

Republican Gazette.

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"Cleanliness is next to godliness," and this is the reason, my little dears, why you are put in the tub on Saturday night before being taken to church on Sunday morning.

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VOL. I. GREENSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, AUG. 26, 1869. NO. 3.

THE OLD STORY.

"The sails are set and the breeze is up, And the prow is turned for a northern sea: Kiss my cheek and vow me a vow That you will ever be true to me!"

"I kiss your cheek, and I kiss your lips: Never a change this heart shall know. Whatever betide—come life, come death— Darling, darling, I love you so!"

Oh, but the northern nights are keen! The sailor clings to the frozen shrouds: A kiss burns hot through his dreams of home, And his heart goes south with the flying clouds.

The maiden laughs by the garden gate— Dreams of love are the soonest o'er! Kisses fall on her lips and hair, And the world goes on as it went before.

CHARLES E. HURD.

Dolly—A Western Drover's Story.

My name is Anthony Hunt. I am a drover, and I live miles and miles away upon the western prairie. There wasn't a home within sight when we moved there, my wife and I, and now we haven't many neighbors, though those we have are good ones.

One day, about ten years ago, I went away from home to sell some fifty head of cattle—fine creatures as I ever saw. I was to buy some groceries and dry goods before I came back, and, above all, a doll for our youngest Dolly; she had never had a store doll of her own, only the rag babies her mother had made her.

Dolly could talk of nothing else, and went down to the very gate to call after me to "buy a big one." Nobody but a parent can understand how full my mind was of that toy, and how when the cart-off to buy Dolly's doll, I found a large one, with eyes that would open and shut when you patted a wire, and had it wrapped up in paper, and tucked it under my arm, while I had the parcels of calico and delaine and tea and sugar put up. Then, late as it was, I started for home. It might have been more prudent to stay until morning, but I felt anxious to get back, and eager to hear Dolly's prattle about her doll.

I was mounted on a steady-aided—horse of mine, and pretty a mile from Night set in before dawn dark as pitch town, and in the middle of the wildest way I know of. I could have felt any way through, I remembered it so well, and was all most like feeling it when the wagon that had been brewing broke, and we rain pelted in torrents; five miles, or maybe six, from home yet, too.

I rode on as fast as I could, but all of a sudden I heard a little cry like a child's voice! I stopped short and listened—I heard it again. I called, and it answered me. I couldn't see a thing; all was dark as pitch. I got down and felt about in the grass—called again, and again was answered. Then I began to wonder—was I not timid, but I was known to be a man who was to have money about me. It was a trap to catch me unawares and rob and murder me.

I am not superstitious—not very; but how could a real child be out in the prairie in such a night, at such an hour? It might be more than human.

The bit of a coward that hides itself in most men showed itself to me then, and I was half inclined to run away, but once more I heard that cry, and said: "If any man's child is hereabouts, Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it die."

I searched again. At last I bethought me of a hollow under the hill, and groped that way. Sure enough, I found a little dripping thing that moaned and sobbed as I took it in my arms. I called my horse, and the beast came to me, and I mounted, and tucked the little soaked thing under my coat as well as I could, promising to take it to mammy. It seemed tired to death, and pretty soon cried itself to sleep against my bosom.

It had slept there over an hour when I saw my windows. There were lights in them, and I supposed my wife had lit them for my sake; but when I got into the door-yard I saw something was the matter, and stood still with a dead fear of heart five minutes before I could lift the latch. At last I did it, and saw the room full of neighbors, and my wife amidst them weeping.

When she saw me she hid her face.— "Oh, don't tell him," she said; "it will kill him."

"What is it, neighbors?" I cried.

And one said, "Nothing now, I hope. What's that in your arms?"

"A poor lost child," said I. "I found it on the road. Take it, will you, I've turned faint," and I lifted the sleeping thing and saw the face of my own child, my little Dolly.

It was my darling, and none other, that I had picked up upon the drenched road. My little child had wandered out to meet "daddy" and the doll, while her mother was at work, and whom they were lamenting as dead. I thanked Heaven on my knees before them all. It is not much of a story, neighbors, but I think of it often in the nights, and wonder how I could bear to live now if I had not stopped when I heard the cry for help upon the road—the little baby cry hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp.

That's Dolly yonder with her mother in the meadow, a girl worth saving—I think (but then I'm her father, and partial, may-be) the prettiest and sweetest thing this side of the Mississippi.

Death of an Opium Eater.

