New Berne Weekly Journal.

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NEW BERNE ADVERTISEMENTS.

Whitty's Specialties

FOR THE

SPRING OF 1883.

ACME Pulverizing Harrow, Clod Crusher and Leveler.

Tennessee Wagon—The Farmer's Favorite.

The "BUCKEYE," Two-Horse Cultivators, with Sweep Attachments. Cultivates the whole row at one time.

The IMPROVED IRON CULTIVATORS (one horse) with attachments.

The Celebrated "CLIMAX" Cotton Plow, the best Cotton Plow in use.

The GILBERT FORCE PUMP. No well regulated family can afford to be without one.

THE "MAID OF THE SOUTH" Grist Mill. B. Bender, Jones Co., N C., says: "I have ground one bushel of GOOD meal in ten minutes with the 16 inch Mill bought of you." A. Tolar says "that the 24 inch Maid of the South Mill works to perfection, grinds 12 bushels of good meal an hour with perfect ease."

Oneida Engines, Stationary, Portable and Mounted; Kriebel's Vibrating Valve, Stationary, Portable, Mounted and Boat Engines.

Oneida Saw Mills, Hedges Saw Mills, } From $200 up to $950.

Saw Gummers, Side Files, Swages, etc., etc.

Novelty Belt Hooks—better than lacing or rivets.

Alligator Nut and Pipe Wrenches. You have only to see them to appreciate their advantages.

COTTON SEED OIL MILLS.

No. 1 Mill, capacity 2 tons a day, $1,800.
No. 2 Mill, capacity 4 tons a day, $2,500.

Extending to all a cordial invitation to give me a trial for anything in my line, I am, very respectfully,

JOHN C. WHITTY,
CRAVEN STREET, NEWBERN, N. C.

Carraway's Liver Pills.

Contains no CALOMEL or other MERCULIAL Ingredients, but are composed of

Pure and Unadulterated Vegetable Ingredients

MAKING THEM THE

Surest, Safest and Best Liver Pill on the Market.

☞ Try them and be convinced of their merit.

☞ All Druggists and Dealers keep them. 25 cents per box. sep1w1y

GEO. ALLEN & CO.,

Pollok Street, New Berne, N. C.,

Offers

Truckers' Peas,

Seed Potatoes,

Cotton Seed

Peruvian and Bone Guano,

Good Luck Guano,

Merryman's Super-Phosphate,

Lister's Dissolved Bone,

Whann's Plow Braud,

For Truckers and Cotton Planters.

PLOWS, HARROWS AND CULTIVATORS,

In Great Variety and at Very Low Prices.

GEO. ALLEN & CO.

NEW GOODS

—AT—

HOWARD & JONES.

We call especial attention to our large line of SHIRTS.

The *Elphinie Shirt*, the bosom of which will not break or crease, only $1.00.

The *Elm City Shirt*, manufactured for us; all the later improvements reinforced, and everlasting stays which prevent tearing down the back or up the sleeve; only $1.00.

Regular made British H. Hose; only 25c. a pair; a bargain.

Full line of Gents' Handkerchiefs, white and colored borders. We have just received a new lot of White Silk Handkerchiefs at $1.00.

New Ties and Scarfs just received.

Linen Duggy Robes, $1.25.

Our Spring Line of Clothing will soon be complete. Blue Flannel Suits in great variety.

Hats! Hats!! Hats!!! Closing out to make room for Spring Stock.

Give us a trial on Underwear. All wool goods at Cost.

Boys' Shirt Collars and Cuffs.

To arrive by next steamer—New Straw Mattings and full line of Boys' and Children's Clothing.

HOWARD & JONES,
Opposite Episcopal Church.

THE BURDENS OF LIFE.

As the eye of the reader falls upon the tittle of this paper, I hear him murmur to himself: "I will not take the trouble to read the article. It is a very dull and dreary subject, and the burdens of life are hard enough to bear without being bored by any moralizing about them." Well, you can get your moneys worth out of the *Ledger* even if you skip a column or two, and as the writer will never know whether anybody ever reads his paper or not, it makes no difference to him. It is not like seeing a congregation go to sleep while one is preaching.

