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S. M. CARPENTER.

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It is the Largest Stock ever exhibited in the South.

THE BEST SELECTED STOCK EVER PURCHASED.

The most Complete Assorted Stock known.

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We Guarantee to Sell as Low as any House North of Us.

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NEWBERN, N. C.

Emerald Cigar Factory,
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Manufactures choice Havana and Domestic
CIGARS

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PLOWNS AND OTHER
Agricultural Implements,

Paints, Oils and Varnishes,
MIDDLE STREET, Newbern, N. C.

Second Store, Brick Block,
Opposite Market.

THE NEWBERNIAN.

THE OLD NORTH STATE FOREVER.

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Advertisements must be confined strictly to the business of the advertiser.

Beginning Again.

When, sometimes, our feet grow weary,
On the rugged hills of life—
The path stretching long and dreary
With trial and labor rife—
We pause on the toilsome journey,
Glancing backward in valley and glen,
And sigh with infinite longing
To return and begin again.

For behind is the dew of the morning,
In all its freshness and light,
And before are doubts and shadows,
And the chill and gloom of the night.
We remember the sunny places
We passed so carelessly then,
And ask, with a passionate longing,
To return and begin again.

Ah, vain, indeed, is the asking!
Life's duties press all of us on,
And who dare shrink from the labor,
Or sigh for the sunshine that's gone?
And, it may be, not far on before us
Wait fairer places than then,
Life's paths may yet lead by still waters
Though we may not begin again.

For evermore upward and onward
Be our paths on the hills of life,
And soon with a radiant dawning
Transfigure the toll and the strife,
And our Father's hand will lead us
Tenderly upward then;
In the joy and peace of a fairer world
He'll let us begin again.

THE AVALANCHE.

The following graphic account of the perils of avalanches in the Alps is from "Hours of Exercise in the Alps," by the celebrated John Tyndall, the scientist. A party of six were being conducted by two local guides and a famous Alpine guide, Johann Joseph Bennen, over the Haut de Cry, one of the Swiss Alps. They advanced in the beginning of the ascent very rapidly. The peak was glistening before them, and hopes of success cheered their spirits. After a time they came to snow frozen upon the surface which would bear them a few steps and then break down. This, of course, delayed matters and was very fatiguing. Finally it came to a point that, in order to reach a certain arête, they would be obliged to go up a steep snow field 800 feet high, 150 feet broad at the top and 500 feet at the bottom. During the ascent they sank about one foot deep at every step. After mounting for some distance the two leading men suddenly sank above their waists. They were enabled to get out after some struggles, and presently found better footing and came to the conclusion that the snow was accidentally softer there than elsewhere. But Bennen was afraid of starting an avalanche, and said so. They started forward again—but let the book complete the story:

The snow-field split in two about fourteen or fifteen feet above us. The cleft was at first quite narrow, not more than an inch broad. An awful silence ensued, and then it was broken by Bennen's voice:

"Wir sind alle verloren!" (we are all lost). His words were slow and solemn, and those who knew him felt what they really meant when spoken by such a man as Bennen. They were his last words. I drove my alpenstock into the snow and brought the weight of my body to bear on it. It went in to within three inches of the top. I then waited. It was an awful moment of suspense. I turned my head toward Bennen to see whether he had done the same thing.

To my astonishment, I saw him turn round, face the valley and stretch out both arms. The ground on which we stood began to move slowly, and I felt the utter uselessness of any alpenstock. I soon sank up to my shoulders, and began descending backward. From this moment I saw nothing of what had happened to the rest of the party.

With a good deal of trouble I succeeded in turning round. The speed of the avalanche increased rapidly, and before long I was covered up with snow and in utter darkness. I was suffocating, when, with a jerk, I suddenly came to the surface again. The rope had caught, most probably on a rock, and this was evidently the moment when it broke. I was on a wave of the avalanche, and saw it before me as I was carried down.

It was the most awful sight I ever witnessed. The head of the avalanche was already at the spot where we had made our last halt. The head alone was preceded by a thick cloud of snow-dust; the rest of the avalanche was clear.

Around me I heard the horrible hissing of the snow, and far before me the thundering of the foremost part of the avalanche. To prevent myself sinking again I made use of my arms, much in the same way as when swimming in a standing position. At last I noticed that I was moving slower; then I saw the pieces of snow in front of me stop at some yards distance; then the snow straight before me stopped, and I heard on a large scale the same creaking sound that is produced when a heavy cart passes over hard-frozen snow in winter.

