



Play with your fancies; and in them behold, upon the hempen tackle ship, boys climbing: hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give to sounds confused: behold the threaten sails, borne with the invisible and creeping winds, draw the huge bottoms through the furrowed sea, breasting the lofty surge; O do but think, you stand upon the ridge and behold a city on the inconspicuous billows dancing.—KING HENRY V.

WASHINGTON, N. C.  
TUESDAY, OCT. 26, 1869.

The Ecumenical Council.

There is a great deal of controversy as to what is the leading purpose of this great ecclesiastical gathering. The most sensible opinion seems to be, that it is to settle more firmly in the faith of men the infallibility of the Church. Whether the infallibility of the Pope, or the infallibility of a council, or the concurrent infallibility of both, is the dogma aimed at, we cannot tell. There is one thing very certain, we think, and that is, that this great religious convention is destined to inflict a great deal of damage upon the Papacy, and to bring an enlarged catholicity to christendom. We believe it to be utterly impossible, that a thousand Bishops could meet for theological discussion, in this age of the world, without thoroughly digging up the foundations of error, and laying the corner-stone of charity and truth for generations to come.

The time for sectarian, dogmatical religion, is rapidly passing away.—The great heart of the world is yearning for a religion, that shall shun metaphysics, put bigotry and exclusiveness under foot, resist the spirit of partiality as the spirit of darkness, and take the Scriptures in their simple, unadorned declarations, as the only platform of spiritual belief. Theological controversies has served its purpose, and played out. Whatever Calvin could not say for Calvinism, or Fletcher for Arminianism, will never be worth saying. Men and women, who have any intelligence, social character or christian hope, are tired of being forever bored with sectarian stubbornness and pride, and controversial clap-trap. What the Church, in all its branches, needs, is a spirit of charity, mutual confidence and esteem. If we are to have any more burnings at the stake, let it be of ecclesiastical gossips, busy-bodies and bigots. As strange as it may seem, we think this Ecumenical Council, whether so intended or not, will be the beginning of better days.

Problem of the "Cuba."

We learn that Marshal Carnot received, a day or two ago, a telegraphic dispatch from the President, ordering him to go at once to Wilmington, and take charge of the "Cuba." The action of the President, in reference to this vessel, has caused a great deal of surprise among all classes of American citizens. It was supposed that the sympathies of the Administration were so strongly on the side of the Cuban patriots, that no important step like the capture of this war-steamer, would be taken against them. When therefore Captain Higgins and his crew were required to deliver up their cruiser, and were set ashore without sympathy and without help from the government, the spirit of astonished enquiry seized the public mind in every direction.

Our own interpretation of this apparently inconsistent conduct is, that President Grant, it he has any definite policy on this subject at all, intends to place himself fully in the right before taking any action in regard to the Cuban revolution. Not having acknowledged that the insurgents have belligerent rights, he could not, consistent with international law, protect any of their war-vessels against a friendly power. So he even goes so far, as to capture one of their privateers. The international honor of the government is put fully to the test. But having done this, we believe that the administration will, at what it considers a proper time, acknowledge the revolutionists to the same extent that England acknowl-

edged the South during the late war. The only question is, whether the struggling patriots will not then have exhausted themselves, and be compelled to give up the contest. We shall see.

N. Y. Correspondence.

New York, Oct. 9th, 1869  
Mr. Editor: Were you ever a gold broker? We have been. We became a gold broker during the recent excitement in Wall Street. We were induced to become one because we thought we saw money in it. Accordingly we became one.

Only for a short time. Two things are necessary in order to be a gold broker. Without them one cannot be a success as a gold broker.

One must have a tall white hat and a voice.

No money is required. We foolishly thought so once.—We are wiser now. Having resolved to become a gold broker, we visited that classical precinct, known as Chatham Street, in quest of a white hat.

Rents are lower in Chatham Street than in Broadway, consequently goods and more especially articles for men's wear, are much cheaper in that locality.

We experienced much difficulty in procuring a hat; there had been an unusual demand for them that day, a fact which our dealers with the noses, were not slow to profit by; for they advanced the price fifty per cent. At length we found one that would answer our purpose.

