

AN ORDINANCE

To lay Taxes and Provide for the Support of the City Government.

Sec. 1. It is ordained, by the Mayor and Council of the City of New Bern, That, for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1868, a tax of one per cent, upon the value of all real estate within the limits of the corporation...

Sec. 2. It is further ordained, That from and after the 1st day of April, 1868, no person, firm or corporation shall prosecute or carry on either of the trades or occupations mentioned in Section 6 of this ordinance, until he or they shall have obtained a license therefor...

Sec. 3. It is further ordained, That every person or persons desiring to obtain a license shall register with the City Clerk, first, his name, or the name or style, second the trade or occupation for which a license is desired...

Sec. 4. It is further ordained, That if any person or persons shall execute or carry on any trade or business hereafter mentioned for the exercising of which a license is required, without taking out such license as is in this behalf required, he, she, or they shall, for every such offence, respectively forfeit a penalty equal to three times the amount of the sum of money imposed for such license in the case of the city.

Sec. 5. And be it further ordained, That in every case where more than one of the parties, hereinafter described shall be carried on by the same person in the same place at the same time, except as therein mentioned, license must be taken out for each, according to the rates severally prescribed.

Sec. 6. And be it further ordained, That on and after the first day of April, 1868, for each license granted the sum herewith stated, shall be respectively and monthly paid. Any number of persons carrying on any business coming within the purview of this ordinance, in partnership may transact such business at such place, under such license, and not otherwise.

(1) Bankers shall pay ten dollars for each license, and every person shall be deemed a banker within the meaning of this ordinance, who keeps a place of business where credits are opened in favor of any person or firm, by the deposit or collection of money or currency, and the same, or any part thereof shall be paid out or remitted upon the draft or check of such creditor.

(2) Auctioneers shall pay ten dollars for license. Every person shall be deemed an auctioneer whose occupation it is to offer property for sale to the highest bidder.

(3) Brokers and Commission Merchants shall pay four dollars for each license. Every person whose occupation or business it is to sell groceries or any goods, wares or merchandise, by one or more original packages or pieces at one time, to the same purchaser, or in less quantities than a whole original piece or package, at one time to the same person (not including wines, spirituous or malt liquors), shall be regarded as a retail dealer.

(4) Retail Dealers shall pay one dollar for each license. Every person whose occupation it is to sell or offer for sale groceries or any goods, wares or merchandise, by one or more original packages or pieces at one time, to the same purchaser, or in less quantities than a whole original piece or package, at one time to the same person (not including wines, spirituous or malt liquors), shall be regarded as a retail dealer.

(5) Wholesale Dealers shall pay four dollars for each license. Every person whose occupation or business it is to sell groceries or any goods, wares or merchandise, by one or more original packages or pieces at one time, to the same purchaser, or in less quantities than a whole original piece or package, at one time to the same person (not including wines, spirituous or malt liquors), shall be regarded as a retail dealer.

(6) Hotels, Inns and Taverns, shall pay five dollars for each license. Every place where food and lodging are provided for and furnished to travellers or sojourners, in view of payment thereof, shall be regarded as a Hotel, Inn or Tavern.

(7) Brokers and Commission Merchants shall pay four dollars for each license. Any person except one holding a license as wholesale dealer or banker whose business it is to purchase or sell stocks, money, goods or merchandise, or seek orders therefor in original or unbroken packages, or produce, or to manage business matters for the owners of vessels, or consignors of freight, or whose business it is to purchase, rent, or sell real estate for others, shall be regarded as a Broker or Commission Merchant.

(8) Theatres, Circuses and Jugglers shall pay a sum not to exceed two hundred dollars to be fixed by the City Council in each case.

(9) Bowling Alleys or Billiard Rooms shall pay four dollars for each license.

(10) Horse Dealers and Livery Stable keepers shall pay four dollars for each license.

(11) Peddlers shall pay fifty cents for each license. Any person, except persons peddling newspapers, books or domestic produce of their own producing, who sells or offers to sell at retail goods, wares or commodities, travelling from place to place in the streets shall be deemed a peddler.

