

O. W. Perry, S. L.

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NEW



ERA,

And Commercial Advertiser.

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JOEL H. MUSE & DANIEL DAVIES, "COMMERCE IS KING," EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Vol. I.]

NEWBERN, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1858.

[No. 10.]

CLUB RATES

Table with 2 columns: Club Name, Rate. Includes 'The Law of Newspapers' and 'The United States Courts'.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS. 1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

CARDS.

T. L. HALL, FORMERLY PROPRIETOR OF THE GASTON HOUSE, NEWBERN, N.C., NOW AT THE WESTERN HOTEL, COURTLAND ST. (NEAR BROADWAY), NEW YORK.

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A. E. RICKS, D.D.S., RESPECTFULLY informs the Ladies and Gentlemen of Newbern and vicinity that he still continues the practice of DENTAL SURGERY.

DR. Z. S. COFFIN, SURGEON DENTIST, AT THE GASTON HOUSE, NEWBERN, N.C.

PHOTOGRAPHS, AMBROTYPES, AND ALL OTHER KIND OF TYPES, BY J. W. WATSON, CRAVEN STREET, NEWBERN, N.C.

POET'S CORNER.

MORTALITY. O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud? Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud, A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,

Uncle Pete and the Bear. A YANKEE STORY FROM REAL LIFE AND REAL INCIDENTS. BY SEBA SMITH.

To BUSINESS MEN.—Every business man and mechanic, who has a proper appreciation of the true mode of doing business, ought to have impressed upon his memory the fact that no man should be delicate about asking for what is properly his due.

SHARP SHOOTING.—Father, what does a printer live on? 'Live on!—like other folks; why do you ask?' 'Because you said you hadn't paid anything for your paper, and the printer still sends it to you.'

Girls get ripe much earlier than boys. The moment the former get beyond fifteen they are 'young ladies'; while boys of that age are only thought fit to lug water and shovel away snow-storms.

The old man is full six feet in height, and stands as straight as an arrow. He is neither decidedly fleshy nor lean, but stout, bony and muscular.

It was in autumn of 1836 that I first visited this wild spot, and first saw or heard anything of Uncle Pete. Stopping at the house of an old man, another pioneer of the frontier settlers, some six or eight miles from this spot, I heard the old man remark, while conversing with another, 'Well, Uncle Pete had a squabble with a bear lately, ha! ha! ha!'

It was a bright and calm summer's morning; the quiet pond was sleeping in the sunshine, harmless and beautiful, and every surrounding object in nature looked lovely and inviting.

'You observe a few acres of land on the interval between the Wilson stream and the base of the granite mountain on which we are standing; and there, close by the margin of the river, you see a small low house. In that house there lives, and has lived for some ten years past, an old man by the name of Peter Brawn.

A duel was fought in Mississippi last month by S. Knott and A. Shott. The result was Knott was shot, and Shott was not. In those circumstances, we should rather had been Shott than Knott.

I am told that, before taking up his residence in this wild spot, he had several times pitched his tent in the wilderness, and tarried for a few years till civilization and settlements overtook him, and thickened around him, to such a degree as to become inconvenient and troublesome, when he would 'pull up stakes,' and push further into the woods.

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the bear, and that rests solely on Uncle Pete's word and judgment: he always stood to it that the bear would weigh four hundred pounds.

'And the tamed critter,' said Uncle Pete, 'was pulling right toward us as hard as he could swim. I'd been so careless in coming away, that I only took one small paddle with me, and that wasn't a very good one, and the old canoe was rather heavy, so I found, do the best I could, the bear would swim faster than I could paddle. But I thought I could keep him off well enough if he should set out to meddle with us, so I turned the boat and paddled a little toward him. I thought that would make him turn round, but the savage kept swimming right toward us and come close up to the side of the canoe, and he began to open his mouth, and show a great ugly set of teeth as ever you see. He came up so nigh that I hit him a lick over the head with the paddle and split it in two; at that he came right at the boat fiercer than ever, and put his paw right on to one side of it.'

I sprang into the middle of the boat, and bore upon 't'other side of it, for I knew if I didn't we would upset in a minute, and I thought I shouldn't like very well to have a grapple with him in the water. So, while I was keeping the balance of the boat, the rascally old varmin pokes up 't'other paw and begin to crawl up. I couldn't go to fight him off, for then we should all go into the water together. So I had to hold still, and see the great black nigger crawl clear up into the boat. He got in pretty near the stern, and I stood about the middle. As soon as he got fairly in, he looked round to me, and then he rared right up on his hind legs, and walked toward me as straight as a man. He was as tall as I was, and looked as big as a clever young ox. I stood facing of him, and while I was thinking how it was best to give battle to him, he marched straight up to me, and put one paw on my right shoulder and 't'other on my left. Thinks I, 'this is bein' a leetle bit too sociable for a stranger, and I was jest agoin' to tell him hands off, when his weight pressing against me, made me step back a little, and my heel struck against something in the bottom of the boat, and I fell flat on my back in the bottom of the boat, and the old bear on top o' me.'