We paid for it, one dollar. We thought the price high. "Not for a high hat," replied he of the nose. The nose becoming very much wrinkled just then, on close inspection, we discovered the owner of that feature was smiling.—We had a dim perception that he had perpetrated a joke. We smiled also, faintly, and left, taking our hat with us.

Reaching our place of business, we closed and locked the front doors, to prevent any interference on the part of the police, and descending to our sub cellar, we put on our hat and proceeded to get up a voice, the second thing requisite.

We howled and yelled; we frantically gesticulated, and shook our hands in an often the most approved broker-style. With our white hat aslant at the proper angle on the back of our head, for three hours did we indulge in fiendish howlings, manicled yells, and shrieks, and war-whoops that would have stampeded the Sioux nation.

At the end of that time we emerged in a high state of perspiration and with no voice to speak of.

We made a light and frugal supper off a box of Brown's bronchial troches and went to bed to dream golden dreams of the future.

Once, during the night, we woke and lifted up our voice in a demurelyal screech, to see in what condition it was, and the n fell asleep again.

The eventual day dawned, that ever memorable Friday. We were too excited to eat much breakfast, but we devoured the money article in the morning's paper, concerning yesterday's doings in Wall Street.

At nine o'clock we started to walk down Broadway, en route for Wall Street. As we rose the slight elevation below Canal Street, a most wonderful phenomenon burst upon our astonished vision.

All lower Broadway, apparently commencing at Chambers Street, was covered by snow. We rubbed our eyes. We could not believe our senses. A snow in September; it was impossible! In our perplexity we had recourse to a policeman.

"What occasions that very singular appearance downtown? It looks like snow."

"Oh them's brokers, them is," replied he disdainfully.

We kept on our way, wondering greatly. Brokers! Brokers!" so liloquised we, and why the deuce should brokers—Oh, I have it; white hats. Yes, nothing was visible on the side walks save an unbroken mass of white hats. This tide was slowly tending towards Wall Street.

The street cars were filled with white hats; the stages were running over with white hats; they were thronged all the windows.

One white hat, atop of a Fulton Ferry Stage offered \$10,000 gold at 1.45. "Sold," cried a white hat similarly located on a Wall Street Stage. Whereupon each white hat recorded the transaction in his memorandum book.

Our progress was too slow. We grew impatient. We saw that several hours must elapse before we could reach Wall Street. We conceived

an idea and were struck by its brilliancy and originality. We diverged from Broadway, and hurrying across City-Hall Park, rushed down Beekman Street and into Pearl.—There we encountered (as we knew we should) a rag picker. We, approaching him, was observed by him to draw from our pocket, twenty-five cents in fractional currency.

Incipient Broker. "Do you know any thing about the main sewers?"

Rag Picker. "You'll bet."

Incipient Broker, (carelessly smoothing the twenty-five cents in fractional currency) "Can you conduct us to the entrance of the sewer that leads up Wall Street?"

Rag Picker. (Sniffing disdain at the sum) "Jes you double that ere, Boss, and then I'm your man. You dont expect a cove to leave his bizzness without makid it worth his while do yer?"

We contributed other twenty-five cents to that which we held in our hand, when we were promptly invited by the "Cove" to "come on Boss. I'm yer man."

We followed our guide and were conducted down to East Ryer and along its wharfs.

Suddenly stopping, he pointed with his hand and said. "You jes climb down the side of that pier, and go under a little ways, when you will find the mouth of the sewer all right."

We donated the Cove, and carefully descending the side of the pier, and crawling under, found ourself at the entrance of the sewer; where we found twenty-five other white hatted individuals preparing to enter.

We followed suit, and pressing forward with all possible speed, emerged in due course of time, through a grating in close proximity to the gold room.

We found a crushing crowd of men, horses and carriages.

White hats were crying their bids from carriage windows, whilst other white hats were making frantic endeavours to get at them. All were shouting at the top of their voices.

Just to get ourself in tune, we yelled fire! murder! police and every thing we could think of, without having the slightest attention paid us.

Concluded we would step into the Gold Room, to see how things are going, but could not get near it.

Just at this juncture a squad of police appeared, bearing long planks, which being laid on the heads of the crowd, was instantly taken advantage of by a large number.

