The Tarboro' Southerner.

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

VOLUME 49. TARBORO', EDGECOMBE COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA. AUGUST 7, 1873. NUMBER 36.

The Tarboro' Southerner.

Free & Independent Family Journal
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY
WM. BIGGS, Editor and Proprietor.

THE SOUTHERNER is one of the oldest and best Journals in North Carolina, and as one of the institutions of the Country and the organ of Edgecombe County, its conductor will strive to direct it in the interest of the State and Country at large, and he will spare no pains to make it a fit representative of the section from which it emenates.

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The Tarboro' Southerner.

Thursday, - - August 7, 1873.

[From the Baltimorean.

Sam's Letter.
An Answser to "What Joe Said."

BY WARD WOOD.

Joe, my old chum, your strange letter
Just reached me as I was at tea,
And now that I feel somewhat better,
You shall have a short missive from me.
Its not my place, old boy, to advise you,
Or sympathize with you one whit;
For no one knows better than you do,
How it feels when a biter is bit.

Your letter's chunk full of repentance,
With plenty of meekness thrown in;
In fact, Joe, I thought every sentence
Spoke only of what "might have been."
You should have by all means defied her;
I would have made her say die;
She has played it on you like the spider,
Played that little game on the poor fly.

She didn't want you—'twas your money;
But you were so devilish smart,
And have found out too late that your honey
Is a little inclined to be tart.
Be a man, Joe—not a chicken;
Just let her see what you can do;
Let her know you're alive and a kicking,
And I'll bet she'll soon knuckle to you.

Old fellow, I think of you kindly,
Though you were the first one to fall;
I'm satisfied you did it blindly,
And swallowed the bait, hook and all.
But Joe, let us drift to some other
Pleasanter subject a while,
For your troubles, my victimized brother,
Sets my blood almost ready to bile.

You remember that man-trap—Ide Baker,
Who lived down by old Hudson's Mill?
Well, Joe, there was no one to take her,
So she hangs to her maiden name still.
And Joe, Ned and I are still keeping
That bachelor's hall; you bet,
It is two to one better than leaping
Into the matrimonial net.

And Joe, all the boys send good wishes,
And pray that the angels may call
To their home—the one who slings dishes,
And keep her; yes, dishes and all.
Old boy, ere I close this sweet letter,
If any six women could fetter
A party you know as—Friend SAM.

REMARKABLE COURTSHIP.

Pops the Question at Sight.

A correspondent of a Western journal tells the following anecdote of Professor Foster, who, with marked ability, filled one of the chairs of the faculty of the College in Knoxville, Tennessee.

Professor Foster was well educated in the sciences usually taught in college, but his ignorance of the common affairs of life rendered him a remarkable man, furnishing a rare subject for the study of human nature in one of its multiform phases. Being advised by some of his friends to get married, he, with childlike faith and simplicity, accepted their advice, and promised to do so if he could find a young lady willing to have him. They referred him to a number of the best young ladies in the city, any one of whom they had no doubt would be willing to accept his hand and make him happy. He was one of the most kindhearted of men, as void of guile as of offence, and an entire stranger to the forms and ceremonies of modern courtship. He couldn't see the necessity of consuming a year or two in popping the question, "Sally, will you have me?" So he went that very day to the residence of the nearest young lady who had been commended, and being welcomed and seated in the family circle, he always was wherever known, he at once made known the object of his visit by saying in a clear and distinct voice:

"Well, Miss Sarah, my friends have advised me to get marriad; recommend you and a number of other young ladies to me as suitable persons, and I have now called to see if you are willing to marry me."

Had an earthquake violently shaken the premises the household could not have been more astonished. Like a frightened roe, Sarah started to run, when her mother caught her, and said:

"Why, child, don't be frightened, the Professor won't hurt you."

Being again seated, a deep blush succeeded the paleness, which had been caused by the startling announcement, and she rallied enough to be able to say to the Professor that as his proposition was entirely unexpected she must have some time to consider the matter. This he granted, but said:

"As I am anxious, in case of your refusal, to see the other young ladies to-day, I can wait only one hour for your answer."

Knowing the worthiness, sincerity and simplicity of the Professor, the matron took her blushing daughter up stairs for consultation, while the father was left to entertain his proposed son-in-law as best as he could under the novel circumstances. Of course the discussion of the sudden proposition between Sarah and her mother was private, and cannot be given in full. The most essential points of it, however, were told afterward. It was readily admitted that he was entirely worthy of Sarah's hand and heart.

