

NEWBERN WEEKLY PROGRESS.

A CHEAP NEWSPAPER FOR THE MILLION--SINGLE COPIES \$1.50; TO CLUBS OF TEN, ONLY \$1.25; AND TO CLUBS OF TWENTY, ONLY \$1.00 A YEAR--INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME II.

NEWBERN, N. C., TUESDAY MORNING, MARCH 13, 1860.

NUMBER 25.

WEEKLY PROGRESS.

BY J. L. PENNINGTON.

Notes of Advertising in the Weekly Progress.
The following are the only Rates of Advertising in the Weekly Progress, to all save those who contract by the year and advertise in both weekly and daily papers:

One square (12 lines minimum) one insertion, \$1.00.
Subsequent insertions will be charged in proportion. All advertisements marked (f) till forbid, will be continued till ordered out and charged as above.

FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 9, 1860.

How Will it End?

Quite a sprightly little family quarrel seems likely to spring up between Governor Sam Houston, of Texas, the hero of San Jacinto, and President Buchanan. The Mexicans have been committing and persist in keeping up a series of depredations on Texan territory and Gov. Houston calls upon the President for assistance to enable him to drive them out. Old Buck demurs, whereupon Gov. Houston says he will call out his own men, and placing himself at their head, will drive the greasers back to their own barren possessions. We don't know who is right or who is wrong, but we are satisfied that the Texan hero knows better how to manage Mexicans than any man living. He has experience, and while Mr. Buchanan may be learned in diplomacy, old Sam Houston can beat him badly in whipping Mexicans. Go it Houston.

Mr. Pool's Letter of Acceptance.

Below we give the letter of John Pool, Esq., accepting the nomination of the Whig Convention for Governor of North Carolina. In a day or two both candidates will be before the people and the ball will be opened.

ELIZABETH CITY, Feb. 28th, 1860.

DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 23rd inst., informing me of your nomination as a candidate for the office of Governor of North Carolina, has been received.

The platform of principles adopted by the Convention, meets my eye, and I have with me a great pleasure in the almost complete unanimity which prevailed in their adoption.

The section in reference to *ad valorem* taxation involves a principle, so manifestly just and equal in its operation, that it ought to be incorporated into the Constitution, with the least possible delay. When taxation was comparatively light, the uncertainty and inequality of the present system were overlooked. But it has now become a matter of importance to the State credit, as well as of justice to our citizens, that some system should be adopted, combining certainly in raising the requisite amount of revenue, with perfect equality to every section of the State and to every class of the people.

If I were disposed I should not feel at liberty to decline the nomination tendered me. The present dangerous condition of public affairs imposes upon every citizen the imperative duty of using his best exertions, in any post assigned him, to effect a thorough and speedy reformation. No pains shall be spared on my part, and I lay claim to the aid of good men in all parts of the State, to arrest the present corruption and discord, and to establish official honesty and good feeling between the different sections of our country, and the only sure foundation for the Union of the States and the perpetuation of the blessings of peace and civil liberty.

Yours, truly,
JOHN POOL.

Hon. R. C. PERVEY, Pres't.
Raleigh, N. C.

They'll do it to us.

The Ladies of Alabama have the true mettle in them. The ladies of Demopolis, that State, are circulating the following resolutions, which have already been numerously signed:

Whereas, the Northern members of the Union are plotting against the institutions, rights and equality of the South in this Confederacy, and its politicians, teachers and divines have lighted the fire of fanaticism, which, if unresisted, will lay waste our land and desolate our fire sides.

And whereas, it is becoming in us to withhold our aid and support from our avowed enemies, will endeavor, as our sacred duty to encourage the development of the industrial resources of our State and the South; therefore be it resolved, That we do hereby repudiate the patriotism of our mothers of the Revolution, when we declare that we are ready to practice any self-denial to assist our fathers, our husbands, our brothers and our sons, in maintaining their rights to liberty and independence.

