The Tarboro'ough Southerner.

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

VOL. 55. TARBORO', N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 12, 1877. NO. 2.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

TARBORO'.

MAYOR—Fred. Phillips.

COMMISSIONERS—Jesse A. Williamson, Jacob Feldenheimer, Daniel W. Hurtt, Alex. McCabe, Joseph Cobb.

SECRETARY & TREASURER—Robt. Whitehurst.

CHIEF OF POLICE—John W. Cotten.

ASSISTANT POLICE—J. T. Moore Jas. E. Simonson, Altimore Macnair.

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Superior Court Clerk and Probate Judge—J. L. Staton, Jr.

Register of Deeds—Alex. McCabe.

Sheriff—Joseph Cobb.

Coroner—

Treasurer—Robt. H. Austin.

Surveyor—John E. Baker.

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School Examiners.—H. H. Shaw, Wm. A. Duggan and R. S. Williams.

Keeper Poor House—Wm. A. Duggan.

Commissioners—Jno. Lancaster, Chairman, Lilley Well, J. B. W. Keeville, Frank Dew, Exem. A. McCabe, Clerk.

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ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS NORTH AND SOUTH VIA W. & W. R. R.

Leave Tarboro' (daily) at - - - 10 A. M.
Arrive at Tarboro' (daily) at - - - 3 30 P. M.

WASHINGTON MAIL VIA GREENVILLE, FALKLAND AND SPARTA.

Leave Tarboro' (daily) at - - - 6 A. M.
Arrive at Tarboro' (daily) at - - - 6 P. M.

LODGES,

The Nights and the Places of Meeting.

Concord R. A. Chapter No. 5, N. M. Lawrence, High Priest, Masonic Hall, monthly convocations first Thursday in every month at 7 o'clock A. M.

Concord Lodge No. 58, Thomas Gatlin, Master, Masonic Hall, meets first Friday night in o'clock P. M. and third Saturday at 10 o'clock A. M. in every month.

Tuscarora Encampment No. 13, I. O. O. F., B. Palmer Mountain, Chief Patriarch, Odd Fellows' Hall, meets every first and third Thursday of each month.

Edgecombe Lodge No. 30, I. O. O. F., J. W. Toler, N. G., Odd Fellows' Hall, meets every Tuesday night.

Edgecombe Council No. 122, Friends of Temperance, meet every Friday night at the Odd Fellows' Hall.

Advance Lodge No. 28, I. O. G. T., meets every Wednesday night at there Hall.

Zapoah Lodge, No. 235, I. O. B. B., meet on first and third Monday night of every month at Odd Fellows' Hall, A. Whitlock, President.

CHURCHES.

Episcopal Church—Services every Sunday at 10 1-2 o'clock A. M. and 5 P. M. Dr. J. B. Cheshire, Rector.

Methodist Church—Services every Sunday at 11 o'clock, and at night. Rev. Mr. Rone, Pastor.

Presbyterian Church—Services every 1st, 3d and 5th Sabbaths. Rev. T. J. Allison, Pastor Weekly Prayer meeting, Thursday night

Missionary Baptist Church—Services the 4th Sunday in every month, morning and night. Rev. T. R. Owen, Pastor.

Primitive Baptist Church—Services first Saturday and Sunday of each month at 11 o'clock.

HOTELS.

Adams' Hotel, corner Main and Pitt Sts. D. F. Adams, Proprietor.

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Southern Express Office, on Main Street, Goes every morning at 9½ o'clock.
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Collections a Specialty.
Office next door to the Southerner office.
July 2, 1875. tf

JOS. BLOUNT CHESHIRE, JR.,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC.

Office at the Old Bank Building on Trade Street. je25-tf.

GEO. HOWARD,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,
TARBORO', N. C.

Practice in all the Courts, State and Federal. nov.5-1y.

FREDERICK PHILIPS,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,
TARBORO', N. C.

Practices in Courts of adjoining counties, in the Federal and Supreme Courts.
Nov. 5, 1875. 1y

WALTER P. WILLIAMSON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
TARBORO', N. C.

Will practice in the Courts of the 2nd Judicial District. Collections made in any part of the State.