"But, mamma," said Sarah, "how would it look to other people for me to have to give an answer in one short hour—only sixty minutes—jump at a hasty chance—and to think how my young friends would jeer and laugh at me. Would'nt they tease me to death? No, ma, I can never face that music."

"But stop, my child, and listen to me. There is not a young lady in the city that would not jump at the offer made you. Let them laugh; girls must have something to laugh at, but it won't hurt you. Tell him yes, emphatically. If he were a stranger whose antecedents were unknown to us, however prepossessing in person and manners, or profuse in his professions of love, I would withhold my consent. But we have long known him; his moral character is without reproach, he is amiable, kind-hearted and sincere, a fine scholar, with an honorable position in the college, and he makes no false pretences. You know just what he is, What more do you want?"

"But mamma, I don't know that he loves me; he hasn't even said so."

"O well, daughter, never mind that Generally those who are loudest in their professions of love have least of the pure article. You can teach him by example to love you. It is far better than precept."

Leaning her head upon her mother's bosom, Sarah said, in a submissive tone:

"Well, ma, just as you say—I'll tell him yes; but, although the hour isn't half out, we'll not go down until the last minute of the hour."

Promptly at the expiration of the fifty-ninth minute they returned to the Professor and papa, Sarah still blushing, but more calm than before Then, with a firmness that astonished herself as well as her parents, she extended her hand to the Professor and said:

"Yes, sir, if papa consents."

He gave his consent without hesitancy, and it was readily agreed by all that the wedding should take place a week from that time. Then Professor Foster, with his usual calmness, conscious of having done his duty, withdrew to report progress to his friends.

Well, in due time the Professor went to the clerk for his license. The clerk informed him that the law required a bond and security in the sum of $1,250, to be void on condition that there was no legal objection to the proposed union of the two persons named. The Professor very promptly replied: "Oh, never mind, Mr. Clerk; I will pay $1.100 down, and will hand you the balance in a day or two." After further explanation by the clerk the Professor soon complied with the law and obtained his license.

At the appointed time the wedding came came off in the best style of the city, and the company enjoyed the occasion with the greatest zest. The hours flew like humming birds. As the clock struck twelve, the Professor picked up his hat and started to his boarding house. His principal attendant, surmising his intention, followed to the front door, and informed him that matrimonial etiquette required him to stay and board and lodge at the house of his father in-law until he and his wife wished to live by themselves; that he would be furnished with a room adjacent to Sarah's room, in order that, if she happened to get thirsty, he might be near to get her a drink of fresh water.

In the morning the bride and groom were greeted with the smiles of the family, together with those of some early callers, and inquiries were made if they had slept well. Both responded that they had never slept sounder in their lives, he adding, with his childlike simplicity, that he was happy to say Sarah did not call for water during the whole night. (The last remark was quite a riddle to her, and she looked curious, but said nothing, no one venturing to ask him to rise and explain.) He did not know it was a joke played upon him until the attendant told it as such to the company.

Finally the happy couple went to housekeeping, and never were man and wife more heartily congratulated or more highly esteemed than they were. They were the favorites in the city. Never was wife more lovely or husband more kind and devoted, but he did'nt know anything about providing for the larder, only as Sarah taught him. One little incident may suffice to illustrate. She told him one day to get some rice. He went immediately to the store, and told the clerk he wanted to get some rice. "How much?" inquired the clerk. "Oh, not much," said the Professor, "I reckon three or four bushels will do for the present." The clerk was very sorry to say they had not so much on hand, but that they would soon have more. The clerk persuaded him to try to make out for a few days with some fifteen or twenty pounds. Sarah and the clerk were not the only ones who laughed over the incident. He never called for the three or four bushels afterwards.

If the Professor and his wife are still living they must be well stricken in years, and if they see this brief sketch of their early lives, and find any errors in it, they will pardon the writer.

Josh Billings says: "I have often been told that the best way is to take a bull by the horns; but I think in many instances, I should prefer the tail hold."

A Milesian astounded a grocer by entering his store with this request: "Mr. Ge'Gra, would you lind me an empty barrel of flour to make a hencoop for me dog."

