The Tarboro' Southerner.

"I Am a Southern Man, of Southern Principles."—Jefferson Davis.

VOLUME XLV. TARBORO', EDGECOMBE COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA, MAY 27, 1869. NUMBER 26.

The Tarboro' Southerner.

A Family Fireside and Political Newspaper

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY

CHARLES & BIGGS.

JAMES G. CHARLES. WILLIAM BIGGS.

The Southerner is one of the oldest and largest Journals in North Carolina, and as one of the institutions of the County, its conductors will strive to direct it in the interest of the State and Country at large, and they will spare no pains to make it a fit representative of the section from which it emanates.

The subscription price is Three Dollars a year; Two Dollars for Six Months, and must be paid invariably in advance. Money may in all cases be sent by mail, at the risk of the Publishers.

PROFESSIONAL.

L. D. PENDER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Tarboro', N. C.

Feb 13. 6-tf

ASA BIGGS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Tarboro', N. C.,

Office—East of the Burat District and near the Edgecombe House.

August 1, 1867. 35—tf

DOSSEY BATTLE,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.

Collections made—*if possible.*

CIRCUIT,

Nash, Halifax, Wilson and Egecombe Counties.

Jan. 16. 6-tf

RAIL ROADS.

Wilmington & Weldon R. R. Co.

Change of Schedule.

Office Chief Engineer & Gen. Sup't, Wilmington, N. C., April 9, '69.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 11TH THE Passenger Trains on this Road will leave Wilmington at 6.A M and 10 P M and arrive at Weldon 6.50 A M and 2.50 P M.

Leave Weldon daily at 10.15 A M and 7.45 P M and arrive at Wilmington at 4.30 A M and 3.45 P M.

The day train will not run on Sundays.

A daily through freight train will leave Wilmington (Sundays excepted) at 3.00 P M, for the accommodation of Truck Farmers. Passengers can also get accommodations on said freight train as far as Golds-boro' coming out from Wilmington.

S. L. FIELMONT,

Engineer and Superintendent.

Wilmington, April 15, 1869. 26-tf

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

Raleigh & Gaston Rail Road Co., Engineer's Office, Raleigh, N. C., July 16, 1868.

ON and after January 16th, 1869, Trains will run on the Raleigh & Gaston Rail road as follows:

Mail Train leaves Raleigh, 7.20 A. M.
Arrives at Weldon, - 2.10 P. M.
Mail Train leaves Weldon 10.15 A. M.
Arrives at Raleigh - 4.45 P. M.
Freight Train leaves Raleigh 11.55 A. M.
" " arrives at Raleigh 9.30 A. M.

The Mail Trains make immediate connections with all points North and South.

A. B. ANDREWS,
Superintendent.

Feb. 4. 10-tf

SCHEDULE NOTICE.

Seaboard & Roanoke Railroad Co.
January 1, 1869.

TRAINS leave Weldon daily except Sundays as follows:

Mail Train at ..... 7 P M
Through Freight Train at ..... 3 A M
Way " " at ..... 3 30 A M

Arrive at Portsmouth.

Mail Train at ..... 7 10 P M
Through Freight Train at ..... 11 15 A M
Way " " at ..... 2 30 P M

The Mail Train connects at Portsmouth with Old Bay Line Steamers for Baltimore, Winton, New York and all places North. Freight by Express.

The Freight Trains connect with Steamers for Baltimore. Five passenger cars on Night Train, four on Day Train. Mail Train runs daily, Freight Trains three times a week for Portsmouth.

R. G. TUTLEY,
Supt. Transportation.

Jan 21. 8-tf

TO SHIPPERS.

NORTH CAROLINA ALL STATE RAILWAY LINES. (that used to be)

The Old Raleigh & Gaston Rail Road, the Shortest, Quickest, Safest and best Line, North or South, to be left in the Cold, Unless Shippers Specially Say Via R. & G. R. R.

WE inaugurated and are the *Great Through Inland Air Line Route* to all points North, South and West, and have since fully worked the line to the entire satisfaction of Shippers, North and South, for the last two years, as the *Thousands Shippers to Testify and Citizens* of Carolina will testify. We paid the State more than Five Hundred Thousand Dollars Net Profit for the road—thereby saving the people from Taxation for all time to come, Thirty per year; and we unhesitatingly declare that we can and will give more dispatch to all points, North and South, than any other Line.

NOTICE!

The Great Inland Air Line Freight ROUTE,

Via The Raleigh & Gaston Rail Road,

is the Short Line for Shippers, and you are *requested to direct your Freights*, or they will be taken by another Route!