Office in Iron Front Building, Pit Street, rear of A. Whitlock & Co's.
Jan. 7, 1876. tf

J. H. & W. L. THORP,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.

PRACTICES in the counties of Edgecombe, Halifax, Nash and Wilson, and in the Supreme Court North Carolina, also in the United States District Court at Raleigh.

JACOB BATTLE,

Counsellor and Attorney at Law,
ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.

Practices in all the State Courts.
March 24, 1876. 1y

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Surgeon Dentist,
Main Street,
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All work warranted to give entire satisfaction. feb.18-tf.

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DEALER IN
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Every patron of the Times is presented, free of charge, with an Illustrated Year-book of valuable information, for 1877, alone worth the price of the paper.

A Sure-Shot, Long-Range Revolver
WITH SEVEN CHAMBERS,

Specially adapted for the pocket; loads without removing the cylinder, which revolves automatically when the hammer is raised. It is made of the best English steel, nickel silver-plated, and has a long, accurate range. The retail price of this Revolver is $5; but the publishers of the Weekly Times, by special arrangement with the manufacturers, are enabled to send it, postpaid by mail, to all who subscribe for the Weekly Times, at a trifle over the wholesale price, namely, $4, which will pay for both the Revolver and Times. Or, any one who will make up a club of 15 subscribers for the Times, at $1.60 each, shall receive a Revolver for his services.
A sample copy of the Times, with our Illustrated List of Premiums, and other documents, will be sent free on application to
CINCINNATI TIMES CO.,
62 West Third St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE SUN.

1877. NEW YORK. 1877.

The different editions of THE SUN during the next year will be the same as during the year that has just passed. The daily edition will on week days be a sheet of four pages, and on Sundays a sheet of eight pages, or 56 broad columns; while the weekly edition will be a sheet of eight pages of the same dimensions and character that are already familiar to our friends.
THE SUN will continue to be the strenuous advocate of reform and retrenchment, and of the substitution of statesmanship, wisdom, and integrity for hollow pretence, imbecility, and fraud in the administration of public affairs. It will contend for the government of the people by the people and for the people as opposed to government by frauds in the ballot-box and in the counting of votes, enforced by military violence. It will endeavor to supply its readers—a body now not far from a million of souls—with the most careful, complete, and trustworthy accounts of current events, and will employ for this purpose a numerous and carefully selected staff of reporters and correspondents. Its reports from Washington, especially, will be full accurate, and fearless; and it will doubtless continue to deserve and enjoy the hatred of those who thrive by plundering the Treasury or by usurping what the law does not give them, while it will endavor to merit the confidence of the public by defending the rights of the people against the encroachments of unjustified power.
The price of the daily SUN will be 55 cents a month or $6.50 a year, post paid, or with the Sunday edition $7.70 a year.
The Sunday edition alone, eight pages, $1.20 a year, post paid.
The WEEKLY SUN, eight pages of 56 broad columns, will be furnished during 1877 at the rate of $1 a year, post paid.
The benefit of this large reduction from the previous rate for THE WEEKLY can be enjoyed by individual subscribers without the necessity of making up clubs. At the same time, if any of our friends choose to aid in extending our circulation, we shall be grateful to them, and every such person who sends us ten or more subscribers from one place will be entitled to one copy of the paper for himself without charge. At one dollar a year postage paid, the expenses of paper and printing are barely repaid; and, considering the size of the sheet and the quality of its contents, we are confident the people will consider THE WEEKLY SUN the cheapest newspaper published in the world, and we trust also one of the very best.
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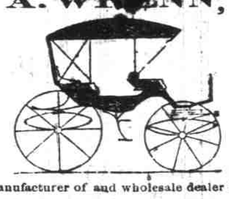

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Also a large Stock of Carriage Materials. Nos. 14, 16, 24 and 26 Union Street, Norfolk, Va.
April, 7 1876. 1y.

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48 YEARS ESTABLISHED. STILL IN FULL BLAST.
Arthur C. Freeman,
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160 Main St., Norfolk, Va.,
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Diamonds, Plain Gold Wedding and Engagement Rings, Bridal Presents, &c.
My facilities are such that being connected with one of the largest Importing Houses in this Country, and buying exclusively for cash, enables me to offer
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Send your orders to me, and you will save 15 to 20 per cent. Should the goods not suit money will be refunded.
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HIGHLY IMPORTANT.—Employ none but the most skilful Workmen in the Repairing of Watches and Jewelry, and if you wish to have your watches repaired properly and satisfaction given, send them to me by Express carefully packed in cotton.