In this manner we reached the entrance to the Gold Room, and after much struggling and pushing fought our way up stairs and into the gallery, when we took up a position on the shoulders of two very excited men, who without apparent cause were howling like maniacs. From our elevation, we had a fine view of the scene below. Every one was howling.

We howled; though not clearly knowing why.

Every one was gesticulating frantically. We gesticulated frantically though, again, not knowing why.—Indeed, we gesticulated with such vigor, that, losing our balance, we tumbled over, upon the white hat of another howler, mashing it down over his face, after the manner of an extinguisher. Finding our new position very comfortable, we held it.—Next, we endeavoured to learn what all the howling meant, and what they were saying. We ceased to howl for this very purpose. Not being able to comprehend anything whatever, we resumed, and howled assiduously.

Unaccustomed to this sort of vocal exercise we grew hoarse. Took advantage of that fact to eat our lunch. Which we at once proceeded to do, still occupying our comfortable position on the head of one man, and the shoulders of another. Our lunch was light, consisting of Brown's bronchial troches, and a cigar. During this interval on our part, we gradually became accustomed to it, and finally began to comprehend what they were shouting about. Occasionally we could distinguish a word. Our interest in the proceedings was greatly augmented thereby.

Whilst our last troches were being slowly dissolved on our tongue, we saw an excited individual (with a white hat on) appear, suddenly at the door, dive, come up once, and disappear. We became greatly concerned thereat, and wondered if he would come up again. For half an hour did we watch for the reappearance of this man. Just as we had given him up for lost, a white hatted howler standing in the very centre of the room, near to the raihng which encloses the fountain, suddenly ceased howling, and looking down, with a frightened

face, began a series of spasmodic jerks, to rise above the multitude.

Thinking this a strange proceeding on the part of this man, we took great interest in the movement, and presently saw our lost man appear slowly, and with much difficulty, assuming an upright attitude, with the arms and legs of the above mentioned howler jerked fast about his neck.

Howler, discovering the cause of this unlooked for rise on his part resumed his howling with utmost coolness, for made any attempts to get down.—Our lost man being quite black in the face from his long dive, paused to wipe his forehead, recover his breath, and adjust his hat, which looked somewhat battered.

Having accomplished that, he at once, with a voice like that of a hyena, began a series of discordant shrieks, nor ceased until he had silenced several howlers in his immediate neighborhood, and had attracted the attention of many others. Then he fiercely shook his fists, as though defying the multitude, and cried in stentorian tones, "I'll give give 1,55 for \$100,000,000."

A rush, like that of a charge of horse, ensued, before which, our lost man went down, as though swept away by a flood. Then began a scene of wildest confusion.

Those who stood nearest, threw themselves prone upon the floor, memorandum books in hand, and endeavoured to reach the bidder. Others threw themselves headlong at him and upon him; and others, and yet others; and the living pile grew until it became a mound of struggling humanity: those on top, thrusting their heads and arms under, and elevating their legs, until nothing could be distinguished save a dark mass from which legs projected in every direction, quivering and kicking wildly in the air, and presenting the appearance of an immense porcupine in a violent state of fretfulness.

In a few minutes the mass began to break up, as, only one of the brokers assumed upright attitudes, and drew off. Last of all our best man was seen scrambling to his feet. He, when first discovered, was seen looking for his hat, which he finally found much broken and trampled upon.

His collar was torn off, his shirt in a highly rumpled condition, not to mention his head; his ear bleeding; and his coat split down the back.—The bottom of the pile, he had purchased \$100,000,000 gold, and duly recorded the transaction in his memorandum book.

This was "Jim Fisk's" man, and the sale at so high a rate, caused the wildest excitement. Just here, a small boy appeared most mysteriously near us, and crawling over the heads of several howlers, extended to us a slip of paper. We took it and read. "Dear Brown, Go in and win."

The day is all our own. Corbin has made it all right at Washington and neither Grant nor Boutwell will interfere. Our next bid will be 1,60. Pitch in old fellow and feather your nest. Yours in haste.

Jim Fisk."

We accordingly pitched in. We had seventy-five cents in our pocket, but as we have before remarked, money is the last thing required.

