

CONGRESS ON CIVIL RIGHTS.

Senator Freelinghuysen, who seems to be the special nurse of the African monster, called the Civil Rights Bill, seems determined to force its political christening at all hazards. He gives notice that, on next Monday, the measure will be finally submitted to the consideration of Congress, and that it will be kept before that honorable body until fully disposed of. The Southern Senators, as might be reasonably expected, are said to be very indignant, and express themselves in language of unqualified condemnation of its provisions. And another fact, which we were not prepared to look for in this connection, shines out suddenly before the popular mind. President Grant discourages the passage of the bill, and says that its adoption will be injurious to the interests of the nation. He is backed up in this judicious sentiment by many Radical Senators, who believe that it will not be advantageous to force this offensive legislation upon the South. We cannot, of course, tell how the matter will be finally settled. But we have never doubted that its adoption will give the finishing stroke to Radicalism in this country. We have no fears of a practical application of this measure, even if it become a law. They may break down the venerated schools of the South by their insane fanaticism, and drive respectable gentlemen to employ tutors for their children. And they may destroy the comfortable hotels, whose generous entertainments have been patronized by our citizens. But they can no more accomplish the satanic object which they seek to compass by their fanaticism, than they can mix the joys of Paradise with the shadows of hell. There is one thing which they will do, however: They will make Jordan a hard road to travel for the negro.

In the meantime there is food for philosophic reflection in the hesitation of President Grant and certain Radical Senators, to encourage the bill. It shows that the rushing wheels of this descending chariot may be arrested before they plunge into the pit. It indicates very clearly that there are some Northern intellects in the Radical ranks, not entirely perverted by the unquenchable wrath of a *vendetta*, nor sealed to the fanatical blindness of abolition extremists. And we will venture to assert, that if the terrible test of political fidelity is pushed much further, there are hundreds of white radicals in the South who will break ranks at the final tap of the drum, and fling themselves heart and soul in line with their Conservative neighbors. We warn the negroes again, that they are playing with fire. If they still persist in being deaf to the voice of friendly instruction, may God pity them in their madness and folly.

BROOKS FINALLY DISPOSSESSED.

The President, by the advice of the Attorney-General, has at last settled the Arkansas difficulties by sending Brooks into retirement, and confirming Baxter in the Gubernatorial chair. Under all the circumstances of the case, we do not know but that this is the right decision. Whether Brooks had a majority of the votes or not, it seems to be clear, that he had no right to commence an insurrection to make good his title to office. As the President, in settling this question, has simply decided between two malcontent Radicals, there was scarcely any chance to strike a blow at Conservative interests. And we are not sure that he is not entitled to some praise for his decision, inasmuch as Brooks is said to have had the largest Radical following, and would, therefore, most naturally come in for the support of the Administration.

But now who is to suffer the penalties of the violated majesty of the law? What murderers,

house-breakers and pillagers, are to account at the tribunal of human justice for their crimes against the peace and dignity of the State? What good Samaritan will heal the crushed and bleeding hearts of the widows in the land, and whose coffers will be opened to satisfy the hungry cries of orphaned children calling for bread? Alas! it is one of those marvellous attributes of Radical policy, that it can pull down, but never build up. It can excite the devilish passions of men by its oppressions, corruptions and inflammatory appeals. But when it comes to closing the breaches it has made, and curing the sorrows it has produced, it is a dumb inventor whose cunning has been taken away.

EDITORIAL JOTTINGS BY THE WAY.

2.—PENITENTIARY, FEMALE SEMINARIES AND DEAF AND DUMB ASYLUM.

The next round of the Editors was a pretty extensive one, reminding a fellow very much of some of those protracted "bouts" that Morissey used to take before he became a swell, except that ours was all music and roses, leaving out the big Radical boarding house, which was any thing else but rosy and melodious. Nevertheless, we were well received at the Penitentiary, and found things in pretty good condition for a prison-house. The tour among the Seminaries was really a delightful privilege. Here are the jewels of Raleigh, fair, brilliant and fascinating. St. Mary's is one of the monuments of the State. Under the venerable Preceptor, it has fitted for their station the most accomplished women of the land. Its graduates are not only the wives and daughters of our foremost men, but the mothers also of our most promising youths. Dr. Smedes is the *ne plus ultra* of female educators. He stands with his white hairs and benignant countenance in the midst of his fair young flock, as if he had been commissioned by the fathers and mothers of a past generation to instruct the children of this. The Presbyterian and Baptist Seminaries are both admirably officered, thoroughly equipped, and are doing splendid service in the cause of education in this State. Now let any poor bachelor devil, who is not an Editor, fancy the feelings of a modest Knight of the Quill utterly overwhelmed by the dazzling beauty, graceful accomplishments and thrilling music that burst upon him on all sides. We thought to ourself, these are the institutions to bring glory to a people, and to make a land rich in all honor, influence and power.