The burdens of life are usually classified as real and imaginary. The distiction does not amount to much practically for, "as a man thinks so is he." My neighbor, Mr. Groanwell, who owns innumerable stocks, and has his funds packed away in a multitude of pigeon-holes, imagines that he is growing very poor—some of his rents have fallen off during the year, the Grand Junction pays only six per cent when it is used to pay eight or ten; the everlasting talk about the tariff disturbs the sale of his goods, and he tells everybody that he is going to ruin. He is going to ruin, so far as the comfort of life is concerned,—to all intents and purposes, he is a poor man. Another neighbor of mine, whose name I do not like to mention, imagines that he is afflicted with all manner of diseases, and his sleeping-room looks like an apothecary's shop,—he doses himself from morning till night, and from night till morning, and is constantly revising his will, in order that he may be ready for "the great change" whenever it comes. His friends say that there is really nothing the matter with him, and that if he would only give up his pills, and drops, and lotions, he would do well enough. But, the fact is, he is a sick man, in mind, if not in body.

The burdens of life vary according to one's position in society. The load which a rich man has to carry is very unlike that which rests upon the shoulder of the poor laborer. Each has his own cares and anxieties; one, because he possesses so much, and the other, because he possesses so little;—one, because he has no room where to bestow his goods and the other has no goods to put in his room. The poor often envy the rich and would be glad to change places with them, the rich sometime *say* that they envy the poor, but rarely propose to change places with them. The rich man suffers when the wine is sour and the game unpalatable; the poor man suffers when the potatoes are scanty and the bread comes short.

Men in high and responsible stations have their burden—other people's burdens to bear as well as their own; greedy office-seekers to satisfy, ugly compromises to be effected, difficult trusts to be discharged, blunders to be rectified, all of which the laborer as he goes home with his empty dinner pail at night, after the toils of the day are over, knows nothing.

Every period of life has its own burdens. The petty trials of childhood are sometimes very hard to bear. I wonder that we are not more considerate of the sorrows of our children, when we remember how much we once suffered under sharp rebuke for something which we could not help, or when we were put to open shame because of some trifling fault or harmless indiscretion. What can exceed the pangs of home sickness when the boy finds himself alone among strangers shut up at night in a strange room, and let loose at day among a crowd of unsympathizing companions who would only laugh at his tears, if he should dare to indulge in any such weakness. The loss of a favorite pet, or the failure to learn a difficult lesson, or the being sent out of the room because there is company, or marched off to bed in broad daylight when everybody else is wide awake and stiring—these are some of the petty burdens of childhood which only the child himself fully appreciates.

As we advance in years we get used to our burdens, and the habit of endurance, in a great measure, serves to lighten the load. When a man is obliged to do some disagreeable thing every day of his life such as driving into town at three o'clock in the morning with a milk-cart, he makes no ado about it; while it he had to get up at the same hour only once or twice in the month he would regard it hardship. We may even become unconscious of our burdens after we have carried them for a certain length of time.

Human nature has a singular facility in adapting itself to circumstances. I presume that the operatives in a powder mill are about as cheerful as other people. The hardships of the sea are not of much account with sailors. People that work all the year in the dark bowels of the earth get used to the dreariness, and cease to miss the song of the birds and the fresh blowing breeze. One would think life would be unendurable without a home, and yet the tramps go whistling on their winding and uncertain way.

A burden that involves the doing of some disagreeable thing grows heavier and heavier the longer it is deferred. At last when we are driven to the wall, we are astonished to find how easy it was to do it. If one disposes of his correspondence as soon as the mail comes in, he may not mind it much; but let the letters lie over for a while and they become a burden. If a tooth must come out, the sooner it is out the better. If a friend must be told some disagreeable thing, the sooner you get it off your mind the easier it will be for you, and perhaps for him. Let the molehill alone for a time, and it may grow into a mountain.

On the other hand, time is a great healer of troubles. You fret and worry, and torment yourself over something which seems to threaten you with very serious consequences; you twist it into all sorts of ugly shapes, and imagine all sorts of possible annoyances, you lose your appetite and your sleep in poring over it, until after a while somehow the cloud has vanished and the sky is clear again. Just when it vanished and what made it scatter, you cannot tell.

Even our substantial and real afflictions, for which there is no help and no remedy, time always softens; if it were not thus ordered, life would be unendurable. Few people go mourning all their days even though they may have been visited with the sorest bereavement.

There is a great difference in people, so far as the treatment of their burdens is concerned. Some find relief in pouring the tale of their sorrows into everybody's ear, while others close the door of their souls and shut in their griefs, and allow no one to see their sorrows. In one case, the fire burns itself rapidly out—in the other it smoulders slowly away and dies at last for want of ventilation. The reticent man suffers more than the loquacious mourner, the coals will keep alive much longer when they are covered with ashes than they do when the air is allowed to come to them. The demonstrative mourner gets relief much sooner than the silent sufferer.

