

The Tarboroan

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

TARBORO', N. C. THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1894.

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A BURNING SHAME.

That there wasn't a sander rebel
In all in a sander rebel
"Was easy to tell by the mischievous eyes
And the smiles of her regular mouth.

But how she hated the Yankee,
She couldn't bear the name
"How dared they come and whip me?
It was a burning shame!"

One of those selfish Yankees
Can't to her little one day,
And ere the week was over
She'd stolen his heart away.

But how should she treat her captives?
He couldn't be shot, you know,
Because the war was ended
Two dozen years ago.

So, in order to keep him prisoner
The rest of his life instead,
She reckoned she'd have to marry him,
'Twas a burning shame," she said.
—Blue and Gray.

SOME WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

It is too young and impulsive," said one of the older members of the association, speaking in an undertone to a group of associates sitting near.

"That would not matter so much if he were a poorer debater. The trouble is that he is too eloquent and apt to be too severe in retort," added another.

"One should suggest to him to overlook the personal part of Col. Le Bey's remarks," the first speaker rejoined.

The face of everyone in the little knot suddenly darkened.

The stately Col. Le Bey rose, and asked the privilege of the floor for a few minutes to make a personal statement.

"Does the gentleman yield?" inquired the chairman of the young man who was thus interrupted.

"I do," answered the gentleman addressed, in a quiet, courteous tone.

"Now, come for all, I wish it to be clearly understood that while I am firmly and conscientiously opposed to this resolution which takes one state out of the union, I shall go with the state if that is the determination of this convention." Col. Le Bey's words rang through the chamber. "It is as utterly impossible for us to break away without a resort to arms as it is for human strength to stay the tides of ocean, or for the human mind to grasp the infinite. I do see another way, and that is to accomplish our ends—through blood and the sacrifice of lives and property, but in a peaceable manner, through agitation and education. These hot-headed young men are being misled, and I know that our people have gone violently insane on this proposition; but, sir, if we take this step our fields will be wasted by armies and our cities will be a fuel for the torches of an enemy whom we will respect more a few years hence than we do now."

Col. Le Bey spoke earnestly and his words sank deep in the minds of his listeners, but they received scarcely a murmur of applause.

Now the former speaker resumed. It was clear that he was on the popular side. He knew that history was being written, and he felt the gravity of the hour. His speech was violent and passionate. Carried away by his impetuous, burning eloquence, the audience swayed before him. His flashing eyes swept the crowded galleries. "We are not worthy of our mothers if we hesitate at this Rubicon," he exclaimed, and the ladies broke into almost hysterical applause.

Once, this young man eloquent was on the verge of replying with biting sarcasm to his elderly opponent. But again, the speaker's glance turned to the galleries. He saw a slight, fair figure there shrink back for an instant, as if before an expected blow. The next moment he recovered and he felt a look of defiance shot back at him. No one else in that assembly saw this tableau, though every eye was following the orator.

He paused for just a second, perhaps, to give time to a deep sigh of relief as the phrase which was leaping from his lips turned into a tribute of respect and esteem for the distinguished gentleman who opposed the resolution.

"Another Patrick Henry," some one shouted as he sat down. The applause was wild. The waving kerchiefs in the galleries gave that part of the chamber the appearance of a cloud of snow.

Delegates crowded about the youthful looking speaker and nearly crushed him with demonstrations.

"Berrien! Berrien! Berrien!" cried the assembly. The tall young man, with face aglow and eyes sparkling, rose and bowed modestly in acknowledgment of the ovation.

In a little time the roll call was completed and another state had withdrawn from the federation of sovereign states.

THE SILENT SOLDIER.

partition. One day Berrien had to take a detachment of men and go out for supplies. A negro catching straggling soldiers, said that his master had had quantities of most delicious niggers two for three times a day. That was more cheerful news to the soldier than the fact that he was a broken mining camp.

The negro was taken as a guide, and he showed the way to the house. As it was approached, he discreetly slipped away.

As the men marched up to the mansion there was a great commotion about the quarters. Negroes were running down toward the house, and suddenly, looked at them for a moment, and then sped back to the house. "A black Mercury," the captain remarked, "has just been here."

