Dational

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Inconstant.

Inconstant! O my God!
Inconstant! When a single thought of thee Inconstant! When a mission Sends all my shivering blood Back on my heart in thrils of cestacy!

Inconstant! When to feel
That thou hast loved me, wilt love to the last,
Were joy enough to steal
Ail fear from life—the future and the past!

Inconstant! When to sleep
And dream that tho 1 art near me is to learn
80 much of Heaven, I weep
Because the earth and morning must return.

Inconstant! Ah, too true!
Torned from the rightful shelter of thy breast,
My tired heart flutters through
The changeful world—a bird without a nest.

Inconstant to the crowd
Through which I pass, as to the skies above
The ficile Summer cloud,
But not to thee; O, not to thee, dear love.

I may be false to all On earth beside, and every tender tio Which seems to hold in thrall This weary life of mine, may be a lie.

But true as God's own truth
My steadfast heart turns backward evermore
To that sweet time of youth
Whose golden tide beats such a barren shore. Inconstant! Not my own
The hand which builds this wall between our

lives;
On its cold shadow grown
To perfect shape, the flower of love survives

God knows that I would give All other joys the sweerest and the best, For one short hour to live Close to thy he art, its comforts and its rest.

But life is not all dark,
The sunlight goldens many a hidden slope
The dove shal find its ark
Of peaceful refuge and of patient hope.

And should another's head Sleep on thy heart and it should ever seem To be my own instead. O darling! hold it closer for the dream.

God will forgive the sin,
If sin it is; our lives are swept so dry, So cold, so passion-cloan,
Thank Him death comes at last—and so—Good-by l

ELEANOR.

The last notes of the Sophie waltz died on the perfumed air, and the dancers wandered away in groups. Two, a lady and gentleman, passed into the conservatory, stopping occasionally to admire the bloom of some tropical flower, then going on until they reached a fountain, whose waters fell, with a gentle murmur, into the mable basin below. The subdued light shone, like the soft rays of the moon, upon a like the soft rays of the moon, upon a scene of beauty that was almost faultless. But to the eye of the artist, there was nothing so beautiful as the lady who stood beside him, a perfect picture in herself. From her lovely face, with its dark, starry

seene of beauty that was almost faultless. But to the eye of the artist, there was nothing so beautiful as the lady who stood beside him, a perfect picture in herself. From her lovely face, with its dark, starry eyes, and tender mouth, to the satin dress that fell around her in graceful, glistening folds, there was nothing wanting.

Seven years before, Robert Willard was a noor artist, and she was Eleanor Raymond, the only daughter of a weakly merchant. He had loved her then, but could not ask her father to bestow his daughter's hand upon one almost peniless. So, after gaining her promise to love him and wait for him, even years, he went to Rome to win fame and a fortune. Six months ago he had returned to New York and found her a cold, proud woman of the world, the wife of Oscar Lambert and a leader in fashionable society. Eleanor had waited impatiently for a letter from her lover, but the months lengthened into three years, and she had not heard from world, the wife of Oscar Lambert and a leader in fashionable society. Eleanor had waited impatiently for a letter from her lover, but the months lengthened into three years, and she had not heard from him. It was not not lafter her marriage, and her father's death, that she learned how the latter had deceived her by keeping Robert's letters, hoping she would forget her girlish love.

Her husband loved her just as he did his fine house, his paintings and his statu-

been happy in meeting him at receptions, the theatre and opera, but had never asked herself how it would end. Not a word concerning the past had ever been spoken between them, and this was the last reception of the season just before Lent.
Rumor said he was going to Rome
again; that he was betrothed to a lady in
Rome, and would soon return to America

The evening was nearly over when

Eleanor was surprised to hear a well-known voice at her side saying:

"Mrs. Lambert, do you hear your favorite waltz? Let me have my last dance in

ite waltz? Let me have my last dance in America with you."

She obeyed in an absent-minded manner, and they glided into the dance, the wild, weird muste seeming to her like a mournful requism over dead hopes. How often, in happier days, they had danced to the same strains, when she had thought heaven could not be more beautiful than earth. How bitter and skeptical she had grown since then! What misery had crowded itself into her life, although it had only itself into her life, although it had only

numbered twenty-five years!