We purchased several small lots of gold ranging from \$1000,000 to \$10,000,000, at 1,565. We suddenly became wealthy, for, just then Jim Fisk's man bid 1,60.

Pandemonium broke loose. The crowd surged and heaved like a tempest tossed sea.

The Bulls bellowed. The Bears gashed their teeth. The excitement extending to the street, the multitude, like madmen tried to force their way into the already full building.

Ladders were raised, and the roof was removed, when, legions of the white hatted howlers swarmed above, and began letting themselves down by ropes. Millions were bought and sold by these men thus swinging in mid air.

We pitched in again and purchased 20,000,000,000 at 1,60.

We held this sum for a rise, and had just sold 1,74, when in rushed a frantic Bull shouting, "old Boutwell's ordered four million to be sold at once."

Gold began to decline.

Several Bulls fainted and were conveyed home on shutters. The Bears raised yells of triumph. The Bulls rallied and fought desperately, continuing to bid 1,60. The Bears insisted on selling at 1,45. Neither side showed signs of yielding.

Again, Small Boy appears and hands us another missive.

"Dear Brown, Save yourself I'm off. I shall barricade myself in my opera House, and entrench Fifth Avenue.

Belder has taken the submarine Cable for France, carrying with him all he can lay hands on. Better save your bacon. Yours. JIM FISK."

We began slowly to get down from our position, congratulating ourself, meanwhile, on having made at a rough estimate, two or three hundred Millions, when another mad Bull effected a sudden entrance, and with a countenance expressing deepest despair, screamed, "all's lost! Holden's in town!!"

Saying which, he blew his brains out.

Gold fell to 1,45.

Whilst the Bulls remained at the Gold Room, committing suicide by dozens, the Bears, giving three cheers, rushed for the Stock Exchange, and at once invested all their means in N. C. R. d. bonds.

Now Mr. Editor, although we made a great fortune on that day, yet, for the site of us, we can find any of it. We have called on several parties from whom we purchased, and they say they never possessed such sums. Of course we cannot deliver what we sold, for we don't know where it is, and have never seen it.

We think that, excepting a small amount was never dug from the mine. If you ever establish a Gold Room Mr. Editor, in your town, you are welcome to our hat.

We have despaired of getting our fortune, and we avoid Wall Street as we should the plague.

We have advertised for a lost voice. Yours, Ex Broker.

LATEST NEWS BY MAIL.

WASHINGTON, OCT. 21.

Persons he thoroughly acquainted with the personnel of the Tennessee politics have analyzed the ballots, and think Johnson may come within 6 votes of an election, but his final triumph is impossible. They regard Ehridge out of the race.

Delano and Grant consulted to-day about Revenue removals and appointments.

Belknap takes charge of the War Department on the next proximo.

Bankers and Brokers are again appealing to Delano. This time for relief against back assessments under recent rulings covering 15 months.

There are now 4,000,000 fractional currency more in circulation than at any time since it was first issued, but complaints from the South and West of its scarcity are loud.

Receipts from Internal Revenue and customs for the current month, show heavy decrease, but so far warrants on the Treasury have been light.

The President has finally determined upon the appointment of Phillip Branback, Collector of the 3rd Texas District, vice Lane.

On the first of November 25,480,000 dollars in coin will be required to pay the semi-annual interest on 5-20 bonds. Now on hand about 84,000,000 dollars in coin. 28,000,000 dollars in coin bearing certificates, about 8,000,000 in currency. After payment of draft, required for interest over 58,000,000 dollars in coin will remain. No more will be required for the payment of interest till the first of January.

FOREIGN NEWS.

SPAIN.

MADRID, Oct. 20.—Three thousand more troops have been ordered to Cuba to assist in quelling the insurrection.

General Prim in a circular conveys the thanks of the Regent to the army and to the loyal volunteers for the suppression of the insurrection.

The republicans leader, Salvochea, was killed yesterday. Additional troops have been sent to Bejar.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, Oct. 20.—The London Times says: "France unfortunately, has irreconcilables of a deeper dye than Gambetta and Bancel, whose manifesto is violently attacked by their former associates, while Raspail, adheres to his resolution to go to the Legislative Chamber on the 26th inst. So a riot may still be found unavoidable, in which case the authors of the manifesto will have to see what course it is best for them to pursue. France has been brought to this pass through the Emperor's hesitation, not merely in respect to measures, but in the choice of persons to introduce them.