To insure your Freight being carried over this *Great* Inland Air Line, safely, direct your consignors to mark your Freight, Care of Rail Road Agent, Portsmouth, Va., or City Point, Va., *via Raleigh & Gaston Rail Road*, and to shippers follows,

From Boston:

Merchants' & Miners Line, end of Central Wharf, E. Sampson, Agent.

From New York:

Old Dominion Steamship Co., Shipping Point Pier 35, North River, Foot Beach St., Office 187, Greenwich St. Cor. Dey; N. L. McGrady, President.

From Philadelphia:

(Via Annamessex) Phila., Wilmington and Baltimore Depot, on Clyde's Line of Steamers, 14 N. Delaware Avenue, W. P. Clyde, Agent.

From Baltimore:

Baltimore Steam Packet Co., Key Line Steamers, Foot Union Dock, L. B. Parks, Agent, or Powhatan Steam Boat Co., 34 Light Street Wharf. C. B. ALLEN, Freight Agt.

Feb 4. 10-tf Raleigh, N. C.

JNO. W. WHITE,

Cabinet Maker and Undertaker,

Tarboro', N. C.

HAS on hand a large lot of Bedsteads, Chairs and others articles of Furniture, which he offers to the public cheap for Cash, all kind of wood Coffins, of all sizes on hand.

All Kinds of Furniture Made and Repaired at the shortest notice.

Jan. 27 9—tf

NORFOLK.

JAMES B. RICKS. A. G. MILHADO.

RICKS & MILHADO,

General Commission Merchants,

Ferguson & Milhado's Wharf,

NORFOLK, VA.

July 16. 35-tf

Established 1851.

KADER BIGGS. JOS. J. BIGGS

Kader Biggs & Co.,

Cotton Factors and General Commission Merchants,

Norfolk, Va.

SPECIAL AND FAITHFUL ATTENTION to sales of Cotton and all other kinds of produce; and prompt returns made.

Our long experience in business gives us superior advantages in making sales at the highest market prices.

Cotton Forwarded to Liverpool Free of Commissions.

Liberal advances made on produce in hand.

Travelling Agent, Maj. Jas. M. Mayo of Edgecombe. Local Agents: Robert Whitehurst, Esq., Tarboro', and W. W. Parker, Esq., Rocky Mount, who will be pleased to furnish any information or facilities to those shipping to our house. Rope and Bagging supplied at the lowest Market prices.

Sept 17. 42-1

C F Greenwood. Fred Greenwood.

ESTABLISHED 1847.

C. F. GREENWOOD & CO.,

Watchmakers and Jewelers,

DEALERS IN

FINE GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, Diamonds, Pearl and other rich Jewelry, Solid Silver and Plated Ware,

Spectacles, Clocks AND Fancy Goods,

No. 27 Main Street,

Norfolk, Virginia.

N. B.—Watches and Jewelry repaired by the most skillful workmen and warranted.

May 28. 26-tf

S. A. STEVENS & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers IN

Furniture, Carpeting, and Paper Hangings,

FURNITURE HALL,

Corner Main and Granby Streets,

OPPOSITE POSTOFFICE,

Norfolk, Va.

Feb. 18. 12-6m

Z. HOFHEIMER,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

CLOTHING

AND

GENTS FURNISHING GOODS.

Advantages Equal to any House South,

A Call is Respectfully Solicited.

No. 37 Main Street,

NORFOLK, VA.

May 28. 26-1y

TAYLOR, MARTIN & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Hardware, Cutlery, BAR IRON AND STEEL, WAGON MATERIAL, BELTING AND PACKING, House Furnishing Goods, &c.,

Circular Front, corner of Main street and Market Square,

Norfolk, Va.

Nails at Factory Prices, Trace Chains, Weed, Hilling and Grub Hoes, Horse Collars and Hames, Axes, Saws, &c., &c.

The trade supplied at Northern prices.

May 28. 26-tf

L. L. Brickhouse. S. J. Thomas.

L. L. BRICKHOUSE & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail dealers in

BOOTS, SHOES,

Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags &c.,

No. 23 Main Street

Opposite Taylor, Martin & Co,

Norfolk, Va.

☞ Full stock constantly on hand at Lowest Market Prices.

John H. Ferrer, of Morganton, N. C.

May 28. 26-tf

Cosmopolitan Billiard AND Reading Rooms.

21 Main Street.

NORFOLK, VA.

TEN (10) Phelon Tables; all the Newspapers of the day on file.

The BAR is furnished with the best of Ales, Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

LOCKHARTS BROS. Prop'rs.

April 8 26-6m

DR. GODDIN'S COMPOUND GENTIAN BITTERS

Cures Chills and Fever, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Colic, Sick Stomach, Headaches, Fever, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, &c.