'By this time I begun to think matters was getting worse, and it was time for me to begin to look about myself. I twisted one way and 't'other, and we begun to have a considerable squabble, but the old bear had altogether the advantage of me, and I couldn't seem to do much. I tried to get hold of my jack-knife, but I couldn't get it out of my pocket all I could do. The old bear didn't seem to be willing to wait to give me fair play at all, for in a minute I felt him trying to stick his huge tusks into the teeth of a great apple. Thinks I, 'this'll never do; something must be done pretty quick. I made a terrible twist, and drew my legs up under him, and got so I could push him with my feet, and my knees and hands; then all at once I fetched an everlasting spring, and how I did it I don't know, but somehow or other the old bear went overboard, and plunged headforemost into the water. I was on my feet as quick as a steel trap. The old bear come up to the top of the water and snorted, and looked up at me a minute; but I believe I had fairly skered him out of it. He turned about and swum for the shore, and I paddled for home. When I got to the house I told my wife we'd have some potatoes for dinner, and let the fish go.'

POETICAL.—In a certain well-known city, a genius was hauled up for kissing a girl and kicking up a dust, and the following dialogue ensued: 'Is your name John Jay?' 'Yes, your honor, so the people say.' 'Was it you that kissed the girl, and raised the alarm?' 'Yes, your honor, but I thought it was no harm.' 'You rascal, did you come here to make rhymes?' 'No, your honor, but it will happen sometimes.'

A TWO-FACED BOY.—The Texas Item says that there is a remarkable negro boy in Polk county. He has two faces fixed in opposite parts of the head, with mouth, nose and chin, so full and perfect that it is impossible to tell which is the front face when the body is hid from view. He is about six years of age, healthy, of a very sound mind, runs and plays among other children, with as much sprightliness as could be expected from one of his age.

A Beautiful Sketch. We select the following beautiful picture from a recently-published address of Richard V. Cook, esq., of Columbus, Texas. It will touch the heart of the reader. We do not often stumble upon so well expressed an idea of woman's true mission:

I fancy a young man just emerging from the bright elysium of youth, and commencing the long journey of life. Honest, noble and gifted—the broad world, to his warm hopes, is in the future scene of affluence, fame and happiness. Beneath his active energies business prospers, and, as a consequence, friends come about him. Ere long, he meets some sensible and amiable girl who wins his heart, and loves and trusts him in return. He doesn't stop to ask what the world will say about the match, in case he marries her: not he. The world is kicked out of doors, and the man determines to be the architect of his own happiness. He doesn't stop to inquire whether the girl's father is rich in lands and slaves and coin; but he marries her for that most honest and philosophic of all reasons—because he loves her! He builds his home in some quiet spot where green trees wave their summer glories, and where bright sunbeams fall. Here is the Mecca of his heart, towards which he turns with more than Eastern adoration. Here is a green island in the sea of life, where rude winds never assail, and where storms never come! Here, from the troubles and cares of existence, he finds solace in the society of her who is gentle without weakness, and sensible without vanity. Friends may betray him, and foes may oppress; but when towards home his weary footsteps turn, and there beams upon him the olden smile of welcome, the clouds lift from his soul—the bruised heart is restored, and the strong man made whole. I see the man fall into adversity. Creditors seize his property, poverty stares him in the face, and he is avoided on all hands as a ruined bankrupt. When he sees all gone—friends, credit and property—grief stricken and penniless, he seeks his humble home. Now, does the wife desert him too? Nay, verily! when the world abandons and persecutes the man, she draws close to his side, and her affection is all the warmer because the evil days have come upon him! The moral excellencies of his soul rise superior to the disasters of fortune. And when she sees the man sit mournful and desolate, like Themistocles by the household gods of Admetus, hers is the generous task to comfort and console. She reminds him that misfortune has oft overtaken the wisest and best; that all is never lost while health and hope survive; that she still is near to love, to help, and to encourage him. The man laments, his courage rallies, and the shadows flee from his heart; armed once more, he enters the arena of life. Industry and energy restore him to competency; Fortune smiles upon him, friends return, and

'Joy mounts, exulting on triumphant wings.' 'Again the scene shifts. I see the man stretched, weak and wasted on a bed of sickness. The anxious wife anticipates every want and necessity. Softly her foot falls upon the carpet, and gently her hand presses upon the fevered brow of the sufferer! Though the pale face gives token of her own weariness and suffering, yet through the long watches of each returning night, her vigils are kept beside the loved one's couch. At last disease bequeathers the fortress of life, and the physician solemnly warns his patient that death is surely approaching. He feels it, too; and the last words of love and trust are addressed to her who is weeping beside his dying bed. And, in truth, the last hour hath come. I imagine it is a fit time to depart; for the golden sun himself has died upon the evening's far horizon, and rosy clouds are bearing him to his grave behind the western hills! Around the couch of the dying man weeping friends and kinsmen stand; while the minister slowly reads the holy words of promise: "I am the Resurrection and the Life saith the Lord; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whoso liveth and believeth in me, shall never die." 'Slowly the clock marks the passing moments, and silently the sick man's breath is ebbing away. Slowly the cold waters are rolling through the gateway of life; and now, as the death damp is on the victim's brow, and the heart throbs its last pulsations, the glazed eye opens and turns in one full, farewell glance of affection upon the trembling weeper who bends over him, and ere the spirit departs forever, the angels hear the pale wife's whisper—"I'll meet thee—I'll meet thee in Heaven!" 'Mrs. Speckles says the best vegetable pill yet invented for destroying a knowing at the stomach is an apple-dumpling.