

The Southerner is one of the oldest and best of the newspapers in North Carolina, and is published for the people of the State and Country at large, and he will give no pains to make it a representative of the section from which it emanates. The subscription price is Three Dollars a year; Two Dollars for Six Months; and One Dollar for Three Months. Money may be paid in advance or by mail, at the risk of the publisher.

PROFESSIONAL.
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SWIFT GALLOWAY, Attorney at Law, Snow Hill GREENE COUNTY. June 12-6t. N. C.

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The Tarboro' Southerner

"I AM A SOUTHERN MAN, OF SOUTHERN PRINCIPLES."—Jefferson Davis.

VOLUME 48.

TARBORO', EDGECOMBE COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA, JULY 17, 1873.

NUMBER 33.

NORFOLK.
ESTABLISHED 1851.
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COTTON FACTORS
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The Finest and most Fashionable
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LIBERAL CASH ADVANCES ON Consignments. Shipments covered by Insurance when placed on Cars or Vessels. June 10. 28-12

The Tarboro' Southerner.
Thursday, July 17, 1873.
For the Ladies
BY A LADY.
I am writing to the ladies, Of the fashions as they go, And if they mean to follow them I would really like to know; It is getting to be the fashion For all to have their will. And if they are opposed at all To petition for a bill. It has been the fashion, If you are married to a man With a pocket full of money To get it if you can; And if he wouldn't let you have it To do with as you like, Tell the people he abuses you And scolds you day and night. If he should chance to grumble About your talking so, Tell him you won't be scolded Just as he fashions go; Tell him that you will follow In your mother's footsteps still, But will give a little farther, And sue him for a bill. And now for a petition To some lawyer that you know, And charge him with severity, Just as the fashions go; Be sure to place an injunction On all that he can claim, And tell him when you've done it He is all the one to blame. Now make a proposition, That if he to you will give A certain amount of money, You will go home with him to live; But if he will not do it, Be revenged on him you will; You will go your love you him, Get all—and get a bill. There is Livingston and Benton, To help you, they're the men; And Auel's Peck sits waiting To wield 't a ready pen; While Heath will do the grinning, To give dignity to the scene, And then you are sure of winning All as he before has been. Now you would not be letter To let such fashions be, And do the very best you can To live in peace and harmony? Let patience be a virtue, Let love be your bosom friend, And remember, in his own good time, God will give you a bill. And now I say to one and all, Don't follow such a course, For 'tis a shame and a disgrace To sue for a divorce. There is a better fashion To follow if you will— Honor and respect your husbands, And not sue them for a bill.

CLIFFORD VANCE.
BY FRANK LEE BERRIDGE.
In the dense fog of the previous night a brig had come ashore, and there she lay in the morning light, with her bow thrust up on the sands and the surf that had not yet quieted itself after the stormy weather of the past ten days, bearing against her stern with a heaving murmur, as if angry that its violence seemed to have no more effect upon the stout timbers. Somebody brought the news into the party at the Nest, while they were seated at the breakfast table. I said somebody, but it was no less personage than Clifford Vance, and he was, as you may remember, little accustomed to being spoken of in that careless and general way. There was quite a large party gathered about the table; for pretty Mrs. Harrington, the mistress of the mansion, never could support the dullness of Long Island sands without the companionship of plenty of men to admire her, and a few women to envy and abuse her; at least, that last is what she would have said, for she liked to think that those of her sex less favored in the way of personal attractions and masculine attentions did forfeit their right to two of the specifications in the Litany every body was concerned. Everybody was somewhat dull that morning; so it was a relief to all concerned, whether they liked him or not, when Clifford Vance made his entrance rather unceremoniously into the breakfast room. "Have you been up all night, or are you walking in your sleep?" demanded Mrs. Harrington, after the first salutation. "Neither," said Clifford. "I appear in the character of a public benefactor." "First appearance in that part!" exclaimed three men at once, in their eagerness to get off the worst joke. "I knew they would say that," said Clifford, languidly, apostrophizing the company in general. "I should as soon have expected you to turn missionary," laughed Mrs. Harrington. "But sit down here, and let me give you a cup of coffee to support you while you reveal the mystery and make good your claims." "I come to announce an exciting intelligence," returned he. "Could I make a better claim?" "Certainly not," questioned several voices. "There's a wreck up the beach."