An elderly gentleman came out on the veranda as Capt. Berrien walked up in advance of his men. Berrien was confused when he recognized in the owner of the plantation Col. Le Bey. The colonel greeted him at once, although he had hoped that the uniform and the bronzed complexion would prove a disguise.

Capt. Berrien explained the object of his visit, and stated that the orders which he was authorized to give would be honored by the confederate government. The old planter worried sharply by the terms of the offer, and he had not done much to his treasury to buy a dozen negro-bought slaves. The colonel declared that he had no provisions to spare, that if he had he would cheerfully give them to the army. He would not pay for anything that he could spare.

A sharp parley ensued. The proposition finally refused to sell anything. Berrien really wanted to get away, for he felt that the old gentleman credited him with the intention of making a malicious raid. He explained that he was not a free man, but a soldier, and that until the owner appeared, he would not pay for anything that he could spare.

An unexpected end was put to the colloquy.

"Father, we have come to share with the soldiers. Follow me, I will show you the way."

Berrien had not seen the young lady come out upon the veranda, and was not aware of her presence until she spoke. He was very true that he had been thinking of her for the last time she saw her, but he had no idea she was here.

She had overheard a part of the conversation, but she had not seen the soldier's face before she stepped lightly to her father's side. She carried a bunch of keys in one hand.

The recognition was a shock to her. She trembled for a moment.

"Capt. Berrien, I was not expecting to see you."

"He is a very true man," she said, "and he would have given his credit for conducting a great part of the war if the captain had permitted it."

"The woman who wrote this letter," the writer remarked, "is a noble woman, and would have given her credit for conducting a great part of the war if the captain had permitted it."

When the letter was complete and was read over to him, Jewett was proud of it. "That's the finest letter I ever saw," he exclaimed, looking fondly at the sheets. "If generally put in a few more big words, I like to see 'em verberate' in a letter."

Berrien added a postscript: "Never forget me to your mother."

Several weeks passed. Both men were back with their commands. One day Jewett hunted Berrien up and produced a reply to the letter which had been sent to him. It had not been opened. He was accustomed to do this, for there were many men in every regiment who could not read and who would not be allowed to do so. Jewett was pleased to find an inquiry in Mrs. Jewett's name about himself. He volunteered to answer the letter at once.

After that he read and answered all of Jewett's letters. In each one that came, there was some question about himself. The latter wanted very much to know who was conducting the correspondence at the other end of the line, and he was convinced that the writer's mother was the one who had sealed and read. He was accustomed to do this, for there were many men in every regiment who could not read and who would not be allowed to do so.

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THE SILENT SOLDIER.

Recovering, he was about to speak when she sweetly bade her father to wait on the veranda for her return. She then led the way to the quarters. Capt. Berrien brought up his detail of men. The young lady inserted a key in the lock of a door on a large, stone-arched porch before the door could be opened. She had opened the door.

"Now, captain, your men may divide equally whatever you find here that you need." She spoke standing in the doorway.

The soldiers went quietly to work. While they were busily engaged, Berrien stood beside his former friend.

"I thought that you were in Europe," he said.

"No, I would not go," she answered. "I told father that if our country was to suffer it was not right for me, a southern woman, to go away from home. I might do some good at home, although I am sure that I could do nothing abroad."

After a pause she added: "I want to congratulate you on the speech you made that day and to tell you that I have been pleased to hear of your gallantry on the field and of your kindness, especially to the humble soldiers of the army, Capt. Berrien."

"I was afraid that you did not quite forgive me for that speech."

"We will speak of that another day. By the way, how is your wounded arm, captain?"

"How did you know that I had a wound?" she asked, quickly.

"Miss Le Bey started to make a mistake when she saw me, although she shot into her face."

He interrupted her, and with a self-conscious smile in his fine eyes said: "Confess that you are the amiable one."

"I know that you were all the time," she said. "I had received some notes from you, didn't you remember? How is it that I have written Mrs. Jewett's letters? There is a great deal of it to be given to the wives and families of our brave soldiers. I try to do my share. I visit families miles and miles away from here. It would be on these drives that I would stop at the poor woman's house, read her letter and write the reply."