Young Wife—"George, dear, I've had a talk with the servants this morning, and I've agreed to raise their wages. They said everything was so dear now—meat was so high, and coals had risen to such a price, and every thing—I thought this was reasonable, because I've so often heard you complain of the same thing."

The Recent Census.

My mind has been strangely drawn of late to the subject of statistics. I suppose the recent census has had something to do with it. There are certain friends of mine who take a singular delight in that census. They pore over it as a child pores over Gulliver or books of African travel. They come away from its pages with a glow in their eyes and a flush upon their cheeks and a wonderful story upon their lips. "According to the recent census, it appears that in Rhode Island alone the number of adult males, of Portugese descent, who died from spinal meningitis during the first half of the last decade was just twice the number of Cashmere goats imported during the succeeding five years by the entire State of New York." They not only say it, but [if I am in a hurry to go anywhere] they prove it by figures, and they write communications to the newspapers, consisting mainly of tables and maps, in order to promulgate ideas like that.

While I acknowledge that there is a sphere in which statistics are useful as well as entertaining, I am sure that it would be well for the world if their limitations were better understood. The number of periodicals that have been started on statistics in the United States, and have miserably perished of them, is lamentable. A corrected list would make an interesting chapter in our next census. A young friend of my own started one of these papers. He took a sheet of foolscap and two or three lead pencils, and the then recent census, and began in this way: Here is a community with a population of so many thousands; I may calculate, on general principles, that at least twenty persons in every thousand will take the paper the first year—which gives a handsome paying circulation to begin with. Then so many columns of advertisements will come to so much per week, and pretty nearly all this may be put down to account of profits. So the second year will open with an increase of say—to be moderate—one third in circulation and the same in advertisements.

I tried to wean him away from his populations and his confounded sums in arithmetic. But it was of no use. He went around town for about three weeks in a hectic condition, with his pockets full of lead pencils and little note books containing all sorts of deceitful calculations based on the recent census. At the end of that time the Morning Magnifier made its appearance. I caught occasional glimpses of the editor's haggard countenance as he flitted home for his night's respose at eight o'clock in the morning. But why prolong the melancholy tale? Enough to say that my friend has long since gone West.

And then I have another friend who believed in the doctrine of the annihilation of the souls of the wicked. In fact, he was generally acknowled to be the foremost expounder of that doctrine in the country. Well, what does he do but write a novel of society—with little or nothing in it concerning his pet doctrine. That is not so pathetic as the fact that he too became a slave to statistical delusions. He had taken some sort of a private census of his own, by which he had determined that there were in the United States, I forgot how many millions of people, who believed with himself as to the matter of annihilation. There were the avowed believers—so many millions; and there were the believers who dared not avow—a great many millions more; and he was the celebrated expounder—and so many thousands out of every million [it was quite a low estimate, I thought], would buy the novel, of course. I myself wes fresh in the faith of statistics in those days, and I remember how I envied that man his copywright—till six months after the date of publication publishers sent in their bill for stereotype plates.

New England Must go South

Such is the startling conclusion of the Charleston News and Courier, in view of cotton spinning prospects. It says:

The Southern cotton mills are working full time, and are making money rapidly. Let the Northern mill-owners come down South and they can do the same. The statistics show that yarn can be manufactured in South Carolina, transported to the North, pay a commission of five per cent. for selling, be sold at the cost of northern production, and yet yield a profit of five cents a pound. And a certain class of colored goods can be produced here and sold in the North at the cost of production of similar goods there, and yet yield a profit of over ten cents a pound.

Again, yarns made in the Saluda factory have been shipped to England and sold in Manchester at a rate which left a next profit of four and a half cents a pound. The saving in cost of material, in wages, in commissions, in waste, in transportation, etc., enables the Southern mills to do a profitable business, while the northern mills lose money; and when the northern mills are doing their best, the southern mills do still better. The moral of this is plain: "Bring your machinery down South at once, ye manufacturers of New England, for to that, or closing your doors, ye must come at last."

Depth of the Atlantic Ocean.