Resolved, That for this purpose, and to contribute our humble mite to the advancement of Southern commerce, Southern manufactures and Southern industry, we hereby pledge ourselves to purchase no article of Northern manufacture; no books from Northern publishing houses, and no goods bought in Northern markets, from and after the 1st day of March 1860, even should we have to resort to the primitive "homespun," or the fabrics of our own handwork.

Resolved, That we will not hereafter support a Northern preacher, employ a Northern teacher, or travel in Northern clime in pursuit of health or pleasure.

Resolved further, That the foregoing resolutions shall be binding on us, and the questions of land affecting our political existence and our lives be determined fairly and justly to our section; or until the South shall take her stand among the nations of the world, and the people of the North as she holds the rest of mankind, "enemies in war, in peace friends."

Bad Whisky Did it.

Really strichnine whisky is becoming an intolerable nuisance. The Salisbury Watchman of this week has the following:

George H. Cowan, Alexander Hooker and John M. Smith, and a number of other persons met at Frank Owen's grog shop, six miles west of this town, on Saturday week, in the afternoon, and were there until about dark, when a dispute occurred between Cowan and Smith in which Hooker, it seems took some interest with Cowan. We learn there was a previous misunderstanding between Cowan and Smith and it is rumored that Cowan had several years before made a bad whisky. However, having had no previous drinking, as it is supposed, words soon struck blows, in which Cowan used a knife, wounding Smith in the abdomen, inflicting two wounds which the attending physician says will prove fatal. The latest account is that the wounded man presented him in a sinking condition. Cowan and Hooker were committed to jail.

P. S. Since the above was written the wounded man, Smith, has died.

Here now, is more trouble and expense to fall on laboring, peaceable sober men on account of grog-shops and whisky-drinking, besides the loss of the life of a fellow-man, in this violent manner. The County will hardly come out of the prosecution of these offenders at a less cost than five hundred dollars; and we have heard of a similar case costing the County nearly \$1000. If a man were to burn down a county bridge worth that much money, would he be held to smart for it. But the people tolerate grog-shops and the burdens resulting from the use of Whisky with the utmost complacency. They even license these shops and allow all over the county, three fourths of all the indictments and the consequent cost to the County, will certainly result from the use of the whisky sold by them.

Our New York Correspondence.

NEW YORK, March 4, 1860.

Editor of the Daily Progress:—There have been some half a dozen patriotic gentlemen on here lately who are said to be aspirants for the Presidency. Cassius M. Clay, who is the favorite of the physical, pugnacious element of the Republican party, lectured a few evenings ago before one of the political associations, in a very temperate strain for him. But Mr. Clay can never hope to be a favorite with the Republicans of the Weed, Greeley and Seward school, for the reason that he openly avows himself to be no admirer of the negro race, no believer in the equality of races, and opposed to slavery solely on the ground that it is not beneficial to the white race. At any rate this is substantially Mr. Clay's doctrine at present, although it is considered by some knowing politicians here as a bid, for the influence of the conservative element of the Republican party.

Mr. Douglas's movements were closely watched while he was here, but nothing definite could be learned of his doings. He took the very best possible means of baffling all conjecture as to his hopes, doubts and fears, and as to the exact nature of the machinery by which he expects to get the Charleston nomination, and afterwards to get elected. When I say that Mr. Douglas took the best possible means to baffle conjecture, &c., I mean that he acted in such a way as to cause an endless variety of the most opposite and conflicting rumors to be circulated about him and his sayings and doings. The leading men of both sections of the Democratic party were received by the distinguished Senator from Illinois with equal graciousness, and prominent Americans, old-line Whigs, and even Republicans of the darkest dye had long private interviews with him.

Mr. Toucey has been here for a few days endeavoring, so it is said, to secure the support of Fernando Wood at Charleston. Mr. Wood is the president of the Mozart Hall or Hard delegation from the democracy of the Empire State, and the mere fact of advances being made to him by an aspirant for the Presidency so well posted in national politics as Mr. Toucey is quite discouragingly to the members of the soft or Tammany Hall delegation, who look upon Mr. Toucey's course as indicative of some secret knowledge which he may possess of the action which will be taken by the Charleston Convention, when the claims of the rival delegations from New York are presented for its consideration.