WEBER'S BAKERY!
THIS OLD ESTABLISHED BAKERY IS now ready to supply the people of Tarboro and vicinity with all kinds of
Bread, Cakes, French and Plain Candies, Nuts, Fruits, &c., &c., &c.,
embracing every thing usually kept in a First Class Establishment of the kind.
Thankful for the liberal patronage of the past the undersigned asks a continuation, with the promise of satisfaction.
Private families can always have their Cakes Baked here at shortest notice.
Orders for Parties & Balls
promptly filled. Call and examine our stock, next door to Bank of New Hanover.
Nov. 4.-1y. JACOB WEBER.

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MEALS at all HOURS!
OYSTERS SERVED IN EVERY STYLE.
A good stock of CIGARS and TOBACCO always on hand.
Soliciting your patronage.
Yours respectfully,
S. E. SPIER.
Good accommodation for Transient Customers and Table Boarders.
Tarboro', Sept. 1st, 1876.

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Whitaker's, N. C.
Also, contracts to put up buildings, furnishing all material, complete turn-key jobs, or otherwise, as parties may prefer, *all* with kiln-dried lumber.
March 24, 1876. 1y

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Good Fare, Pleasant Rooms, Comfortable Beds. Board Moderate.
Feb. 19, 1875. 1y

Want to Sell.
I WILL SELL MY TWO STORY DWELLING on Church Street, corner of Thomas street—five rooms and closets. The house is newly painted and in excellent repair. One acre of ground is attached under new paling. There are also the necessary out houses. It is a bargain for somebody.
I will also sell a good Piano and other Furniture. Also several vacant lots on Church Street. All in Rocky Mont, N. C.
DOSSEY BATTLE.
Oct. 29, 1875. tf.

Tarboro' Southerner.

Friday, : : : Jan. 12, 1877

THE PHOTOGRAPH MISTERY.

The last object viewed in life is said to be so impressed upon the retina of the eye that it can be photographed therefrom after death. When this theory was first broached, an occasional effort was made to test its accuracy as a means of identifying murders; and the most extraordinary of these cases froms the groundwork of the present story.

In the summer of 18—, a young physician, named Edward Stone, commenced practice in a certain village not far from New York City. In saying that he commenced practice, I mean that he seriously intended to do so when patients were forthcoming. *In* his medical studies he made a specialty of diseases of the eye; but as there is nothing of any account for an oculist in a small village, he made a virtue of necessity, and put up his sign as physician merely. He invested all the money he had in the world in a cheap little cottage, which he selected, not for its business advantages, but because it was the very pink of perfection in all other respects. For the fact was, he was engaged to be married as soon as his circumstances would admit. His affianced was Ella Thorne, the daughter of the village lawyer; and, poor as Edward Stone was, he would not have exchanged her silver voice for a golden dower.

When he first entered into possession he only furnished the two lower rooms of the house, the front one being his consulting-room, and the rear one his bed-room. The visits of patients were like those of angels, 'few and far between;' but whenever he had an extra run of luck, he and Ella would have a fine time shopping together, in order to furnish the house by degrees, and have it in readiness when the auspicious moment arrived.

To keep up appearances—an indispensable thing in this world—the doctor was obliged to keep some one to answer the door, and make himself generally useful. *In* accordance with an invariable custom, the doctor got the largest youth he could obtain for the the money; and this happened to be a dogged fellow, who enjoyed the enviable reputation of having 'a devil in him.' Of course the wages that Seth, as he was called, received from the doctor were not sufficient to keep body and soul together; and as he wrote an excellent hand, two birds were killed with one stone by Lawyer Thorne's giving him occasional employment as copyist.

The summer passed away—autumn came and went—and even winter brought no improvement in Edward's prospects; and the poor fellow often wondered whether his flowering hopes would share the fate of everything else the summer had brought forth.

