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Poetry.

Three Hundred Thousand More.

The following spirited poem was written by Capt. James C. Slaght, Division Quartermaster at Newbern, N. C. It was handed to us by a friend, and, we believe, formerly appeared in the Newbern Progress.

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream, and from New England's shore;
We leave our ploughs and workshops, our wives and children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent tear;
We dare not look behind us; but steadfastly before—
We are coming, Father Abraham—three hundred thousand more!

If you look across the hill-tops that meet the Northern sky,
Long moving lines of rising dust your vision may deary;
And now the wind, an instant, tears the cloudy veil aside,
And floats aloft our starry flag in glory and in pride;
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave music pour—
We are coming, Father Abraham—three hundred thousand more!

If you look all up our valleys, where the growing harvests shine,
You may see our farmer boys fast forming into line;
And children from their mother's knees are pulling at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow against their country's needs;
And a farewell group stands weeping at every cottage door—
We are coming, Father Abraham—three hundred thousand more!

You have called us, and we're coming, by Richmond's bloody tide,
To lay us down, for freedom's sake, our brothers' bones beside;
Or from foul treason's savage grasp to wrench the murderous blade,
And in the face of foreign foes its fragments to parade.
Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have gone before—
We are coming, Father Abraham—three hundred thousand more!

BLIFKINS THE PHILANTHROPIST.

When Blifkins came into the office a few days since to take a pinch of Rhoades's Delectable and say a few words about the war, as is his wont, we asked him whether Sailor Boy was in the late Dog Show. He told us that he was not, because Mrs. Blifkins entertained an idea that the moral effect of such a gathering upon a dog of a sensitive temperament might not be good. Not, he said, that Sailor Boy showed any especial fastidiousness as to his associations, because he had disgusted Mrs. B. many times by a too free conduct towards subjacent Canines, in one instance actually bringing home and into the front parlor a mongrel dog, questionable in every particular but the matter of fleas, that actually disputed possession with Mrs. B. when she attempted to drive it out. Her objection chiefly was that there might be a liability to imbibe erroneous dogmas prejudicial to her discipline, which was to make S. B. a model.

"How is your benevolent corner now?" he asked, breaking through the former subject like a boy's ball through a window pane.

"We assured him there was no special

angle of ours devoted to benevolence—a little surprised at the question.

"I mean," said he, "your corner of the street, seating himself on our damask ottoman, and setting his watch by our splendid ormolu clock, a memento of Count Cavour. Without giving us a chance to reply, he continued, smilingly, 'I've been doing something myself in that line lately.'"

"What! the benevolent line?" we asked.

"Yes, the benevolent," he replied; "you needn't think you enjoy such things by patent; though I may admit that your example has had its effect upon me, and may have inoculated me to a certain degree with the benevolent infection."

"Drive ahead," we said, reaching over to him our Japanese cigar case. He did not take one, however, for the reason, as we discovered afterwards, that there was none there, and proceeded:

"Did you ever imagine that Salem was a place remarkable for destitute people?" "No," we replied, "far from it; a more thrifty and well-to-do people it were hard to find."

"Of course," he said, "this is your opinion, but nevertheless within the last month my feelings have been appealed to more in behalf of people of that delightful ilk than for all the Boologahs or other missions together, and I have been delighted at the opportunity to do something for them. They are very friendly people down there, and the appeals have come in such a personal and pressing form that I couldn't refuse it with any delicacy."

"Explain yourself," we said.

"I was called out of my bed about a month ago, before daylight in the morning, by a violent ringing of my bell, and on looking from my window a strange voice informed me that its possessor was very anxious to speak to me. This I thought very strange in a stranger. I imagined many things in explanation of it as I dressed myself, two hours before my usual time. My rich aunt was dying and wished to see me in regard to her will; the schooner Polly Ann had sunk at sea, carrying my sixteenth to the bottom with her; somebody was suddenly taken sick; a fishing party had been improvised, in which I had been counted. 'How do you know it isn't some robber?' queried Mrs. Blifkins with womanly prudence. I went below and opened the door, ushering my visitor into the parlor, confident that I saw a white dress perched on the top stair, and concluded it to be Mrs. Blifkins stationed as a reserve. The stranger shook me warmly by the hand saying, 'Are you a mason?' I told him no—that I was of the mercantile persuasion. 'Perhaps you are an odd fellow,' he continued, still squeezing my hand. I told him no, again; that there were times, it was true, when Mrs. Blifkins said I acted oddly, but that I was as evenly disposed a man as was generally to be met with. I thought I heard Mrs. Blifkins sigh on the stairs, as though she were aching to say something. 'Well,' says the stranger, 'then to come to business: I am a man and a brother in destitute circumstances. I have walked up from Salem this morning, and can go no further on my way to Providence, unless you will loan me a dollar.' I looked at the man curiously in the uncertain light. Such confidence! I thought. Here is a fellow creature who walks from Salem, through Boston—avoiding that home of selfishness—to seek me, a humble individual, before daylight in the morning, to borrow a dollar! He only wanted to borrow it, besides, and his moderation was commendable. Had he asked me for ten dollars I could not have entertained his request. Calling to Mrs. Blifkins, I stated, in a brief manner, the urgency of the case, and with a benevolence in harmony with my own, she produced the amount, which I handed to the stranger, who, as

he received it, told me his name was Smith, and was desirous of giving me his note, but I would not insult his honesty by accepting it. He left with the assurance that he would send it from Providence by the return of mail.

"Have you received it?" we inquired.