(12) Manufacturers shall pay two dollars for each license. Any person except one holding a license as wholesale dealer or banker or firm who manufacture by hand or machinery, and offer for sale any goods, wares or merchandise exceeding annually the sum of one thousand dollars, shall be deemed a manufacturer.

(13) Lawyers, Physicians, Dentists, Photographers and Printers, shall pay one dollar for each license.

(14) Express Companies shall pay five dollars for each license.

(15) All public drays shall pay twenty-five cents for each license.

(16) Cart-houses shall pay two dollars for each license.

Sec. 7. And be it further ordained, That all Ordinances and parts of Ordinances conflicting herewith, be, and the same are hereby repealed.

I. EDWIN WEST, CITY CLERK, New Bern, N. C., March 30, 1868.

JAS. R. MOORHEAD & CO., Commission Merchants, For the Purchase and Sale of Flour, Grain, Provisions, COTTON, LUMBER, Naval Stores and General Produce, New Bern, N. C.

JAMES B. MOORHEAD, JOHN W. FANLEY, W. J. GREENBERG, [March 3, 1868-67]

Life Insurance!

MANHATTAN

Life Insurance Company,

NEW YORK.

Assets \$4,000,000

Important New Feature in Dividends and Modes of Insurance!!

SMALLEST RATIO OF MORTALITY.

EXPENSES LESS THAN ANY CASH COMPANY.

LIBERAL MODES OF PAYMENT OF PREMIUMS.

INSURERS RECEIVE THE LARGEST BONUS EVER GIVEN.

DIVIDENDS MADE ANNUALLY ON ALL PARTICIPATING POLICIES.

NO CLAIMS UNPAID.

ALL KINDS OF NONFORFEITING LIFE AND ENDOWMENT POLICIES ISSUED.

POLICIES INCONTESTIBLE.

LOANS MADE ON POLICIES.

REGULAR LIFE POLICIES AFTER THREE YEARS NONFORFEITABLE

Employment and ten Annual payment Policies, Non-forfeitable after the payment of the first Premium.

The following are examples of the operations of the last Dividend

Table with columns: AGE AT DEATH, AM'T DEATH BENEFIT, PREMIUM PAID, AM'T POLICY, TOTAL AM'T POL.

This is an entirely New Plan, giving Insurers the largest return ever made by any Company in the same period.

Persons holding Policies that lapsed during the war, will be renewed (if in good health) and placed upon a basis that will carry the dividends the same as if no lapse had occurred.

E. F. SMALLWOOD, M. D., Medical Examiner.

H. H. THOMPSON, Agent, Oct. 8-68-67 New-Bern, N.

Just Received per Schooner

Annie A. Holton,

- 50 bbls. Moss Pork. 50 " Flour. 5 " Kerosene Oil. 20 " Crackers and Oakes. 5 " Lard. 5 Firkins (choice) Butter. 6 English Dairy Cheese. 6 " Cream Cheese. 200 Bushels Seed Oats.

All of which will be sold low for cash by M. PAPPENBERG, Middle Street, April 25-30 74-7m.

1868. SPRING STYLES. 1868.

Ready-Made Clothing, A fine assortment of BAER & EPPLEB'S, JOB PRINTING AT SHORT NOTICE!

The New Bern Republican.

NEW BERN, MAY 23, 1868.

THROUGH THE WORLD.

Some hearts go leaping through the world And never find the love they seek...

These know their doom, and walk their way With level steps and steadfast eyes...

I see them gaze from wistful eyes, I mark their signs on falling cheeks...

No eye with pity is heaped on, O, uncontrived and suffering long...

For you lose life's dull desert land, No fountain shade, no date grove fair...

But steady reaches wide and burn, The foot may fall, the soul may faint...

O, eager eyes, whose gaze afar! O, arms which clasp the empty air!

Not all unmarked your sorrows are, Not all unquilted your despair...

Smile, patient lips so proudly dumb— When life's frail tent at last is furled...

O, hearts that hunger through the world, Breakfast Table Gossip.

—Robert Collyer says when a man gets married at 45, he soon becomes very sorry that he did not do it before.

—Why is a married lady's conversation always eminently proper? Because it is impossible for her to make a Miss-use of language.

—The Misses L., very fashionable (but engaged) young ladies of Boston, have been first to introduce the new "paniers" in that city...

—A southern paper contains an editorial apology for "a cursed chirography, as undecipherable as the hieroglyphics found upon the sarcophagus of a mummy of ante-historical date."

—"Father, why don't we ever see any faces at the window?" asked a son of his parent as they were passing an insane asylum...

—When an Irish woman applied for relief at Portland, the Committee asked "How many children have you?" "Six, yer honor."

—A Minnesota editor says that a man came into his office to advertise for a lost dog, and that such was the wonderful power of his verbiage, the dog walked into the office while he was writing out the advertisement.

—An ambitious fellow in Connecticut appears over his own signature: "To the mechanics and laboring men of my native town, I will represent you in the State assembly in respect of politics, religion or edification."

—A young Texas lady rejoices in the name of Dionysia Beaudica Joffalinda Susannah Christina Buckkama Caledonia Susannah Emily Wyatt Wilkinson Moore Wynna. So says a correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial.

—Ergenie sneezed twice while entering a recent court ball, and the Paris papers facetiously rebuked the servants for having a window open somewhere. Perhaps the majestic had imprudently handled damp teaspoons.

—An English paper has discovered the line which divides a distinction from a difference. It says that "a little difference frequently makes many enemies."

—The friends of a wit expressed some surprise that with his age and his fondness for the bottle he should have thought it worth while to marry. "A wife was necessary," he said: "they begin to say that I drink too much for a single man."

—Several years ago, one of the principal thoroughfares of London was regularly patrolled by a beggar who asked alms of no other person except old ladies. To those he addressed himself thus: "O! young lady! have pity on a poor beggar." He was singularly successful in his appeals.

—With reference to "short letters," a correspondent writes that he has read of an English merchant writing to his agent at the colonies a letter containing simply a "Z" to which the agent, with equal brevity, replied with a "Z." The correspondence meant "see my coal on," the answer being "coal on."

—A young Indian maid, visiting a flouring mill in Wisconsin, Minnesota, surreptitiously got hold of the stencils and decorated her white blanket with "Ellsworth's choice" in bright red letters, after which she strutted down street, to the eventual horror of the bachelor Ellsworth who owns the mill.

—An article in the last number of Lippincott tells this anecdote of Oliver Wendell Holmes: The other day died a prominent citizen, who left a legacy to erect a monument to the discovery of anesthetic agents. You see they appreciate science at the "Hub." This revived the old battle: Was it Morton, was it Jackson, who first found out the use of chloroform? There has always been a row upon this point—a feud like that of Blanchi and Neri—unappeasable and undying. The doctor was applied to in the dilemma. Who said he: "One please! Two statues!—Morton here! Jackson there! Underneath the simple inscription, 'To Either'!"

An editor out West thus hits off the fashion and the vulgar custom of describing the dinner of father at balls, parties, etc. "Miss S., old Smith's daughter, wore a short dress of several pieces. Striped with brown gowns, with tight fitting bosoms made out of her own last winter's stock. Several of the ladies endeavored to make their gowns shorter, and instead of red and black, and with silver and gold strings. The husband's little girl, dressed in all, completely better. Miss S., seemed to be the unanimous girl on stage when she wore a black and red dress, plain and trimmed with blue silk of Louisiana, with blue ribbon just around the skirts with sparkling blue, short square light under the gown, and bouquet of gourd leaves, trimmed with pieces of grape vine."

PROPOSING BY LETTER.

BY SHIRLEY BROWN.

Eleven o'clock—at least so said the gabbler tide of sunshine, creeping over the velvet turf of the village green, and losing itself in the warmurous foliage of the big maple trees; and so said the little clock in Judge Cornell's law office on the Main street, speaking in a sharp, melodious chirp.

Harry Grover glanced quickly up at the uncomplaining little dial, as he entered the domain of "Coke upon Litter."

"I'm late this morning," he muttered, glancing up his back behind the door; "but a good luck will have it, the Judge has not made his appearance yet!"

He was a straight, handsome young fellow, with curly brown hair, limpid blue eyes, and a healthy flush on his sun-kissed cheeks—a young man whom you instinctively felt you could trust, a frank, earnest, as you looked into his frank, honest face. There was not many such; none the pity!

"Whew—whew—whew!" whistled Mr. Harry Grover, turning over his pile of legal documents in a very unmethodical sort of way. "Law and love never sever went to go together; of that I am certain. I pretty Ariel Brown's blue eyes are shining requisitely out at me from every bit of parchment or printed blank I touch. How lovely she looked last night—and who would ever suppose that the old cat with the false curls and grinning porcelain teeth, could be her aunt?—Rich, too, they say; a good match for some desperate fortune hunter, who is willing to swallow the bitter old pill for the sake of the gold coating. Let me see—talking about old Experience Brown, I believe I have a business letter to write to her about that piece of land by the schoolhouse corner that she wants to buy. Not I! When I purchase land for a building spot, it won't be a desolate pasture, where rocks and mullen stocks fight together, to see which shall possess the tangle soil. The old lady must take me for a very unsophisticated character indeed. I wonder, now, if blue-eyed Ariel will ever be a wrinkled catamaran, chattering after bargains. Poo! I should as soon think of a white plumed little dove being transformed into a greedy vulture!"

He leaned back in his chair, with both hands clasped on top of his curly head, and looked out abstractedly into the dusky village street, humming an old tune under his breath—a tune whose burden was "Love, still love."

Phinly, Mr. Harry Grover was very little disposed for work that morning—And when, at twelve o'clock, Judge Cornell came in, there was but a hopeless chaos of papers on the table to represent his young partner's matutinal labors.

"Why, Grover, you haven't accomplished a thing this morning," said the old Judge, glancing keenly around through his antique silver horned spectacles, "I am afraid that the pretty girls at Squire Dockett's party last night were too much for your mental equilibrium."

"Well, you see, sir, I've been rather sorting the papers over," said Harry, a little sheepishly, "and I've written two letters this morning!"

"Two letters?" "Yes, sir."

"May I ask to whom?" "One was to old Miss Experience Brown, about that lot she wanted to sell me—a regular clipper, giving the old hag a piece of my mind—and the other—"

"The other—?" "Ahem—that wasn't exactly a business letter. Now, Judge, suppose you and I look over those ejection papers together!"

The Judge smiled slyly; he had an idea as to what the other letter contained! Every one in town knew how hopelessly Mr. Harry Grover was in love with pretty Ariel Brown! Judge Cornell had been young himself not so very many years ago!

"It's just as well for the lad to marry and settle down," thought the old gentleman, "and Ariel will certainly make as sweet a little wife as human mortal could wish for!"

Harry needn't have been so mysterious, sealing and directing his two letters at the tall desk behind the office door.

Judge Cornell knew just as well what was in them as if he had read every word with his own eyes. But—young people have a mistaken idea that old people don't know anything!

Miss Ariel Brown sat in her room, busy with a complicated piece of bright-colored web-work that ladies call "crochet," when Bridget tapped softly at the panels of the door.

"Please, Miss Ariel, a letter!" "A letter? and for me? Dear me, Bridget, who can it be from?" "Fats, then, and its mother down's know, but Lawyer Grover's office boy brought it, and an impudent spalpeen it is, for—"

But here Bridget became conscious that her young mistress was paying no attention to her and withdrew into her department of the kitchen, there to nurse her greasy soul.

Ariel's cheek had turned as pink as the inside of a wild rose-bud, as she read the superscription of the letter, and her heart beat, perhaps a pulse or two faster than was its wont, but she broke open the envelope, with a resolute hand, and read:

"MY DEAR MISS BROWN: [Rather cold beginning!" she posted.] I must beg to decline all further negotiations with you. As you cannot for a moment seriously suppose I care to possess anything so utterly worn down and good for nothing, it is useless to waste either of our time in any more preliminaries."

"I will call this afternoon and return to you the papers you so unnecessarily took the trouble to send me."

"Yours, very truly, H. Grover."

Ariel threw down the note, and burst into tears.

"The cold-hearted, presumptuous villain!" she sobbed. "Papers, indeed! I suppose he means the note I wrote him about the picnic! Oh, how foolish I have been, how absurd, and I am rightly punished for my folly!"

But still Ariel went on; when a girl of eighteen has built up a glittering castle in the air, whose foundations are laid in her own heart, she cannot see it dashed ruthlessly into ruins without a few natural tears!

Meanwhile, Miss Experience Brown, about fifty well-ripened autumns, was reading, with no little astonishment, the letter which Bridget's enemy, the post-boy, had brought for her.

"U—pon my word!" exclaimed Miss Experience, slowly and emphatically. "The impertinent young fortune-hunting humbug! Does he suppose I'm a born fool, to swallow such a pack of sentimental flattery as this? 'Lovely eyes—dimples!' If he had said spectacles and wrinkles, he'd have been considerably nearer right. No, you don't, my fine fellow—no—you—don't! Experience never—"

world to fall into such a trap as this at last. "He'll call this afternoon to receive the answer that is to decide the whole current of his future life," will he?—Well, let him call, I'll be ready for him, and I'll warrant he won't be in a hurry to call again."

And Miss Experience chuckled to herself until all the false curls quivered, as she folded the letter neatly, and put it back into its hurriedly-directed envelope.

"I never had an offer of marriage before," she thought, viewing her autumnal countenance in the pier-glass, and adjusting the little puffs of ribbon in her cap-border, "and it does make one feel kind of queer! It's something to tell of, anyhow. Bethour Jones needn't go to saying now that I was an old maid, because I never had an offer! I just wonder what Ariel would say—I guess I won't tell her; she would only laugh at me!"

Miss Experience drew herself up as grimly as if her spinal column were a bar of iron, that afternoon, when Bridget announced:

"Mr. Grover, mem!" "Show him in, Biddy—I am quite at leisure to receive him."

And our hero, entirely innocent of the impending storm that awaited him, walked into Miss Experience's awful presence with a bundle of title deeds in his hand, tied with the official looking red tape of his profession.

"Good afternoon, Miss Experience!" "Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Harry Grover?" ejaculated the spinster, in a deep, stern voice. "Get along with yourself, makin' love to an old woman more'n twice as old as you be, just because she's got a little money! What do you take me for, hey? Don't stand stavin' there! Walk out of this room, quick, or I'll throw the big dictionary at your head! No, no, no! None have you got your answer plain enough? I wouldn't marry you if there wasn't another man in the whole of the town!"

Harry Grover was a little appalled at this charge of horse and foot, but he stood his ground manfully, not even quailing at the big dictionary!

"But, Miss Brown—will you bear me a moment? I don't want you to marry me! What has put this strange fancy in your head?"

"You don't want to marry me? Then what the mischief does this letter mean, I'd like to know?" "May I look at it?"

Harry took the letter and glanced at it—its contents threw a new light on the unaccountable state of affairs.

"Good Cupid! what a blockhead!—what an unmitigated, inexcusable, incomparable donkey I have been! What could I have been thinking about?"

"Hey?" demanded the puzzled spinster.

"Excuse me, ma'am, but there has been a mistake—a—"

And without stopping to complete his fragmentary sentence, he rushed out of the room to the little bay-windowed parlor, where Ariel usually sat.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Miss Experience, as the door banged, unconsciously in her face.

"Ariel! Miss Brown!" That Ariel turned haughtily from the pleading eyes of her lover.

"Your letter is quite sufficient, sir; I need no further exposition of your meaning."

"Ariel—dilligence—has been an absolute mistake; this is the letter that was intended for you. The other was written to your aunt on business, and by some unaccountable blunder, got into the wrong envelope! I have been a fool—a blockhead, but I love you, dearest, with all my heart! Ariel, you will not send me away!"

No—Ariel did not send him away, for the shy smiles and the rosy bloom were beginning to come back to her face as she read the real letter.

"But, Harry," she said with a roguish smile at the corner of her mouth, "you must confess that you're Experience's note had rather an unpleasant style."

"I was a careless rascal," said Harry, frankly, "but you see Judge Cornell was watching me, and—"

And that was the end of all misunderstanding between Harry Grover and Ariel Brown, thereafter, forevermore.

Miss Experience was rather disappointed in two things. She would like to have sold the schoolhouse corner lot, and she would like to have said that once in the course of her fifty-five years of life, she had an offer of marriage.

"However," said Miss Experience, "Ariel is very happy, and may be things are best as they are!"

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