I felt that I had also stopped, and instantly threw up both arms to protect my head in case I should again be covered up. I had stopped, but the snow behind me was still in motion; its pressure on my body was so strong that I thought I should be crushed to death. This tremendous pressure lasted but a short time, and ceased as suddenly as it had begun. I was then covered up with snow coming from behind me. My first impulse was to try and re-cover my head, but this I could not do. The

avalanche had frozen by pressure the moment it stopped, and I was frozen in. Whilst trying vainly to move my arms, I suddenly became aware that the hands as far as the wrists had the faculty of motion. The conclusion was easy; they must be above the snow. I set to work as well as I could; it was time, for I could not have held out much longer. At last I saw a faint glimmer of light. The crust above my head was getting thinner and it let a little air pass, but I could not reach it any more with my hands; the idea struck me that I might pierce it with my breath. After several efforts I succeeded in doing so, and felt suddenly a rush of air toward my mouth; I saw the sky again through a little round hole. A dead silence reigned around me.

I was surprised to be still alive, and so persuaded at the first moment that none of my fellow sufferers had survived that I did not even think of shouting for them. I then made vain efforts to extricate my arms, but found it impossible; the most I could was to join the ends of my fingers, but they could not reach the snow any longer. After a few minutes I heard a man shouting. What a relief it was to know that I was not the sole survivor! To know that perhaps he was not frozen in and could come to my assistance! I answered. The voice approached, but seemed uncertain where to go, and yet it was quite near.

A sudden exclamation of surprise! Rebot had seen my hands. He cleared my head in an instant, and was about to try to cut me out completely, when I saw a foot above the snow, and so near to me that I could touch it with my arms, although they were not quite free yet. I at once tried to move the foot; it was my poor friend's! A pang of agony shot through me as I saw that the foot did not move. Poor Boissoult had lost sensation, and was perhaps already dead. Rebot did his best; after some time he wished me to help him, so he freed my arms a little more, so that I could make use of them. I could do but little, for Rebot had torn the axe from my shoulder as soon as he had cleared my head. (I generally carry an axe separate from my alpenstock, the blade tied to the belt and handle attached to the left shoulder.)

Before coming to me Rebot had helped Nance out of the snow; he was lying nearly horizontally, and was not much covered over. Nance found Bevard, who was upright in the snow, but covered up to the head. After about twenty minutes the two last-named guides came up. I was at length taken out; the snow had to be cut with the axe down to my feet before I could be pulled out. A few minutes after one o'clock p. m. we came to my poor friend's face. I wished the body to be taken out completely, but nothing could induce the three guides to work any longer, from the moment they saw that it was too late to save him. I acknowledge that they were as nearly as incapable of doing anything as I was.

When I was taken out of the snow the word had to be cut. We tried the end going toward Bennen, but could not move it; it went straight down, and showed us that there was the grave of the bravest guide Valais ever had, and ever will have.

What a Practical Joke Cost.

In July, 1877, the newspapers gave an account of a practical joke that was played on William Webber, of New York, by parties who enticed him into a saloon on the pretense that a lifting machine was to be found there by which their respective strength could be tested. He asserted that they induced him to take hold of the rings and pull, and that, while he was exerting himself to the utmost, Stewart, from behind the bar, had the electricity turned on, there by giving him a shocking shock, to the great disarrangement of his nervous system. Like the frogs in the fable, it was almost death to poor Webber, although it was great fun for the saloon man and the rest. The fun of the thing is not quite so apparent now. Webber sued the saloon keeper, and the case has been from court to court, and has been finally settled after being over a year and a half in litigation. Webber gets \$200 damages, and this, with costs, makes the little pleasurable amount to a \$400 joke, which is altogether too practical for the saloon keeper to go into fits laughing over.

Cure for the Drinking Habit.

A tincture of cinchona rubra is administered by Dr. D'Unger, of Chicago, with great success, for curing the drinking habit. He says: "I was a physician at Cambridge, Md., and gave the remedy for ague where quinine had failed, and cured the patient. Some time after I was in a billiard room, and this man came, and some friends asked him to drink. He said 'No,' and when they rallied him upon it he told them that Dr. D'Unger had given him some stuff since he was sick, and that since then he had not wanted to drink. I spoke to the man about it, and he persisted that he had no desire for liquor, and the medicine had done it. Soon after, an old farmer, who was a hard drinker, came to me and asked me to give him some of the same medicine, as the other had told him about it. I did so, and with the same result. Then I tried it on a number of cases in a private way, and it never failed to cure."

