I*'ll venture to say she did not sleep a wink that night. It was a pale bride that Mr Robert Morse took away in his chaise next day. I followed behind in a wagon containing the luggage.

'Will Worthy was raking hay in a field by the roadside, but he never looked up or recognized us as we passed.

'It was a handsome house that your mother became mistress of, and she was surrounded with everything to make her happy. Her husband proved a quiet, easy body, without any end or aim in life save to contribute to his own and his wife's comfort.

'Letty had been accustomed to employment and it seemed as if there would be no end to these days of idleness.

'If she attempted to sew, Robert would take her work away. If she read he complained of being dull, and asked her to entertain him. If she wrote he felt himself neglected, and would, perhaps, leave the house in a huff, thus keeping her in anxiety quite annoying to be borne.

'But your mother was generally sweet-tempered, and bore her husband's shiftless management of affairs with a patience *I* could but wonder at.

'The rich acres of land which he was the owner were neglected and allowed to run to waste, because he lacked the energy to see to their cultivation; hence, a farm which should have been a source of wealth grew to be an incumbrance to its possessor, bills were allowed to accumulate year after year at the dry goods and grocery stores. Horses were bought, sold and traded. In five years after your mother's marriage with Robert Morse she returned to her humble abode, poor in worldly goods and crushed in spirit. Your father had died insolvent and left a young widow and infant without any provision for the future.

'He was not much missed save by sharpers and horse jockeys, for I never knew him do a deed of any kind, good bad, or indifferent, that he could shirk on to any one else.

"'The Lord deliver me from the good-for-nothing and thriftless,' has been my prayer since the day the grave closed over your father.

'Your mother died soon after of a broken heart, bequeathing you to my care. "'Tell my Alice—if she lives to be a woman, my own sad experience, and see to it that she does not throw away a loving heart for wealth were your poor mother's dying words.

'This ends all I have to say of your parents; now, if you would like to hear it. I'll give you my opinion of Mr. Stilts?'

'Go on,' said Alice shaking the tear drops from her lashes, and gazing at the dying embers.

'In the first place, he's married already.'

Alice gave a scream and sprang to her feet.

'Don't tell me that,' she cried.

'*It* is true as the Bible my dear. He has been lounging about here at the hotel all summer, with the exception of a few weeks time that was spent in Illinois in getting a sham divorce; his wife is from a respectable family in Connecticut, who, I am told, only wait a fitting opportunity to bring his rascality before the public.

'I have proofs to satisfy you if you have any doubts of the truth of my statememt.

'Now *I've* got a question to ask you: answer it on your honor, and then *I* have done.

'*If* that tall young man—the owner of a pair of roguish black eyes and hands that are not afraid to hold the plow, was possessed of the wealth that young Stilts boasts of, which would be your choice?'

'Edward, of course; if I must tell,' said Alice, again burying her head in Peggy's lap.

A third party, and no less a personage than Edward himself, had entered, unobserved in the twilight and became an accidental listener.

While Peggy was blustering around to get the candle lighted, and see who the intruder was, the intruder himself had taken forcible possession of the pretty *Alice*; and so closely did he fold her in his arms, that nought but her golden curls were visible when Peggy returned.

'Oh! it's you, is it, Edward Worthy? What brought you over so early?' was Peggy's question.

'I thought I would drop in before Stilts to-night Peggy, if possible. Beg pardon *Alice*, I shan't let you go till you say *yes* or *no* with the *proviso* of 'as rich as Stilts!'

'Oh! you like me to hold you! Well, I'll sit down and take it easy.'

Somehow Alice escaped into another room and Edward said, turning a serious face to Peggy:

'Uncle Will has given me a deed of the farm provided I'll furnish a housekeeper; I started from home with a doubting heart, but was fortunately within hearing when you put the test question to Alice. *As* uncle Will's farm is to-day worth twice the fortune Mr. Stilts can show, may I not hope?'

And Peggy replied, 'Eavesdroppers never ought to hear any good of themselves. If you have not heard enough in that way to satisfy you, go to Alice, I have had my say to her, and you must settle it between you.'

It was past twelve when the click of the gate announced the departure of the young man from Peggy's brown cottage.

The next evening Mr. Stilts called and in place of seeing Alice, was received by Mistress Peggy herself, who treated him to a sermon on the wickedness of man. She concluded the discourse by advising him to go back to Connecticut and live with the woman who still had a claim on him for support instead of trying to secure a new victim by passing himself off as a single man.

Mr Stilts retired from the field crest-fallen; whether he followed Peggy's advice and went back to his wife who was vastly his superior, is not known.

In due course of time Alice became the wife of Edward Worthy, Peggy's present to the bride was a piano, purchased with the savings of many years.

Devoting her leisure hours to practice, with the help of Squire Smith's daughters, she soon became quite a proficient in music.

Evenings there was a trio of listeners, viz: Peggy Watts, Uncle *Will*, and Edward, who was never so happy as when listening to the clear voice of Alice, flowing out in the good old songs as well as the popular melodies of the day.

[*From the Raleigh News.*]

Easter.

TRINITY COLLEGE, *April 4, '76.*

Mr. Ennis:

DEAR SIR:—At last I send my my answer about Easter. I have prepared it for the press. I want it published with my name to it. It required much research and calculation to prove my position. I am right and I know it. The Prayer Book is wrong. Your Almanac is the only correct one in the country.

Yours truly,
B. CRAVEN.

EASTER.

The conflict of opinion as to the true time of Easter for 1876, has elicited various explanations, none of which seem to be satisfactory. In my opinion, the designation of April 16th, according to the English Book of Common Prayer, is erroneous, and April 9th is the true day.

Differences of opinion as to the true time arose during the first century, and so serious was the contest, that it was deemed essential for the Council of Nice A. D. 324, to settle the matter decisively. That Council passed the following resolutions:

1. Easter shall everywhere be begun to be observed on the first day of the week, that is, Sunday.

2. Easter shall be on the Sunday, that shall next follow, immediately after the fourteenth of the moon, that shall follow next after the vernal equinox.

3. It shall be referred to the Bishop of Alexandria to calculate every year according to these rules, when the festival shall begin.

Previous to this time the Eastern Churches kept Easter on the 14th of the month Nisan, corresponding to the Jewish Passover; the Western Churches waited till the Sunday following. By defect in various cycles used to determine the time, hatred of every thing Jewish, haughtiness of the priests, and obstinate sectionalism, there were numerous discrepancies and contests during the following three hundred years. Finally Victorius a Presbyter of Limoges, compounded some of the existing cycles, forming a new and better one. This was improved by Dionysius a Roman abbot, A. D. 527, and was finally adopted in England, at a council held at Whitby in Yorkshire A. D. 664. Those who claimed the 14 Nilsan, irrespective of the day of the week, cited as authority the usage of St. John, the supporter of the Nicene decision, quoted St. Peter as infallible authority. Osweg, King of the Northumbrians, who presided, asked if it was certain that St. Peter held the keys of heaven. Being answered in the affirmative. He said: 'I decide for the Nicene rule, lest when I come to the gates of heaven. Peter should shut them against me.

By this decision the Dionysian cycle and the Nicene rule were established in England, and are the basis or the calculations in the book of Common Prayer.

By the Nicene decree and in accord therewith the fifth rule of the Council of Whitby, the first Sunday after the 14th of Nisan is Easter, which is the same as the first Sunday after the first full moon after the Vernal Equinox. The Council of Whitby added, contrary to the council of Nice, that if the 14th Nisan was on Sunday, then Easter should be the Sunday following. This year the month Nisan began March 26th; April the 8th is the 14th, and the following Sunday, which is the next day, is Easter; hence the designation of April 9th as Easter, accords with the Nicene decree, and also with the bigoted sixth rule of Whitby. In 1717, a scheme was published according to these rules, to determine the church days forever in England, this scheme puts Easter on April 9th in 1976. See Prideaux's Connexion, vol. 2. page 163.

I am aware of the pretended rule that says: 'if the full moon falls after twelve o'clock on Saturday night, it is to be considered as Sunday, and Easter is to come on Sunday following.' This rule is absurd and without authority: it is not supported by any calendar, nor any other rule of calculation.

1. It is absurb. When the moon falls April 8, the time is different places. It is 10 o'clock 11 minutes, P. M., at Jerusalem; 7:39 P. M., at London; 2:30 P. M., at Washington; 11:31 A. M., at San Francisco; 9 A. M., at the Sandwich Islands. *Hence* by this rule there would be two Easters, except in *Idaho* and Eastern Nevada where there would be none at all.

2. There is no computation of time that makes the day begin at noon, except Astronomical. Astronomical Sunday does not begin till 12 at noon of our Sunday; and hence by this the moon is full at Jerusalem itself thirteen hours and forty-nine minutes before Sunday begins.

For hundreds of years after the Nincene Council, the calculations were made at Alexandria and Rome by Roman time; and by this the moon was full at Rome March 8, three hours and thirty-two minutes before Sunday began. By every known rule of calculation April 16 is erroneous.

The whole matter is explained by this, the tables in the prayer book are incorrect. The Julian year by which theprayer books are calculated exceeds the solar year by which almanacks are made, nearly one day in one hundred years, and at the expiration of this century the golden number in the prayer book must be moved forward one day to repair the error. Assuming the prayer book correct or nearly so, at the beginning of this century, it is now wrong by at least twelve hours, and the full moon falling nearer than usual to the dividing line, the prayer book missed the canonical Easter by one week.

According to Toinard and others, Christ was crucified on the 3rd of April at or near 9 o'clock a. m.; darkness was over the land from 12 to 3 o'clock; he died a little after three and was taken from the cross before 5 o'clock; he lay in the tomb during 4th of April, and arose on the 5th. Hence Easter on the 9th is four days beyond the true anniversary, and the 16th is still worse.

B. CRAVEN.

Wanted to be an Editor.

'Have you had any experience in the business?' we asked of a verdant looking youth who applied for an editorial position the other day.

'Haven't I though?' he replied, as he shoved one foot under his chair to hide the unskillful patching of a backwoods cobbler. 'I should say I'd had some experience—haven't I corresponded with the *Pumpkinville Screamer* for six weeks?—Hain't that experience enough?'

'That will do very well,' we replied, 'but when we take young men on our editorial staff, we generally put them through an examination. How much are twelve times one?'

'Twelve! why any little boy ought to an'—

'Hold on, please—don't be too fast—who discovered America?'

'Klumbus! Pshaw, them questions are just as easy as'—

'Who was the first man?'

'Adam! why Mister, I know all.'

'What was his other name?'

'His other name? why he didn't have none.'

'Yes, he did. You see that's where we've got you. His other name was Ebenezer—Ebenezer Adam, Esq., late of Paradise. Nobody knows this but editors, and see to it that you don't tell any body.'

He said he wouldn't.

'How many bones are there in the human body?'

'Well, I forgot now, but I did know wunst.'

'What! don't you know that? Why there's 7,482,921,444 bones in an ordinary man. A man that snores has one bone more than other people.'

'What bone is that?'

'The trombone. *It* is situated somewhere in the nose. You won't forget that, will you?'

He said he wouldn't.

'How long would it take a mud-turtle to cross the desert of Sahara with a small orphan boy to touch him up behind with a red-hot poker?'

'Well, look here, Mister, if *I* had a slate and pencil I could figger that out, but dog my skin if I'm much on mental 'rithmetic.'

'Slate and pencil! Did you ever see a slate and pencil about a sanctum? Well, we'll let that question slip. Have you got a good constitution?'

'Putty tolerable.'

'*How* long do you suppose you could live on raw corn and faith, and do the work of a domesticated elephant?'

'Lord! I don't believe I could live mor'n a week.'

'Well, that's about as long as you'd want to live if you got an editorial position on this paper. *You* appear to be pretty well posted; we shall ask you one more question, and if you prove eqal to it you can take off your coat and sail in.'

'Let's have 'er 'squire. I didn't correspond for the *Pumpkinville Screamer* six weeks for nothin'. Let 'er come—*I'm* on deck, I am.'

'Well, sir, if two diametrical circles with octagonal peripheries should collide with a centrifugal idiosyncrasy, or, to put it plainer, we'll say a disenfranchised nonentity, what effect would the catastrophe exert on a crystalized cod-fish suspended by the tail from the homogeneous rafters of the empyrean?'

As the full force of this ponderous problem broke upon his bewildered brain, he slowly dragged his inartistically cobbled shoe from under his chair, and started from the room. We heard him descend the stairs, go out, and close the door. We then placidly resumed our duties, regretting that so promising a youth should have been weighed in the balance and found wanting.—*Franklin Patriot.*

An Exhibition of Law.

Old Si, says the Atlanta *Constitution*, struck a streak of luck yesterday, and was treated to one drink too many. As he careened down Decatur street he met a darkey who owed him fifteen cents. Old Si stopped against a hitching post, and cried to the other negro.

'T-o-o-t! T-o-o-t!'

The debtor darkey did not heed.

'Hvar!' called Si. 'Why de mischief don't yer put on the brakes dar, niggah, an' stop when I toots ter yer?'

The darkey stops and returns to where Si was.

'Is yer got three nickles a hiding 'round in yer britchers, niggah?' asked Si.

'No, Uncle Si, I 'clar ter grashus dat I ain't dis ebening.'

'When yer gwine ter (hic) pay up dat cash what I lent ter you, (hic) say, niggah?' rejoined Si.

'Ter morrer, *I* specks,' said the debtor.

'Ef yer don't do it ter mor (hic) rer, I'll swar out er alfrydavin (hic) an' put yer whar de monkeys can't bite yer, yer hear dat?'

'Shoo! dat ain't de law, ole man, said the young darkey.

'Tain't eh?' demanded Si, straightening up savagely, 'see dat fist? and dat one? (hic.) Dat one am de legislatur, and dis one (hic) am de 'spreme koart, an' ef yer don't pay dat 15 cents in de mornin' (hic I'm) gwine ter make yer tink de whole State of Georgy done fell on you!'

Having loosed his hold on the post, Si fell into the gutter, and the debtor left him snorting there, after hurling the querry at him:

'Whar did de State ob Georgy strike now?'

Mrs. Partington's Mild Protest.

Do I look like an octagon? asked Mrs. Partington as she sat at breakfast yesterday at the Grand Central, Oakland, with the Chronicle before her, and George, the beaming and genial exponent of gastronomic science, pouring her Mocha. Do I look like an octagon? placing her finger smilingly on the paragraph fixing her age at seventy seven. An octagon, indeed! she continued, not severely, a smile wreathing her lips as the odor of the coffee exhaled, and her spectacles were dewy with rising vapor from her cup, 'they will, perhaps make me a centurion next and a relict of antipathy, but this is the year for such, and perhaps I should be grateful for it, as age is honorable and *I* might find a place at the National Imposition. Yet it is best not to assume years any more than virtues, and I shall be content if I am never older than I am now. This coffee is very flagrant, George, and as she spoke she gazed into the cup, seeing therein her good looks reflected which sixty years had not impaired, while George beamed down upon her with radiant satisfaction.

A Magic Dining Room.

Some months since an Englishman named Atkinson bought a country place near Pithiviers, in France. For many weeks thereafter carpenters and masons were busily employed in repairing and altering the chateau, and after their work had been completed Mr. Atkinson issued invitations for a large dinner party to all the most prominent familes in the neighborhood. The guests arrived at 6 o'clock and on taking their seats at the dinner table noticed with surprise that there was not even one servant to be seen. The soup was consumed in silent astonishment. When all had partaken of it the host sounded a whistle, and as if by magic the soup plates disappeared, and three magnificent silver platters, each containing a roast goose, appeared. Little cries of terror were heard from the ladies. Mr. *Atkinson* took no notice of his guests' surprise, but remarking that it was a very warm evening, whistled again, and the whole ceiling disapeared; the host's black coat vanished at the same moment, leaving him clothed in a white suit. The guests, alarmed were about to rise from their chairs, when they found themselves, their chairs and the table suddenly raised five feet from the floor. They, however, were soon lowered again to the floor, and they all took refuge in hasty flight from the demoniac abode. *A* judicial investigation was instituted, and it was found that Mr. *Atdins* had been for ten years the chief machinist at Covent Garden Theatre, in London where he had amassed a nice little fortune. The dinner was a freak to indulge his fondness for his old pursuit.