

The Tarboro' Southern

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

VOL. 55.

TARBORO', N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1877.

NO. 33.

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TARBORO'. Mayor—H. L. Sisson, Jr. Commissioners—George Howard, Joel H. Brown, Isaac B. Palmountain, James E. Simonsen, Frank Dancy. Secretary & Treasurer—John G. M. Gordon. Chief of Police—John W. Cotton. Assistant Police—J. T. Moo's, John Madra, Wood Winborne and Isaac Bynum.

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LODGES. Concord R. A. Chapter No. 5, N. M. L. Masonic High Priest, Masonic Hall, monthly convocations first Thursday in every month at 10 o'clock A. M.

Concord Lodge No. 58, Thomas Gatlin, Master, Masonic Hall, meets first Friday night at 7 o'clock P. M. and third Saturday at 10 o'clock A. M. in every month.

Repton Encampment No. 13, I. O. O. F., 15 E. Washington, Chas. Parrish, Odd Fellows Hall, meets every first and third Thursday of each month.

Edgecombe Lodge No. 50, I. O. O. F., 1 E. Chamberlain, N. G. Odd Fellows Hall, meets every Monday night. Advance Lodge No. 28, I. O. O. F., meets every Wednesday night at their Hall, 15 E. Washington. Chas. Parrish, Odd Fellows Hall, meets every first and third Thursday of each month.

Edgewood Lodge, No. 50, I. O. O. F., 1 E. Chamberlain, N. G. Odd Fellows Hall, meets every Monday night. Advance Lodge No. 28, I. O. O. F., meets every Wednesday night at their Hall, 15 E. Washington. Chas. Parrish, Odd Fellows Hall, meets every first and third Thursday of each month.

METHODIST CHURCH—Services every Sunday at 10 o'clock P. M. and third Saturday at 10 o'clock A. M. Pastor, Prayer Meeting on Monday evening. FRESHWATER CHURCH—Services every 1st, 3rd and 5th Sabbath. No regular Pastor. Weekly Prayer meeting, Thursday night. MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH—Services the 4th Sunday in every month, morning and night. Pastor, W. B. Brown. PRIMITIVE BAPTIST CHURCH—Services first Saturday and Sunday of each month at 11 o'clock.

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HOWARD & NASH, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Tarboro', N. C. Practice in all the Courts, State and Federal. Nov. 5-1y.

FREDERICK PHILLIPS, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Tarboro', N. C. Practices in the Federal and Supreme Courts. Nov. 5, 1875.

WALTER P. WILLIAMSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tarboro', N. C. Will practice in the Courts of the 2nd Judicial District. Collections made to any part of the State. Office in Adams' Hotel, corner Main and Pitt Streets. Jan. 7, 1876.

JACOB BATTLE, Counselor and Attorney at Law, ROCKY MOUNT, N. C. Practices in all the State Courts. March 24, 1876.

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H. & W. L. SHORP, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, ROCKY MOUNT, N. C. Practices in the County of Edgecombe, Halifax, Nash and Wilson, and in the Supreme Court North Carolina, also in the United States District Court at Raleigh. July 26, 1877-4f.

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Tarboro' Southerner.

Thursday, August 16, 1877.

The Bunch of Flowers. BY MARY E. MOFFAT.

Geoffrey Underwood was reclining languidly in a large Turkish easy chair which his sister Berta had wheeled into the smoking room.

Could she have had way about it, her handsome brother should have smoked at his own free will in the most elegant room in the house.

But 'mama's' ideas were different. So she compromised the matter by smuggling into his 'den,' as he called it, this bit of luxury.

Geoffrey's head and feet were propped up in a smoking-cap and slippers, worked by her own tiny fingers while away at school, from which she had lately returned, and each silk-stitch had embroidered into the material with its some tender thought of home, so now, as she gazed contentedly at the wearer, softened memories of school and mates flashed through her mind.

His cigar finished, Geoffrey broke the silence as he rose to his feet. 'It is a positive luxury, sis, to have you home again. It makes a fellow begrudge an engagement; but it must be kept, nevertheless.'

Berta laughed. 'Now, Geof, you needn't begin to dignify everything with that stereotyped term—engagement. Tell the truth, brother mine. Say 'My heart is not here,' it's chusing a poem so atrociously.'

Geoffrey looked amused at this sally, but made no disclaimer. The shrewd little maiden's surmise came too near the state of the case. He watched her, the smile lurking about his eyes and curving kindly lines under his mustache. She stood by a stand of plants, turning her pretty face critically from one to another until she found just what she wanted—a crimson rose-bud just bursting through the tender, green leaf, a sprig of heliotrope, a tiny spray of similia, and some fragrant geranium leaves. She tied them together.