The capacity of people for enduring trials differs very much. A burden which crushes one man to the earth, another man will carry without any great effort. The wind that freezes one only serves to brace another. The difference may be constitutional, or the result of niscipline, or both. All the burdens we carry either weaken or strengthen us. "To suffer and be strong," indicates the higliest style of man. It is not well for one to go through life and carry no burdens. He can never develop his best forces. No lofty summit can be reached without hard climbing. No victory can be won withot a battle.

Gustavus and Franklin.

N. Y. Ledger.

Not long since, while the life and character of Ben. Franklin furnished the subject for conversation, the incident of Gustavus of Sweden's repeated invitations to visit the great American Philosopher, and his response thereto, was spoken of; when one of our number remarked that Gustavus was honest, at all events.

I did not take exception to the remark at the time, simply because I do not care to dispute under such circumstances. But, truly, I do not think the king was honest—he was not sincere. I will tell the story, and then explain:

While Dr. Franklin was at the French Court, Gustavus III. of Sweden was making a visit to Paris; and mutual friends frequently besought the latter that he would allow them to introduce him to the philosopher; but he declined peremptorially. At length, a French nobleman, who was on terms of intimacy with the Swedish king, asked him why it was that he invariably declined an honor which any crowned head in Europe might be proud to enjoy.

The king replied: "No man can regard Doctor Franklin's scientific accomplishments more profoundly than I do; but the king who affects to like an enthusiast for popular liberty is a hypocrite. As a philosopher, I love and admire Benjamin Franklin; but, as a politician, I hate him; and nothing shall ever induce me to appear on terms of intimacy and personal friendship with a man whom my habits and my position in life oblige me to fear and detest."

Now, there we have Gustavus's declaration of fear and hatred; but was it the influence of the liberty-loving American that he feared? No. Every word he utters gives proof that it was his own sense of eternal justice—the voice of Liberty within his own bosom—it was his own conscience that held him back from meeting the man with whose principles his inmost soul sympathized, but with which the *policy of the king* was at variance.

A Lake on Fire.

The burning of Moscow is described as "an ocean of flame." The scene of a burning lake here related must have been equal in grandeur to that conflagration, and none the less impressive for being a wonder of nature. Imagine a bon-fire four or five square miles in extent! It is said that from one of the chief naphtha wells in Russia the liquid shoots up as from a fountain, and has formed a lake four miles long, and one and a quarter wide. The depth is, however, only two feet. This enormous surface of inflammable liquid recently became ignited, and presently an imposing spectacle, the thick, black clouds of smoke being lighted up by the lurid glare of the central column of flame, which rose to a great height. The smoke and heat were such as to render a nearer approach than one thousand yards distance impracticable. Suitable means for extinguishing the fire were not at hand, and it was feared that the conflagration would spread underground in such a manner as cause an explosion. This supposition led many of the inhabitants of the immediate vicinity to remove to a safer distance. The quantity of naphtha on fire was estimated as four and a half million cubic feet. The trees and buildings within three miles, distance were covered with thick soot, and this unpleasant deposit appeared on persons clothes, and even on the food in the adjacent houses. Not only was the naphtha itself burning, but the earth, which was saturated with it, was also on fire, and ten large establishments, founded at great expense for the development of the trade in the article, were destroyed.

A little girl in a Hartford Sunday school, unused to diplomatic ways, sidled up to her teacher and naively as could be said: "Mother wanted me to find out in a roundabout way whether you are Mrs. or Miss———."

Largest House of Worship in America.

The cathedral in this city (Puebla, Mexico) is the largest house of worship on the continent, says a corespondent. The principal front has three spacious entrances, displaying different styles of architecture and with many statues. The two towers on thisside are over 200 feet in height and built at a cost of $200,000. Midway betweed those two towers is a gigantic clock, with gilt metal face, ornamented with three statues, representing the three theological virtues. There I counted fifty bells, three of which were the largest I ever saw; one in particular, measuring thirty-five feet and two of them weighing 15,000 pounds each. The main building was begun in 1573, and was not finished for ninety odd years, costing $1,700,000. The dimensions of the building are 450 feet in length by 225 in width, and the cupola in the center is about the same height as the two towers. There is also entrance to the prebendary on the east side and two more entrances on the north side, and just here is the chapel where the clergy are burried. In one of the numerous chapels the pardon mass is and has been said, every half hour during the year, from time whereof memory of man runneth not to the contrary. The painting and statues are two numerous to particularize and are in keeping with the grandeur and magnificence of the structure which they adorn, the most noticeable being a fresco painting in the cupola, representing the Assumption of Our Lady. In the columns which sustain the main altar are found statues representing evangelists, apostles and the principal saints, covered with costly and precious stones and jewels. The ballustrade surrounding the front of the altar has sixty statues of eastly metal, each of which holds a chandelier. The church has many precious stones which are only shown on extraordinary occasions and celebrations, and which were presented by emperors and faithful sons of the church for centuries past.