But the waltz was ended, and they were standing in the conservatory before the The silence was becoming painful when he exclaimee:

ful when he exclaimee:

"Eleanor, I must speak at last! Forgive me and listen! Although I had heard you were married, I came back to America for the sake of seeing you. I thought I could be near you and be only your friend. But you are unhappy, and every sorrow I read in your face casts its shadow upon my heart. I cannot see you suffer and he I cannot see you suffer and be my heart. I cannot see you suner and be silent. Why did you never write, and why do I find you married to that man so de-void of principle and honor, and whom I know you secretly loathe and despise?" The proud look went out of her face.

her voice was low and tender, her eyes

fore him a gentle, pleading girl. He had only one wish in the world—to take her away and shut out every care and sorrow moral, or in any sense in accordance from her future life. He said suddenly: with revealed religion, to kill your "You did love me as I always loved mother-in-law?"

you! Will you go away with me? We will find a beautiful home in Italy, and my ove shall make you happy. Say you will

It seemed a great temptation to her at seemed a great temptation to her. She would go away from the life of which she was so weary with him who loved her, the only one she had ever loved.

"Place your hand in mine, Eleanor. That shall mean yes."

Suddenly between herself and the earn set ever seeking her own there are so.

That shall mean yes."
Suddenly between herself and the earn est eyes seeking her own, there arose a scene of childhood. What had awakened such memories at that hour?
She stood by her dying mother, whose hand rested upon her head with loving caress, while she spoke her last farewell. Every word came back to her now: "My daughter, you will remember your mother's words long years after the lips that attered them are dust. When you are tempted to do wrong, repeat this prayer: Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." God will hear my motherless girl, and save her from sin."
Eleanor Lambert had lived a gav, frivolous life; she knew but little of moral courage, still less of Christian duty, but a mother's love had left a germ of goodness in her heart that the world had not destroyed, and the remembrance of a dead mother gave her strength to answer:
"I cannot go. We must part forever now. If I were your wife, I should be a better woman. But there will be an end of my unhappiness by-and-by, and when I am dead you will love my memory better for having saved you and myself from sin."

or having saved you and myself from

She gave him her hand, which he held in both of his while he said:
"Dear Eleanor, you are right. For the last time, farewell."

A moment later he was gone, and within the month he sailed for Europe, and they never met again. But Robert Willard's recollection of her face at parting lives on canvas as the "Mater Dolorosa." You may perhaps have een this same painting at the Academy of Design, and wondered if such sad, beautiful eyes ever looked from mortal face.

A Cat-astrophe.

A gentleman living in Brooklyn, who takes great delight in his flour garden, was for a long time much annoyed by the depredations of his neighbors' cats. It appeared as though his particular garden was selected for the scene of the rightly revels of all the cats in the city. Independent of the desolation they brought upon his rose, tulip, geranium, and other flowers, they kept the whole household awake every night by their

lover, but the months lengthened into three years, and she had not heard from him. It was not until after her marriage, and her father's death, that she learned how the latter had deceived her by keeping Robert's letters, hoping she would forget her girlish love.

Her husband loved her just as he did his fine house, his paintings and his statuary. She was beautiful, she adorned his house, and she was his. Her diamonds were the enry of all her friends. See had everything wealth could procure, and what reasonable woman could fail to be happy under such circumstances?

Her husband had said these things to himself sometimes, when he had realized in a vague way that his wife was rostless and discontented.

Since Robert Willard had come back, the months had passed like days. She had been happy in meeting him at receptions. late them somewhat to the brilliancy of and each cat was standing stiff upon toe-nails, apparently spell-bound. For a minute they thus stood, horribly howling, and then, with a simultaneous shriek, they all dashed madly over the fence, and fled in terror away. Since then our friend has been enabled on nights to sleep the sleep of the virtuous, and his flower-beds are left intact. The discoverers of the cat-astrophe are sup-posed to have disseminated the news of the terrible scene among the other feline for although occasionally a cat is ob-served glaring for an instant over the fence at a row of talls, as though seeking confirmation of the shocking news, and

> CAPTAIN PREBLE'S CASE .- A court of CAPTAIN FREBLE'S CASE.—A court of inquiry is in session at the Navy Department on the case of Captain G. H. Preble, who was summarily dismissed from the Navy in 1864 by President Lincoln for allowing the Confederate privateer for allowing the Confederate privateer Florida to run by his squadron and the blockade into the port of Mobile. Although Captain Preble never had a trial, it was charged that he was guilty of gross negligence. Captain Mafit, who commanded the Florida at the time, testified that by a ruse de guerre in flying the Brit-ish flag he got within hailing distance of Preble's squadron, and was promptly hailed; that thereupon he ran down the English flag and ran up the Confederate flag; that Preble immediately fired a shot across his bows, and in less than three minutes fired a broadside into the Florida, which tore the vessel all to pieces, killed one man and wounded eleven; and that Preble thoroughly and completely discharged his duty.

then mournfully, but precipitately re-tiring, not one has since that night set its foot in our friend's garden.