☞ A UNIVERSAL TONIC. ☜

A sure, safe and reliable preventative and cure for all Malarial diseases, and all diseases requiring a general tonic impression.

Prepared only by Dr. N. A. H. GODDIN and for sale everywhere.

JAMES T. WIGGINS,

(Successor to J. H. Baker & Co., Proprietary Agent and Wholesale dealer in Patent Medicines, Norfolk, Virginia. April 29 22-1y

Vegetables and Fruits.

WE have made all the necessary arrangements and are now prepared to receive and sell on Commission, in connection with our regular business,

Early Vegetables,

such as Garden Peas, Beans, Tomatoes, Onions, Cucumbers, Lettuce, Radishes, etc. etc.

Fruits

as Peaches, Apples, Pears, Strawberries, &c and indeed every species of either

Vegetables or Fruits.

We feel confident that we can handle these articles in our market with less risk and expense than they can possibly be handled further North, and will take special pains to see that they have *prompt* attention, which is indispensable.

Let the boxes or barrels be substantial and well ventilated, and plainly marked to

STATON, BENNETT & CO.,

McPhail's Wharf,

April 22 Norfolk, Va. 21-tf

The Tarboro' Southerner.

THURSDAY, - - - - MAY 27, 1869.

[From the New York Democrat.]

Marriage of Jefferson Davis.

BY HUMANITY, JR.

It may not be generally known that Jefferson Davis of Mississippi, late President of the Confederate States of America, was first married to a daughter of the lamented Zachary Taylor, who was elected President of the United States in 1848. Much less are the peculiar incidents and romantic circumstances attending Mr. Davis' marriage to Miss Sarah Knox Taylor, known to the world. I propose to make up this chapter of history.

During the "Black Hawk War," more than a third of a century ago, Col. Taylor commanding Fort Crawford, at Prarie da Chien, Wisconsin (then Michigan), and his family were with him. Jefferson Davis, then a young graduate of West Point, bearing a lieutenant's commission in the regular army, was also under orders at the same fort. Handsome, brave and chivalrous by nature, and possessing all the suavity, ease and grace which thorough intellectual culture and the most refined society confers, it was not strange that his heart became the target for many of Cupid's seldom erring arrows. One of those arrows, being directed by a glance of Miss Knox Taylor's flashing eyes, "hit the mark," and it so happened that Miss Knox's heart went with the missile, and that the two hearts became indissolubly connected. Col. Taylor, looking with disfavor upon the situation, resolved to break the alliance, and accordingly directed his servant to say to Knox, as he always called his daughter, that he wished to see her in the parlor. She came, and the following conversation ensued:

"Knox, what can possibly be the object of Lieut. Davis in visiting this house so frequently?"

"I cannot imagine, father, unless it is to see and talk with me."

"You surely do not encourage his visits?"

"Why not? Lieut. Davis is handsome, generous, refined and courageous. Young ladies usually feel themselves complimented by the attentions of such gentlemen."

"This will never do—*never do*, Knox. I must forbid him the house."

"Why, father, what possible objection have you to Lieut. Davis?"

"He is all that you claim for him, my daughter; but he is too headlong and headstrong. Should you become his wife you will be left a widow after his first battle. In truth, there is no telling to what sad fate that young man's rash impetuosity will lead him. It will not do—it will *never do.*"

Without awaiting an answer or word, Col. Taylor strode rapidly away in his military boots, with the imperious air of one whose word was law, leaving Miss Knox to her tears *and a woman's resolve.* Lieutenant Davis received an intimation sufficiently pointed to enable him to understand that his presence at Colonel Taylor's could be dispensed with. Nothing of unusual interest occurred during the succeeding month, except that the health of the Colonel's beautiful and accomplished daughter declined rapidly, and it came to be seriously feared that the fell destroyer, consumption, had marked her as another victim, whilst the young lieutenant became so quick tempered and irritable that if any one dared even to regret Miss Taylor was not looking so well as usual, coffee and pistols for two were likely to be called for. A denouement came, however, as usual in all strategic movements either in love or in war.

One bright morning, ere the early bee had gone forth to gather his sweets from flower and field, Colonel Taylor aroused from his slumbers. By a strange coincidence he had been dreaming of "Wild Jeff" upon his noble steed, with Knox so gracefully sitting on her blooded pony, running the gauntlet of scalping knives, tomahawks and poisoned arrows. Being awakened he demanded to know why he had been disturbed at so unreasonable an hour.

"Aye, aye, sir; it's only Patrick after coming to tell your honor that Miss Knox's darlint pony has gone out through the key (kay) hole of the stable, bridled and saddled himself, and set out on a race with the wild winds, if ye judge by the wider-apart prints of his hoofs that he wasither lavin' behint him, sir, and Miss Knox herself, sir, must have fashtenced herself in the bonnetbox in her room for sure Biddy, the girl, and Sally, the nager, watched time about, both at once, after seeing her to retire, and she did'nt get out, and she's not in there, sir, and"

"Silence!" roared the Colonel.

