The Tarboro' Southerner.

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

VOLUME 49. TARBORO', EDGECOMBE COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA, AUGUST 21, 1873. NUMBER 38.

The Tarboro' Southerner.

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THE SOUTHERNER is one of the oldest and largest 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 true representative of the section from which it emanates.

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The Tarboro' Southerner.

Thursday, - - August 21, 1873.

ANOTHER STEAMBOAT HORROR.

BURNING OF THE WAWASSETT.

Many Passengers Lost--Gallantry of Captain Wood and Crew—Interesting Particulars of the Disaster.

WASHINGTON, August 9.

The Wawassett disaster is fully confirmed. Most of the passengers perished. She left Washington on her regular passenger trip for Corrotoman River. She burnt off Chatterton landing, where there is no wharf, the passengers and freight for that point being discharged by small boats. One boat had been lowered when the flames burst from the vessel two hundred yards from shore. Nothing remains but the broken shaft and smoke stack. The number of passengers registered when she left Washington was 110, but she received and discharged passengers at various landings, of whom there is no record. The crew consisted of twelve. The loss is probably fifty passengers and two of the crew.

LATER—Captain John R. Woods, commander of the Wawassett is burned around the neck and ears slightly. His account is substantially as follows:

The fire broke out at twenty-five minutes past 12 o'clock, between Thomas' Gut and Chatterton. I was in the pilot house at the time. A fireman came in and told me the boat was on fire below. I immediately came out and found the flames reached quite to the hurricane deck along the walking beam. I then saw that it was impossible to get to the life boats, which were on the after quarters, to lower them, though they were full of passengers. I threw water on the wheel ropes so as to keep her steerage all right, and passed buckets of water from below to the hurricane deck for that purpose, as I became satisfied there was no hope of saving the vessel, and the only chance to save the passengers was to keep her going, she heading for the beech. The boat reached the beach in about twelve or thirteen minutes after the alarm was given. In less than five minutes after the alarm was given, the fire was rear of the pilot house. The engine refused to work about half a minute before she struck the shore, and the boat run a length before she came to a dead stop, and grounded in less than five feet of water from the bow. I remained on the hurricane deck until the flames had burned the window curtain to my room and the saloon windows below were shooting forth fiery darts. I then came down on the forward deck and did what I could to save the passengers. A great many were afraid to jump overboard. I assured them they were safe in jumping, as the water from the bow was not over their heads, and upon this assurance one or two made a leap and many others seeing that the water was shallow, followed their example and were saved.

It was with great difficulty I checked them from jumping overboard in large bodies and drowning each other during the excitement. I am satisfied that nearly all those lost were in the stern of the boat, the flames driving that way forcing the passengers to jump or be burnt. Just before I left the boat I heard a lady, Mrs. Taylor, of Alexandria, crying for help from the rear of the vessel. I saw her hanging to the middle chains and sent a boat to her rescue, and saved her. I am satisfied the excitement caused undue loss of life, and that every passenger was saved who jumped overboard forward. A great many lives were lost on the life boats by their being overcrowded. Before the boat stopped one life boat was crowded with colored passengers, and when she was cut loose she bulged out and swamped the boat. About twelve small children were aboard and I think five or six were lost. The fire caught in the hold, but it is impossible to tell just where. The boat was very dry, almost like tinder, and the flames, when they struck the oiled machinery, spread like a torch.

The cargo was of a miscellaneous nature, and contained nothing inflammable except two barrels of whiskey, which were in the forward hold, and among the last things burned. It was entirely lost.

The passenger list and manifest of the vessel were lost, it being impossible for the clerk to reach his office and obtain them.

At the time of the accident but few of the passengers were asleep, and none in the staterooms; some were lying down on the sofas.

The Georgeanna came along on her way from Baltimore and brought up a few of the passengers. Many went down through the country and others are awaiting other boats to come home. All were taken care of. The steamer's value is estimated at $40,000.

If you have a good dog that kills or runs sheep, and dont want to shoot him, build a pen and run a pole across the top, and then pick the largest and oldest buck of the flock, put him in the pen, get your dog with a collar around his neck, and rope to draw over the middle of the pole, so that the dog will have his fore feet swinging off the ground a few inches. Get out of the pen, and let the buck give him several good butts, and then turn him loose. This is a sure cure. I tried it on my father's dogs when I was a boy; never knew them to cross a field where sheep were grazing.—Rural Sun.