We were particularly pleased with the preparations made by the Heads of the Seminaries, to present the merits of their schools in the best possible light. On all hands there were speeches, and the speeches were always good. We noticed, that particular attention is paid at these schools to music. But for music the Radicals would have ruined us long ago. It keeps our spirits up, nurses our courage, and keeps us looking for the beautiful in the midst of our wretchedness. By all means let us have music, now and all the time, here and everywhere. The reception of the Editors at the Deaf and Dumb Asylum was also very interesting. We found everything in good order, the unfortunate pupils well cared for, and the State doing her duty by her poor, sorrowful dependants. But, O! what a terrible thing it is, not to be able to talk. By all means let us have a Female Seminary at New Berne.

The End of the Howard Trial.

WASHINGTON, May 14.—Of the daily transcript of occurrences in Congress, regular mention is made, and the public eye and ear are familiarized. There has been, meanwhile, without any but a casual notation, an investigation going on deeply affecting the reputation and character of a branch of service not often under the imputation of pecuniary shortcomings. The Freedmen's Bureau, with Gen. O. O. Howard at its head, has for the last three years emitted a noisome evaporation, not of the class of incense. By a singular fatality everything of our public policy connected with our late serfdom has had with it dishonor and fraud. We give them in

liberal bestowals of beautiful theories in suffrage and civil rights, and in the practical ways of life make them the victims of cupidity and deceit. If this stricture is harsh, look to the Senate and House, and to local legislation in States, and you can have, in the reflected mirror a gallery of portraits in feature and lineament, which does not need elaboration in printed text. In the balance sheets of bankrupt savings banks with the seductive prefix, "Freedman," you behold a wickedness of management and worthlessness of securities which would satisfy the most fastidious connoisseur in the art and mystery of banking legerdemain.

But the amplitude and variety of all this will not justify the episode from the main topic—the regular army in the person of a major-general high in rank, redolent of orthodox piety, wordy and windy on the religious rostrum, and the delight of the tender mind in the Sabbath seminary, but showing withal a short cash account and unbalanced debtor column, with some uncalvanistic operations in the patent bricks and universities, not protected from invasion of adoption by the ægis of the brother warrior of the Patent Office, Gen. Mortimer D. Leggett, with Leggett and Leggett, the Dodson and Fogg soliciting in the outs court. The finding of this military tribunal of scrutiny and and trial is not merely the "not proven" of Scotch judiciary; but if we are to credit the public statement there is an expression of sympathy.

The member from Brooklyn, New York, when Chairman of the Committee of the Whole, makes a ruling with "regret," and a military inquisition, when copious rains have made water plenty, dilutes its whitewash with tears. It is a simple matter, and divested of the uniform, shoulder straps, and belt of the martial bench, is this: A major-general is made the head of a bureau, civil in all regards, except that interposing domination of sword and musket, which was then all-present, where light could penetrate or ear could traverse. From the first of its organization there was disorder and confusion. The incompetency of the officer left details and daily administration to the subordinates, and sweating and shrinkage of funds was the initiation and continuance. In the meantime the responsible officer, the "Christian soldier," with his memory darkened by the retrospection of the bloody hecatomb at Chancellorsville, and upon whose skirts the blood has left stains, let his own conscience answer, is refulgent in piety on the stage at Lincoln Hall—unctuous in exhortation in chapel—throwing, at times, far-shed rays upon the darkened vistas of the theology of his native Maine, while Balloch with his collusive assistants had busy fingers and long arms in the coffers of its expenditure.

This Gentleman, Gen. Howard, for we do not hold parley with the picket guard, but report at the marquee of the officer in chief, is not volunteering gratuitous duty. He has all the emoluments of his grade, not known to the plain broadcloth and kersey of peaceful pursuits, unlearned in the recondite fractions of the pay table. First there is monthly compensation proper, legitimate and not to be criticized; then commutation of rations, equally regular, and following on in insidious perquisitions, pay for servants not employed, equivalent for clothing of the same not worn, hypothetical items for forage of horses which have no existence or use in peace except in the record of the paymaster and the certification "upon honor" of the officer. The paymaster depleted, the quartermaster is visited, and quarters and fuel pass through an arithmetical alembic, and come out in legal tenders to an aggregate in all of ten thousand dollars per annum, which might, it would seem, justify some fidelity to employment and a slight supervision of the branches of public interest for which this pay, not meagre by any means, is the compensation.

