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

The New Era

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Parity.

The Star-Flag of the Free.

BY GEORGE F. MORRIS.

This is the price of Liberty,
"Eternal vigilance and care,"
Sustain the star-flag of the free,
Our Union represented there,
No traitor shall, with recreant hand,
Remove it from its place on high—
The symbol of our native land,
Which might the world in arms defy!

Oh, ye who cherish Liberty,
And every hope that on her waits,
Preserve for your posterity
The perfect Union of the States.
The stars that flutter in the breeze
Were clustered there at Freedom's call—
Stern fate foreshadowed all of these,
If smothered, would to ruin fall!

Then read, ye sons of Liberty,
(And mark the homely proverb well,)
Words that denote your destiny
Should States this solemn truth repel,
In Union there is strength and peace,
In separation endless wars—
Guard, bravely guard, till time shall cease,
Our country's long-born flag of stars!

THE WIFE'S DEVICE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

Tall, bold, dark and frowning was the outline of the old castle, as looming up against the gray sky of a winter twilight, it first met the gaze of the illustrious man who had been condemned to a fettered life. And as the drawbridge was lowered behind his slow and weary steps, and the massive doors swung to again when he had crossed the threshold, he felt that he was indeed immured forever, that it was idle to cherish the painful hope of escape, that his dungeon was a living grave.

The first night spent in his lonely cell seemed an eternity in length. In vain did he toss upon his stone-like bed, and strive to sleep; while his passionate paces between his narrow walls only tore and bruised his feet and fatigued his limbs, without bringing on aught of that wholesome weariness which dims the eye and benumbs the feelings. Never seemed sunlight so beautiful to him, not even when abroad of a summer's morn he had watched its golden tides flood the broad landscape that lay like pictured beauty before his vision, as did that first faint ray that streamed in through the grated window, and played amid the furrows which anxiety had drawn upon his brow as with the rude touch of the torturing iron. Like the finger of Divinity writing there a choice and beautiful blessing, seemed that sunbeam, that one, stray, gold-colored ray from the arching sky, from the fetterless world without. The pride and majesty of his manhood came back to the captive, his soul grew large and strong within him, his dungeon walls seemed to expand, its roof bore not down with that suffocating weight that had been such an agony to bear, his pallet had a feathery lightness, his pitcher of water seemed a crystal spring, his crust of bread the marrow of life. God was with him still. His mind and heart, all that makes the true man, was free as the singing bird of the forest, and though the door that had closed so harshly upon him should never swing open again, though the bolt

that grated so hardly should never be withdrawn, he was a captive only in name. More like royalty, sitting in purple robes, to be ministered unto, than aught else, seemed he to the jailor, when a few hours later he appeared to replenish the scanty table. He could not divine the cause of the sudden and mighty change; he could hardly realize that the lofty and commanding form which now seemed so proudly to tower above him, was the same bowed and trembling one that he had half-dragged thither a weary burden but the night before. He did not know that God had spoken to the soul that stood enshrined in that human form, and that the breath which clung to every word was the breath of life. Nay, he knew naught of this; but he felt that there was a majesty about him as new as it was strange, as sublime as it was new.

Well was it for the illustrious prisoner that his soul had grown so strong. Never else could he have endured the severe and rigorous treatment which was continually imposed upon him. Never else could he have endured the separation from his young and beautiful wife, the fair, delicate creature that had slept in his bosom like a flower on a sun-lit bank, or a bird in a hidden nest, filling his heart with the music and fragrance of summer. Little thought he of the many dangers and toils to which she had subjected herself, in pleading with his stern judges for a home in that old, stern castle. Little thought he that she was periling life to gain access to him, not only that she might cheer his lonely hours with the sweet companionship of her loving heart, but devise some stratagem that should carry him once again out into the rude world, out under the blue sky, and to freedom of limb as well as freedom of soul.

But never yet did iron bolts or oaken doors or grated windows resist forever woman's will. Never yet was heart so stern, but that at some moment it would have a kindly mood. And though months passed on ere she gained her way, her patient daily and nightly toil was at length successful, and one sunny morn in spring-time, when the greeting sunbeam had showed a broader, brighter light, the door of the dungeon swung open, and the companion of his life and labors, pale and thin with weariness and care, but with a spiritual loveliness that made her seem almost angelic in appearance, appeared before his astonished sight, and ere he could press his brow to know whether it were not the phantasy of a rapturous dream, she fell on his bosom, wound her soft arms about him, and whispered:

"Thine, thine—they could not keep me from thee!"

Once immured beside him, the same love that had sued so long and truly for that and yet blessed privilege, became earnest in endeavors to set him free. They had friends enough outside the castle walls to bear him at once to a place of safety, but within, there were none but cold, callous-hearted guards, whom she dared not attempt to bribe, lest a discovery should sentence them to a deeper and darker cell.

But one day, when months of weary waiting had gone by, she obtained permission of the jailor to examine a large chest of books and linen belonging to themselves, the key of which had been entrusted to his care. He carried by her side as she drew from it one and another article, till he was satisfied that nothing had been smuggled into it, that could either aid to soothe or liberate them, and then went his way, without the least idea that through her mind had flashed a thought of freedom.