"Yis, yis, your servant." cried Pat, placing his ear to the key-hole.

"Can you tell me, Patrick," said the Colonel, "whether Lieutenont Davis' horse is in his stall?" the Colonel at the same time stepping to the door.

"He is not, sir, and his sarvint protists it's a red-skin has rode him away. Sure there's not another rider this side the ould dart would get such jumps from a horse as the lieutenant's made when he was lavin,' and that ye can know be measuring the space' twixt his tracks."

"Well, well, Patrick, go now."

Away went the anxious Hibernian in eager search for further light touching the mysterious occurrences of the night. The faithful Patrick, wild with excitement, and trembling with apprehension regarding the safety of the darlint Miss Knox as well as for the well-being of his favorite lieutenant passed hurriedly from place to place, and, by his highly agitated manner, spreading serious alarm as a contagion in the tropies; so that when the Colonel, a little latter, reached his front door, citizens were approaching from every direction, and his practiced eye discovered that the whole garrison was in commosion, as if momentarily expecting to be led forth by him to the rescue of his beloved daughter and the young lieutenant, who were supposed to have been captured by the hated "red skins." The general excitement was greatly augmented half an hour afterwards by the discovery that Lieut. George Wilson (brother of Hon. Thomas S. Wilson, of Dubuqe. Iowa), and Miss Street, daughter of General Street, were also among the missing. The opinion prevails generally that the four young friends had been captured and scalped, as it was not to be supposed that even the courage of those gallant and chivalrous young officers could permit them to pass, especially with ladies, beyond picket lines. Hence, at an early hour, the good French pioneers of the prairie came from every direction, mounted on their fleetest ponies, and armed with guns, pistols, butcher knives, etc., while the women wept in anguish over the loss of their favorites of the fort. In the midst of all this confusion, and before Colonel Taylor had quite decided upon the precise course proper to be pursued, an old pioneer, more calm and self-possessed than the great mass about him, descried, far over the prairie, two gentlemen and two ladies on horseback, approaching the fort with apparently all possible speed. Attention being called to to the joyous sight, and all divining that they were the missing lieutenants and ladies who, by special interposition of Providence, must have escaped, but were hotly pursued by their merciless captors, the whole body of impetuous and truehearted Frenchmen were rushed with headlong speed to the rescue, and were soon face to face with the late lost ones, whom they greeted with such shouts of joy, it was averred, as had never before come from the lips and hearts of men on that beautiful "Prairie of the Dogs."

To say that the two lieutenants and their fair companions were greatly as well as most agreeably surprised at these unexpected greetings and cordial congratulations, would be but to convey a faint idea of their astonishment. They indeed had no conception of the real cause of all this tumultuous rejoicing until the old pioneer, before mentioned, rode forward, and in accents of broken, almost sobbing eloquence, depicted the intense excitement and grief which the discovery of the capture of the lieutenants and ladies, by the ruthless savages, had occasioned throughout the village. Lieutenant Wilson essayed an explanation, but the old man, motioning the lieutenant to be silent, gave his order, and away dashed the "rescuers" filled with joy over the fortunate turn of events and happy results of the morning, while the sides of the "rescued" were splitting with laughter at the ludicrous mistake of their friends.

Arriving at the village, the lieutenants and ladies, without being permitted a word in explanation, were rapturously greeted by men, women and children, in every manner calculated to manifest the great joy of the population consequent upon their miraculous escape from tomahawks and scalping-knives, after passing that dreadful night in the custody of savages.

Few men have lived who, at any period of their existence possessed stronger self-will or control over himself than Lieutenant Davis; yet in vain did he on that occasion exert faculty and power to repress the risibilities of his nature in order to render an explanation possible. Much less was it possible for the ever merry and great hearted Lieutenant Wilson to do so. These ludicrous circumstances, with the exuberance of public rejoicing—all jabbering away in French and English at the same time—rendered it utterly impossible for either of the "rescued party" to get in a word edgewise or otherwise and so the crowd gradually dispersed.

Col. Taylor, however "smelt a mice," and was not long in ascertaining the true state of affairs—that is, that Jeff and his daughter Knox had engaged in "a runaway match," with Lieutenant Wilson and the beautiful Miss Street as groomsman and bridesmaid. Truth would out, and in less than an hour every man, woman and child in the village knew all about the wedding, and as they discussed the singular affairs and adventures of the morning, the most uproarious shouts of laughter arose from every group and household.