"No," he replied, "the mails have been somewhat irregular of late, and I think it must have miscarried. Mrs. Blifkins insists upon it that I was swindled, but that can't be possible. I am not deceived so easily, and his candor in giving me his name and tendering me his note were the best proofs of honesty."

"Any other case?" we inquired as he came to a pause.

He nodded, took another pinch of the Delectable, and after sneezing heartily went on.

"The other day, as I came home to dinner, Mrs. Blifkins gave indications of chronic temper. I had been led to anticipate it from seeing Sailor Boy, very sheepish and chop fallen, at the corner. He wagged his tail pitifully as I passed by him, but made no motion to follow me home. As I spoke to him, he turned his attention to a very miserable looking bone, as if to conceal his real feelings."

"Well," said Mrs. B., in a tone that fully justified the most extreme apprehension, "I wonder what friend of yours is coming next?"

"Friend?" said I, somewhat astonished.

"Oh, it's all well for you to feign astonishment," she replied. "I've no objection to having your friends come, if you will take care of them yourself, but the burden falls on me; and heaven knows it is usually severe enough without having people coming from Dan to Beersheba to billet on us for the Lord knows how long!"

"Billet on us!" said I; "tell me, most exemplary of beings, what you are driving at." I affected the amiable, but it wouldn't work, so I waited for the natural denouement. That I saw working towards the surface.

"Do you know Mrs. Troll, of Salem?" she asked.

I felt myself changing color, for I did know a lady of that name, and from that locality.

"Ah, you do know her! Well she has been here, bag and baggage, but I've sent her off with a flea in her ear, I assure you."

Hospitality I regard a great virtue, and therefore said gravely,

"Mrs. Blifkins, I hope you have done nothing in the case unworthy of the principle we have so long maintained, and given no cause of offence to this young, beautiful and worthy woman. My dear, you really must overcome this jealous temper. This lady's husband was lost at sea, and she deserves your kindest sympathy."

Mrs. B. gave strong evidence of hysterics as she replied, with almost a scream—

"Young, beautiful, worthy, and a widow! Oh you guilty deceiver. Then there is another Mrs. Troll; for this one is as ugly as sin, of whom I am not at all jealous."

I saw that I had put my foot in it, and internally called upon St. Janus, my tutelary divinity, to relieve me from my predicament.

"My dear," said I, "excuse the trial I have put you to, but the benefit to you I thought would be worth the risk. I hope you will pardon the unhappiness I have caused you, but your jealousy is really rendering you miserable, and I thought I would excite it by the intimation I gave in order that I might allay it by the assurance that I knew very well whom you meant—the old Widow Troll, stout-built, red nosed, bear-eyed, fearful looking. Jealous of her?—of course not."

Mrs. Blifkins looked at me as I said this, as though she would penetrate me with her glance as if it were a gimblet, but saw nothing beyond the surface. How well an eye can be schooled to con-

cealment! Oh, did people but know what a loss they sustain when they close the avenue, by doubt or suspicion, to unrestricted confidence!

Blifkins paused as he said this and looked long and earnestly at our picture of Annaias and Sapia over the mantel-piece.

"Well, what next?" we said; "on with the tale."

"Oh, yes," he replied, "I forgot. It seems that an old woman named Troll, a person I had not seen for many years, but who had been intimate with an aunt of mine in early life, had come to the house in my absence and represented herself as one of my dearest friends—as I dare say she is—and asked my wife to keep her for only two or three weeks till I should have settled some business for her about a will in which she was the legatee of some cast off clothing. It was a very moderate request, but my wife didn't see it, and therefore Mrs. Troll became a wanderer."

"Nothing very benevolent in that," we said.

"Nothing in the act," he replied hastily, "but the wish which sanctifies an act was not wanting on my part."

"Anything further?" we asked.

"Yes," said he looking at his watch; "but I must hurry up or I shall be late at the store. I was at my tea-table night before last when my door bell rang and a little nervous gentleman was introduced, who in a very patronizing manner said his name was Field, of the theatrical persuasion, and begged the loan of a half dollar to enable him to get to his uncles—several distinguish actors in town,—to whom he was to be wafted by the wind he should raise. He informed me that he was from Salem, where he had got cornered by adverse Fate, and had to leave behind, in order to avoid personal seizure, a very valuable wardrobe which he hoped to redeem by aid of his uncles. I thought he would have done well under the circumstances, when I saw how seedy he looked, to have worn away his best wardrobe and left the one he had on, but of course he knew best."

"If you will do me the favor to lend me this small sum, I will return it in the morning; for the man who would call another from his supper and swindle him out of a half dollar by borrowing with no intention of paying would be worse than an infidel." The high moral tone of the man appeared to strike Mrs. Blifkins, who, I thought, signaled me to lend him the money, which I did, and he departed with a tear of gratitude in his eye.

"That's the last you'll see of that money," said my wife; "you never will take my advice about these things, of course, but when you have wasted your substance in this way you may regret that you didn't ask somebody's opinion—I don't say mine, because that I cannot expect."

"Mrs. Blifkins," said I, "did you not make a motion to me to lend him the money?"

"No," she replied, "I only drove a mosquito away from my ears. You don't suppose any man could fool me."

"Only one, my dear," said I coaxingly; "one Benjamin Blifkins, who by the blandishments of affection fooled you into a regard for him that ended in his own great happiness, and secured him as your devoted forever."

"A fiddlestick!" said Mrs. Blifkins sententiously, but her smile assured me the victory was won. The money, however, hasn't been handed in yet; probably the young man failed to find his uncles."

"Probably," we said.

Blifkins went out like a Roman candle, brilliant but quick, satisfied with himself and everybody.

BELIEVE one-half the ill one woman speaks of another; but credit twice the good she reports of her.