The Emperor cannot mean to present himself before the chambers with his old Cabinet. Whatever merits Rouher and Forcade may have, no one can regard them as more than clerks in their master's Cabinet. No one believes they can be raised to the rank of independent and responsible Ministers. It is said the Emperor

does not know where to find others. If the situation arises men will be forthcoming. In the meantime any other men are preferable to these. So long as the Emperor is surrounded by the men of yesterday no one can have faith in his good intention for the morrow.

Lord Derby is again unconscious. He is sinking slow.

FRANCE.

PARIS, Oct. 20.—The radical voters propose to summon their deputies from Paris to resign their seats in the Corps Legislatif, on the ground that they have not fulfilled their duties.

A review of the Imperial Guard will be held on Sunday next, when a demonstration in favor of the Emperor is expected.

The Journalle Official to-day says the government regard with regret the violent attacks which have been made on Prince Napoleon in the Paris Pays newspaper.

ITALY.

FLORENCE, Oct. 20.—Menotti Garibaldi is recruiting volunteers in the province of Calabria.

AUSTRIA.

TRIESTE, Oct. 20.—An insurrection has broken out in the town of Cattaro, in Dalmatia, and martial law has been proclaimed there.

TURKEY.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct. 20.—The Empress Eugenie sailed from this city yesterday for Alexandria, Egypt.

EGYPT.

PARIS, Oct. 20.—Two international committees are soon to meet at Cairo to regulate the conditions of the navigation of the Suez Canal soon to be opened, and to consider to what extent consular jurisdiction is likely to be affected.

Lord Westbury is the Bacon of the present House of Lords, in that he was obliged to resign the cancellariate. But, as is tolerably well-known, the fault which led to this was not so directly his as the crime of his son. On this account, great sympathy was felt for him in all circles, and much gratification has been caused by recent efforts of Mr. Gladstone to rehabilitate him. The Premier has offered to him with some earnestness, the vacant office of Lord Justiceship. There is a precedent for an ex-Chancellor taking this inferior position, so that Lord Westbury felt no difficulty on that score, but last November he declined the offer. Now that it has been repeated, he has asked the Lord Chancellor to decide for him whether his services as a Judge of Appeals in the House of Lords are of more importance than they would be as Lord Justice.

The Lord Chancellor has decided that he would be of more service in the Lords. It is for this reason, in which Mr. Gladstone entirely acquiesces, that Lord Westbury will not take the proffered appointment. It would seem however, that it is meant to prepare the way for his restoration to the wool sack at some future day.

MARKETS.

Washington Market. Oct. 26, 1869.

Corrected weekly by Joseph Potts & Son  
New Dip..... \$2 25 @ \$2 50  
Old dip..... \$2 25  
Scrape..... \$1 50  
Tar..... \$1 50

Corrected Weekly by H. WISWALL, Jr.  
Cotton per lb..... 22 @ 23  
Corn per Bush, 56 lbs..... 90 1/2 @ 91  
Meal " " 46 " "..... 1.25 @ 1.50  
Rice " " 43 " "..... \$1.10 @ \$1.15  
Pea-Nuts per Bush, 28 lbs..... \$1.60  
Hides Dry..... 40 @ 45  
Wool per cent..... 2 06 @ 2 57  
Bees-Wax per lb..... 37 c

Norfolk Market, Oct. 25.  
REPORTED BY WRIGHT, LEE & CO  
General Commission and Shipping Merchants, No. 14 Roanoke Square.  
Cotton, Middling..... 25  
Low Middling..... 24 1/2  
Good Ordinary..... 23  
Ordinary..... 22  
Corn, White..... 1 10  
Yellow..... 1 10  
Mixed..... 90 @ 95  
Tar, Bbls. large..... 2 25  
small..... 2 00  
Shingles, 2 ft No. 1 heart..... 10 00  
Wine White choice..... 1 50  
Red choice..... 1 50

New Bern Market, Oct. 25.  
NAVAL STORES.  
Turpentine, Dip..... \$ 2 60  
Scrape..... 1 50  
Pitch, 250 lbs..... 2 00 @ 2 50  
Rosin..... 1 60 @ 4 00  
Staves, per thousand, Cypress \$8 @ \$12