Outwits her Lawyer.

The Kansas city Mo. *Times* says: While the papers are recounting the reminiscences of Tom Bowen, the senator-elect from Col., some of pioneers of Corydon, this State remember him as having practiced law here when the town was yet in its infancy. An amusing anecdote which is well vouched for, is related of the future Senator. One of the wealthy and prominent citizens of this place had a misunderstanding with his wife, which finally resulted in a divorce and heavy alimony for the injured fair one, culminating in the almost complete bankruptcy of her husband. The peculiar feature of this case seems to have been that the woman had quietly used her husband's credit to know her own advantage without his knowledge, and made a large number of debts which he was compelled to pay, while she had so successcully secreted all monies and property that nothing could be found, and he was compelled to pay all her debts. The result was obtained through the adroitness and finesse of Tom Bowen. Mr. Bowen thought he had earned and well deserved a handsomed fee, but when he went to his fair client for his reward she replied, with an arch smile: "Sir, my husband pays my debts." The shrewd woman had outwitted both her husband and the lawyer.

That Great Artist, Von Dobb.

Talking of foreign things reminds me. I have an artists friend who, though he is American to the backbone, rejoices in a very European name. Some years ago he had to go to Paris. He had a number of pictures, but no dealer would touch them at any price because they were painted here. They were too cumbrous to be carried away, and he was in despair as to what disposition to make of them, when he noticed that Leavitt was getting up a mixed sale of foreign pictures. He dropped in and said:

"I have a lot of pictures I would like to put on sale with you. They are by Von Dobb, and are first class."

"Von Dobb, eh?" said the auctioneer. "You don't say so. Why, I don't believe we have a Von Dobb in the collection."

"I'm pretty sure you haven't, for these are the first of his that have come to America. I'll send them in tomorrow."

And he did, and got better prices for them than he has yet begun to command for his canvass under his own name.

Break it Gently.

It is often wise not to tell bad news all at once. Patrick applied the rule to good news, though for a different reason;

A gentleman was recently asked by one of his newly-imported farm hands to write a letter for him. The substance of it was advice to his friend, Tim O'Brien, to come out to America.

"Tell him, your honor," said Patrick, "that we have meat twice a week here."

"You know very well that you get it every day," I interrupted.

"Troth, an' I do; but he would think I was fooling him. Sure, he'd not believe me."

Work.

The man or woman who engages in some congenial, regular work will never be on the brink of despair; their names will never be chronicled in the list of self-destroyers, for in idleness alone is despair. Work chases it way, no matter how thickly the clouds may have gathered. Nature is one vast work shop teeming with millions of busy workmen. If we follow in their footsteps, all will be well. The beauties, gifts, and glories of nature may be scattered around us in great profuson, yet she demands toil to reach out and grasp them, and utilize them to our fancies and wants.

THE VIOLIN'S VOICE.

The Pathetic Story of a Musician and a Dying Child.

The dark angel of death was standing outside the musician's door, for little Annita, Maestro Narditti's child, was fading away: no tears, no prayers could avail, not even Carissima's lovely voice.

Carissima's voice was hushed now the maestro had no heart to take up his dearly loved violin and play to sooth his sorrow, as he had done many years ago, when his wife died and left this little one behind.

Heaven had given him the divine gift of genius and had bidden him call aloud to the world. So Carissima and he had played together through sickness and sorrow and success, and through all the changing scenes of life they had been faithful friends.

They had just cmoe back from the crowded hall; the people said never before had the maestro played so beautiful and that never before had the violin's voice sounded so mournful and pathetic.

Well, you see, they did not know the reason; but we do, for both were thinking of the little dying girl, and how could their thoughts be anything but sorrowful or the outward expression of those thoughts be anything but mournful?

The father was weping by his child's bed-side. But she said: "Do not weep—sing to me—sing me to sleep, for I am so weary, dear father, and the evening has been so long without the."