'There, Geof, that is for your button hole.'

As he left the room Berta sprang to the window and watched him, kissing her hand playfully as he looked back.

During the winter Geoffrey had formed the acquaintance of several young ladies—new-comers in the place. Towards two of them he had been strongly attracted, and strange to say, he could hardly make up his mind which one he liked best.

When in Alice Thornton's society he found a charm in her sweet gravity; when with Gertrude Haviland, her mischievous ways and rough face seemed, like the sun, to put out all other lights.

His engagement this evening was to call on Miss Haviland. She was looking very lovely as she came forward to meet him. Her dark, piquant face was set off by a cluster of scarlet verbenas fastened at the side of her hair, and partly hidden by one of its glossy braids. Another cluster brightened the lace around which rose the round throat which supported the gracefully poised head.

They chatted pleasantly for a time, when Gertrude remarked on the beauty of his bouquet, and asked: 'Is it from Wether's?'

'Wether's was a fine florist's establishment in the place. Geoffrey said, carelessly: 'No, it is a lady's gift. One as pure and lovely as the flowers themselves.'

His voice unconsciously took a softer tone as he thought of his loving little sister.

'Oh, I beg pardon for my question.'

Geoffrey looked up in surprise, which was not diminished when he saw the clouded face, to which the cold, changed tones of her voice were a true index.

All its brightness had gone, and with it its peculiar charm. The dark eyes had a disagreeable glitter, and the rosy, pouting lips were compressed until all their kissable sweetness had vanished.

Geoffrey felt as though he had received a shower bath. He had no idea that his poor little bouquet would create such a sensation. Surely it could not be jealousy. For Miss Haviland had, as yet, no right to call him to account, though of late he had been quite regular in devoting one evening of the week to call upon her; and he was conscious that they were rapidly drifting into a nearer relationship, but he had a man's honor of a scene, and it was a sudden lowering face upon which his eyes rested. His expression of surprise was very mortifying to Gertrude. She was conscious of appearing at a disadvantage, but she had never learned to control her temper, and could not do it now. So conversation languished for a stupid quarter of an hour.

Then Geoffrey rose and took leave—a thoroughly disenchanted man.

As he turned from Miss Haviland's door it was still within the regulation hour for calls, and he walked on until he found himself opposite Mr. Thornton's residence. He stopped and examined Berta's flowers from his coat and thrust them into his pocket, smiling a little ruefully as he did so, thinking they might spoil another call.

He found Alice at home in the midst of a pleasant family group. A white-haired old grandmother was clicking her bright knitting needles in and out, weaving the red yarn into warm mittens for a rosy-cheeked boy who was studying his lesson beside her. A young sister was crocheting a 'fascinator' out of some snowy Shetland wool. Alice was tating.

Geoffrey watched her white fingers as they tormented the fragile thread into the curious, lace-like trimming for a time, then he said: 'I cut a little poem from the paper this evening which is as perfect a picture of your home group as if it had been written to describe it. May I read it?'

All expressed a wish to hear it. So he put his hand into his pocket for his portmanteau, in which he had a fashion of stowing away odd bits of poetry or prose which struck his fancy.

The young man said that a load had been lifted from his bosom, and aided her to the best of his ability; so well, indeed, that in three quarters of an hour the three betrothed got his girl into the library, demanded an explanation of her shameless conduct, was softened by her tears, called himself a brute, and promised to behave better in future. And how did the young girl reward the young man who had helped her to the happiness? Why, she never said a word to him all the evening; in fact, never mentioned him, except to say to her reconciled lover, 'Alonso, could you have been so stupid as to think I could see anything to hate in such a nuttun-head as that? O, women, in our hours of ease.—Chicago Tribune.

A Chicago Girl's Gratitude.

'Will you do something to oblige me?' shyly asked a beautiful young woman of a timid gentleman, whose acquaintance she had just made at a social gathering on West Adams street the other evening.

'Anything that I can in honor, Miss Smith,' he replied, blushing.

'Well,' said she, 'come into the back parlor, where it is dark, and sit on the sofa with me, and let me rest my head on your shoulder, and you pretend to whisper in my ear, only don't blow, because that tickles and I can't laugh, for this new dress is very tight; and when anybody looks, you can draw your arm away—I forgot to say, I wished you to put it around my waist—I'll pretend to blush.'

