The Tarboro' Southerner.

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A Song of Praise.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

As a tale that is told, as a vision,
Pong ve and verge; for I say
That no true soul endure the derision
Of to-day's till the fall of the day;

Ay, for die as you would be forgiven;
Ay, forget, lest ill you have done.
Be remembered against you in heaven
And all the days under the sun.

For who shall have bread without labor?
And who shall have rest without price?
And who is still held with his neighbor
With promise of peace with Christ?

The years may lay hand on fair Heaven;
May place and displace the red stars;
May stain them, as blood stains are driven
At sunset in beautiful bars;

May shroud them in black till they fret us
As clouds with their showers of tears;
May grind us to dust and for us,
May one years O the pitless years;

The precepts of Christ are beyond them;
The law by the Nazarene taught,
With the tramp of the ages upon them,
They endure as though ages were naught.

The deserts may drink up the fountains,
The forests give place to the plain;
The main may give place to the mountains,
The mountain return to the main;

Migrations of worlds and mutations
Of suns may take place; but the reign
Of time and the toils and vexations
Of spacious them, no, never a stain.

Go forth to the fields as one sowing,
Sing songs and be glad as you go;
The seeds of ills that take root without sowing,
And your some fruit whether or no.

And the sun shall shine, sooner or later,
Though the midnight breaks ground on the morn;
Then appeal you to Christ, the Creator,
And to gray bearded Time, His first born.

SPUGIANNA.

"I don't say that man will steal," said a witness on a trial, "but if I was a chicken I'd roost high when he was round."

"What," said a teacher to a pupil "makes you feel uncomfortable after you have done wrong?" "My papa's big leather strap," feelingly replied the boy.

A gentleman coming into the room of Dr. Barton told him that Mr. Vowel was dead. "What," said he, "Vowel dead? Let us be thankful it was neither a marriage."

Have you tasted that new drink they've got up in Jersey City, asked one liquor of another. No, what do you call it. Water, if I'm not mistaken, and a little of it goes a great way so they use it sparingly.

Mr. Jones, said Mrs. Joces, with an air of triumph, don't you think marriage is a means of grace?"

Well, yes, growled Jones, I suppose anything is a means of grace that breaks down a pride and leads to repentance.

A murderer on being sentenced to be hanged in Terre Haute, Indiana, did not catch the date and inquired "When did you say, your honor, that the occurrence is to take place?"

A gentleman who had built a small house in a sequestered part of his grounds for his private study, showed it to a friend, remarking, "Here I sit reading from morning till night, and nobody a bit the wiser."

A drunken man, with a box of matches in his pocket, laid down on the street the other day to enjoy a quiet snooze. While rolling over in his sleep the matches too fire. Awakening, he snuffed the air suspiciously, smelt the burning brimstone, and ejaculated, "Just as I expected, in h—l (hic) by hokey."

A priest who was examining a confirmation class in the South of Ireland asked the question, What is the sacrament of matrimony? A little girl at the head of the class answered, 'Tis a state of torment into which souls enter to repent them for another and better world. But her down to the foot of the class says the curate. Leave her alone, said the priest, for anything you or I know to the contrary, she may be perfectly right.

The Origin of White Folks.

A negro minister delivered a funeral discourse, in which he gives an account of the white folks which throws Darwin in the shade:

"Say bredderen, when Adam and Ebe was first made they was black niggers. But de good Lord put them in de garden where he had all his summer apples, and he tole em Adam you and Ebe may eat dem summer apples much as you want, but you jest let dem Fowler apples be—I dun save dem for my own special foof. Dem like sheep meat, too good for niggers.

"Den de good Lord went off about his business, lemonading up and down the yerth, seeing whom He might save up. But He no sooner turn his back dan, just like to fool niggers, Adam an' Ebe steal all dem Fowler apples. Sue taste de first one, and smack her lubly lips, and 'quired of Adam, 'How is dat for high?' Adam said it was all O. K., and den dey went for dem Fowler apples like the hething Chinee. Limbi de Lord come back, and de first thing He said was, 'Adam, Adam, where my Fowler apples? De Adam got skeer'd and said: 'I don't know, Lord, but I speck Ebe got 'em.' De Lord went to Ebe, and said, 'Ebe, you got dem Fowler apples?' Den de Lord got so mad he fairly smashed his teef. He stomped back up to where Adam was standin' shivern' like a sheep-killin' dog, and made the ground fairly shake as He say, 'Adam! Adam! you grand old thief, what for you steal my Fowler apples.' Adam got so skeered he turned white as a sheet, and my belubbed buddren, he never grow black any more, and dat accounts for de poor white trash we see flyin round here votin'.

"Let us look to de Lord, and be dismiss."—Ex.