Killed by a Pet Bear.

Two bears were fastened by four-foot chains in front of the stables of Wm. H. Thoms, a tavern-keeper at Parkville, Long Island. One was fastened to the stable building, the other to a post near by, so that they could approach to within a few feet of one another.

A number of boys were playing in the road close to the bears. The village boys were in the habit of playing with the animals. They approached and caught hold of them with impunity. The bears stood a good deal of teasing, and never offered to resent the numberless indignities which the boys heaped upon them. The more they were annoyed the merrier and more good-natured they appeared to become; and while they rivalled their tormentors in cutting capers, they always remained harmless, and far excelled the others in placid forbearance.

On a recent Monday afternoon there was opportunity for the boys to snow-bait the bears, and they took advantage of it. They had frequently been driven away and warned not to annoy the animals, but the warning was made on principle, with a view to getting rid of the boys, and those who made it had no belief of its good faith. Among the persecutors was Peter Stretch, son of Samuel Stretch, of Parkville, a lad of twelve or thirteen years of age, and a bright, sturdy boy. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon. The boys had grown tired of their sport, and half a dozen had turned to pelting one another. Young Stretch was standing near Ben, the larger bear. He was facing the boulevard, and his back was turned toward the animal. All at once the bear, with no special exasperation and without warning, walked toward him and caught him by the leg with his paw. The boy wore thick leather boots outside his trousers, and the animal's claws, although they pierced, did not hold. But instantly the bear rose on his hind legs, and, throwing one of his fore paws over the lad's shoulder, caught him with the other around the body, and drew him into his embrace. At the first touch the boy screamed with terror, and the cry attracted the attention of several who were in the vicinity. James Carrol, Mr. Thoms's stableman, was near by, and he was the first to go to the lad's rescue. Mr. Thoms himself was in the barroom of the tavern, and he also hastened out. Both of these, coming upon the bear with bale sticks which they caught up on the way, belabored him soundly, and John Conners, jumping from his wagon, prodded the animal with a pitchfork. The bear slunk away, leaving the boy lying face downward on the ground. The three men picked him up at once and carried him into the tavern, but he was quite dead.

The Refined Way.

The Music Trade Review has recently found out that newspapers generally do not like to mention the fact that a performance of an opera or a concert had a slim attendance, and it has discovered that there is a refined way of announcing meager patronage. We do not approve of divulging the secrets of the sanctum, but, as a piece of public justice, the patrons of newspapers should be given to understand what certain terms and forms of expression mean, and we have, therefore, compiled a list of "stereotyped phrases," with accompanying explanations, and we advise play-goers to cut it out and use it in connection with the average newspaper reports of opera and theatrical performances:

"Select audience"—A small audience, including many deadbeats.

"Considering the weather, the house was well filled"—Beggary array of benches.

"Respectable audience"—Small attendance, including critic's family.

"Large and enthusiastic audience"—Always used in connection with variety shows.

"Critical audience"—Slim and unappreciative, or the performance a failure.

"Fashionable audience"—Whenever the critic's lady friends are present.—*Albany Argus.*

A Boy's Throat Cut to Save His Life.

A young lad named Henry Brinker, who resides in Cincinnati, while eating hickory nuts swallowed a piece of the shell of one about the size of a dime, which lodged in his throat and resisted all attempts to remove it by coughing or otherwise. He did not experience much inconvenience from it, however, and went to bed. About three o'clock in the morning he woke up choking and deathly sick, and rapidly became worse, finally becoming almost incapable of breathing. His step-father, Mr. John Schwarte, accompanied by his brother, started out in search of a doctor, but although at that time it was but half-past three o'clock, it was nine o'clock before they could get one to come to the house. They called on at least a dozen physicians, all of whom, on one pretense or another, refused to come to see the boy, though they told them he was dying. Finally Dr. Davis came, but on seeing the lad, the parents say, told them he was too far gone to do him any good. He gave them a prescription, however, for an emetic, which he told them to administer, and left, promising to return at noon. In the meantime another messenger who had been dispatched for a physician returned with Drs. Dawson and McMechan, and the latter, on seeing the boy's condition, determined to resort to a surgical operation to save his life. With Dr. McMechan's assistance, Dr. Dawson made an incision across the throat, and, inserting a dull probe, scraped away the tissues until he reached that portion of the windpipe called the trachea, which he cut open. He then inserted a wire, with which he felt around for the obstruction. It was found in the larynx, where it had lodged, and, being sharp-edged, had cut the flesh, and the blood had got into the bronchial tubes, filling them and rendering breathing almost impossible. After the nut-shell had been removed, the patient coughed up a large quantity of this blood. The wound having been sewn up, he breathed quite freely, and the next night was resting easily after the operation.