Chubb, the Philosopher.

BY MAX ADELER.

"We never knew more than one man who was perfectly satisfied with the weather at all times and under all circumstances. It was Chubb. No matter what the condition of the weather was, Chubb was always contented and happy, and willing to affirm that the state of things at any given moment was the very best state that could be devised. In summer, when the thermometer bolted up among the nineties, Chubb would come to the front door with beads of perspiration standing out all over his red face, until his head looked like a rasberry, and would look at the sky and say, 'Splendid! perfectly splendid! Nobie weather for the poor and for the ice companies and the washerwomen! I never saw such magnificent weather for drying shirts. They don't shake up any such climate as this in Italy Gim me my umbreller, Harriet, while I sit out yer on the steps and enjoy it."

In winter, when the mercury would creep down fifteen degrees below zero, and the cold was severe enough to freeze the inside of Vesuvius solid to the centre of the globe, Chubb would sit out on my fence and exclaim, "By gracious, Adeler, did you ever see such weather as this? I like an atmosphere that freezes up you very marrer. It helps the coal trade and keeps the snakes quiet. Don't talk of summer-time to me. Gim me cold and give it to me stiff."

When there was a drought, Chubb used to meet us in the street and remark, "No rain yet, I see; magnificent, isn't it? I want my weather dry, I want it with dampness left out. Moisture breeds fever and ague, and wets your clothes. If there's anything I despise it's to carry an umbreller. No rain for me, if you please."

When it rained for a week and swamped the country, Chubb often dropped in to see us and to observe, "I dunno how you feel about this yer rain, Adeler, but it allers seems to me that the heavens never drop no blessings but when we have a long wet spell. It makes the corn jump and cleans the sewers and keeps chewing tobacco from geting too dry. I would'nt give a cent to live in a climate where there was no rain. Put me on the Nile and I'd die in a week. Soak me through and through to the inside of my undershirt, and I feel as if life was bright and beautiful, and sorrow nothing but nonsense."

On a showery day, when the sun shone brightly at one moment and at the next the rain poured in torrents, Chubb used to stand at the window and exclaim, "Harriet, if you'd 've asked me how I liked the weather, I'd 've said just as it is now. What I want is weather that is streaked, like a piece of fat and lean bacon, a little shine and a little rain. Mix 'em up and give us plenty of both and I'm your man."

Chubb was always happy in a thunder storm, and one day, after the lightning had knocked down two of his trees and torn his chimney to pieces, we went over to see him. He was standing by the prostrate trees, and he at once remarked, "Did you ever know of a man having such luck as that? I was going to chop down them two trees to-morrow, and as that chimney never draw'd well, I had concluded to have it rebuilt; and that gorgeous old storm has fixed things just the way I want 'em. Put me in a thunderstorm and let the lightning play around me, and I am at home. I'd rather have one storm that'd tear the bowels out of the American continent than a dozen of yer little dribblin' waterin'-pot showers. If I can't have a rippin' and roarin' storm, I don't want none."

One day Chubb was upon his roof fixing a shingle when a tornado struck him, lifted him off and carried him a quarter of a mile and dashed him with such terrible force against a fence, that his leg was broken. As they carried him home we met him, and when we asked him how he felt, he opened his eyes languidly and said, "Immortal Moses, what a storm that was? When it does blow, it suits the senior member of the Chubb family if it blows hard. I'd give both legs if we could have a squall like that every day. I—I—"

Then he fainted. We want Chubb elected President. He is the only man in the universe who don't growl at the weather, and he ought to have glory and honor.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

A minister had a negro in his family. One Sunday, when he was preaching, he happened to look into the pew where the negro was, and could hardly contain himself as he saw the negro, who could not read or write a word, scribbling away most industriously. After meeting he said to the negro, "Tom, what were you doing in the church?" "Taking notes, massa; all de gemmen takes notes." "Bring your notes here and let me see them." Tom brought his notes which looked more like Chinese than English. "Why, Tom, this is all nonsense." "I thought so, massa, all the time you was preaching."

Thirty three widows belong to one swing society in Watertown, N. Y., and the sound of a pair of boots going by the house where they meet is enough to stop all the machinery and needles.

A woman who picks over beans with kids gloves is a Danbury novelty.

The Parrot, Which was Presented to a Clergyman's Wife.

