THE SIGNAL, A Republican Weekly Newspaper, PUBLISHED BY VILLIAM J. CLARKE. TERMS:

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BUBSCRIPTION RI DUCED.

of Religion of all denomination and Confederate soldiers; and the widow authors of those who died in the war, shall be flie Nick at, for one dollar a year. Such fibers will please describe themselves, and planty, name, and post office address and the wido

Woman's Exchange. Mas. MARY BAYARD CLARKE, Epitor.

All communications for the " Woman's Exchange," till further notice, must be sent to the E itor at New Berne. N. C.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

Books for notice in the "Signal' should for the present, be sent either by mail or express to Mrs. Mary Banard Clark, New Berne, N. C.

UNDER THE LAVA.

BY MARY BAYARD CLARKE.

[Published by Request.

Far down in the depths of my spirit Out of the sight of man. Lies a buried Herculaneum Whose secrets none may scan; No warning cloud of sorrow Cast its shadow o'er my way. No drifting shower of ashes Made of life a Pompeii. But a sudden tide of anguish Like molten lava rolled. And hardened, hardened, hardened As its burning waves grow cold. Beneath it youth was buried. And hope, and faith, and trust, And life to me seemed nothing-Nothing but ashes and dust-O, it was glorious! glorious! That past with its passionate glow, Its beautiful painted frescoes, Its statues white as snow; When I tasted love's ambrosia, As it melted in a kiss, When I drank the wine of friendship And believed in earthly bliss, When I breathed the rose's perfume, With lilies wreathed my hair, And moved to liquid music, As it floated on the air. To me it was real-real-That passionate blissful joy, Which grief encrusts with lava But death can alone destrey. "Twas a life all bright and golden, Bright with the light of love, A past that lives though buried With another life above. Another life built o'er it, With other love and friends, Which my spirit often leaveth And into that past descends, Though buried deep in ashes, Of burnt-out hopes it lies Under the hardened lava, From which it ne'er can rise. It is no ruined city, No city of the dead -When in the midnight watches The silent streets I tread. To me it changeth never-Buried in all its prime. Not fading-fading-fading Under the touch of Time. The beautiful frescoes painted Hy fancy still are there, With glowing tints unchanging .Till brought to upper air. And many a graceful statue In marble white as snow, Stands fair and all unbroken In that silent "Long Ago." It is not dead but living, My glorious, buried past, Which glows with the passionale beauty That love in its tenderness cast; But living under the lava. For the pictures fade away, And the statues crumble, crumble, When brought to the light of day. And like to dead sea apples Is love's amorosia now, While the hlies wither-wither If I place them on my brow; And so I keep them ever Things from my life apart, Under the lava and ashes. Down in the depths of my heart.



preity-there was really nothing ridiculons in Captain Corcoran's going down. on his knees and making love to her, no mortal man could have helped it-given the opportunity. But it would be ask. ing too much of woman's nature for such a beauty to disguise herself as an sold woman of sixty, old enough to be "all their grand-mothers," such a height of beroism, such devotion to high art could only be successfully exhibited by a manly mind, and Newbern can boast one such at least, for it was one of her handsomest sons who took the part of "Dick Deadeye," and so effectually disguised himself with a hump on his shoulder, a crook in his leg, a bump on his nose, one eye plastered up with flesh coloured sticking plaster, and a mottled seamed and scarred complexion that "The mother that him bare, she had not

Dick's acting was as good as his make up, for it was simply inimitable, partie ularly in the by-play, when he pulled out a regular sailor's knife and cut a quid with hands, on which were tattooed an anchor and a heart; he was the star of the evening, but most admirably sustained by the whole troop, especially "Hebe"-the "leading cousin," so to speak, who, though her part was a minor one, gave it with an air and tone that settled the matter. Her simple utterance of

could not go alone to the theatres, and would require tickets to take an escort. " Tickets ! get a dozen every night if you like-only be sure and send in your copy in time." And so for a whole season we reveled in theatre going always taking a really good musical critic in the person of one of our lady friends, who in return for her ticket was only too glad to dictate what should be mid artistically of the music. Fortunately we could pursue this same course on this occasion, and carried with us a competent critic, who had seen "l'inafore" in Boston, and declared it to be, on a smaller scale, quite as good in Newbern. We had not the orchestra-as a single plano played by Miss Harrison, combined the first and second violnis, and all the other instruments, neither had we as large a chorns, but as our theatre is small we had vol

ume enough to fill it, and not only our private critic, but several others equally as good, pronounced the singing something unusually fine,