Timely Topics.

Lima went into mourning for eight days for Don Manuel Pardo, late president of Peru, who was assassinated by a soldier.

Denver, Colorado's chief city, is twenty years old, has a population of thirty thousand, twenty churches, nine educational institutions, eight newspapers, four banks and one theater.

A New York paper says that in New York city alone there are more persons with \$12,000 incomes than in all Prussia. It estimates at least 2,000 such against 1,500 in Prussia.

State savings banks in Maine have been reduced to fifty-nine in number, five less than three years ago, and of these thirteen have had their deposits scaled down by the supreme court.

The electric light has been applied to the velocipede in England. The light is equal to one hundred and twenty candles, and it lights up the road two hundred yards ahead on a dark night.

The Vicksburg (Miss.) Herald printed in ten columns a list of all the gifts that have been received there by the yellow fever committees, and has had a copy mailed to each of the places whence the contributions came.

The home of Herr August Wilhelmj, the noted violinist, now playing in the United States, is at Biebrich, on the Rhine, where his father owns many large vineyards, and next to the emperor is the largest vineyard proprietor in Germany.

King Ludwig's royal chateau, which he has set about building on the island of Herren-Obiense, in Bavaria, after the model of the palace at Versailles, will find him, when completed, only forty-eight years old; and he has set apart fifteen years for the building of it.

Since June 30th, 1847, 9,719,308,527 postage stamps have been issued by the United States government, worth over \$280,000,000. For the first four years they amounted to hardly \$1,000,000 a year. Now New York city alone takes \$2,866,000 a year, Philadelphia, \$995,000, Chicago, \$971,000, Boston, \$946,000, and St. Louis, \$465,000.

The public works of the general government in New England have cost, during the last two years, as follows:

Maine	1877	1878
New Hampshire	\$80,136.70	\$35,453.23
Vermont	10,499.20	20,924.00
Massachusetts	11,000.00	14,000.00
Maine and Mass.	632,405.50	184,887.66
Connecticut	232,244.53	15,000.00
Rhode Island	27,991.92	45,000.00

Statistics given by Mr. Richard Hall, secretary to the meeting of cattle importers at Liverpool, show that there has been a very substantial growth in the cattle trade, especially in regard to importations from this country. The increase has been something enormous, and has occurred within a few months, instead of by slow accumulations. In 1875 only 702 cattle were imported, while in 1878, up to the commencement of December, the number was 50,000. The total for the year would probably reach 55,000, or, including sheep and pigs, not far short of 130,410 animals.

The First Snow Fall.

The snow has begun in the gloaming
And by all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock,
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was fringed inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swan-down—
And still fluttered down the show.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden furies of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little head-stone stood,
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

—James Russell Lowell.

Items of Interest.

People of settled convictions—Prisoners.

Meanness is a medal whose reverse is insolence.

The time that tries men's souls—O'Leary's.

Even a marble will turn, when trodden upon.

The population of the German empire is 75,000,000.

India contains 240,000,000 inhabitants and 20,000 priests.

New York belles dress more richly at the opera than ever.

The two sons of Jem Mace, the prize-fighter, are preachers.

Mr. McOstrich is a magistrate at Cork and Mr. Whale a lawyer.

Geographical contests are now taking the place of spelling "bees."

The sale of stable manure has become a distinct business in Boston.

The latest census of the heathens numbers them at 700,000,000.

American paper manufacturers buy large quantities of rags in Egypt.

About twelve hundred varieties of grasses grow in the United States.

Real estate in San Francisco, near the Chinese quarter, has terribly depreciated.

In the past two years 10,000 new buildings have been erected in Philadelphia.

Captain Paul Boyton secured forty-two medals while abroad. He does a swimming business.

It is a rule of certain people never to growl at the price of an article—if you will trust them for it.

