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

The New Era

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Poetry.

Epitaph on a Candle.

A WICKED one lies buried here,
Who died in a decline;
He never rose in rank, I fear,
Though he was born to shine.

He once was fat, but then, indeed,
Grew thin as any griever;
He died, the doctors all agreed,
Of a most burning fever.

If e'er you said, 'Go out, I pray,'
He much ill-nature showed;
On such occasions he would say,
'Vy, if I do, I'm blowed!'

In this his friends do all agree—
Though you may think I'm joking—
When going out, 'tis said that he
Was very fond of smoking.

Since all religion he despised,
Let these few words suffice:
Before he ever was baptized,
They dipped him once or twice.

The Rebel Slanderer.

Through your columns to the base vituperative article which appeared in the Wilmington Journal from a correspondent in this place. We do not publish it for its worth, (it has none) but that our readers may compare the reply with its base slander.

WASHINGTON, Territory of N. C., July 5, 1862.

It is not often your correspondent is driven to the necessity of venting his indignation on paper, but things are in such a fix in this village at present, that a loyal Southerner cannot express his sentiments without danger of being incarcerated in Potter's Dungeon (otherwise known as Frank Haven's warehouse), there to remain until it pleases 'His Excellency,' our new Governor, to release him; so you see all such talking is about 'played out' in the family circle, or in the presence of negroes, or on the streets, in the company of many of our new Governor's old political friends. Scarcely a remark has been made in this town, hostile to the Lincoln government, since these marauders have been here, but what has been faithfully reported at headquarters. This is truly a reign of terror, and God grant that my eyes may never behold another. No tongue can tell, no pen can describe the scenes of marauding, house and store breaking, thieving and plundering, licentiousness and bestiality that have been enacted by Stanly's 'glorious army of noble patriots,' since their advent in Washington. I will not attempt it for fear that I should be thought to resemble a noted old character, called Uncle Ben, who lived somewhere in Nash county. He was an incurable stuturer and horribly profane, probably could outswear any man who ever tried, except our new Governor's boot-black, D—B—ks, who I am inclined to think can equal him in that line at this time, particularly when he takes his text on the Confederate government, or the Confederate money or Jeff. Davis. Well, upon a certain occasion Uncle Ben was compelled to haul a load of wheat in bulk. While going up a hill the tail-board of the cart dropped out, and spilled all his wheat on the ground. Uncle Ben never discovered his mistake until he arrived at the top of the hill, and his attention was called to the accident by a troop of mischief-loving boys who had followed him for the purpose of teasing and annoying him. One of the boys cried out, 'Why don't you swear, old fellow?' 'I w-w-would,' replied Uncle Ben, 'b-b-but I f-f-fear I c-c-could n-n-not d-d-do th-th-the s-s-subject j-j-justice.' Your correspondent is like Uncle Ben, he fears he can't do the subject justice.

Soon after the Yankees arrived, they appointed one Lieut. James H. Turner, Company A, 24th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, Pro-

vost Marshal, and declared martial law. Then commenced a scene of wholesale robbery and plunder never equalled on this continent. Stores were opened and stripped of their contents, every house in town left vacant by its owner was entered, and everything portable and valuable taken, packed up and sent North. Portraits, paintings, Daguerreotypes, engravings, private letters, account books, writing desks, libraries, crockery, plate, in truth everything belonging to a well furnished house, was either taken away, destroyed or given to the negroes. Not even infant's apparel (they took Mrs. Burbank's dead baby's clothes) or sheets, towels, or bed furniture was spared in the general scene of devastation. In every instance of house-breaking the negroes were their informants as well as aiders and abettors. They did not respect even the privacy of ladies' bureaus, but broke them open and distributed the wearing apparel to the negro women or sent it North. The letters purloined from ladies' writing desks would afford them great amusement, and often elicit a brutal, vulgar jest. It is supposed by some of the privates of the Yankee army that Turner has stolen and appropriated to his private use, property to the amount of ten or fifteen thousand dollars.

When they first commenced their works of plunder, complaints were invariably made at headquarters, but without receiving any satisfaction, only a promise that it would be attended to; finally, we ceased to complain and submitted, with curses not loud but deep, and this cursing was not and is not now confined to the sterner sex, for even the women and children vent their anger in words that sound very much like oaths; for all loyal Southerners seem to act and speak as though they were entitled to a furlough from the Good Being to vent their anger in the first words that come uppermost in their minds, and not be held accountable therefor.