Mr. Bates, of Missouri, has not been here personally; but his friends are working hard for him. Charles A. Dana, of the New York Tribune, who practically controls the editorial columns of that remarkable paper, has published in it an extended biography of Mr. Bates, and several leading articles favoring the nomination of that gentleman by the Chicago convention. The "Comer & Enquirer" all but threatens to bolt, if Mr. Bates is nominated; but it is beginning to be pretty generally conceded by the warmest friends of Mr. Seward that his nomination would either cause a split in the Republican party or a stampede of most of the conservative men in it over to the "Union" candidate. That up at the North in the person of Crittenden, Bell, Botts, or some such man, if an ultra Republican be nominated at Chicago, cannot be reasonably doubted. On the other hand, if a conservative Republican is nominated, there will be no "Union" candidate in the Chicago and Charleston nominees will then have the field to themselves.

Chase, of Ohio, has been dodging between here and Albany for some days, endeavoring to ingratiate himself with the New York Republicans. He is the second choice of the Seward men, and is considered among the candidates by the conservative Republicans to be an occupant of the Presidential chair.

Lincoln, of Illinois, is by no means in the back ground. He delivered an address here the other night, at the Cooper Institute, the meeting was presided over by Wm. Cullen Bryant of the Evening Post. Mr. Lincoln is a clear-headed man and a good speaker, and would receive a much larger Republican vote for President than either Seward or Chase, but he is not conservative enough to suit the tastes of the conservative element, and he is not a Democratic successor to Mr. Buchanan. The Republicans here are looking forward with a good deal of anxiety to the Charleston Convention. They are, of course, anxious to see Mr. Fremont re-elected, and the delegation from New York admitted as the representatives of the democracy of this State, because they think that in such an event the influence of New York would be cast in the convention for a candidate who, although nominally a Democrat, would be a good Republican for them—as near to an anti-slavery man as any man they could nominate on the Republican ticket with any chance of electing him. It is to be hoped, however, for the sake of order, and of that peace and harmony between the North and the South which alone can preserve the Union, that the "hard shell" or national democratic delegates will be cheerfully and unanimously admitted, as they alone represent that portion of the democracy of New York which is friendly to the South. I do not mean to say that the "hard shells" are more spirit of toleration or compromise, but because they hold with their leader, Fernando Wood, that where an inferior and a superior race are forced by circumstances to dwell together, it is better for both that the former be enslaved, than that the only men whom we can safely trust to cooperate with in it be President-making. But enough of politics. A word on agriculture, and I am through.

I see by the London papers that Liebig, the great German chemist has written to Mechi, the famous English farmer, a most startling letter on the production of corn—a subject as interesting to American farmers and planters as to Englishmen. I therefore give you an abstract of the learned German's remarkable epistle. He shows that the increasing power of the cultivated land of corn-producing countries is becoming rapidly exhausted, and that had it not been for the discovery of guano the decline would have been much more marked than it is. Barn-yard manure, says Liebig, is insufficient for the purpose of restoring to the soil the elements which are withdrawn from it in successive harvests. They leave every year a deficiency which must in the course of time result in barrenness. Guano supplies the need; but at the present rate of consumption, which is rapidly increasing, it will not last, according to Liebig, more than thirty years at the utmost. A late report by C. P. Marshall, Esq., President of the American Guano Company, of this city, fully corroborates the statement of the German *seaman* of the high value of guano, and the necessity of its use. According to Mr. Marshall the demand for American guano, as the article supplied by this company is sometimes called, to distinguish it from Peruvian guano, is increasing rapidly from season to season, and orders from farmers and planters pour in so rapidly from all quarters of the Union, that the company have found it necessary to add several new ships to their already large fleet. To counteract the decline in the producing power of the lands now under cultivation all over the civilized globe, Liebig recommends diminishing the population of the older countries by emigration to the waste of virgin soils, and a recourse to the

severance of cities and towns by those who stay behind, for enriching the quality of their impoverished fields. If I mistake not Louis Napoleon has already commenced the work of fertilizing the country surrounding Paris with the sewage of its capital, instead of allowing it to run to waste in the some neighboring river, he has not discovered within twenty five years other cities will have to follow the example of Paris, and return to the soil an equivalent for the food which they derive from it.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Ode to Spring.