MISCELLANEOUS.  
Salt..... 2 00 @ 2 25  
Bacon..... 19 @ 22  
Pork, per barrel..... 34 50 @ 35 00  
Butter..... 35 @ 50  
Beeswax..... 40  
Eggs..... 18 @ 20  
Corn, by quantity..... 1 12 @ 20  
Oats..... 40 @ 70  
Wood per cord..... 2 06 @ 2 57  
Pine..... 1 25 @ 1 50  
Cotton..... 22

Cotton, steady 26c  
Pork \$3 00.  
Turpentine, 47 to 47 1/2  
Roan. \$2 20 @ 2.50.  
Gold, \$34.

Wm. A. Potts,  
Successor to  
Jos. Potts & Son

DISSOLUTION.

THE COPARTNERSHIP heretofore existing between the subscribers, under the name of JOSEPH POTTS & SON, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Joseph Potts withdraws from the firm, and the business will be continued in all its branches by WILLIAM A. POTTS, who solicits the patronage of the friends and customers of the old firm.

All persons indebted to the firm of Jos. Potts & Son, are requested to make payment without delay to WILLIAM A. POTTS, who is authorized to settle the business of the firm.  
JOSEPH POTTS,  
Wm. A. POTTS,  
Washington, N. C., Oct. 21, 1869.  
Oct 26-1m

R. M. CUYLER & WIGGINS,  
COTTON FACTORS,  
AND  
Commission Merchants,  
142 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.  
Will make liberal advances on Cotton, Naval Stores, &c.  
Produce to this address will be forwarded free of commission by Messrs. Jones Myers' Sons, of Washington, North Carolina.

Goward & Harris,  
Cotton Factors  
General Commission Merchants,  
26 COMMERCE STREET, NORFOLK, VA.  
Will attend promptly to Sales of Cotton, Grain, Lard, Sugar, Tobacco, Naval Stores, N. C. Fish, &c., and purchase of Supplies. Consignments solicited. Oct 26-1y

Z. HABOURN,  
PRACTICAL  
BOOT and SHOE MAKER.  
Continues at his old stand, next to Dr. Gallagher's Drug Store, and is prepared to do all work in his line, as he employs none but the most competent workmen, he flatters himself that he can furnish boots and shoes, which for elegance, comfort and durability, cannot be surpassed by any brought into the State. Habourn is determined not to be outdone, and he offers his services so that he hopes will meet the approval of his patrons.  
Repairing in all its branches, done, and at the shortest notice.  
Oct 19-6m

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!  
W. Z. MORTON  
Has just returned from the North, is permanently settled in his large and commodious  
NEW STORE,  
and offers to the public a complete and varied stock of  
GOODS.  
His Dry Goods department has been filled with an eye to taste, utility and cheapness.—He offers such articles in this line as will meet the general demand, and give general satisfaction.  
He has also a good collection of  
BOOTS AND SHOES,  
which he will sell to his customers on good terms.  
He offers also a nice assortment of  
HATS AND CAPS,  
Neat and Fashionable,  
and he guarantees that he can  
SUIT THE BUYER!  
His  
GROCERIES,  
CONFECTIONERIES,  
AND  
Crockery-Ware  
have been purchased for their  
EXCELLENT QUALITY,  
and he is determined that no merchant shall surpass him in this line.  
To these departments, he has also added a fine supply of  
SCHOOL BOOKS  
AND  
STATIONERY,  
which he will sell on as reasonable terms as they can be bought in this community, and especially invites the public to an examination of this part of his stock.  
In short, if you need  
SUBSTANTIAL,  
CHEAP  
and  
SPLENDID GOODS,  
CALL TO SEE  
MORTON!  
MAIN STREET,  
WASHINGTON, N. C.  
Oct 26-3m

H. WISWALL, Jr.,  
will pay the highest  
MARKET PRICES  
for  
COTTON.  
In the Seed, or Baled.  
Feb 9-1y Oct 12

300 barrels Flour, Choice Family, extra and Superfine, for sale by  
H. WISWALL, Jr.