New Berne Weekly Journal.

H. S. NUNN, E. HARPER, Proprietors. | INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS. | Terms $2.00 Per Year.

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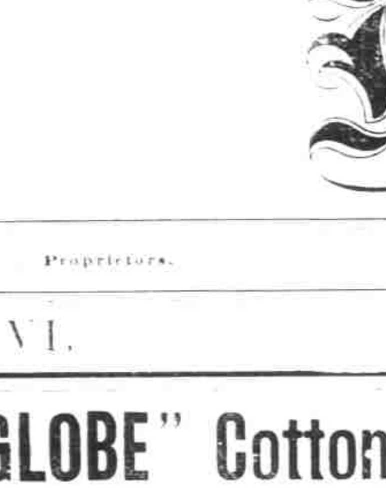
The "GLOBE" Cotton Planter

STANDS WITHOUT A RIVAL.

And is acknowledged the Best in the World.

The GLOBE contested with twenty-nine competitors at the Atlanta Exposition and bore off the One Hundred Dollar Gold Medal for being the best on exhibition.



The GLOBE PLANTER was awarded the following first premium medals at the Great Southern Exposition at Louisville, Ky.: First Cotton Planter Medal; Best Cotton and Corn Planter Medal; Best Cotton Seed Drill Medal; Best Cotton Seed Dropper Medal; Best Fertilizer Distributor Medal, over twelve other Cotton Planters.

It will sow in drills, drop in hills, distribute fertilizer, sow any kind of grain. You have only to see it to be convinced that it is THE BEST Planter now offered for sale, and any one doubting this fact, or claiming any other Planter to be equal to the GLOBE, I will hereby challenge any such party to a competitive field test anywhere in the vicinity of Newbern, N. C.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue and prices, and buy no Cotton Planter until you have seen the GLOBE.

J. C. WHITTY, Newbern, N. C.,
Agent for Eastern North Carolina.

SPECIALTIES:
"Buckeye" Riding and Walking Cultivators.
Kemp's Manure Spreader.
Cardwell's Corn Planters.
Tennessee Farm Wagons.

FARM SUPPLIES!

AT

OETTINGER BROS.

KINSTON, N. C.

At Reasonable Terms, Wholesale and Retail.

100 bbls. Heavy Mess Pork.
100 bbls. Family Flour.
100 Boxes and Caddies Tobacco.
100 Tons of Kainit.
25 bbls. Vinegar.
25 bbls. and half bbls. Lorillard's Snuff.
1,000 Dozens Coats' Spool Cotton.
1,000 Dozens Lion's Baking Powders.
Etc., Etc., Etc.

OETTINGER BROS.

KINSTON, JAN., 1884.

Wm. Pell Ballance & Co.,

GROCERIES,

TOBACCO, SNUFF,

CIGARS,

Fruits, Confectioneries

—AT—

WHOLESALE.

SOUTH FRONT STREET, NEWBERN, N. C.

We are not members of the Board of Trade, nor have we ever been, and we are carrying the Largest and Best Selected Stock of Fancy and Staple Groceries ever displayed in the city, consisting of the following:—

25 bbls. Best in the World Flour.
50 " South Lake Flour.
100 " Tip Top Flour.
100 " Purity Flour.
50 " Saratoga Family.
50 " Saratoga Extra Flour.
25 James River Super. Flour.
65 bbls. Pork.
5000 lbs. Fat Backs.
5000 lbs. Long Clears.
5000 lbs. Smoked Shoulders.
1250 gallons Molasses, Syrups, etc.
50 buckets Lard.
10 Tierces Lard.
25 Tin Cans Lard.
4000 lbs. choicest Cream Cheese.
1000 lbs. choicest Creamery Butter.
500 gallons Vinegar.
500 gallons Cider.
250 bags Salt.
15 bbls. Table Salt.
100 boxes Soap.
40 bags Coffee.
20 gross Essence Coffee.
100 boxes Cakes and Crackers.
150 boxes French and American Candy [illegible]
65 boxes Soda [illegible]
50 cases Pickles [illegible]
100 cases Baking Powders.
450 boxes Plug and Twist [illegible]
100,000 Medium and Fine Cigars [illegible]
1200 lbs. Lorillard and G. A. A. Snuff [illegible]
125 Boxes Raisins.
125 boxes French and American [illegible]
10,000 Florida and Jamaica Oranges.
1000 Messina Lemons.
2000 Porto Rico Cocoa Nuts.
5000 lbs. Pecans, [illegible]
200 boxes Scotch Herrings.
Canned Peaches [illegible]

And everything in the Grocery and Confectionery line, which we propose to sell at the VERY lowest living profit.