Then he rose and played to her, and she closed her eyes and listened happily to Carissima's voice. It sang a song without words—the music told the tale—of a pure young life, too pure for earth, and, therefore, to be taken away to that fair land where only the good and pure and true dwell. Yet it was hard to leave the earth, harder still to leave the dear ones behind and to know that they would be so desolate, and here the violen's voice sobbed and trembled as if from sorrow, and the melody became sadder and softer, as if describing the very parting which was soon to take place, then the lingering notes died away, and the maestro's hand was still.

"Is that all?" murmured the child; "oh, play again."

Once more he raised his bow on high and the air resounded with a psalm of triumph—the same melody, but no longer soft or sad, for the gates of the fair lands were opened wide, and amid the jubilant strain the child had passed away with the angel of death.

City Of Mexico.

The stranger in the city of Mexico soon learns that he is seven thousand four hundred and sixteen feet above the sea level. The rarefied atmosphere compels him to avoid doing many things which at home he did with impunity. Young ladies discover that waltzing is out of question until they have become acclimated. Young gentlemen, after one or two experiences, do not run up stairs. If they are lodged in the fourth story of a hotel, they think twice before leaving their rooms; for there are no elevators or "call-boys," and going up and down stairs after some forgotten article is wearisom to the flesh and vexatious to the spirit.

Another effect of the rarefied atmosphere is to make the mountains surrounding the valley in which the city is situated, appear as a near background to the streets, though they are twenty to forty miles away. In the early morning, or at sunset these mountains seem to rise abrupt at the ends of the streets, which runs north and south or east and west. The phenomenon is due to the rarefied atmosphere, which admits the passge of more rays of light than the more condensed air thetourist has been in the habit of breathing.

The climate is favorable to physical vigor and to longevity. The natives are picturesque and well-formed. Humboldt says that he never saw a humpback native Mexican Indian, and seldom one who squinted, or was lame in the arm or leg. Their hair seldom becomes gray or their skip wrinkled.

An English traveller remarks that he had pointed out to him several men and women who were over one hundred years of age. One Mexican women was met by the President of a New York life insurance company, whose age, as attested by a church register, was one hundred and thirty-four years.

Tourists are attracted to the policemen, who are stationed throughout the city about one hundred yards apart. They do not appear to move far from their posts, and at night a lamp is placed on the ground in the centre of the street to indicate their whereabouts. These lambs have a single effect, and drivers of vehicles must avoid upsetting them, under the penalty of a heavy fine.

Among other things that strike a stranger favorably is the politeness of the people. They move about without crushing or crowding, and ladies and children can return from place of amusement, late at night, without molestation.

A Soft Answer Turneth Away Wrath.

On a Lake Shore train coming into Detroit the other day was a newly married couple, the bride appearing to be about twenty-five years old and the groom being a dapper little chap a year or two younger. A lady who came aboard at Wyandotte took a seat just ahead and after a few minutes she heard the pair criticising her bonet and cloak and general style. Without showing the least resentment in her countenance she turned round in her seat and said:

"Madam, will you have your son close the window behind you?"

The son closed his mouth instead, and the "madam" didn't giggle for sixteen miles.

The bridge by which the Harrisburg and Western railroad will enter Harrisburg will be nearly two miles in length and will cost $3,600,000.

STATE NEWS

Gleaned from our Exchanges.

Durham *Tobacco Plant:* The series of meetings in progress at the Methodist church for the past three weeks, under the ministry of Rev. T. A. Boone and Miss Painter, closed Sunday night. Thirty-four persons professed faith in Christ and fifteen connected themselves with the church. From here Miss Painter went to Orange Factory for the purpose of holding a meeting.——All grades of tobacco sold remarkably high last week. Farmers were all delighted.

Raleigh *News and Observer:* Mr. Bart Moore leaves this city tomorrow or Monday for Europe and will remain abord some time.——Wherever the worms cut down the grass into the capitol square the first grass does not now grow, but weeds do in abundance. The keeper of the capitol says he will have to do considerable re-seeding to get the grass vigorous again.——Yesterday Mr. Lincke placed in Neuse river 88,000 young shad. They were hatched at the State fish ponds here from eggs brought from Avoca. Just 100,000 eggs were sent up by Mr. Worth, so only 12,000 failed to hatch.——Treasurer Worth brought back with him from New York $350,000 in old State bonds, for which he issued new bonds while there. The idea of going to New York and receiving these bonds there proved to be a good one.