The main theatre of the sounding operations has been the atlantic Ocean which from its relation to the leading commercial nations, and for intercontinental telegraph purposed, has been more carefully surveyed than any other seas, and covering 30,000,000 square miles, it is believed to represent general oceanic conditions, and to contain depths nearly, if not quite, as great as the other ocean basins of the world, although but little is known, it is true, in this respect of the Indian, Antarctic, and Pacific Seas. The general result of its soundings would indicate that the average depth of the Atlantic bed is not much more than 12,000 feet, and there seem to be few depressions deeper than 15,000 or 20,000 feet, little more than the height of of Mont Blanc. Dr. Thompson sums up the general results of the Atlantic soundings as follows: "In the Arctic Sea there is deep water, reaching 9,000 feet to the West and Southwest of Spitsbergen. Extending from the coast of Norway, and including Iceland; the Faroe Islands, Shetland and Orkney, Great Britian and Ireland and the bed of the North Sea to the coast of France, there is a wide plateau, on which the depth rarely reaches 3,000 feet; but to the West of Iceland, and communication doubtless with the deep water in the Spitsbergen Sea, a trough 500 miles wide, and, in some places, nearly 12,000 feet deep, curves along the east coast of Greenland. This is the path of one of the great Arctic return-currents. After sloping gradually to a depth of 3,000 feet to the Westward of the coast of Ireland; in latitude 52 degrees, the bottom suddenly dips to 10,000 feet, at the rate of 15 to 19 feet in 100; and from this point to within about 200 miles of the coast of Newfoundland, when it begins to shoal again, there is a vast undulating submarine plain, averaging about 12,000 feet in depth below the surface—the 'telegraph plateau."

"A valley about 500 miles wide, and with a mean depth of 15,000 feet, stretches from off the Southwest coast of Ireland, along the coast of Europe, dipping into the Bay of Biscay, past the Strait of Gibralta, and along the West coast of Africa. Opposite the Cape de Verde Islands, it seems to merge into a slightly deeper trough, which occupies the axis of the South Atlantic, and passes into the Antarctic Sea. A nearly similar valley curves around the coast of North America, about 12,000 feet in depth, off Newfoundland and Labrador, and becoming considerably deeper to the southward, where it follows the outline of the coast of the States, and the Bahamas and Windward Islands, and finally joins the central trough of the South Atlantic off the coast of Brazil, with a depth of 15,000 feet."—*The Popular Science Monthly.*

Rain after a Drought.

Among the blessings which are not appreciated until we have been deprived of them is rain. In ordinary seasons we think little of the refreshing showers, except that they lay the dust for a ride, or the beautiful fall of water in a storm, save that it wets our feet and compels us to carry an umbrella.

But when the dry weather continues for an unusually long time; when the earth gets completely dried up and parched, and the old people unite in saying that there never was such a drouth before—then we have some appreciation of the value of rain.

And how delicious it is, as it descends from the clouds! It does indeed seem a gift direct from Heaven. It is difficult to believe, as it falls upon the scorched surface and cools it, that the very earth has not some consciousness of the blessing, and some feeling of joy and gratitude in return Welcome the rain!—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Going Up and Down Hill.

Did you ever think how easy it was for a solid body to roll down an inclined place, and how much more power it required to roll it up again?

The same principle is involved in every human life. One is placed half way up the hill at the beginning, with friends and fortune to back him, and with every encouragement to proceed with the journey so favorably begun. Yet wanting in firmness and strength, to push ahead as his father has done before him, he wavers and falls and rolls downward like a log going with accumulated speed, until weakened by neglected opportunities, and want of personal endeavor, he lies hopelessly inactive and useless at the foot of the declivity. Another begins at the base of the steep, where he has been placed by circumstances beyond his control, but strong in spirit, hopeful in heart, and resolute and persistent in his endeavors, he goes onward and upward; slowly at first, but with increased strength and power at each successful attempt to accomplish his purpose. Sometimes he makes a mistake, or his feet fall in slippery places, for none who are human are infallible, but triumphing at last over temporal fall and calamity, he reaches the summit of the stoop. And when he descends from the high eminence to which he has attained, he goes down calmly, and peacefully, upon the other side of the hill, into the tranquil beauty of a happy old age. Great and good men's lives are no more the creation of circumstances than worldly prosperity and honor. They are the result of patient endeavor, and a firm purpose.

Some preachers would make fine martyrs; they are so dry, they would burn well.

The Tarboro' Southerner.

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Whole Column,	25 00	40 —	50 00	65 —	100

A Happy Daddy.

