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J. J. STEWART, EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

# ANOTHER LETTER FROM BILL ARP.

"Bill Arp," who lately made a very happy hit, in a letter to Artemus Ward. has written the following in the same strain on the state of the country:

From the Rome Courier.

BILL ART ON THE STATE OF THE COUNTRY. "Sweet land of Liberty, of thee I sing"

Not much I don't, not at this time. It there's anything sweet about liberty in this part of the vineyard, I can't see it. The land's good enuf and I would'nt mind hearin a hyme or two about the dirt I live on, but as for findia sugar and liberty in Georgy soil, its all a mistake. Howsumever, I'm hopeful. I'm much calmer and sereener than I was a few months ago. I begin to feel kindly to wards all people, except some I'm now adeaverly to be a great vational man. ve taken up a mottoe of no North, no uth, no East, no West; but let me I you, my friend, I'll bet on Dixie as g as I've got a dollar. It's no use to both skedules. In fakt its highly rmonious to do se. I'm a good Union i, and my battle cry are Dixie and the

But you see, my friend, we are gettin stless about some things. The war had kum mity heavy on us, and after the g collapse, we thought it was over for od. We had killed folks and killed Iks until the novelty of the thing had ore off, and we were mity nigh played rt all over. Children were increasin d vittels diminishin. By a close callashun it was purseeved that we did'nt I our enemies as fast as they was imrted, and about those times I thought was a pity that some mirakle of grace I'nt cut off the breed of furriners some or 20 years ago. Then you would e seed a far fight. General Sherman ald'nt have walked over the track, Ulyses would have killed more men n he did-of his own side. I hav alvs that' that a General ought to be rtikler which side he was sacrifisin.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION AND AD- freedom? The fakt is, general Sherman of like he was the greatest man in the world, and and the poor girl fell mortally wounded. and his caterpillers made such a clean we was the greatest man in the world, and and the poor gard len mortally wounded.

She died three hours later, after assuring sweep of everything, I don't see much to large our chemies? Nobody but a durned sneak. They took so many liber. They but took so many liber. They have been been a surfaced our people? Who her unhappy husband that she felt certain he did not know the tiffe was load. ty left. I could have rekonstrukted a But if Andy holds his own, the country's safe, prothousand sich States before this. Any vided these general assemblys and sinods and Bish-

> m any longer. Everybody is tired of the war and we dont want to see any more signs of it. The niggers dont want | them "wspaper scribblers who slip down to the 'em, and the white men don't want 'em, edge o Dixey every 24 hours, and peep over at us and as for the wimen-whoope! I golly! Well, there's no use talking-when the and ded-he ain't dead-look out everybody.stars fall agin maybe the wimen will be I'm jestrom thar-seed his toe move-heard bim harmonized. That male business—that grunt; e's goin to rise agin. Don't withdraw the sojers, bt send down more troops immegeately." They always was jealous about the males and slanders in every issue-makin anyhow, and that order jest broke the insulan poters in every sheet-breedin everlastin They always was jealous about the males cansel's back. Well, I must confess that | discard and chawin bigger than ever since we got it was a powerful small concern. I would try to sorter smooth it over if I knowed what to say, but I don't. If they was afreed of the winner why didn't they say roll. barraw for a brave soldier, I say, reb or no so. If they wa n't what do they make reb yar or no yark; hurraw for a manly foe and 'em swear for? Jest to aggravate 'em? a generos rictor-harraw for our side too, I golly, Didn't they know that the best way to harmenize a man, was to harmonize his wife dir t. What harm can the wimen do by receivin their letters oath free? They can't vote, nor they can't preach, nor bold offis, no play soldier, nor muster, nor wear breeches, nor ride straddle, nor cu s, nor chaw tob cker, mor do nuthin hardly but talk and rite letters. I
> hearn that a valant kernel made a wimhe was the true prince," and it would make any
> en put up her fan because it had a pikter en put up her fan because it had a pikter body brave to be nigh him. I like all the John of Borygard 'pon t. Well she's harmonized, I reckon. Now the trouble of all count ground it. For tweny years me and Sam Roberts, Hutchison & Forter. sich is that after these bayonets lea e have been workin together in the justice court. here and go home, these pettycoat tyants can't come back any more. Some Mrs. Am. Hurrew for the Johnsons's Georgy fool will mash the juice out of em sertim, and that wouldn't be neither be thankful for. I'm thankful the war is overharmonious or healthy. Better let the that's the big thing. Then I'm thankful I ain't a wimen alone.

Then there is another thing I'm waitin for. Why don't they rekonstrukt the ilege of batin all such. I'm thankful I live in Dixey niggers if the y a e evergoin to ! They've in the State of Georgy; and our Governor's name give 'em a powerful site of freedom, and ain't Brownlow. Poor Tennessee! I golly, didn't very little else. Here's the big freedmen's buro, and the little buros all over the devil if they ex ekt it to pass. Wonder what the country, and the papers are full of grand orders and special orders, and paragrafs, but I'll bet a possum some of 'em steals my wood this winter or freezes to death. Freedman's buro! freedman's humbug I sav. Jest when the corn needed plowin the worst, the bure rung the bell and tolled all the niggers to town, tion I have yet observed. and the farmers lost the crop, and now the freedman is gettin cold and hungry, and wants to go back, and there aint nuthin for 'em to go to. But freedom'is a big thing. Harca for freedom's baro! Sweet land of liberty, of thee I don't sort that runs after big folk's things, the stall ain't sing! But it's all right. Im for freedom myself. Nobody wants any more slavery. If the aboltishunists had let us aione we would have fixed it up right a long time ago, and we can fix it up now. The bure aint fixed it, and aint a goin to It don't know anything about it. Our people have got a heap more feel a for the poor nigg r than any abulishinist. We are as poor as Job, but I'll bet a dollar we can raise more money in Rome to build a nigger church than they did in Bostown. The papers say that after goin round for 3 week, the Bosfown christians raised thirty seven dollars to build a nigger church in Savannah. They are powerful on theory but