[Detroit Free Press.]

Last winter a Gratiot street saloon keeper went to Cincinnati on a visit, and while seeing the town he came across a saloon sporting the wickedest old parrot which ever learned to speak the English language. Gratiot street stood by and heard the bird "rip and tear" for a straight hour, and when he came that parrot came with him. All the way up here the purchase "went for" brakemen and baggagemen, ripping out oaths which Captain Kid couldn't have handled, and the further North he came the more wicked he grew. Reaching Detroit his cage was hung up in the saloon, and "Jack" has been there ever since, up to Friday. It was a poor day when he didn't learn some new oath or slangy expression, and finally he became so that a hardened villian could talk to him. He was sold last Friday for $20, and his owner kept him about an hour and then sent him as a present to a minister's wife, who had been attentive to his family during sickness. She was very grateful, having often thought how nice it would be to have a talking parrot around the house. "Jack" seemed put out by the change of owners, and he sat on his perch all Friday night and refused to say a word. Saturday morning the minister's wife started for Pontiac, and she carried 'Jack's' cage into her husband's study that neither might be lonesome. She had been gone about an hour, and the good man was scribbling away, when all once the parrot shouted:

"Hearts is trump!"

The good man gave a jump and looked out of the window thinking that a couple of boys were playing euchre under his shade trees. He could see no one, and, supposing that he was mistaken, he seated himself and began to write again, when the parrot shouted:

"Not my gin, thank ye!"

Horrified, the clergyman looked around and he saw "Jack" trying to wink at him. Half doubting if it was the bird which had spoken, yet determined to find out, he inquired: "What?"

"Shut up, or I'll put a head on ye!" replied 'Jack,' hanging to the cage with one claw and shaking his feathers.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the good man, drawing nearer to the cage.

"Champagne Charlie was his name,
Champagne Charlie was his name,"

sang "Jack," swinging furiously on the stick.

"Vile bird, you shall go out of here!" cried the minister in an excited voice: "I would as soon harbor a highwayman."

"Rouse mit him!" said "Jack," and then he chuckled and cackled as if he was laughing heartily.

"It is a sin and a shame that men have taught an innocent bird to use such lenguage," continued the good man, as he picked up the cage.

'Hit him with a beer tumbler,' replied the parrot trying to fasten his claws into the ministerial leg.

'Little did my wife dream what a viper she was bringing into the house,' mused the man. 'I shall hire some boy to carry you away.'

'Send for the Black Maria,' replied the bird, and while he was being carried out he continued, 'Who stole the wheelbarrow.'

The minister reached stoop and called to a boy who was playing mumblety peg on the grass.

'Here, bub,' he said, as the boy came up; 'take this bird off somewhere and give him away, and I'll give you two shillings.'

'Oh, dry up now!' growled "Jack,' seeming to know that he was to change places again.

'Give him to any one who will take him,' continued the minister.

'Chuck him under the table!' called the bird, as he went through the gate, and when he was nearly a block away he could be heard singing:

"We won't go home until morning—
Till daylight does appear."

Brigham Young is reported to have expressed himself as follows in one of his recent "sermons" in Salt Lake City: "I wish my women to understand that what I am going to say is for them as well as others, and I want those who are here to tell their sisters, yes, all the women in the community, I am going to give you from this time to the 6th October next for reflection, that you may determine whether you wish to stay with your husbands or not, and then I am going to set every woman at liberty, and say to them, 'now, go your way.' And my wives have got to do one of two things, either round up their shoulders to endure the afflications of this world, and live their religion—that is, polygamy—or they must leave; for I will not have them about me. I will go into heaven alone rather than to have sorstching and fighting about me. I will set all at liberty. What, first wife, too? Yes, liberate you all. I want to go somewhere or do something to get rid of the whiners. I do not want them to receive part of the truth and spurn the rest out of doors. Let every man thus treat his wives; keeping rament enough to cover his body, and say to your wives, take all that I have and be it set at liberty; but if you stay with me, you shall comply with the law of God in every respect, and that, too, without any murmuring or whining. You must fulfill the law of God in every respect, and round up your shoulders to walk up to the mark without any grunting."

Beef Killing—How it is Done Among the Indians.