BY MRS. SUSAN J. HANCOCK.

Balm Spring! On dewy wings thou comest Laden with sweets from Araby's spicy Groves. We scent thee in the breeze as Thou passeth by on thy flowery car, Scattering dew-drops like a glistening Emeralds o'er meadow and leaf from thy Fair hair. Where'er thou goest, life and Beauty spring to light. All nature grows bright At thy touch. Swiftly thou movest on, Leaving thy mantle on wood and glade. We track thee by the flowers that bloom In thy pathway. On hill or dale where'er Thy foot hath pressed the violets and daisies Put forth. Welcome, thou bright balm Spring! Earth's resurrection note—when from cold Winter's dreary night all nature bursts forth In new life and beauty. The feathered choristers Tune anew their notes of love and woe vocal Wood and bow with songs of praise. We feel Thee in the South wind as it kisses the Maidens brow or toys with her curls. We know Thee by the smell of new hay on thy garments. The rose has caught thy blush, and the hyacinths, As they shiver in their cold beds, peep forth As they feel thy warm breath. Thy smile hast woos The streams from their frozen lethargy and Sent them singing and dancing as they onward Flow. Yes, thou hast come, bright representative Of love and youth, and like a bride all Nature has donned her fairest robes to meet And welcome thee.

SELECTED POETRY.

Over the War.

Gone in her childish purity,
Cut from her golden day,
Fading away in the night of death,
Where the silver stars and the sublimis insect,
Paving a path for her silent feet
Over the silent way.

Over her bosom tenderly
The parting angels are prest;
The last lie on her cheek to this—
Where the softest blush of the rose hath been,
Shutting the blue of her eye within
The pure starry light.

Over the sweet brow lovingly
Twineh her sunny hair;
She was so fragile that love sent down
From her heavenly gems that soft bright crown,
To shade her brow from its waves so brown,
Light as the dimpling air.

Gone to sleep, with the tender smile
Froze on her silent lips
By the sweetest kiss or her warm breath,
Cold in the clasp of the angel's hand;
Like the last fair bud of a fading wreath,
Whose bloom the white frost nip.

Robin—hushed in your downy bed,
Over the swinging bough—
Do you miss her when your glad dust,
When the dew in the heart of the rose is set,
Till its velvet lips with the essence wet
In odorous cream-on glow?

Rosebud—under your shady leaf
Hid from the sunny day,
Do you miss the child whose eye so bright,
Whose blue was Heaven in your timid sight?
Is heaming now in the world of light,
Over the starry way?

Heart—where the darling's head hath lain,
Hid by low-lying hair;
Do you know that the touch of her gentle hand
Duch brighten the lamp in the unknown land?
Oh, she waits for you with the angel hand
Over the starry way.

HOW THEY HOLD COURT IN UTAH.—Indian Agent Humphrey, who has some fifteen thousand Indians under his care in Utah, some 600 miles from Salt Lake City, thus describes, in a letter to a friend in Lafayette, the imposing opening of a United States Court term by our Government officials:

The most imposing scene I have witnessed since my arrival here was the opening of United States Court at Nephi, by His Honor, Chief Justice Eckels. Just imagine you see him ascending the judicial rostrum, with his usual amount of dignity, with a large Colt's revolver hung to his side, and taking the oath of office, by the Marshal, P. K. Dutton, a long, dark complexioned Virginian, a case with two revolvers swung to his side, and arise with the usual form, "Hear ye, hear ye!" etc. Then John E. Risley, a good looking young man, formerly of Sullivan county, clerk of the court, arises, armed in the same style, and reads the minutes. The court then calls the list of attorneys; each, armed as before stated, arises and answers to his name. The jury are then called, every man with a pistol in his hand, and a revolver in his side, and in this condition are instructed and sent to their room.

