

NEW BERNE JOURNAL.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS.

NEW BERNE, N. C., MAY 4, 1882.

Terms \$2.00 Per Year.

NO. 6.

VOL. V.

Mourn.

Mourn not for them that mourn For sin's been arrow, with its ranking smart— God's hand can bind again what He hath torn. He binds the broken heart. But weep for him whose eyes See in the midnight skies a starry dome. Thick shown with worlds that whirly and hurly fly. Yet give the heart no home; Who marks through earth and space A strange, dumb pageant pass a vacant shrine, Angels within his inmost soul a place Unfilled by the Divine.

Utah's Delegate.

The national House of Representatives has by a very decided vote denied the chosen delegate from Utah, Mr. George Q. Cannon, a seat in that body, basing its decision on its practice of polygamy. Most of the Democratic members supported his claims on the ground that he had a right to the place under the Constitution, while the other side of the House opposed him on moral considerations some going so far as to assert that they would oppose his admission even though the Constitution was plainly in his favor.

The position of a Delegate from a Territory is a peculiar one. The Constitution made no provision for such cases for there were no Territories in existence in 1787, and when the new country commenced settling up Congress provided by suitable legislation for a quasi representation in the House of Representatives. Section 1860, 1862 of the Revised Statutes provides in effect that the Territories may elect Delegates and that said Delegates shall have a seat in the House of Representatives with the right of debating but not of voting.

Under this law Utah Territory was organized in 1850 and one Bernhizer, a polygamist, was elected Delegate and sat in the House for sixteen years. From 1866 to 1873 Wm. H. Hooper, another polygamist, filled this position, and was succeeded in 1873 by George Q. Cannon, who has since succeeded from time to time and held his seat up to the present Congress, who refuse him admission solely on the ground of his abundance of wives, although he has had the same encumbrance for over thirty years.

"I shall not allude to it from a scriptural standpoint. I may say, however, that so far as the condemnation of the world is concerned we are willing to be placed on the same plane with him. And when we pray to go to Abraham's bosom we expect he will not look upon us as aliens or law-breakers; and when we pray to go to the New Jerusalem of those whose teachings are written the name of each one of the twelve patriarchs, the sons of Jacob, we expect when we pass through those gates we shall not be ashamed to be known for what we are.

States) in the motives which have been attributed to them on this floor were the ones which have prompted them to contract marriages. There would be no necessity to place themselves in such a peculiar position if the gratification of passion were, as alleged, the sole object. What, then, is it?

"Mr. Speaker, the people of Utah hold prominent convictions concerning many things. They have left their homes more than once for the sake of religion, and have been forced to make themselves new homes in a distant land. Marriage is an institution concerning which they have strong convictions. It may be said that this is not religion; but whether it is or not, they believe it to be religion. The Catholic has ideas as to what is religion. The Episcopalian has his ideas also upon the same subject; so with the Presbyterians, the Methodists, the Baptists, the Quakers, the Unitarians, and others; and who shall decide, until the Romanists and the others shall be judged and rewarded or punished for the deeds done in the body, between them?

"My constituents believe that God has given a command concerning marriage and that He never gives a command without an object, and that object in this instance is to redeem the human family from the terrible evils and which in modern society it groans. It may be said that He never gives a command without an object, and that object in this instance is to redeem the human family from the terrible evils and which in modern society it groans. It may be said that He never gives a command without an object, and that object in this instance is to redeem the human family from the terrible evils and which in modern society it groans.

"The people of Utah do not believe that plural marriage ought to be or can be universal. In Utah itself it is not possible, for the males outnumber the females. But give every woman the opportunity to marry, punish fornication and adultery, and what woman would occupy an illicit relation with the other sex? The people of Utah believe that at the present time marriage is falling into desuetude, and in consequence corruption is spreading over the land. And we have felt that the country was big enough to allow us in far-off Utah, not interfering with others, not forcing our views upon others, to test the effect of the patriarchal system of marriage in checking the tide of vice and preventing the spread of evils which modern society acknowledges its powerlessness to extirpate.

"I shall not allude to it from a scriptural standpoint. I may say, however, that so far as the condemnation of the world is concerned we are willing to be placed on the same plane with him. And when we pray to go to Abraham's bosom we expect he will not look upon us as aliens or law-breakers; and when we pray to go to the New Jerusalem of those whose teachings are written the name of each one of the twelve patriarchs, the sons of Jacob, we expect when we pass through those gates we shall not be ashamed to be known for what we are.