Once within the spell of Mrs. Harrington's society, it was impossible to resist her fascinations, and Virginia could not help being charmed, like less rigid folk, however much there might be in words and conduct of which she disapproved, when she thought them over beyond the reach of the pretty creature's influence. So she had come down to the Nest, as Mrs. Harrington called her cottage; and found Clifford Vance staying with his irritable uncle, the next house, and as much at home with Grace and her set as if he had been domiciliated in the dwelling. Miss Southwell had not avoided him, she had done what was much more aggravating; as nearly as possible ignoring him in the magnificent way she could do such things, though she had been so indifferent to the people who had been so long in the fog, and very probably, go to pieces before they get her off. "And there was nobody drowned—no danger!" asked Mrs. Harrington. "I am sorry for your disappointment, but I believe nobody was hurt. I have been down already, found the men as jolly as crabs. Oh, yes, one fellow got his thumb mashed; so you can play the good Samaritan on a small scale." "No matter; a wreck is a wreck," Mrs. Harrington said; then she said, "At least, it might have been a West India thing." "Sorry, but it is only loaded with coal." "Any way, we must go to see it." "It will look quite picturesque at night," Vance said, "so we will wait till then." "And how are we to exist in the meantime?" demanded Mrs. Harrington. "Every body has grown stupid!" I declare solemnly, I never saw such a set of people; and you are getting as bad as the rest, Clifford Vance— isn't he, Virginia?" "As far as the stupidity goes, I am not prepared to judge; in the matter of badness, I thought Mr. Vance was always pre-eminent," returned she, carelessly. "Good, Good!" pronounced the maguelines, and laughed like the idiots they were. "She has not forgiven you for your slighting remarks about the patriarch last night," said Mrs. Harrington. Vance was looking full at Miss Southwell, smiling and perfectly at ease; but as she glanced toward him, something in his eyes—and they were great, honest, mournful eyes, in spite of his reputation—made her shiver. "One would suppose I had perpetrated a bon mot, instead of a simple stupidity," said she, with a contemptuous little wave of her hand toward the giggling men, which silenced them. "Now don't retract," cried Mrs. Harrington. "Shall she, Clifford?" "Naturally, I am inclined to think enough about me to have any opinion at all," he replied, in a lazy voice; and looking at her he perceived that he had, at least, succeeded in vexing her by his words and manner. At least, that was an improvement on the indifference with which she had treated him during the week their acquaintances had lasted.

There was a general rising from the table; the people scattered on the piazza; the men lighted their cigars; and the young girl became clamorous for croquet. Mrs. Harrington lingered in the breakfast room to give certain orders; and Clifford Vance took that opportunity to go up to Miss Southwell, as she passed, and handed her a letter, which he had written in his slender, nervous hands. "So you think me bad?" he asked, abruptly. "Yes," she answered; "and I fear the most hopeless part of the matter is that you pride yourself on it." "I am sure not," he said, musingly. "I can't think of it. Just now, Miss Southwell, I would give a great deal to be good." His voice was so different from his ordinary tone, the whole expression of his face so changed, that she looked at him in surprise. "The only way is to try, then help comes," she said, quickly. "Does it?" he asked, wondrously. "Up floated Mrs. Harrington in full flow of her brilliant spirits, and Miss Southwell turned away to answer a question one of the children was asking, and did not notice how Clifford Vance's eyes followed her, all the while he kept up that interchange of laughing badinage with their hostess. Sometimes so slight a thing makes the beginning of a real acquaintance; these brief words had placed Clifford Vance on a very different footing with Miss Southwell from that which he had occupied before. She had come down to that quiet place greatly prejudiced against the man, though she had never known him. I always used to say Clifford Vance was the best almost person of my acquaintance; and Miss Southwell was not a woman to forgive what she believed his vices, as the world forgave, because he was rich, handsome and brilliant. She had come down there very unwillingly, for she neither approved of Grace Harrington or the set of people that made up her intimates; but Grace was the niece of Miss Southwell's step-mother, and the sort of connection made occasional intercourse an absolute necessity.

