The Tarborough Southerner.

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT; THEN GO AHEAD.—D. Crockett.

VOL. 54. TARBORO', N. C., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1876. NO. 41.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

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Concord R. A. Chapter No. 5, N. M. Lawrence, High Priest, Masonic Hall, monthly convocations first Thursday in every month at 10 o'clock A. M.

Concord Lodge No. 58, Thomas Gatlin, Master, Masonic Hall, meets first Friday night at 7 o'clock P. M. and third Saturday at 10 o'clock A. M. in every month.

Repiton Encampment No. 13, I. O. O. F., I. B. Palamountain, Chief Patriarch, Odd Fellows' Hall, meets every first and third Thursday of each month.

Edgecombe Lodge No. 59, I. O. O. F., T. W. Toler, N. G., Odd Fellows' Hall, meets every Tuesday night.

Edgecombe Council No. 122, Friends of Temperance, meet every Friday night at the Odd Fellows' Hall.

Advance Lodge No. 28, I. O. G. T., meets every Wednesday night at there Hall.

Zaneth Lodge, No. 285, I. O. B. R., meet on first and third Monday night of every month at Odd Fellows' Hall, A. Whitlock, President.

CHURCHES.

Episcopal Church—Services every Sunday at 10 1-2 o'clock A. M. and 5 P. M. Dr. J. B. Cheshire, Rector.

Methodist Church—Services every Fourth Sunday of every month, morning and night. 1st Sunday at night and 5th Sunday at night. Rev. Mr. Swindell, Pastor.

Presbyterian Church—Services every 1st, 3rd and 5th Sabbaths. Rev. W. T. Atkison, Pastor Weekly Prayer meeting, Thursday night

Missionary Baptist Church—Services the 4th Sunday in every month, morning and night. Rev. T. R. Owen, Pastor.

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Tarboro', April 7, 1876.

Original Story.

[Written Expressly for the Southerner.]

A SILVER HUNT.

BY ARACHEL.

Uncle John was up at dawn and out to see after the horses. When I awoke I found Fielding at the creek before the door, with each foot planted upon a stone washing his face by dipping up the water which flowed clear and sparkling between his legs. As I approached, bent upon the same business, he sputtered out, the water flying from his long mustaches:

'Have a wash. The bowl is always full and always pouring out the dirty water, and always fetching in some more clean. Don't this beat the bowl-and-pitcher business?'

As he stood on the bank, combing up the stiff short hair on his head, pretty much in the manner of currying a horse, I walked into the creek and attempted to locate my feet upon the tops of two slippery rocks that lifted up their smooth round heads just out of the water. Of course I missed both stones; and found myself knee deep in my wash bowl. Sockheimer threw down his comb and roared with laughter. In fact he laughed so loud that the hounds came running out barking furiously. But I made the best I could of my morning bath and went in the house to dry my feet.

As we were all sitting down to breakfast, a loud halloo was heard at the gate. Twas a man hunting for a physician.

I was requested by Hoyden to come out. The man was mounted on a very small pony that seemed hardly able to hold the weight that rested upon him.

'Are you a doctor?' queried the stranger.

'Yes, when I am at home,' I replied.

'All right, said he, 'mount your horse and come with me—there's a mighty sick woman up at my house. I want you to see her quick and see if you can give her anything to help her.'

'But you don't know me. You must not take the word of every stranger that comes along through your mountains. I may be an impostor.'

'You bet *I* don't know you!' said the man with a grin. 'I knew you were here last night before I went to sleep—and who are with you:—Call out uncle John, he'll tell you I'm all right. You need not fear any harm, stranger.'

Uncle John appeared promptly at the call and greeted the man with:

'Why Cragie, what's up?'

'All clear Uncle John, your party will have no trouble if it don't snow this morning.'

At this I looked up at the sky and noticed for the first time that it was covered with a dull leaden canopy of uniform cloudy appearance.

As I took another look at the rider of the pony I noticed that the stranger had only one leg.

'Where's your other leg,' I asked, and *I* had a good reason for asking. Yankee's lost legs sometimes.

