

The Newbernian,
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WINDLEY BROTHERS,
South Front and Middle Street,
Newbern, N. C.

Wholesale Dealers

LIQUORS, CIGARS,

—AND—
Tobacco!

Our Stock is now Complete, embracing every Article known in the Liquor line.

It is the Largest Stock ever exhibited in the South.

THE BEST SELECTED STOCK EVER PURCHASED.

The most Complete Assorted Stock known.

Bought Direct from the Distillers in Kentucky and Ohio.

FOR CASH
We Guarantee to Sell as Low as any House North of Us.

Windley Brothers,
NEWBERN, N. C.

Emerald Cigar Factory,
C. ERDMANN, Proprietor,
Middle Street, opposite Episcopal Church
NEWBERN, N. C.,
Manufactures choice Havana and Domestic

CIGARS
of the following brands:

LA COBONA, CHARMS, CROWNED, PRIZE, EMERALD, KIBO, THE PRESENT, OP-ERA, THEY ALL DO IT, DE JOSE, BULLY, FLOR DE ALMA, HARD-PAN, FRIENDLY COMPETITOR, SPORTING, LAST IDEA.

John S. Palmer.
The best brands of Cigars and Tobacco at the lowest retail prices always on hand.

B. M. GATES,
DEALER IN
Hardware,

Tinware,
Crockery,

ALL KINDS OF
House Furnishing Goods

SADDLES, HARNESS,
Wood and Willow Ware,

PLOWS AND OTHER
Agricultural Implements,
Paints, Oils and Varnishes,
WINDLEY STREET, Newbern, N. C.
Second Store, Brick Block.
Opposite Market.

THE NEWBERNIAN.

THE OLD NORTH STATE FOREVER.

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The Village Stork.

RAYARD TAYLOR'S LAST POEM.

The old Heronian forest sent
His weather on the plain;
Wahlwinkel's orchards withered and bent
In whiffs of wind and rain.
Within her nest, upon the roof,
For generations tempest-proof,
Wahlwinkel's stork with her young one lay,
When the hand of the hurricane tore away
The house and the home that held them.
The storm passed by, the happy trees
Stood up and kissed the sun;
And from the birds new melodies
Came flitting one by one.
The stork, upon the path below,
Went sadly pecking and fro,
With dipping plumes and head depressed,
For the thought of the spoiled ancestral nest,
And the old, inherited honor.

'Behold her now!' the stork sang
From out the hidden tree
Who knows from what a line she sprang,
Beyond the unknown sea?
'If she could sing, perchance her tale
Might move us,' chirped the nightingale.
'Song? She can only rattle and creak!'
Whistled the bullfinch, with silver beak,
Within the bars of his prison.

And all birds there, or loud or low,
Were one in scorn and scorn;
But still the stork paced to and fro,
As steadily before.
Then suddenly, in turn of eye,
She saw a post passing by,
And the thought in his brain was an arrow of fire.
That pierced her with passion and pride and ire
And gave her a voice to answer.

She raised her head and shook her wings,
And faced the piping crowd.
'Best service,' said she, 'never sings;
True honor is not loud.
My kindred carol not, nor boast;
Yet we are loved and welcomed most.
And our ancient race is dearest and first,
And the hand that lures us held scorned
In every home of Wahlwinkel!

'Beneath a sky forever fair,
And with a summer sod,
The land I come from smiles—and there
My brother was a god!
My nest upon a temple stands
And sees the shine of desert lands;
And the palm and the tamarisk cool my wings
When the blazing beam of the noonday stings,
And I drink from the holy river!

'There I am sacred, even as here;
Yet dare I not be lost,
When meads are bright, hearts full of cheer,
At Bethlehem's pentecost.
Then from my obelisk I depart,
Guided by something in my heart,
And sweep in a line over Lybian sands
To the blossoming olives of Grecian lands,
And rest on the Cretan Ida!

'Parasites see me as I sail;
I cross the Adriatic brine;
The distant summits fade and fall,
Dalmatian Apennines,
The Alpine spires beneath me gleam,
I see the yellow Danube stream!
But I hasten on until my spent wings fall,
Where I bring a blessing to each and all,
And babes to the wives of Wahlwinkel!

She drooped her head and spoke no more;
The birds on either hand
Sang louder, lustier than before—
They could not understand.
Thus moved the stork, with snap of beak:
'Better be silent than so speak!
Highest being can never be taught;
They have their voices, I my thought;
And they were never in Egypt!

American Legation, Berlin, Germany, November 12, 1878.

MAT'S LUCK.