Yet, with these outrages patent to all the community, Mr. Stanly calls them 'a noble army of patriots,' and says they are here to protect us from the robbery and plundering of the Confederate soldiery; and also says that the property destroyed by them is a tithe of what was destroyed by the soldiers formerly stationed here. I suppose he alludes to the burning of cotton and

very tall, fine looking fellow, and stands over six feet high. He has played sad havoc, not only with private property, but also with the hearts of some of the 'Union ladies' of both colors. Soon after his arrival he enticed off Capt. Josephus Wallace's mulatto servant girl Theresa, and having fitted up the director's room of the Bank of Washington in the most beautiful manner, with stolen goods, placed therein his dusky stolen bride, arrayed in stolen habiliments, taken from the bureaus of ladies who had left on the arrival of Stanly's 'noble army of patriots.' Report says that Turner with his handsome face and stately form had played sad havoc with the heart of Miss S. P., but Miss Theresa Wallace interfered with her matrimonial prospects. The handsome and chivalrous Massachusetts Lieutenant was heard to say he thought he was in love with Miss P., but he never knew what love was until he met with Miss Wallace! She was the sweetest, most intelligent 'lady' he had ever met.

Stanly's friends are dividing among themselves all the offices of honor and profit. Old Mr. R—n is to be the Postmaster; E. H., Collector of the Port; Col. T. S., J. P. and J. R. (ship carpenter) are the Union dinner givers. D. B— has taken the office of U. S. Provision Distributer and Secession curser. J. H. S—, Court House bell ringer and gas lighter, and stamper and clapper when the 'Governor' makes a speech. Bill H. and B'j'h S— are the Union Gassers and Blowers, and J. R. B. Speech distributor.

I have enumerated the principal offices already filled, but there are many applicants on the list for offices to be created.

Amid all this display of rampant treason to the South there is quite a large party who have straddled the fence. Some of them state that they are tired of the war and think the South ought not to prolong a useless contest. That she will certainly be subjugated. That the U. S. will certainly take every place they go to, and that we had better submit now ere it be too late. At the same time these people call themselves Secessionists. There is another class who disclaim the name of Secessionists, but say they are 'John Bell Rebels.' In this class can be found one He is, according to my way of thinking, a curious kind of a Southerner, for he spends his whole time in the public and private exercises of abusing Jeff. Davis, Jos. E. Johnston and Beauregard, 'except so much as he takes up in the work' of praising Ed. Stanly. He says that Jeff. Davis is a second-rate politician—would probably make a second-rate Brigadier General; that Jos. E. Johnston is nothing but a ditch and spade officer, and that Beauregard is a 'damned humbug.'

There is another class who most religiously obey the apostolic injunction of being all things to all men, for they are both decided Unionists as well as Secessionists. In these ranks Meyer the Jeweller, is high priest; but high up, above them is our Isaiah Respass. He rides around town on a horse stolen from John Grimes, which he bought from a negro (Austin Blount) and with report says he attempted to pay him for in counterfeit money. He occasionally stops in a crowd, retails his Yankee lies, and disclaims against Seceshing, 'dis,' he says, 'is what all dis herdamn Seceshing has fetched us to.' He is now loading his vessel for the West Indies, and has the U. S. flag waving from her topmast-head every day.

But thanks be to the giver of every good and perfect gift, there are ten righteous, yea, three times ten yet to be found in Washington. But the righteous ones now are mute as mice. But with clenched hands and closed lips they 'bide their time.' You can have no idea of the fearful passions that agitate them, and their deep-settled purpose of squaring all their accounts, and the settlement will be a fearful one.

Among the Union ladies, the most rampant are old Mrs. G—bs and her batch of females, Miss S. P.—me, Mag. W—ll, old Mrs. M—e, S. P.—b, Mrs. R—, Mrs. B. S—d'll and Miss R—n. who, report says, is engaged to be married to one of the Yankee officers. Mr. J. P.—me takes particular pains to impress on the minds of the officers that he has a marriagable daughter. Miss S. P.—h says the Yankee officers are much more intelligent than the 'secesh' officers, and regrets that she was born at the South. We all regret the same accident, and can condole with her.

We hear that it is frequently asked in Pitt and Edgecombe why did the people stay in Washington? Why don't they burn the cursed hole and leave it? All such remarks betray either a Jewish spirit or a deplorable ignorance of the state of affairs here. There are hundreds of poor people here who have not the means of living abroad, and if they had, they would not be allowed to take their effects away. And all who have the means are compelled to stay by military authority. But I, and every other loyal man, would sell every one of our goods, if we could, and purchasers; but it would take a large supply of Job's patience to stand the sneers of the people of Edgecombe and Pitt, and also an enormously long purse to pay their extortionate demands. We are between two fires. Persecuted at home by traitors and Yankees, and abroad our motives misjudged and our loyalty questioned. All I can say is, that it is either a sudden death or a long sickness to any man who dares to call my loyalty to the South in question. These Yankees would evacuate this place, but for the reason that their departure would meet with decided opposition from many in our town and county between the ages of 18 and 35, and in truth they have been solicited to stay. So I am informed upon Yankee authority.