Just at this time, a wealthy man of science offered a large sum of money for the best treatise on the subject alluded to at the commencement of this article. Being thoroughly conversant with everything pertaining to that subject, Edward Stone applied himself to the task like an enthusiast. *He* did not do this so much for the prize itself as for what lay behind it; for he saw in fancy a ruddy flame in his dingy fire-place, and beside it sat Ella Thorne, with a child on her knee, as much like her as it is possible for any bud to be like a flower. And although it was but an imaginary flame, it lent a new sparkle to his eye, as he sat up night after night engaged in that labor of love. *As* the work progressed, he read it aloud to Ella, and they laid a thousand foolish plans regarding the expenditure of the money—when he obtained it. So much was to be invested in the wedding-dress; so much in a perfect rainbow of a carpet for the parlor, and, to cap the climax, Edward added, with an effort to be funny. 'We will buy that gaudy picture of the Good Samaritan in Willington boots and swallow-tailed coat, that we saw in the shop window the other day.'

No telescope ever saw so many stars in heaven as the eye of Faith, and neither Edward nor Ella entertained the possibility of a failure to secure the prize. But after the manuscript had been forwarded, they waited with their hearts in their mouths for the day upon which the successful competitor was to be announced. And every hawk they saw reconnoitering above the village seemed, to their anxious eyes, a carrier pigeon, bearing the intelligence they so impatiently awaited. At length the momentous period arrived, and the result justified their most sanguine expectations. Edward was declared entitled to the prize, and was duly notified to appear forthcoming and receive the amount in hard cash.

The two were almost beside themselves with joy, and the wedding-day was fixed at once. Edward lost no time in securing the money, but, like most young doctors, he had no bank account; so on returning home with the amount late at night, he took the precaution to fasten it in a belt about his waist. After dismissing Seth, who was waiting for his return, Edward sat down by his bed-room fire, and was soon lost in one of those reveries where everything is *coleur de rose*. Often when he sat beside Ella in church, the sun would suddenly strike through the painted window, and make the gloomy aisle burst into blossoms with rubies and emeralds; and thus the enchanted vista of the future appeared to Edward Stone on that memorable night.

There was a brook just behind the cottage, but winter had laid its icy finger on its warbling lips—consequently the gurgling sound that broke the silence of midnight could not proceed from that. Whatever caused it the gurgling sound soon ceased, and was succeeded by the prolonged howl of a dow in the distance—that peculiar howl by which the superstitious know that some one is dying in the village.

The next morning Seth was on his way to the cottage, as usual, when he encountered lawyer Thorne, who was just striking out for his morning walk.

'*I* think we are going to have a fine day,' said he to Seth.

'*It* may be,' replied the latter; 'but it will be a wintry one, if that red sky is any sign.'

The lawyer had an eye like a lynx, but for the life of him he could not discover the slightest tinge of red in the heavens.

'By the way,' said he, 'as you have finished all but a page or two of your last job, it will take you but a moment or two to do it now.'

Seth was at first disinclined to comply; but he finally went in and sat down with pen in hand, waiting for the ink, which the lawyer brought from his desk in the adjoining room.

Before commencing, Seth drew his hand across his eyes, as if to brush away something which blurred his sight; and be had scarcely written the first word before he started up and angrily exclaimed: '*I* don't ask you for red ink!'

The ink was as black as the ace of spades; and this being Seth's second optical delusion that morning, the lawyer adxised him to defer the copying for a short time. Seth thereupon departed for the doctor's cottage, and shortly afterward came rushing back to denounce that he had found a hatchet imbedded in his skull.

In consequence af his suspicious conduct at lawyer Stone's Seth was promptly arrested, and was speedily brought to trial.

Directly after the murder, it it transpired that the prize for the treatise was offered by a gentleman who knew of the peculiar situation in which Ebward Stone and Ella Thorne were placed, and in offering that prize he accomplished the doubt purpose of advancing the interests of science, and of rendering pecuniary assistance in a delicate way. Next to Ella herself, no one was so horrified by the murder as this person; for, as it was followed by robbery, he reproached himself for being the indirect cause of the tragedy. So, in order to make all the amends in his power, he devoted all his energies to the prosecution of the suspected man. Being an enthusiast in regard to the theory upon which poor Stone had written, he determined to reduce it into practice as a means of conviction. *He* employed one of the most skillfue photographers in New York City to photograph the eye of the murdered man, and thus obtain the portrait of the murderer.