Elizabeth City *Economist:* Davis and Weymouth made a haul of 8,600 shad, and a big sturgeon, that we saw on Friday. Brinkley's haul was about 6,000. Fish are scarce but the price is extra good, owing to the scarcity.——The farmers of Pasquotank met in the court house on the 28th ult., to organize a club in the interest of agriculture. The object of the meeting was stated by Sheriff F. F. Cahoon, On motion of F. F. Cahoon, Major Bell, was called to the chair. On motion of T. L. Sanderson, F. F. Cahoon, was appointed Sec. On motion of T. E. Palmer, the Chair appointed a committee of three, T. L. Sanderson, Robert Williams and Mr. Burfoot, to prepare by laws to be handed in the next meeting. T. L. Sanderson, moved that the labor question for debate at their next regular meeting. Having no further business they adjourned to meet Saturday next.

Farmer and *Mechanic:* Heroism takes some curious shapes now-a-days. It actually turned up the other day in shape of a traveling "Drummer;" and worse still his name it was Higgins: and it is even alleged that he hailed from the land of cheek and——Michiganders! All these things are greatly against him: yet was Higgins an hero! For when the railroad collision occurred near Battle creek, Mich; and the passengers were spilled down a steep bank into a swamp, where some were burned and some were in a swoon, a dusty drummer named J. W. Wiggins was dreadfully hurt—scalded until his flesh dropped in bits as he moved. He was the first to be dragged out of the burning pile. The only words he said were: "Boys, I'm going to die anyway; just leave me here and save some of the others." The workers then turned away to release other passengers, and in a few minutes Higgins was dead.

Journal-Observer: Mr. Wm. Littles, Sheriff Alexander's industrious tax collector, got into trouble yesterday through his laudable endeavor to seize a bag of flour for taxes. He went to the store of Jeff. Hagler to collects Jeff's taxes. Jeff was not in, but his son was, and Mr. Littles not to make a water-haul altogether, picked up a sack of flour and started out with it. Young Jeff, however, swung on to one end and the result was a scuffle between the two, during which Mr. L. used bottom rock talk. Complaint was made before the mayor and Mr. Littles was summoned to appear for trial this morning.——That our farmers are going into the mortgage business pretty heavily, is evidenced from the fact that in April, the number of liens and chattel mortgages recorded at the Register's office, amounted to three hundred and ninety-two.——Constable King yesterday brought a colored man named Wm. Kearns to town in irons and lodged him in jail on a charge of having burned the grist mill, saw mill and cotton gin of Mr. W. B. Parks, near Hopewell, about a month ago. Kearns was arrested in Long Creek township Monday night and was yesterday tried before Justices Waring and Gluyas, who thought the evidence against him was sufficiently strong to admit of his being bound over to court. They placed him under a bond of $500, and failing to give this he was jailed.

Greensboro *Patriot:* Thirty-nine female patients of the Raleigh insane asylum passed through last night *en route* to the Morganton asylum. They were not half so noisy as a half dozen girls in another car, who were going to the western part of the State to spend the summer.——The water in the Albright pond was drawn off yesterday showing a most extraordinary yield of fish. Two years ago two German carp were placed in the pond, and the progeny of these two fish numbered yesterday 105, averaging about 23 ounces in weight. The stock fish, very small when put in the pond, weighed 7 pounds two ounces. Mr. John E. McNight brought some of the fish to town, and presented us with one of the yearlings. The time will come when fish ponds will be as common as tobacco patches. The German carp is the most prolific fish and it grows to immense proportions with the least possible care. When our people learn to eat more fish and less bacon they will know better how to appreciate a good newspaper. When the undertaking is too much for one farmer two or more can combine and build a pond on the joint stock principle. There is but little trouble to secure stock fish. In two years time from the planting of the pond the yield is sufficient for a dozen families.

Wilmington *Star:* The storm of Tuesday night was quite severe here, and the rain poured almost in torrents. The velocity of the wind here, as reported by the Signal Office, was 24 miles per hour. At Smithville the maximum velocity was 35 miles; at Fort Macon 36 miles; at Hatteras 40 miles, and at Charleston 41 miles. The rain-fall in Wilmington for the eighteen hours ending at 7 A. M. yesterday aggregated 1.79 inches. At Charleston for the same period the fall is said to have aggregated 5.16 inches, which was immense.——We have had two days of the free delivery service, and we understand that it has worked smoothly and satisfactory to officials and people. We have every reason to believe that the service will prove a source of much convenience and benefit to Wilmington. If we do not fully realize this fact right at the start we shall no doubt be abundantly convinced of it before very long. Wilmington's growing population and importance entitle her to such benefits and attentions from the government, and we trust all are satisfied with the position we are taking among the big cities. There should next be a move made in the matter of securing suitable public buildings here. Wilmington is certainly sadly deficient in this particular, so far as U. S. Government buildings are concerned, and as compared with other cities of the same population.