'Left it in Virginia,' was the answer. 'Stonewall Jackson led the charge and I went rushing on with two legs, soon got satisfied and retired, in an ambulance, with one leg on the field.'

I mounted my horse immediately, saying: 'That will do stranger, I will go with you anywhere—it's all right now.'

Up the mountain we went, leaving my two comrades to follow, in an hour and to call for me at Cragie's: As it threatened snow, we had concluded to go on up to the silver mine at once, make our explorations and come back to Hoyden's to supper and lodging. Sockheimer had told me that there was no more any danger from 'wild cats' and that the lean man with the rifle, we had seen at the mill, would *not hunt any game that day*. He said that the guide had told him this when they were feeding the horses this morning, and that the old man had laughed a good deal at the scare our party had given some people that he knew.

Up, up, still higher we climbed, the pony keeping ahead of Flax-mane, till I touched that fore shoulder. (How glad I was that Sockheimer had given me that information about the fore shoulder.)

I found the woman much better, in fact out of danger, a sudden attack.

I made a simple prescription, and talked to the nurse while Cragie was taking care of his pony; for he had ridden from twelve o'clock the night before, looking for medical help.

The snow now began to fall thick and fine. A call at the gate announced the two friends and *I* sallied out to meet them.

Up, up again for three miles, till we reached Chilton's, the highest residence, perhaps, in Western North Carolina. When we reached this house, the snow was three inches deep and still falling. In the opinion of Chilton and Uncle John it was thought the snow would continue all day; but Sockheimer and I thought it would soon cease.

'You don't know anything about it, men,' Uncle John said to us, 'but it don't make any difference with me. *I* come to serve you as guide to the Balsam and I'll will go with you, snow or shine; but let's get Chilton to go along too—he's good on a trail, and it's been five years since I went up from this side.' Chilton answered this remark; on his part, by going in his house and throwing his coat loosely over his shoulders, he was in his shirt sleeves before, and saying, as he stalked out of the yard:

'This way, men.'

I saw at once that this man was in favor of action and that we need not fear his talking too much.

As our new guide strode into the forest with long steps, Sockheimer and Uncle John rapidly dismounted and tying their horses under a shelter nearby, called to me to come on. I was sitting on my animal looking on in wonder at the rapidity of the movements going on around me. Chilton was now nearly a hundred yards distant, crashing through the thick undergrowth that bordered a boisterous young mountain stream near the fence that enclosed his premises. And as soon as my two friends had called me to come on, they darted in pursuit of Chilton. There I sat on my horse wondering if they were going, really, to *walk* up the Balsam mountain in a snow storm.

A shout from Sockheimer recalled me to the necessity of immediate action. Flax-mane was inching along towards the shelter where he was desirous of joining the other two animals in the discussion of a pile of oats which they had found there. The shouts came nearer up the gorge into which the little stream had plunged. I should be left behind if *I* did not quickly resolve upon some action. I was no walker, rather thought little of walking, in fact I don't know but that I despised walking.

I roused Flax-mane with that fore-leg movement before mentioned and said cheerfully to the now shivering animal:

'Old 'ellow, we *must* ride.—We'll go on a visit to the sky and see where all this snow comes from.'

So following the foot prints of my companions we went sliding and crushing down through brush and among loose stones.

It was nearly a half hour before I overtook the party. And when I rode up all three gazed at me with amazement so well depicted in their countenances that I was forced to ask:

'What is the matter?'

Chilton who could hardly be persuaded to stop long enough to say one word, spoke first pointing to my horse:

'What are you going to do with *him*?'

'Ride him,' was my prompt reply.

'Where?' said he.

'Up yonder,' said *I*, pointing towards the white, snow covered mountain that now, since we had left the little stream and turned up a ridge, rose away, away above us into the clouds and driving snow mists.

Chilton only looked at Uncle John, with an interrogation point plainly visible in his eye, and touched his forehead.

'All right, Chilton,' said the one thus addressed, 'they have queer people over the Ridge, where he comes from. Besides he is a doctor and if he breaks his neck he can 'set' it himself.' And Uncle John winked slyly at me and nodded towards the mountain. And my dull brain understood that Uncle John endorsed my plan of riding up the mountain and thought it was feasible.