On the day of the trial the photograph so taken was brought into court in a sealed envelope; and after the preliminary proof had been submitted, the photograph was duly exhibited to the jury.

The foreman was a weather-beaten old trapper, who would have looked a wild-cat in the eye with perfect composure; but he no sooner saw the photograph then he covered his face with his horny hands and uttered a cry of horror that will echo in the ears of those that heard it until it is shut out by the cofin lid.

It was the photograph of Ella Thorne!

Every one saw from the wild excitement that it would be useless to prosecute the matter further, and the prisoner was straight discharged from custody: but of course no one was so devoid of reason as to suspect Ella Thorne of any complicity in the crime. Years passed, and the people of that village began to lose faith in the proverb that 'murder will out,' when Ella, who had devoted herself to deeds of charity since that awful period, was summoned to the bedside of Seth, who had been wounded in a drunken brawl. On her arrival, the drunkon wretch spoke as follows, although some of the wordsgushed out with a mothful of blood:

'There is not a creeping thing on God's earth that doesn't see the day it wished for wings; but nobody had the charity to suppose that I ever wanted to be any better than I was. Ever since I first saw you *I* turned my back on God to worship the original of this portrait.'

He fumbled under the bed-clothes for a moment, and she recoiled in horror as he produced her own miniature that she had given to Edward Stone, and which was now smeared with his blood. *H*aving exhibited this, Seth proceeded with his recital:

'Mine was a nature that could stand any number of kicks, when a single kind word would have been too much for me. But I didn't get it—so let that pass. Edward Stone was superior to me in everything but in love for you; and when he came between us like a snake, I resolved to send him to the only place where I could meet him on equal terms. That place was the grave. *A* dying bed is no place for hypocrisy, and I admit that the money was one incentive to the murder; but when *I* saw him gazing at this miniature just as I struck him down, *I* drove the hatchet in an inch or two deeper as *I* thought of his love for you. I secreted that portrait with the money, and I want no other man to wear it next to his heart, as I often did at night when no curious eyes were about; so you are welcome to it, and all the more so because it has the blood of Edward Stone upon it. *I* feel no remorse for what I did, although everything has looked red to me ever since his blood spurted up into my eyes, and even those black Clouds on yonder crimsion sky look like vultures on a field of blood!'

As he pointed upward he fell back dead; but the mystery connected with the photograph was solved; for the face photographed from the dead man's eye was the one it had viewed in Ellen's miniature an instant before it had closed for ever.

Our Washington Letter.

Democratic Congressmen Return to Washington—The Effect of Rural Inspiration—Chandler's Galvanism of Hayes a Failure—Red Plumes at the New Year Reception—President-Elect Tilden Expected in Washington—The Conspirators lack Money to Make the Pot Boil and Bubble.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 5rd, 1877.

The larger number of Members and Senaters who made a flying visit home, during the holidays, have returned to Washington.

Your correspondent, after having heard the opinions of some of them has come to the conclusion that the effect of rural inspiration, is to make stiff Democrats rigid. I do not think I exagerate when I say there is wavering in the columns of the office-holders. Chandler's galvanic treatment is pretty generally conceded to have failed, even by those who hoped to profit by it. The situation is what might have been expected. It was openly said here, before the election, that Mr. Tilden should not, if elected, take his seat.

On the seventh of November the issue between the Republicans and Democrats was emphatically decided. But there immediately arose another, not unlooked for, issue, between the office-holders and the people. The office-holders through their interested champions of the press, in the Senate, and in the Cabinet, continue to make a show of resistance. But it is mostly "cheek" and voice *pratela vihil.* They would all like to be a Returning Board, and count themselves in.

The opinion has gained wonderfully during the holidays that there will be no organized resistance to the induction of Mr. Tilden. Republican members from the New England States frankly admit that the opinion is wide spread among their constituents that Mr. Tilden has been fairly elected.

