THE JOURNAL.

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NEW BERNE, N. C., MAY 1, 1887.

Entered at the Post office at New Berne, N. C., as second-class matter.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Goldsboro *Messenger* presents the name of ex-Judge GEO. V. SMITH for Supreme Court Judge. His many friends in this section would rejoice to see him elected to this high position, knowing him to be worthy in every respect.

THE Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia has sustained the judgment of the lower court in the trial of THOMAS J. CHEVERUS for the murder of FANNIE LILLIAN MADISON on the 13th of March, last. The prisoner will be brought before the lower court for sentence, and unless Gov. LEE interferes, he will hang.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, profiting by the experience of Chicago, has taken the precautionary step to have three regiments of militia on hand in case of an outbreak of Socialists and Anarchists. The leaders of the trouble in Chicago are not the friends of labor, but they take advantage of labor troubles to further their schemes of lawlessness and plunder. The laboring men of the country are the ones who should, above all others, desire to bring them to justice.

The poem following was written by PAUL H. HAYNE for a bazaar held in Baltimore for the benefit of the Home for disabled Confederate veterans. The lines are beautiful in sentiment and expression, and very appropriate to this the memorial season. The Confederate Society of the Army and Navy of Maryland, own the copyright:

"THE BROKEN BATTALIONS."

The sounds of the tumult have ceased to ring,
And the battle's sun has set
And here in the peace of the new-born Spring
We would fain forgive and forget

Forget the rage of the hostile years,
And the scars of a wrong unshriven,
Forgive the torture that thrilled to tears
The Angels calm in Heaven.

Forgive and forget? yes, be it so,
From the hills to the broad sea waves,
But mournful and low are the winds that blow
By the slopes of a thousand graves.

We may scourge from the Spirit all thought of ill
In the midnight of grief held fast
And yet, O Brothers! be loyal still
To the scared and stainless Past.

She is glancing now from the vapor and cloud,
From the waning mansion of Mars,
And the pride of her beauty is wanly bowed,
And her eyes are misled stars.

And she speaks in a voice that is sad as death,
"There is duty still to be done,
Tho' the trumpet of onset has spent its breath,
And the Battle been lost and won."

And she points with a tremulous hand below,
To the wasted and worn array
Of the heroes who strove in the morning glow
Of the grandeur that crowned "the Grey:"

Oh God! they come not as once they came
In the magical years of yore,
For the trenchant sword and the coil of flame,
Shall quiver and flash no more.—

Alas, for the broken and battered hosts;
Frail wrecks from a gory sea,
Though pale as a band in the realm of ghosts;
Salute them! They fought with Lee.

And gloried when dauntless Stonewall marched
Like a giant o'er field and flood,
When the Bow of his splendid victories arched
The Tempest whose rain is—blood!

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et vanquished, but crushed by a mystic fate,
Blind nations against them hurled
By the selfish might and the causeless Hate
Of the banded and ruthless world!

Enough: all Fates are servants of God,
And follow His guiding hand.—
We shall rise some day from the Chastener's rod,
Shall waken, and—understand!

PREPARING FOR WAR.

General "Jimmy" Husted is said to have spent all day Sunday straightening out an old scythe blade, with which he proposes to lead the Westchester hosts against Jefferson Davis. And yet that depraved old man attended a meeting at Atlanta on Saturday, where the statue of Ben Hill was unveiled, and actually begged the Georgians to be faithful to the promises they had made, and loyal to the Constitution. He is actually taking the political bread out of "Jimmy's" mouth.—*N. Y. Star.*

"Jimmy" presided at the indignation meeting at Albany which closed its session by singing "Hang JEFF DAVIS on a sour apple tree." He was not a soldier during the war but is now. If he wants to use his old scythe blade why don't he go over to Chicago and command the strikers; or he might get a job nearer home by becoming "Gineral" of Third Avenue railway strikers in N. Y. City. But "Jimmy" don't believe in that kind of warfare; he does all his fighting with his tongue.

GIVE US MORE FISH.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 1.—The fish commissioner car will leave Havre de Grace tomorrow with a million and a half of shad for Broad and Saluda rivers, South Carolina.

The North Carolina board of agriculture having abolished the office of Fish Commissioner and practically abandoned the work of propagating fish, we suppose [illegible] assumed at least [illegible] that we don't want any more in North Carolina waters, consequently we are not likely to annoy the crew of the Fish Commissioner car. We have never been able to understand the reason why this important industry was abandoned by the board of agriculture unless the members thereof were afraid their own newspaper, being [illegible] the money returned [illegible] for the outlay and strike a blow in favor of the State [illegible] them of wasting money. [illegible] CREECY of the *Journal* [illegible] very sensible article on the subject a few weeks ago, and we have of most forward policies the [illegible]

ANYTHING BUT FARMING.

[illegible]

Swansboro Items.

On the scarcity of our early vegetables called "mush," is almost that only a few little spot and silver patches all we can get now; but in about one or two weeks we will get plenty. Hook and line season is close to, and Nash Dennis and Willie Mallocks will show you how to catch fish. Plenty of clams and oysters and bass are not bad to eat.

Farmers are joyful, their prospects were never better for a good crop. Some are eating Irish potatoes, peas, radishes, turnips, lettuce and all early kinds of garden vegetables. Pittman is bragging as usual on his goodcrop. Dave Ward has quit bragging and given it up to Geo. Young, his tenant, who knows how to beat Dave badly. Loughlin is going to make two bales of cotton on one acre; has double manured, but not with boughten manure. I believe the people around here are getting tired of them fertilizers on time.

We had a lively time here May Day. The day was wet and rainy in the morning, but it cleared off enough for us to succeed in our programme for the day, and a large crowd was on hand to witness the crowning of the Queen and the May pole dance by Mr. Mallett's school in the forenoon; Miss Edna Freeman, daughter of J. W. Freeman, Esq., queen, and Misses Mary Hill, Jenny Morton, Susie Moore, Clydet Munday and others, as maids of honor, waiters, flower girls, etc. The dancers around the pole consisted of twelve children, six boys and six girls, all dressed tastefully in colors, red, white, blue, green and pink, and under the guidance of Mr. Mallette, whose scholars they were, showed to all what a good teacher can do in learning children the art of dancing and promenading to music in a style to be enjoyed by spectators. At night we had a grand concert and musical source to a crowded house. The play was exceedingly ludicrous, as it was in minstrel style, but all who say it enjoyed Mr. Hamblen's soliloquy and burlesque sayings, and Miss Matilda Jane Goosenberry, the betrothed of Bill Hamboine, with Mr. Timothy Tugmutton, the Squire, who married them, all showed themselves to advantage. Miss Rosa Moore, as the country daughter, played well, as did her father in the role of Thomas Rooster. Characters: Hamboine, G. W. Ward; Miss Matilda, S. H. Mallette; Squire Tugmutton, J. J. Ward; Mary, Miss Rosa Moore; Rooster, Dr. A. T. Mallett. Our county candidates were on hand and made speeches, telling us they wanted us to vote for them in the convention. Benj. Ward, Esq., made the first speech, followed by H. A. King, Esq., both Esquires and both candidates for the House of Commons in Onslow county. Mr. King was followed by J. W. Shepard, another esq., we believe, of Swansboro. These gentlemen all [illegible] and we have to say to [illegible] Mr. Ward [illegible] Mr. King [illegible] Mr. Shepard