The Coroner held an inquest yesterday over the body of Mrs. Esther Wallace, wife of Robert C. Wallace, the comedian, who died from the effects of liquor and a frequent use of opium. A few years ago she was a happy wife and mother, with friends and relatives around her, and moving in good society. She was then a handsome, intelligent woman. Her husband was an actor, receiving a fair salary, and they lived genteelly. In time she became addicted to drink, and her husband, on returning from a tour from intoxication, found her arguments to induce her to abandon her evil practice, and being thrown out of a situation, he left the city, and his wife was compelled to take care of herself and her child, a smart, intelligent girl, who might have old. The despicable support if she had made a sufficient strength of mind to possess the wine-cup, but when her husband left her she became reckless and drank for the purpose of drowning her sorrow. The life she led impaired her health, and to ease the pangs of bodily pain, as well as to soothe her sorrow, she used opium daily, increasing the quantity with the increase of her craving for the drug. In a small room, on an obscure street she lived a miserable life, losing all self-respect and energy. The neighbors helped her in her distress, but she made no effort to help herself. Several times a day she would send her little girl out to purchase whisky and opium. For the last two weeks she was unable to leave her bed. Her neighbors induced Dr. Pettigrew to call and see her, and two ladies visited her and rendered her some assistance. The room in which she was lying was in a shockingly filthy condition, and emitted such a sickening smell that complaints were made to the police. Two policemen visited her, and some of the neighbors cleaned up the room. On Monday night she was found dead in her bed. She has a brother and sister living in the city, both of whom are respectable but not wealthy. The little girl stated that her father was expected here soon, and that he had an engagement to play at DeBar's next fall. Her brother took charge of the body, and will have it decently interred.—St. Louis Democrat, Aug. 3.

The Christian Gentleman.

A modern writer thus describes the Christian gentleman:

"He is above a mean thing. He cannot stoop to a mean fraud. He invades no secret in the keeping of another. He betrays no secrets confided to his own keeping. He never struts in borrowed plumage. He never takes selfish advantage of our mistakes. He uses no ignoble weapons in controversy. He never stabs in the dark. He is ashamed of innuendoes. He is not one thing to a man's face and another behind his back. If by accident he comes in possession of his neighbor's counsels, he passes upon them an act of instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax. Papers not meant for his eye, whether they flutter at his window or lie open before him in unguarded exposure,

are sacred to him. He invades no privacy of others, however the sentry sleeps. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, hedges and pickets, bonds and securities, notice to trespassers, are none of them for him. He may be trusted himself out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere.—He buys no offices, he sells none, he intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will eat honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feeling. He insults no man. If he have rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, manly. He cannot descend to scurrility. In short, whatever he judges honorable he practises toward every man."

Politics in Tennessee.

A Nashville dispatch of August 14th, says—Gov. Senter arrived in this city last evening, and met with a brilliant reception. He was escorted from the railway depot to the City Hotel, where he delivered a speech in response to the address of ex-Gov. Neil S. Brown. In the course of his remarks, Gov. Senter emphasized one point, and that was that in Tennessee there must be no proscription on account of rebellion, race, or color, suffrage and the fullest political and civil right must be free to all. He continued by saying that the wounds of the past must heal up, and that brotherly love and fraternal feeling was now to be cultivated all round in Tennessee. He thought the circumstances were ripe for a new party, which would discuss dead issues and act upon the present. Bourbonism on the one hand and proscriptive Radicalism on the other should be ignored and set aside, and a new departure taken, which would tend to liberal and progressive ideas and measures. The young men of the State, he said, carried the recent election with such impetus that the old judges were almost unable to decide how far they had gone ahead. The wisdom of age should temper Young America, but it was striding along like an Arab courser. His remarks were received with shouts of applause and approval.

The Carington Scandal.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WORLD.

Sir: Let me tell a story about the first Lord Carington, whom you talked of yesterday, which I heard years ago in Paris from an English gentleman, who had been intimate with the parties concerned. His lordship had been a merchant's clerk in the beginning of his successful career—a fact of which he might have been much prouder than he was; and after he was ennobled, his talk was often too big for the edification of his hearers. One day he gave a dinner, at which the most important guest was Canning, who, as is well known, could stand no nonsense. Wit was the weed of his mind, and rarely failed to get the better of his discretion. My lord, however, in due time, got upon his high-horse, as usual, until the great George felt so spleenetic that he rose quietly from his seat and left. Soon afterwards the doors of the dining room were thrown open, and there in very visible letters of white chalk, the following lines met the astonished, and, with one exception, amused eyes of the party;

Bobby Smith, sir, liveth here, Whom Billy Pitt hath made a peer, Taking the pen from 'hind his ear.