The office-holders are not to be envied. The transition from office to the ordinary means of livelihood is, to the enervated government clerk, like removal from a warm bed to a snow bath, healthful, perhaps, but as likely to kill as to cure. The government is sick from the morbid influence of 80,000 of these patients. The faculty decided, on the 7th of November, that they must be removed, and that their beds must be disinfected. They are making a show of resistance to this heroic treatment. But the deputies of the faculty have no option in the matter, and will see that its commands are strictly followed.

The last official new year's acception of the present administration was not remarkable for anything but an abundance of snow, and a superabundance of red plumed artillery officers. Your correspondent took hold of the soiled but originally white kid glove that covered the hand of the President of the United States, and shook it in a business-like way, as it was the duty of your correspondent to do. Gen. Grant failed to recognize in me an enemy of "the party which he represents," and one who has given currency to some truths uncomplimentary to his party, and his administration, and I passed on, reflecting that as man might, without violence to moral sensibility, take the official digits of the President, while, to grasp the hand of him who has done more than any other man to bring ruin and contempt upon Republican institutions, and to make 1876 the political antipode of 1776 would be a deed to make a consistent patriot hesitate. We must forgive individual wrong, and love our enemies. But there are wrongs against a people, against humanity, and posterity, too stupendous and balefully far-reaching for any mere man to condone.

There seems to be some truth in the report that Mr. Tilden proposes taking up his residence in this city at a very early day, in order that he may more effectively prepare for the onerous labors that await him after the 4th of March. From all but the office holders, who, notwithstanding their immense numbers, are but a small minority of our actual population he will have a most cordial welcome. It is also said, that Mr. Hayes will become the guest of President Grant, a few days before the latter leaves the White *H*ouse, and that after the 4th of March the relations of host and guest will be exchanged, ex-President Grant remaining to fix things with the army. The President has ordered the removal of stores and munitons of war from the arsenal at St. Louis, as he told a gentleman yesterday: "in anticipation of trouble." The Secretary of the Treasury has called for an appropria to defray the expense of the transportation of troops, which the *H*ouse, considering the useless, not to say unconstitutional and criminal objects of their removal, will be in no temper to great. Already the bungling conspirators begin to feel the pinch of poverty, and realize the importance of their ingredients, before the hell-broth is half cooked. C. *A.* S.

(For the Southerner.)

The Conetoe Dramatic Corps.

Histrionic Amusements in the Country—Conetoe Coming.

MR. EDITOR:—We are glad to observe that the young people of the country are making themselves independent of the town or city for histrionic amusements. This we consider a good change. For it discards the notion that in the country nothing can be gotten up of a theatrical character that will prove attractive enough to render the participants worthy of the commendation necessary to make one feel that his efforts are appreciated.

The first entertainment in my recollection, contrived and given in the country, was given Tuesday evening the 2nd inst., at Warren's Store about seven miles from Tarboro, in the hall of the Little Creek Grangers. The corps comprises some of our best young men, and some of the fairest and most accomplished young ladies of the country, under the direction of Mrs. David Cobb as manager. This was their first performance after imperfect rehearsals, made during the last few weeks of inclement weather, and, although the announcement was made only one day ahead, a large audience assembled, induced to come partly by curiosity and with the expectation of witnessing a stupendous failure. But in this they were heppily deceived. For the pieces selected for the occasion were so well rendered, that both the actors and audience were completely astounded. Miss Van Jenkins in representing the *A*ngel of Peace, impressed all for a moment with the belief that some celestial spirit had actually escaped the heavenly host and descended to the terrestrial sphere to give to its inhabitants some idea of the infinite grandure and hallowed beauty of the heavenly region; and to show that even some earthly creatures may and do approximate very near to ethereal loveliness and perfection. Pocahontas was admirably rendered, the scene striking every one as orignal, Mr. James R. Staton and Miss Miranda Thigpen in several acts acquitted themselves with credit, which may also be said of all the others. The performance closed with a ludicrous Ethiopian farce, in which Sambo was well taken off by Messrs. Dozier, Warren and Cobb. Mr. Dozier cannot be surpassed as a mimic of the antics peculiar to the sons of *A*frica. We return thanks to the Tarboro String Band in behalf of the manager and entire company for the excellent music furnished by them for the occasion. *A* repetition of the kindness would be a thankfully received. *M*rs. Cobb proposes to give another performance at Bethel Pitt County on the 12th and at Sparta on the 13th inst. The net proceeds realized will be devoted to charitable purposes. Much good may be accomplished by this new enterprise, and we hail with joy the success it has met with at its inception. S. E. W.