In giving publicity to the following jubilant the Danbury, man or some other fellow, who can appreciate a good thing when he finds it lying around loose, says:

We are not obliged to tell how the following funny letter got into our hands, all the reader has to do is to read it and laugh. We congratulate the new made parient, and hope he will get over his confusion of ideas shortly, so as to be able to tell his baby from his horse:

DEAR SISTER EMMA:—I now take my seat and sit down to take this opportunity to inform you that I am "daddy" at last: for Addie has got a nice fat baby as ever you saw make up faces. We hope that these few lines may find you enjoying the same great blessing. Now this is to be strictly a business letter. Firstly, as I said before, Addie has got a nice baby; nextly, I have swapped away old John, and think I have got a pretty nice horse; its a girl, and weighs nine pounds—I mean the baby—it is just as fat as butter, and has a good, strong pair of lungs. She is red and has a white stripe in her face, and is a good driver; she has got blue eyes and a dimple in her chin—I mean the baby—and just the prettiest mouth that ever opened to receive pap; judging from her teeth, I think she is about three years old—I mean the horse now—and the doctor says is the fairest he ever saw, without any exception—he means the baby—I got $34 to boot, not on the baby though, for in this case the boot is on the other foot, and two or three sizes larger, as I can find out. I am going to harness the horse now and go after mother, she was born last night at 20 minutes past nine—I hope you don't think I mean mother or the horse; I mean the baby. She is as hearty as a pig; ate an egg, a biscuit, and drank three cups of tea—I mean Addie—she is getting on nicely, and if she don't have bad luck she will get along first-rate. She is subject to disorders of the stomach, and they say that is a sign of colic—I mean the baby. I hope it is, for the nurse says sickly babies never die. She talks about her nose as she takes snuff—I mean the nurse. I am going to name it Ediema—I mean the baby. There! I've been reading this over, and I see plainly that I ain't fit to write. The amount of it is, I am flustrated; I am a happy father, and that accounts for it, so you must excuse me this time.

Your Brother, JIM.

What Men Need Women For.

It is not to sweep the house, and make the bed, and darn the socks, and cook the meals, chiefly that a man wants a wife. If this is all he needs, hired help can do it cheaper than a wife. If this is all, when a young man calls to see a young lady, send him to the pantry to taste the bread and cakes she has made; send him to inspect the needle work and bedmaking; or put a broom into her hands and send him to witness its use. Such things are important, and the wise young man will quietly look after them.

But what a true man most wants of a true wife is her companionship, sympathy, courage and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it, and man needs a companion to go with him. A man is sometimes overtaken with misfortune; he meets with failure and defeat; trials and tentations beset him; and he needs one to stand by and sympathize. He has some stern battles to fight with poverty, with enemies and with sin; and he needs a woman that while he puts his arms around her and knows that he has something to fight for, will help him fight, that will put her lips to his ears and whisper words of council, and her hand to his heart and impart new inspiration. All through life—through storm and through sunshine, conflict and victory, through adverse and favoring winds, man needs a woman's love. The heart yearns for it. A sister's or a mother's love will hardly supply the need.

Yet many seek for nothing further than success in housework. Justly enough, half of those get nothing more; the other half, surprised above measure, have gotten more than they sought.—Their wives surprise them by bringing a nobler idea of marriage, and disclosing a treasury of courage, sympathy and love.

Two Remarkable Years.

The *Press* calls attention to the fact that the year 1796, has been set down as a remakable year on account of the large number of eminent persons whom it produced. Among these are Napoleon Bonaparte, the Duke of Wellington, Marshal Soult, Lord Castlereagh, Bishop Middleton, of Calcutta, Sir Thomas Laurence, the geologist, William Smith, George Cuvier, Alexander Von Humbolt, Talion, Mehemet Ali, Brunel, of the Thames Tunnel, Chateaubriand, Dupont de l'Eure, and our own John Quincy Adams. It may now be noted that that the year 1808 is also remarkable from like causes. In its circle were born Napoleon III, Marshal MacDonald, ex-President Andrew Johnson, Jefferson Davis, Guiseppe Mazzini, and to come a little lower down, Fanny Elssler, Queen of the Ballet, and Signor Mario, the King of Tenors.

Remember, madam, that you are the weaker vessel," said an irate husband.—"Exactly," said the lady, "but do not you forget that the weaker vessel may have the stronger spirit in it?"

A young lady talking about wigs said she would rather dye than wear one.