And after all their court is a perfect farce, and their trials but mockery of justice. The fault, however, is not in the officers of the court, for they are faithful and conscientious in the discharge of their duties. But the difficulty rests here; the jurors, the criminals and witnesses are all Mormons, and for this reason, it is impossible to enforce the law, and it is nonsense to undertake to do anything to the contrary.

A HEART COMFORTER.—Is there a more exquisite pleasure in this world of ours than is found in giving comfort to the sad? For this is a world of sorrow—a vale of tears. And he who can go to the wounded heart with words of consolation, has power and a mission that angels might envy. There is no pleasure more exquisite in this world of ours, than is found in the assurance that every sheet that goes from our hands may carry words of peace to the troubled, joy to the mourner, and hope to the despairing.

We meet with a gem of holy verse, or a happy thought of some warm-hearted author, or a striking incident in the experience of another, or a simple anecdote that has a blessing in it; we seize it and set it here and think of it on its march of mercy, fighting the charge of their warning this breast, making a smile of gladness on this cheek, and drying up tears in these eyes; and so going onward over the whole land upon this errand of blessing.

There is great power in words—in words fitly spoken. It is a great gift to be able to speak with such power as to be a minister of good to the poor, and the weary, and the suffering. It is a joy to the proud men to be able to lead, and rule and overcome, but there is no joy in the world greater than to know that we are doing good to those who are in need of good. To be a heart comforter, in a world of wounded hearts, is a privilege to reconcile a man to a thousand ills, and make him willing to be anything for the sake of Him who wept at the grave of a friend and restored him to a loving sister.

LATER FROM MEXICO.
NEW ORLEANS, March 7.—Advices were received yesterday from Northern Mexico, reporting that Carvalal was seeking American aid for Juarez; and that Miramon has ordered Colons to hold out till March, when he would receive reinforcements.

THE GHOST OF A PRIEST INTERRUPTS THE MASS AND ADDRESSES THE CONGREGATION.

A remarkable story is current in Pittsburgh and other parts of western Pennsylvania. It possesses the elements of the wildest romance. We religiously believed by very many persons, but we give it as it was told to us, without, of course, endorsing the occurrence as actual facts.

About two weeks ago, in the village of Latrobe, in western Pennsylvania, a solemn mass was performed in the Roman Catholic Church, for the repose of the soul of a deceased priest. A number of worshippers were in the church at the time—Just as the officiating priest was about to perform the most solemn part of the rites, his purpose was checked by an astonishing appearance. The form of the deceased priest himself appeared in front of the altar, with hand upraised in a warning gesture. The officiating clergyman stopped back, and when the ghostly priest, or priestly ghost, addressed his brother in the flesh and the congregation. He said they were taking unnecessary trouble to get him out of purgatory. The priest begged to be allowed to remain, and he persisted that they could not get him out of purgatory because he never was in it. Furthermore there was no chance for him to get there, as there never was such a place as Purgatory. It was all a mistake. He should feel much obliged if they could get him out of the spot, as he had no future existence, one of perpetual bliss and the other of perpetual punishment. Only two priests ever went to Heaven—and he was not one of them. He begged to be allowed to remain, and he persisted that they could not get him out of purgatory because he never was in it. Furthermore there was no chance for him to get there, as there never was such a place as Purgatory. It was all a mistake. He should feel much obliged if they could get him out of the spot, as he had no future existence, one of perpetual bliss and the other of perpetual punishment. Only two priests ever went to Heaven—and he was not one of them. He begged to be allowed to remain, and he persisted that they could not get him out of purgatory because he never was in it. Furthermore there was no chance for him to get there, as there never was such a place as Purgatory. It was all a mistake. 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