"It is just my luck!" said Mat,
"Confound it!"
He walked gloomily to the window
and looked out—on the vivid green of the
croquet lawn, on white and red
roses clustering about the porch; on the
old rector, tending his favorite gerani-
ums in the distance, amid a blaze of
sunshine and glow of color. Mat longed
to be with him—the somber room seemed
as oppressive as a cage.
He threw open the French windows,
drew a long breath, and thrust his fingers
into the pockets of his shooting-coat,
falling naturally into a careless,
longing attitude, peculiar to him. The
fingers came in contact with a note, and
idly brought it to light. It was ad-
dressed in a woman's handwriting, to
"Matthew Curtis, Esq., M. D." A
grim smile played about that gentle-
man's lips as he reflected how unsuited
was that formal superscription to the
joyful, reckless good-for-naught, known
to rich and poor for miles around as
young Mat Curtis.
With a listless air he drew forth the
brief inclosure. His face darkened as
he perused it.
"Miss Agnes Bellue would be glad to
have a few minutes' conversation with
Mr. Curtis."
"Lover-like—very!" commented Mat,
with sarcastic emphasis.
Another glance at the delicate paper
and the firm square handwriting, the
dark look hardening the white, until the
character of the face seemed completely
altered.
"Look at it!" quoth Mat. "Her
hand never trembled; there is not a wa-
vering stroke! Why, most girls would
cry their eyes out while writing such a
note as that to their lovers!"
He crushed the offending missive into
a crumpled ball as he spoke, and ad-
dressed a few more expetives to the
fair sunshine—expetives peculiarly
unbefitting a clergyman's study, or the
hearing of the young lady who noise-
lessly entered in time indistinctly to
catch them.
Young—not more than twenty, per-
haps—but with a serene and queenly
grace of movement, a gravely beautiful

face—an air just now of haughty dis-
gust.
"Pardon me," she says, icily; "so
interesting a conversation with yourself
is probably of a confidential nature."
Mat turns with a flaming face, a
quick, deprecating gesture, a courteous,
apologetic bow and speech that some-
how in their confused humility stamp
him as a gentleman.
"I trust indeed you did not hear it.
I earnestly crave forgiveness if you
did!"
She contemptuously dismisses the
matter with the slightest wave of a little
jeweled hand. Cold, hard, proud she
looks, and her words have a clear-cut
articulation suggestive of newly-clipped
coins.
"I sent for you."
"Yes," answers Mat, defiantly. His
penitence is dying away—the dark, hard
expression is returning. "Just my
luck," it seems to repeat.
"To beg an answer to two questions,"
continues Miss Bellue,
"Mat bows, thrusts his hands into the
deep shooting-pockets once more, and
resumes the careless, lounging attitude.
"Have you entered your name, not-
withstanding my protest, as a gentle-
man-riding for the autumn steeples-
chases?"
"Yes."
"Is it, indeed, true, that last night
you involved yourself in a poaching af-
fair, actually knocking down a keeper
and helping the poachers to escape?"
"Yes," says Mat, with a kind of sul-
len despair.
Miss Bellue draws something from her
white fingers, and holds it out.
Mechanically Mat's hand comes out of
the shooting-pocket and grasps it. It
is a woman's engagement ring.
They look at each other, a curious
contrast in the two faces. Hers com-
posed, calm, haughtily indifferent. His
blankly astonished, angry, agitated, by
turns.
"Not—not that, Agnes," he pleads,
humbly.
The serene beauty, the quiet determi-
nation of her face answer him.
"At least, let me explain. I can do
so to your satisfaction, I think, I
hope!" he says, dubiously. "Return it
to your finger, and reserve judgment
till you hear the defense!" And he holds
the ring toward her, with a great, clumsy
hand that trembles somewhat.
Still no audible reply. A faint shake
of the head, a look of polite incredulity
—that is all.
"Do you not care?" he asks.
His appealing eyes search her face.
It does not change. Beautiful, imper-
turtable, the sentence written there
never varies. His unsteady fingers drop
the ring; but he lets it lie, half buried
in a fleecy rug. Then, with a set, stern
look, he sets his foot upon it, bows
slightly, and walks from the room.
He leaves the house, passing the win-
dow to gain the road, but looking nei-
ther to the right nor to the left.
His head is erect, his hands are out of
the loose pockets. For once (startling
transformation), young Mat Curtis looks
positively dignified.
And as he vanishes as starting a
transformation takes place in the room
he has quitted. Miss Bellue proves
herself a woman, and not a queen, by a
series of actions essentially feminine.
First, she rescues the bent love-token
from the floor; then she kisses it and
cries over it; then she looks it away
carefully in a writing-desk; then she
rushes up stairs to watch her lover out
of sight from an upper window.
For a quarter of a mile or so she
watched him, a retreating figure, grow-
ing smaller and smaller in the distance.
He never once looked back; the regu-
lar march of his steps never faltered;
a turn of the road hid him from sight.
Miss Bellue sat down on the floor—a
most undignified position—and cried
till her pretty eyes were red and
swollen.
"It is all over!" she moaned—"all
over!"
"Fire! Fire!"
Mat spring from his bed, and, with
professional expertness struck a light,
tumbled into some clothes and rushed
from the house.
No need to ask whence the alarm pro-
ceeded; the fierce pillar of flame and
the red glow in the sky were beacons
toward which he ran at headlong speed,
with one thought in his mind, "I pray
heaven it may not be the rectory!"
"Where is it?" he shouted to two
laborers, fagging along as swiftly as
heavy boots and ponderous habits of
progression would let them.
"Farmer Joyce's, sur."
"Farmer Joyce's! Thank heaven!
The next house to the rectory, but not
near enough to endanger it!"
Mat's suspense gave place to a thrill
of almost pleasurable excitement; it was
his "mad young blood" asserting it-
self. Dashing through a gateway, he
almost ran over a girl, bare-headed,
wringing her hands in impotent anxiety.
It was Miss Bellue.
"Go back at once," commanded Mat,
curtly. "Put on a hat, and the thickest
shawl you have."
The panic-stricken girl obeyed. He
till afterward did it occur to her not
to have no right to issue such instructions.
When she returned it was to find Mat-
thew Curtis, Esq., M. D., in the center
of a burning pig-sty, pitching out
squeaking, half-roasted porkers.
"Just my luck!" he grumbled, ex-
amining his scorched fingers. "If they