The Clement Attachment.

While the question of cotton manufacturing is occasionally being agitated in New Berne, it is not inappropriate to publish statistics and figures on this subject, and to collect to-day information and theories on the Clement Attachment.

Now, to show what has actually been claimed for the Clement Attachment. "Three hundred millions of dollars saved annually to the South by the manufacture of cotton at home, when it will be forced to be made by the Clement Attachment, a small gin substituted for and occupying the place and space of the licker-in and feed rolls on the ordinary factory card. It costs about \$225, and dispenses with half the machinery, building and one third of the operatives hitherto necessary to convert any given amount of seed cotton into yarn in any specified time. It saves one half of the usual waste and produces silver, rove and thread fifty per cent. stronger than can be made of ginned, baled and compressed cotton."

A writer in the Boston Commercial Union who attended the Atlanta Exposition announced that in his judgment the prejudices against the Clement Attachment were groundless. We quote from the Agricultural Review a description of the Attachment.

The Clement Attachment, a small gin 18x36 inches, is substituted for the licker-in and feed rollers in the ordinary factory card; its saws are 7 inches in diameter, with 14 teeth to the inch, and revolve from 140 to 180 times in a minute. The brush connected with the saws is a cylinder covered with bristles, its periphery revolving a little faster than the saws, and also having a traverse motion. A level table is placed above the card, and connected with the attachment by a chute, giving a regular supply of seed cotton. A cleaner of seed cotton, though not indispensable, is advisable, and Wright's is recommended, separating the seeds with cotton on, enabling more accurate weighing besides perfect cleaning. The feed-tron is made of laths of wood on an endless belt, and the cotton seed, after weighing, is spread on this—a little girl being able to attend two of them—at the rate of 18 to 20 ounces to the minute. The cotton runs between two rollers, the supply being evened, and a third roller containing sharp teeth in rows, picks each seed from the cotton separately. The front of the attachment is ribbed with metal, the saws with sharp teeth projecting upward and catching the cotton, which is dragged through the combing plates, leaving nothing but the pure fibre. The revolving brush takes the cotton from the saws, and the periphery of the card, going a little faster than the brush, wipes it off the latter. The cotton is never suffered to leave the machine or become tangled. The work done by

the attachment amounts to 200 pounds per day, the old card doing 40 pounds, while there is by this process only one-fifth the carding to do. It is a simple enough machine—only an "attachment" but there is that in it which, if it should be generally applied, will revolutionize not only the cotton manufacture, but the cotton trade of the United States. The difference in profit to the South will be simply the difference in value between the raw and the manufactured cotton. That there would be a devastation among the "factors" and middlemen, nobody doubts; nor does anybody doubt either that this very fact would be one of the specific blessings to follow in the train of the change. All this can be accomplished, and more by the South encouraging home manufactures, and the North placing its capital where it can secure from twelve to twenty per cent. per annum in dividends.

Substitute for Lard.

The seed from the great Southern staple bids fair to help bring cotton once more to the front as King of the agricultural world. The oil pressed from the seed is being used for culinary purposes and is claimed to be superior to the best lard; and its advocates are commencing it to the Olive oils of sunny Italy.

One writer says, we have tasted the refined cotton seed oil, as a substitute for hog's lard, and we pronounce it a complete success. The oil is clearer and cheaper than lard and has a better flavor. Housewives and cooks will understand what we mean by cheaper when it is urged that a gallon of oil can be bought for \$1.00, and that a tablespoonful is enough to put in a pint of flour for making biscuit.

The discovery of the utility of the oil, if its virtues are not exaggerated, is destined to prove a bonanza to the South. The seed will, in time, become as valuable as the lint, and we can only establish manufacturing in our cotton country, which will work up the fleecy staple, the seed and even the fibre on the stalk, it will not be many years before the cotton richest and most prosperous portion of the continent.

Star Route Ring Secrets.

WASHINGTON, April 26.—The indictment of Montford C. Rerdell was recently quashed on the ground of misnomer, his name being set forth as M. C. Rerdell. He was a book-keeper for Dorsey, and at one time told out some of the secrets of the Star Route Ring, but afterward cast in his lot with the others. In order to obtain another indictment against him he was arrested and brought before the Police Court, the allegations of the former indictment being presented as the charges against him. The proceedings to day were made interesting by the fact that his own admissions to ex-Army-General MacVeagh and ex-Postmaster-General James were testified to by those gentlemen as proof of his participation in the conspiracy.