'But, my gracious, honored Miss,' stammered the young man, after hastily dividing four into 1877, and finding that it wasn't leap year; 'my goodness, before all these people—and I am already engaged—and my father must weigh—'

'Zush, I know what I am up to,' replied the artless girl. 'I am engaged, too, to that young man talking to that wax-faced thing with somebody else's hair over there. I want to stir him up—to bring him down to business—make him come up to time, that's all.'

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The Largest Music Box in the World. An eminent Swiss mechanic has just finished, for the Khedive of Egypt, certainly the biggest and finest, and probably the handsomest musical box ever made. Its beautiful ebony case is buffet-shaped, as large as a full-sized signboard, and inlaid with zinc and brasswork, and ornamented with bronze chasing and plates. The interior of this remarkable box is a perfect marvel of mechanical ingenuity; it includes all the latest improvements for selecting tunes, a patent moderator, etc., and is furnished with flute, flutabasso, drum, bells, castanets. The repertoire consists of one hundred and thirty-two tunes, supplied by eleven cylinders—which can be changed at pleasure—each of them six inches in diameter and twenty-six inches long. Notwithstanding its bucolic dimensions, this instrument licks others of its kind performed automatically; when the Khedive desires to treat himself to a concert he needs only to touch a spring, and if his highness should grow weary of the monotony of one hundred and thirty-two tunes, he has but to communicate with the maker, who can speedily supply him with the material for a few additional hundreds. To complete our description, we ought to mention that the box is the result of eighteen months' assiduous labor, and that the price to be paid for it is about \$4,000.

How Hayes' Arm was Saved by a Rebel Surgeon. At the battles of Antietam and South Mountain a colonel was wounded—his arm fearfully shattered—and he was borne from the field by his brothers and a private soldier. They carried him across the country a long and toilsome distance, every step of which was torture to the sufferer, to the house of a Maryland Union farmer. Then came the ubiquitous Yankee surgeon with his glittering knives and cruel saws, and made haste, preparations to amputate the ailing member. The farmer vehemently protested, declaring that the man would die if the arm was cut off, and the colonel's brothers coincided with the surgeon. But the determined old farmer despatched his son on his feetest horse across the fields to the other side of the mountain after his friend and neighbor, a country physician, and a rank rebel. When the rustic Esculapius arrived, ensued a long contention with the Yankee hewer of bones over the sufferer, but the result was that the arm was saved, and after some weeks of careful nursing the colonel galloped off to join his regiment, a comparatively sound man. He subsequently became Governor of Ohio, and now fills the Presidential chair.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

It is understood that the ladies who vow they will never marry, have not the remotest idea of keeping their word.

The Stonewall Brigade.

[From the Philadelphia Times.]

The General formed his brigade on the crest of the Hill near the Henry House, the men lying down behind the brow of it, in support of the two pieces of artillery placed in position to play upon the advancing foe.

Gen. Bee, his brigade being crushed and scattered, rode up to Gen. Jackson, and with the excitement and mortification of an untried but heroic soldier, reported that the enemy were beating him back.

'Very well, General, it can't be helped,' replied Jackson.

'But how do you propose to stop them?'

'We'll give them the bayonet!' was the answer, briefly.

Gen. Bee wheeled his horse and galloped back to his command. As he did so, Gen. Jackson said to Lieut. Lee of his staff: 'Tell the colors of this brigade that the enemy are advancing; that when their heads are seen above the hill let the whole line arise, move forward with a shout, and trust to the bayonet. I am tired of this long-range work.'

In the storm which followed Bee's return to his command, he was seen on foot, his horse shot from under him. With the fury of despair he strode among his men, tried to rally and to hold them against the torrent which beat upon them, and, finally, in a voice which rivalled the roar of battle, he cried out: 'Oh, men, there are Jackson and his Virginians standing behind you like a stone wall!' Uttering these words of martial baptism, Bee fell dead upon the field, and left behind him a fame which will follow that of Jackson as a shadow.