had been babies, now, I might have
gained some credit at the same risk."
"The stable is a-fire, sur!"
"What!" shouted Mat. He did not
wait for the information to be repeated.
An ardent lover of horseflesh, it was at
appeal to his sympathies that sent him
round intervening outbuildings in a state
of breathless suspense.
It was true. The stable was on fire;
the horses were screaming with terror;
two or three rustics were making excited
and fruitless attempts to drag them out
—attempts the poor animals resisted
with all their might. A little crowd of
men looked on idly and despairingly.
"Jim, run into the barn and get
three or four empty sacks and a rope.
Quick!"
"Yes, sur."
By drawing a sack over each animal's
head and neck, thus blinding it; by
passing a rope round the forelegs and
setting strong arms to haul, and by a
little organization of brave but until
then ill-applied efforts, a rescue was
effected. All the horses were saved ex-
cept one poor brute smothered by the
smoke.
Farmer Joyce came up, with a grimy
hand extended in honest gratitude.
"Thank you kindly, sir. I don't
mind for the ricks and the buildings—
they are insured; but it went to my
heart to hear them poor brutes scream."
Mat gave his left hand—the right one
was bound up with a handkerchief. The
old rector joined them, Miss Bellue lean-
ing on his arm.
"The danger is over now, Joyce, I
think. Mat, come across with me."
Mat glanced at the averted face of the
young lady, and misinterpreted it. She
was, in truth, ashamed to meet his eye.
The contrast between her coolness and
courage and her physical cowardice
humbled her.
"I have burnt my hand and arm
slightly—just my luck!" said Mat. "I
must go home at once to dress them."
He took off his hat as he spoke, awk-
wardly enough, with the left hand, and
turned away.
"He is a fine fellow, Agnes, the
lover of yours," said the rector; "but
his manner is rather abrupt to-night.
What ails him?"
"Never mind, papa—never mind."
There was a kind of wail in Miss Bel-
lue's voice.
"A lovers' quarrel," thought the
rector, sagely. "Then my attitude
must be one of dignified neutrality—
my policy non-intervention" and he
laughed quietly to himself at the conceit.
Mat was dressing his burns in the
surgery when the outer door opened and
his father entered.
"Halloo, father! Who called you up!
It was my turn to-night."
It should be explained that "young
Mat Curtis" and "the old doctor" were
partners.
"The old doctor" made no reply.
He sat down in a low chair, and began
to fan himself with a broad straw hat.
Mat, looking up in surprise, saw that
he was ghastly pale; that his eyes had
a look of horror in them; that his whole
appearance was that of a man who had
sustained a terrible fright.
Mat touched his arm gently.
"What is it, father?"
"Doctor Curtis' lips moved twice be-
fore any sound issued; then he uttered
but one word: "Cholera!"
Upon Mat's face there came a faint
reflection of his father's fear. The
scourge had been raging with frightful
violence in distant parts of England.
They had talked of it often, dreading its
approach, trusting it might pass by this
pure, healthy village.
"No; the next day three cases were
reported and one death. The rival
practitioner, Mr. Bennett, a man of
good private means, fled with his wife
and family. Mat and "the old doctor"
were worked almost to death. No need
of bar-parlor discussions, or approaching
steep-chases, or poaching affrays now
to quiet the mad young blood.
Mat went from house to house with
a grave face, and a cheerful, kindly, hope-
ful word to every poor terrified wretch,
who shuddered at his own fears.
Then his father was stricken, "the
old doctor."
Poor "old doctor!" When the evil
had had dreaded really came to him,
seized upon him, he grew brave and
strong.
"Nonsense, lad!" he said, when Mat
tried to speak encouraging words from
a sinking heart. "I have no stamina;
I could not expect to live much longer
in the ordinary course of nature. Don't
blink the truth, boy. I shall be glad
to die in harness."
Miss Bellue watched the funeral pro-
cession from that same upper window
she had once before put to a similar use.
Very contrite was Miss Bellue in these
days. A horrible dread had taken pos-
session of her with the first report of
cholera in the village. She fought
against it; she hated herself for it; she
tried to drag herself to the beds of the
sick poor; but trembling limbs refused
to carry her. It was constitutional
physical cowardice; and every gossiping
tale of Mat's calm heroism increased her
self-abasement and her love and admira-
tion for that unconscious gentleman.
His father's death gave him double
weight, but he did not spare himself. He
snatched food, rest, sleep, when and how
he could, until the epidemic died out
almost; then as the last case was in a
fair way of recovery he sickened.