The Star Route counsel pursued their usual dilatory tactics, and compelled the reading of the charges, a proceeding which consumed several hours. Mr. MacVeagh was then examined. He said that in June, 1881, he had had two interviews with Rerdell in the presence of Postmaster-General James, ex-Senator Clayton, and Inspector Woodruff. He said that he was a party to a large extent in the previous mail lettings. The names used were J. W. Dorsey, Vail, Peck, and possibly Igoe and others. S. W. Dorsey's name had not appeared because he was in the Senate. Stephen W. Dorsey, after his retirement from the Senate, had purchased a number of these consignment tickets for him. He prepared all of the papers and was the book-keeper, secretary, and general assistant. He had kept certain books and accounts, and had made entries therein at Dorsey's request. They would show the particulars of the expedition of routes and other information.

Rerdell mentioned that Dorsey had been confined in a cell and had been increased to \$20,000, 30,000, and finally to \$50,000. When the Congressional Committee was investigating these matters the contract price suddenly dropped to \$20,000. Mr. James said that ex-Senator Clayton of Arkansas brought Rerdell to see him. Rerdell said Stephen W. Dorsey did not appear under his real name in the continuation until he had left the Senate. The first interview lasted about three quarters of an hour, Clayton was present then.

The second interview, Mr. James said, was the one in the Attorney-General's office, and the third was an accidental one on the New York train. The conductor delivered to Rerdell two dispatches from Dorsey, which the latter showed. The first was about as follows: "We should not have parted in anger. Get out of Philadelphia and return."

"The next was something like this: 'I am, eh!'" "Yes, sir." "And I've got bristles?" "Yes, you have." "And I grunt?" "Yes." "Stranger," said the Ohio man, as he reached across after another slap-jack, "stranger, I'm not a hog—I'm only a politician, bound for Washington, incise your writer."

The Lime-Kiln Club.

"In our church de odder Sunday," said the old man as the hall grew quiet, "our pastor warned young men agin de awful effects of drink. Dem was k'reet, an' yet two of de elders of dat same church own buildings which dey rent to saloon-keepers."

"De pastor shed tears because de heathen of India war' gwine down de wrong path, an' I had only to look f'rew de window to see de boys playin' base ball in a vacant lot, an' a dozen men standin' aroun' a saloon door."

"De pastor spoke of de prevalence of evil in high places, an' yet I stood beside him when he woted last year, an' he put in a straight ticket. On dat ticket war' canyates of de deposed State Prison war' dan office, but he swallered de hull bizness at a gulp."

"De pastor said de love of dress was bringin' dis kentry to ruin, an' yet his wife sot dar wid a bonnet on which cost eighteen dollars."

"De pastor said it war' a sin to strive fur riches, an' den he turned about an' woted de congressman fur not havin' more money to drap into de contril ush'n box."

"De pastor said dat a Christian must let his own conscience be his guide, an' den he turned about an' warn' 'em to keep away from theaters an' circuses an' sich."

"De pastor spoke of de sin of greed, an' yet I had'n't raised his salary of \$200 last January he was gwine to leave us fur another field."

"My friends, do not misunderstand my position. I believe in all dat a true Christian believes in, but I have to wonder at de inconsistencies of our religion. When a pastor preaches one fing an' practices another, what's an elder gwine to do? When an elder prays dat de world may be made better, an' den turns aroun' an' cheats de eye-teef out of a man on a boss trade, what's a trustee gwine to do? When a trustee gets up in pray' meetin' an' says dat greed an' avarice must be driven from de heart, an' den walks home an' raises de rent on all his ole tenement shanties, what's a poe' an' humble ebry day Christian gwine to hang to? An' lastly, when three outer five of our poe' an' humble ebry day Christians stan' up ebry week and confess dat dey have sinned, what show has de pastor of de church?"

"I tell you dat gwine ter church an' only outward show, Jini' de church doan' take two feet off de distance to Heaben. Prayin' an' singin' an' talkin' may mean much, or nothin' at all. Call no man a singer because he doan' rent a church pew. Gin no man credit fur religion because he prays in a loud voice." Detroit Free Press.

Sudden Deaths—Heart Disease.