The South. The grand old South, with her plantation manners, was, after all, the great conservator of civilization in the United States. She kept the lamp of chivalry alight in hearts of gold. She preserved the mummies of civic liberty. She adjusted the true relations between capital and labor. She produced wealth like the over-flowing Nile, which enriched herself and poured her treasure into every vein and artery of the commercial North, building up splendid cities, making opulent corporations and individuals, and creating the possibility of every industrious man earning a generous living. She kept society pure and the government unsullied. Alas! how have crazy fanatics and fools changed all this! The war made upon the South and her institutions has brought forth dreadful fruits. The revolutions of the past few days demonstrate that the fabric of society, East and West, has dwelt upon a slumbering volcano. Wealth has been concentrated in the hands of the few; poverty is the burden of the many. A privileged class has been established, whose chief duty seems to be grinding the faces of the poor. Hard times have followed the big drunk of war and speculation. Confidence between man and man has been well-nigh destroyed. The granaries of the Union are bursting with plenty, and yet myriads of God's creatures are hungry for bread. We do not care to taunt our brethren of the North in the hour of calamity; but they should know at last that the day of retribution has arrived.—Augusta Sentinel.

How Poe Wrote His Raven. Poe's new biographer, W. F. Gill, rejects, as nearly every one of sensibility and discrimination must, the poet's labored account of 'The Raven' as a mere product of art, and seeks for a clue to the poem in the circumstances under which it was written. Poe was living at Bloomingdale, N. Y., and shortly before 'The Raven' appeared, this child wife, Virginia, whom he loved with a purity and intensity that was little short of adoration, was prostrated by a serious illness which had previously afflicted her, and for weeks her life was hung by a thread. Animation was at times, indeed, seemingly suspended, and on one dreary December night, the poet was agonized to find her cold and breathless, apparently dead. In his lonely, silent vigils in what was, to all intents and purposes, the presence of death, many strange imaginaries and much bitter self-accusation naturally came to him. Although uniformly kind and tender to his wife, he had been weak and erring from his unfortunate susceptibility to drink, and an exaggerated sense of wrong done to his lost loved one, through his weakness, not unnaturally came to him at this time, exciting the most irrational remorse. His unreasoning, agonized repining undoubtedly took such complete possession of him as to completely uncharge his mind with the imaginative reveries 'that no mortal ever dared dream, before,' and in picturing to himself his wife's departure, his remorse also forbade him any hope of meeting her in the distant 'Aiden of the future.' Mr. Gill follows this natural hypothesis with an analysis that rivals Poe's own for its ingenuity.

Who are the Blessed.

Blessed is the man who minds his own business.

Blessed is the woman who never says to her husband, 'I told you so.'

Blessed is the man who can sew on his own buttons when the baby is crying.

Blessed is the woman who won't marry a widower—providing he is your father.

Blessed is the mother-in-law who never reminds you that you married above your station.

Blessed is the rich relation who never looks down on you—when you are in the gutter.

Blessed is the poor relation who never looks up to you—for money.

Blessed is the old maid who don't hate old people and the children.

Blessed is the old bachelor who don't hate cats and pin cushions.

Blessed are the married people who don't wish they were single.

Blessed are the single people who are content to remain so.

Blessed is the husband who never says his mother's pies were better than his wife's are.

Blessed is the wife (formerly a widow) who never calls up the virtues of her 'dear departed' for No. 2 to emulate.

Blessed is the woman who don't scold when the stove pipe falls down on the dinner table—and blessed is the man who can fix it up without swearing.

Blessed is the friend who never requires the loan of an umbrella.

Blessed is the neighbor who is so busy with his own affairs that he has no time to pry into yours.

Where are the blessed? Echo answers, 'Where?'

Mr. Evans, Physically. Evans' face is shaven. His hair is scanty and iron-gray. His ears are small, and look as if they had been closely trimmed. His eyes are gray and faded. They have a watery appearance while he is speaking, but every other part of his body is so dry that one expects him to crumble up when his great ambition comes to pass.

Wise Maxims. Mr. John McDough, the New Orleans millionaire, has engraved on his tomb a series of maxims, which he had prescribed as the rules for his guidance through life, and to which his success was mainly attributable: 'Remember always that labor is one of the conditions of our existence. Time is gold; but throw not one minute away, but place one to account. Do unto all men as you would be done by. Never covet what is not your own. Never think any matter so trifling as not to deserve notice. Never give out that which does not first come in. Never spend but to produce. Let the greatest order regulate the transactions of your life. Study in the course of your life to do the greatest amount of good. Deprive yourself of nothing necessary to your comfort, but live in an honorable simplicity and frugality. Labor, then, to the last moment of your existence.'

Starting in the World. Many an unwise parent labors hard and lives sparingly all his life for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man adrift with money left him by his relatives is like trying to blinden under the arms of one who cannot swim; few chances to one he will lose his bladders and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim and he will never need the bladders. Give your child a sound education and you have done enough for him. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to the laws which govern man, and you have given what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies.