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"Our Nation's Honor the Bond of Union."

The New Era

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Poetry.

Birth of Freedom.

BY WM. WALLACE.

Yes, Freedom! Tyrants date thy splendid birth
With those uprisings in the bloody Past,
When all the lion-hearted of the earth
Unfurled their rebel-banners to the blast,
And from their limbs the dungeon-fetter cast;
But thou, Oh, idol of the brave! wast born,
In full-grown majesty, upon that morn.

When all the stars together sang, and forms
Of wondrous beauty, suns of dazzling light
Flamed from the bosom of those primal storms,
Which lashed the rivers of chaotic night;
And some would drive thee from our gloomy sod;
Thy birth-place, Freedom, was the heart of God.

"The Printer."

I hear thy name where'er I go,
Or see thy image ever 'fore me,
Down the Gulf Stream to Arctic snow,
From Cape Sable to Florida Key;
From Itasca's Lake to Panama's Neck,
From Newfoundland to Vancouver,
In feather bed or Indian hammock,
Thou art printer, the world over.

Oh, printer! printer! thou art a "wonder,"
Like those that made Barnum's fame;
We know you make many a blunder,
Yet laugh about it all the same;
The urchins smile to hear thee speak,
The "old folks" praise thy logic clear—
And wonder at thy latin and Greek—
Oh, printer! prophet! sage, and seer!

And most of all—surprising story—
Not only at the "preservative" art
Does he find all his great glory;
But with as much gizzard as heart,
He ventures into all sorts of trades
And makes all kinds of inventions,
From the selling of razor blades
To attending political conventions!

Now hung for stealing roaming horses,
Now highest in the list of fame,
Now hoarding wealth, now meeting losses,
Now ribless, and now with a dame;
Now skipper of a Yankee schooner,
And now the seiser of a whale,
Now harpsichord and spinnet tuner,
And the keeper of a jail!

Now maker of new opera glasses,
Now patentee of rakes and churns;
Now leader of a train of asses,
And now the closer of concerns;
Now editing a motley journal,
And now a soldier's local sheet!
Hail! Doctor, General, Author, Colonel,
Oh, printer, printer! you're hard to beat.
"PETER PINDAR, JR."

Story.

BRACKLEY HOUSE.

As I uttered the words, a peal of thunder shook the foundations of the house, and went rolling away down the mountain passes. For the next two hours the rain fell in floods. Such a storm was never known in the country. The mountain streams became torrents, and the creek swelled to a strong, broad river. The wind was a hurricane, and the old trees over the house wailed and moaned, and tossed their arms, as if they felt that the old family was to fall out of the

county that night; and at length a giant pine, that stood near the east corner of the mansion, under which the children of three generations had played the summers through, went down with a rending crash that foretold the fall of the old house, and the extinction of the family line.

At this moment Jacob, the chief of the family servants, rushed in, exclaiming, 'Oh, Mr. Philip! Mr. Robert! Mr. Robert!'

'What of him, Jacob?'

'He was fording the creek, sir, at the little ford, and his horse was carried away and he was hurt, and couldn't swim, and he is—'

'Drowned!' said Edith, calm but pale as the white moonshine that was now streaming in at the west windows.

'No, ma'am, not drowned. But he is badly hurt, and he is on the island, and the rider is up, and—'

'Jacob, my horse—quick!'

'And mine, Jacob.'

'No, Edith.'

'Yes, Philip.'

The horses were at the door on the instant, and they two were off, side by side, on this strange bridal party. I followed slowly. The wind was still terrible, though the clouds were gone. When I reached the river bank the scene was wild and fearful. Masses of logs and timber, and trees were flying down with awful velocity.

Robert stood on the island making signs that his left arm was hurt, and that the river was rapidly rising over his foothold; and as we looked his footing gave way, and he fell, but regained his position, which he now maintained with great difficulty. A stout man might have saved himself, but for a wounded man to try the water was inevitable death. Philip and Edith were consulting as I approached, and separated at the moment. There was no public display of emotion. No one of the crowd present knew they two were man and wife. Edith held his hand for an instant, and looked with unutterable love into his face, and then turned to me, while Phillip advanced into the water's edge.

A loud murmur was heard as his purpose became apparent, as many strove to dissuade him from the attempt to save his cousin. Had he wavered at all, his purpose would have been made more firm by the intimation which I overheard that Robert would have let him drown. Then he his unfit to die himself, said he.

It was a bold plunge, and he took it deliberately. Going up the river to take the current, and pushing bravely out, he was swept into the eddy of the island, and gained a foothold by Robert's side. What passed between those two is known in heaven, and will be revealed at the great day, but not before. We could see them preparing to leave the land, and Philip fastened his cravat to a plank, and arranged it so that Robert's left arm could pass through it while he swam with his right, or if his strenght failed, he could rest with that across his cousin's shoulders. At length, they entered the water, and struck out for the shore. We went down stream to meet them. They advanced rapidly, the whirl of the current aiding them. They neared us. We kept along side by side with them. We could see, nay, hear Philip encouraging Robert from time to time. They were within a rod, almost within reach of our arms, when suddenly Robert cried out, and his strength seemed to fail him. At the same instant he threw his arm across Philip's neck, and we heard a smothered, choking cry. 'Not so tight—for heaven's sake, not so tight, Robert,' then there was a plunge, and a shriek, and we heard him say, 'Robert—Edith,' and the two went down together. Robert rose alone, near enough to the shore to grasp a bush, and dragged himself out on the land unaided. No one helped him. All were surrounding Edith, who lay on the ground, pale, cold, and senseless. She never knew any one after that. Return-

ing sensation brought no reason with it. She never spoke again until two years had passed, when, one day, after she had been sitting as usual at the west window, looking toward the sunset, silent and motionless, without expression or emotion in her still gloriously beautiful face, it suddenly grew bright with the lustre of unearthly presences, and shown for an instant as if it caught the radiance of an archangel's passing wing, or the smile of God himself; and rising from her seat, and stretching up her gaze, up, toward the bluesky and the home of the star-eyed, she seemed to pierce the veil with those glad eyes of hers, and she said again, 'My Philip,' and she sprang into his outstretched arms!