mighty scace on practice. But its no use talkin. Everpoody will know by waitin who's been foold. Mr. Johnson says he's gwine to experiment, that's all that he can do now--its all anybody can do. Mr. Johnson's head's level. I'm for him, and every body ought to be for him-only he's powerful slow about some things. I ain't a worshippin him. He never made me. I Well, if the war is over, what's the hear folks hollerin hurraw for Andy Johnson, she went. Her young husband then took of fillin up our towns and cities with diers any longer. Where's your restruktion that the papers say is goin he ain't a hangin of us, is it necessary to be playin

I say let lem hang and be hanged to 'em, before I'd beg em for grace. Whe's Sokrates, wher's Cato? body could. There was nt nuthin to do but jest to go off and let us alone. We've go plenty of Statesmen—plenty of men for Governor.

Joe Brown aint dead—he's a waiting standin at the door with his heart of the standin at the door with his heart of the connections will keep the devil and Brown-law tied. Here's a passel of slinkhearted fellers who played tory jest to dodge buthits or save properly, now how lin about for offis—want everything besutes her with the standing at the door with his heart of the connections will keep the devil and Brown-law tied. Here's a passel of slinkhearted fellers who will not be to be the standing to be the connections will keep the devil and Brown-law tied. Here's a passel of slinkhearted fellers who played tory jest to dodge buthits or save property. The standing at the door with his heart of the connections will keep the devil and Brown-law tied. Here's a passel of slinkhearted fellers who played tory jest to dodge buthits or save property. The standing the passel of slinkhearted fellers with the same tied. Here's a passel of slinkhearted fellers with the passel of slinkhearte

for de conperhead, and ax nothin to boot. Let en slinny on their own side, and git over among the fots who don't want us reconstrukted. There's on tip le. Then they run back a puffin and blowing wit a stright coat tail, and holler out, "He And her's your Harner's Weekly a headin all such liked. Wah old Stonewall had corch these Harpers at their Ferry, and we boys had knowd they was gong to keep up this devilment so long. We'd a madebaptists of them sertain, payroll or no payexcuse te, but sish expressions will work their way out snetime, brakes or no brakes.

But I'mfor Mr. Johnson. I'm for all the Johnsors-its bully name. There's our Governor, who aint pin at a discount; and there Andy, who is doin poverful well considering, and there's the hero of Shoh—peace to his noble ashes.

And flas s Joe-my bully Joe -wouldn't I walk ten miles on ramy night to see them hazel eyes, was an everlastin defendant, and Sam the Constable, but he never sold my property nor skeered

Well, on the whole, there's a heap of things to black republican. I'm thankful that Thad Stevens and Summer and Phillips, nor none of their kin ain't no kin to me. I'm thankful for the high privshe eatch & Andy Johnson's pardon's won't do rebs much good there. They better git one from ade Providence afflikt 'em with such a cuss.

But I can't dwell on sich a subjekt. Its highly demoralizin and unprofitable.

"Sweet land of Liberty, of thee," I could not sing in Tennessee.

But then we've had a circus once more, and seen the clown play round, and that makes up for a heep of trouble. In fact, its the best singn of rekonstruc-Yourn, hopin,

P. S .- And they hawled Grant's cabin a thousand miles. Well! Sherman's war horse stayed in my stable one night. I want to sell the stall to some Yankee State fair As our people ain't the no more than any other stall to the. State Fairs, its for sale. I suppose that Harpers Weekly or Frank Lesly will paint a pikter of it soon, by draw-B. A. in on their imagination.

A Tragic Wedding.

The town of Kaschus, in Hungary, has just been the scene of a tragic event. A gentleman of the environs was to be married to a young lady of the town, and on the day fixed for the wedding the bridegroom and his friends went in procession to Kaschus, preceded by a band of music, and firing rifles as ey pass d along. During the repast, which was served after the ceremony, one of the guest jested with the bradethe bride, who had gone to her mother orders. in the kitchen. The husband went to find his wife, and, seeing her in the midst of a group of women, requested her to return to the dining room. She playfully refused, and ran away, laughing as up a rifle, and, aiming at her, cried, "Come here Irma, or I will fire!" The bride laughed, and replied "Fire, if you OLD STAND, SALISBURY, N. 6 re rapidly! Where's the liberty and hipocrit around the factstool of power, and makin like!" The rifle went off that instant,

tain he did not know the rifle was load

The recent subsidence of the waters of the Seine, France, has revealed a num-ber of curiosiries lying in its muddy bed. Among other things, a double faced seal, engraved with the arms of Catherine de Madicio Medicis, was picked up beneath the as found a large harchet of black polished stone, of a singular make. The most curious discovery was, however, a small copper case, containing a portrait Mdlle. de la Valliere, painted in oil on metal. This work of art, which had remained for a century and a half at the bottom of the river, has undergone but litte alteration - the oarmine only had turned black.

\$75 REWARD. STOLEN ON NIGHT large limbs and frints, medium size about 8 yearsold, a little weak eyed. We willgive 25 dollars, reward for the Mule, and \$50 Weward for the Thief. MERONY & BROTHER.

Nov. 14th, 1865.

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children's cloths, in the latest fashions-would be pleased to see her former customers and the publis groom on the sudden disappearance of generally. Prices reasonable and prompt attention to Oet. 19, 1865-dly126

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