Indiana people feast on quail at a cent and a half apiece, and killed with five cents' worth of ammunition.

The annual butter and cheese product of the United States is \$50,000,000 greater than the wheat crop.

The Paris Figaro says M. Hayes, "President" of America, has forbidden the sale of wines at public banquets.

The courts of England have decided that when two passengers quarrel about opening a window in a car, the decision of the conductor shall be final.

Says Josh Billings: "I don't insist upon pedigree for a man or horse. If a horse can trot fast the pedigree is all right; if he can't, I wouldn't give a shilling a yard for his pedigree."

There is an old nobleman in Peru who always asks his body-servant three questions upon rising in the morning: 1. How is the weather? 2. How are the horses? 3. Under what form of government are we living this morning?

The Atlantic ocean, if it were to be drained, would be a vast plain, with a mountain ridge in the middle running parallel with our coast. Another range crosses it from Newfoundland to Ireland, on top of which lies the telegraphic cable.

M. Paul Broca, the famous anthropologist, is authority for the statement that the tallest man ever actually measured was a Finlander, nine feet three and seven-tenths inches high, and that the shortest man known reached a decimal under seventeen inches in his stocking feet.

Popular superstitions: That butter is made from butternuts. That you must plant eggs if you would raise egg plant. That you can print what's a curd in the dairy. That there was something of an electoral character in the count of Monte Cristo. That a tramp will refuse a trade dollar.—*Utica Observer.*

The family physician was congratulating the lady of the house on the good health of her six-year-old son, who, she said, had not had an ache or a pain for a year. The youth spoke to his father afterward, saying: "Ma is mistaken about that; I had a hard pain last summer, after she whipped me."—*Rom Sentinel.*

Widow Drake, of Muhlenburg county, Ky., has in her possession an apple which has been in existence since the beginning of the Revolutionary war. A soldier, Mr. Drake, received the apple from his betrothed just as he departed for the army of Washington; kept it during the whole war; returned after the surrender of Yorktown, and married the fair donor. The apple is sacredly preserved in the family. It is dry and shriveled, nothing remaining but the woody fiber.

GATES, FOY & CO.,

South Front Street,
Opposite the Gaston House,
NEWBERN, N. C.

WHOLESALE GROCERS

AND DEALERS IN

General Merchandise,

ARE RECEIVING FRESH GOODS BY EVERY STEAMER.

Their Stock is Large and Complete.

Prices Very Low.

CLOSE CASH BUYERS

WILL FIND IT TO THEIR INTEREST TO CALL AND EXAMINE BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE.

OUR PURCHASES OF

BAGGING and TIES

Are Large and From First Hands.

GINNERS AND DEALERS WILL BE FURNISHED At Wholesale Prices.

Strict personal attention given to the sale of cotton in this market.

Liberal cash advances made upon shipments through us to Baltimore or New York.

BLANK & ULRICH,

Foot of Middle Street,
NEWBERN, N. C.

New and Fresh Family Supplies Constantly on Hand.

THEIR LARGE SALES COMPEL THEM TO REPLENISH THEIR STOCK DAILY.

FLOUR OF ALL GRADES.

Meal Fresh from the Mill.

SUGARS, COFFEES, TEAS, BACON, HAMS, SHOULDERS, SIDES, SYRUPS and MOLASSES.

Fresh Butter, Cheese, Lard, SODA, STARCH, SOAPS, LYE, SNUFFS and TOBACCO,

PORK, MACKEREL, CODFISH, Solar and Ground Salt,

EARTHEN, WOOD & WILLOW WARE, Spices, Canned Fruits, Crackers, EVERYTHING IN THE LINE OF GROCERIES

SHIP CHANDLERY.

Ropes of all Sizes, Twines, Copper Iron and Galvanized Nails, Spikes, Blocks, Hooks, Oakum, Oils, Paints.

DRY GOODS.

Cloths, Homespuns, Sheetings, Tickings, Flannels, Calicoes, Ginghams, Muslins, Yarns, Tapes, Threads.

BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS and CAPS, GLOVES, SOCKS, STOCKINGS.

Their goods are bought at the lowest cash prices, and being satisfied with small profits, they constantly assert their prices to be even lower than the lowest in the City.

Call on them and see for yourselves how much you can buy for a Small Amount of Money.

BLANK & ULRICH,

Foot of Middle Street.