We cannot close without saying a word about the conductor, who complains that no one compliments him for his excellence in performing the part for which he was especially selected. THE SCOLD -of the troop; he declares that the 'Manager fearing her voice, would fail in this department called him to her aid. Well, we judge the pudding by the eat-

stant habit with him to write to his sis ter's children, either in prose or verse, letters adapted to their understanding, "All his rhymes," says Mr. Trevelyan, whether written or improvised, he put down to the credit of the "Judicious Poet.? The gravity with which he maintained the innocent delusion was too much for the children, who more than half believed in the existence of a writer for whose collected works they searched the library in vain; though their faith was from time to time shaken by the almost miraculous application of a quotation to the most unexpected circumstances of the moment. To his little niece Margaret he writes.

"I must begin sooner or later to call you Margaret, and I am always making good resolutions to do so, and then breaking them. But I will procrastinate no longer."

"Procrastination is the thief of time" says Dr. Young. He also says, "be wise to-day, tis madness to defer," and. "next day the fatal precedent will plead." That is to say, if I do not take care, I shall go on calling my darling 'Baba,' till she is as old as her mamma, and has a dozen Babas of her own. Therefore, I will be wise to day, and call her 'Margaret,' I should very much like to see you, and your Aunt Fanny at Broad Stairs ; but I fear that it cannot be. Your Aunt asks me to shirk the Chelsea Board. I am staying in England, chiefly in order to attend it. When Parliament is not sitting, my duty there is all that I do for two thousand four hundred pounds a year. We must have some coascience. Michaelmas, will, I hope, find us all at Clapham, over a win," the grandfather of the celebrated noble goose Do you remember the beautiful Pusevite hymn on Michaelmas-day? It is a great favorite with

ally opened, the Managers, generally retiring to their boxes, yielding the floor to the dancers. Some few remain on the floor during the evening, in compliment to the guests. The last two years, a few sofas and chairs have been placed at the upper end of the room, guarded by a silken cord, and reserved especially for the wearers of the Manager's "badge' -a device on colored satin ribbon, that often proves an effective ornament, when, fastened on the arm, or shoulder. So much for the general arrangements, which are the same every year, nor does it seem they could be much improved. Formality, courtesy, and pleasure go hand in hand, giving assurance that, dity and symmetry. For sex is basal; while the Charity Ball, is a public ball, it underlies the whole structure of the it is not a free ball. The restrictions of a well bred decorum, are expected, and enforced. The costumes last night, were | their being in one, at the very point of as a rule, exceptionably 'gorgeous.' This | their divergence, does each gain a paris not a favorite, word of mine, having | tial admittance into the world of the been so used up on meaner things,-but it applies meaningly, to the blaze of color that made the 'toillette,' individually and collectively, pictures after Diaz or Mendrazo-the two modern artists that use color with feeling-that delight in 'tints', as others do in 'tones.' The effect was heightened by the diamonds that were worn in a profusion, suggestng to some incredulous spectators, the "Persian" store, for the sale of counterfeits-or what is called-" real " diamonds-as far as they go,-that iscrystals, with diamond dust rubbed in

