

DAILY NEWBERNIAN.

SETH M. CARPENTER, Editor.

NEW BERNE, N. C., JUNE 16, 1874.

For Superintendent of Public Instruction :
COL. STEPHEN D. POOL, OF CRAVEN.

For the Senate :
CICERO GREEN.

For House of Representatives :
S. D. POOL, JR., WM. WHITFORD.

For Clerk Superior Court :
WM. GEO. BRINSON.

For Register of Deeds :
WM. G. BRYAN.

For Sheriff :
WM. C. BREWER.

For Coroner :
JAS. H. HUNTER.

For Treasurer :
CHARLES SLOVER.

For Surveyor :
WM. H. MARSHALL.

For County Commissioners :
N. H. STREET, JOEL KINSEY, BRYAN WHITFORD,
J. T. RICH, T. H. MALLISON.

GRANT'S THIRD TERM.

A great deal of unnecessary controversy has been going on among the popular journals of the country, concerning a Third Term for Gen. Grant. We think that in a crisis like the present, men are not so important as principles. It has long since been demonstrated that a truly great statesman cannot be made Chief Magistrate of this Nation. What we must resign ourselves to, therefore, is an honest, impartial and capable executive officer, who will not consider himself under oath, to persecute one section to secure the approbation of another. Our opinion is, that no politician who has made himself conspicuous in the infamous reconstruction policy of the last ten years, and who has at least given silent consent to the outrageous embezzlements of the public money, will stand any chance of political preferment, when the era of reform is fully inaugurated. President Grant shows a power of endurance, and a vitality of fame which are truly wonderful. His marked departures, moreover, from the destructive policy of the Radical leaders, shows that he is no longer the tool of a party, and that his feelings are conciliatory, even fraternal, towards the oppressed and misgoverned States of the Union. His endorsement of Baxter and humiliation of Brooks, his hard money, Democratic veto of the currency ideas of Morton, Logan and Ferry, his courteous treatment of prominent Southerners, and his well-known opposition to the passage of the Civil Rights Bill, are all taken by Radical gossips, as evidence strong as holy writ, that Grant is done with the Radical party, and is casting his net on the other side of the ship for Democratic fish. To us these manifestations of the President, only show that he appreciates the situation, that he is tired of being made the instrument of a jacobin faction, and that he intends for the future to use his great military fame and his enormous personal popularity, to bring peace, unity and honor to his country. If he should have the wisdom to do this, and to wield his magic wand to restore the Southern States to their true position in the brilliant sisterhood, what a wonderful climax it would be to the career of this strange man, who, considered by almost every one to be of ordinary intellect, has yet done some of the most extraordinary things in the history of this government.

In the meantime, the winning card is in the hands of the Democracy, and they will hardly throw it away as they did in the Greeley nomination. They have thoroughly learned, that it never pays them to enter into a compromise, fusion or amnesty merely for purposes of expediency. They are rich in strong, true men, who are fully capable of leading them to victory, and are qualified to reflect honor upon the nation when once they are entrusted with the reins of power. It is furthermore pretty evident, from the signs of the times, that the old States Rights

doctrines of the party, which were its pride and its glory before the Douglass and Buchanan feuds wasted its vigor, are again coming to the front. The institution of slavery, which was the only bone of contention between the North and South, is buried out of the way. There is nothing henceforth can divide us; and with the splendid commercial talents and robust endurance of the one added to the exquisite political genius and finished moral organization of the other, we can lead the civilization of the centuries. President Grant was a Democrat at the beginning. He has staid with the Radical party until he has mastered its plans, crushed its arrogant assumptions of infallibility, and made it the complacent cup bearer of his own leisure and convenience. Now he may complete his mystical programme, by offering himself to the regenerated Democracy, washed free from his Radical sins, absolved by the priestly act of a nation's gratitude from partizan guilt, and winning official station among the elect by his new fledged devotion to their principles and interests. In order to be President for a Third Term, he would still have the traditions of the government against him, and we should dislike very much to see any man fill three times the honored seat which Washington filled only twice. But still, these are strange times, and nothing is impossible to a sharp thinker, backed by a tremendous personal popularity.