Chilton moved off rapidly again in a long swinging walk, soon getting a long way in advance. Then the rest of the party followed in Indian file, with myself bringing up the rear

The snow now came down thicker and faster, in particles small as fine dust, filling eyes, nose and ears. But we breasted the storm with bowed heads. Chilton's foot prints were scarcely visible, a few moments sufficing for the snow to fill them up. Flax-mane was not entirely in accord with the present movement; for frequently he would stop and look back, neighing piteously. But the application of the birch to the tender spot always reminded him that '*excelsior*' was the word now. So up, up again till a nearly perpendicular wall of rock seemed to bar further progress. I had been traveling with head bent so low that I had not noticed that those in advance of me were out of sight, till I lifted my eyes to see the cause of the stopping of my horse.

My horse shook his head violently; whether to release his ears from the snow that had blown into them or to express his determination to go no further, is not precisely known. At any rate he planted his forefeet firmly, forward and stood stock still.

I heard a laugh above me.—Looking up again, I discerned through the driving mists of snow the dim forms of Uncle John and Sockheimer sitting upon a houlder about twenty feet above and enjoying my discomfiture.

'Why don't you come on, 'old fellow,' said Fielding, 'touch up Flax-mane and he will show you how to do it.'

Flax-mane responded promptly, as he always did, to the accustomed stimulus, and immediately turned to the right, walked about twenty feet in a slanting direction along a narrow ledge, then abruptly turned to the left, still sloping upward, the same distance; then again turning to the right brought me safe, upon a level with my companions.

Then half a mile of level way, then another wall of rock; and a littlewhile after that still another obstruction of the same kind, all surmounted in the same way by my sagacious animal, then for the first time after the stopage at the foot of the mountain, *I* saw Chilton. He had following the old *I*ndian trail without once losing it, though it was covered with snow. He was standing under the dark boughs of a spreading balsam pine, with arms folded, and with his coat hanging over his left arm.

As we came up to him, he pointed at his feet and said.

'Want water?'

I glanced towards the spot indicated and saw a dark circular hole in the snow and a fountain of sweet spring water bubbling vigorously from the bottom.

On looking around as well as the blinding snow would permit, I saw that we were on the edge of an 'old field,' forming part of the first 'bench' of the great Balsam mountain. Blackberry bushes were grouped together in patches, but the bushes had no thorns upon them. In a cluster, a little distance off were seen, what seem to be, cherry trees. Broomsedge was every where. But Chilton said that even the *I*ndians knew nothing of those who 'cleared' this opening.

'Now, Doctor,' said Uncle John, just tie your horse under this balsam and let's go up to those 'cherry' trees, as you call them and strip off the bark, for that's the 'Peruvian' I was telling you about;

Sockheimer fastened my bridle to a swinging limb and away we went, knee deep in snow. We had not gone fifty yards, before the horse caught up with us, with a branch of balsam dangling from the bridle. Poor fellow; he was lonely and could not stand the looks of the weird scenery around him. We let him have his own way, and all the time we remained on the mountain, Flax-mane followed us about, as a dog would have done.

We secured fine specimens of the bark of the Peruvian (?) trees, after building a fire with pine knots. Sockheimer went off and climbed a tall balsam to cut off the top to make me a walking cane, at the risk of his life. (I have that cane now.)

Chilton and Uncle John went up towards the second 'bench,' just a couple of miles! higher up to see if the snow would permit us to visit the silver mine. Fielding and I sat around the fire, telling stories and wishing for something to eat. It is astonishing what magnificent dishes the hungry imagination can devise for the comfort of the inner man.

Sockheimer and myself fattened ourselves to corpulency (in the mind) on that memorable occasion. Flax-mane went to work on the black-berry bushes, very tenderly at first, remembering, doubtless, former experiences, but finding no briers he made a hearty meal.

From a precipice, a thousand feet sheer down, that was near us, we saw the snow coming *up*! Fielding said it was not fair to snow *up* at a fellow: but we were out of our element and were obliged to take things as we found them. We went back to the fire and found the horse standing very near it, winking violently at the irritation produced upon his eyes by the blinding smoke; but he enjoyed the fire.