One square, six months One square, twelve months,... Liberal contracts will be made for larger adverie is not-is the source of all activities. it is the unquenchable yearning of the soul, the divine spark which links him with the universe and prophesies of imnortality. This yearning beats against he barrier of sex, which is the inexorable fate, holding man and woman each n a sphere of his or her own, the limitations of which may not be passed, Man views the universe from a different standpoint from woman, hence sees' what she cannot see, and is powerless to perceive a corresponding portion which she beholds; yet the blending of these two pictures in one can alone give to any subject of thought complete soliindividual, mental, moral and physical. Only through marriage, the blending of other. Through a sympathy that strikes deeper than any intellectual process, does each thus become a partaker in the experience of the other. It is the unquenchable aspiration of the soul mani festing at the source of all life, and may well be "the intensest and least controllable impulse of universal animation." Here we touch the root of the differ-

THE SIGNAL.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, one insertion 1.1.1.1.1

One square, two insertions,

One square, three months,

One square, one month

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ence between the marriage of mankind, and the association of animals, which is in obedience to the merely animal instinct of reproduction. A new order of or on them,-and-it takes an expert to | intelligence begins in man; he thirsts detect the difference,--at first. They for knowledge. He is confronted with soon wear dull . However, there were the mystery of sex. Here, by his side, undoubted diamond 'parures' at the stands a being he can' never entirely Academy last night;-solitaire ear rings know. They are the positive and negawithout number;-diamond peacocks tive poles of nature's battery. The inand butterflies for the hair;-diamond dividual development, resulting from necklaces in rows of 'solitaires'--and | their union will be in exact proportion to the degree of unity they attain. To miss marriage must, if these prosage, covered with 'sprays' of diamonds. positions are true, be a greater misfor-The difficulty, from a picturesque point | tune than to miss any other single eduof view, is with the excessively simple | cational, or more properly speaking, destyle of dressing the hair, at present in velopmental, experience of life. Every vogue. Something seems to have been woman possesses, by virtue of her sex, omitted, or forgotten, when in place of the ability to receive through marriage the "three white plumes," that so long an enlarged perception of all things, gave the finishing touch to elaborate cos- | that by her, individually, is attainable tumes, the hair is drawn back in bands, | in no other way; and, f. iling which, her and fastened in a Grecian knot, low on development is arrested more fundamthe neck. There is nothing in the rest ently than it can be by any causeless of the dress at all 'classic'-there is no basal in its nature. Is this to make hint of a severe simplicity-it is all marriage "the paramount aim of life" ? 'medieval'-why not carry out the style? It may-nay, we see that it does--are we less artistic, with all our travel sometimes, produce that result in small and study, than those women of the mid- and shallow natures ; but the deeper dle or dark ages, who never went much | student the larger-souled man or woman beyond their homes, and did not trouble knows that to aim at a state or condithemselves with questions in authetics? | tion is not the way to attain to it. It is Or, did the "masters" originate those pic- not the man who makeshappiness the aim of his existence who is happiest; or he and delight? There is this, to be said, who struggles most fiercely a for fame though, those women did not have more who finds his brow wreathed with the laurel or the bay. The man or woman su est to remain unmated, is he or she have often wondered what they did in who most eagerly seeks "an affinity." the absence of Troubadors and Tourna- He who would be loved must have ments) in perfecting the details. They wealth of love to bestow. Society is could concentrate. Some of our people | full of affectional paupers and beggars. have different costumes for every ball,- . The one quality that woman possessand some alas !- have to make one dress | es that man does not, and by virtue of do a dozen different duties;-short for the | which she charms him, is womanliness ; street, long for the house-but it is not and in proportion as a man is manly, with these unfortunate creatures, we are does he prize womanliness in woman concerned. It is the historical, or pic- above beauty, culture or intellect. For torial women of other days, as compared a girl to "fit herself for the career, of a with the modern woman, who desires to noble woman" requires, that her sex lie make a picture of herself, and has no one at the foundation of all her labors. To to blame but herself, if she fails in any | say that "the healty instinct of the girl essential. To emphasize the difference should not recoil from being an old between us, in small things, as well as maid," is to say that sex should not be large; I read: "The batiste pocket-hand- what it is. I make no such arraignment. erchiefs went over the Pyrenes in piles I have no quarrel with the wisdom that on the occasion of this last Queen of has ordained that sex should lie at the root of all life-be basic to all development. Any fact that is such, in the orthe splendid fetes given at Warsaw by der of nature may as well be accepted, even if painful, reserving our struggles dred years ago) not a member of the for those ills that spring from artificial causes-conditions of man's con riving. If there was a marked discrepancy between the numbers of each sex born into the world, we might have reason to conclude that the ideal state included a class of old maids; but, since that class is alike the product of civilization; and the evidence of its imperfect condition, the subject becomes a fit one for philosophic consideration and moral sugges-