The only place the wife of a Congress-man can fairly trust him—and we write this advice in behalf of virtuous innoher voice was low and tender, her eyes full of unshed tears when she reptied:

"Robert, I never saw your letters. My father kept them. I heard of you as well and prosperous, but thought you had forgotten me and that I must forget you. Believing that, my heart was dead to love, and my marriage with Oscar Lamberts aved my father from bankruptcy I describe from their many cares. The club is always opened for a ways opened for a cypning with proper ways not provided the wife of a Congress-man can fairly trust him.—and we write this advice in behalf of virtuous innocence—is the Washington Club. The washington Club is composed almost entirely of heads of families, sober, the club is always opened for a cypning with organization of the control of the co your pity but not your censure."

To the man who loved her, the seven years of unhappiness that had separated them seemed to vanish, and she stood before him a gentle, pleading girl. He hed is unbatching to make them seemed to a second to the seven years of the seemed to the second substantiation," "Infant Baptism,"
"Can a man marry his aunt?" or "Is i

Ye Editor's Perplexities.

An editor is Mister Squibbs, A man of lordly will,
A mighty man likewise to wield

Ye seissors and ye quill.

Ye humble honors of ye press With lofty pride he wears;
Although no millionaire, he hath
Well nigh a million airs.

He strives with dignity to feed Ye little Squibbs with board, And cke upon ve wings of fame Ye name of Squibbs to spread.



He takes his little perquisites Ye which each Press man knows-With ready, gracious air,
For which he "puffs" bestows.

Now, Mr. Squibbs he had a pass Upon ye railroad train; Ye which was stolen; ye loss of which It vexed him sore with pain.



Then with a frown of dignity 'Give orders to your hirelings straight, Through all your road's extent

To seize the man wherever found, Who to my name aspires."
To orders flow, and Mr. Squibbs
With dignity retires.

Not many days thereafter, Squibbs With dignity arcse.

And clad his dignity and limbs

All in his Sunday clothes; For Squibbs was bid to scenes of mirth All in ye distant town, And merrily he cut his pen

To note ye doings down. And while he viewed his toilette o'er, He hits upon ye stolen pass,



With lofty air Squibbs gave yo pass Unto ve ticket ma Ye face of Squibbs to scar

Then, with a flaming latern, sore, He smote Squibbs on ye head; Three bloody brakemen then he called, Who bore him out as dead.

Upon yo lordly Squibbs then sat Three brakemen, great and small, Ye while the wrathful ticket man His clothes did overbank



They found a pass on every road That runs ye world around; They bound him fast, and swore they had Yo king of pass-thieves found.

His freedom was at last restored; . His dignity, alas, Was wrecked, and even to this day Squibbs won't ride on a pass.

Since the opening of the Eastern Penitentiary, of Pennsylvania, in 1829, 806 convicts, or 4.24 per cent. of the whole number confined, have been pardoned out. And of these 56, or 6.25 per cent. have been subsequently again convicted of crime.

Fashion Notes.

search of cattle that are running wild, and drive them into a large inclosure, specially constructed for the purpose, termed a "corral," where heated irons re held in readiness, containing the die of each separate owner, with which to brand the young cattle. Expert "vauqueros" enter the "corral, "and recognizing each calf or colt, as the case may be, by the brand on his mother, lassoes and by the brand on his mother, lassoes and drags it aside, to be similarly branded. When the brands grow dim on the parent cow, or on the steers, the impression of the brand is renewed on their bips; after which they are released and permitted again to roam at large till they are needed for the market, or until the annual period again arrives for repeating the gathering of the herds.

The "rodeo" is just now a popular institution in the counties indicated. It is governed by a statute, which provides for "Judges of the Plains," who give their attendance on such occasions and see that everything is conducted fairly.

the "rodeo" is just now a popular institution in the counties indicated. It is governed by a statute, which provides for "Judges of the Plains," who give their attendance on such occasions and see that everything is conducted fairly. The stock-owner intending to hold a "rodeo" is required to give at least four lays' notice of the fact to parties interested. All numarked cattle are considered to be the property of the person on

ested. All numarked cattle are considered to be the property of the person on whose grazing ground they are found.