A gentleman from up river furnishes us an item concering the way in which the Indians at several of the agencies do their butchering. The agent furnishes them with rations of beef on the hoof, which they are allowed to slaughter according to the dictates of their own consciences. From 150 to 200 head are issued at a time, and the Indians drive all but twenty or thirty into an inclosure for the purpose. A couple of hundred of the copper-colored devils then get around the pen, and with rifles and revolvers commence a fusilade into the the herd, taking no aim, but just banging away promiscously, seeming to desire more to main and torture the poor brutes than to kill them. The revolvers haven't sufficient force to put one of them to death, so they are the favorite arm.

The wounded bovines soon set up a bellowing which ought to excite pity in any heart, but these red-skins listen to it with a delight that could only be equaled if the agonizing cries were those of pale-face victims. In the herd may be seen animals with two or three of their legs broken, but trying to rear and plunge on those uninjured; some with their horns split by a bullet, and others scared and bleeding in various parts of the body. After the massacre is finished the Indians jump into the coral, and there is then a strife for securing the tongues and intestines of the animals, which taken raw are very choice morsels to the red mans palate. When there is nothing left but the lifeless, tongueless, eviscerated carcesses of the cattle inside the inclosure, attention is then paid to those reserved to furnish the desert of this carnival of barbaric cruelty. The twenty or thirty steers are stampeded across the prairie, and they are then pursued by the Indians on horseback with lances and revolvers a la buffalo hunt, their tormentors uttering those hideous noises for the production of which the vocal accoutrement of the full grown nation's wind is the only adequate arrangement yet discovered.

By means of spheres and pistols the miserable brutes (we refer to the cattle) have their bodies so lacerated that they are soon exhausted by the loss of blood and the frantic pace at which they have tried to elude their murderers. When one falls the Indians then try by goading to urge it to another race; but when they fail in this they stand over the fallen beast and by all the devilish tricks they ever learned torment it until death comes as a relief. Then all the interest in the animal is at an end, except who shall scalp it of its tongue and entrails.

The squaws are then turned out to cut up the carcasses and get them into camp, not a morsel of which is allowed to remain. Among them are sometimes fearful contests for choice portions of the animals, in which a couple of them may be frequently seen hacking at each other with their knives over a piece of tenderloin. When the last one is down the Indians go back to their lodges, their bloodthirstiness whetted to such an edge that the only wonder is that they can at all be restrained from massacreing the entire post. How any set of men expect to civilize a lot of creatures among whom such practices are tolerated is more than we, with our ideas of human instincts, comprehend.

Handling a Snapping Turtle by the Wrong End.

A man named Giles, who, by strict economy and severe industry, has succeeded in getting his family a little place, free of incumberance, was fishing in Still river, near the Beaver Brook mills, on Sunday afternoon. After sitting on the bank for a couple of hours, without catching anything, he was gratified to see on a flat stone in the water, a snapping turtle sunning itself. The butt-end of the turtle was toward him, and he thought he would capture it; but while he was looking for a place to step the turtle gravely turned around without his knowledge and when he got in reaching distance, and bent down to take hold of what nature designed should be taken hold of while handling a snapping turtle, that sociable animal just reached out and took hold of Mr. Giles' hand with a grasp that left no doubt of its sincerity. The shrieks of the unfortunate man aroused some of the neighbors, but when they arrived it was too late to be of any benefit to him, or even to themselves, for they just caught a glimpse of a bareheaded man tearing over the hill, swinging a small carpet-bag in one hand, and they at once concluded that it was a narrow escape from highway robbery. However, it was not a carpet-bag he was swinging; it was that turtle, and it clung to him until he reached the White street bridge, when it let go; but the frightened man did not slacken his gait until he got home. When he reached the house, the ludicrousness of the affair burst upon him, and when his wife looked at his pale face, and barehead, and dust-begrimed clothes, and asked what was the mater, he said, "Nothing was the matter, only he was afraid he would be too late for church," and appeared to be much relieved to find that he wasn't.—*Danbury News.*

A western paper says: "A short, thick, striped, star spangle-banner sort of a bug is beginning to look after the tomato crop."

There is said to be a man in Cincinnati who is in possession of such a powerful memory that he is employed by the humane society to remember the poor.