We carry a Full Line of Confectionery and Fancy Groceries, on which we charge a GROCER'S PROFIT ONLY.

We solicit only the cash trade
Come and see us.

A MODEL FARMER.

We copy below a paragraph from "Espee's" letter to the *Palladium* descriptive of Mr. W. L. Kennedy's farm in the Bucklesbury section of Lenoir county. It was our pleasure to visit this farm two or three years ago during the harvest season and witness the working of a new mower and binder which had just been introduced on the farm, and we then pronounced it the model farm of Lenoir county. After giving a brief sketch of Mr. Kennedy's early life, including the part he took in the late war, "Espee" says:

He bought a farm one time at a cost of $9,000 and from Dibble & Co. he borrowed all he needed to run it. In four years he had paid off his entire indebtedness, principal and interest. His father was getting old and wanted one of his sons at home. They and their sisters were married and settled elsewhere. He persuaded William to sell where he was and to buy his place. He gave him all the time he needed in which to complete the payment. The bargain was made, and the son became proprietor. In less than eight years he paid every debt, and now owns a property worth at the lowest valuation $50,000. Every year he has 150 acres in cotton, the same number in each small grain and corn, twenty in chufas, thirty in meadow, three in strawberries, two in orchards, two in vineyards, two in sweet potatoes, besides a large kitchen garden. He keeps 100 head of neat cattle, 150 hogs, ten yoke of oxen, nine mules, two family horses, and any quantity of turkeys and other poultry. In 1882 he raised 3,000 bushels of oats, 2,500 of corn, 500 of wheat, 100 bales (500 pounds each) of cotton, fifty tons of hay, and sold $1,000 worth of butter and beef, $500 worth of strawberries, besides making 200 gallons of wine. His annual net receipts from his crops are equivalent to eight per cent on the cash value of his estate. This is good farming, and after seeing the figures I asked how he did it. "I make it my business," he said, "to manage it myself. I take the agricultural and commercial papers, and see what others are doing, and what my produce is worth. I don't believe in the tenant or share system. I hire all my labor and pay every man once a month in full. I have no trouble with the laborers. Most of them are men who were once my father's slaves. He was a good master, and they all loved him and did not refugee. When they were made free he adopted the wages system and I have kept it up. It's every way cheaper and better than slavery was. I pay every man at the rate of fifty or sixty cents a day, give him his house rent free, a garden patch, all the wood he wants to burn and the use of a mule to haul it, besides his regular ration. If he wants food for his family I let him have it at the ruling cash price. The people like it and so do I. I don't rotate crops exactly but to a certain extent. The land I raise cotton on one year I put in oats and wheat the next. My corn land I have divided into two tracts. Each year I cultivate one and let the other rest. I don't save corn fodder by curing. After the crop is gathered I turn my cattle in and let them eat it. Their manure enriches the soil, and a year's rest does all else. I feed my grain straw in the stock yard all winter, and give them a little cotton seed meal besides. I keep my teams hauling wood litter then, and the trampling of the cattle with their droppings gives me a very rich compost. My horses and mules are fed on hay and thrive. I don't keep sheep though I would like to. There are too many dogs about. My strawberries I ship north. I am from two to three weeks ahead of Norfolk. If a railroad train running to meet our wants was an assured fact I should raise a great many more than I do, and my neighbors would cultivate them extensively. But I have found by a sore experience that I cannot be sure of a train for my berries. I calculated that all other things I send to market will cover my total expenses and that what I get for cotton is my net profit."

The Poultry Business Adapted to the South.