Shooting at Robersonville.

On Thursday morning, April 26th, five shots were fired by Mr. Badger, the photographer, and M. A. Roberson of the village. The latter was seriously wounded, but not fatally; the former was scarcely hit. Mr. Roberson makes the following statement to your correspondent:

"Not long since, Mr. B. took some pictures for me. Not thinking them good, I threw them in the cook-stove of the restaurent. Some of them dropped below the grate, and failed to burn. On the evening previous to the shooting, I found one of them on his show-board with these words: 'Two hundred of this kind for one cent.' I took it off and destroyed it. Soon after he asked me if I did it. I told him I did; and he began to curse me very insultingly. He was drinking and I said but little to him. Next day we met; I demanded of him to make some amends for what he had said and done, on which he attempted to draw his pistol but I caught his hand. He stepped off a few steps and began to abuse me, holding the pistol in his hand. I told him to put his pistol in his pocket. Several words passed, and I called him a grand vagabond, and he shot me instantly through the chest, the ball being extracted under the right arm. Having my hand upon my pistol I drew it from my pocket and shot at him instantly. He ran off two or three steps, whirled and shot, missing me. I snapped at him at the same time. He ran into the bar-room, threw his face and hands from behind the door and shot, striking me just above the right knee, and the ball was extracted from the calf of the leg. At the same time I shot at him." C.

Jones County Items.

Home again, after an absence of several days, which were most delightfully spent by me.

Most of the cotton made last year in this county has been shipped. There is not much now behind.

Preaching at Trenton on Sunday, the 29th inst., by Rev. Mr. Johnson, Methodist. A good congregation is expected.

The river is too full to catch shad, therefore many are disconsolate—many people we mean—the shad are not, we presume.

Catharine Lake, Onslow county, is a lovely sheet of water, as clear as crystal, in a beautiful country. There are several stores there, and each seems to be doing a good business.

Your correspondent was out at Jacksonville at Onslow court. It was a lively court, and everything passed off quietly. The farmers seem to be making good headway on their crops.

The farmers of Jones complain of being behind in their crops, on account of the big rain on Monday last. The ground is too wet to plant cotton, and nearly all of them are ready for planting.

We found our old friend, Mr. Henderson Kinsey at Jacksonville as lively and industrious as ever. We met him at early morn at peep of day going to his work. He says "a man cannot do a day's work and commence at 8 o'clock." If the old maxim, "labor conquers all things" applies, then he is entitled to his reward.

Some of the young ladies from Jones who have been visiting friends abroad in other counties, have returned, and some are on their way. Thus one by one they slowly return to the parent fold again

No more to wander,
No more to roam,
After a long absence
From "home, sweet home."

Mr. William Murrill, of Jacksonville, lost a house by fire on Friday night of court week. It was occupied by a colored man and his family at the time. He it seems had awaked at some time during the night, built a fire and afterwards gone fishing. He was the first to discover the fire. He hastened to his home and found the house enveloped in flames. His family escaped with difficulty. The house was covered by insurance.

Trent river is higher than it has been since the large freshet of '77. Although it has been so full, we hear of no overflow of any consequence of the lowlands up the river. The cause is due to the dredging of the river below Trenton. Thanks to Uncle Sam for the money appropriated and spent for that purpose. Hope he will do us so again and again until the steamers can be able to leave their wharves at New Berne and explore the windings of the beautiful Trent to their source at Tuckahoe.

Beaufort Items.

Mr. David Morse has been elected delegate to the Grand Lodge of I. O. O. F.

Mr. A. C. Davis, Collector of Customs, has been confined to his room for some weeks.

Miss Sarah Davis' new house will be completed by 1st June. It will nearly double her capacity for summer guests.

Already they are beginning to come. Mr. F. G. Goddard, wife and daughter, of St. Louis, Mo., are at the Davis house.

The revival, which has been in progress at the Methodist Church for a month, conducted by Rev. N. M. Jurney, closed Sunday night. Quite a number professed faith in Christ, and 30 joined the Methodist Church.

Court convened on the 29th April. Judge McKoy's charge to the Grand Jury was in advance of any I ever heard. Quite a number of lawyers are present—Mr. Isler, of Goldsboro; Messrs F. M. Simmons, Stevenson, Manly, Bryan, Holland, and Judge Thomas from New Berne; Mr. C. R. Thomas, jr., of Beaufort, and Mr. Pelletier of Carteret county. This would indicate much business.