Her Majesty's Ship Pinafore.

Newbern people-even many of those who do not generally attend theatrical entertainments, have been enjoying the rendition of "PINAFORE" by an amateur troop under the direction of Miss

"And so do his cousins, and his sisters, and his aunts.

known her child

with the wave of her hands and the toss of her head, said more than half a page in endorsement of Sir Joseph's asser tions. It was quite in keeping that "Josephine," the Captain's Daughter, should be pretty, and she not only looked the part, in her yellow silk and black velvet, but sang it to perfection. We must confess, however, that she did not embrace Ralph Rackstraw worth a centit was only a stage embrace-but then, though, Ralph sang delightfully, and clutched his heart frantically; he did not make love, as though it came from that heart, rather remarkable, considering he has, off the stage, been twice married, but then, perhaps, it was because the tale was old-that he has grown fat on it, and so lost the power to reproduce at will the appearance of a devoted love. Here, Captain Corcoran laid him in the shade entirely, for the ardour of his devotion to Little Buttercup was something truly sublime, and when in the presence of the whole crew, he fell on his knees to her, he brought the house down along with him. Sir Joseph did his part so well that-had we not known better, we should have said it was nature, not art, and he merely exaggerated a little in the presence of an audience. Little Buttercup, assisted by the pantomine of Dick Deadeye, some-how "mixed those babies" admirably, though she could not tell "how ever she came to do it."

The last performance was a benefit for Miss Ives, to whose untiring perseverance the plan was due. She orignated the whole thing for the benefit of the Oxford Orphans-and most of the "sisters, and the cousins, and the aunts," were her music scholars, and all trained by her for this occasion. We sincerely hope the proceeds will more than repay the outlay, and the time sne has devoted to perfecting the troopit was a heartfelt tribute from them, to

which the citizens of Newbern cordially

responded. Well ! we have told of the opera, and Make Love:" "Take two Sheep's Hearts, Ella E. Ives, as Manager ; Miss Corinne | said but little of the singing. Before | pierce them many times through with a doing so, we will, a la Mr. Lincoln, "tell Screwer to make them Tender, lay them upon a quick fire and then taking one a little story." Handful-." Here Time with his long Five or six years ago we were in New Teeth had gnattered away the re-York and on intimate terms with the mainder of the leaf. At the top of the next page begins, editor of an Art newspaper-what one "To make an Honest Man." This is --we shan't say-for we tell no tales out no new dish to me, says I, besides it is of the editorial office, but will say it now quite old fashioned, I won't read it. numbered Bayard Taylor among its con-Then followed, "To make a Good Wife." Pshaw! continued I, "an acquaintance tributors, and he frequently wrote the of mine, a young Lady of Litchfield, theatrical oriticisms when, as on this ocknows how to make this dish better casion, the "regular" was sick, and than any other person in the world, and would some times depute us to go to the she has promised to treat me with it sometime, and then in a Pett' threw theatre for him. Knowing this, it was down the Book and would not read any not surprising that the editor in chief more at that time. If I should open it should, in utter desperation, when his again to-morrow and find something regular lay very ill offer us the position else, I will let you know." temporarily. Of course we accepted, The same house publishes in the Handy for did it not mean unlimited theatre Volume Series, price 30 cts. A Condengoing ? sation of Mr. Trevelyan's 'Life and Let-

ing, and are sure he did scold-when it was needed-or things would not have gone so smoothly.