Oh, when I reach at length that mountain-top toward which for threescore years and ten. I have been toiling, that spot where the steep pathway joins the blue, I think it will be happy—so happy—to meet the footsteps of those angles, coming to welcome the old man to his new youth.

I should have left the good clergyman to his silence. There was a gentleness and delicacy in his manner of describing the death of Philip Brackley which was manifestly dosinged to leave much to the imagination. But a young man on the forward seat demanded abruptly, what became of Robert Brackley.

Detested, feared, and abhorred, by the entire community, he wasted his property, and, on the death of Edith, he left the country. He was never heard of again, and the old family was gone from among us forever.

Five years after this stage-coach incident, my friend W—— and myself were on our annual autumn hunting expedition in the forest of—. It was a cold clear October evening. Weary and jaded with a long and unsuccessful tramp of two days, we were returning to our cabin, as the shadows of the western hills were going up the eastern mountain side and up into the sky, chasing the departing light. Coming out of the forest on the bank of river, we paused to look up at the giant hemlock which stood out grandly above all the forest on the ridge of the hills, solemnly pointing, as it had pointed every night for hundreds of years, into the deep blue heavens. It was a glorious spot. The broad river, rushing along with majestic flow before us, was deep and steadfast, the hills stood up in the light and praised their builder, and anon the stars came and blessed the valley with radiant purity.

As we turned toward the cabin under an old oak, Smith, our host, met us with a message which had been left on the afternoon previous. Thompson, our nearest neighbour, a woodman living five miles down the river, was sick, and had sent for us. The messenger did not state what was his disease, but we knew he must be very ill, for no one sent for his neighbors in that country unless the day were going hard with him.

Accordingly we took the small canoe, and pushing out into the river, lent all our strength to the paddles, and shot swiftly down the stream. The old man who had sent for us was a woodman of no inconsiderable reputation. He had occupied the same cabin for more years than Smith could remember. We had met him often in former seasons, but his manner had always been repelling; and though he had sometimes hinted at other and better days, I had paid no attention to his hint, for this was a common thing among foresters.

His cabin was in a lonesome spot, under the side of an abrupt hill, shaded by a dense mass of old forest. A stream of water flowed through the hollow with unceasing noise, but the wind never reached the cabin, though it roared loudly in the trees overhead.

We approached the door and entered without knocking. All was dark and gloomy and silent in the cabin; no sound or movement indicated the presence of

any living being, and the conviction was immediate that we were too late, and that the old man had done his work, and been carried out by his comrades.

But a husky whisper, coming from the corner where the pile of skins lay which formed his bed, attracted my attention, and I turned toward it.

Who is it.
Smith, W——, and P——.

He seemed delighted, and in a few moments Smith had struck a light, and kindled a fire on the hearth, and a ruddy blaze lit up the cabin. It appeared that the old man had been suffering for some months with a heavy cold and cough, and the end was close at hand. He had been attended by a neighbor, who was now away on his own affairs, leaving the woodman to meet the grim enemy alone in his hut. He was too feeble to leave his bed, and the fire had gone out. In his silent and feeble lonesomeness the night had come on. How many such lonesome nights had come down on him in that cabin! As the twilight deepened, he said, he had tried to sleep, but he could not. He believed he should never sleep again, though he was weary—so weary! He laid his arm outside the covering, and I shrank from it, it was so shockingly thin and wasted. He smiled at that, and covered it over, and then said he wished to see me especially.

For what.

I want to make my will.

I smiled—even laughed. He was serious, however, and I grew as serious as he. I had no idea then of practicing my profession, though I was known among the hunters on the river as 'The Counselor.'

I should not have sent for you were I strong to write myself, but I am too weak. Get ready soon, or I shall fail entirely. Have you not brought ink and paper? Then Jack, as usual, neglected half his message, and I shall die without it, after all.

There was something so mournful in the old man's voice that I felt for him, and hastily producing a half-dozen letters from pocket, I tore off the blank half sheet of one, indorsed with my direction and the post-mark.

It will do, said the old man; it will not be long.

I should think not, said I, glancing around at the wolf and bear skins, and other trophies of the chase, which seemed to be his only property. He caught my glance, and laughed a husky laugh, which pained me, as I proceeded to make a pen from an eagle's quill that I took from a wing nailed over the door, and then mixed some soot with molasses and water for ink, and so made ready for this curious professional work.

I want first a promise from you. I am to sign the will. You all shall witness it. But you not read my name till I am gone away from this.

We promised, and he proceeded to dictate while I wrote sundry bequests to benevolent objects, made, as the old man said, by way of disposing of the last relics of the property of an unworthy sinner, who had now nothing left to live or die by but the mercy of God.

"Are you a lawyer?" said I, as I finished the writing.

"I was once," said he, briefly.

The will was signed, and he turned down the corner on which he wrote his name, so that it was not visible to us as we signed our own to the attesting clause. I then folded it and handed it to him, and he placed it under his pillow.

All this passed slowly, for he was very feeble, and at times I feared lest he would not live to finish it. His breath was short and labored, interrupted by frequent coughing. Having taken his directions as to the disposition of the will after his death, we sat down to await the result of the struggle now going on between life and death. Towards morn-

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