There was, however; one face amid that widespread scene of mirth and gayety that was livid with rage; two lips tightly compressed; two eyes flashing with indignation; and one strong hand grasping, now and again the hilt of an ofstried sword. The reader may well imagine that I refer to Col. Zachary Taylor, before whose angry glance brave indeed must have been the heart that did not become faint.

Col. Taylor having declared, with an oath strong as he ever used, that under no circumstances would he ever forgive Davis or become reconciled with his daughter, an alienation thereafter existed as wide as the poles of the earth.

* * * * * *

Sixteen years had passed away on "the wheels of time" when Gen. Zachary Taylor and Col. Jeff. Davis met in a foreign country, amid the sickening scenes of blood, carnage and battle, in defence of their country's honor, and over both of whose commands defiantly floated "the star spangled banner"—a flag which at that date (January 8th, 1848) was in truth and reality the emblem of liberty and equality. Whenever on that sanguinary field the fierce contest raged and duty called, there was seen the noble and soldierly form of Col. Jefferson Davis at the head of the "First Mississippi Rifles," than which no more courageous, gallant and glorious regiment ever unsheathed sword for national honor. This was the battle of Buena Vista, in Mexico, where Colonel Davis was severely, and it was at the time supposed mortally, wounded by a cannon ball, and by the fall of his horse, the latter being instanyly killed.

* * * * * *

It was evening at Buena Vista; the great battle had been fought. American arms and valor had triumphed, the dead were being buried and the wounded humanely cared for by comrades' hands, when General Taylar mounted his splendid war horse, "Old Whitey," and hurriedly made his way to the marquee of Colonel Jeff Davis. Arriving at the wounded Colonel's headquarters the General quickly dismounted, stepped to the Colonel's cot, grasped him by the hand, pressed it fervently, and almost overcome by emotion, said: "Jeff you have saved us this day with your glorious 'rifles'—let me confess that Knox knew your worth and your metal better than I did."

From that moment throughout the war, and indeed, until the death of President Taylor, the warmest friendship existed between these old companions in arms. Even when Gen. Taylor was the Whig President of the United States and Jefferson Davis a Democratic United States Senator from Mississippi, amid all the political strifes of the time, no feelings other than those of the purest, unselfish regard ever existed between them.

Let us trust through hopeful augury if naught else, that another reconciliation may occur—that the people of our beloved country may become again united under an acknowledgment of allegiance to the Constitution. Pursuing the example of the illustrious hero of Buena Vista, let us trust rather that we "to err is human," it is like the brave to be forgiving and magnanimous.

Sleeping in Church.

Did you ever sleep in church? Of course you have. If the weather is warm, if the preaching is dull, if you have been watching with a friend, if you have worked hard through the week, or your dinner has been uncommonly good; if anything—no matter what—then down goes the head, away goes your cognizance of all things existing and the mind launches out into the world of dreams and visions. I remember when I was a boy, how vexatious this sleeping habit was. I would no sooner take my seat, than buzz went my head; the big pillars of the old church would begin to look wry, the sounding-board over the minister's head would cut upon parts of Euclid, people's heads would get swelled up, that I could not for the life of me tell who was who. Then the whole church would whirl round and turn somersaults like a mountebank, the minister himself would become gassy, and complete chaos would ensue.

But I well remember too one horrible occasion, which, although thirty years have intervened, remains written on my thinking tables in letters deep cut and indelible. It was a warm day. I had spent the forenoon in church as best I could. I had at noon, as the custom was, filled the proper place with a very improper quantity of bread and cheese, and had again taken my place in the old pew. According to favorable usage, soon found myself, or rather was, without finding myself, in a sound sleep. While in this situation something startled me. I opened my peepers and found the congregation rising, as I supposed to listen to the last prayer. I leaped up with a bound, and scarcely with any consciousness of what I was doing, ran to the front of the pew, thrust one arm between the old-fashioned balustrade that surrounded me—and threw the other over the pew top, clasped them round the rail and the next moment was in a sound sleep. What transpired from that time till my nap was finished, I never knew. This part of my life and existence is a perfect blank.