The Tribune.

The Banna.—Humbold: represents the beama as everywhere found in company with the palm. More productive the native California population. It is not be wondered at, therefore, that the news of such an event should spread far and wide and attract visitors from long distances to attend it. The sport is relished with a keen zest, and not unfrequently has a sad termination; for the reason that a fatherly bull, fierce cow, or vicious mare, takes a notion occusionally to dispute the liberty taken with their off-spring, and make a flerce assault upon the "raqueror." On the occasion of the "rodeo," such feats of reckless daring in horsemanship are often displayed by the native Californians, as would make even a Comanche Indian look on with admination.

to do is to have their kettles in it for a short time, and their food is nicely cooked. They are even able to bake in it. The bread is put into a tight saucepan, and lowered into the boiling flood for an hour or two, and them drawn must be successful to the said saucepan, and lowered into the drawn must be successful to the said same tight saucepan, and lowered into the drawn must be successful to the said same tight saucepan, and lowered into the drawn must be successful to the said same tight saucepan, and lowered into the drawn must be successful to the said same tight same rim on the crust over it. Meat is cooked and beans, which are the miner's luxury. It takes but a minute to great luxury. cook eggs, or to make a pot of coffee or tea; but if there should chance to be a "slip between the cup and the lip," the food would be gone beyond recovery.

The retirement of Graham and Gerry from the defence of Stokes created some excitement generally in New York. It was generally understood that this action on the part of Stokes' counsel was caused by his recent statement of certain facts in connection with the case which it is supposed would be prejudicial to his interest, and which was done in open violation of their instructions.

The only way to effectually destroy in some kinds of soil, is for the husband; in some kinds of soil, is for the husband; man to say: "Wilthou?" That makes them immediately wilt.

Residue Sotte.

The origin of the doores has consumed again, not only in nature through the present of the south of the doores has consumed again, not only in nature through the present of the south o

This community was shocked yesterday by hearing that John Doe, a man of quiet and studious habits, and somewhat known in a literary way, had murdered in cold blood an unoffending neighbor. Richard Roe. Mr. Doe perpetrated the horrid deed in open day, in the crowded street, without the slightest provocation. When a passing policeman seized him, and asked him what had prompted him to inabue his hands (this will no doubt be the reporter's exact language) in the be the reporter's exact language) in the blood of a fellow-creature, he made no reply. Then followed this colloquy:

blood of a fellow-creature, no made no reply. Then followed this colloquy: Policeman—Are you insane, Mr. Doe? Doc—Never saner in my life. Policeman—had Roe ever done you

Policeman—nat the ever that any injury?

Doe—None whatever. I had no ill feeling against the poor fellow.

Policeman—Why then did you murder

The Liquor law lately passed by the Legislature provides, among other things, that "it shall be unlawful within the State for any person to become intoxicated," and makes the offence punishable

de in advance. The idea of making theifer hyme to 'zepbyr' is something unique, and would no doubt make a sensation. Our usual price for original poetry is eight dollars a line, but as there are externating circumstances in

The Original "Buffalo Bill."

to the revolver, and he who can draw and fire the first is the best man. No it is the the first is the best man. No it is in fact, there is no law recognized for. In fact, there is no law recognized beyond the frontier but that of "might makes right." Should death result from the quarrel, as it usually does, no concers jury is impaneled to learn the cause of death, and the survivor is not arrested. But instead of these old-fashinod proceedings, a meeting of citizens takes place, the survivor is requested to be present when the circumstances of the conicids are inquired into, and the unfalling verdict of "justifiable," "self-defence," etc., is pronounced, and the unfalling verdict of "justifiable," "self-defence," etc., is pronounced, and the unfalling verdict of "justifiable," "self-defence," etc., is pronounced, and the unfalling verdict of wild Bill." A substance in which the verdict of twelve fair-minded men would not be pronounced in his favor. That the even too unknowledge, there is not a single instance in which the verdict of twelve fair-minded men would not be pronounced in his favor. That the even too in the guard of this kind in which "Wild Bill," as been floating lately through the columns of the press, and which states that "the funeral of 'Jim Bludso,' who was killed the other day by 'Wild Bill,' what could be more thought took place to-day." It then adds: "The funeral expenses were borne by 'Wild Bill." What could be more thought the columns of the press, and which states that "the funeral of 'Jim Bludso,' who was killed the other day by 'Wild Bill." What could be more thought the columns of the press, and which states that "the funeral of 'Jim Bludso,' who was killed the other day by 'Wild Bill." What could be more thought the expenses were borne by 'Wild Bill." What could be more thought the expenses of the transit.—General the expenses of the transit.—General Custer.