Again we took our seats near the blazing fagots, with feet ankle-deep in melting snow and slush.

While busily engaged in drying our feet a voice sounded, very close by.

'No go, Doctor.'

Uncle John and Chilton were standing behind us—having noiselessly approached. Upon cross-examination, we elicited from the witnesses the following facts:

The mine was more than two miles from the 'old field'—at least a mile of the way being very steep—the snow was nearly waist deep, time was rapidly passing away, being now 2 p. m. it would be dangerous getting back to Chilton's house, if we remained up here any longer.

So the motion to 'go for' the silver mine was indignantly postponed, laid on the table and an adjournment *sine die* was had.

When Sockheimer and I find the silver mine, we will invite all the subscribers of the *Southerner* to a big dinner near that spring on the Balsam mountain, and we will spread before them all those good things that we had in our imaginations around that fire.

FINIS.

Governor Tilden's Income Tax.

The reputations of our citizens are the property of the State. And when a character has stood the test of three score years, every individual has a personal interest in it, reaching far beyond the passing political excitements of the day. With deep regret, therefore, one sees a growing disposition even among some of our more conservative newspapers, to accept and give currency to defamations of character, simply because the persons attacked happen to be candidates for a high office. The form of the charges seem to be something like this—'You swore falsely in 1862,' or 'You stole in 1862.' 'Now prove you did not, or stand convicted of perjury or theft.'' This is rather a summary mode of changing the burden of proof, and putting a man on the defensive. *It* may require weeks for him to look up or recall the facts which influenced his acts so long ago; but in the meantime, as slander travels fast, the charges made are echoed by the press of the whole land, and the wrong done can never be wiped out. If public opinion permits this, we shall soon find very few honest men willing to allow their names to be placed before the people for office.

*A*s an instance of the evil we complain of, take the charge, which we are called upon to believe, that Gov. *H*ayes, during the war, stole $400 left with him by an executed soldier. The facts assumed are (1) that such a man was executed: (2) that he was seen to give the $400 to Gov. *H*ayes; (3) that Gov. H. has not accounted for it. Of course, therefore, Gov. Hayes is a thief. Rather a startling conclusion to a man who has earned, by a life free from reproach, a good name. Yet, if newspaper trial is to be indulged in and accepted during the excitements of a political canvass, there seems to be no way to avoid such violent warfare, better suited to the Sioux districts than the intelligent cultured communities where the slanders originate.

But our main design in referring to this subject was to speak of Gov. Tilden's income tax for 1862, which in some quarters has become a very interesting and momentous subject. We all necessarily feel a pride in Gov. Tilden's reputation. No man has stood higher, and deservedly so. Were we not in the midst of an unusual political excitement, such a charge could not be repeated without being indignantly repelled by every man of character in our midst. Yet now we see the slander assumed as proved, and boldly stated by newspapers and speakers everywhere, although the facts show that there never was a more baseless charge made.

What are the facts? It seems that in December, 1863, Gov. Tilden, like all the rest of us, made a return under oath of his income for the year 1862. That return showed that he received in 1862, subject to taxation under the law, a little over seven thousand dollars. In a suit now pending on behalf of the St. Louis, Alton & Terre Haute Railroad, the Governor swore that he received in 1862 twenty thousand dollars for services which were "commenced *prior* to the year 1859, "and were rendered from time to "time during a period of three "years." These are the simple facts, and the whole of them, and on them the charge is made of perjury, assuming or jumping over entirely the one further promise necessary for a conclusion—and that is, whether, under the law, the twenty-ty thousand dollars received from the railroad should be included, in the returns while the instructions of *I*nternal Revenue Commissioner Lewis, issued at that time, state clearly and postively that it should *not* be included. For the benefit of those who may have forgotten these instructions, we insert the following extract taken from them, as published in our *H*unt's Merchant's *Magazine* for August, 1863, page 139:

"A merchant's return of income "should cover the business of the year "1862, *excluding previous years*. Un-"collected accounts must be estima-"ted. Physicians and lawyers should "include *actual receipts* for services "*rendered in* 1862, together with an "estimate on unrealized or contin-"gent income due to that year."