Items of Interest

A grate want—Coal.
Always awake—A vessel's track.
A precise flower—The primrose.
A past-time—"My Grandfather's
Clock."
The man who pays in advance cannot
be trusted.
The day after washing day is one of
sad irony.
Spanish women get along with out
mantilla nother comes.
Mary had a little lamb. It was roast-
ed, and she wanted more.
The electric light is to be used in the
streets of Liverpool instead of gas.
A well-fed hog roused up in his sty
And dropped a regretful tear—
"The beautiful snow has come," he said,
"And slaying will soon be here."
More timber is used under ground in
the Comstock mine than has been em-
ployed in the construction of San Fran-
cisco.
Souvenir of the exposition for
"Cham:" Small gentleman appears
in huge hat, which ingulfs him to his
shoulders. His wife—But that hat
doesn't fit you, my love. He—That's
what I told the man; but he showed me
his gold medal, the only one awarded
for his hat, and what could I do?
Between the 1st of May and the 31st
of October last, 571,792 strangers stayed
in Parisian hotels and lodging-houses,
being 46,021 in excess of the visitors to
the 1867 exhibition, and 308,774 in ex-
cess of last year. Of these, 218,622
were foreigners, of whom 64,044 were
English, 29,524 Germans, 21,419 Bel-
gians, 16,417 Italians, 14,550 Americans,
18,284 Swiss, 10,234 Spaniards, and
9,072 Austrians. Thirty-six royal per-
sonages came.
The griddlecakesome days have come,
When proud Melinda passes
Her little platelet back for more,
And sops 'em with molasses.
Melinda, proud Melinda Jane,
Desist for mercy's sake!
Eise, piling in those griddle-cakes,
You'll get the stomach ache.
And then, Melinda, loaded down
With griddle-cakes, you'd see
That viands doughnut ease the soul—
How waits that would be!

The Story of a Murder.

The case of Abe Rothschild, convicted
in Texas of murder in the first degree,
is interesting. The story, as told in the
evidence, begins with the arrival of
Bessie Moore in Cincinnati two years
ago. She was about twenty years old
and had considerable money, but her
most noteworthy property was a large
number of diamonds, for which she had
a remarkable liking. She came to be
known as Diamond Bess. Abe Roth-
schild was a noted Western gambler. He
fell in love with Diamond Bess, or her
diamonds, or both, and proposed to
marry her. She several times pawned
some of her diamonds to get money for
him, but always managed to redeem
them.
The pair were married about a
year ago, in Chicago. They went to
Texas on a honeymoon trip, she carry-
ing the diamonds carefully in her pocket.
They arrived at the Brooks house,
Marshall, on Jan. 17, and stayed two
days. Quarreling in their room was
overheard, and Bess appeared to be de-
fending her diamonds against seizure
by her husband. They next went to
Jefferson, where Abe registered at the
hotel under an assumed name. They
quarreled in loud and angry tones
nearly all night. On the following day
they hired a horse and wagon, filled a
basket with luncheon, and started off as
though for a pleasure trip into the
country. Bess acted as though afraid
of her companion. She had the dia-
monds still in her pocket. Abe return-
ed to the hotel at night alone, saying
that the woman had gone to visit
friends. He packed his baggage, burn-
ed some papers, and returned to Cincin-
nati, where he spent most of his time
for two weeks in gambling, according to
his habit. His demeanor was erratic,
however, and he told his friends that
somebody was following him. At
length he shot himself in the head, but
not fatally. About the same time the
body of Bess was found in the Texas
woods, with a bullet hole in her head.
The fragments of the luncheon were
scattered about, but the diamonds have
never been found, and it is supposed
that, being turned into money, they
were used in the long and stubborn de-
fense of the prisoner.