Saying Monex.—Thereis, perhaps, no

commonly called and designated as the devil's fiddle, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and punished by a fine not exceeding \$20, or by imprisonment the nabit of saving until he saves from sheer delight in seeing his wealth increase, and of counting every dollar of expenditure as thouch its loss was some screese, and of counting every dollar of expenditure as though its loss was something that could never be repaired. Yet it is the duty of every poor man to save something. The possession of a few dollars often makes all the difference between happiness and misery, and no man, especially with a family dependent upon him, can be truly independent unless he has a few dollars reserved for the time of nied. While extreme carelessness as to the expenditure of money will make a rich man poor, a wise economy will almost as certainly make a poor man rich, or at least make him to a considerable extent independent of the caprice of his amployers and of the common vicissitudes of life. Nothing is more important to the poor man than the habit of saving something; but his little hoard in the difference of the common vicissitudes of life. Nothing is more important to the poor man than the habit of saving something; but his little hoard in the difference of the common vicissitudes of life. Nothing is more important to the poor man than the habit of saving something; but his little hoard of the common vicissitudes of life. Nothing is more important to the poor man than the habit of saving something; but his little hoard in the properties of the saving something. The content of the common vicissitudes of life. Nothing is more important to the poor man than the habit of saving something; but his little hoard of the common vicissitudes of life. Nothing is more important to the poor man than the habit of saving something; but his little hoard of the common vicissitudes of life. Nothing is more important to the poor man than the habit of saving something; but his little hoard of the common vicissitudes of life. Nothing is more important to the poor man than the habit of saving something; but his little hoard of the common vicissitudes of life. Nothing is more important to the poor man than the habit of saving something the poor man to lead to saving the sav Economical Coeres in Oregon called the Smoky Valley, where the people have a curious way of cooking. They do not have the trouble of making a fire every morning when they wish to get breakfast. They just walk out with their kettless coffeenats and whatever else they. saving something; but his little hoard will begin to grow at a rate which will surprise and gratify him. Every worksurprisonment. A person in an inedirected condition may be taken in charge
a by any good Samaritan and is liable to
have to pay to the said Samaritan 82 a
day for his care.

Not Encouraging.—Says the Sawannah News: "S. T. Ringgold.—Your 'Sonnit to a Violet' is good, but it is an invariable rule among newspapers to publish no original poetry unless it is paid
for in advance. The idea of making
'heifer' rhyme to 'zephyr' is something
'many fibres' which will canable him to do

surprise and gratify him. Every work
ingman ought to have an account in
some savings bank, and should add to
it every week during which he has full
employment, even if the addition is but
a dollar at a time. If he does this he
will soon find the dollars growing into
tens, and these tens into hundreds, and
in a little time will be in possession
of a sum which is constantly yielding an
addition to his income, which secures
lish no original poetry unless it is paid
for in advance. The idea of making
'heifer' rhyme to 'zephyr' is something ed, and which will enable him to do many things, which, without a little money, he would be powerless to do.—

You Did.—At a recent trial the counsel for the prosecution, after severely cross-avening a witness suddenly put on

poor fellow had to give up.

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THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN.

A square is the width of a column and one inch deep.

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Facts and Faucies.

PESHTIGO.—Peshtigo looks to us now, since the snow went off, sadder than ever. The charred timbers strewing the ground; hox. Two women stood "afar off" weeping, We did not wait to see any

money, he would be powerless to do.—

Pittsburgh Post.

Dundreary got against a snag while in Boston. Says he—"They want to cut the houses down in order to widen the streets, because there are so many people. But if they cut the houses down, there will not be so many people. The people can't live in the houses after the houses are cut down; and if there ain't so many people, why cut them down to make the streets wider?" The down to make the streets wider?" The word of them,"

To the prosecution, after severely cross-examining a witness, suddenly put on a look of severity, and exclaimed:

"Now, sir, was not an effort made to induce you to tell a different story irom what I have told, do you mean?" "Yes, sir; several persons have tried to get me to tell a different story trom what I have told, but they couldn't." "Now, sir, upon your oath, with the know who those persons are." "Well, you've tried about as hard as any of them." "Well, you've tried about as hard as any of them,"