The cases of heart disease are far less common than generally supposed, the heart being one of the toughest organs in the body. Still there are many cases, and they are of different kinds. There may be a paralysis of the nerves of the heart, when this occurs death is instantaneous. Angina pectoris not infrequently terminates in this way, for exercising pains exhaust nervous force as greatly as does excessive pleasure. There may be what is called a fatty degeneration of the heart, in which fat takes the place of the fibrous tissue, and sooner or later gives way under some slight excitement. Sometimes the walls of the heart become quite thin at some point, and this, in connection with the general enlargement of the organ, renders it subject to more violent action. Such enlargements are often produced by violent and protracted exertions, as in boat-racing. Or there may be a dilatation of a portion of an artery leading out from the heart; such dilatations are called aneurisms, and are attended with a loss of the elasticity of the heart and a thinning of the walls of the vessel. Hence it may suddenly rupture, or, which is equally fatal, the walls may dilate so far as to prevent the outflow of the blood to the brain. Every one even in health knows how quick and strongly any emotion whatever acts upon the heart—knows from his own experience. In all diseases of the heart, self-control, at all times, is of the most urgent necessity. Without it life may cease at any moment.—Youth's Companion.

Hot and Cool.

Among the railway travelers cutting dinner at a hotel in Baltimore, the other day, was a fellow from Fayette, Ohio, who swallowed meat, potatoes, and bread as if he had been a week without eating. A second cup of coffee was brought to him, and in his hurry he picked it up and took a large swallow. It was considerably hotter than pepper, and in his excitement he opened his mouth and shot the liquid across the table against a young man's shirt bosom. "Gosh—whoop—hot—beg pardon—and blazes!" he exclaimed, reaching after water. "You are a hog, sir!" replied the young man, "a regular hog!" "I am, eh!" "Yes, sir." "And I've got bristles?" "Yes, you have." "And I grunt?" "Yes." "Stranger," said the Ohio man, as he reached across after another slap-jack, "stranger, I'm not a hog—I'm only a politician, bound for Washington, incise your writer."

Absent-Minded.

"Whittier represents the judge, after his interview with Maud Muller, in the hay-field, as astonishing his associates by humming a love song in court. A similar forgetfulness is narrated of a young lawyer of Massachusetts:

The other day one of Westfield's young lawyers had a case on trial before the local court, and the testimony of the witness being rather uninteresting and monotonous, he let his thoughts ramble to pleasant themes. At any rate, that is a fair supposition, for when the other side was through with the witness, and the voice of the judge spoke the lawyer's name, he opened his half-closed eyes with a sudden start, and ejaculated:—

"What did you say dear?" The court and witness roared, the young limb of the law looked confused, and the jolly judge remarked that it was not good taste to get the different kinds of courting mixed up, though each was good in its place.

Genius and Laziness.

About as foolish a notion as can lodge itself in the head of a young man, is the idea that he is a genius, and, therefore, industry is not necessary to his success. The example of Sheridan, who united in himself the endowments of three extraordinary men, being a wit, a dramatist and an orator, is not infrequently mentioned as supporting this notion. Sheridan was a genius, and he was lazy. His indolence, however, together with his dissipated and prodigal habits—the three are natural associates—weighed him so heavily in life's race, that it was only now and then he appeared among the foremost. He never reached the goal.

Even these appearances were due to hard work, to which he was spurred by the necessities of the occasion or the protests of his friends. "You know I am an ignorant," he would say to political associates, when they urged him to make a speech on some important measure before the House of Commons, "but instruct me, and I'll do my best." They would cram him with information, which his quick intellect mastered and arranged. Then he would prepare a speech, writing the more brilliant parts two or three times over.

The greatest speech of his life was that which he delivered in the House of Commons, against Warren Hastings, on the question whether he should be impeached for his conduct while Governor-General of India. The best orators and critics placed it above all ancient and modern speeches. Logan, one of Hastings' defenders, said to a friend, after Sheridan had spoken for an hour: "All this is declaratory assertion without proof." "A wonderful oration!" he muttered, when the orator had consumed another hour.

Mr. Hastings has acted very unjustifiably, was his confession, at the end of the third hour. The fourth hour drew from him the indignant assertion, "Mr. Hastings is a most atrocious criminal!" The orator went on, and just as he was concluding—he spoke five and a half hours—Logan exclaimed, "Of all monsters, the most enormous is Warren Hastings!" It is not strange that Pitt, at the conclusion of the speech, moved an adjournment to give the House time to collect its reason. Of course, it was the product of a genius who was a natural orator. But genius had been hard at work for days preparing with elaborate care even the pettiest details of the wonderful oration.

Our Country Suspicious.