Professional Cards.

GEO. M. LINDSAY,
Attorney at Law,
SNOW HILL, Greene County, N. C.
References: Hon. A. S. Merrimon, Hon. T. C. Fuller, Raleigh, N. C.; A. Horne, Esq., Clayton N. C.
Will practice in the counties of Greene, Lenoir, Jones and Wayne. Collecting and conveyancing a specialty. Business entrusted to me will receive prompt attention. oct15 w1r

LEONIDAS J. MOORE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
(Office opposite Gaston House,)
New Berne, N. C.
Will practice in the Counties of Greene, Lenoir, Jones, Onslow, Pamlico and Craven; also in the U. S. District Court.
Prompt attention paid to the collection of claims. apr4w1y

P. H. PELLETIER,
Attorney-at-Law.
Will practice in the Courts of Carteret, Jones, Onslow and Craven.
Special attention given to the collection of claims, and settling estate of deceased persons.
PELLETIER'S MILLS,
mar1w1r Carteret County, N. C.

R. W. NIXON, CLEMENT MANLY, H. H. SIMMONS.
NIXON, SIMMONS & MANLY
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Will practice in the Courts of Craven, Jones, Onslow, Carteret, Pamlico and Lenoir, and in the Federal Court at New Berne. feb28dawly

P. MURPHY PEARSALL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
TRENTON, JONES CO., N. C.
Will practice in the Counties of Onslow Lenoir, Duplin, Sampson and Jones. Collecting a specialty. apr26-dawlf

PHIL. HOLLAND, JR. OWEN H. GUION.
HOLLAND & GUION,
Attorneys at Law,
(Office one door west of Gaston House.)
Will practice in the Counties of Craven Jones, Onslow, Carteret, Pamlico and Lenoir. Prompt attention paid to collections. apr22-dawly.

DR. G. K. BAGBY,
Surgeon Dentist,
Will be in New Berne from the
1st to the 15th of each Month.
In Beaufort from 15th to the 30th.
Office in New Berne, over E. W. & S. W. Smallwood's, corner South Front and Craven streets.
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of nitrous oxide. marti-dawly

DR. J. D. CLARK,
DENTIST,
NEWBERN, N. C.
Office on Craven street, between Pollock and Broad. april-dawly

New Berne Advertisements.

A. H. POTTER & CO.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
CONFECTIONERS,
MANUFACTURERS OF
FRENCH & AMERICAN CANDIES.
And dealers in Foreign and Domestic Fruits Nuts. Also Cigars, Tobacco, Toys, etc.
Pollock street, next to Geo. Allen & Co.,
w-1y NEW BERNE, N. C. sept20

Furniture!
When you come to New Berne for Furniture be sure to call at
JOHN SUTER'S,
ON MIDDLE STREET,
Second door above E. K. Jones'.
He keeps on hand Parlor Suits, Chamber Sets, Walnut Bedsteads, Bureaus, Wardrobes, Mattresses, Chairs, Lounges, Sofas, Centre Tables, etc. For sale at
ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.
jan2w1y

GEORGE BISHOP,

NEW BERNE, N. C.,
Keeps constantly on hand the FINEST QUALITY of
Metallic Burial Caskets and Cases, Rosewood and Walnut Caskets and Cases,
in all sizes, handsomely mounted.
—ALSO—
Poplar Coffins of all Sizes.
Orders by telegraph day or night promptly shipped by first train after order is received. octl9w1y

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HAS THE
LARGEST STOCK
OF
FURNITURE
In the City of New Berne. He has always in stock
Parlor Suits, Bedroom Sets, Mattresses, Chairs of every description,
In fact everything usually kept in a First-class Furniture Store, and will be
Sold Very Low.
Corner of Broad and Middle Streets,
NEW BERNE, N. C.
jna4w1y

DAIL BROS.,
WHOLESAE GROCERS
—AND—
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
NEW BERNE, N. C.
April 7, d w

Guano and Kainit.
1,500 sacks Fine Island Guano,
1,000 sacks Fish, Bone and Potash,
1,000 sacks Kainit, at $13.50 a ton.
500 sacks Pacific Guano,
500 sacks Royster's High Grade Acid Phosphate,
700 sacks Norfolk Fertilizer at $18 a ton.
Peruvian Guano.
E. H. MEADOWS & CO.,
Corner Pollock and Middle sts.,
Warehouse—Cotton Exchange Place,
NEW BERNE, N. C.