When I awoke the minister had nearly finished his sermon. Here then was a fix. I had been standing up, right in the middle of the house, sound asleep, through the whole service, observed of everybody, known to every one, and probably laughed at by all. Then again, how came I there. I thought I had sufficient reason for getting up in the onset. Perhaps this was a mistake, and I might have been dreaming all the time, and hence had no occasion for rising at all. How extremely foolish I must have appeared! This was most decidedly a fix, and although I inquired diligently, I have never learned to this day whether I got up alone or with the rest of the congregation. There are however two circumstances which I know to be facts. First, I was terribly frightened. Second, I did not sleep, or even feel drowsy again in church for the next five years.—*Keystone.*

The Bankrupt Law.—An erroneous idea prevails that in order to obtain a discharge in bankruptcy, a bankrupt's estate must pay fifty cents on the dollar. By reference to the amendment it will be seen that a discharge will be granted if the petitioner's assets are equal to fifty cents on the dollar of the debts that are proved against him that he *owes as a principal.* Security debts are not taken into consideration. Again, if the petitioner can obtain the written consent of a majority in number and in value of those who have *proved their debts* against him that he *owes as a principal*, a discharge will be granted. The refusal of Congress to extend the Act, really makes but little difference, as a discharge can be as easily obtained now as before the commencement of the operation of the fifty per cent clause.

AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

Probable Death of President Grant.

The Radical party nominated for Vice-President the man Colfax, in anticipation of the removal, by impeachment or by death, of U. S. Grant.—"We want no more doubtful Vice-Presidents," was the warning of Wendell Phillips. The party denied that Wendell Phillips was authorized to issue the word of command, and then proceeded to obey it. "Circumstances compel us," they reflected "to head our ticket with a speechless sphynx; but even the sphynxes can be removed, and may die. We must have, for the second place, a man of our own choosing. And the choice fell on poor simpering Colfax.

The probabilities that Grant will be removed by impeachment are diminishing in proportion as the probabilities of his removal by death are increasing. Private advices from Washington indicate that Grant is failing in health very rapidly. It is even doubted if he will live to perform the Presidential functions a year, although he may not before that time be in his grave. The malady under which he is suffering is of the kind that kills the mind before the body dies, although the death of the body inevitably follows.

The symptoms in Grant's case are both mental and physical suffering.—He has had to "shut up shop" six times already in as many weeks. "He is losing flesh." Visitors complain of his brusquenesss, and many of them of his temper. He has wholly ceased to receive visitors at night. The few who see him with his family speak of him as appearing to be thoroughly fagged out by each day's round of work. He smokes incessantly and sits for hours with his little grandchild in his own, not uttering a word, and never talking except when his wife whispers anxiety on account of his condition to ill the girls.

Medical gentlemen will, even from this brief description, recognize a readily known case to the world, which is rapidly undoing the work of the great effort of any kind, and hurrying him surely to the grave.

Fatuitly, in many of the more common phases, is probably, not hereditary in the Grant family. But that loss of reason which results from what is called softening of the brain is not, properly speaking, a form of insanity, but a sheer effect of a physical disease, that may result from a great many different causes. Excessive intemperance in drink, or in habit that exhausts the nervous system, is a very prolific cause. The intemperate use of opium or tobacco has the same effect. Gradually the effect of using these poisons are not visible, or do not develop until some other element is brought into combination, just as the element oxygen is necessary to the combination of phosphorus in Mr. Grant's case, the real possibility of the presidential office, and the unusual exercise of his mental faculties which it involves, brings into operation the element which, in a person not so prepared for it, would have remained quiescent and latent. And we need not say, expressly, the problem is here presented for him.

Such is Mr. Grant's state of health that the conviction of not the surprise if he should be disqualified to perform the duties of President before the next meeting of Congress. Whether, in that case, Congress would proceed immediately to inaugurate Mr. Colfax or not, would perhaps depend upon the opinions of medical experts as to the possibility of Grant's recovery. The reasonable presumption, however, is, that the only hope of his recovery is in his retirement to a private and perfectly quiet life. As President of the United States, the indications clearly are that he cannot live to the end of the term.—*Chicago Times.*

The History of the Tune of "Dixie."

The Memphis *Post* tells this story of "Dixie":

"In the first place, the song and chorus of 'Dixie' was composed and arranged by Dan Emmet, a member of a travelling minstrel party, who, while at Mobile in the winter of 1857-'58, heard some negro laborers singing on the levee while loading a steamboat with cotton. The thought struck Dan that, with a little change of measure, it could be made a good song and walk around,' which generally winds up a negro minstrel concert. Dan arranged it and produced it. It became a success, and was sung and played all over the country by all the bands.

"In the spring of 1861, Mrs. John Wood came to New Orleans to play an engagement at the Varieties Theatre. During the time she appeared in Brougham's burlesque of Pocahontas. At the first rehearsal of the piece everything went well until near the close of the second act; Tom McDonough, (now agent for Leffingwell,) the prompter, got up a Zouave march and drill by twenty two ladies, led by Susan Denin. Everything ran smooth, but the music for the march could not be found upon. Carlo Patti was leader of the orchestra and he tried several marches, but none suited McDonough—one was too slow, another was too tame, another not enough spirit. At length Patti struck up the negro air of 'Dixie.' 'That will do, Patti—the very thing,' said Tom and 'Dixie' was played, and the march gone through with, and the encore by all the characters. At night, it received a double encore, and Pocahontas had a 'run,' and from that time out the streets and parlors rang with 'Dixie.' The war broke out that spring, and the military bands took it up, and 'Dixie' become to the South what the Marseillaise Hymn was to the French. And that's how 'Dixie' became the popular war song of the South.