The consequence, as may be supposed, was an interruption of friendly sentiments between the statesman and the ex-clerk. Bordentown, N. J., August 10. X. X.

THE EARTH OUR MOTHER.—Year by year, if we lead true lives, we grow more and more into recognition of a something in Nature which, because we do not know Nature's own name for it, we call a soul. Summer by summer, we grow more tender in our touch of the flowers, more reverent in listening to their voices, more impressed with wonder, whether there be not in them a heart closely allied to our own. We find that no man show why a plant may not feel pain in being uprooted, or that the moss may not know that we are in grief, when we bury our faces in its bosom to hide our tears. We find that all things minister to us, when we leave our houses and seek help in the air; and thus, finally, a little before the Earth is ready to fold us for the

last time in her arms, we learn that she is our mother; and then, in our late duty and love, we reap the fulfilling of the commandment with promise, "in the land which the Lord our God giveth us."

An Elephant and a Bridge.

The well known sagacity of the Elephant recently had a remarkable exemplification, at St. John, in the Province of Quebec. The immense Ceylon elephant belonging to Campbell's Menagerie and Circus, which was to exhibit at Montreal was the hero. We will premise our statement with the fact that, a few weeks since, while traveling from Waterbury to Northfield, in the State of Vermont, this elephant, in crossing a bridge over a creek, crushed the floor with his enormous weight, and fell partly through, his fore-quarters only remaining on the bridge. By this accident he was lamed for several days but not sufficiently to prevent him from traveling. When he was brought to the Long Bridge over the Richieu River at St. John, he evidently retained a vivid recollection of this mishap, and neither coaxing, threats, or persuasion nor force, could induce him to budge an inch on the, to him, perilous structure. Nor does it appear that his apprehensions were unfounded—for the proprietors of the bridge notified the menagerie managers that they were dubious of the capacity of the bridge to bear the weight of the elephant, and that if they crossed him they must do so at their own risk. The morning was rather chilly, and as they did not wish to risk his health by swimming, they concluded to make the venture. The band chariot and an enormous den of performing lions were started on ahead of him, in order to give him confidence, and when he saw that they went safely over, he was induced to follow, which he did very slowly, testing each plank and timber with his fore feet and trunk as he progressed. Whenever he discovered any of the timbers to be defective he would cross over the division to the opposite roadway, and would so progress until he came to another doubtful place, when he would cross back again. He worked along in this way until he had come more than half way over, when he became suspicious that neither road was safe, and started rapidly back, driving the lions and the band chariot before him, and clearing the bridge for a space of ten or more rods. At this juncture a flock of sheep came running past him, and he vented his spleen by picking them up one by one with his trunk and throwing them into the river, until he had disposed of seven in this way. He was finally induced to go on, and after having been more than two hours in crossing, arrived safely over. The scene was witnessed by over 2,000 people, and the utmost excitement prevailed.—Montreal Star.

Mrs. Partington Shopping.

"Come Ike, get your basket and let's propel to town." They enter a fashionable milliner establishment. "How do you sell pitaters?" "Do you mean, madame, to insult me?" "Well I would like to consult you about getting a couple 'o' pecks. Ike bring along the basket." "But, madame, we do not deal in potatoes. Who told you we sold potatoes?" "Your advertisement." "Our advertisement? It certainly says no such thing." "But it doz. Ike come here. Didn't you read to me the other night, about this new millinery store having conceived a new assortment of potatoes from New York?" Ike nods. "There now, you needn't be skeered; ain't no infernal decepitry." "Madame, you have made a mistake. Our advertisement announces for sale palpitations, a new article of female apparel with young ladies, whose bosoms are not fully developed, are enabled to beautify their forms, and render preceptible the affectionate emotions of their loving hearts. Hence they are called palpitations." "Des, mad. Your advertisement didn't say anything about parallels enveloping female bosoms and showing their notions of affection. Now if you would denounce them as bosom pitaters, you'd be more intelligent. Well, I'm after stomach pitaters, which I have much affection for, besides my bosom is parallel enough, and I pretended for the future to keep it so without putting pitaters in it, anyhow.—Good bye, Mrs. Milliner. Come Ike, let us tramp."

The laying of the submarine telegraphic cable, intended to place Athens in direct communication with Syra, Corfu and other islands, is completed in part. The whole will be finished in a short time.