The country people of England are suspicious of what they do not fully understand. An amusing illustration of this habit was given to the rector of a parish in Sussex, on the occasion of his marriage. His parishioners were kind enough to make him a handsome present, the sum being made up by subscription. Some time afterwards, he was surprised and amused to learn that a current criticism said it was a curious thing that our parish couldn't get married without sending the hat round for money to pay his wedding expenses.

The parson, being a wise man, deduced from the criticism an additional argument for the utmost publicity in all money matters in which he and the parish were both interested. "Ah, ma'am," said an incredulous cottager to a lady, a district visitor, "my son has been up to the North Pole; he tells me some things that I really can't believe, though he is my son. He tells me, ma'am, that he has seen with his own eyes 'ice bugs' as big as a church."

The story may recall one which went floating through the papers some thirty years ago. An old woman, who united credulity and incredulity in her habits of thought, had a sailor son. Once, when home from a voyage, he told his mother of the flying fish he had seen. "Tom," she replied, severely, "your mother never brought you up to tell lies." "Well, mother," said the graceless rogue, knowing the old lady's habit of mind, "we once anchored in the Red Sea. The next day, on hauling up the anchor, we found it unusually heavy. Judge of our surprise, when we got it above water, to see hanging from one of the bukes one of Pharoah's chariot wheels!" "There, I can believe that, my son, for the Bible tells us all about that

wicked king being drowned in the Red Sea, but don't tell your mother any lies about flying fish; for she won't believe such stuff."

A more singular instance of perversity in belief was that related of Dr. Johnson, who, when informed of the awful Lisbon earthquake, pooked up at it as absurd but he firmly believed in the Cock Lane ghost story. "But Dr. Johnson, for a man of learning," was remarkably superstitious; and it is a peculiarity of such people to disbelieve the causes of ordinary natural phenomena, while they have no hesitation in giving credence to the wildest stories of a supernatural character. It is for this reason, in a great measure, that what is called "spiritualism" has developed so largely in modern times. Its believers are mostly among people of limited education.

A Witty Reply.

The late Rev. George Trask, the temperance and anti-tobacco lecturer, was one of the extreme men. But in one instance he had wit enough to work himself out of a dilemma into which extravagant statements had brought him: At one time he had addressed a large and attentive audience, and among other things, said in his lecture that no man habitually using tobacco and whiskey could expect to live more than five or six years after beginning to use them.

And so earnest and positive was he in his address, and so attentive his audience, that at its close he confidently challenged any reply; and invited any question on the subject. After a moment's silence a man rose and said: "I like what you have said, Mr. Trask, but I would like to ask one question."

"One of my neighbors is an old man, some seventy-five years old, and he has used tobacco and whiskey—he all he could get—ever since he was thirty-five years old, that is, for some forty-five years. How do you reconcile that with what you said, that a man using both tobacco and whiskey couldn't live more than five or six years?" Mr. Trask was somewhat startled, and to gain time for collecting his thoughts, began asking some questions. "How old did you say this man was?" "Some seventy-five years."

"And he has been using both tobacco and whiskey ever since he was thirty-five?" "Yes, using them constantly and freely."

"Well, what kind of a man is he? Does he seem to take much interest in business, or in anything that is going on?" "Wa'l, no, I don't think he does."

"Does he seem to love anybody?" "Wa'l, no."

"Does he seem to hate anybody?" "No, I don't think he does; he seems sort of indifferent to everybody."

"Well," said Mr. Trask, who by this time had gathered up his wits, "your old man has evidently been dead for some forty years, and the only mistake you've made is that you did not bury him."

Cross-Examined.

A lawyer finds it useful to know something of everything. General Butler, when a member of the Board to examine the cadets at West Point, surprised his colleagues by asking questions which implied a knowledge of bridge-building. In answer to their inquiries, he said that being engaged once in an important bridge case, he was compelled to familiarize himself with the subject. The father of the late Professor Greenleaf, of the Cambridge Law School, was an excellent ship carpenter. Under his instructions, his son became proficient in the art of building a ship. And this knowledge, gained in youth, was very useful to him when he became one of the leading lawyers of Maine. On one occasion, he was trying in Portland an insurance case, before Judge Story. The vessel had been injured by pounding upon the bottom or side, while lying at the wharf. The insurance company defended the action on the ground that the vessel was injured in her side through carelessness in not properly securing her to the wharf. A master-builder, having testified that the injury was on the bottom, was thus cross-examined by Mr. Greenleaf, the company's counsel. "You are a ship-carpenter, and master of your trade?" "Yes."