An Old Fashioned Love Letter.

D. Appleton & Co., have just published a "LIFE OF DR. EMASMUS DAR-Charles Darwin, of this day. In it, among other interesting things, we find all the Tractarians. You and Alice a love letter, addressed to Miss Mary Howard, a few days before his marriage to her, a portion of which we reproduce for the amusement of the readers of the SIGNAL. There seems to have been in those days no positive rule for the use of capital letters, either in manuscript or print; each writer apparently throwing them in like pepper, or salt, to suit

himself : DARLSTON, Dec. 24th, 1757. MY DEAR POLLY :- As I was turning over some old mouldy volumes that were taid upon a Shelf in the closet of my Bed Chamber, one I found, after blowing the dust from it with a Pair of Wilberforce." Bellows, to be a Receipt Book, formerly no doubt, belonging to some good Old Lady of the Family. The Title Page, so much of it as the rats had left, told us it was "A Bouk off verry many muckle vallyed Receipts bouth in city and Easter Sunday in another, and Kookery and Physics." Upon one Page was-"To make Pye Crust"-"To make Tarts," and at length "To make Love." This receipt, says I, must be curious, I'll send it to Miss Howard next Post, let he way of making it be what it will. Thus it is-"To make Love:" Take of Sweet William and of Rose Mary, of each as much as is sufficient, To the former of these add of Honesty and of Herb of Grace, and to the latter Eye-Bright and Mother-Wort, of each large Handful, mix them separately, and then chopping them altogether add one Plumb, two sprigs Heart-Ease and a little Tyme; and it makes a most excelent dish; probatum est. Some put in Rue and Cuek-old Pint, and Heart Chokes and Coxcomes; and Violents, bat these spoil the flavor of it entirely. and I even disprove of Sallery, which some good cooks order to be mixed with it. I have frequently seen it Tossed up with all these at the Tables of the

Great, where nobody would eat of it, the verry appearance was so Disagreeable. Then followed "Another Receipt to should learn it. It begins : Though Quakers scowl, though Baptists howl.

Though Plymouth Brethren rage, We, Churchmen gay, will wallow to-day, In apple sauce, onions and sage.

Ply knife and fork and draw the cork, And have the bottle handy; For each slice of goose will introduce A thimbleful of brandy.'

Is it not good? I wonder who the author can be. Not Newman, I think. It is above him. Perhaps it is Bishop

Regularly every Easter, he would take his nieces and nephews on a tour among the cathedral towns, they would start on Thursday, spend Good Friday in one go back to London on Easter Monday. Sometimes he would vary the routine by a trip to Paris or the great churches on the Loire, "but in the course of twenty years," says Mr. Tevelyan, we had inspected at least once all the Cathedrals of England and Wales." The whole book is interesting and valuable for those who do not care for the larger work by Mr. Tevelyan.

NEW YORK.

The Charity Ball last night was a sucess. The Charity Ball always is a success here ! Good years and 'bad years' as noted by the index of Wall St., may make some difference in the profits, atter all expenses are paid, but when Fashion and Charity combine, they are allpowerful. So many different forces are brought into play, so many contradie-MARRIAGE. tory passions appealed to. To be one of the 'Lady Managers' is social promotion BY MARY A. READ. to the late "arrivees," as some witty Frenchman designates the occupants of he lower round of Fashion's ladder,-The word marriage implies the exisothers, who are permanently outside, or | tence of two complementary forces atperhaps, beyond Fashion, like to see the | tractive to each other. This affinitygathering, or, even show their one ball to use a chemical expression-this tendress, laid up in lavender, till the season dency toward unification is the spirit, comes round again-others go, because the essential element, without which it it has been their custom for twenty years. ceases to be, leaving but a dead body, Quiet girls, who do not have many op- an empty form. From the standpoint portunities for dancing, but are none the of nature, and in the language of sciless fond of it, go, because the floor and ence, marriage expresses the broad fact music are pertect, and it is the one pub- of the union of the sexes by mutual atlie Ball in New York, where it is 'on traction. It is limited to no particular regle' to be seen amongst the dancers. form of consummation, but rigidly ex-Young men go, because each 'Lady cludes, as base counterfeits, all mere Manager being credited with twelve mercenary contracts or enforced alliantickets, at five dollars apiece, takes this ces. We will consider marriage, then, opportunity and mode to compliment, not in the narrow aspect of a custom of the society men, who have helped along man's contrivance, varying in different her "Teas" and 'Dinners.' Others go, countries and among different races, but because they are interested in the insti- as a fact pervading all life; the manitution, for whose benefit it is given. festation of a natural law which, by vir "The Nursery and Child's Hospital"- tue of its being a natural law, is taken the best organized, and best conducted out of the domain of human control.