She had not been long in the room, when she was back in her room, and alone for the night; then she did take herself to task, and tried to recall her strong prejudices against this man, and found that the keenness of their edge was somewhat worn off. "That was the beginning, and I have no time to give you the details concerning the ten days which followed; but before they were over, Mrs. Harrington was furious to discover that the man with whom she had elected to flirt desperately that summer, had grown singularly insensible to her wifely charms; and Clifford Vance learned that a new era in his life had dawned—he loved Virginia Southwell. He had no mind to tell her so. He knew how hopeless it would be then, probably equally so at any future time—but he loved her, and acknowledged it to himself; and then there began, in his mind, the regret and remorse which must overtake a man who has led a wild, reckless life, when he finds that his whole soul has at last gone out in a pure love, which makes him long to be worthy of its object. He had no mind to tell her, but he did so only the night before he was obliged to go away. They had driven down to see the wreck the last time—a misty, damp evening, with the moon giving an uncertain, flickering light, and the surf moaning dismally again to the sands, like the wail of human suffering. After the party returned, Vance and Miss Southwell walked up and down the long veranda, talking freely, as they had done into the habit of doing, and—how it came about he never could have told—the secret which had lain dormant that brief dream season in his soul, swelled up to his lips and would be uttered. "I am not offering you my love," he said, "do not be afraid of that! I will not mean offend you by saying that I love you—but this much you cannot be angry to hear."

"I am not angry," she answered. "I am surprised—grieved. I did not think of this." "I know you did not," he said; "perhaps I am presuming on your kindness in speaking at all; but the feeling was stronger than my will; I could not go away without telling you all that you are to me." "It is so short a time—I hope you are self-deceived," she said, brokenly. "Do not hope that," he answered, in the low, pathetic voice of real feeling. "Thank God for it as I do—it will make me a better man. I have not attempted to deceive you; I have not tried to gloss over my past faults and sins; but weak and wicked as I have been, I think you cannot be angry at my saying that knowing you has made me bitterly repent, made me long to atone." "I have not judged you harshly," she said. "I will not deny that I was prejudiced against you; but I may say this much, my friendship is yours if you will have it." "Gladly," he said. "God bless you!" She let him take her hand for an instant, then she turned to enter the house. "Not yet," he pleaded, "give me a moment more. Perhaps in this world you and I will never walk thus again." She took his arm once more, and they walked slowly up and down in the dim light, while the merry tones of a waltz from the parlors, and up from the distance came the low, hoarse moan of the sea, mingling strangely enough with the gay melody. He kept nothing back from her; he did not seek to palliate his errors, and he was very manly through it all; not one touch of theatre, or false sentiment, which would have jarred so quickly on her keen perceptions. "I shall not see you for a long time, perhaps," he said at last; "it is better that I am obliged to go away." "But you must remember always that I think of you kindly and pleasantly," she answered. He tried to restrain himself, but he could not keep back the words, "Nothing more." Her lips quivered, and he saw her grow pale in her trouble at giving him pain. "You must recollect how short the time has been," she said. "It has seemed very long to me; I have lived so much in it! But if there had been more time—don't be afraid of distressing me; if you had had opportunity to—"