NEW BERNE!—WHAT SHE WAS; WHAT SHE IS; WHAT SHE MIGHT BE.

(Continued.)

Our veneration for learning, and our old time-honored institutions, has caused us to devote more space than we intended to this branch of our subject, and has brought us rather precipitately down to the present time and aspects. We must, with the best grace we can spare, return to those revolutionary times, and trace, step by step, the progress of events incidental and necessary to the complete history of our old town.

We have gathered much of our historical lore from no printed record, for there is none such, but from an intimate acquaintance with two remarkable men of their day—the one still fresh in the minds of many citizens, the old venerable Clerk of the County Court of Craven, James G. Stanly, and have often regretted that we had not taken copious notes of his interesting conversations; the other, Joseph Burney, who died at the extreme old age of ninety years, with a memory very tenacious of the events of the revolution, at which time he was a lad of twelve years old, too young to be a soldier, and yet of the age to receive the most lasting impressions of the mind. The last time we saw him, shortly before his death, he presented to our mind the picture of a patriarch: he was nearly blind and could not recognize us, save by voice; his snow-white beard covered his red-flannel shirt and fell below his breast. He was a devout Methodist, and talked much of his approaching end; and there he sat in his old arm-chair, veneration personified. We thought we would try his memory, and of recent matters he had no recollection, but when we asked him, Uncle Joe, who did you say were the Tories about Newbern during the revolution? his answers were as clear as they had been more than ten years before, when we first questioned him, and would have filled a volume of themselves; but as it is no part of our mind to recur only to the most prominent relating to the town, we shall present them as he delivered, showing how poorly we must have been equipped in those days that tried men's souls, to meet King George's men:

"Why," said Uncle Joe, "we had no powder and ball. I saw with my own eyes Col. John Tillman strip off the lead from the Tryon Palace to run into bullets; and at that time pewter bowls and pewter ware of every kind was used, and the ladies sent in all they could spare to be run up, but with all we could do, it only made a few rounds for our troops, and

they had to keep giving away before the Tories and the British troops; but I tell you, many a Tory has been killed by pewter. After the British took possession of the town they behaved very well, and gave my mother a guard. Seeing a soldier's hat on a peg, they inquired, 'whose hat?' My mother answered truly, 'my son's.' 'What, this boy's, and he put the hat on my head, which covered it up. My mother felt ashamed at being caught, and replied, 'I have other sons than him.' 'Where are they?' demanded the officer. She said, 'somewhere about the huckleberry ponds, captain; but it will be dangerous looking after them.'"

Thus we behold, that in less than twelve years after the completion of Tyron's palace, our rebel forefathers were stripping its roof to turn it into deadly missiles against the oppressors who raised it. And when we look for the cause of this rebellion, history teaches us that it arose from unjust, excessive and oppressive taxation. Let future tyrants take warning from this, and learn in time that there is a point beyond which endurance is no virtue; and let them study closely where that point is, and not overstep the bound, like King George, and thereby lose all. About this time fell the deeply lamented Gaston. Uncle Joe told us every particular with much minuteness, differing, however, in only one important matter from the account given in Wheeler's history, but as our memory is not altogether so retentive as was Uncle Joe's, we receive the authority given as the correct one. Pursued by the Tories, as a rebel of great power and dangerous influence, with that hatred and malice which seems to be the natural accompaniment of those who take a stand against their own country and people, he had made, as he thought, his escape, by getting into a small flat, and he and his comrades had pushed out into the river Trent beyond the ordinary range of the muskets of that day; but still within the hearing of his disappointed relentless pursuers, who jeered and taunted him beyond endurance, and he defiantly in return shook his sword at them, when they fired a volley from the shore, and he fell, mortally wounded by a random shot. The loss of such a man, at such a time, was the cause of deep sorrow to the patriots; but what shall we say of the infliction upon his dear wife, who at the time the sad information was conveyed to her, was nursing upon her lap their infant, William. That boy, who even then was the pride and joy of her bosom, made doubly so by this sudden bereavement, seemed to nerve her to withstand the shock, and from that time the entire energies of this noble matron was devoted to the rearing of this promising pledge of their union. With jealous care she superintended the education of her son, and trained him early in the ways of morality and religion. He was brought up a strict Roman Catholic, and never for a moment in after life seemed forgetful of his early training. He graduated at Princeton, and has been heard to say that the proudest day of his life was when he handed his diploma into the hands of his devoted mother, who had made such a struggle and sacrifice to secure him the means of obtaining it. He rose rapidly to eminence in the profession of his choice; he won not only the esteem of his clients who employed him in their cases at law, but was so correct in his deportment as scarcely to make an enemy of those against whom he was engaged. But his laurels were not all to be gathered in this field; he was elected to represent this District in Congress, and there met an adversary worthy of his steel. He might be considered the leader in the House on the Federal side of that question of such vast importance as the British war of 1812, when Henry Clay, that "man of men," was marshaling his forces for the conflict, as leader of the Republican side. And although the struggle was severe, and the popular side of the question was with Clay, he came out with renown and glory through defeat, and was acknowledged by his great opponent to have made all out of the question that it was capable