on one or two of the more "gorgeous" costumes, the whole front of the cortorial costumes that are at once our envy than one or two grand costumes, and could well spare their odd moments (I Spain's marriage," and am reminded of something else. I have read, that: "at the King of Poland in 1785 (not a hunvery highest family could boast the possession of a single handkerchief." The young Arch Duchess has no less than twelve dozen of each garment, while the royal annals of France record, that the wife of King Charles VII was " the only woman of her day," who had more than two at a time, of any 'linen' garment. Buz Buzz.

> General Grant is the first ex-president who has visited the upper part of South

Harrison, Accompanist ; Mr. R. Berry, Conductor; Capt. C. A. Abbey, Stage Manager.

As pug dogs are beautiful in proportion to their ugliness, so burlesque operas are good, just in proportion to their utter literary worthlessness, and absurd travesty of things as they are. Judging by this standard, we unhesitasingly pronounce " Pinafore " most excellent; for the satisfaction of those who ask, as a dear old gentleman of our acquaintance did the other day, "What is the merit of this Pinafore that they are all going crazy over? I have just read it and it seems to me absurd nonsense." So it is, and as such very difficult to act up to the mark, and yet not shoot beyond it. The burlesque should be so nicely represented as to seem

natural-in a corresponding situation, and this nice discrimination was most happily observed by the whole troop of actors. There was but one defect in the whole getting up and mis en scene. "Little Buttercup" was decidedly too

"But you must write the musical ters of Lord Macaulay," with some addcriticisms also."

This quenched our ardor; for music is published "Selections from the Corresto us a terror, as well as a terra incognita pondence of the late Macvey, Napier," woman's wit saved us, and we decorously replied that being country-bred, we we decorously to one of his little nieces. It was a con-

charity in New York. Last night was Man loves, not where he will, but where no exception to the rule. The Academy he must.

Aspiration is an all-pervading fact of of Music, where the Charity Ball is al ed material, from the recently ways given, was filled at an early hour, nature; nay, more-it is the spring of and crowded by 12 o'clock. It is the motion, which is life. Everything that custom of the Lady and Gentlemen Man- exists prays continually; the mineral, agers to enter the ball-room at 104, in a for transformation into a finer and more

Carolina since Washington passed through in his private carriage in the year 1797.

Miss Yocum, a school teacher of Kittitas Valley, Oregon, has taken up a land claim, fenced it, built a house, and this year raised 612 bashels of grain, besides teaching he school.

CALIFORNIA FERNS. SIX EXQUISITE DESIGNS FOR FIVE Dollars. One for one dollar. Crossee, Bouquets, Mottoes, ecc., any size, and any design, made to order. Goods free by

mail GLEN OAK FERNERY. Address, Bernardo, San Diego Co., Cal. Sample Ferns on cards, 10 cents each ariety. jan. 21-'80-tf. variety. WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

PURCHASING AGENCY MRS. VIRGINIA E. HERVEY, having had some years' experience in the business, offers her ser-vices to the ladies of the State in selectir g goods of any kind, from the Haleigh Market, and forwarding to purchasers no managed by

mod " seen and TERMS ; wood date W