Beecher on Early Marriage.

At no period, perhaps, in their life, do young men need the inspiration of virtuous love and the sympathy of a companion in their self denying toil, as when they first enter the battle for their own support. Early marriages are permanent realities, and deferred marriages are temptations to wickedness. And yet every year it becomes more and more difficult, concurrence with reigning ideas of society, for young men to enter upon that matrimonial state which is the proper guard of their virtue, as well as their courage and enterprise. The battle of life is almost at the beginning. There it is that man needs womankind. But a wicked and ridiculous public sentiment puts a man who is in society, or out of society, for that matter, largely on the ground of condition, and not of disposition and character. The man that has means wherewith he can visibly live amply is in good society, as a general rule. The man that has virtue and stern manliness, but has nothing without external to show, is not usually considered in good society. Ambitious young men will not therefore marry until they can meet their expenses, but that is deferring for years and years the indispensable virtue. Society is bad where two cannot live cheaper than one! and young men are under bad influences when, when in the very morning of life, and better fitted than at any later period to grow together with one who who is their equal and mate, are debarred from marrying through scores of years, from mere prudential considerations; and the heart and the life are sacrificed to the pocket. They are tempted to substitute ambition for love, when at last, over the ashes and expiring embers of their early romance, they select their wife. It is said that men who wait till they are forty or for twelve years of age select prudently. Why for the wife who was not first a sweetheart! Prudence is good; but is prudence servant or queen? Prudence is good; but what is prudence? It is the dry calculation of the head beaten with the pulses of the heart. Prudence is taste, not passion; it is the implication of a great moral sense! Is there no prudence in the faith by which two, two young, young beings dare dive into the strangest of lives, saying: "Come what come weal, come storm, come calm, love is a match for circumstances, and we will be all to each other?" Woe be to that society in which the customs and the manners of the times put off, beyond the period of romance and affiancing, the wedding. You have adjourned the most important secular act of a man's life. You have adjourned it out of Eden into the wilderness.

Feminine Beauty.

Men in society have, from time immemorial, so raved about beauty in women and poets in rhyme and romance have so sung its praises, that it would be natural to conclude only beauty in the sex. And the prejudice of Mankind for years through the eyes, and even through ears, not only corresponds to the fact, but makes it appear as if in our sex, the sense—and in the opposite sex, the intellect predominate. Men set sufficient store, the gods know upon physical loveliness in women. But, after all, it appears to them to be either rather than a cause and is outweighed by a dozen other qualities. Beauty commends but it does not win; it attracts, but it does not hold. And if it be not answered by some inward beauty, it soon disappoints and wearies. By constant suggestion of disharmony at times, but just as a fish, it was intuitive to us. We admire its form, its color, its daintiness. But when we pinch it and find it scentless, a reaction comes that borders on disgust. We feel we have been cheated by a counterfeit, and the flower looks homelier than it were less fair.

So there must *be* something more—at vast deal more—than personal beauty in woman, to make her, for any length of time, even piquant in our eyes, much less grateful to the heart. What that something is, it is difficult to say, but it is expressed in the word interest—which, to convey the exact idea, should be interestingness. How or why, any one interests us we cannot determine. Of the fact we are convinced beyond argument, but we are incapable of analyzing the subtle agencies that produce the effect. This capacity to interest is not a necessary concomitant of personal comliness, but, on the contrary, is independent of it—at least, in many cases.

Modern Rome is a small city. It is inclosed within walls, and has four entrances. Unlike every other city, it has no layout, no public squares, and no great thoroughfares. It has no landmarks to guide a stranger. Its streets are narrower than the narrowest Boston streets, so narrow that they can afford no sidewalk, and in some of them it is impossible for two carriages to pass. The streets are paved, the gutter is in the middle and the whole city is filthy beyond description. It is as difficult to find St. Peter's as it is a common hotel. This famous church is surrounded by dwellings that completely shut it in, dome and all and from no part of the city can it be seen till you get on to it. Genteel people here live on flats or stories. The higher up you go the more genteel. Often the fourth and fifth stories will be elegantly furnished, while the first and second stories will be too offensive for description. A dirtier set of people than the Romans do not exist on the face of the earth.

A Contrast.—A man who of course has "been there," thus relates his experience. "Courtship is bliss, but matrimony is a blister. The night we [illegible]

The Tarboro' Southerner.