I suppose you have seen the published copy of the speech of 'Our Governor,' (as J—S—ll loves to call him). It is as much like the speech delivered as it is like the 10th chapter of Revelations. It does not abound in all those startling, clap-trap, school-boy specimens of eloquence so peculiar to Stanly, neither does it contain so much brutal denunciation, false misrepresentation, and atrocious falsehood. No pen save that of a Wendell Phillips or a Wm. Lloyd Garrison could do justice to the speech as delivered. In truth it is without a parallel, unless one could be found at a meeting presided over by Fred Douglas. I shall not attempt to give you a report of his whole speech, but only a few of his ideas and his mode of expressing them. He said 'That glorious old tune, Yankee Doodle, which was borne on angel's wings from Bunker's Heights and is now chanted in Heaven, was as much the tune of the South as of the North.' He called the North Carolina recruits for Lincoln's army 'an army of noble patriots!' 'Look,' said he, 'at that peerless soldier McClellan as he floats midway in a balloon, between heaven and earth, sending his orders on the lightning's wings to his victorious columns to advance on the already beaten and retreating foe.' 'Can you, my fellow citizens, withstand such an army commanded by such a man? No, my friends, the combined powers of hell cannot withstand the United States.' He styled old Lincoln 'that noble old patriot'—he called Magruder 'a drunken fool.' But I cannot follow the sickening detail of the expressions he made use of. Alas, that he should have been born in North Carolina.

But now I must close this badly written epistle. Praying that the God of Justice, Truth, and Liberty may have you and yours in his holy keeping, I am as always, Your friend,

NOTE.—Since the date of this letter we have information from Washington to the effect that Turner is no longer Provost Marshal, nor the

favoured friend of Miss Wallace (colored). That enterprising young female has sought another 'affinity.' Whether Turner has committed suicide or taken to spirits is more than we know of.

The Anonymous Slanderer.

We crave the indulgence of our readers in calling their attention to the mendacious and filthy production of anonymous scribblers (for it bears internal evidence of being concocted by more than one muddled brain), which disgraced the columns of the Wilmington Journal of the 25th ult. This vile effusion is dated from Washington, Territory of N. C., July 5th, 1862.

As for the tyranny of the United States Government in confining traitors and spies in Havens' Warehouse, no greater proof of the leniency of the authorities can be found than the fact that this villain and his equally depraved aiders and abettors were suffered to go at large, eaves-dropping at windows, and even pumping children and servants, dogging their neighbors and every United States officer who set his foot on shore or left his quarters. Not content with pursuing this contemptible and despicable line of conduct themselves, they set their children and servants at the same dirty work; and yet they were suffered to escape from 'durance vile,' as their mental calibre was known to be so much below par, that they were considered too contemptible to notice. But we have the satisfaction of knowing that, although the leniency and forbearance of the United States Government is not appreciated by the deluded secessionists, yet, by foreign Powers full credit is given to the heads of our Administration for their noble and generous conduct. All Europe stands in wonder, amazement, and admiration at the sublime spectacle presented to the world since this rebellion began; for though extended privateers—or, rather, pirates—who roamed the highway of nations, anxious and ready to rob and murder all who fell into their relentless hands, were humanely spared.

We acknowledge that the late Provost Marshal abused his authority; but he has been removed from office, and is no longer connected with the army. Can this kind of retribution be said in relation to certain Confederate officers, who unwarrantably assumed a bectoring and domineering spirit with our peaceable and inoffensive citizens? No: they were suffered to escape with impunity. We can assure all the loyal citizens who have been so unfortunate as to lose by the arbitrary course of any United States functionary, that they shall and will be compensated for their losses; and also that the conduct of Mr. Provost Turner is condemned and reprobated in the strongest terms by all United States officers who are aware of the course he pursued.

We can appreciate and honor the courage of a man who, when he draws his sword against the Government, throws away the scabbard; but words cannot express our ineffable loathing and contempt of the wretch who, skulking in darkness, plunges his poisoned dagger into the hearts of defenceless females. This cowardly villain, who never dared to look an honest man in the face, threatens 'a sudden death or a long sickness to any man who dares to call my (his) loyalty to the South in question.' Be not alarmed, gentle reader! he is perfectly harmless. He was never known to hurt any one except poor, helpless, wretched negro slaves, who, bound hand and foot, were subject to his tender mercies.

We also beg leave to remind the Journal's correspondent that, if he and his brother secessionists had been suffered to have carried out their infamous and nefarious designs, the whole of the eastern part of the Old North State would have been devastated; that an ordinance was actually introduced into the Convention for that purpose; that it was currently reported that a committee of incendiaries was appointed to burn the town of Washington; and they were only deterred by their fears from executing that

Concluded on fourth page.