Mr. W. E. Mumford says in the [illegible] Atlanta, of March [illegible]: If the South takes her stand where she properly belongs in this great republic [illegible]

[illegible]

SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

BY D. S. CARRAWAY.

Texas is a country where people live and move, eat, drink whiskey, use tobacco, curse and—some—go to church. Perhaps these facts are known. The inhabitants of Texas raise cattle and—e're—the mischief; not so much of the latter, however, as is generally supposed, though occasionally some rather industrious Texas citizens raise this product of torpid spleens to such an alarming degree of ripeness and maturity that a far-seeing "fat heel" increases the distance between them and him with such rapidity that his coat-tail, if he happens to have a coat, sticks out behind like the extreme plumage of a swallow, while the soothing notes of the far-famed six shooter ring out in the destroying tunes in his rear. But the Texas people fight no more than other civilized people. The difference is, here we fight with umbrellas, walking canes and nature's weapons, while in Texas they use pistols, shot guns and bowie knives. Here we seek to give the fellow who has "sassed" us a "black eye;" there they strive to increase his travels by sending him to "the undiscovered country." None but officers are supposed to carry weapons, but when they get mad some how they manage to scare them up. Take it all in all Texas is a very peaceful country, save on the extreme border. They dislike to fight, which is very natural, taking in consideration the consequence of their indulging in this relic of barbarism.

The greater portion of Texas is prairie, a rich, black soil, which produces cotton, corn, wheat, oats, potatoes, etc. It is a splendid country for farming. The farmer has no "clearing up" to do, not any stumps for his plow point to strike making him rather bear those ills he has—in the stomach when the plow handles struck him—than fly to the promiscuous use of language.

The financial condition of Texas is very good indeed, especially for those in a condition to have the finances. Failures, though, are as frequent in Texas as they are in North Carolina. A man with money can make money in Texas as well as here. A poor man—well it were better he stay at home. Four, or even five years ago, it was different. Then a poor man had a corresponding chance with a rich one, now the rich man has "the drop on him."

There are a great many North Carolinians in Texas, but strange to say they are nearly all from the western and middle portions of the State; very few indeed from the eastern portion.

To sum it up Texas is a fine State; so is North Carolina. Wages are high there, it is true, but, in common parlance, so is "grub," and other necessities.

The people of Texas are made up from all States and all nations, and they are generally a good, clever, industrious and goahead people, but the way they love and worship the "almighty dollar" is a caution to those who go there possessed of some of the great "balance of power." They, generally speaking, are not a very religious people, though they are charitable and possessed of warm hearts. While but little can be said of their christianity, yet they are not much given to immorality as is generally supposed. They all pay as they go. They reverence the cash system and the credit system as we have in our country running accounts from year to year is almost entirely unknown.

Speaking of their charity reminds us of a little incident we witnessed in the large, thriving city of Fort Worth some months ago.

One bitter cold night quite a crowd of gentlemen were seated around the fire in the depot waiting room. Out doors the chill north wind blew a perfect gale and the snow fell thick and fast. An incoming train shrieked as if it were some animal in the agonies of death, and then rolling up to the platform stopped. The room door opened and a young lady, pressing to her bosom in fondest love a small infant just learning to lisp, entered. A chair being offered her she sat down before the fire and ignoring herself held her baby's tiny little hands towards the burning embers. A short silence followed which was broken by a sob. Looking up to see whence it came we beheld two large pearly tears rolling down the lady's cheeks. [illegible]

We all sat with tears [illegible]

"Miss, what be the matter?" [illegible]

[illegible] a hungry man's teeth on an aboriginal ham-bone.

FENCE CUTTING.

Texas has experienced much trouble and annoyance and loss of capital by the fence cutting excitement for the past few months. This lawlessness was occasioned by capitalists buying up State lands and fencing in more than they purchased. The land is laid off in large plots and capitalists who wished to open up a stock ranche would buy of the State all the land on the edge of one of these large plots and then fence in the whole, thereby reserving to himself the entire use of the interior and greater portion of the State, to which he had no more right than any other person. By this means they could get the benefit of thousands of acres of grazing land by buying only a few hundred acres. In many instances the central portion of the plot of land would contain a fine supply of water, which is an important item in cattle ranches, and perhaps these water courses and springs would be all in the neighborhood. So the poorer classes were debarred from watering their cattle.