"Always your friend," she interrupted in a low voice. "I could never promise anything more." He let her go, then; he was much more composed than she; for when she began to cry, in a trembling voice, that she trusted, at last, she had done him no harm, that he would acquit her of intentional wrong, he checked her with a heavy, painful sigh, which hurt her more keenly than the bitterest reproaches could have done. "You have been a blessing to me," he said, "always remember that. I thank you." She went softly away, too much troubled and confused to know what to say more; and Clifford Vance wandered out into the night, with the dull moan of the sea booming in his ears, like the echo of the mad pain that tore so fiercely at the inmost chords of his passionate, undisciplined heart. In the hall Miss Southwell met Mrs. Harrington; but she passed with a brief answer to some question from her hostess, and went on up to her chamber. When the next day came and she knew that he was actually gone—by this time eyes started on his southern journey, to be absent for long months—a strange revulsion of feeling came over her. She began to think that she had been cruel to let him go so coldly and carelessly; the time that she had known him had seemed so much longer in recalling it, and she seemed to know and understand him so much thoroughly, and to see clearly that his errors and sins had been those of reckless youth, that there was still hope of amendment, and great capabilities in his earnest, impulsive nature. [CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Story of a Picture.
A painter once drew a picture of innocence, and wanted the likeness of a child at prayer. The little applicant was kneeling beside his mother, the palms of his uplifted hands were recently pressed together; his rosy cheek spoke of health, and his milk blue eyes were upturned with the expression of devotion and peace. The portrait of young Rupert was much prized by the painter, who hung it up on the study wall and called it "Innocence." Years passed away, and the first became an old man. Still the picture hung there. He had often thought of painting a counterpart, the picture of "Guilt," but had not found an opportunity. At last he effected his purpose by paying a visit to a neighboring jail. On the damp floor of his cell lay a wretched culprit named Randall, heavily ironed. Wasted was his body and hollow his eyes; vice was visible in his face. The painter succeeded admirably, and the traits of young Rupert and Randall were hung side by side for Innocence and Guilt. But who was young Rupert and who was Randall? Alas! the two were one. Old Randall was young Rupert led astray by bad companions, an ending his life in the damp and shameful dungeon. "Figures won't lie." "But they do," said Guppy; "my wife's did."

Stonewall Jackson for Inva- sion. In an authentic life of George Lee (called "Live Oaks") from his success in ocean steamships, a curious historical statement. The biographer says: "In the early stages of the rebellion, the Government at Washington was wholly unequal to the exigencies of the situation. The tremulous issues which the Administration had to confront, overwhelmed the President and his Cabinet. There was neither statesmanship, firmness, nor confidence in Congress or the Executive Departments. The news of the appalling and wholly unexpected defeat of the Federal forces at Bull Run fell upon the country with crushing force, while it created such a panic at Washington that Mr. Lincoln and the timid and incompetent men around him cast about for the means of escaping the impending danger. An immediate attack from the victorious Confederate army was generally apprehended. So subject and utter was the prevailing terror, that Mr. Lincoln ordered an armed vessel lying at Green Point to be kept under a full head of steam ready to transport himself and family to a place of safety; and it was currently reported without contradiction, that he frequently visited the steamer to ascertain by personal examination that his directions were strictly obeyed. The Secretary of War, equally overcome by his fears, had a train in readiness on the Northern Central railroad, with steam constantly up, with which to flee with his family to the interior of Pennsylvania. And but for the calm intrepidity and the wise and soldierly assurance of Gen. Scott, by which the terrors of the President and Cabinet were allayed and partially removed, it may be doubted whether there would not have been an utter rout of the Administration, leaving the capital of the Nation to the mercy of the rebels. The whole North was distressed, disgusted and almost paralyzed by the magnitude of the perils by which we were menaced. So strong and all prevailing was the sense of insecurity and danger, that extraordinary measures were clamorously demanded. "At this juncture Mr. Raymond, of the New York Times, proposed a revolutionary movement as the only means of saving the nation. His outcry seemed to embody the popular sentiment, and when he suggested that the authorities at Washington should be deposed as unequal to the emergency, and a provisional Government created with George Lee for its head, with the power of a Dictator, the country stood aghast at the audacity of the man who could contemplate such a proceeding. The proposition although startling at the outset, soon came to be calmly considered, and he seemed to be a general concurrence of opinion with a heavy, painful sigh, which hurt her more keenly than the bitterest reproaches could have done. "You have been a blessing to me," he said, "always remember that. I thank you." She went softly away, too much troubled and confused to know what to say more; and Clifford Vance wandered out into the night, with the dull moan of the sea booming in his ears, like the echo of the mad pain that tore so fiercely at the inmost chords of his passionate, undisciplined heart. In the hall Miss Southwell met Mrs. Harrington; but she passed with a brief answer to some question from her hostess, and went on up to her chamber. When the next day came and she knew that he was actually gone—by this time eyes started on his southern journey, to be absent for long months—a strange revulsion of feeling came over her. She began to think that she had been cruel to let him go so coldly and carelessly; the time that she had known him had seemed so much longer in recalling it, and she seemed to know and understand him so much thoroughly, and to see clearly that his errors and sins had been those of reckless youth, that there was still hope of amendment, and great capabilities in his earnest, impulsive nature. [CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

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