At night-fall, when he drew the bolt, with matron-like anxiety upon her brow, she begged he would obtain leave for her to send to a friend just outside the castle gates, and have her take charge for a while of her chest of linen, for though,

and she sadly smiled as she spoke the words, its owner grew white shut up within a dungeon, that grew gray and yellow, and would soon be ruined. It was so simple a request, so womanly a one, that it was granted without the least ado, and early the next morn, the oaken chest was borne away—borne away, not with linen in it to whiten in the dew and sunshine not with mouldering volumes, but with human form, crouched almost out of sight, its thin white hands pressing convulsively its beating heart, lest its wild, lead pulses should echo forth, its pale lips pressed with frantic motion to the tiny breathing aperture which had been drilled with painful toil.

Who may picture forth the weary hours of that long, lonely day, as the captive wife on bended knees and with streaming eyes poured forth to Heaven her prayers of love, or who may tell how anxiously her bosom throbbed lest the jailor should discern her falsehood, and ascertain that the roll of linen covered up so carefully on the coach and called her sick and almost dying husband, was but a ruse to hide his flight till she could feel that he was safe? "The heart knoweth its own bitterness," her's had a gall, no drop of which can be expressed in words.

Yet proudly did she demean herself, when at length the story came to light, so proudly and yet so womanly, that the stern judges, who, when first they heard the tale, condemned her without a trial to an imprisonment for life in the same dungeon from which she had freed her husband, relented of their harsh decree, and gave her not only the freedom which she craved, but a laurel wreath, which will be fresh and green so long as the name of wife is a cherished and a holy word.

KILLED AND WOUNDED IN THE ARMY.—The number of the killed and wounded thus far in this war, not including the most recent accounts, is much less than has been generally supposed. We often hear by the first reports of a battle, of large numbers killed which soon dwindle down materially by the sifting of official intelligence. Gen. Banks' loss of thousands thus came down to 38 killed and less than 300 wounded. The thousands killed at Bull Run were thus reduced to 491 killed and 1011 wounded. The whole number killed in the war, up to the fight at Hanover Court House, has been less than 6,000, and the wounded about 20,000. This seems a large number, but at the single battle of Waterloo, the English and Allies, who were the victors, lost 4,000 more than the whole number of our killed and wounded in this war.

This tendency to exaggeration in first reports of a battle ought to teach us to make liberal allowances when such alarming stories of loss are reported.

MELTING WEATHER.—We have had some days, lately, well calculated to try the patience of Job, albeit perfectly aware that our sufferings were for our good, and that the torrid heat of the sun rushed hay and vegetables to perfection in double quick time, and had a prospective influence on the price of corn, flour and potatoes. But to lose your confidence in starch, to be betrayed by dikes, to be abandoned by neckcloths, to be ruined by gloves, to be made aware of the inadequacy of soda fountains to slake a burning thirst, to perceive that mosquitoes thrive in an atmosphere of 100 Fahrenheit, to whistle for a wind in vain, to think madly of sea breezes as you toss on an arid, sleepless mattress, these are pains or penalties which well nigh deterrene reason, and make us believe that exile to Siberia is one of the most blessed prerogatives of a native born Russian.

—The coronet of diamonds that forms part of the trousseau of the Princess Alice, has been made in the form of national flowers, agreeably to the choice of the late Prince Albert, her father.

Miscellaneous.

—At a jubilee of the colored people of Philadelphia, last week, an oration was read, written for the occasion by Hon. Charles Sumner of Mass.

—Sidney Smith says that mankind are always happier for having been happy; so that if you make them happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it.

—In constructing the International Exhibition building in London there have been used 10,000,000 bricks, 1000 iron pillars, 17,000 loads of wood, 40,000 superficial feet of glass, and 4000 tons of iron.

—Among the property held sacred in Secession by the Northern troops is that granted by the State of South Carolina to Gen. Greene, which is owned now by his descendants who have left it to the imagined spoiler.

—Those who use cotton cloth or rags, for oiling furniture should be very careful to burn them when done, or put them where they can do no harm. They are liable to ignite spontaneously. We have seen several notices lately of fires from this cause.

—The closing paragraph of Jeff. Davis's proclamation to his soldiers—"may God have you in his holy keeping!"—reminds us of one Judge Shaw used to make, that the objects of it never thanked him for—"may God have mercy on your soul!"

—Which nobody can deny: Babies are tyrants of the world. The Emperor must tread softly—baby sleeps. Mozart must hush his nascent requiem—baby sleeps. Phidias must drop his hammer and chisel—baby sleeps. Demosthenes, be dumb—baby sleeps!

—The Augusta Journal says that Charles H. Foster, hailing at present from North Carolina, and who is so persevering in his Congressional aspirations, is a native of that State, and formerly a school teacher in that city.

—If you wake up of a cold night and find yourself very restless, get out of bed, and standing on a piece of carpet or cloth of any kind, spend five or ten minutes in rubbing the whole body vigorously and rapidly with the hands, having previous thrown the bed clothing towards the foot of the bed so as to air both bed and body.

—The papers say that gold has been discovered in the brick clay which underlies the city of Philadelphia to such an extent as to warrant the belief that in the ten square miles area occupied by the city, there is ten times more gold in the clay than has been found in California. The experiments with the clay have been made under the direction of an officer of the United States mint.

—Hayman, a famous artist one hundred years ago, was a wit. One of his associates was always complaining of ill health and low spirits, without being able to assign any particular malady as the cause. One evening it was mentioned that this associate had been married the day before. "Is he, and he hanged to him?" said Hayman. "New he'll know what ails him."

—During the shower on Thursday night last, the barn of John McKinney in Lincolnville was struck by lightning on the ridge pole, which passed from there over one side of the roof to the ground, tearing away the shingles and boards in its course. The barn contained several tons of hay at the time, down by the side of which the lightning passed, but strange to say did not take fire.—Rockland Democrat.