This, we say, gave rise to the trouble, but bad blood, lawlessness and devilment finally became the prime cause. Had the fence cutters destroyed only those fences which enclosed land belonging to the State, they would undoubtedly have had some sympathy, but when they cut, burnt and entirely destroyed fences of honest ranchemen and farmers and began to commit other depredations, they lost all the sympathy of honest, peaceful men. At one time fence cutting became a perfect rage. Not only ranche, but farm, pasture and garden fences were completely destroyed. In some places war between the fence cutters and stockmen seemed inevitable and fights were common. In one town we visited, the stockmen and property owners were banded together and fortified themselves in the court house, while the fence cutters likewise took possession of the opera house. Business was stopped, stores closed, schools dismissed and dwellings fastened up and a terrible fight between the two factions would have resulted but for the interference of outsiders who succeeded in making a compromise between the two parties.

The fence troubles caused the State to lose millions of dollars in the decline of property value. Large and rich cattlemen sold their stocks and ranches at a great sacrifice and returned to their distant homes. At one time it was thought that the Governor would be compelled to call for volunteers to check the depredations in property, and fearing the next movement would be to draft able-bodied young men, we quietly packed our "duds" in as small sized package as possible and made ready to skip the "Lone Star" State for the reserves of good old North Carolina, where neither fence cutter nor stockman has aught to fear, and where the "owlingdoodle" sleepeth as soundly as the millionaire.

The Texas Legislature has now made fence cutting a felony, which has about checked it.

Destructive Avalanche.

[illegible], Col., March 12.—Monday a snow-slide descended to the little snowbound station of Woodstock, a branch of the South Park railroad, sixty-five miles southwest of Leadville, carrying away every building in the town, including the railway station. [illegible] was brought to Pitkin, nine [illegible] by a station hand on snow [illegible] arriving yesterday afternoon. [illegible] persons are known to have [been] caught in the avalanche, including Mrs. Doyle, a widow, who kept the [illegible] and her six children and another woman, name unknown, and [illegible] section men. Two women were [illegible] alive, but seriously injured. [illegible] of the section hand was rescued, but none of the others can [be] alive.

The snowfall in the mountain districts of Colorado the present winter is without parallel in the history of the State. Many mining camps in the west and south have been snow-bound since November. The Sanguan country is the greatest sufferer. Durango, Silendor [illegible] containing from 1,000 to 5,000 inhabitants each, are still blockaded, no train having reached either town in several weeks. [illegible] Kenridge, fifty miles north of Leadville, is nearly destitute. Montezuma, ten miles distant, is in a pitiable condition. Gunnison, situated a few miles from the largest coal mines in the State, is suffering from coal famine. The snow is eight feet on a level over the whole country and in ravines and gulches [up] to one hundred feet.

Bay and Anderson Surrender.

[illegible]

Terrible Mining Disaster.

[illegible]

CATCHING A BUFFALO.

Bill Nye's Strictures on a Hunt in the South Platte.

A pleasing anecdote is being told through the press columns recently, of an encounter on the South Platte which occurred some years ago between a Texan and a buffalo. The recital sets forth the fact that two Texans went out to hunt buffalo, hoping to get enough for a mess during the day. Toward evening they saw two gentlemen buffalo on a neighboring [illegible] near the Platte, and at once pursued their game, each selecting one [illegible]. They separated [illegible] Jack going one way [illegible] Sam went in the other direction. [illegible] soon got a shot at his game but the bullet only tore a large hole in the fleshy shoulder of the bull, and buried itself in the neck, maddening the animal to such a degree that he turned at once and charged upon his would-be slayer.

The astonished horse, with the wonderful courage, sagacity and *sang froid* peculiar to the broncho, whirled around two consecutive times, tangled his feet in the tall grass and fell, throwing his rider about fifty feet. He then rose and walked away to a quiet place where he could consider the matter and give the buffalo an opportunity to recover.

The infuriated bull then gave chase to Jack, who kept out of the way for a few yards only, when, getting his legs entangled in the grass, he fell so suddenly that his pursuer dashed over him without doing him any bodily injury. However, as the animal went over his prostrate form, Jack felt the buffalo's tail brush across his face, and, rising suddenly, he caught it with a terrific grip and hung to it, thus keeping out of the reach of his enemy's horns, till his strength was just giving out, when Sam hove in sight and put a large bullet through the bull's heart.

This tale is told apparently by an old plainsman and scout, who reels it off as though he might be telling his own experience.

Now, I do not wish to seem captious and always sticking my nose into what is none of my business, but as a logical and zoological fact I desire, in my cursory way, to coolly take up the subject of the buffalo tail. Those who have been in the habit of killing buffaloes, instead of running an account at the butcher shop, will remember that this noble animal has a genuine camel's hair tail about eight inches long, with a chenille tassel at the end, which he throws up into the rarified atmosphere of the far west whenever he is surprised or agitated.

In passing over a prostrate man therefore, I apprehend that in order to brush his face with the average buffalo tail, it would be necessary for him to sit down on the bosom of the prostrate scout and fan his features with the miniature caudal bud.

The buffalo does not gallop an hundred miles a day, dragging his tail across the bunch grass and alkali of the boundless plains.

He snorts a little, turns his blood-shot eyes toward the enemy a moment and then, throwing his curving little taillet over the dashboardlet, he wings his way in an opposite direction.

The man who could lie on his back and grab that vision by the tail would have to be moderately active. If he succeeded, however, it would be a question of the sixteenth part of a second only whether he had his arms jerked out by the roots and scattered through space or whether he had strength of will sufficient to yank out the withered little frizz and hold the quivering ornament in his hands. Few people have the moral courage to follow a buffalo around over half a day holding on by the tail. It is said that a Sioux brave once tried it and they say his tracks were thirteen miles apart. After merrily sauntering around with the buffalo one hour, during which time he crossed the territories of Wyoming and Dakota twice and surrounded the regular army three times, he became discouraged and died from the injuries he had received. Perhaps, however, it may have been fatigue.

It might be possible for a man to catch hold of the meager tail of a meteor and let it snatch him through the coming years.

It might be that a man with a strong constitution could catch a cyclone and ride it bareback across the United States and then have a fresh one ready to ride back again, but to catch a buffalo [illegible] full flush of manhood, as it were, and retain his tail while he crossed three reservations and two mountain ranges, requires great tenacity of purpose and unusual mental equipoise.

Remember I do not regard the story I refer to as [illegible]. I do not wish to be so misunderstood. I simply say that it presents an incident that is rather out of the ordinary. Let the gentle reader lie down and have a Jack [illegible] drawn across his face, for instance. The [illegible] Rabbit is as likely to brush your face with his brief [illegible] as the buffalo would be. Then carefully note how rapidly and promptly [illegible] closely attend to the manner in which your [illegible] simultaneously [illegible] the fall [illegible].

A few people may have successfully seized the [illegible] but they [illegible]. They [illegible] death. —BILL NYE.

Defeat of the Rebels.

[illegible]

"Sunset" Cox's First Law Case.

In the year 1845 a friendly contest arose in Cincinnati between another gentleman and myself, which we mutually agreed to have tried in court, each employing his own counsel. The amount at issue was $25.

Little Sam Cox, as he was then called, and by which name alone I knew him, was a lad about 17 years old, a law student in the office of Vachel Worthington. He was a shrewd little fellow, working hard as an office boy to pay the expenses of his education; and everybody was his friend. I determined, partly in the spirit of fun, and partly to test the boy's capabilities, to employ him as my counsel. I made him well acquainted with the character of the case. A trial [illegible] and the trial was to be had before old Judge D. T. [illegible]. Little Sam worked like a Trojan to muster the proper points [illegible] thorities, in which he [illegible] the assistance of Stanley Matthews, now Supreme Judge of the United States; and, at the convening of the court, he was ready for action, with legal guns well shotted.

Witnesses were called and examined. My opponent strove hard, with counsel, to win, and little Sam was not a whit behind him in his efforts. His points, tersely and precisely presented, met every argument that was made by my opponent. The boy's dream of ambition nerved him on in the struggle. When his turn came to sum up the evidence and make his maiden plea, he entered upon it with a little timidity at first; but this he gradually threw off, until he came to his spread-eagle peroration. As nearly as memory will serve, and with the help of my notes, it was as follows:

Your Honor! I demand for my client only simple justice! If you refuse him this, you will violate every rule of jurisprudence—rules as old as jurisprudence itself—which have been left undisturbed by the storms of fate since the day when Julius Cæsar planted his foot upon English soil, after the conquests of Gaul, since the day when the first Indian explored the Western wilds of Ohio. Why, sir, refuse justice to my client, and you will shake the tabernacle of his soul, and cause him to tremble for the destinies of his country. Your Honor, the case to me is as clear as the sun at noonday, when its beams penetrate like shafts of living light, down to the bottom of the slumbering sea. The effulgence of that Heavenly orb can fathom the profoundest depths of the human heart, and open wide its portals that we may read its secret workings.

"Clear as that crystal sun, the mind of man penetrates the deep recesses of the brain, where are opened wide to his prophetic vision thoughts which enable him to look into the sealed book of fate, and, as he turns over the leaves of that misty volume—mildewed by the breath of time—leaves which have been sealed to the gaze of man since creation's earliest dawn, he half expects to hear the voices of oracles of the departed ages! Casting his mind's eye still backward, beholds the trillions and quadrillions of human beings that have passed away, and prophetic vision sees the untold billions of billions yet to come—all of whom had, and all will have, brightest hopes and aspirations, fully equal to our own, and all uttering the universal cry of 'justice!'

"Justice, your honor, blended with mercy, should be set in a diadem high as the midnight heavens, and surrounded by a halo of brightest planets, there, in letters of living light, to shine perpetually, that the moon and the stars, in their regular rounds, may pay obedience, and bow in devotion to those talismanic words, 'justice and mercy.'

"Sir, the heathen Hottentot and the American savage have those heavenly attributes engrafted upon every principle of life and action. They behold it in the sun, moon and stars; they hear it in every wind that blows. It will be the Magna Charta of all generations of men. [illegible] inspirations and poetry spring from thoughts of justice and mercy; for blended with these is the poetry of the heavens, when, in the gorgeousness of light, the sun proclaims, voiced as with a golden lyre, the powers of the eternal [illegible] at night, when the moon and stars give forth, in silvery accents, the same adoring hymn. In these we find the poetry of the sea, when it speaks in rippled measure or thunders in the voice of its own resounding billows, or in the storm, or in green fields, in waving woods and delightful gardens.

"Your Honor, justice is what I demand from you, that justice with which Armand de Richelieu [illegible]

[illegible]

judge, the officers of the court and defendant and counsel were invited by the plaintiff to walk over to the Galt House to partake of a basket of champagne of choicest vintage. Many were the toasts drank to little Sam Cox. When the time came for parting Cox was asked what his fee was. With blushing modesty and timidity he asked:

"Is $5 too much?"

I remember well with what a frown I regarded him for a moment.

"Young man," said I, "you will never make a lawyer; you do not know even the first principle of the profession. You don't know how to charge. Here, take the whole amount awarded by the court."

This I placed in his hand, and it was his first fee as a lawyer.—[illegible] in the Washington [illegible]

STATE NEWS.

Gleaned from our Exchanges.

Greensboro *Eagle:* The interest is on the increase at the Methodist church. More persons asked for prayer last night than on any previous night.——Mr. J. M. Turentine, who sued the R. & D. Railroad for $20,000, was awarded $2,500 on yesterday at Charlotte.

Goldsboro *Messenger:* The pea crops on the truck farms in this vicinity are looking exceedingly thin and "delicate." The weather since the planting has been anything but favorable to the early growth of the vine, and in consequence the crop will be rather late in maturing, and considerably short in comparison with those usually made around here.

Durham *Recorder:* The contract for building the cotton factory has been awarded to a firm in Concord, N. C. They will begin work in a few days. The building will cost $22,000.——We learn that the citizens of Wilmington are taking very active steps to extend the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railroad from Fayetteville to this city. It is a distance of seventy-five miles, and would give the shortest line from the west to the sea coast.

Elizabeth City *Economist:* Billy Pritchard sold his corn last week to Wm. Pailin for 60 cents a bushel, weight.——We will be responsible for our exhibit of marls, antiquities, relics and tuckahoe, at the State Exposition in October.——On Friday morning, Isaac Harris and Stewart Morgan killed a large bear near Seth N. Morgan's. They shot him with small shot out of the tree in which he had found refuge from the dogs, and knocked him in the head with clubs. Mr. Morgan brought his paw as a trophy to the *Economist* office.

Roanoke *News:* It is the general opinion that the credit system will not be as extensive this year as formerly.——A petition of many signatures has been sent to the Governor asking a commutation of Enoch Brown's sentence.——The kitchen of Mr. E. A. Carter was burned to the ground on the night of March 3rd. A colored boy went to sleep in it about 11 o'clock leaving a fire burning and a short while after awoke to find it on fire. He gave the alarm, but the house was consumed before the fire could be extinguished. Nothing was saved.

Wilmington *Star:* One grocery man in this city says he ships on an average from three to four thousand dozen of eggs per week.——The sad intelligence was received here yesterday of the death, near North Madison, Connecticut, that morning, of George Wharton, youngest son of Lieut. J. C. Rhodes, aged about three years.——Sergeant L. H. Albrecht, in charge of the Signal Office here, has been directed to establish a station of the signal service at New Berne.——One of the most intelligent and prominent colored politicians of this city assured us yesterday that there was anything else but harmony in the Republican ranks hereabouts. That is generally the case some time before the election, but when the time comes for voting, it is astonishing how quickly the scattered fragments of the "grand old party" solidify.

Fayetteville *Observer:* On Thursday night last the Cape Fear River rose twenty five perpendicular feet at this place.——We understand that the late spell of cold weather has done much damage to early gardening, killing the peas, lettuce, etc.——In this day and generation there is great interest in articles and items that date back a few hundred years. We often see references made to what is found in the Indian mounds in Western North Carolina. How many of our good people know that about two miles from this place on the west bank of the river there are two large Indian mounds, and that if one will search within a radius of fifty to one hundred feet from them arrow heads of white quartz rock and other Indian relics can be found. These mounds are about ten feet high and from twenty to twenty feet in diameter at their base, and situated in the midst of a dense growth of [illegible] trees.

Washington *Gazette:* We are informed that Mr. J. [illegible] will probably rent the large and commodious house of Mr. S. D. Bragg [illegible] and will open a hotel [illegible]. The steamer [illegible] left for Beaufort on Monday night last, where she is to ply the waters of Bogue sound between Beaufort and Swansboro, in Onslow. She is commanded by Capt. Wm. [illegible]

[illegible]

HALL'S

Vegetable Sicilian

HAIR RENEWER

was the first preparation perfectly adapted to cure diseases of the scalp, and the first successful restorer of faded or gray hair to its natural color, growth, and youthful beauty. It has had many imitators, but none have so fully met all the requirements needful for the proper treatment of the hair and scalp. HALL'S HAIR RENEWER has steadily grown in favor, and spread its fame and usefulness to every quarter of the globe. Its unparalleled success can be attributed to but one cause: *the entire fulfilment of its promises.*

The proprietors have often been surprised at the receipt of orders from remote countries, where they had never made an effort for its introduction.

The use for a short time of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER wonderfully improves the personal appearance. It cleanses the scalp from all impurities, cures all humors, fever, and dryness, and thus prevents baldness. It stimulates the weakened glands, and enables them to push forward a new and vigorous growth. The effects of this article are not transient, like those of alcoholic preparations, but remain a long time, which makes its use a matter of economy.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

FOR THE

WHISKERS

Will change the beard to a natural brown, or black, as desired. It produces a permanent color that will not wash away. Consisting of a single preparation, it is applied without trouble.

PREPARED BY

R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

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