of by any man. The nature of this history will not allow us to make a minute record of the words of this great and good man; we can only touch upon those prominent acts of his life connected with our theme, the old town of Newbern. He represented her time and again in the Legislature of the State, and upon our memory is vividly impressed the last borough election under the old constitution; the free negroes then were allowed to vote, and as a general thing supported Gaston. The exciting question of the day was the taking of this privilege from all Negroes, Indians, or mixed-bloods within the fifth generation.

A remarkable character of that day was John C. Stanly, a mulatto, better known by the name of Barber Jack. He was the owner of nearly an hundred negro slaves, and though he might be seen among groups of our first people in conversation on the streets, it was with that deference and respect towards them that no exception was ever taken to his company; he never overstepped the bounds of decorum and prudence, but with humility acknowledged that superiority of race which his own good sense and conventional rules required of him. We introduce him here because, in the campaign referred to, he was the warm advocate of Gaston, and to mention a remarkable saying of his, he "did not see why they wanted to deprive the free negroes of their votes, since they always supported the gentlemen." And such in fact was the truth, for they were even at that day less interested in the great political questions that divided the whites, than they were with the respect that was due the candidate. They had no use for poor "Bokra's," no matter which side in politics they represented, but were governed by their respect and veneration for the men of means, and those who were regarded as great by the intelligent whites—those, they idolized and worshipped as a Deity, rather than the humble servants of the people to do their bidding. In the election referred to, the contest was warm and exciting; Charles Shepard, a young man of great popularity, and of the highest order of talents, had been nominated by the ardent and youthful spirit of the times. Gaston was pressed into the field, only the day before the election, by the older and more steady citizens of the old borough, and by a very small majority was elected. The call for a restricted Convention followed, and in 1835 assembled, he being again called upon to serve as a member. Here he displayed those great talents as a debater—to a greater degree than, perhaps, had ever before been shown by any man in the State. The old constitution contained some religious dogmas that were prejudicial to the Roman Catholics. In addition to the ordinary belief in a Supreme being, it enjoined a belief in the Protestant religion, and while Gaston himself had no great scruples upon the construction of language, he felt that it aimed a blow at the church of which he was a devoted and faithful member. The appeal he made, to have the objectionable feature stricken out, was creditable alike to his head and heart. His argument was incontrovertible, but the thrilling tones of eloquence in behalf of his religion, struck a sympathetic cord in the bosom of his associates, and the dogma was stricken from the organic law of the land forever. When the question arose as to disfranchisement of all Negroes, Indians and mixed bloods within the fifth degree, and the word WHITE engrafted into the new constitution, as the only element for electors, jurors or official stations, it met with opposition from him upon that great fundamental principle, that all property was entitled to representation; and that those who paid the taxes for the support of government should be heard through their representatives; but when he was closely questioned, as to how many of this class came within the scope of the great principle he applied, he had to acknowledge they were insignificant indeed, and withdraw all further objection. So profound was the esteem throughout the whole State for this great, wise and good