When the men completed their work in the storehouse, the captain tendered an order to Col. Le Bey. He declined it, declaring that he had no room in which to store the quantity of notes which he would receive in payment. The colonel was quite gracious, however, and invited Berrien to visit the plantation during the stay of the troops in that section. Berrien was a frequent and welcome visitor to the plantation.

THE SILENT SOLDIER.

Thereafter, and before the order for removal came he had worn a coveted privilege from the daughter and the consent of the father.

FRANK WELLS.

THE SILENT SOLDIER.

DO MORE THE SUM OF BATTLE GLOOMS
Above the waiting
No more the cannon's
thunder boom,
But such a wild
wonderous
silence!

The soldier breathes that loved the light
Through the buried and
They slumber in the living light
Of glory and of God.

The faded flag no longer streams
The red streamers so still;
The red streamers of the lighted gleam
Are sheathed by vain and ill.

And Peace unfurled her banners white,
In tattered folds to wave;
While Memory's tears in drops of light
Are rained above the grave.

After the fight the hero sleeps
In God's embrace,
And still the South in drops of light
Of glory and of God.

Her loved ones on her breast
In God's embrace,
And through the night of
The South for her her glorious dead
With her memorial tears.

FRANK L. STANTON.

NEW LIFE OF LEE.

It Will Be the Best History of the Great General.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, recently governor of Virginia, is preparing a biography of his uncle, Gen. Robert E. Lee. The manuscript, says the Springfield Register, is nearly completed, and the book will be published by a New York firm in May. It will be the first and most complete history of Lee's life which has appeared. It will throw numerous side lights upon Lee's character, and will be a revelation to those who know him only as the great leader of the confederate forces. The biography will contain many unprinted incidents of the late war which were known only to the little coterie of men who were the intimates of the general. The work of editing these letters was delegated to Fitzhugh Lee, because of his intimate association with his uncle during the war and for many years succeeding. Fitzhugh Lee is a graceful and accomplished writer, although not in any sense a litterateur. He is a very able and successful journalist, and his appearance is awaited with great interest in the south, where it is expected to have a large sale.

The Two Lees—Father and Son.

Robert E. Lee, Jr., bears a striking resemblance to his father, Gen. Robert E. Lee. He rose to the rank of captain in the confederate army, and served private in the famous Rockbridge artillery when he was but eighteen years old. He was counted one of the bravest and most tireless fighters in the ranks. An interesting incident is related of how he met his father after a long absence in which young Lee had taken an active part. The artillery was parked in an open field the day after the first fight at Cold Harbor. With the other members of his company Private Lee had sought rest beneath the cannon. One of his comrades called out: "Bob, here comes your father." A figure beamed with the dirt work of a cannon, and stood up to salute and greet Gen. Lee, who was riding on a tour of inspection. The meeting between the father and son was a most touching one. The general had to look closely to recognize his offspring.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE SILENT SOLDIER.

Editor Byington of the Norfolk (Conn.) Gazette has been connected with that paper as compositor, reporter and editor for fifty-one years. Hon. A. E. Quaker has been connected with the Hartford, Conn. paper for fifty-four years, and for twelve years previously was in the office of the Hartford Courant. Gen. Joseph R. Hawley has seen thirty-eight years' newspaper service in Hartford, and Charles Dudley Warner thirty-three years.

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THE SILENT SOLDIER.

THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

His Extract Home Elegantly Prepared by the Late Henry W. Grady.

The following extract from the famous address delivered by the late Henry W. Grady before the New England Society of New York, on the occasion of its annual dinner in 1884, derives special interest and appropriateness.



THE LATE HENRY W. GRADY.

money, credit, employment, material or training, and besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met man's intelligence—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

"What does he do, this hero in gray, with the heart of gold? Does he sit down in idleness and despair? Not for a day. Surely Gen. Lee had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration so swift. The soldier stepped from his trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged federal guns marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June; women reared in luxury cut up their dresses and made breeches for their husbands; with a patience and a heroism that fit women always as a garment, they gave their hands to work. Their cheerfulness and tenacity prevailed. 'Bill Arp' struck the keynote when he said: 'Well, I killed as many of them as they did of me, and I'm going home to work.'"

Old Editors.

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