The way to make money, subscribe for the Southerner.

(For the Southerner.)

A Poetical Interpretation of Nature.

TARBORO, N. C., Jan. 8th, 1877.

MR EDITOR:—Man has sympathies with nature, and tracing these sympathies to their sources, we find that they all spring originally from religious sentiments; these sentiments may be either true or false; nearly all the mythology of the Ancients is due to the deification of nature, the poet of antiquity did not comprehend nature; and He therefore worshipped it. Later pagan poets threw it in the background, restricting themselves to man as the only source of inspiration; with Virgil, for example, nature was but a stage-machinery, setting off the actions the men and women, as in book 9th, line 522.

"*Nox exat, et placidum carpibat fessa soporem, corpora per terras,* &c."

It was night, and weary bodies over the earth were enjoying peaceful sleep, &c.

In this scene the calmness of night is an off set against the agitations of Dido. The Poet places it not in sympathetic accordance with the frame of mind of his suffering heroines.

Christianity has taught man the true interpretation of nature; it first teaches that the visible world is a mirror reflecting the Creator, His Unity, *I*mmensity, Power and Beauty. Secondly, it teaches that by the fall of man, nature suffered, and that there is an infinite union between them both. Thirdly, it teaches that nature is awaiting to be transfigured, and regain its perfection, when regenerate man shall regain his. St. John tells us that there shall be a new heaven, and a new earth. The attitude of Christian party towards nature may be summed up in too words: "Reverence and Sympathy." Reverened, because in Nature the God of nature is dimly visible: and sympathetic because between man and nature there are intimate bonds of fellowship. Man embodies in himself the cosmos in miniature, for he is composed of both matter and spirit.

B. W. T.

An Old Fashioned Teacher.

'Patrick do you know your letters?'

'Yis, sur.'

'Say them, then.'

'I know them by sight, sir, but I don't know their names.'

'Well, that is *A.*'

'How are you, A?'

'You must not speak in that way.'

'In what way shall I speak, thin sur?'

'Say what I say.'

'Yis, sur.'

'This is B.'

'Sure, an' is that B? I thought it was an ox-yoke.'

'What was the last letter *I* showed you?'

'I can't remember, sur.'

'What bird is it that lays honey and stings?'

'Is it a wasp, sur?'

'No, it is a bee.'

'So it is, and looks like an ox-yoke.'

'What letter is this third one on the page?'

'I don't know, sur.'

'What do I do when I look at you?'

'I shouldn't like to say, sur.'

'I want you to tell me?'

'I am afraid you will lick me, sur.'

'Tell me what I do when I look at you?'

'Well, sur, you squint.'

'Can't you say C without the squint?'

'Yis, sur.'

'Say it, then.'

'C without the squint.'

'What is the name of the next letter?'

'I don't know, sur, I never saw it before.'

'Well it is D, for dunce; just like yourself. Say that.'

'D, for dunce; just like yourself.'

'Take your seat, and the spelling class will come up and spell. Spell cat?'

'C-a-t—catfish!'

'Taint right. Now spell tub?'

'T-u-b—wash-tub.'

'Taint right. Now spell frog?'

'F-r-o-g—bull-frog.'

'Taint right. Now go to your seats and study; the geography class will come up and say their lessons. James, where does the sun rise?'

'I don't know, sur. We never get up in time to see the performance at our house.'

'Next. Where does the sun rise?'

'Down in our lot, sur.'

'Next. Where does the sun rise?'

'In the east, sur.'

'What makes the sun rise in the east?'

'Yeast will make anything rise, sur.'

A Sunday school teacher was giving a lesson in Ruth. She wanted to bring out the kindness of Boaz in commanding the reapers to drop large handfuls of wheat. 'Now, children,' she said, Boaz did another nice thing for Ruth; can you tell me what it was?' 'Married her!' said one of the boys.