There is no denial of irregularity, to use the softest phrase; there is no controversy as to the shortage of account. The technicality of the defence is that the party on trial is not amenable to punishment for acts which by all precedents of law attach to him. The President himself, with an indecorum not startling in its novelty from him, sends in a note to the court, which was nothing else but the cue of the prompter at the side scenes. When the testimony of the defence was all in, the offer to furnish rebutting evidence in what is claimed would have been complete refutation, was refused. For all purposes of examination and an award of justice they might as well have filled out a bill of health on the day of their assemblage and passed over to the culprit the "discharged cured" certificate of the hospital.

Gen. Howard, like the mother of Molly Seagrims, who is made an "honest woman" by a nuptial ceremony preceding by one day a birth, walks forth into the fields of military and re-

ligious conquest with a purified raiment, with a stock of bleaching powder for any supervening yellowness of color in the reminiscences of the Freedmen's Bureau and the Howard University. May we not beg of this son of Mars, as we take an affectionate leave of him, the gift of a sample brick of the walls of this seat of learning? If not this, can we not be endowed with a facsimile of a certificate, of the stock of the Maryland Mining and Manufacturing Company, *Anglice* Seneca sandstone; or failing in that, a photograph of the wonderful lock fabricated by the corporation, whose evidences of ownership are the inestimable collaterals of the Freedmen's Savings Bank of the Federal metropolis with decoy deadfalls at other commercial centres. It is some satisfaction to the deluded Sambo, that if he cannot get his money he can check out his balance in double-warded locks or Seneca geology. Let us devoutly aspire that our trusty and well-beloved cousins of the *Tribune* will exhale the residuary enthusiasm of their plaudit on that complex muddle and mendacity of the late State paper, characterized as the "admirable veto message," and grow valorous over the finding of this Star Chamber abolition of the sanctified Howard. Perhaps we have been guilty of light sarcasm in allusions to Gens. McDowell and Pope, but they have half redeemed their disparagement by the manliness of their negative upon this clearnee, which tarnishes the lace and blurs the lustre of our chivalry.—*N.Y. Sun.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Singer Always Triumphant!

THE TABLE OF SEWING MACHINE SALES For the Year 1873

SHOWS THAT OUR SALES FOR LAST YEAR

Amounted to	232,444	Machines
Wheeler and Wilson	119,190	Machines
Domestic	40,744	Machines
Grover & Baker	36,179	Machines
Weed S. M. Co.	21,769	Machines
Wilson S. M. Co.	21,241	Machines
Florence S. M. Co.	8,960	Machines

The Table shows an excess over all competitors for the period named of 113,254 Machines.

THE ACCOUNT OF THESE SALES IS FROM SWORN returns made to the owners of Sewing Machine patents. It will hardly be denied that the superiority of the

SINGER MACHINE

is fully demonstrated—at all events, that their popularity in the household is unquestioned.

The SINGER MFG CO., 35 Craven St., New Berne, N. C. EDWIN O. BETTS, Manager.

A. W. EDWARDS. E. G. CUTHBERT.

At Wade & Howard's Ship Yard, SOUTH FRONT STREET, New Berne, N. C.

BOILER MAKERS, Machinists and Blacksmiths.

WE ARE PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF work in our line of business, with neatness and dispatch. Special attention given to repairs of all kinds. All orders promptly attended to. May 19

"A Daughter of Bohemia,"

BY Miss FISHER, of N. C.

At J. E. Nash's.

BOYD'S HOTEL,

Middle Street Opposite Odd Fellows Hall, NEW-BERNE N. C.

The undersigned having recently fitted up this House, would be pleased to see his friends and the public generally. Terms moderate, and tables supplied with the best the market affords.

W. B. BOYD, Late of the Gaston House.

MERCHANT'S CLUB HOUSE, Craven St., a few doors below the POST OFFICE.

Meals,—Breakfast, 7 o'clock; Dinner, 1 o'clock; Supper, 7 o'clock.

A few Boarders by the week, day or meal, always accommodated, at reasonable price.

THE BAR, for there is one attached to this House, is always furnished with the best of Liquors and Cigars, Ale, and non-intoxicating drinks. Terms Cash, or no sale.

JOHN L. HASSALL, WM. L. PALMER, Manager. Proprietor.