"In building a vessel, after laying your keel, you place a row of crooked timbers side-wise, securing them to the keel with iron bolts?" "Yes."

"These you call floor timbers?" "Yes."

"Between these floor timbers there of another crooked timber is inserted, as you would insert the fingers of one hand between those of another, and these you call foot-logs (buttock timber)?" "Yes."

"And so you proceed, filling in rows of crooked timbers, until you reach the top, calling the third the rising timber, then the naval timber, and then the top timber?" "Yes."

"Now, sir, state to the jury, on your oath, what kind of a timber you furnished for the repairing of that ves-

sel. Was it floor-timber, a foot-log, a rising, or a naval timber?" "It was a naval timber," replied the witness.

The jury saw that the injury had been done to the side of the vessel, and not to the bottom. It was from carelessness, and not from accident, and the defence, therefore, received the verdict.

Why he Took the "Iron Clad." In the year 1861 there lived in one of the sea-coast counties of South Carolina two neighbors, who might be introduced to you as Tom Johnson and John Thomson. They were both large slave owners and ardent secessionists, and when Jeff Davis called for troops and money to aid in the establishment of the Southern Confederacy, none liberally than Thomson and Johnson. A cavalry company in Hampton's Legion was raised in their vicinity and both contributed a number of blooded horses, and equipments complete. They were both beyond the age for active duty as soldiers, so they escaped the conscription, and remained on their plantations till the Federal feet under Commodore Dupont occupied Beaufort. As soon as Beaufort fell they both gathered up their successful property, including all their slaves who had not fled for refuge to the Yankees, and hastily retired to the interior of the State. Here they "refugeed" until 1864, when things were beginning to look blue for the Jeff Davis dynasty, and their slaves had become a burden to them.

One bright morning Johnson called on his old neighbor and informed him that he proposed to return to his home on the coast and take possession of his old plantation. "But," said Thomson, "the Yankee commandant will not let you into possession."

"I'll manage that," replied Johnson, and off he went. Arriving at Fort Royal he was ushered into the presence of the commanding officer, to whom he made known his wish. "Are you a loyal citizen of the Union?" asked the commandant. "I am," emphatically replied Johnson. "Will you take the iron-clad oath?" "I will," responded Johnson. The oath was presented, Johnson's name was affixed without delay, and the order was issued to return to possession of his plantation. The news of Johnson's good fortune soon made its way into the interior, and his old neighbor, Thomson, soon followed his example, and presented himself at headquarters with the request that the commandant would restore to him his plantation. "Can you take the 'iron clad' oath?" asked the officer. "No, sir," responded Thomson. "Then you can't have the plantation," said the officer. "But my neighbor and friend, Mr. Johnson, has had his plantation restored to him—how is it I can't get mine?" "He took the 'iron-clad,' was the reply.

Thomson retired, heartily wishing that all the Yankees and the Army of the Potomac were reduced to one man, and that all the cannon in the world were in one, and that cannon was charged with all the gunpowder and ball ever manufactured, and that he, the aforesaid Thomson, had that cannon pointed at that Yankee, so he could have the proud satisfaction of blowing that concentrated Yankee to thunder. With these feelings he sought his old neighbor, and fairly fuming with rage he bided: "Did you take that infernal 'iron-clad' oath?" "I did," quietly replied Johnson. "Well, you know you did everything you could for the Confederacy—you gave money, provisions, horses and everything required. Will you please tell me what the principles of morals you took that hell-fired oath?" "I will," quietly replied Johnson. "I took it on the principle that I had rather trust my soul in the hands of an all-merciful God, than to trust my plantation in the hands of the d—d Yankees."—Detroit Free Press.

Greenboro Fash College.

A meeting of the Trustees of this institution is in session in this place to-day, the following gentlemen being present: C. P. Mendenhall President, Rev. J. A. Cunningham Secretary, Revs. A. W. Mangum, D. D. E. A. Yates, D. D., W. H. Bobbitt, D. D., N. H. D. Wilson, D. D., T. M. Jones, D. D., and Col. J. C. Pinnix, Seymour Steele and W. H. Hill. The plans of these gentlemen are not in a condition to be made public, still it is no breach of confidence to say that they are quite confident that the college will not be sold on June 9th as at present advertised.—Greenboro Eagle.

Who would think that in a place the size of New Berne there are over 75 licensed drays and carts, and why such is the fact, we doubt much if I dwell with all its metropolitan airs, can compare with New Berne in this particular.—NewBerlian.