How \$5,000 was Found in a Tree.

A treasure up a tree was seen in the
watches of the night by a peddler, who
was sleeping in a farmhouse in the
Shenandoah valley. He told his dream
to the farmer next morning, and on
three successive nights he had the same
vision. Then he prevailed on the farmer
to accompany him to the forest, where
he pointed out a large oak tree as the
one he had seen in his dream. It was
apparently sound at the butt, but about
twenty feet up a limb had been broken
off. The farmer did not feel like humor-
ing what he supposed to be a superstiti-
ous whim, but the old fellow seemed
to have confidence in his vision, and
offered him one-half the spoils if he
would help him cut down the tree.
When the tree fell, there was a rattle of
coin near where the limb had been
broken off, and a small hollow was found
there. By a little chopping a larger
cavity was found, and within was a mass
of silver. Both seemed wild with de-
light, and on counting up found that the
pile amounted to \$5,000. The peddler
expressed his unwillingness to carry
around so much silver in his pockets,
and inquired where he would be likely
to get greenbacks for his share. The
farmer, having considerable money in his
house, immediately transferred to the
peddler \$2,500 in paper money and
took charge of the entire lot of silver.
The peddler disappeared, and when his
partner attempted to pass some of the
silver, lo! it was counterfeit. He was
the victim of a gang of coiners.—*Lynch-
burg Virginian.*
With all the frotnations in pig iron
and axle grease, chewing gum still keeps
up at the old figure.

BLANK & ULRICH

Foot of Middle Street,
NEWBERN, N. C.
Near and Fresh Family Supplies
Constantly on Hand.
THEIR LARGE SALES COMPEL THEM TO
REFRESH THEIR STOCK DAILY.

FLOUR OF ALL GRADES.

Meal Fresh from the Mill.
SUGARS, COFFEES, TEAS, BACON,
HAMS, SHOULDER, SIDES,
SYRUPS AND MOLASSES.

Fresh Butter, Cheese, Lard,
SODA, STARCH, SOAP, LYE,
SNUFFS AND TOBACCO.

PORK, MACKEREL, CODFISH,
Solar and Ground Salt.

EARTHEN, WOOD & WILLOW WARE,
Spices, Canned Fruits, Crackers,
EVERYTHING IN THE LINE OF GROCERIES.

SHIP CHANDLERY.

Ropes of all Sizes, Twines, Copper
Iron and Galvanized Nails,
Spikes, Blocks, Hooks,
Oakum, Oils, Paints.

DRY GOODS.

Cloths, Homespuns, Sheetings, Tick-
ings, Flannels, Calicoes, Ging-
hams, Muslins, Yarns,
Tapes, Threads.

BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS and CAPS, GLOVES, SOCKS, STOCKINGS.

Their goods are bought at the lowest prices,
and being satisfied with small profits, they con-
stantly assert their price to be even lower than
the lowest in the City.

Call on them and see for yourself how much
you can buy for a Small Amount of Money.

BLANK & ULRICH,

Foot of Middle Street,
GATES, FOY & CO.,
South Front Street,
Opposite the Gaston House,
NEWBERN, N. C.

WHOLESALE GROCERS

AND DEALERS IN
General Merchandise,
ARE RECEIVING FRESH GOODS
BY EVERY STEAMER.
Their Stock is Large and Complete.
Prices Very Low.
CLOSE CASH BUYERS
WILL FIND IT TO THEIR INTEREST TO CALL
AND EXAMINE BEFORE PURCHASING
ELSEWHERE.

OUR PURCHASES OF
BAGGING and TIES
Are Large and From First Hands.

GENTLEMEN AND DEALERS WILL BE FURNISHED
At Wholesale Prices.

Strict personal attention given to the sale of
Gates in this market.
All other mail orders made upon shipment
through us to Baltimore or New York.

WHOLESALE GROCERS

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ARE RECEIVING FRESH GOODS
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