A Medium for Business Communication.

Presenting facilities and inducements unsurpassed by reason of its location in the finest Agricultural section of the South. The Southerner will insert advertisements representing business of responsible character and standing, at the following rates for any specified time not less than three months.

One square one year..... $15.00
One Fourth Column one year..... 50.00
One-Half Column " " 80.00
One Column one year..... 150.00

Transient advertisements are charged One Dollar per square of one inch for the first, and Seventy-Five cents for each subsequent insertion.

Learn to do Something.

Young men learn to do something. Learn to do some *particular* thing—Learn to acquire a thorough knowledge of some trade, business or profession.

A man come to maturity without having learned the art of practicing some particular employment is in a pitiable position, no matter whether he possesses money or not. If he be not among the fortunate few favorites of Plutus he will of course have to toil all the way up to the summit of fortune as a common laborer, an employment good enough as long as one can do no better, but one we should advise no active young man to choose out of the many. If a young man has wealth, he certainly needs a knowledge of business sufficient to enable to preserve his wealth. Neither would a trade injure a rich young man. A little of the "brown and brawn," and steadiness of character which labor induces would make him a better, more reliable wielder of "wealth."

The time has passed when young men of this country can neglect the task of learning the details of an occupation with impunity. When the country was new, and population was thinly scattered over the land—when there was plenty of room and privileges were cheap—people could find employment easily. Skilled labor was scarce, and rough hewers were plenty. Any one could become an artisan. Mechanics, especially in the West, sprang to the journeyman's position in a day.

But that is changing now. Population is becoming more settled and dense. Property increases rapidly in value. Men try becoming rich, and desire more elegant business houses, residences, carriages, and artistic appliances of civilization of all kinds.—The people demand better public edifices. Mechanics, artists, and all kinds of skilled labor are in demand. He will win who has trade best learned. The man of skill is always in demand. The young man who would be sure of employment all the year round, in hard times as well as in times of prosperity, must know how to do something thoroughly.

It is well to get an education. A thorough educational discipline will make you an abler man. But educate for some object.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Love and Sentiment.

Sentimental young ladies are prone to see perfection in men where others only discover insignificance and frivolity. There is a story told of a sentimental young lady who fell in love with an interesting creature, with such eyes, hair, such a pale face, such raven locks, such a slim figure, that nobody could fill falling in love with him outright, especially if you regarded the [illegible] The movements of the young lady were watched. She was seen to wander forth alone, and at a certain spot to encounter the said palefaced young man. Sometimes when the rest of the family were from home, the fair heroine would have her lover "in flight" to share her solitude, and one day he was detected kneeling to the divinity and urging her to elope. The interesting being was turned out by the ranchero, who everywhere goes in the neighborhood, but was traced to a garret on the east side of the town, and discovered to be a barber out of employment. On a fine day, he fitted out her to a new rig-rig, and painted out a deeper little shop and at the door a deeper little man—pale face, raven locks, slim figure—but alas! his coat oh, and a wig upon aided about his loins.—It was the interesting creature, the lovelorn rivals in propria personæ.—"Take me home," said the daughter, "take me home at once!"

Lazy 'em Down Ebo.—A pious old negro, saying grace at the table, not only asked to ask a blessing upon his board, but he would also petition to have some definite dish supplied.

One day it was known that Cato was out of potatoes, and suspecting that he would pray for some at dinner, a waggish himself with a small measure of the vegetables, stale under the window, next whilst stood the table, our colored christian. Soon Cato drew up a chair and commenced:

"O massa Lord, will dow in dy provident kindness condescend to bless cherything before us and be pleased to bestow on us a few taters—and all de praise—"

Here the potatoes were dashed upon the table, breaking plates and upsetting the mustard pot.

"Dem 'em Lord," said Cato looking with surprise, "only just luff 'em down a little easier next time."

Important Discovery.

There are in the caves of Lookout Mountain, Tennessee, immense deposits of bat guano, which analysis has proved to be superior to Peruvian.—These caves (of which there are eleven in number) have been infested probably for hundreds of years by millions of bats, which hatched, lived, and died there without ever seeing the light.—The deposits that have accumulated from them are said to be almost inexhaustible. One of these caves alone is twenty one miles in length. This guano has been tested on vegetation with the happiest effect. Besides stimulating the plant, it is said to act as an effectual safeguard against worms and bugs. It contains a large per centage of ammonia than the Peruvian article, and is pronounced more valuable by those who have tried both.—*Lynchburg Virginian.*

Two monitors, each of 800 tons burden, have been built in France for the Sultan of Turkey. They are now on their way from Marseilles to Constantinople. Being of the last invention [illegible]