*H*ere we have it postively stated that the "actual receipts for servi-"ces rendered in 1862," "exclu-"ding previous years," with an estimate of "uncollected accounts," or "unrealized income" from the business or services of 1862, are the items to be included. This same idea was enforced in the Commissioner's subsequent instructions of that year, and more minutely to revenue collectors. In fact, the Commissioner made this so clear that no one had a doubt as to the meaning; so all of us in preparing our returns of income from our business, included what we had earned, and not what we had collected, in 1862; and if Governor Tilden perjured himself in making his return in that way, every honest man in the country did the same. Our city newspapers concurred in this view, as may be seen from their remarks published at that time in further explanation of what the Commissioner said.

Now turning to this $20,000 item, we find the answer states that it was received in 1862, but for services which were "commenced *prior* "to the year 1859, and were ren-"dered from time to time during a "period of three years." *I*n other words, according to this statement, no portion of the amount was earned in 1862, but all of it during the three years, 1859, 1860 and 1861. Could anything be clearer, therefore, than that the amount in question was not to be included? And yet we find some of our best newspapers and speakers concluding upon these facts, and boldly stating, that Gov. Tilden is guilty of perjury!

How many men of established reputation are there in our midst who would to-day be willing to submit themselves as candidates before the people, if public opinion is to pass by without protest such base, reckless charges? This is a question not of party success but of national interest—not of votes but of morals.—*Chronicle.*

A Colored Carolinian.

Ex-Senator Revels of Mississipi.

This distinguished Leader of the Negro Race, Born in North Carolina, Unites Himself Politically with the White People.

This colored man was a few years ago, a senator of the United States from the State of Mississippi, elected by the republican party, to which he belonged. *H*e is well known among the older citizens of Lincolton as Rhodes Revels; he lived in this town until he was about eighteen years old, and then removed to Ohio, we believe, where he received a liberal education and became a Methodist minister. After the war he was sent as a presiding elder to Mississippi and was elected by the legislature as United States Senator. *H*e was always a worthy and truthful man and obtained the confidence of this community when a youth.

We are gratified to know that in the last election in Mississippi he voted and acted with the democratic party on the ground that his own party had become so thoroughly corrupt in that state that no honest man could act with it, and that the safety and peace of the state required that it should be put out of power. The consequence of his exerting his influence in this way was that the democrats carried the state by a large majority notwithstanding there is a negro majority in the state. The negroes followed and voted with him.

The time is not far distant when the negroes here will be set free from radical slavery and act like the negroes in Alabama and Mississippi and come out for honest government instead of the corrupt misrule which now brings shame and disgrace to the nation. Let the negroes "ponder these things in their hearts."—*Lincoln Progress.*

How Niagra Almost Ran Dry.

On March 29, 1848, a remarkable phenomenon occurred. The preceding winter had been itensely cold, and the ice formed on Lake Erie was unusually thick. In the warm days of early spring this mass of ice was loosened around the shores of the lake and detached from them. During the forenoon of the day named, a stiff easterly wind moved it up the lake A little before sunset, the wind chopped suddenly round and blew a gale from the west. This brought the vast fields of ice back again with such tremendous force that it filled in the neck of the lake and its outlet, so as to form a very effective dam, that caused a remarkable diminution in the outflow of the water. Of course, it needed but little time for the falls to drain off the water below this dam. The consequence was that on the morning of the following day the river was nearly half gone. The American channel had dwindled to a deep and narrow creek. The British channel seemed to have been smitten with quick cosumption, and to be fast passing away. Far up from the head of Goat Island out beyond the old Tower to the deep Horseshoe fall, the water was gone. The rocks were bare, black and forbiding. The roar of Niagara had subsided to a moan. This extraordinary syncope of the water lasted all the day, and night closed over the strange scene. But during the night the dam gave wey, and the next morning the deep river was restored in all its strenght, beauty and majesty.—*Scribner's Monthly.*