The Tarboro Southerner:
A Medium for Business Communication
ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE.	One Month.	Two Months.	Three Months.	Six Months.	One Year.
One Square,	2 50	5 —	7 00	10 —	15 —
Two Squares,	5 00	9 —	12 00	18 —	25 —
Three Squares,	8 00	13 —	16 00	24 —	35 —
Four Squares,	10 00	14 —	17 50	30 —	40 —
Fourth Column,	12 50	20 —	25 00	35 —	50 —
Half Column,	15 00	25 —	30 00	50 —	80 —
Whole Column,	25 00	40 —	50 00	65 —	100

Bloody Deeds on the High Seas.

We clip the following from the New York Herald of the 14th inst.:

SYDNEY, Australia, May 17, 1873.—On the 9th instant the London liner Rifleman arrived here, bringing a record of a tale of horror—a dead captain and a murderer in irons. Hundreds flocked next day to the Morgue, where the body, taken from a cask of spirits, awaited the assembling of the Coroner's Court, before which the following

EVIDENCE

was given:—

About four o'clock on the morning of March 16 the Rifleman, being then off Brazil, in latitude 34 W., the man at the wheel informed the chief officer that after the crew took their grog on the previous night they became ill, and they had been poisoned. The mate was thinking over the matter when the steward, a Dutchman, named Julius Wilhem Krauss, came on the poop saying, "The captain wants to see you, sir." On going below together he added, "I think it is about the grog." The mate knocked at the cabin door, but receiving no answer, was about to inquire what he was wanted for, when he was struck a terrific blow on the forehead, laying it bare to the bone. Staggering into the stateroom, he followed by the steward, who struck him a second blow ere he closed with the murderer, and

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE

took place. The murderer was much the more powerful man, still his would-be victim held him firmly round the body, pinioning his arms, while he called for help. Krauss repeatedly tried to strike another blow, when fortunately the ship took a lurch and precipitated both against the captain's bunk, the edge of which came in contact with Krauss' back and partially disabled him. Just then the boatswain rushed in, and the mate, weakened by loss of blood, told the boatswain to hold his assailant's hands firmly. He did so for a minute, and then, forgetfully released one of them, enabled Krauss to draw a revolver and fire it point blank in his face, the bullet entering below the jaw and coming out at the back of his neck, close to the spine. This

DROPPED THE BOATSWAIN,

and another shot was fired at the mate, the ball gazing his cheek and lodging in the side of the cabin. Ere he could repeat it Krauss was overpowered and secured.

The counterpane of Captain Longuerire's bed was then removed and beneath was found his dead body,

THE SKULL SMASHED IN

and a piece of log line tightly knotted round the throat. On the beam above was an indentation corresponding with head of the channel plate bolt used in attacking the mate. How he escaped from being stunned by two blows of an iron weapon two feet in length and weighing about seven pounds is inexplicable. In the steward's room were found several written statements complaining that the captain had found fault with him for being dirty, and one of them closed with the querry, cannot a steward have revenge in his own manner? No doubt he has done so, and justice has followed so swiftly that he now lies under sentence of death.

Many persons suppose that the miscreant intended to put all hands out of the world and run the ship on the Brazilian coast.

News Two Thousand Years Old.

Mr. Smith of the British Museum, who is excaving on the site on ancient Nineveh, announces the discovery of seventy inscriptions containing the names of kings unknown to history, and a collection of proverbs probably older than those of Solomon. It is now only seventy years since Grotofend, the pioneer in the study of Assyrian inscriptions, announced his great discovery in a paper which he read before the Academy of Gottingen, yet what a world of knowledge we already possess in the works of Layard, Rawlinson, and others. Still we cannot but think that we are only on the threshold of knowledge of the ancient world. Vast empires must have risen and flourished and decayed, in the valley of the Tigris, long before those of which the monuments remain came into existence. Of the history of the ancient empires we can only hope to learn from the monumental inscriptions which are scattered throughout the region where they were seated, and which such indefatigable students as Mr. Smith may unearth and decipher. It is worthy of note that Mr. Smith has undertaken this work at the instance and expense of a London daily newspaper, the Telegraph, and that we are thus indebted to newspaper enterprise for more of the ancient as well as of the modern world.

Mr. Bierstadt, and others of the Oriental Typographical Corps, who left New York a few months ago to make explorations and sketches in Bible lands, are actively engaged at the Pyramids, Memphis, and the lower Nile, taking photographic, thermal, and magnetic observations.

Josh Billings says: "One of the funniest scenes I ever seed was two old maids waiting on one sick widower."